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INDEX TO ENGRAVINGS IN VOL. XCIII.

FROM JULY 7 TO DECEMBER 29, 1888.

FRONTISPIECE.
A Helping Hand / Oct. 6

A

Across Two Oceans, 77, 140, 309, 333, 396
After the Battle, 581
Agricultural Society (Royal) Show-Yard, Wollaton Park, Nottingham, 5
Allsopp's Brewery, The Prince of Wales at, 641
Aluminium Works, Oldbury, near Birmingham, 195
Ambulance-Drill Demonstration for Coal-Miners in Beamish Park, Durham, 467
Antiquary, A Day with an, 380
Antiquities of Tenedos, 671
"Armada, The," at Drury-lane Theatre, 336
Arms—
  Alexander, Sir J. W., 538
  Barclay, Sir D. W., 698
  Berkeley, Earl, 298
  Chapman, Sir B., 596
  Devon, Earl, 641
  Farrington, Sir H. A., 414
  Hardy, Sir John, 64
  Hartwell, Sir B., 787
  Halyanke-Goodricke, Sir G., 534
  Lacon, Sir E., 339
  Limerick, Earl, 578
  Mar and Kellie, Earl, 382
  Mount-Temple, Lord, 482
  Newborough, Lord, 566
  Norreys, Sir C. Jephson, 63
  Peace, Sir W., 786
  Portman, Viscount, 641
  Rose, Sir J., 260
  Roxby, Sir C. R., 339
  Sackville, Lord, 414
  Seaton, Lord, 474
  Stirling, Sir W. G., 721
  Sutherland, Duchess, 698
  Waller, Sir E. A., 578
  Willoughby D'Eresby, Baroness, 641
  Wolverton, Lord, 34
Artillery Company, The Honourable Sketches, 772
Aruwimi, Sketches on the, 309, 333, 424
Ascension Island: British Naval Station in the South Atlantic Ocean, Eight Illustrations, 292
Ashantee Mission Sketches, 711
Australian Sketches—
  Australian Past and Present, 401
  Fern-Tree Gully, Victoria, 421
  Melbourne Sketches, 784, 785
  Exhibition, 301, 303, 314-315, 361, 364
  Penrose La Monument at Botany Bay, 401
  Studley Park, Melbourne, 421
Austro-Hungarian Military Manœuvres at Belovar, 365

B

Bake-House in a Cornish Village, 144
Baldwin (Professor) at the Alexandra Palace, 374
Ballantrae and its Neighbourhood, 169
Balloon (Destruction of Mr. Simmons's), at Ulting, near Maldon, 247
Ball-sowing by Professor Baldwin at the Alexandra Palace, 374
Bananas (Collection and Carriage of in Jamaica, 140
Bandai-San Mountain, Japan, 348
Banff Hotel, Canadian Pacific Railway, 613
  Hot Springs and Sanatarium, 614
Barbadoes, Sketches in, 309
Barred Out, 741
Bath, from near the Abbey Cemetery, 257
  Abbey Church, 260
  Beechen Hill, From, 257
  Broad-street, 262
  Camden-crescent, 261
  Circus, The, 261
  Colonnade, 260
  Grand Pump-Room, 260
  Pulteney Bridge, 261
  Roman Baths, 264
  Theatre Royal, 258
Baudin's Tomb, Paris, 674
Beak, Before the, 64
Beatrice (Princess) Launching H.M.S. Marathon at the Fairfield Ship-building Yard, Govan, 247
Bechuanaland, British Commissioner Holding a Court of Inquiry on the Crocodile River, 513
Bedford New Park Opening and River Carnival, 84
Before the Beak, 64
Belgian Painters, Ten Portraits, 65
Beniaven, Bantry Bay, 156
Berlin on the Bass Rock, 397
Birthday Congratulations, 193
Black-Buck Shooting in India, 468
Black Mountain Expedition—
  Advanced Post of Northumberland Fusiliers, 509
  Incidental Sketches, 610
  Kotkai Village, Captured by the 29th Punjaub Infantry, 609
  Maidan Stronghold, Destroyed by the Fourth Column, 609
  Manaki Dana, 547
  Northumberland Fusiliers and Sikhs (Charge of) Down the Landha Spur, 547
Black Mountain Expedition (*continued*)—
  Officers' Mess, Camp at Akhund Baba, in a Snow-storm, 701
  Prisoners in the Fort of Ogbi, 747
Black Mountain (The), Looking West from Bagrwan, 481
Bloodhounds Tried by Sir Charles Warren in Hyde Park, 452
Blue Lion Debating Club, 476, 497
Blunderbore's Castle, 260
Blythswood House, Renfrew, 229
  Grounds, Views in the, 246, 247
  Queen's (The) Visit to, 244
Borneo, Sketches in, 436
Boston Bar, on the Fraser River, 657
Bothwell Castle, on the Clyde, 224
Boulogne-sur-Mer, 141
Bow River Valley, from Banff, Canada, 576
Boxing Performance at Her Majesty's Theatre, 739
Brandon, Manitoba, 591, 592
Braunfels Schloss, 157
Bremen and Hamburg Sketches, 512
Brighton (To) and Back in Eight Hours by the "Old Times," Coach: Passing Cuckfield Park, 61
Bryant and May's Match Manufactories, 121
Bulgarian Pea-nut Woman, 450-451
Bull-Fighting in Spain, 314-315, 318
Burma: British Troops Changing Quarters, 513
  Maymyo, Scenes in, 679

C

Calendars—
  August, 99
  December, 650
  November, 486
  October, 372
  September, 218
Calgarry, at the Foot of the Rocky Mountains, 561
Canadian Pacific Railway, 560, 561, 562, 576, 613, 614, 657, 687, 688, 723, 724
Canadian Shoeburyness: Meeting of Artillery Association at Orleans Island, near Quebec, 483
Canoe (Ancient British) Found at Glasgow, 223
"Captain Swift," at the Haymarket Theatre, 361
Carpet Market, Cairo, 488
Carnival (Mount), East Side, British Columbia, 720
Cart (The) and Clyde Junction, at the Foot of Blythswood Park, 216
Caskets—
  Glasgow Corporation Address to the Queen, 243
  Hastings, Freedom for Lord Hussey, 459
  Nottingham, Silver Wedding Present to the Prince and Princess of Wales, 75
  Paisley Corporation Address to the Queen, 243
  Renfrew Corporation Address to the Queen, 243
Cats, Professor Fredericks' Performing, 733
Cattle-Show at Birmingham, 705
Cavalry Going Out on a Reconnaissance, at Soualkim, 765
Charlcomb Church, near Bath, 259
Chatsworth House, 519
Chee-Tor, Miller's Dale, on the Wye, 519
Chelmsford, Municipal Incorporation, 398
Chess Games—
  Barbier v. Mackenzie, 433
  Bardeleben v. Pollock, 349
  Bayliss v. F. A., 186
  Bird v. Mackenzie, 231
  " v. Weiss, 401
  Blackburne v. Bell, 35
  " v. Egger, 780
  " v. Michael, 458
  " v. P., 186
  " v. Trowbridge, 531
  Blake v. Lennox, 531
  Braund v. Amateur, 347, 619
  Brunner v. Woollett, 110
  Delta v. Falkbeer, 231
  Fraser v. Barry, 591
  " v. Kennedy, 658
  Gordon v. Lee, 263
  Gunsberg v. Mortimer, 289
  " v. Owen, 494
  Gunston v. Cheshire, 113
  Healey v. Campbell, 722
  Jacobs v. London, 79
  Jay v. Downey, 110
  Lee v. Burn, 401
  Lovelock v. Gunsberg, 289
  Morsch v. Cauldrey, 35
  Pierce v. Pilleau, 143
  Pollock v. Bird, 167
  " v. Fedden, 17
  Prideaux v. Boorne, 619
  T. v. Braund, 17
  Taylor v. E. F., 347
  " v. E. S., 319
  Thorold v. Weiss, 373
  Weiss v. Barcleben, 263
  Wood v. Briggs, 754
Chess Problems—
  Abbott, 319
  Aspa, 231, 690
  Barbier, 35
  Biddle, 754
  Blackledge, 110
  Campbell, 17
  Desanges, 494
Chess Problems (*continued*)—
  Healey, 619
  Heathcote, 79, 433
  Heyward, 590
  Heywood, 186
  Laws, 167, 401, 786
  Mathe, 347
  Newman, 373
  Pierce, 143, 531, 658
  Prideaux, 263
  Rowland, 493
  Taylor, 558
  Wood, 289, 722
Christchurch Cathedral, New Zealand, 322
Christmas Greetings at Sea, 773
Christmas in Canada, 740
Church (New English) at Bellagio, Lake of Como, 76
Church of the Holy Redeemer, Clerkenwell, 511
City of London Court, The New, 683
Clarise, 637
Clevedon Court, Somersetshire, 685
Close Race, A, 165
Clyde (The) and Cart Junction, at the Foot of Blythswood Park, 246
  Near its Source, 222
  Near Kilpatrick, 256
Coaching Days and Coaching Ways, 748
Coaching to Brighton and Back, 61
Cooling a Steamer at Kingston, Jamaica, 396
Cobham Hall, 489 to 495
Coliseum at Rome Illuminated in Honour of the Visit of the German Emperor, 516
Colon, the Atlantic Terminus of the Panama Ship Canal, 77
Coloured Pictures—
  Discretion is the Better Part of Valour, Oct. 13
  Helping Hand, A, Oct. 6 (Frontispiece)
  There's Many a Slip Between the Cup and the Lip, Nov. 17
Congo, Sketches on the, 308, 333, 424
Copeland, Wreck of the, 191
Cora Linn, Falls of the Clyde, near Lanark, 228
Cornish Village Bake-House, 144
Cossack Review at Racy, 544
Crickets Plague of, in Algeria, 133
Crosier for the Bishop of Manchester, 435
Cruise of H.M.S. Ruby, 564
Cycle Volunteers at Wimbledon, 116

D

Debating Club Sketches, 496, 497
De Beers Diamond Mine, South Africa, 184
Deer-Catching in Windsor Park, 419
Denison Gold Mines, Upper Canada, 532
Derbyshire Streams, 519
Distinction is the Better Part of Valour, Tinted Picture, Oct. 13
Dog-Fancying and Dog-Planning, 752
Dog-Show at Birmingham, 705
  Kennel Club, 52, 54
Doll-Show, "Truth," 771
Donald (Sir James) and Glacier, British Columbia, 720
Donkey and Pony Show at the People's Palace, Whitechapel, 124
Dove Dale Straits, Derbyshire, 519
Duel Between M. Floquet and General Boulanger, 96
Dumbarton Castle, on the Clyde, 222
Durham Castle Dining-Hall, 155
  College of Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 578
Dutch Tour, My Little, 275

E

Ealing Jubilee Memorial Hall, 715
  Opening by the Prince and Princess of Wales, 745
Early Morning at Venice, 184
Navigators, 488
East-End Vigilance Committee, With the—
  Homeless, 421
  Outcasts Sleeping in Sheds, 421
  Suspicious Character, A, 421
Eclipse Stakes (Race for the) at Sandown, 127
Edison's Phonograph Used in the Press-Gallery during Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, 29
  Receiving a Message from America, 29
  Speaking Through, in America, 81
Elephant Inoculation, 130
Elephants (Bagged) Arriving in Camp in Upper Burmah, 513
  Frightened at Munich Festival, 158
El Wedj, on the Coast of Arabia, 277
Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, 369, 393, 424
Emperors' Meeting: Review at Krasnoe Selo, near St. Petersburg, 125
Empire, In the Time of the, 523
English Homes—
  Cobham Hall, 489 to 495
  Scrivelsby Court, 101 to 105, 108
  Wentworth Woodhouse, 283 to 288, 290
Entonjaneni, Zululand, View from British Camp, 158
Exchanging Compliments: "A Merry Christmas to You," 749

F

Faint-hearted Readers, 335
Faith and Freedom (For), Story by Walter Besant, 11, 30, 69, 97, 133, 161, 189, 217, 249, 281, 311, 341, 371, 399, 427, 457, 485, 521, 553, 585, 617, 649, 681, 713, 745, 777
Final Heat, The, 164
Fingal (The), Early Clyde Steamboat, 222
First Visit to the Flock, 621
Fish Sale at Folperro, Cornwall, 123
Fitzwilliam (Earl), Silver Statuette, 465
Fitzwilliam Hunt (The): Picture Presented to Earl Fitzwilliam on his Golden Wedding, 221
Floods in Essex, 199
  North Ruby, 364
Flower-Market, Marseilles, 750
Football: Maori Team v. Surrey Club, 417
Foreigners (Registration of) in Paris, 455
Fouth Bridge, Queensferry (Progress of), 701
Fox-Hunt Testimonial to Sir B. Cunard, 587
Fraser Canyon, British Columbia, 688
Frederick (The Empress) Laying Foundation-Stone of Mausoleum for the late Emperor at Potsdam, 477
  Landing at Port Victoria, 612
Fulham Public Library, 382
Future Bluejackets: Scene on Board the Training-Ship Mercury, 130-137

G

Gambetta Monument in the Place du Carrousel, Paris, 84
German Emperor (The and the Emperor of Austria Hunting at Murzsteg, 145
  Naples (Visit to): Launch of the Re Umberto, 429, 516
  Reichstag, Opening the, July 7
  Rome, Visit to, 445, 479, 480, 516
Gibraltar, from, 743
Glacier (The Great), British Columbia, 720
Glasgow Exhibition—
  Bass Drum and Shako used at the Battle of Waterloo, 229
  Bishop's Castle, 253
  Relics in the Castle, 252
  Carpet-Weaving, 227
  Central Avenue, looking West, 224
  Cigarette-Making, 227
  Diamond Cutting and Polishing, 251
  Dutch Cocoa House, 237
  Gray-street Entrance, 221
  Grounds, Views in, 224, 229
  Indian Section, 253
  Wood-Carvers at Work, 251
  Main Avenue, 221
  Entrance from the Grounds, 220
  Model of Frigate, made of Bone by a French Prisoner of War, 251
  Pendel-Making, 229
  Pen-Making, 251
  Picture Gallery, 225
  Queen's (The) Visit to, 241, 245
  Relics (Historical) in the Bishop's Castle, 252
  Rum Still, Copper, 227
  Scottish Cookery, 225
  Shetland and Fair Isle Knitters, 253
  Transverse Avenue, from Sandyford-street Entrance, 225
  View from Under Central Dome, 256
Glasgow in the Time of Charles II., 220
  Bishop's Castle, as it Appeared About a Hundred Years Ago, 240
  Queen's (The) Visit to, 214, 215, 240
  View about 1760, 222
  Watt's James House, 223
Glastonbury, Sketches at, 304, 349, 350
Gold Mines of Merionethshire, 196
Gordon (General), Statue at Aberdeen, 21
Gouray, Jersey (Recollections of), 408
Govan, on the Clyde, with the Mouth of the Kelvin, as it was in 1812, 232
  Government House, St. Helena, 626
  Grandmamma's Portrait, 781
  Great Eastern's (The) Last Voyage: Passing New Brighton, 276
Grouse Moors, Under the, 278
Guardafui (Cape), East Coast of Africa, 708
Gymnasium of the Polytechnic Christian Institute, 501 to 503

H

Hair-Dressing Exhibition at the Pavilion, Brighton, 703
Hamburg and Bremen Sketches, 512
Hampstead-Heath Extension, 529
"Hands Across the Sea," at the Princess's Theatre, 698
Hawaii Entertainment to British and American Naval Officers, 498
  Scenes in, 676
Headcorn, Kent, 503
Helping Hand (A), Coloured Picture, Oct. 6
Henley Regatta, At, 14-15
Hereditary Sportsmen: Three Generations, 652-653
Hermit Mountain Range, British Columbia, 720
Hero, Twin-Screw Battle-Ship, 405
His First Visit to the Flock, 621
Home Travel: A Scene in North Devon, 396
Hop-Pickers, Sketches among the, 401
Hospital Life: Sketches at the London Hospital, 72-73
Hot Springs and Sanitarium at Banff, Canada, 614
Hunting Incident with the Ward Union Hounds, 583
  Sketch: Three Generations, 652-653
Husband-Beater, The: How to Carry It, 4
Hyde Park-corner Improvements, and New Statue of Wellington, 769
  Park on Sunday, Sept. 15
Hyères, 737

I

Ice-Palace at St. Paul, Minnesota, 760
Ilfracombe, Sketches at, 185
Inchinnan Church, near Blythswood, 246
Indian Art Pottery, 747
Indus, Valley, Hazara, Black Mountain in the Distance, 448
Indwandwa Camp, Zululand, 518
In the Time of the Empire, 528
Irish Exhibition Fancy Fair, 93
Italian Exhibition Sketches, 18
Italy (The King of) Greeting the German Emperor on his Arrival in Rome, 445
It May Be for Years, 197

J

James II. Leaving Whitehall with the Great Seal, 526
Jamestown, St. Helena, 626
Japan, Corea, and Russian Tartary, Coasts of, 647
Jefferies Judge: Seized in a Beer Cellar at Wapping, 523
Jersey, Recollections of, 408
Jeypore New Albert Hall, Opening the, 697

K

Kalifa (The), a Malay Religious Ceremony, 187
Kennel Club Dog-Show, 52, 54
Kew Gardens New Refreshment Pavilion, 334
Key (Gold) of Municipal Buildings, Glasgow, 243
Kingston, Jamaica (On the Way to Market), 140
Krasnoe Selo Review at before the Emperors of Germany and Russia, 125

L

Lady Artists at the Louvre, 551
Lansdowne Tower and Beckford's Tomb, near Bath, 254
Launch of the Re Umberto at Naples, 429
Leeds Fine-Art Gallery, 187
Literary Free Sketches, 575
  People's Palace, Mile-End, 316
Light-House (Electric) at St. Catherine's Point, Isle of Wight, 335
Listening to the Waves, 109
Liverpool Art Congress: the Address, 707
Lodging-House at Spitalfields, Sketches at, 350, 351
London, Bits of Old:
  Temple, The, 455, 456
London to the Riviera and Italy: Views on the Line to Brindisi, by Mont Cenis and the Corniche, 716-717
Lord Mayor of London at Brussels, 453
Lough Swilly, Donegal, 212
Love and Glory, 645
Love Tales, 684-685

M

Maghzen at Mequinez: Court of the Sultan of Morocco, 556-557
Maharajah of Tikumgurh and a Tiger Killed by him, 133
Malay Religious Ceremony: the Kalifa, 187
"Mamma" (Scene from) at the Court Theatre, 451
Mandolinata, La, 588-589
Maori College (Te Aute), New Zealand, 322
  Football Team: First Match at Richmond, 417
Maps—
  Black Mountain, N.W. Frontier of India, 422
  Sikkim Frontier of Thibet, 391
Marble Palace at Potsdam, 25
Market (On the Way to), Kingston, Jamaica, 140
Meeting-House (Old) at Lambeth, where John Bunyan Preached, 317
  Pulpit, 317
Melbourne Exhibition—
  Entrance, Showing the German Trophy, 361
  German Court, Entrance, 364
Melbourne Exhibition (*continued*)—
  Loch (Sir H. B.) declaring the Exhibition Open in the Queen's Name, 314-315
  Visiting the British Section, 301
  Portraits of Some Officials, 303
  Procession of Governors of Australia up the Grand Avenue of Nations, 301
  Read ng the Queen's Telegram, 301
  United States Court, Entrance, 364
Melbourne Sketches, 784, 785
Memorial Chapel to the late Sir W. Owen Lanyon and his Wife, St. Jude's, Southsea, 76
Memorials in Carlisle Cathedral to the 34th Regiment, 335
Mercury (The Training-Ship): Scene on Board, 136-137
Merry Christmas to You, 749
Mirage (A) on the Steppes of Central Asia, 672
Monastery of Holy Trinity, Kalabaka, 384
"Monk's Room, The," Scene from, at the Globe Theatre, 548
Montreux Disaster, 576
Montrose Memorial in St. Giles's Church, Edinburgh, 546
Moor, Mountain, and Loch, 219
Morgan (Mount) Gold-Mines, North Wales, 196
Morocco—
  Army of the Sultan Marching Through the Pass of Mouna, 620
  Hunting in, 615
  Prisoners (A Chain of) from a Rebel Tribe, 624-625
  Sultan's Court at Mequinez, 556-557
  Return to Mequinez from his Pilgrimage to Muley Edris, 560-561
Morton Lecture at the Royal College of Surgeons, 669
Mount Stephen, Summit of the Rocky Mountains, 613
Mussel-Gatherers, 109

N

Naples Illuminated in Honour of the Visit of the German Emperor, 516
Napoleon's Villa at Elba, 339
National Defences, Our, 375
Naval Manœuvres—
  B Squadron at Portland, under Admiral Sir G. Tryon, 60
  Baird's (Admiral) Squadron in Order of Battle off the mouth of the Thames, 213
  Berchaven, Bantry Bay, 156
  Blockade of Berchaven: Rockets Signal from In-shore Squadron to the Admiral Outside, 159
  Boat Attack on Crookhaven Coast-guard Station, 160
  Poem Protecting the Squadron in Berchaven, 177
  Clearing for Action on Board the Flag-Ship: Sending Down Topmasts, 89
  Electric Light Trying the on the Passage from Portland to Bantry Bay, 121
  First Division (The) Rounding the Low-ships, 92
  Glimpse of the Enemy, 153
  Shot Fired at the Enemy, 153
  Fog, A: Firing Signal Guns, 215
  Hercules (H.M.S.) Forcing the Blockade of Berhaven, 212
  Invincible and Hercules (H.M.S.), Engaging the North Fort on the Mersey, 181
  Iris (The) and the Severn Engaging a Blockading Scout outside Berchaven, 156
  Look-Out (On the): H.M.S. Northumberland, 215
  Lough Swilly, Donegal, 212
  Northumberland (H.M.S.): Sketches on Board, 179, 215
  Reconnoissance in Force at Berehaven, 180
  Rigging Out Torpedo Defences, 121
  Rupert (H.M.S.) Defending the Eastern Entrance to Berehaven, 177
  Sending Down Topmasts, 89
  Signalling Methods of, in Use in the Fleet, 128
  Torpedo-Boat No. 76 Discharging a Whitehead Torpedo at H.M.S. Hercules, 213
  No. 78 Attacking H.M.S. Active, 214
  Torpedo-Boats Two Captured off Black Ball Head, 156
  Waiting Orders, 153
  Tryon's (Admiral) Squadron off Crosby Light, after the Capture of Liverpool, 215
Newark Castle, Port Glasgow, 223
Newcastle, Jamaica, from the Morton D'Orsay Bridle-Path, 333
Newgate Prison, 174, 175
New Year Welcomed, 780
Nipissing Lake, Ontario, 560
Noble's Hospital (Presentation of), Isle of Man, 332
Nottingham, Distant View, 5
  Castle Gateway, 8
  Guildhall, 6&8, 8
  Kirke White's Birthplace, 7
  Lenton Boulevard, 8
  Market-Place, 9
  Park, The, 8

Nottingham *(continued)*—
Promenade (The) from Trent Bridge, 8
St. Mary's Church, 7
St. Peter's Church, 7
Show-Yard of the Royal Agricultural Society, Wollaton Park, 5
Townhall, New, 9
Trent The at Wilford, 8
University (New) College, 7
Wilford Church, 8
Wollaton Park, Gateway, 8

O

O'Donnell v. the "Times": Sketches in Court, 3
Oghi (Approach to) from Abbotabad, Hazara, 448
Olivia, 677
Our National Defences, 375

P

Parnell Commission at the Royal Courts of Justice, 328, Nov. 3, 541, 543, 579, 580, 605, 642, 643, 644, 708, 738
Partridge-Shooting in Norfolk, 673
Pears' (Messrs.) Business Offices, 624, 625
Peninsular, P. and O. Steamer, 719
People's Palace, Mile-End, New Library, 316
Technical Schools, 423
Peterhof, Gulf of Finland, 52
Petroleum Explosion at Calais: the Wrecked Vessel, 481
Pettiniera, La, 100
Phonograph (Edison's) Used in the Press Gallery during Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, 29
Receiving Message from America, 29
Speaking Through, in America, 81
Piano, for Rajah of Kooch-Behar, 751
Plague of Crickets in Algeria, 130
Polemos, the new War Game, 517
Police at the East-End, With the, 332
Polytechnic Young Men's Christian Institute, 501 to 503
Pony and Donkey Show at the People's Palace, Whitechapel, 126
Pope Centenary, Commemoration at Twickenham, 168, 170
Portraits—
Afsur Jung, Nawab Major, 770
Aitchison, Mr. G., 707
Astley, Sir J., 739
Bagnall-y, The late Right Hon. Sir R., 611
Baldwin, Professor, 374
Bartlelot, The late Major F. M., 368
Bebey, The late Capt. C. H. H., 422
Beresford (Lord Charles) Speaking in the House of Commons, 733
Billing, The Right Rev. R. C., 32
Blount, Sir E., 32
Boger, Rev. Canon, 94
Bonaparte, Princess Letitia, 276
Brackelcer, H. De, 65
Brazil, Emperor of, 346
Bromhead, Colonel Sir B., 545
Burgon, The late Very Rev. J. W., 191
Butler, Mrs. H. M., 183
Campbell, Sir D., 91
Carrington, Lord, 332
Chan-Toon, Mr., 32
Portraits *(continued)*—
Chappell, The late Mr. W., 278
Clays, P. J., 65
Cluysenaar, A., 65
Cook, Mr. R., 368
Crane, Mr. W., 707
Crookshank, Colonel A. C., 447
D'Aosta, Duke, 276
Devon, The late Earl of, 639
Drake, Sir Francis, 49
Elizabeth, Queen, 41
Fitzwilliam, Countess, 283
Fitzwilliam, Earl, 283
Frederick, Empress of Germany, 612
Frobisher, Major M., 94
Frobisher, Sir Martin, 49
Fulton (Sergeant), Winner of the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon, 116
Furbank, Mr. A. J., 368
Gladstone, Mr. Herbert, 3
Gosse, The late Mr. P. H., 279
Grace, Dr. W. G., Sept. 8
Graham (Brigadier-General) and Officers of the Sikkim Expedition, 545
Graham, Colonel T., 422
Gray, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff, 560
Haggard, Mr. H. Rider, 701
Harrison (General), President-Elect of the United States, 573
Hassard, Sir J., 103
Hawkins, Sir John, 47
Hawthorne, The late Gen. Sir E., 545
Hill, Dr. Alexander, 21
Holl, The late Mr. Frank, 146
Holt, The late Hon. T., 14
Howard (Lord of Effingham, 47
Jayne (The Right Rev. F.), Bishop of Chester, 341
Johnson, Mr. G. H., 303
Kishenbir Nagar Koti, Subahdar, 368
Laughton, Professor J. K., 94
Lavater, Mr. G. T. A., 303
Leighton, Sir F., 707
Levy, The late Mr. J. M., 481
Lindsay, The late Mr. C. S., 144
Loch, Sir H. B., 342
Loraine, Sir L., 94
Lucan, The late Earl of, 576
Lucy, Mr., 3
MacBain, Sir J., 303
M'Cormick, Deputy-Inspector-General, 94
Mar and Kellie, The late Earl, 303
Monro, Mr. J., 672
Morgan, Sir M., 576
Mount-Temple, The late Lord, 481
Natalie, Queen of Servia, 57
Newton, Mr. Sheriff, 560
O'Donnell, Mr. F. H., 3
Onslow, Right Hon. the Earl of, 608
Ooms, K., 65
Paget, The late Lord Alfred, 279
Parnell, Mr. C. S., 3
Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, 346
Peters, Dr. Carl, 481
Philip II., King of Spain, 41
Pigou, Very Rev. F., 608
Portaels, J. F., 65
Proctor, The late Mr. R. A., 303
Queen (H.M. the) and her Grandchild, Prince Alexander Albert of Battenberg, 241
Rhind, The late Rev. C., 144
Robilant, Count Di, 332
Ruezz, Mr., 3
Sargood, Hon. Colonel F. T., 303
Selby, The late Mr. J., 768
Servia, the Queen of, 57
Sheridan, The late General P. H., 198
Portraits *(continued)*—
Simmons, The late Mr., 247
Souter, The late Sir F., 154
Spain, The Infant King of, 209
Stubbs (The Right Rev. W.), Bishop of Oxford, 191
Sumner, Right Rev. G. H. (Incorrectly given as Right Rev. A. Earle), 608
Sutherland, The late Duchess of, 672
Tadema, Mr. Alma, 707
Thomson, The late Sir R., 672
Toole (Mr. J. L. as the Don, 1
Tsetse (Lady Blossom in her Bridal-Dress, 241
Urmston, The late Capt. H. B., 21
Verhas, J., 65
Verlat, C., 65
Verwée, A., 65
Waring (Mr. H. J.), Mayor of Plymouth, 94
Wauters, E., 65
Whitehead (Mr. Alderman), Lord Mayor of London, 560
Whitmore, Mr. F., 368
Willems, F., 65
Wippell, Mr. P. H. P., 94
Wright, Mr. W. H. K., 94
Potsdam Marble Palace, 25
Pottery, Indian Art, 747
Poultry and Pigeon Show at the Crystal Palace, 610
Poultry-Show at Birmingham, 706
Precursor (The), First Steamer of the P. and O. Company, 223
Prisoners: A Chain of, from a Rebel Tribe in Morocco, 402-403
Puppy, That Troublesome, 407

Q

Queen, H.M. the—
Glasgow (Visit to): Entering Buchanan-street from St. Enoch's-square, 241
Campbell (Sir A.) Reading Address in the Exhibition, 244
Clark (Mrs. Stewart) Presenting a Bouquet at Blythswood, 265
Corporation Presenting an Address at the New Municipal Buildings, 245
Industrial Department (In the) of the Exhibition, 245
King (Lady) Presenting a Bouquet at St. Enoch Station, 245
Queen Margaret's College for Ladies, Arrival at, 245

R

Railway Accident to the Emperor of Russia's Train on the Azov Line, 545, 557
Collision near Dijon, 308
Rope over the Kojak Pass, towards Kandahar, 782
Rambling Sketches—
Ballantrae and Neighbourhood, 169
Headcorn, Kent, 200
Richmond Park, 33
Wittersham, Kent, 24
Ramsgate and the Isle of Thanet as a Winter Resort, 623
Ravenscourt Park, Hammersmith, 135
Regatta, At the, 164, 165
Reichstag (The) Opened by the Emperor William II., July 7
Relics of Sir Francis Drake and the Spanish Armada, 41, 95
Revolution House, Whittington, 67
Revolution of 1688, 523 to 525
Richmond Park, 33
Proposed Site for the Firing Points of the National Rifle Association, 123
Rothesay Castle, 253
Ruby, Cruise of H.M.S., 464
Russian Conscripts at the Kiev Military Depot, 544

S

St. Dunstan's College, Catford-Bridge, 498
Sauce for the Goose, 549
Saving for the Wedding, 37
Schloss Braunfels, 157
Science Jottings—
Builders in the Sand, 504
Transformations, 376
Scottish River, A, 354
Scrivelsby Court, 101 to 105, 108
Sculpture—
Mazeppa, Group by C. B. Lawes, 34
Opening Buds, Group by G. Halse, 36
Seaside Idylls, 100
Sketches, 192
Selkirk Mountain Range, British Columbia, 657
Servian Election Scene, 740
"She," at the Gaiety Theatre, 318
Shell-Making at Woolwich Arsenal, 337, 338, 377, 378
Sheshoanu, Morocco, 343
Ships—
Hero, H.M.S., 465
Peninsular, P. and O. Steamer, 719
Sikkim Sketches—
Cane-Bridge over the Teesta River, 449
Heralds of the Monastery Calling Hours of Prayer, 449
Lama Head of the Monastery at Tumlong, 449
Rajah's Palace, Tumlong, 449
Sikkim, The War in—
Chola Pass, with Mount Kinchinjunga, 389
Gnatong Fort, 392
Graham (Brigadier-General) and Officers, 545
Jalapla Pass and Lake, 389
Tibetan Position, 392
Martello Tower, 166
Pemburingo Pass, 392
Plan of the Seat of War, 341
Simrin Camp, 164
Stockade at Gnatong, 545
Thibetans' Attack on the Camp at Gnatong, 21
Yakla Pass and Lake, 392
Silver Wedding Gifts to the Prince and Princess of Wales—
Casket from the Town of Nottingham, 75
Lamp and Cigar-Case from Officers of the Household Cavalry, 75
Model of the Old Grey Friars' Tower, King's Lynn, 75
Slaves, Captured East African, at Aden, 577
Sledhall Victoria Jubilee Almshouses and Church, Kendal, 276
Sleeping-Car on the Canadian Pacific Railway, 721
Snow-Shed at Ross Peak, British Columbia, 688
Spain, The Infant King of, on Rocking-Horse, 209
Spanish Armada, The, 41 to 49
Anchor belonging to a Spanish Ship, 44
Spanish Armada, The *(continued)*—
Armada (The) Coming up the English Channel, 46
Ark Royal, The, Flag-Ship of the English Fleet, 44
Under Lord Howard of Effingham, Engaging the Ship of Don Alonzo da Leyva, 42-43
Chart Showing the Course of the Armada, and the Several Places of Action between the Two Fleets, 45
Knighting the Victorious Captains on Board the Ark Royal, 47
Lighting the Beacons, 46
Memorial Proposed, at Plymouth, 49
Relics, 95
Retreat of the Armada, 49
Spaniard, A Tall, 44
Spaniards, The Dislodged by the English Fire-Ships, 45
Tercentenary Festival at Plymouth, 113
Managers, Nine Portraits, 94
Spitalfields Lodging-House Sketches, 350, 351
Stag Unharboured on Exmoor, 233
Stationers' Hall, The New, 276
Statues—
Drake (Sir Francis) on the Hoe, Plymouth, 76
Fitzwilliam (Earl) Silver Statuette, 465
Gordon (General) at Aberdeen, 21
Trafalgar-square, 483
Owen (Sir Hugh), at Carnarvon, 511
Shaftesbury (Earl) in Westminster Abbey, 483
Shakspeare, in Boulevard Haussmann, Paris, 482
Waghorn (Lieut.) at Chatham, 182
Wallace (Sir William), at Aberdeen, 25
Stephen (Mount) East Side, Rocky Mountains, 657
Stockport Technical School, 276
Stony Creek Bridge, British Columbia, 720
Suakin, from Entrance to the Harbour, 768
Cavalry Going out on a Reconnaissance, 765
Sudbury Junction to Algoma and Gold Mines, 500
Surrey Chapel and School, Blackfriars-road, 432

T

Tea-Taster's Life and Work in China, 434
Technical Schools, People's Palace, Mile-End, 423
Tees, New Breakwater, Opened by the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, 515
Telegraph Wires (Fixing) on Trees in the Forest of Lublin, Russia, 675
Temple Bar out of Town, 779
Temple, Sketches in the, 655, 654
Thanet as a Winter Resort, 623
There's Many a Slip between the Cup and the Lip, Tinted Picture, Nov. 17
Thun, 590
Tilting at the Ring: A Moment of Interest, 425
Torpedo-Making at Woolwich Arsenal, 305, 306
Tourist Season: Settling the Day's Walking Excursion, 320
Tree (Self-Grafted) in the New Forest, 331
Trout Lake, Nipissing, Ontario, 560
"Truth" Doll-Show, 771

U

Umvolosi Valley, Zululand, 518
Unharbouring a Stag on Exmoor, 233

V

Valais Women Showing their Graveyard to a Friend, 555
Venice, Early Morning, 184
Volunteer Entrenching Practice, 270

W

Wallace (Sir W. William) Statue at Aberdeen, 25
War Game, Polemos, 517
Water-Lilies, 273
Watt's James, House, Glasgow, 222
Wedj (El), on the Coast of Arabia, 277
Welcome the New Year, 780
Visitor, 753
Wells (Sir Spencer) Lecturing at the Royal College of Surgeons, 620
Welsh Presbyterian Chapel in Shaftesbury-avenue, 639
Wentworth Woodhouse, 283 to 288, 290
Wi aling in the Solent, 381
Widowed and Fatherless, 453
William II. (Emperor) Opening the Reichstag: The Speech from the Throne, July 7
William III. Entering Exeter, 524-525
Willoughby Memorial, Delhi, 276
Wittersham, Kent: A Deserted Village, 24
Woolwich Arsenal—
Big Hammer Men, 377, 378
Foundry Hand, 378
Shell-Making, 337, 338, 377, 378
Torpedo-Making, 305, 306
Wreck of the Copeland, 194

Y

"Yeomen of the Guard, The," at the Savoy Theatre, 420

Z

Zephyr Launch, 559
Zululand, The Rising in, 158, 307, 518

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Christmas Anthem, The, 12
Conscience Does Make Cowards of Us All, 21
Domestic Trouble, 29
Dumb Crambo, 4
Favoured and Flouted, 13
Food for Reflection, 9
Gone Away! 25
Paul Jones's Alias, Tale by David Christie Murray, Illustrated by A. Forestier
Rosebuds, 16
Rumbelt, 17
Tally Ho! 25
Two Christmas Eves, 1

COLOURED PICTURES.

A-Hunting We Will Go!
Charming Kate
Daughter of Eve

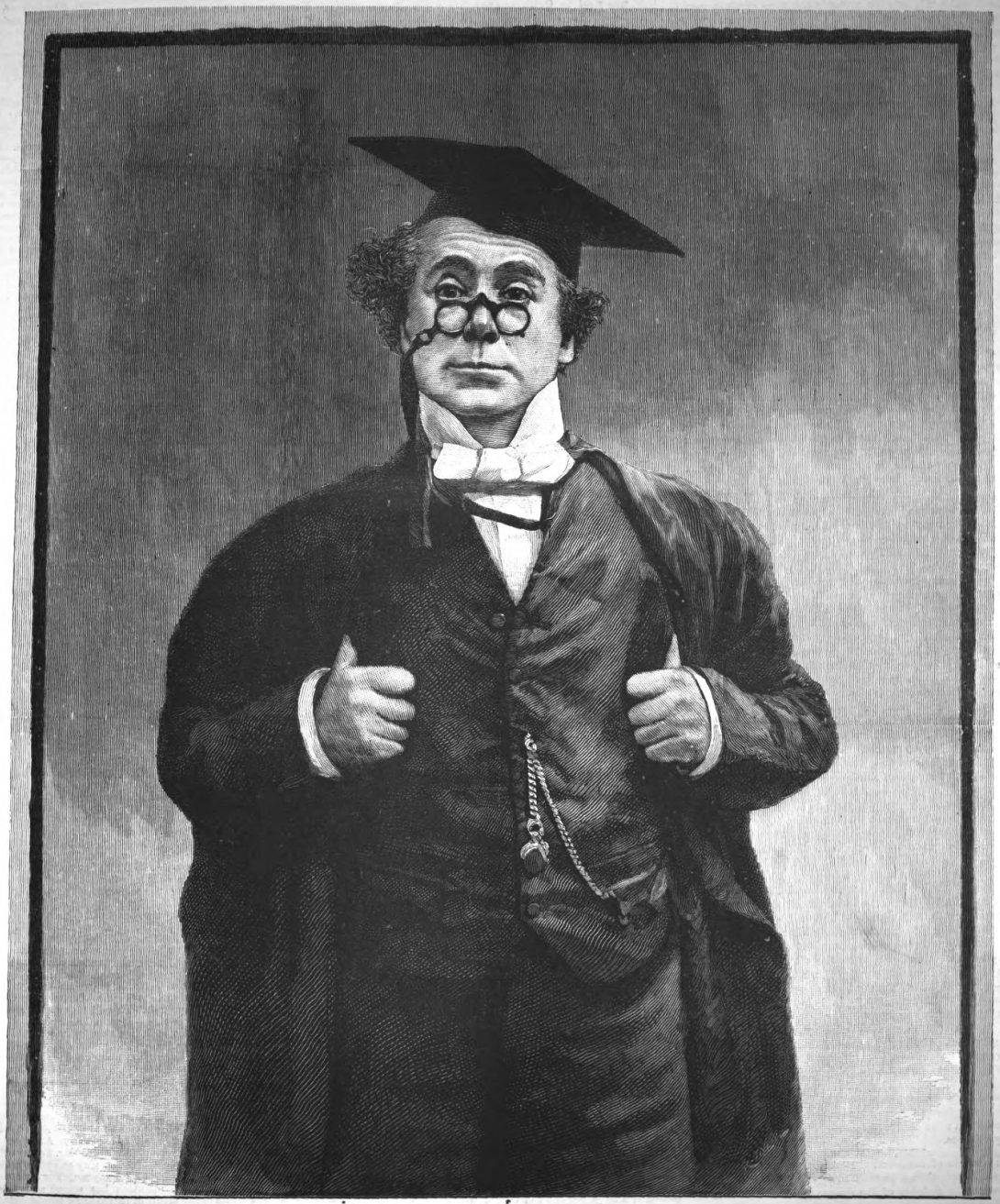
TO THE BINDER.

Frontispiece: "A Helping Hand," Oct. 6. The Two-page Engravings should be folded in the ordinary manner and mounted on guards or pasted in at a little distance from the fold of the middle, so that they may be neither stitched through nor gathered in at the back when the volume is bound.

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"THE DON,"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. J. L. TOOLE, IN THIS CHARACTER.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Marriage gifts are not what they used to be; they are much better, and more valuable. The chief spectacle, next to the bride, at the house where her marriage feast is held is, now, the long tables tastefully set out with the nice little things (and some pretty big ones) which have been given to her and her beloved object. "Know all men by these presents," her proud and pleased face seems to say, "how much he is liked by all who know him, and how Papa and Mamma are liked, and how some people have a regard even for me!" If I were a bride whose engagement had been broken off, one of the most serious disagreeables of the position, to *my* mind, would be the returning of them. I should prefer to keep them *for next time*, which would save a great deal of inconvenience and embarrassment, and would also make sure of them. The gifts from the man himself, or those, at least, which were eloquent of the affections—the faded flower, his poems and billets-doux, and his much-too-complimentary photograph—would, of course, have to be returned; but I don't think I would insult him by sending back valuable jewellery. He should have the "keeper" of his engaged ring (and welcome), but not the ring itself, which it is only too probable the false creature would put to the same use with some other young person. "Take back the gift (price two shillings)" was a song both the sentiment and price of which were justly and severely commented upon a quarter of a century ago. You should never take back a gift; and, therefore, it is clear you should not afford the giver the opportunity of doing so.

So thought a young lady in East London the other day, whose discarded lover, nevertheless, took out a summons against her in a police-court for the restitution of what he still believed to be his property, because he had parted with it (like the cynic's definition of gratitude) in the hope of favours to come. If his love-gifts were not very valuable they had been unusually various; comprehending tables, towels, three sets of fire-irons, an athletic costume (unhappily not more particularly described), nineteen pictures, and a lamp. This was surely pretty well as to quantity: their rather peculiar nature, as he explained, arose from the young woman's taking a fancy to things she saw in shops (such as a fire-iron), when she would say, "That's very nice, I like it," whereupon, witnessed this ungallant Romeo, "I bought it, and she kept it." Unlike the young person of Oldham, who "when she got presents she sold 'em, and when folks said 'How mean!' she replied 'All serene' and that's about all that she told 'em," this young lady did not sell her presents (very wisely, for they never bring one half they cost); but simply, and so far as they would go, furnished her house with them. Sentiment having come to an end, she took a common-sense view of the matter, and, though she may not have been exactly the girl, as the phrase goes, "*for my money*," she proved herself to be the girl for her sweetheart's, for the Magistrate decided in her favour. Some things, indeed, were ordered to be given up, but not the fire-irons; and I have searched the report in vain to find what became of that "athletic costume."

A dinner-party of the contributors to the Dictionary of National Biography has just been held, I read, at the Star and Garter. Notwithstanding the company was composed of antiquaries and learned literary experts, the affair seems to have gone off successfully and without bloodshed. But there must have been serious apprehensions. With the exception of your theologians, there is no class of men so combative, or who are so prompt to deal with those in the same line of business who disagree with them. A modern *antique*, in intaglios, is effected by polishing the cameo with a wheel to which a camel's hair brush is fixed, which gives the appearance of that mellow smoothness which is the result of time; but modern *antiquaries* are not made that way. How I should have liked to see them quenching their literary animosities in the sparkling bowl, and even, perhaps, wishing one another long life!—but I was not invited. The work they met to celebrate was worthy of the compliment. Although repeatedly importuned by literary persons, from the beginning of the century, to undertake this *magnum opus*, publishers have fought shy of it: it was not so easy to fill "an obvious void in literature" of such dimensions, and it was also very expensive. Experience was not in its favour. The *Biographica Britannica*, indeed, had been published, but the cream of its information was in its foot-notes: the names, too, were few and descanted upon at unwieldy length; but it was actually finished—begun in 1747, concluded in 1766—and in that respect had the advantage of its successors. The cost (of production) was not sufficiently "counted," and the profits were discounted. In 1777, Dr. Kippis commenced a second edition of the big, big B; but it stopped at the fifth folio volume, at the beginning of F, sixteen years after its commencement. Its subscribers probably attached a peculiar significance to that initial. In 1842 the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge projected a still more ambitious work—a "Universal Biography." It stopped at the seventh volume, still at the letter "A." In 1870 there was another biographical fiasco. The first volume of the present dictionary began in 1885. "D" is actually published, and "E," "F," and "G" are in print. Mr. Leslie Stephen has hitherto accomplished his herculean task at four times the speed of Dr. Kippis, and, like General Grant, he means to go through with it. An idea of the magnitude of his task may be formed from the fact that the fifteen parts already issued contain matter enough to fill forty octavo volumes! The work—which deserves its title of "National" in more than one sense—will be finished in 1897, in fifty volumes.

The late sale of theatrical costumes from the St. James's Theatre had more than a personal interest, and for other than playgoers. The richness of the dresses and their association with their wearers make the large sums they realised by no means surprising; but what is of more general interest is the contrast which their appropriateness afforded to the stage costumes of old. There was something of Rosalind in her attire, even when its charming wearer was "not in it," and something of Orlando even when hanging over the back of a chair. In old times a great deal was left to the imagination of the spectator in this matter. Dryden is very cynical upon the lack and cheapness of the stage costumes in the Duke of York's company of players:—

> Tack but a copper lace to drugget suit,
> And there's a hero made without dispute.
> And that which was a cupon's tail before,
> Becomes a plume for Indian Emperor.
> But all his subjects, to express the cure
> Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare."

It is a little difficult, even now, to reconcile the reciter in evening-dress, with nothing to "relieve" it but a glass of water, with the subject of his heroic declamation; but with what must even Garrick have had to contend, when he played Macbeth "with silk stockings, buckles at the foot and knee, powdered wig, and small sword"! The economy of the stage in the matter of the tailor's bill, in those days, must fill a modern manager's heart with envy. The identical coat in which Garrick played Fribble, in "Miss in Her Teens," in 1747, was used by Quick as Consol in "Cross Purposes," in 1772. What adds to the strangeness of this thrifty proceeding, the character in the one case was a fop of the highest fashion, and in the other a grave and prudent citizen. Think of Mr. Irving playing Jingle in the costume (a good deal "let out") worn by Charles Kean in "Louis XI."!

The verdict of the public upon the acting of the marionettes in the Italian Exhibition seems to be, "They are clever enough, but one soon has enough of them." It does not seem a very severe one. One knows a good many people (not *exactly* marionettes, but exceedingly like them), and in other callings besides that of the drama, of whom the same may be said. It is surely creditable to a thing of strings and wires that it can amuse a grown-up person even for five minutes. Puppet-playing is an art which, like ballooning (though not, of course, such a high art), does not progress much. In an account of the marionettes of Italy, written by a traveller seventy years ago, he passes the same criticism we hear to-day. He mentions, however, two skeletons as playing their part admirably. "They glided about, and accompanied their hollow-voiced speeches with excellent gesticulations, while their fleshless jaws moved quite naturally." The ballet, too, "danced with the agility of Vestris, and 'cut' much higher than ever he did in his life." The airs and graces of the French ballet-dancers were capitally quizzed; but what delighted the audience most were the Dutchman who took snuff, and his lady, brandy—out of a pocket pistol, between their leaps and bounds. As a medium of satire—a *Punch* on wires—the marionettes have still, perhaps, a future before them: though I suppose if they acted in too lifelike a manner the Lord Chamberlain would be down upon them.

M. Goliffe, a Swiss traveller in Italy at about the same date as the preceding, gives an account of the Passion Play, as performed by marionettes in Naples much as it is done there to-day. The overture was the famous duet of "Tu ti lascio amato bene," in Cimarosa's "Matrimonio Segreto,' and it was repeated between the acts. "Whenever our Saviour was about to appear he was announced by a solemn tune; Judas, on the contrary, was heralded by a waltz or an allemande, even when he came to hang himself, and was strangled by a fiend." There was the Last Supper, and the washing of the Apostles' feet, and St. Peter cutting off the soldier's ear—nothing, in short, was omitted; the audience took the deepest interest in the representation, and, so far from being struck by what to us would seem its extreme irreverence, evidently beheld in it an auxiliary to religion.

A legal question has just been settled as to whether or no a certain pew in a parish church was an appurtenance of a country mansion—the decision was against its proprietor, and is doubtless a matter of congratulation upon public grounds; but I confess I am, sorry for the loser. I know all that can be said for open sittings, and agree with it; but nothing is more agreeable to its tenants than a roomy old-fashioned family-pew; it makes the same difference to the worshipper that the possession of a private sitting-room makes to the frequenter of hotels. I remember one in the vale of Berkshire, which, as a boy, used to afford me infinite content. It was very large and high, and had a fire-place in it, the supplying of which with coals, so as not to disturb the preacher, was a most delicate operation. I could only see him by standing on the seat, and (what was of much more consequence) he could not see *me*: I was what good Catholics call "in retreat," and profited by the circumstance. The most interesting account of a pew in fiction is probably to be found in "The Legend of Montrose." Scott is not now read, I fear, by boys; but how I used to delight in that account of Dugald Dalgetty's impatience under the Presbyterian preacher's "sixteenthly" and "seventeenthly," while he thought of the noble Marquis bound and gagged in the dungeon below, and whether his condition would be discovered before that prodigious sermon was finished. Never, I suppose, even in real life, was discourse listened to with such unappreciating ears.

Apropos of the statement that the Flying Scotsman on Monday accomplished its accelerated journey between London and Edinburgh in four minutes less than the promised eight-and-a-half hours, the following stage-coach bill, published in 1706, will have some interest:—"All that are desirous to pass from London to York, or from York to London, or any other place on that road, let them repair to the Black Swann in Holbourne, in London, and to the Black Swann in Coney-street, in York: at both places they may be received in a stage-coach every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, which performs *the whole journey*, if God permit, in four days." Each passenger was allowed 14 lb. of luggage, "and all above, threepence a pound." And yet there are people, at large, who want the good old coaching days revived!

THE COURT.

Her Majesty is in her usual excellent health. According to present arrangements the Court will remain at Windsor Castle until about July 17, removing then to Osborne. After a residence there of five weeks the Queen will proceed to Scotland for three months. June 28 being the fiftieth anniversary of her Majesty's coronation, the event was celebrated throughout the kingdom, more particularly in the towns which possess Royal associations. There was a special commemorative festival service in Westminster Abbey. The Prince and Princess of Wales took leave of her Majesty and left the castle. The King of the Belgians, attended by Count d'Oultremont, visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon. The Queen held a Council on June 29. The Earl of Lytton and Sir William White were introduced and sworn in members of the Privy Council. After the Council General Mena, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of Mexico, was introduced to the Queen's presence and presented his letter of recall. Viscount Cranbrook, the Earl of Lytton, and the Right Hon. Sir William White had audiences of her Majesty. On June 30 Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) arrived at the castle from Cumberland Lodge. The Bishop of Ripon had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. On Sunday morning, July 1, the Queen and the Royal family went to Frogmore and attended Divine service at the Royal Mausoleum. Several members of the Royal household were present. The Bishop of Ripon, assisted by the Dean of Windsor, officiated. Divine service was afterwards performed in the private chapel at the castle. The Bishop of Ripon and the Dean of Windsor had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. On July 2 the Duchess of Albany, with her children, arrived at Windsor from Claremont on a visit to the Queen.

The Prince and Princess of Wales returned to Marlborough House on June 28 from visiting the Queen at Windsor. The Duc d'Aumale and the Duke of Cambridge visited the Prince and Princess, and remained to luncheon. The Prince presided at a meeting of the Council of the Duchy of Cornwall. His Royal Highness was present at the debate in the House of Lords on June 29. The Duke of Teck, Princess Mary Adelaide (Duchess of Teck), and Prince Francis and Princess Victoria of Teck, visited the Prince and Princess on June 30, and remained to luncheon. On Sunday, July 1, the Prince and Princess, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service. On July 2 the Prince visited the Queen at Windsor, dined with her Majesty, and subsequently returned to London. The Prince presided over a meeting of the organising committee of the Imperial Institute at Marlborough House. It was stated that the funds now available, exclusive of subscriptions from the Indian Empire and temporarily invested there, amounted to £310,000. Lord Rosebery, Lord Herschell, and Sir John Rose were appointed trustees for the endowment fund. Prince and Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and Countess Feodore and Countess Victoria Gleichen lunched with their Royal Highnesses on July 3. The officers past and present of the Rifle Brigade, the Prince Consort's Own, have presented the Prince, their late Colonel-in-Chief, and the Princess with a clock, on the occasion of their Royal Highnesses' "Silver Wedding." Their Royal Highnesses have fixed Tuesday, July 17, for their visit to Islington to open the Great Northern Central Hospital. Prince Albert Victor will open the Beaconsfield sea-wall and promenade at Bridlington on July 19, and will visit Bristol on July 25 to unveil the Jubilee statue of the Queen.

The King of the Belgians left England on June 29.

The Duke of Edinburgh on June 28 paid a visit to the Bologna Exhibition, where he met with a very hearty reception. Next day the Duke arrived in Rome, and in the afternoon King Humbert paid his Royal Highness a visit at the hotel where he is staying. The Duke sailed from Spezia on July 2 with the ironclads Alexandra, Téméraire, and Dreadnought for Naples. The Duchess of Edinburgh has arrived at her summer Palace of Rosenau, near Coburg, which Duke Ernst some time ago placed at her disposal. All her children are with her.

"THE DON."

Academical attire certainly suits our popular comedian. He has been handed down to posterity as an "artful dodger," a steeplechase rider, an old toy-maker in a canvas coat, a waiter, an engine-driver, and a retired soap-boiler; but when did Mr. J. L. Toole appear to greater advantage than as the genial, good-natured, twinkling-eyed "dean of chapels," in his collegiate cap and his Master of Arts gown, otherwise the Rev. Horace Millikin, in "The Don"? Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale, in this amusing picture of modern university life, with its summer commemoration festivities, its flirtations, concerts, garden parties, and cosy teas in the rooms of undergraduates, have managed to fit Mr. Toole to a nicety, and he seems to revel in the anxieties and the perplexities of the simple-minded bachelor Fellow who is entrapped by an artful widow, and, thanks to a scapegrace, is involved in collegiate troubles that would shock the most liberal Warden. It is not only that it is amusing to see Mr. Toole in university habit, but in the course of the play it is seen how cleverly the sketch is introduced, and with what little exaggeration our never-failing comedian caricatures the humours and social idiosyncrasies of university life. Mr. Toole's enthusiastic welcome at both the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford show that "there is no ill-feeling" on the part of the authorities, and that he has been freely forgiven for taking the name of a college tutor in vain. Since these visits the theatre has been crowded with orthodox clergy, headed by Canon Farrar, and with the generous and genial aid by Mr. Toole, in this very play, one more plank has been added to the strong bridge being built between the rival and sometimes antagonistic banks of Church and Stage. Very shortly after Saturday, July 7, Mr. Toole, who has let his pretty little theatre—first to Mr. Lionel Brough, and then to the "Pepita" Comic-Opera Company—will be off on his travels. He will play at Weymouth, Guernsey, and Jersey, and then—after a holiday trip to St. Malo, the principal points of interest in Brittany and Normandy, the bath cure at Aix-les-Bains, and a short visit to Homburg—the popular actor will start on his lengthened provincial tour, and may not be expected back in London with "The Don" until Christmastime. Whenever he returns he will be welcome home again, for London is never at its merriest without the presence of an actor who has done more than any of his companions to make men and women merry, and who, for his deeds of generosity and unselfishness, is universally beloved by friends and public alike. And there is another point that must never be forgotten. Mr. Toole in the whole of his career has never produced a play or spoken a line on the stage that could possibly offend anyone. The old era of Wright and his farcical companions has passed away, and Mr. Toole should have the credit of introducing honest, hearty fun that leaves no unpleasant taste in the mouth. He thoroughly deserves his great popularity and success.

THE "TIMES" AND THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

An action for libel, which is of great political interest, came on for trial, on Monday, July 2, in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and a Special Jury. It was brought against the *Times* newspaper by Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, formerly M.P. for Dungarvan, who was for some years honorary secretary and vice-president of the Irish Home-Rule Confederation, and one of the Executive of the Irish Land League and of the National League in London. In March, April, May, and June of 1887, a series of articles, entitled "Parnellism and Crime," appeared in the *Times*, charging prominent members of the Home-Rule party with the guilt of direct incitement to outrage and murder, and with "basing their movements on a scheme of assassination, carefully calculated and coolly applied." Particular stress was laid on the circumstance that Frank Byrne, the paid secretary of the Home-Rule Confederation, and subsequently of the Land League and National League at their offices in London, received and sent to Dublin the knives with which Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered, on May 6, 1882, in the Phœnix Park; and Mr. O'Donnell and Mr. Justin M'Carthy, M.P., were stated to have been accompanied by Frank Byrne, on April 10,



Mr. F. H. O'Donnell.



Mr. Ruegg opens the case for the Plaintiff.

in meeting Mr. Parnell at Willesden Junction on his way from Ireland to Paris. It was insinuated, apparently, that the officials and leading members, or "a trusted few," of that branch of the National League which was established in England, having its offices in two small rooms at Palace-chambers, Bridge-street, Westminster, where Byrne kept the knives and a Winchester rifle and revolvers, were party to the assassination plot.

Mr. O'Donnell thereupon wrote a letter to the *Times*, which was published on June 17 last year, denying that he and other "honourable members of that Constitutional organisation" had any complicity in the abominable crimes of Frank Byrne. The *Times* made certain comments on this letter, which showed, as it said, "the extraordinary weakness of the defence set up by Mr. O'Donnell for those of his party who were associated with Byrne before and after the Phœnix Park murders."



The first witness, Mr. Lucy.

It pointed out that in October, 1882, on the motion of Mr. O'Donnell, seconded by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the League expressed its "fullest confidence" in Frank Byrne's "capacity, energy, and honesty"; and it was stated that in January, 1883, Mr. Parnell himself provided the money for Byrne to escape to France. The article proceeded, after further discussion, with these personal references to the plaintiff: "Mr. O'Donnell, however, is fairly entitled to say that his eyes have been opened by later revelations. What requires to be explained is Mr. O'Donnell's silence upon points as to which he might speak with some authority. Mr. O'Donnell, as we have seen, either knows nothing about the matter, or does not wish to say anything. But Mr. Parnell, at least, cannot plead ignorance. It is plainly inconsistent with his whole course of conduct. Byrne was in Mr. Parnell's confidence in 1881, when the 'Invincibles' were founded, and in 1882, when the assassinations were planned."



Mr. Herbert Gladstone.

The plaintiff, Mr. O'Donnell, alleged that these and other passages in the articles of the *Times* were libellous, as imputing to him that he, along with Mr. Parnell and others, were accomplices of Byrne and the other conspirators for the Phœnix Park murders. He claimed £50,000 damages for this libel.

The defendants, the proprietors of the *Times*, denied that the articles complained of had any such meaning with regard to the plaintiff, Mr. O'Donnell, who was not, they said, closely associated with Mr. Parnell and the leading members of his party, and was never admitted to their confidence, or permitted to know their secrets. They did not include the plaintiff among "the trusted few" who might be aware of Mr. Parnell's real object, which was not the re-establishment of an Irish National Parliament, but the complete separation of Ireland from Great Britain. They said that the plaintiff always was, and still is, distrusted by Mr. Parnell and by those closely associated with Mr. Parnell; and that he could not be aware of the extent to which they were mixed up with the instigators and organisers of murders, outrages, and crimes in Ireland and elsewhere. With these reservations as to the meaning of the articles in the *Times*, it was contended that they were not defamatory of Mr. O'Donnell; that they were true in substance and in fact, and that the article of June 17 was only a fair comment on his letter.

The counsel for the plaintiff was Mr. Ruegg; for the defendants, the Attorney-General, Sir Henry James, Q.C., Mr. Lumley Smith, Q.C., and Mr. Gwynne James. Mr. Ruegg opened the case, reading the alleged libels and Mr. O'Donnell's letters to the *Times*; after which the first witness he called was Mr. Henry Lucy, who was, from 1881 to 1885, manager of the Parliamentary reporting staff of the *Daily News*, and writer of the summary of Parliamentary debates. He stated that he knew the plaintiff, Mr. O'Donnell, as a member of the Irish Home-Rule Party, and he considered that a libel referring to "Mr. Parnell and his allies" would be a libel on the plaintiff; but there were passages in the articles read which he should not suppose to refer to Mr. O'Donnell. In cross-examination, he was asked respecting the speeches made concerning the Parnellite League by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Trevelyan, in 1881 and 1882; but the Court decided that these could not be put in evidence. Mr. W. A. Roberts, Mr. Joseph Cowen, and Mr. P. Burt, M.P., were examined on the second day of the trial, and gave it as their opinion that Mr. O'Donnell was referred to in the alleged libel. With this evidence the case for the plaintiff closed. In opening the case for the defendants the Attorney-General commented upon the fact that Mr. O'Donnell had not been called, and denied that he was a member of the Irish Land League, against which the *Times*' animadversions were directed. Sir R. Webster said he should call evidence to show the doings of the League in inciting to murder during the years 1879 to 1881. Sir R. Webster, in continuing his speech on the third day, said he would have to refer to one or two other speeches, including one by Mr. Parnell. This was delivered at Ennis. On Sept. 9, 1880, Mr. Parnell said:—"Now what are you to do if a tenant bids for a farm from which his neighbour has been evicted? (Interruption: 'Shoot him!' 'Kill him!'). Now I think I heard someone say, 'Shoot him.' But I wish to point out to you a very much better way, a more Christian, and a more charitable way. When a man takes a farm from which another has been evicted you must shun him at the roadside; when you meet him you must shun him in the streets of the town, you must shun him at the shop-counter, you must shun him in the fair and the market-place, and even



Mr. C. S. Parnell.

in the house of worship." Mr. Mally spoke later on in county Mayo, in the presence of Quinn, acting secretary of the Land League, and, referring to landlords, said:—"I am not telling you to shoot, but I am telling you to do it if you like. Only 10s. is required for a gun license for all the year round, but £3 has to be paid for a game license. With the 10s. license they could shoot vermin all the year round." He next referred to a number of letters to show what was passing just before and after the legal suppression of the Land League.

Mr. J. Burlinson has been appointed superintendent of the Great Western Railway, in the room of Mr. G. N. Tyrrell, who resigns his position after forty-six years' service.

The Liverpool Jubilee Memorial Fund Committee have decided to hand over the balance of the fund, amounting to £1400, to the authorities of the Liverpool University College for the erection in connection with the new college buildings of a Jubilee tower, to cost £5000.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Prince of Wales, who so judiciously occupies a neutral position as regards Party politics, dropped into his place in the House of Lords on the Twenty-ninth of June in time to hear an important debate on the defences of England. Until the piping times of peace settle in for good, and Boulangers cease from troubling and Bismarck is at rest, it is to be feared invasion "scares" will periodically recur in this country. These alarums are not wholly useless. The hectoring language of certain truculent Gallic Colonels in the time of Napoleon III. created that unexampled instance of pure patriotism, the Volunteer Movement, which has provided us with a strong army of sharpshooters. Some twenty-nine years later, the militant post-prandial speeches of Lieutenant-General Lord Wolseley, Adjutant-General of her Majesty's Forces, have again called public attention forcibly to the question of national defences. In view of the fact that each of the great Powers on the Continent is practically an armed nation, are the naval and military forces of Great Britain sufficiently powerful to repel invasion?

The Earl of Wemyss rose on the present occasion to answer this question after his fashion by moving that, under the circumstances, "this House welcomes the proposal of her Majesty's Government for an increase of our defensive means, and confidently looks to their forthwith taking such further measures as will give ample security to our Empire and just confidence to the country." No one has a greater right than the noble Earl to tackle the subject. As Lord Elcho, he was the life and soul of the Volunteer Movement in the London district. His Lordship concisely expressed his idea of the value of the Volunteers by saying, "There are 200,000 of these serving at the present time, and over a million who have passed through the ranks." But these statistics and others which Lord Wemyss expatiated on are familiar in our mouths as household words. It is open to question whether it was expedient for Lord Wolseley, the illustrious Duke the Commander-in-Chief, and other Peers to join the noble Earl in repeating a more than thrice-told tale. As the Prime Minister aptly reminded Lord Wolseley, after scouting the idea that it was possible for a hundred thousand troops to be transported in one night from the shores of France to the shores of England, "I do not think it is desirable that we should discuss in all its details for the benefit of our neighbours the precise mode in which we expect them to attack us, and in which we intend to defend ourselves; and I should be very grateful if the noble Viscount would use his official knowledge rather to guide us than to correct us." The Marquis of Salisbury occasioned a ripple of sympathetic laughter by adding, in his old ironic style, "I am afraid that if chastisement is the proof of love, the love of the noble Lord overflows all bounds." Henceforward, we may hope that political and administrative chiefs will work in unison to complete our armaments.

The "silver streak" is to remain "inviolate" yet a little while longer, to use the poetical language of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who is not in the habit of copying the flowery style of the immortal Silas Wegg. On the last Wednesday in June, Sir Edward Watkin received the support of Mr. Gladstone and of 165 votes in moving the second reading of the Channel Tunnel Experimental Works Bill. But the Government and 307 hon. members opposed the measure, which was negatived by a majority of 142. Still, it may be prudent to remember the line of the song which protests that "Nothing is sacred to a sapper."

Mr. Ritchie energetically perseveres with the principal Ministerial measure. By further lightening the Local Government Bill, the right hon. gentleman has made progress. With respect to the vexed question of public-house licenses, the Sunday Closing clause was not got rid of on the Twenty-eighth of June without an edifying triangular duel between Mr. Caine on the one hand and Sir William Harcourt and Sir Wilfrid Lawson on the other. There was a majority of 62 in favour of excluding the clause. Omission of the remaining licensing clauses was then sanctioned. In their anxiety to show the new County Councils the way they should go, hon. members have sought to hamper the forthcoming boards with directions of various kinds, some serviceable, others unnecessary; Mr. Ritchie has done well to consult the metropolitan Conservative members as to the London County Council, and to fall in with the views in favour of adopting the Parliamentary divisions as electoral districts, and granting two members to each. It is satisfactory to know that many trustworthy and experienced administrators on existing vestries, men who have done really valuable work and effected great improvements, will be ready and willing to serve on the first London Council, which is to have its Aldermen, and should be of dignity and weight.

The land question in Wales, and agricultural depression in the Principality, gave rise to an important discussion in the House of Commons on the Twenty-ninth of June. Son of a Merionethshire tenant-farmer, Mr. Thomas Edward Ellis earnestly appealed to the Government to readjust farm rentals in Wales. Mr. Raikes blandly offered Ministerial sympathy. But the motion Mr. Ellis prayed the House to adopt was rejected by 146 against 128 votes.

The reappearance in the House of Mr. James Lowther on the Second of July, proudly escorted by Mr. Akers-Douglas and Mr. W. Lowther, as the new member for the Isle of Thanet, was the occasion of a burst of Ministerial cheering. I need hardly add that the Irish Nationalists indulged in similar cheering at the next day's sitting, when Dr. Fitzgerald took his seat as member for South Longford.

Mr. T. Sexton, M.P., has been nominated by the Dublin Municipal Council for re-election as Lord Mayor of Dublin.

The Australian Cricketers beat the team representing North of England at Manchester by five wickets.

The Flying Scotchman, which on July 2 began running between London and Edinburgh in eight and a-half hours, accomplished the journey in four minutes less than the appointed time.

Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham, who commanded the Expeditionary Force at Souakim in 1885, has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Bermuda, in place of Lieutenant-General Gallwey.

The recent Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall will be the means of contributing a sum of £14,000 to the funds of the Cambridge Hospital for Old and Disabled Soldiers. This sum exceeds by £4000 the amount realised by any previous tournament, and the War Office has now decided that the event shall take place annually and shall be official.

The annual distribution of prizes to the students connected with the Charing-cross Hospital Medical School took place on June 29, in the lecture theatre at Chandos-street. The Rev. the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, presided. The Dean, Dr. Bruce, submitted the annual report, which stated that in the course of the year seventy-four new students had been enrolled, and that at the present time there were 225 in daily attendance.

The Husband-Beater.

(*Umbella Plagosa.*)

How to carry it.

A problem in Fashion.



Here is a simple & obvious solution, but it is difficult to steer clear of the Drum-Major effect



This is nice & easy: but it's too obstructive: other people want to walk the pavement as well as you



The worst of this notion is that it is uncomfortably suggestive of a tight-rope walker.





You might try it this way — only if you do, little boys will ask you where your barracks are.



This would be all very well — if you were a Bengal Lancer.

There is an impression of incompletenss about this idea it seems to want a board with 'BLIND' on it to finish it off.



If you suspend the thing sword-wise, you will probably get hooted at: besides, you are not a Dragoon.



Nor a Rifle-man,



Nor a torch-bearer,



This idea is certainly not to be encouraged: — are you a lady, or a navvy?



While this recalls somewhat too vividly the familiar action of Punch.





No. we can think of no way out of it but this: you rid yourself of all responsibility, and you make a man look an unutterable fool — always a desirable achievement.

C. Hedtachel, sc.

A. Bernard Partridge, fec.

NOTTINGHAM AND THE MEETING OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.



DISTANT VIEW OF NOTTINGHAM.



SHOW-YARD OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, WOLLATON PARK.

MUSIC.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

This great celebration at the Crystal Palace closed, as already stated, on Friday, June 29, with a performance of "Israel in Egypt." Our comments on this, and on the second day's programme—the miscellaneous selection—were unavoidably postponed until now. The pieces chosen for the second festival day were well calculated to give an idea of Handel's versatility—a quality for which he has not been sufficiently credited by the public at large, who are generally accustomed to think of him only as a composer of English oratorios. In this respect, doubtless, his grandest genius and highest skill have been pre-eminently displayed; but there are other phases in which, although subordinately, Handel has earned a title to be ranked as one of the greatest composers of the past. His proficiency as a performer on the organ and the harpsichord was acquired at an early age; and although his compositions for the former instrument were suited to the very limited capacities of the English organs of his period and to the volatile taste of the audiences before whom he performed them, his harpsichord music still retains its interest both in point of beauty and science. As a composer for the organ, Handel cannot compare with his great contemporary, Sebastian Bach, who, in his isolated position, wrote up to his own ideal, not, as Handel did in his adopted country, to please an unskilled audience that generally preferred prettiness to sublimity. This tendency of the English public of his time (fortunately not that of our own period) was amply proved by the cold reception of some of Handel's sublimest oratorio music—"Israel in Egypt" for instance, which was at first a comparative failure, and was repeated with interpolations of pieces from other sources made by Handel himself; and his concertos for the organ performed by him. That selected for the second day of the week of the Handel Festival just closed was No. 7 in *B* flat. This florid piece of organ music was very skilfully executed by Mr. W. T. Best, of Liverpool. Several other pieces in the selection programme were on this occasion given for the first time at a Handel Festival, and these we shall first refer to. Madame Trebelli sang the fine "Invocation" from "Esther," which was followed by the chorus "He comes" (from the same oratorio). The well-known air "Total eclipse" was rendered by Mr. B. McGuckin, followed by the chorus "Oh, first created beam." "Belshazzar" furnished the fine chorus "Ye tutelar gods." In the second part, the stately saraband from the opera of "Almira" (the original of the aria "Lascia ch' io pianga") was another festival novelty, as were the "Calumny" chorus from "Alexander Balus;" the aria (from "Ottone") "Del minacciar," sung by Mr. Santley; and the air (assigned to Mr. McGuckin), "When two fond hearts," from "Deidamia;" the programme closing with two choruses and the air "Guardian angels" from "The Triumph of Time and Truth;" the solo having been expressively sung by Madame Albani, who had previously given the more familiar "Let the bright seraphim" with brilliant effect (the trumpet obbligato of Mr. McGrath having been a feature); and the aria "Ombra mai fù" from "Serse." Other items of the selection that have before been associated with festival and other performances require mere mention. Mr. McGuckin in "Waft her, angels" (with the recitative); Mr. Lloyd in "Call forth thy pow'rs" and "Love in her eyes;" Mr. Santley in "Honour and arms;" Madame Nordica in "So shall the lute and harp" and "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir;" and Madame Trebelli in "Lascia ch'io pianga," gave effect to the respective pieces, the orchestra having been heard specially in the "occasional" overture, and the violins thereof (upwards of 200) in a wonderfully consentaneous performance of the sonata in *A*. One or two *familiar* choruses were included in the programme, which was preceded by the "Coronation Anthem" given after the "National Anthem." Miss E. Squire should be mentioned as having rendered efficient co-operation with Mesdames Nordica and Trebelli in the trio (with chorus), "See the conquering hero."

Brief notice of the closing performance—"Israel in Egypt"—will suffice; first reference being made to the choruses, on account of their being the pervading features of the oratorio, and also because—as before observed—the choral effects are necessarily those for which the vast area of the Crystal Palace is best suited. In the grand series of movements for single and double choir presented by "Israel in Egypt," Handel's capacity for the realisation of religious sublimity and dramatic expression in music is found at its highest. Nowhere—not even in "The Messiah"—is there anything finer than the choral music of "Israel," the effect of the stupendous choruses in which, as given at a Handel Festival, cannot be imagined by those who have had no experience thereof. Among the many profound impressions produced by them on the closing day of this year's celebration may be particularised those which attended the magnificent rendering of "He spake the word," the "Hailstone" chorus, "He sent a thick darkness," "But as for His people," the several masterly movements ending the first part, the wondrous double choruses of the second part including the triumphant climax. The soprano solo music was divided between Madame Valleria and Miss A. Marriott, Madame Patey having been the contralto and Mr. Lloyd the tenor. This gentleman's admirable delivery of the declamatory air "The enemy said" was a special feature. The duet for two basses, "The Lord is a man of war," was assigned to Mr. Bridson and Mr. Brereton. The names of the several solo vocalists sufficiently indicate the general efficiency of their performances.

The musical arrangements have been on a scale of grandeur fully equal to that of past celebrations; a body of instrumentalists and choristers was assembled, consisting of nearly 4000 executants, the effects having been enhanced by the gigantic organ erected in the Handel Orchestra, manipulated by Mr. Eyre, organist to the Crystal Palace. Here fresh recognition must be made of the admirable chorus-singing throughout the festival. Such a result might seem almost impossible of attainment from so vast a choral body; certainly nothing like it had been realised at any previous celebration. Long preparation, and the importation of a large number of fresh voices exercised an important influence.

In conducting the performances, Mr. Manns has again proved his exceptional fitness for the arduous task which he first essayed at the festival of 1883, when suddenly replacing Sir M. Costa, who was disabled by the illness that soon afterwards terminated fatally. Apart from the high musical interest of these festivals, the admirable arrangements for the comfort and security of visitors have always been subjects for remark. A large number of gentlemen acting as honorary stewards greatly facilitated the placing of the audience, who were directed to their respective localities by conspicuous placards corresponding with the indications on the tickets. A strong police force is another important feature of these occasions, which pass off with a freedom from confusion or disturbance truly remarkable in such enormous gatherings. Recognition is also due to Mr. Henshaw Russell, the manager, and Mr. William Gardiner, the secretary, for the facilities and courtesies rendered by them for reporting purposes. The occasion has been eminently successful; upwards of 86,000 visitors having attended during the festival.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The production of Mozart's "Il Flauto Magico" (the Italian version of his "Die Zauberflöte"), could, owing to great pressure on space, but be barely mentioned until now. The opera was the last of Mozart's stage compositions, having been composed in 1791, and first performed, at Vienna, in September of that year, but a few weeks before his death. The libretto, originally in German, is a curious jumble of masonic mysteries and magical absurdities, that would have been sufficient to have killed music of less beauty. Intended to strike the popular ear so as to revive the fallen fortunes of the theatre of Shickaneder, a buffo actor, who furnished the book and sustained the character of Papageno, the many exquisite melodies of "Die Zauberflöte" were soon heard all over the civilised world. The Italian version, "Il Flauto Magico," was first given in London in 1811, at the opera-house in the Haymarket, then known as the King's Theatre, and has retained its musical charm here, as elsewhere, in spite of its libretto. The work is not always easily presentable, on account of the difficulty of the music assigned to the character of Astrifiammante, the Queen of Night, written for a particular singer of the day possessed of a soprano voice of exceptionally high compass. The character just specified was sustained in the representation now referred to by Miss Ella Russell, who sang the difficult music with much brilliancy. A character of more importance, both dramatically and musically, is that of Pamina, who has music of pathos and sentiment to sing instead of the mere bravura roulades and show passages belonging to the Queen of Night. Madame Minnie Hauk as Pamina gave full effect to the several passages of tenderness and passion, and threw genuine earnestness of expression into the part, that was in strong contrast to the absurdity of the surroundings. Tamino, the tenor, is not dramatically interesting, but has some charmingly melodious music to sing, and this was well rendered by Signor Ravelli, with a good sostenuto style in accordance with the requirements of the music. In the small part of Papagena Mdlle. Sigrid Arnoldson sang and acted with liveliness and piquancy, and Signor Del Puente, as Papageno, rendered the music and the farcical character with excellent judgment and discretion. Signor Novara (vice M. E. De Reszké, indisposed) gave the grand music of Sarastro with impressive effect, and was especially successful in the aria "Qui sdegno." Signor Rinaldini was (as often before) efficient as Monostatos; the incidental passages for the three attendants of the Queen of Night and the three Genii were well sung by Mdlles. Dotti, Desvignes, Bauermeister, and L. Lablache, and Madame Scalchi (this lady having been a member of each trio), and subordinate parts were sufficiently well filled. The stage accessories were as elaborate and splendid as usual under Mr. Harris's management. The interpolated ballet was an innovation that might well have been spared. Mr. Randegger conducted.

The next specialty of Mr. Augustus Harris's remarkable season was announced for Thursday, July 5, when Rossini's "Guglielmo Tell" was to be produced—too late, of course, for present notice.

The present series of the Richter Concerts at St. James's Hall is within one performance of its close. At the eighth concert, on July 2—a concerto by Bach, for three oboes, bassoon, two horns, solo violin, two violins, viola, violoncello, and contrabasso—was introduced for the first time here. The term "concerto" formerly meant a concerted piece for several or many instruments; not as now, a piece for the special display of the skill of one performer (perhaps two, or three), with the accompaniment of others. Bach and Handel both produced many works of the former description. That now referred to consists of three movements, and is characterised by the dignity and antique grace which so largely prevail in Bach's music. The solo violin part was played by Mr. E. Schiever. The vocal music consisted of the closing scene of the first act of Wagner's "Siegfried," the declamatory passages in which for the title-character were finely declaimed by Mr. E. Lloyd, those for Mime having been assigned to Mr. W. Nicholl. The important orchestral details were excellently realised by the fine band conducted by Dr. Hans Richter, full justice having also been rendered to the other items of the programme:—Weber's overture to "Oberon," that by Mendelssohn to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Beethoven's Symphony (No. 7) in A.

Otto Hegner, the extraordinary young pianist, gave a farewell recital at St. James's Hall on June 28, when his performances were of the same remarkable excellence as on previous occasions.

Among recent miscellaneous concert announcements have been those of Mr. John Thomas (the well-known harpist), Mdlles. M., C., F., and E. Eissler (violinist, harpist, and pianists), Miss E. Barker (an esteemed vocalist), Signor Chiostri, Madame Zagury (*Court singer to the King and Queen of Portugal*), Mrs. Cunnah, Herr Von Czeke, Mr. W. Ganz (the eminent pianist and conductor), Miss E. Sturmfels and Mr. A. Napoleon (accomplished pianists), the Hyde Park Academy of Music, Signor De Cristofaro, and Mr. R. Stuart's Chopin recital.

The special festival service at Westminster Abbey on June 28—in celebration of Coronation Day—included some important musical features. A collection was made in aid of the funds of the Westminster Hospital.

The Canadian team for Wimbledon arrived at Liverpool on July 1 by the mail-steamer Sarmatian, from Quebec.

The Association of Original Engravers, heretofore known as the Society of Painter-Etchers, is to be henceforth entitled "The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers."

The Kennel Club's summer dog-show has been held in the picturesque grounds of the Ranelagh Club, Barnes. The large number of 1400 was entered, including exhibits from the kennels of the Prince of Wales, Prince Francis and Princess Victoria of Teck, and Prince Albert Solms.

At the great lamp exhibition recently concluded at St. Petersburg, the Imperial Technical Society have awarded their gold medal to the Defries Safety Lamp and Oil Company for the "manufacture of durable and safely-constructed lamps burning satisfactorily kerosine or heavy oils," this being the only award of the kind made, and the fifth such honour given to the celebrated Defries' Safety Lamps.

The literary services Mr. Clement Scott has rendered to the theatre as a dramatic critic for the past twenty-five years are about to be recognised in a pleasant fashion. What the *World* terms the "professional silver wedding" of this brilliant writer is to be celebrated by a dinner in his honour at the Arts Club, at which the *élite* of the theatrical profession will, no doubt, be present.

At the Crystal Palace on July 3 the eighty-second anniversary festival of the Licensed Victuallers' School, in which the children of deceased or deceased victuallers are maintained and educated, was held under the presidency of Mr. A. H. Bevan, of the firm of Barclay and Perkins. The firm of Barclay and Perkins gave 500 gs., and the chairman, whose list amounted to £2500, gave 100 gs. In the whole about £6000 was obtained as the result of the festival.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Opinions differ widely on the subject of the new play at the Strand Theatre. The majority of the experts will have nothing to do with Mrs. Coffin's half-comic, half-pathetic domestic drama, "Run Wild"; they think it exaggerated, crudely done, and improbable; and do not hesitate to say that the leading character does not suit Mr. Willie Edouin at all, and that in it he is quite out of his element. The minority, however, dive below the surface: they detect in the drama a human ring; they extract from it a measure of consolation; and they desire to see the chief character played by Mr. Edouin when he is master of his emotions and can do some sort of justice to a very admirably-written and correctly-conceived character. Mr. Edouin is not the first comic actor who has essayed a part that departs from the regions of broad farce. He has an essentially funny personality no doubt, an elastic countenance, a droll manner, a nature redolent of humour. People cannot conceive the possibility of a purely burlesque actor turning himself into a man who can at turns be as serious as he is funny. But, after all, laughter and tears are near neighbours. Robson, inimitable in burlesque, was more excellent still in "The Porter's Knot" and "Daddy Hardacre"; Mr. Toole can be excruciatingly funny in farce and delightfully pathetic as Caleb Plummer. Mr. David James set the Strand and the Vaudeville in a roar in the wildest extravaganza, and drew tears from his audience as well as laughter in "Apple Blossoms" and "Our Boys." Why, then, should not the author of "The Heathen Chinee" represent and understand this delightful, good-natured, tender-hearted Mr. Parker, who is courteous, deferential, and respectful to the woman who insults him and galls the better part of his nature. The essence of this play is contained in a memorable stanza from "In Memoriam":—

> Oh! yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,
> To pangs of Nature, sins of will,
> Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

A good-hearted man, free from prejudice, and essentially noble in nature, can, with the assistance of his generous daughter, subjugate and win over to a higher humanity the worldly wife and the unnatural son. That is all. The theme is very simple, but it is effective. It is a picture that must come home to the audience, for it is truthfully if unskilfully painted, and, take it for what it is worth, there is not much more improbable about it than the scenes of real life in "Our Boys." Had Mrs. Coffin possessed the knowledge of the stage acquired by Mr. H. J. Byron, and his skill in word-play, the theme of her drama would have been by no manner of means inferior to that enormously successful work. On the occasion of the first performance, Mr. Edouin manifestly did not do himself justice. He was "all abroad," as they say, and made others as nervous as himself. But he read the part admirably, and eventually, with practice, he will act it just as well. The personation of the "stuck up" wife was an admirable piece of true art by Miss Susie Vaughan. It would be difficult to find any fault with it in tone, style, or colour. And there were innumerable other parts well acted: an impudent London man-servant, by Mr. Chevalier; a young, impulsive lad, by Mr. Fawcett; a generous youth, by Mr. B. Webster; a pretty, bouncing girl, by Miss Grace Huntley; and, to the delight of the audience, Miss Alice Atherton was present to play the gay, excitable child of Nature who, reared in the wilds of Connemara, comes to take London by storm, and to brighten domestic gloom with her fresh and breezy manner. As such, the sweet sister makes an admirable contrast to her "unlicked cub" of a brother, one of the most disagreeable characters ever written, but one boldly attacked and conscientiously carried out by Mr. Harry Eversfield. He never flinched, and bore his artistic punishment like a man. Actors should be congratulated on these acts of self-denial, for plays of contrast will be impossible if actresses refuse to play ugly women, or if actors shy at bad young men. There is too much disposition on the stage to carry private characters on to the boards. "Oh! if I play that part," says Miss Footlights, "they will think me just as bad." "But if I really play that part well," says young Tyro, "they will think me a horrid cad." Extend the argument, and the actress may be made out a poisoner and the actor a murderer, in fact and deed. Mr. Eversfield plays young Parker with great skill.

AT HENLEY REGATTA.

Fine Midsummer weather only is needed to make the annual meeting for the Thames boating men and their numerous friends and admirers, on that pleasant part of the river below the town of Henley, one of the most delightful entertainments of the season. We are unable to say, at this time of writing, that Henley Regatta has been favoured with a bright and rainless sky, and with long hours of sunshine and dry sitting on the green-sward of parks and meadows. If it should be so, as we hope it may be, the agreeable scene depicted by our Artist will have been realised, no doubt, in many places along the river-banks, where cheerful parties of companions for the day will have awaited the most interesting races, not without much collateral pastime in sociable talk, in temperate luncheon, and even in the diverting ordeal of consultation with an artful old fortune-teller, who pretends to reveal to a young lady the complexion, position, and character of her predestined lover. The young man who lies at her feet, anxiously watching in her face the effect of this momentous prediction, is probably more interested in its result than in that of any of the aquatic contests on the Thames.

Major-General E. H. Clive, Commandant of the Staff College, is to be Governor of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst.

Earl Compton, Sir Charles Warren, Sir J. Parker Deane, Q.C., and the Hon. T. Allnutt Brassey have become vice-presidents of the Bethnal-green Free Library.

Lady Magheramorne, who was accompanied by Lord Magheramorne, on June 30 laid the foundation-stone of a new parish church at Hornsey.

Colonel Paley, of Cantley Hall, Doncaster, has presented the Rev. Canon Fleming with an organ for the new church of St. Philip, Buckingham Palace-road, at a cost of £1100.

The Rev. J. H. Bernard, Junior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, has been elected by the Board of Fellows to Archbishop King's lectureship, as successor to Archdeacon Gwynne, appointed Regius Professor of Divinity.

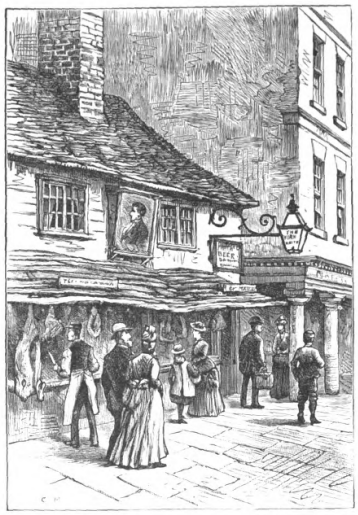
An exhibition of works executed in trades and in the recreative evening classes in connection with St. Andrew's Home and Club for Working Boys, was opened on June 30 by the Duchess of Buccleuch at the Home, 30, Great Peter-street, Westminster.

The Government of Victoria having asked her Majesty's Government to send out an inspector of schools as a Commissioner on Education in connection with the Centennial Exhibition at Melbourne, the Rev. R. Wilde, of Westbourne, Emsworth, inspector of the south-western district, has been selected for the appointment.

NOTTINGHAM AND THE MEETING OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.



ST. PETER'S CHURCH.



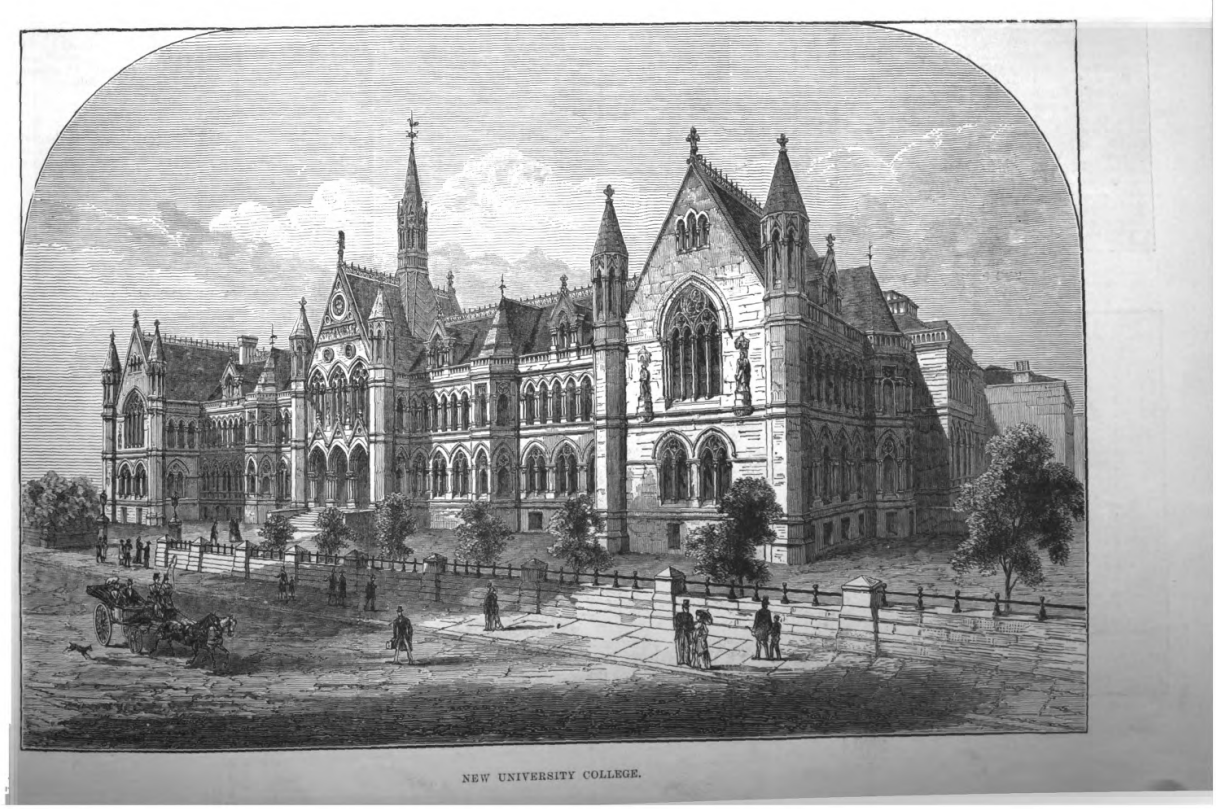
BIRTHPLACE OF KIRKE WHITE.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

The meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, this week, at Nottingham, though not favoured, as was hoped, with the presence of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is likely to be successful; and our Illustrations of that interesting town and neighbourhood will be appreciated by many readers. Nottingham, with its hosiery and lace manufactures and sundry other trades; with its population, including the suburbs and neighbouring industrial villages, of a hundred and twenty thousand, is one of the most important towns in the English Midlands. It is a place of much note in English history; and the supposed derivation of its name from a Saxon word meaning that its primitive inhabitants, ancient Britons, dwelt in caves of the rock, suggests a curious contrast between its condition now and in ages past. The rock, of soft red sandstone, with its caves of artificial formation, rises visibly enough on the north side of the broad valley of the Trent, nearly a mile from the bank of that river, and a stream called the Leen flows at its foot.

On the summit of this caverned cliff, in the time of the Norman Conquest, William De Peverel built his castle, which became the property of the Crown under Henry II. It was enlarged and strengthened by the Plantagenet Kings, who often visited it, sometimes held their Parliaments here, and occasionally fought for its possession, as when the rebel John, in 1194, stood a siege of the castle against his brother Richard. They used it also for a State prison; the twenty-four Welsh hostages were put to death here in 1212; the traitor Mortimer, in 1330, was here captured by Edward III.; David, King of Scotland, was imprisoned here in 1346; and this place of confinement admitted a Speaker of the House of Commons, and a Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, who were punished for denying the absoluteness of Royal prerogative in the fourteenth century. It was at Nottingham, in 1485, that Richard III. mustered his army for the Battle of Bosworth; it was at Nottingham again, in 1642, that Charles I. raised his standard for the Civil War against the English Parliament. In that war, after the occupation of the Castle by the Parliamentary forces, it was bravely defended by the garrison under Colonel Hutchinson; after that war the fortress was demolished, like many others. Its site was granted by Charles II. to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who sold it to the first Duke of Newcastle. A stately mansion was built there, the modern Nottingham Castle, belonging to successive Dukes; but in 1831 it was burnt down by a mob of rioters during the Reform Bill



NEW UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

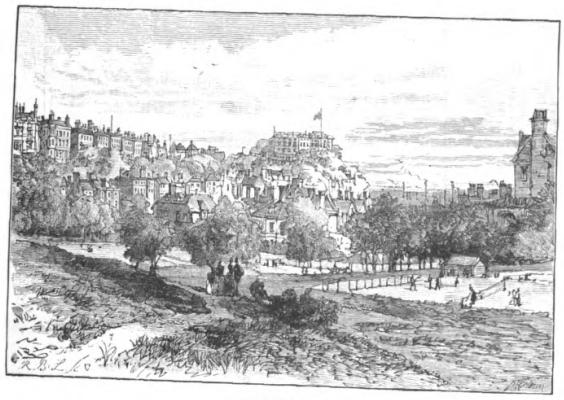
NOTTINGHAM AND THE MEETING OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.



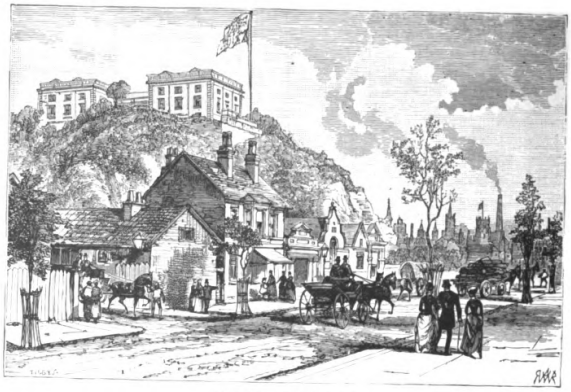
OLD GATEWAY, NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.



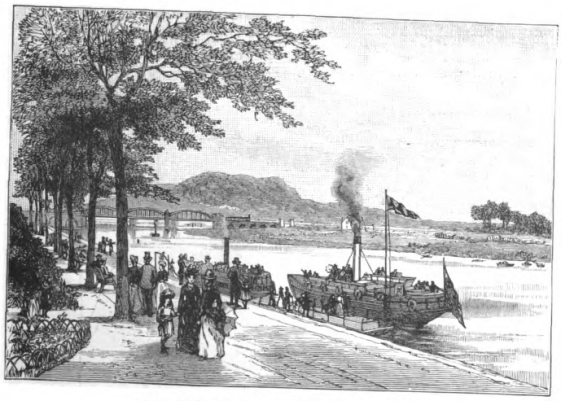
OLD GUILDHALL.



THE PARK.



LENTON BOULEVARD.



THE PROMENADE, FROM TRENT BRIDGE.



THE TRENT AT WILFORD, LOOKING TOWARDS CLIFTON GROVE.

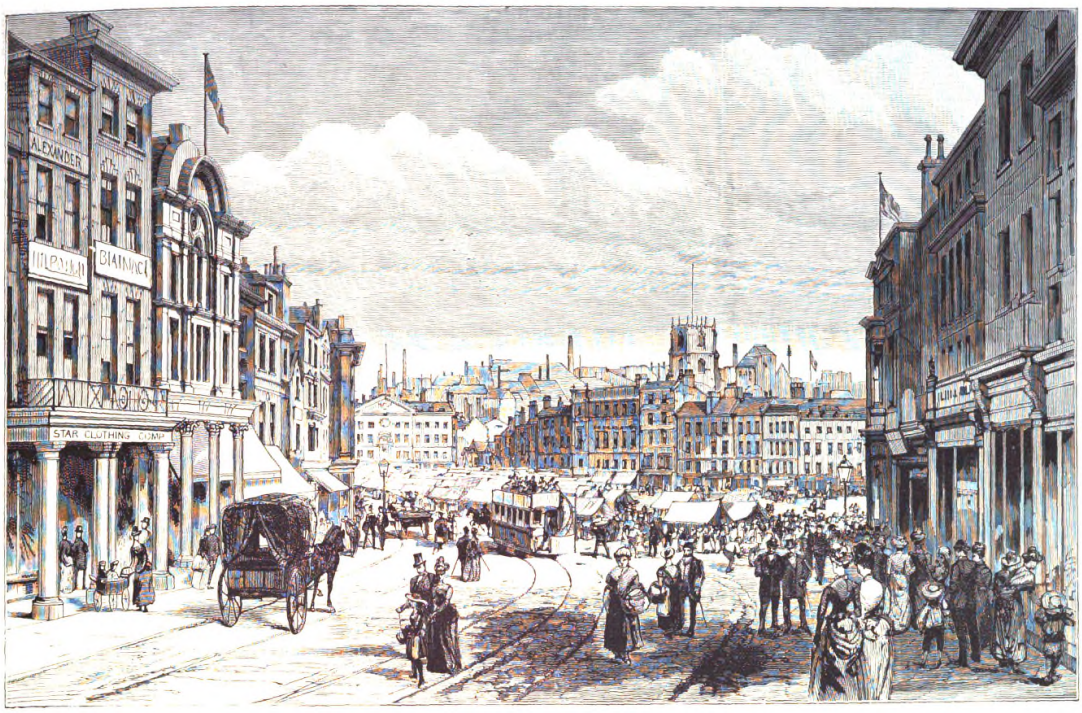


WILFORD CHURCH.

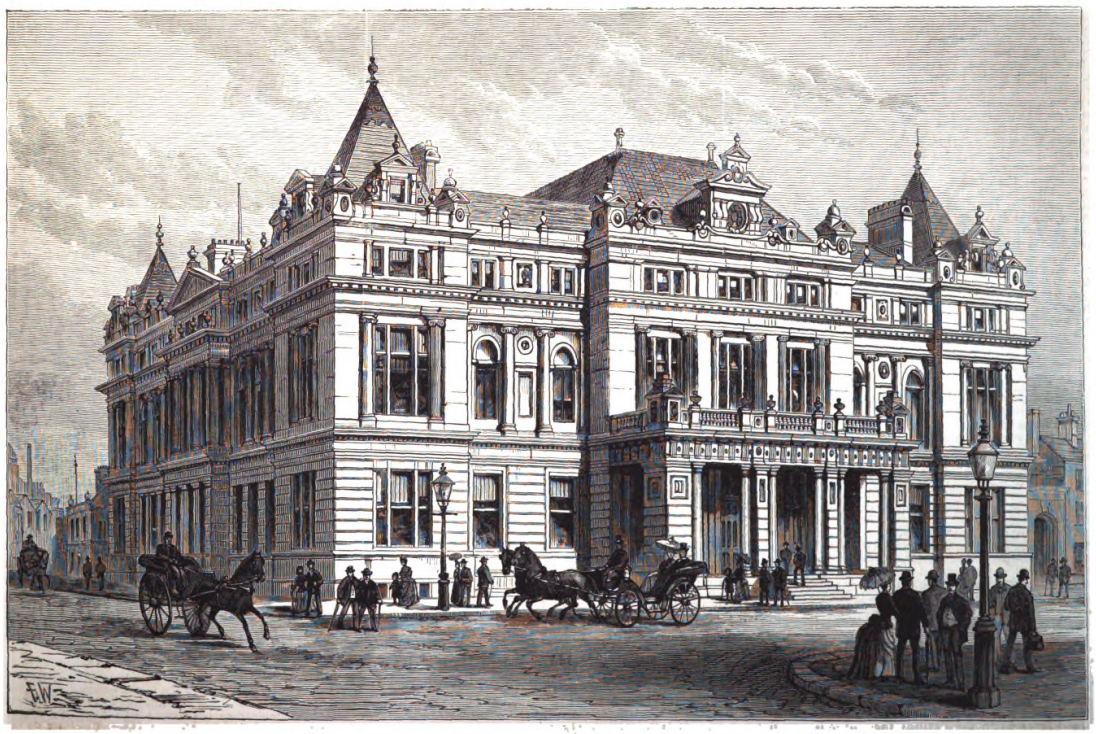


ENTRANCE GATEWAY, WOLLATON PARK.

NOTTINGHAM AND THE MEETING OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.



THE MARKET-PLACE, NOTTINGHAM.



THE NEW TOWNHALL, NOTTINGHAM.

agitation. Most of the adjacent park is now built over; a public Museum and Gallery of Art, and the drill-hall of the Nottinghamshire (Robin Hood) Rifle Volunteers, have been established on this site. The gatehouse or barbican of the ancient castle, much altered, and some fragments of walls and bastions, are the only remnants of considerable antiquity—that is to say, aboveground; but there are subterranean caverns and passages, one called "Mortimer's Hole," through which Edward III., with Sir William De Eland and his band of men-at-arms, is said to have entered to surprise Mortimer in the Keep of the Castle.

The town, which held its charter as a corporate borough seven centuries ago, and has elected its Mayor and Aldermen since the later Plantagenet reigns, owed its prosperity at first to the weaving of woollen cloth, and to fine iron manufactures, the skill of its smiths being noted in an old proverb. Its great Market-place, a triangular space of nearly six acres, with wooden colonnades in front of some of the shops, has an old-fashioned air; at one end is the Exchange Hall, a handsome building. Three old parish churches, St. Mary's, St. Peter's, and St. Nicholas', claim precedence over a dozen or twenty of more recent date. St. Mary's is a large cruciform edifice of Perpendicular Gothic architecture, the better part of it constructed in the fifteenth century; its most commanding feature is the high and broad central tower at the intersection of the nave by the transepts. The south porch, of earlier Decorated Gothic style, is said to have belonged to the neighbouring Priory of Lenton, and its stones to have been removed thence and rebuilt as part of this church. The interior, which measures 216 ft. in length of nave, choir, and chancel, 97 ft. in length of the transepts, and 67 ft. in width of nave and aisles, is lighted by unusually large windows; it has been carefully restored, and is adorned with sculpture, paintings, and stained glass. St. Peter's Church, with its lofty tower and spire, is perhaps rather older than St. Mary's, but has undergone more alterations. The old church of St. Nicholas, being too near the Castle, was entirely destroyed in the siege of Nottingham in 1647; the church was rebuilt in 1671, of red brick, with a plain square tower, and was enlarged in the last century. Among the finest new churches is that of All Saints, near the Arboretum, built at the cost of Mr. Windley, silk manufacturer. St. Barnabas', the Roman Catholic Cathedral, one of Pugin's best works, owes its construction to the late Earl of Shrewsbury.

The new public buildings dedicated to civil and secular purposes have added much to the dignity of the aspect of Nottingham. An example of this may be observed by comparing the new Townhall with the old Guildhall, as shown in our Illustrations; or by reference to the new University College building. The County Hall and Assize Courts, the Mechanics' Institute, the General Hospital, the Free Grammar School, and other institutions, are worthy of Nottingham. Improvements are changing the appearance of the old streets. A rather humble subject of one of the Artist's Sketches, the house partly occupied by a licensed beershop and partly by a butcher's shop, is associated with the name of Henry Kirke White, the Nottingham poet, who was born in this house in 1785. His early promise of genius, and his passion for learning, attracted the notice of friends, who released him from a clerkship in an attorney's office and placed him at St. John's College, Cambridge. His premature death, in 1806, was noticed by Lord Byron in a pathetic passage of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

To those who have read either Kirke White's poems, or the poems of another native of Nottingham, still living—Mr. Henry Sutton—the pleasant riverside scenery of Wilford, and of Clifton Grove, will be familiar in their imagination. We remember, also, in some of the writings of the late William and Mary Howitt, who long resided at Nottingham, agreeable descriptions of the banks of the Trent near that town. Wilford, a mile and a half from Nottingham, to the south-west, is a pretty rural village with an old church surrounded by fine elm-trees; in the church is a memorial stained-glass window, also a tablet medallion portrait, the gift of admirers of Kirke White. "Wilfrid Boat," the well-known ferry, of which Henry Sutton wrote his verses forty years ago, takes passengers across to the opposite bank. Two miles higher up the river is Clifton, with its "Grove," a beautiful avenue of fine old trees more than a mile long; and with its romantic cliff and deep ravine, down which the "Fair Maid Margaret," who broke her oath to a lover and caused his death by her infidelity, was hurried by remorse, or by fiends, as the grim old legend says, to her doom in the avenging river. The Clifton family, knights and baronets, have been seated at Clifton ever since the reign of Henry III.; and the village, its fine old church filled with their tombs, the plain old Hall, the almshouses and cottages embowered in foliage, standing amidst verdant meadows, are thoroughly characteristic of English country life.

In the immediate vicinity of the town, Nottingham is favoured with the possession of agreeable suburban places of recreation. The public garden styled the Arboretum, on the north side, is tastefully laid out; beyond it lie the Church Cemetery, portions of forest-land called "Robin Hood's Chace," and "the Coppices," with St. Anne's Well. In the rock that overhangs the Leen, not far from the Castle, are the hewn-out caverns which have got the name of "The Papists' Holes," from having been occupied as hermits' cells in the Middle Ages, but which are believed to be of much more ancient origin. The Lenton road or boulevard, skirting the Park west of the Castle, is a favourite promenade. Farther west of the town is the village of Wollaton, with the grand old Elizabethan Hall and Park of the Willoughby family and of Lord Middleton. The showyard of the Royal Agricultural Society will be found in this direction.

The clock-tower erected at the bottom of Queen's-road, Brighton, at the charge of Mr. James Willing, as a Jubilee memorial, was formally unveiled on June 28, and handed over to the municipal authorities. It has been built from designs by Mr. John Johnson, and is an ornament to the town. The clock, manufactured by Messrs. Gillett and Johnston, of Croydon, has four dials five feet in diameter, made of transparent opal, so as to admit of illumination by night. There are no bells, but at every hour a ball at the summit rises and descends by hydraulic pressure. Upon the base of the tower are medallions of the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Prince and Princess of Wales. Shortly before one o'clock the Mayor and Mayoress, Lord Alfred Paget, Sir Robert Peel, and a number of townsmen, with Mr. James Willing, appeared on the spot. The houses around were gaily decorated and the large space outside the barrier was filled with spectators. Mr. Willing formally handed a gold key of the tower to the Mayor, who, at the stroke of one, unveiled the tower. The Mayor acknowledged the gift and Mr. Willing said a few words in reply. At a subsequent luncheon in the Pavilion the Mayor presented Mr. Willing with an illuminated address and a silver centre-piece, subscribed for solely by the members of the corporation "as a mark of their esteem on the occasion of his dedicating to the use of the inhabitants the handsome clock-tower in commemoration of the Jubilee year of the reign of Queen Victoria."

NEW BOOKS.

Old Glasgow: the Place and the People. By Andrew Macgeorge. (Blackie and Son).—The Glasgow International Exhibition this summer attracts thousands of visitors to that great commercial city which, besides the view of its mighty trades and industries, and of the Clyde shipping and shipbuilding, enjoys near access to some of the finest mountain, lake, seashore, and river scenery in Great Britain. Its historical and antiquarian associations, next to those of Edinburgh, must engage the attention of those who feel an interest in the past in Scotland; they will do well to consult this learned and accurate treatise, of which a third edition, revised and corrected by the most recent statistics, is opportunely published on the present occasion. The author begins with the advent of Kentigern, the Celtic missionary of the sixth century, better known as "St. Mungo," the latter name, which signified "Dear Friend," having been given him by his grateful flock. He had been preceded, however, towards the end of the fourth century, by St. Ninian, who abode some time among the Picts on the banks of the Molendinar. St. Mungo, however, was the first Bishop and the founder of Glasgow. The native people retained little or no effect of Roman civilisation; they afterwards became Anglicised by Saxon conquest. Ecclesiastical, baronial, and municipal jurisdictions, the one more or less than the others with the changes of times, protected the growth of the local community. It is perhaps not feasible to narrate the progress of Glasgow in a continuous history from the earliest ages. Mr. Macgeorge rather deals, in separate chapters, with particular features of the subject: the rule of the Bishops, their Castle, and their Cathedral; the civic Corporation; the tenure of property; the old streets and buildings; the ports and military defences; the river and harbour; the habits and manners of the citizens; their education, trades, social life, and amusements; the city police; the water supply, and other matters, down to the end of the eighteenth century. A few statistics are added concerning the present position of Glasgow.

The Clyde, from its Source to the Sea. By W. J. Millar, C.E. (Blackie and Son).—This volume, written by the Secretary to the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland, may profitably be studied in connection with "Old Glasgow," although its instructive account of the improvement of the river navigation belongs to a more recent period, and the vast development of trade and industry which it has facilitated contrasts greatly with the former affairs of that city. It supplies, at least, much authentic and scientific information concerning the works of a bold and successful local enterprise, only paralleled by that of the Tyne at Newcastle, in its actual results, and possibly to be equalled hereafter by the construction of the Manchester Ship Canal. The description of an important river, even in its natural relation to the topography of a country with such varied and striking features as the southern part of Scotland, is always an interesting study, when aided by reference to the map; geology, orography, and meteorology, with regard to the course of streams, the amount of rainfall, the picturesque and utilitarian conditions of the district, must also be consulted. Mr. Millar's treatment of these matters is concise, but sufficiently minute and exact; while his narrative of the deepening and clearing of the river channel below Glasgow, the first introduction of steam-boats, the construction of docks, and the progress of shipbuilding, marine-engine making, and other important works on the Clyde, seems tolerably complete. The professional and official position of the author should be a guarantee for its correctness in all points of detail.

Ranks, Badges, and Dates in her Majesty's Army and Navy. By Ottley Lane Perry, Captain 2nd Volunteer Battalion Royal North Lancashire Regiment. Second edition, revised and enlarged (W. Clowes and Sons).—The merits of this unique work of reference, which is the only guide that has ever been prepared to a complete acquaintance with all naval and military distinctions, points of precedence, dates of the formation of regiments and corps, salutes, marks of rank, colours, heraldry, honorary mottoes or titles, ornamental badges, tokens or signs, both in the Army and Navy and in the Auxiliary Forces, the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers, are sufficiently approved by the very favourable reception that it has already gained. Captain Ottley Perry, who is known in Lancashire as a zealous and diligent officer of Volunteers, has bestowed on it an extraordinary amount of laborious research, and rare skill in packing a countless variety of precise statements into his copious annotations, but especially in the arrangement of so vast a mass of minute details, and in furnishing the links of citation, from one page to another, by which related facts are brought together with the least possible trouble. In this respect, we do not scruple to say, after much experience of statistical and historical compilations, that "Ranks, Badges, and Dates" is a very superior literary achievement; and, granting the quality of the information to be valuable or desirable, it seems to us that no compiler has ever succeeded better in putting all that could be positively ascertained from a wide and diverse range of inquiries into the closest array, including many pages of tabular views, and hundreds of concise notes, in the small compass of a neat handbook. The new edition, containing about one hundred additional pages, makes Captain Perry's work more complete by giving the Royal Navy distinctions; historical notes concerning the Board of Ordnance, the Royal Artillery, with dates of the formation of its Batteries, and the Royal Engineers, with dates of the Companies; the Royal Bodyguards, the disbanded Colonial Regiments, the Auxiliary Cavalry and Yeomanry, and the Militia, with dates of formation; also sundry details of Crown heraldry, and such matters as changes in regimental facings, and the dress and badges of musicians and drummers. It should be observed, however, that the utility of this treatise is not confined to formalities of mere professional observance, for which use it is evidently perfect. As a correct record of the campaigns and battles in which every regiment of the British Army has served, it is, in part, a compendium of our national military history, and of our conquests all over the world, that may be perused with interest by the general reader. We only regret that the existing official documents relating to the old exploits of the British Navy are in so imperfect a condition that no similar precise record of all the ships engaged in some of our famous sea-battles can now be procured.

Christian Symbolism in Great Britain and Ireland before the Thirteenth Century. By J. Romilly Allen, F.S.A., Scot.—This is the course of the Rhind Lectures in Archæology for 1885. The author is a careful and painstaking writer, who has accumulated a valuable mass of materials bearing on his subject. He first describes early Christian symbolism in foreign countries, and then points out the influences which were introduced from abroad into the art of our own islands. The results of this inquiry shew that the comparative method is here, as it is in some other branches of study, the only true one. The early art of this country had some features which were peculiar to itself; but either from illuminated MSS. or art objects being brought by ecclesiastics or pilgrims from abroad, ideas were imported of which we have unmistakable evidence. As an illustration, the Chi-Rho monogram, better known as the Constantine monogram, may be given. This was common in our country from the end of the fourth to the end of the fifth century. The monogram is understood to be formed of Greek letters, hence it must have been brought from Rome, where the Byzantine influence prevailed for some centuries. At a later date, the Alpha and Omega appears, and with it the Roman letters I H C—the equivalent of I H S—and X R C—this last appears in some instances on sculptured stones as χρς, or in what a compositor would now call "lower case letters"—the Greek monogram of *Xristos*. If monograms could be brought in and incorporated in the art, it would be quite possible for other forms of art to be transplanted. One of the most interesting of the lectures is the one on "Mediæval Bestiaries." This is quite a new line of inquiry, and the author gives Dr. J. Anderson the credit of being the first to begin it. It is also a following up of the comparative method. There are a number of mediæval works in existence, called Bestiaries, or Books of Beasts; these deal with beasts mentioned in Scripture, but they also accept all the wonderful and doubtful legends about them that were current at the time. All this was used as a means of religious edification, and the various animals, according to their supposed characters, were either Christ or his enemy Satan. The result already is that from the study of these Bestiaries some of the quaint groups of animals to be found on the Celtic crosses of Ireland and Scotland have been explained; and much more is to be expected from this line of inquiry.

Early Christian Art in Ireland. By Margaret Stokes.—This lady's name is not unknown among archæologists; and her work is more than a mere handbook: it contains a large amount of knowledge, recorded in a methodical way. It treats metal-work, and of sculpture; the last chapter is on building and architecture, which, of course, includes the round towers first of the old illuminated books, and of the scribes; then of of Ireland. Lord Dunraven has traced these towers to France, where some still exist, and the type has been followed up as far as Ravenna. They were bell-towers; but they were constructed when the Norsemen began to make incursions into Ireland, and one purpose they were intended for was that of towers of refuge. The height of the doors of these towers above the ground is almost a complete proof that this was the case. O'Brien and other writers, who urged a profound symbolical meaning as expressed by these towers, claimed for them an Oriental origin. As towers of refuge this claim can still be made for them, and the Sketches of our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, in *The Illustrated London News* three years ago, showed that towers of refuge are still common in Persia. Those belong, indeed, to a more primitive style of construction than the Irish towers, for they are built of mud; but they tell, like the old Irish towers, of an unsettled state, and of a country liable to the continued ravaging of a merciless enemy. Such was Ireland, no doubt, in the ninth century. The antiquarian collection now on view at the Irish Exhibition in London contains some objects which may be appreciated the better after reading what Miss Stokes has written on these subjects.

A Wanderer's Notes. By W. Beatty-Kingston, author of "Music and Manners," "Monarchs I have Met," &c. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall).—The personal experiences and observations of a gentleman who has passed many years as special foreign correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, in visiting the different countries and cities of Europe, often upon occasions of great political interest, with access to the leaders of native society, cannot fail to be entertaining. These volumes will be preferred by many to those of his last publication, which were chiefly filled with accounts of the Sovereigns of Continental States, the Emperors and Kings and Princes, not forgetting the Pope, whose manners in public, and their habitual style of receiving any Englishman admitted to a formal interview, are pretty well known. Such a blaze of journalistic illumination surrounds the figures of those illustrious personages in our times, pervading the interior of their courts and palaces, and lighting up every stage of royal journeys and progresses, that curiosity is already satisfied with regard to their ordinary mode of life. It is only when, as recently at Berlin and Potsdam, human sympathies are deeply stirred by events bringing the most honoured and esteemed inheritors of the highest rank within reach of afflictions common to mortality, that people in general care to learn anything of their domestic habits. In this new work of Mr. Beatty-Kingston's, on the contrary, we are glad to find a great deal of more interesting description of the every-day life of foreign nations, and of all classes of society. He is not here "modò reges atque tetrarchas, omnia magna loquens," but frankly and vivaciously portraying the Germans, the Austrians, the Dutch, the Belgians, the Piedmontese, the Romans, the Spaniards, and the Roumanians, as he found them at home, folks of all classes—civil, military, and ecclesiastic, nobles, soldiers, tradesmen, and peasants. This is really instructive, as well as highly amusing; and he spares us the repetition of mere topographical guide-book details concerning the towns and buildings and galleries of art, which all Cook's tourists have seen for themselves, if they pleased to do so. Every piece of description that he gives us is fresh, original, novel in its effect, usually inclining to the grotesque and humorous aspect of the scene, from an Englishman's point of view, though seldom unkind to the foreigners, and inspired by a mood of tolerant liberality, which less experienced travellers might do well to adopt. There are many things, to be sure, which he does not admire, and some which he even denounces in rather forcible language: the dismal, tedious canal voyages in Holland, with the bad smells from the water, the ugliness of the people and of their dwellings; the sea-bathing customs in Ostend; the discomfort and negligent attendance in Viennese supper-room and beer-gardens, and the impudent profligacy of behaviour at masquerade balls; the gambling, in former years, at some German spas; the bad performances at certain theatres; the inconvenient railway arrangements, and the vexatious Custom-house official practices; the neglect of washing, the bad taste in dressing, the rowdiness and boorishness of this or that section of mankind. On the other hand, he bestows unstinted praise on what seems to him commendable in foreign institutions; and his account, especially, of the organisation, discipline, and spirit of the Prussian army, and of the Berlin battalion of Landwehr, at whose officers' mess he dined, is in the highest terms of commendation. Among the notable incidents related with some particularity is the opening, in 1871, of the ingenious Fell railway over Mont Cenis, superseded after three years by the Mont Cenis Tunnel. The Spanish Revolution of 1868, when General Prim was Dictator, the condition of Papal Rome in 1870, the last year of the Pope's temporal power, and the persecution of the Jews in Roumania in 1874, are likewise events of contemporary importance which led Mr. Beatty-Kingston to visit the scene of action. But politics do not form the staple of these pleasant volumes, which, though extremely discursive, with sudden and swift transitions from one place and time to another, yield a large amount of information, such as could be furnished only by a clever man of the world, "qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes."



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

In his hand he carried his bible. . . . Beside him walked my mother, holding in her hand my brother Barnaby, then three years of age.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

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CHAPTER I.

FAREWELL SUNDAY.

The morning of Sunday, August the 23rd, in the year of grace 1662, should have been black and gloomy, with the artillery of rolling thunder, dreadful flashes of lightning, and driving hail and wind to strip the orchards and lay low the corn. For on that day was done a thing which filled the whole country with grief, and bore bitter fruit, in after years, of revenge and rebellion. Because it was the day before that formerly named after Bartholomew, the disciple, it hath been called the Black Bartholomew of England, thus being likened unto that famous day (approved by the Pope) when the French Protestants were treacherously massacred by their King. It should rather be called "Farewell Sunday," or "Exile Sunday," for on that day two thousand godly ministers preached their last sermon in the churches where they had laboured worthily and with good fruit, some during the time of the Protector, and some even longer, because among them were a few who possessed their benefices even from the time of the late King Charles the First. And, since on that day two thousand ministers left their churches and their houses, and laid down their worldly wealth for conscience' sake, there were also, perhaps, as many wives who went with them, and, I dare say, three or four times as many innocent and helpless babes. And, further (it is said that the time was fixed by design and deliberate malice of our enemies), the ministers were called upon to make their choice only a week or two before the day of the collection of their tithes. In other words, they were sent forth to the world at the season when their purses were at the leanest; indeed, with most country clergymen, their purses shortly before the collection of tithes have become wellnigh empty. It was also unjust that their successors should be permitted to collect the tithes due to those who were ejected.

It is fitting to begin this history with the Black Bartholomew,

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because all the troubles and adventures which afterwards befell us were surely caused by that accursed day. One knows not, certainly, what other rubs might have been ordained for us by a wise Providence (always with the merciful design of keeping before our eyes the vanity of worldly things, the instability of fortune, the uncertainty of life, and the wisdom of looking for a hereafter which shall be lasting, stable, and satisfying to the soul). Still, it must be confessed, such trials as were appointed unto us were, in severity and continuance, far beyond those appointed to the ordinary sort, so that I cannot but feel at times uplifted (I hope not sinfully) at having been called upon to endure so much. Let me not, however, be proud. Had it not been for this day, for, certain, our boys would not have been tempted to strike a blow—vain and useless as it proved—for the Protestant religion and for liberty of conscience: while perhaps I should now be forbidden to relate our sufferings, were it not for the glorious Revolution which has restored toleration, secured the Protestant ascendancy, and driven into banishment a Prince, concerning whom all honest men pray that he and his son (if he have, indeed, a son of his own) may never again have authority over this realm.

This Sunday, I say, should have wept tears of rain over the havoc which it witnessed; yet it was fine and clear, the sun riding in splendour, and a warm summer air blowing among the orchards and over the hills and around the village of Bradford Orcas, in the shire of Somerset. The wheat (for the season was late) stood gold-coloured in the fields, ready at last for the reaper; the light breeze bent down the ears so that they showed like waves over which the passing clouds make light and shade; the apples in the orchards were red and yellow and nearly ripe for the press; in the gardens of the Manor House, hard by the church, the sun-flowers and the hollyhocks were at their tallest and their best; the yellow roses on the wall were still in clusters; the sweet-peas hung with tangles of vine and flower upon their stalks; the bachelors' buttons, the sweet mignonette, the nasturtium, the gilly-flowers and stocks, the sweet-williams and the pansies, offered their late summer blossoms to the hot sun among the lavender, thyme, parsley, sage, feverfew and vervain of my Lady's garden. Oh! I know how it all looked, though I was then as yet unborn. How many times have I stood in the churchyard and watched the same scene at the same sweet season! On a week-day one hears the thumping and the groaning of the mill below the church; there are the voices of the men at work—the yo-hoing of the boys who drive; and the lumbering of the carts. You can even hear the spinning-wheels at work in the cottages. On Sunday morning everything is still, save for the warbling of the winged tribe in the wood, the cooing of the doves in the cote, the clucking of the hens, the grunting of the pigs, and the droning of the bees. These things disturb not the meditations of one who is accustomed to them.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the Sexton, an ancient man and rheumatic, hobbled slowly through the village, key in hand, and opened the church-door. Then he went into the tower and rang the first bell. I suppose this bell is designed to hurry housewives with their morning work, and to admonish the men that they incline their hearts to a spiritual disposition. This done, the Sexton set open the doors of the pews, swept out the Squire's and the Rector's in the chancel, dusted the cushions of the pulpit (the reading-desk at this time was not used), opened the clasps of the great Bible, and swept down the aisle: as he had done Sunday after Sunday for fifty years. When he had thus made the church ready for the day's service, he went into the vestry, which had only been used since the establishment of the Commonwealth for the registers of birth, death, and marriage.

At one side of the vestry stood an ancient, black oak coffer, the sides curiously graven, and a great rusty key in the lock. The Sexton turned the key with difficulty, threw open the lid, and looked in.

"Ay," he said, chuckling, "the old surplice and the old Book of Common Prayer. Ye have had a long rest; 'tis time for both to come out again. When the surplice is out the book will stay no longer locked up. These two go in and out together. I mind me, now"—— Here he sat down, and his thoughts wandered for a space; perhaps he saw himself once more a boy running in the fields, or a young man courting a maid. Presently he returned to the task before him, and drew forth an old and yellow roll which he shook out. It was the surplice which had once been white. "Here you be," he said. "Put you away for a matter of twelve year and more and you bide your time; you know you will come back again; you are not in any hurry. Even the Sexton dies; but you die not, you bide your time. Everything comes again. The old woman shall give you a taste o' the suds and the hot iron. Thus we go up and thus we go down." He put back the surplice and took out the great Book of Common Prayer—musty and damp after twelve years' imprisonment. "Fie!" he said, "thy leather is parting from the boards, and thy leaves they do stick together. Shalt have a pot of paste, and then lie in the sun before thou goest back to the desk. Whether 'tis Mass or Common Prayer, whether 'tis Independent or Presbyterian, folk must still die and be buried—ay, and married and born—whatever they do say. Parson goes and Preacher comes; Preacher goes and Parson comes; but Sexton stays"——. He chuckled again, put back the surplice and the book, and locked the coffer.

Then he slowly went down the church and came out of the porch, blinking in the sun and shading his old eyes. He sat down upon the flat stones of the old cross, and presently nodded his head and dropped off asleep.

This was a strange indifference in the man. A great and truly notable thing was to be accomplished that day. But he cared nothing. Two thousand godly and learned men were to go forth into poverty for liberty of conscience—this man's own minister was one of them. He cared nothing. The King was sowing the seed from which should spring a rod to drive forth his successor from the kingdom. In the village folk but the weather and the market prices. As for the good Sexton, he was very old: he had seen the Church of England displaced by the Presbyterians and the Presbyterians by the Independents, and now these were again to be supplanted by the Church of England. He had been Sexton through all these changes. He heeded them not; why, his father, Sexton before him, could remember when the Mass was said in the church and the Virgin was worshipped, and the folk were driven like sheep to confession. All the time the people went on being born, and marrying, and dying. Creed doth not, truly, affect these things nor the Sexton's work. Therefore, this old gaffer, having made sure that the surplice was in the place where it had lain undisturbed for a dozen years, and remembering that it must be washed and ironed for the following Sunday, sat down to bask in the sun, his mind at rest, and dropped off into a gentle sleep.

At ten o'clock the bell-ringers came tramping up the stone steps from the road, and the Sexton woke up. At ten they use to begin their chimes, but at the hour they ring for five minutes only, ending with the clash of all five bells together. At a quarter past ten they chime again, for the service, which begins at half-past ten.

At the sound of these chimes the whole village begins to move slowly towards the church. First come the children, the bigger ones leading those who are little by the hand; the boys come next, but unwillingly, because the Sexton is diligent with his cane, and some of those who now go up the steps to the church will come down with smarting backs, the reward of those who play or laugh during the service. Then come the young men, who stand about the churchyard and whisper to each other. After them follow the elders and the married men, with the women and the girls. Five minutes before the half hour the ringers change the chime for a single bell. Then those who are outside gather in the porch and wait for the Quality.

When the single bell began, there came forth from the Rectory the Rector himself, Mr. Comfort Eykin, Doctor of Divinity, who was this day to deliver his soul and lay down his charge. He wore the black gown and Geneva bands, for the use of which he contended. At this time he was a young man of thirty—tall and thin. He stooped in the shoulders because he was continually reading; his face was grave and austere; his nose thin and aquiline; his eyes bright—never was any man with brighter eyes than my father; his hair, which he wore long, was brown and curly; his forehead high, rather than broad; his lips were firm. In these days, as my mother hath told me, and as I well believe, he was a man of singular comeliness, concerning which he cared nothing. Always from childhood upwards he had been grave in conversation and seriously inclined in mind. If I think of my father as a boy (no one ever seems to think that his father was once a boy), I am fain to compare him with Humphrey, save for certain bodily defects, my father having been like a Priest of the Altar for bodily perfection. That is to say, I am sure that, like Humphrey, he had no need of rod or ferule to make him learn his lessons, and, like that dear and fond friend of my childhood, he would willingly sit in a corner and read a book while the other boys played and went a-hunting or a-nesting. And very early in life he was smitten with the conviction of sin, and blessed with such an inward assurance of salvation as made him afterwards steadfast in all afflictions.

He was not a native of this country, having been born in New England. He came over, being then eighteen years of age, to study at Oxford, that university being purged of malignants (as they were then called), and, at the time, entirely in the hands of the godly. He was entered of Balliol College, of which Society he became a Fellow, and was greatly esteemed for his learning, wherein he excelled most of the scholars of his time. He knew and could read Hebrew, Chaldee, and the ancient Syriac, as well as Latin and Greek. Of modern languages he had acquired Arabic, by the help of which he read the book which is called the Koran of the False Prophet Mohammed: French and Italian he also knew and could read easily. As for his opinions, he was an Independent, and that not meekly or with hesitation, but with such zeal and vehemence that he considered all who differed from him as his private enemies—nay, the very enemies of God. For this reason, and because his personal habits were too austere for those who attained not to his spiritual height, he was more feared than loved. Yet his party looked upon him as one of their greatest and stoutest champions.

He left Oxford at the age of five or six and twenty, and accepted the living of Bradford Orcas, offered him by Sir Christopher Challis of that place. Here he had preached for six years, looking forward to nothing else than to remain there, advancing in grace and wisdom, until the end of his days. So much was ordered, indeed, for him; but not quite as he had designed. Let no man say that he knoweth the future, or that he can shape out his destiny. You shall hear presently how Benjamin arrogantly resolved that his future should be what he chose; and what came of that impious resolution.

My father's face was always austere; this morning, it was more serious and sterner than customary, because the day was to him the most important in his life, and he was about to pass from a condition of plenty (the Rectory of Bradford Orcas is not rich, but it affords a sufficiency) to one of penury. Those who knew him, however, had no doubt of the course he was about to take. Even the rustics knew that their minister would never consent to wear a surplice or to read the Book of Common Prayer, or to keep holy days—you have seen how the Sexton opened the box and took out the surplice; yet my father had said nothing to him concerning his intentions.

In his hand he carried his Bible—his own copy, I have it still, the margins covered with notes in his writing—bound in black leather, worn by constant handling, with brass clasps. Upon his head he had a plain black silk cap, which he wore constantly in his study and at meals to keep off draughts. Indeed, I loved to see him with the silk cap rather than with his tall steeple hat, with neither ribbon nor ornament of any kind, in which he rode when he afterwards went about the country to break the law in exhorting and praying with his friends.

Beside him walked my mother, holding in her hand her boy, my brother Barnaby, then three years of age. As for me, I was not yet born. She had been weeping; her eyes were red and swollen with tears; but when she entered the church she wept no more, bravely listening to the words which condemned to poverty and hardship herself and her children, if any more should be born to her. Alas, poor soul! What had she done that this affliction should befall her? What had her innocent boy done? For upon her—not upon her husband—would fall the heavy burden of poverty, and on her children the loss. Yet never by a single word of complaint did she make her husband sorry that he had obeyed the voice of conscience, even when there was nothing left in the house, not so much as the widow's cruse of oil. Alas, poor mother, once so free from care! what sorrow and anxiety wert thou destined to endure, for the tender conscience of thy husband!

At the same time—namely, at the ringing of the single bell—there came forth from the Manor House hard by the church, his Honour, Sir Christopher, with his family. The worthy knight was then about fifty years of age, tall and handsome still—in his later years there was something of a heavenly sweetness in his face, created, I doubt not, by a long life of pious thoughts and worthy deeds. His hair was streaked with grey, but not yet white; he wore a beard of the kind called stiletto, which was even then an ancient fashion, and he was dressed more soberly than is common with gentlemen of his rank, having no feather in his hat, but a simple ribbon round it, and though his ruffles were of lace and the kerchief round his neck was lace, the colour of his coat was plain brown. He leaned upon a gold-headed cane on account of an old wound (it was inflicted by a Cavalier's musket-ball when he was a Captain in the army of Lord Essex). The wound left him somewhat lame, yet not so lame but that he could very well walk about his fields and could ride his horse, and even hunt with the otter-hounds. By his side walked Madam, his wife. After him came his son, Humphrey, newly married, and with Humphrey his wife; and last came his son-in-law, the Reverend Philip Boscorel, M.A., late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, also newly married, with his wife, Sir Christopher's daughter, Patience. Mr. Boscorel, like my father, was at that time thirty years of age. Like him, too, his face was comely and his features fine; yet they lacked the fire and the earnestness which marked my father. And in his silken cassock, his small white bands, his lace ruffles, and his dainty walk, it seemed as if Mr. Boscorel thought himself above the common run of mankind and of superior clay. 'Tis sometimes the way with scholars and those who survey the world from the eminence of a library.

Sir Christopher's face was full of concern, because he loved the young man who was this day to throw away his livelihood; and although he was ready himself to worship after the manner prescribed by law, his opinions were rather Independent than Episcopalian. As for Mr. Boscorel, who was about to succeed to the ejected minister, his face wore no look of triumph, which would have been ungenerous. He was observed, indeed, after he had silently gone through the Service of the day with the help of the Common Prayer-book, to listen diligently unto the preacher.

The people, I have already said, knew already what was about to happen. Perhaps some of them (but I think not) possessed a copy of the old Prayer-book. This, they knew, was to be restored, with the surplice, and the observance of Holy days, Feasts, and Fasts, and the kneeling at the celebration of the Holy Communion. Our people are craftsmen as much as they are rustics; every week the master clothiers' men drive their packhorses into the village laden with wool, and return with yarn: they are not, therefore, so brutish and sluggish as most country folk; yet they made no outward show of caring whether Prelacy or Independence was to have the sway. Perhaps the abstruse doctrines which my father loved to discuss were too high for them; perhaps his austerity was too strict for them, so that he was not beloved by them. Perhaps, even, they would have cared little if they had heard that Bishop Bonner himself was coming back. Religion, to country folk, means, mostly, the going to church on Sunday morning. That done, man's service of Prayer and Praise to his Creator is also done. If the form be changed the church remains, and the churchyard; one shepherd followeth another, but the flock is always the same. Revolutions overthrow kings, and send great heads to the block; but the village heedeth not unless civil war pass that way. To country folk, what difference? The sky and the fields are unchanged. Under Queen Mary they are Papists: under Queen Elizabeth they are Protestants. They have the Prayer Book under King James and King Charles; under Oliver they have had the Presbyterian and Independent; now they have the Book of Common Prayer and the surplice again. Yet they remain the same people, and tell the same stories, and, so far as I know, believe the same things—viz., that Christ Jesus saves the soul of every man who truly believes in Him. Why, if it were not for his immortal soul—concerning which he takes but little thought—the rustic might be likened unto the patient beast whom he harnesseth to his plough and to his muck-cart. He changeth no more: he works as hard; he is as long-enduring; his eyes and his thoughts are as much bound by the hedge, the lane, and the field; he thinks and invents and advances no more. Were it not, I say, for the Church, he would take as little heed of anything as his ox or his ass; his village would become his country; his squire would become his king; the nearest village would become the camp of an enemy; and he would fall into the condition of the Ancient Briton when Julius Cæsar found every tribe fighting against every other.

I talk as a fool. For sometimes there falls upon the torpid soul of the rustic a spark which causes a mighty flame to blaze up and burn fiercely within him. I have read how a simple monk, called Peter the Hermit, drew thousands of poor, illiterate, credulous persons from their homes and led them, a mob armed with scythes and pikes, across Europe to the deserts of Asia Minor, where they miserably perished. I have read also of Jack Cade, and how he drew the multitudes after him, crying aloud for justice or death. And I myself have seen these sluggish spirits suddenly fired with a spirit which nothing could subdue. The sleeping soul I have seen suddenly starting into life; strength and swiftness have I seen suddenly put into sluggish limbs; light and fire have I seen gleaming suddenly in dull and heavy eyes. Oh! it was a miracle: but I have seen it. And having seen it, I cannot despise these lads of the plough, these honest boys of Somerset, nor can I endure to hear them laughed at or contemned.

Bradford Orcas, in the Hundred of Horethorne, Somerset, is a village so far from the great towns, that one would think a minister might have gone on praying and preaching after his own fashion without ever being discovered. But the arm of the Law is long.

The nearest town is Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, to which there is a bridle-path across the fields; it is the market-town for the villages round it. Bradford Orcas is an obscure little village, with no history and no antiquities. It stands in the south-eastern corner of the county, close to the western declivity of the Corton Hills, which here sweep round so as to form a valley, in which the village is built along the banks of a stream. The houses are for the most part of stone, with thatched roofs, as is the custom in our country; the slopes of the hills are covered with trees, and round the village stand goodly orchards, the cider from which cannot be surpassed. As for the land, but little of it is arable; the greater part is a sandy loam or stone brash. The church, which in the superstitious days was dedicated to St. Nicolas, is built upon a hillock, a rising ground in the west of the village. This building of churches upon hillocks is a common custom in our parts, and seemeth laudable, because a church should stand where it can be seen by all the people, and by its presence remind them of Death and of the Judgment. This practice doth obtain, for example, at Sherborne, where there is a very noble church, and at Huish Episcopi and at many other places in our county. Our church is fair and commodious, not too large for the congregation, having in the west a stone tower embattled, and consisting of a nave and chancel with a very fine roof of carved woodwork. There is an ancient yew-tree in the churchyard, from which in old times bows were cut: some of the bows yet hang in the great hall of the Manor House. Among the graves is an ancient stone cross, put up no man knows when, standing in a six-sided slab of stone, but the top was broken off at the time of the Reformation: two or three tombs are in the churchyard, and the rest is covered with mounds, beneath which lie the bones and dust of former generations.

Close to the churchyard, and at the north-east corner, is the Manor House, as large as the church itself, but not so ancient. It was built in the reign of Henry VII. A broad arched gateway leads into a court, wherein is the entrance to the house. Over the gateway is a kind of tower, but not detached from the house. In the wall of the tower is a panel, lozenge-shaped, in which are carved the arms of the Challis family. The house is stately, with many gables, and in each are casement windows set in richly-carved stone tracery. As for the rooms within the house, I will speak of them hereafter. At present I have the churchyard in my mind. There is no place upon the earth which more I love. To stand in the long grass among the graves; to gaze upon the wooded hills beyond, the orchards, the meadows, the old house, the venerable church, the yew-tree; to listen to the murmur of the stream below and the singing of the lark above; to feel the fresh breeze upon my

check—oh! I do this daily. It makes me feel young once more: it brings back the days when I stood here with the boys, and when Sir Christopher would lean over the wall and discourse with us gravely and sweetly upon the love of God and the fleeting joys of earth (which yet, he said, we should accept and be happy withal in thankfulness), and the happiness unspeakable that awaiteth the Lord's saints. Or, if my thoughts continue in the past, the graveyard brings back the presence and the voice of Mr. Boscorel.

"In such a spot as this," he would say, speaking softly and slowly, "the pastorals of Virgil or Theocritus might have been written. Here would the shepherds hold their contests. Certainly they could find no place, even in sunny Sicily or at Mantua itself, where (save for three months in the year) the air is more delightful. Here they need not to avoid the burning heat of a sun which gently warms, but never burns; here they would find the shade of the grove pleasant in the soft summer season. Innocent lambs instead of kids (which are tasteless) play in our meadows; the cider which we drink is, I take it, more pleasing to the palate than was their wine flavoured with turpentine. And our viols, violins, and spinets are instruments more delightful than the oaten pipe, or the cithara itself." Then would he wave his hand, and quote some poet in praise of a country life—

> There is no man but may make his paradise,
> And it is nothing but his love and dotage
> Upon the world's fool joys that keeps him out on't.
> For he that lives retired in mind and spirit
> Is still in Paradise.

"But, child," he would add, with a sigh, "one may not always wish to be in Paradise. The world's joys lie elsewhere. Only, when youth is gone—then Paradise is best."

The service began after the manner of the Independents, with a long prayer, during which the people sat. Mr. Boscorel, as I have said, went through his own service in silence, the Book of Common Prayer in his hand. After the prayer, the minister read a portion of Scripture, which he expounded at length and with great learning. Then the congregation sang that Psalm which begins—

> Triumphing songs with glorious tongues
> Let's offer unto Him.

This done, the Rector ascended the pulpit for the last time, gave out his text, turned his hour-glass, and began his sermon.

He took for his text those verses in St. Paul's second epistle to the Corinthians, vi., 3-10, in which the Apostle speaks of his own ministry as if he was actually predicting the tribulation which was to fall upon these faithful preachers of a later time—"In much patience, in affliction, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labour, in watchings, in fastings,"—could not the very words be applied to my father?

He read the text three times, so that everybody might fully understand the subject upon which he was to preach—namely, the faithfulness required of a minister of the gospel. I need not set down the arguments he used or the reasons he gave for his resolution not to conform with the Act of Uniformity. The rustics sat patiently listening, with no outward sign of assent or of sympathy. But their conduct afterwards proved abundantly to which side their minds inclined.

It behoves us all to listen with respect when scholars and wise men inquire into the causes of things. Yet the preachings and expositions which such as my father bestowed upon their flocks did certainly awaken men's minds to consider by themselves the things which many think too high for them. It is a habit which may lead to the foundation of false and pernicious sects. And it certainly is not good that men should preach the doctrines of the Anabaptists, the Fifth Monarchy men, or the Quakers. Yet it is better that some should be deceived than that all should be slaves. I have been assured by one—I mean Humphrey—who hath travelled, that in those countries where the priest taketh upon himself the religion of the people, so that they think to be saved by attending mass, by fasting, confession, penance, and so forth, not only does religion itself become formal, mechanical, and inanimate, but in the very daily concerns and business of life men grow slothful and lack spirit. Their religion, which is the very heat of the body, the sustaining and vital force of all man's actions, is cold and dead. Therefore, all the virtues are cold also, and with them the courage and the spirit of the people. Thus it is that Italy hath fallen aside into so many small and divided kingdoms. And for this reason, Spain, in the opinion of those who know her best, is now falling rapidly into decay.

I am well assured, by those who can remember, that the intelligence of the village-folk greatly increased during the period when they were encouraged to search the Scriptures for themselves. Many taught themselves to read, others had their children taught, in order that they might read or hear, daily, portions of the Scriptures. It is now thirty years since Authority resumed the rule: the village-folk have again become, to outward seeming, sheep who obey without questioning. Yet it is observed that when they are within reach of a town—that is to say, of a meeting-house—they willingly flock to the service in the afternoon and evening.

It was with the following brave words that my father concluded his discourse:—

"Seeing, therefore, my brethren, how clear is the Word of God on these points; and considering that we must always obey God rather than man; and observing that here we plainly see the finger of God pointing to disobedience and its consequences, I am constrained to disobey. The consequence will be to me that I shall stand in this place no more: to you, that you will have a stranger in your church. I pray that he may be a godly person, able to divide the Word, learned and acceptable.

"As for me, I must go forth, perhaps from among you altogether. If persecutions arise, it may behove me and mine to seek again that land beyond the seas whither my fathers fled for the sake of religious liberty. Whatever happens, I must fain preach the gospel. It is laid upon me to preach. If I am silent, it will be as if Death itself had fallen upon me. My brethren, there have been times—and those times may return—when the Elect have had to meet, secretly, on the sides of barren hills and in the heart of the forest, to pray together and to hear the Word. I say that these times may return. If they do, you will find me willing, I hope and pray, to brave for you the worst that our enemies can devise. Perhaps, however, this tyranny may pass over. Already the Lord hath achieved one great deliverance for this ancient Realm. Perhaps another may be in His secret purposes when we have been chastened, as, for our many sins, we richly deserve. Whether in affliction or in prosperity, let us always say, 'The Lord's name be praised!'

"Now, therefore, for the sand is running low and I may not weary the young and the impatient, let me conclude. Farewell, sweet Sabbaths! Farewell, the sweet expounding of the Word! Farewell, sweet pulpit! Farewell, sweet faces of the souls which I have yearned to present pure and washed clean before the Throne! My brethren, I go about, henceforth, as a dog which is muzzled; another man will fill this pulpit; our simple form of worship is gone; the Prayer-book and the surplice have come back again. Pray God we see not Confession, Penance, the Mass, the Inquisition, the enslavement of conscience, the stake, and the martyr's axe!"

Then he paused and bowed his head, and everybody thought that he had finished.

He had not. He raised it again, and threw out his arms and shouted aloud, while his eyes glowed like fire:

"*No!* I will not be silent. I WILL NOT. I am sent into the world to preach the gospel. I have no other business. I must proclaim the Word as I hope for everlasting life. Brethren, we shall meet again. In the woods and on the hills we shall find a Temple; there are houses where two or three may be gathered together, the Lord Himself being in their midst. Never doubt that I am ready, in season and out of season, whatever be the Law, to preach the gospel of the Lord!"

He ended, and straightway descended the pulpit stair, and stalked out of the church, the people looking after him with awe and wonder. But Mr. Boscorel smiled and wagged his head, with a kind of pity.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW GERMAN EMPEROR.

The scene in the White Saloon of the Old Schloss or Royal Palace at Berlin, on Monday, June 25, when the new and young German Emperor, William II., King of Prussia, opened a Session of the Imperial Reichstag or Diet, was one of imposing pomp. His Imperial and Royal Majesty, wearing the crimson velvet mantle of the Order of the Black Eagle, with a military uniform and helmet, was seated on a dais three steps high, carpeted with purple velvet, and overcanopied by a golden baldachin, emblazoned with black Imperial eagles. On his left were the Federal Council, headed by Prince Bismarck; in front of him were the representatives of the German nation; on his right, two steps above the floor, sat all the chief German Sovereigns and the members of the Prussian Royal House: behind them, a little higher, was a seat for the Empress next the throne; and there were places for the other Princesses, all in deep mourning. The Empress was holding by the hand the little blond-haired Crown Prince, evidently astonished at all this pageantry. There was a crowd of Ministers and Generals behind and on each side of the throne, holding the insignia of rule and the symbols of Imperial power—the sword of the realm, the ball of rule, the sceptre, and the banner of the realm, upborne by old Field-Marshal Von Blumenthal, flanked by two Generals with drawn swords, and supported by Count Moltke with his Marshal's baton in his hand. Most of these dignitaries were robed in their crimson velvet mantles of the Black Eagle. The list of German reigning Sovereigns includes the King of Saxony, the Prince Regent of Bavaria, the King of Würtemberg (represented by the heir-apparent), the Grand Dukes of Baden, Hesse, Oldenburg, Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the rulers and Princes of Saxe-Meiningen, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt and Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Saxe-Altenburg, Anhalt, Reuss, Waldeck-Pyrmont, Schaumburg-Lippe, Lippe-Detmold, and others—all, like the Emperor, wearing their plumed helmets and their Black Eagle mantles. The Emperor received from Prince Bismarck, the Imperial Chancellor, a written copy of the speech to be read from the throne, and proceeded to read it in a firm and emphatic tone. The purport of this speech was reported last week; a loyal Address in reply has been voted by the Reichstag, and the Session has been adjourned.

Besides an Illustration of the scene at the opening of the Reichstag in Berlin, we present a View of the Marble Palace at Potsdam, in which the new Emperor and Empress have taken up their abode. It is situated beyond the Nauener suburb, in the "New Garden" on the banks of a small lake called the Heilige See, north-east of the town. The palace, built in 1787 by King Frederick William II., in the Dutch style, stands at the water's edge; its entrance hall is adorned with frescos paintings of scenes from the Nibelungen legend, and landscapes of the Rhineland. The park is very pretty, and contains summer-houses, grottoes, a hermitage, and beautiful groups of trees.

The Queen has approved of the nomination of Mr. Herbert Davies Evans, of Highmead, to be Lord Lieutenant of the county of Cardigan, in the place of the late Colonel Edward Lewis Pryse.

The festival dinner of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution was held at Cannon-street Hotel, on July 4, when Viscount Lymington, M.P., presided, and a distinguished company of ladies and gentlemen were present.

The ninetieth anniversary festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys was held on June 27 at Freemasons' Hall, Viscount Ebrington, M.P., Provincial Grand Master of Devonshire, being in the chair. The subscriptions amounted to £8660, of which amount London contributed £4186.

The Incorporated Society of Authors, of which Lord Tennyson is the president, have resolved to invite Mr. Lowell and as many other American men of letters as may be in England to a public dinner, in recognition of their distinguished and persevering efforts on behalf of international copyright. The date fixed is Wednesday, July 25.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

JULY 7, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, (dated Aug. 1, 1883), with a codicil (dated April 25, 1885), of Mr. Fleetwood Pellew Wilson, J.P., D.L., late of No. 30, Portman-square, and of Wappingham Manor, Northamptonshire, who died on April 24 last, at Boscombe, near Bournemouth, was proved on June 21, by Charles Colin Macrae, and Thomas Rannie Grant, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £269,000. The testator devises his freehold house in Portman-square to his daughter, Miss Frances Wilson; and he bequeaths to her all the furniture, plate, pictures, effects, horses and carriages there or at his principal residence. He also bequeaths £2000 to St. Mary's Hospital Paddington; an annuity of £400 to his "brother, Edward Pellew" Wilson; £20,000, upon trust, for his niece, Mrs. Jane Nicoll, her husband and issue; and numerous legacies to nephews, nieces, executors, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter, for life; then, as to £20,000, as she shall appoint; and the ultimate residue to her children; or, in default of children, to his next of kin, according to the Statute for the distribution of an intestate's effects.

The will (dated Feb. 4, 1888), with a codicil (dated March 27 following), of Mr. William Chickhall Jay, late of No. 247, Regent-street, mourning-warehouseman and silk-mercer, and of Tollesbury, Essex, who died on April 27 last, was proved on June 27 by Charles Durourc Davies, William John Starkey, Charles Lee Nichols, and Thomas Simpson Jay, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £101,000. The testator makes special gifts of houses, furniture and effects, and policies of assurance to, or upon trust for, his children and his granddaughter, Annie Matilda Shekelton; and he bequeaths £1000 to his brother, Samuel Jay; and £100 to each of his executors. As to the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves one sixth to his said son; one sixth, upon trust, for his said granddaughter; and one sixth, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Ellen Matilda, Ada Wylie, Alice Jane, and Eugenie Maria.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1887), with a codicil (dated Nov. 21 following), of Mr. Robert Valentine Leach, formerly of Devizes Castle, Wilts, and late of Bordighera, Italy, who died on May 7 last, was proved on June 22 by Mrs. Annette Wright Cunnington, the daughter, Charles Pegge, William Saunders, and Wickham Flower, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testator bequeaths £8000 and three hundred £10 shares paid up in Leach, Flower, and Co. (Limited), to his said daughter; and there are numerous and considerable legacies to his other daughters, grandchildren, and others. As to the residue of his property he leaves one half to his said daughter, Mrs. Cunnington, and one half to his grand-daughters, Ethel Vaughan Willett and Frances Emily Willett.

The will (dated April 8, 1888) of Mr. Charles Harrison, J.P., formerly M.P. for Bewdley, late of Areley Court, Stourport, Worcestershire, who died on May 11 last, was proved on June 21 by Charles King Harrison, the son, and George King Harrison, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator bequeaths £100 and his wines, consumable stores, and live stock to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Augusta Harrison; he also bequeaths to her, so long as she shall reside at Areley Court, all his furniture and personal effects, and on her ceasing to reside there he gives the same to his son. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his said son conditionally on his paying to his (testator's) wife, for life, one half of the net profits of his share of the business of a carpet manufacturer heretofore carried on by the testator.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1879) of Miss Clare Bridget Strong, late of No. 17, Stafford-terrace, Kensington, who died on May 24 last, was proved on June 16 by Madgwick George Davidson, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testatrix bequeaths legacies to godchildren and her maid; and the other provisions of the will are in favour of her nephews, nieces, sisters, brother-in-law, and executor.

The will (dated Aug. 8, 1876), with a codicil (dated May 1, 1877), of Mr. John Christian Cowley, late of Leinster-gardens, Hyde Park, who died on April 16 last, was proved on June 15 by Mrs. Julia Cowley, the widow, and John Herbert Baynes Cowley, the son, two of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £22,000. The testator gives an immediate legacy of £500, and his household furniture and effects, to his wife; he also gives her an annuity of £1500, to be reduced to £500 in the event of her marrying again; £5000, upon trust, for each of his two daughters, Edith Julia and Alice Margaret Emma; and a further sum of £3000 each on the death of his wife; £15,000 to his eldest son, John Herbert Baynes; and legacies to five nieces and to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his sons, including his eldest son.

The will (dated Oct. 14, 1878) with a codicil (dated Sept. 19, 1884), of Mrs. Elizabeth Sarah Bourke, formerly of St. George's-place, Knightsbridge; but late of Cannes, who died on Jan. 10 last, was proved on June 22 by Philip Wellesley Colley, and Frederick Willis Farrar, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testatrix gives annuities to her daughter Mary Celine Georgiana, and to her sister, Selina Georgiana Stubley; her diamonds, books, pictures, and china to her daughter Frances Charlotte Mary, the wife of Viscount Gabrielle De Selle; and one or two other legacies. As to the residue of her personalty she leaves one half, upon trust, for her son James Adrian Bourke, and the other half, upon trust, for her daughter the Viscountess Gabrielle De Selle.

The Railway Clearing-House Athletic Club held their annual meeting on July 7 at Stamford-bridge, Chelsea.

Mr. A. J. Newton and Mr. Alderman Gray have been chosen Sheriffs of London and Middlesex for the ensuing year.

The Inner Temple gardens will be open to children on Sunday afternoons for the rest of the summer, from half-past four to eight. The gardens will not be open on Saturdays.

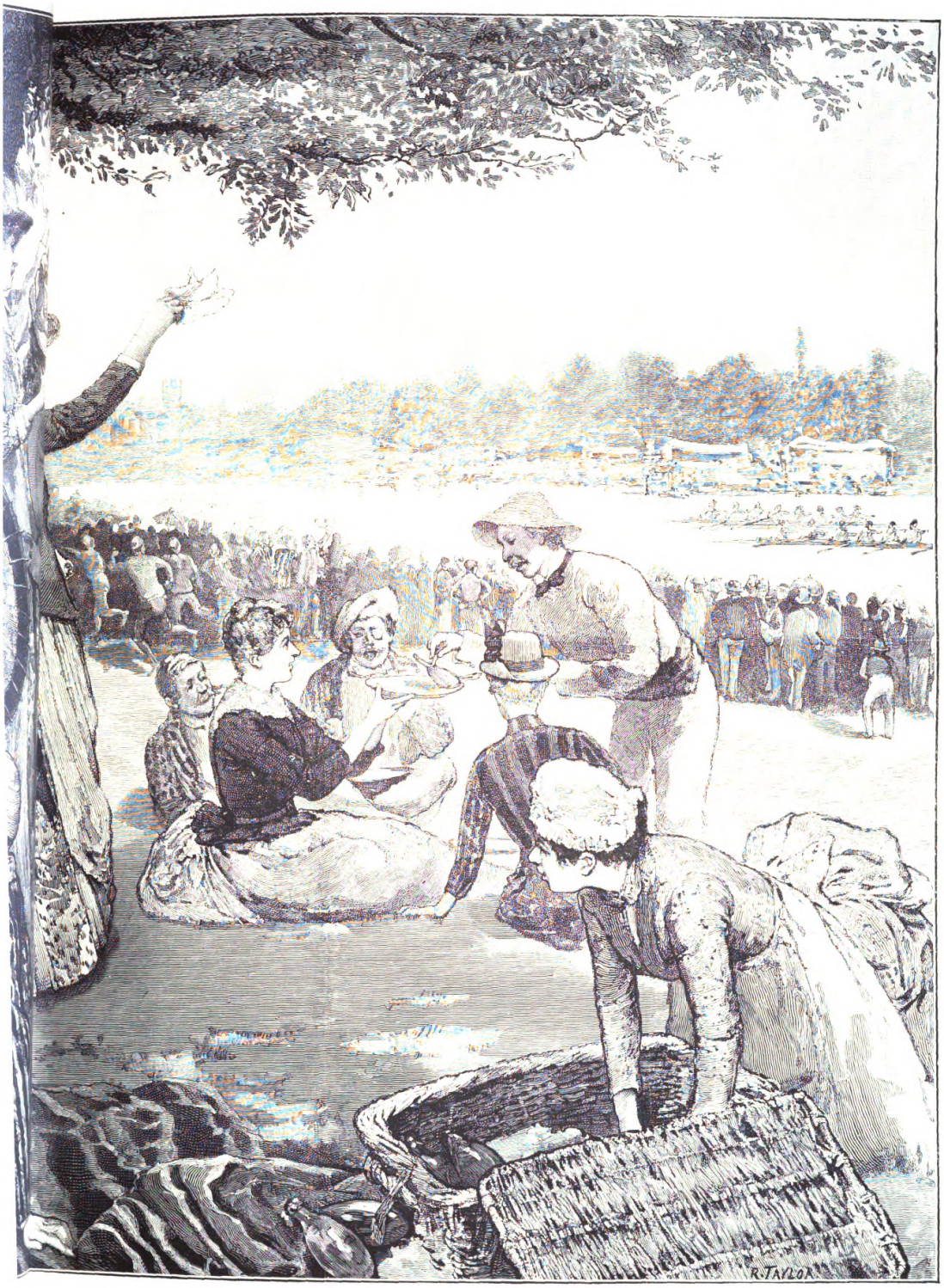
The annual show of the Essex Agricultural Society was opened at Cranbrook Park, Ilford, on June 28. £1550 was offered in prizes, £200 of this being given by the president, Mr. James Theobald, M.P. The entries, numbering 722, were in excess of the average for the last ten years, although they were lower than the number at Chelmsford last year.

The annual general meeting of the Catholic Union of Great Britain was held in Willis's Rooms on June 28, the Duke of Norfolk, president of the union, being in the chair. The annual report, which gave a good account of the operations of the union during the past year, was unanimously adopted upon the motion of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, seconded by Mr. Wegg-Prosser. The Earl of Denbigh and Mr. John Young were re-elected treasurers. Among the speakers were the Bishop of Emmaus, the Earl of Denbigh, Sir Charles Clifford, Lord Herries, Mr. Alderman Stuart Knill, and Colonel Lenox Prendergast.



AT HENLEY

DRAWN BY



REGATTA.

TOM TAYLOR.

MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

Nineteenth Century.—Mr. Gladstone's revolving light of critical studies is again turned on the domain of ecclesiastical history; the Elizabethan "settlement of religion," which was only the settlement of the English Church Establishment, is the subject of his article, designed to prove the "legality" of the Reformation, while admitting that Nonconformists are the true heirs of the old English Puritans. Sir W. W. Hunter, a great authority on Indian statistics and on the social position of Mahommedans in India, presents a favourable view of Christian missionary efforts there. The injurious effect of too many picture exhibitions on the purity of Art is sternly denounced by Mr. Frederick Harrison; while Lord Armstrong reproves the undue expectation of manufacturing and commercial prosperity being restored by technical schools. Professor Tyndall, formerly scientific adviser to Government on lighthouses, relates his experiences of official reluctance to adopt valuable inventions; he explains, more especially, that devised by Mr. J. R. Wigham, of Dublin, and put in use at Howth in 1865, which seems of the greatest value. The labour question, as it is regarded by orators in Trafalgar-square, is pleaded by Mr. H. Champion on behalf of the "New Labour Party." Mr. Walter Hammond records the steps taken for the abolition of slavery in Brazil. Lord Eustace Cecil attacks "the curse of the War Office," by which he means over-centralisation. Buddhism, as it exists in Ceylon, is examined by the Bishop of Colombo in a polemical spirit of disparagement. The French Ambassador, M. Waddington, continues his useful exposition of Local Government in France.

Contemporary Review.—"The Future of Religion," a question of grave anxiety to many who assume that it is dependent on human opinion, is discussed by M. Emile De Laveleye, an eminent foreign writer on problems of social welfare. The Rev. J. Guinness Rogers attacks Mr. Chamberlain as a dissentient from the Gladstonian phalanx, while Professor Seeley advises the impartial study of politics. Mr. James Runciman exposes the faults of common school teaching, especially those of verbal and statistical cram, and of pedantic terminology, and the abuse of grammatical analysis. The Rev. Sir George Cox strongly censures the fantastic and unscriptural mythology in a certain favourite Church hymn-book. The ethical tendencies of modern science provoke the indignation of Miss Cobbe. Indian national congresses are regarded by Dr. R. Spencer Watson with sympathetic approval. Professor G. T. Stokes reviews some of the late researches in ecclesiastical history. There is an article by Lord Hobhouse, on the local taxation of rents in London; and one by Mr. J. Scott Keltie, on British interests in Africa.

Fortnightly Review.—An unsigned essay on "Our True Foreign Policy" insists on joining, with augmented naval and military forces, the alliance of the Central European Powers. The French Boulangist movement, "patriotic and anti-Parliamentary," is extolled by M. Henri Rochefort, a politician too well known. Ben Jonson's minor poems give employment to Mr. Algernon Swinburne's superlative terms of estimation in prose. The present aspect of Bulgaria, and the character of Prince Ferdinand, are described by Mr. J. D. Bourchier after a recent visit. On the witty and sceptical genius of Lucian, the Greek satirist contemporary with the Roman Antonines, Mr. Andrew Lang contributes a paper of some literary interest. Pawnbroking, in England and among foreign nations, a subject ably treated by Miss Mabel Robinson, has an important bearing on the condition of the poor. The lecture by Professor Dowden to the English Goethe Society, on Goethe's sojourn in Italy, is printed here. Colonel Frederick Maurice vindicates his narrative of the Egyptian campaign against the strictures in the *Edinburgh Review*. Students of mental philosophy may find something worth their notice in Mr. Edward Carpenter's remarks on "Custom," and in Mr. Herbert Spencer's on the basis of Kant's ethical doctrine.

National Review.—The state of our maritime defences is discussed by Sir Samuel Baker, who thinks we might have a volunteer fleet in aid of the Royal Navy. The Pan-Anglican Conference of Clergy at Lambeth is explained by the Rev. Morris Fuller, as in accordance with ecclesiastical traditions. Welsh Nonconformity is historically examined by Mr. Stanley Leighton, M.P., to show that it is on the decline. A scheme for superseding Civil Service pensions by compulsory Government life assurance is propounded by Mr. Edgar Bates. The management, resources, and benefits of Friendly Societies are reviewed by Mr. W. Greswell, who proposes that they should exert themselves to assist the emigration of the unemployed, and should become agencies of industrial colonisation. There are several articles of literary interest. One relates to Ibn Batoutah, the Moorish traveller in the fourteenth century, whose curious narrative, in Arabic, of his long wanderings in Africa and Asia deserves a new translation. Mr. J. D. Bourchier's description of the village of Beaconsfield and the home of Edmund Burke is a very good piece of writing. In a comparative analysis of "Gipsy Folk-Tales," Mr. F. H. Groome finds evidence that many Asiatic legends and myths were imported into Europe, and got into the popular literature of Western nations, by means of the Gipsies. Lady Jersey writes an account of the ancient silver mines of Laurium, in Attica, which yielded a revenue to the Republic of Athens under Pericles, and which are now again worked by a Greek and by a French company. Mr. Alfred Austin produces a tender poem of the song of the cuckoo in May, and of the drowning of a forlorn girl in the deep pool at the end of the field.

Blackwood's Magazine.—A reviewer of "Robert Elsmere" strenuously opposes the assumption that the orthodoxy of the Church of England cannot defend itself by effective arguments in the present state of knowledge. The story of "A Stiffnecked Generation" runs through several new chapters. There is a North Frisian island called "Sylt," off the coast of Holstein, and we suppose that very few Englishmen have ever heard of it; but it is said to have sent forth the Saxon warriors under "Hengist and Horsa," fourteen centuries ago, to their conquest of our own country. Sylt, now belonging to Prussia, has a little sea-bathing town called Westerland, which one would like to visit. The islanders, numbering three thousand, have a treasure of antique legends in their peculiar dialect, which is halfway between English and Low German. We are indebted to an anonymous contributor of *Blackwood's* for samples of this romantic lore. Mr. John Skelton, continuing his minute investigation of the conduct of Queen Mary Stuart, finds some reason to believe that she was the victim of actual force in her disgraceful connection with the ruffian Bothwell, after the murder of Darnley, in which crime she had passively acquiesced. The amateur of entomology has a treat provided for him in Mr. P. Hordern's account of certain Indian insects. Mr. Coutts Trotter's "Impressions of Australia" include a visit to the Fish River caves, with their beautiful stalactites, in the Blue Mountain region, near Sydney. An article on the Portuguese dominions in Eastern South Africa, the Delagoa Bay Railway, and the communication with the Transvaal is of some interest at this moment. The short tale of Scottish domestic life, called "An Elie Ruby," is agreeably told

Murray's Magazine.—The author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" begins a new story, which is entitled "The Reproach of Annesley." Mr. Lewis Morris, in his ballad of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, gives us rugged and lumbering couplets of lines fourteen or fifteen syllables long, which defy metrical reading, and in which the tale is not very effectively told. We prefer the imaginary narrative of a naval battle in the future, supposed to be related by the Commander of H.M.S. Majestic, ironclad turret-ship, of 12,000 tons, with engines of 12,000-horse power, running nearly twenty miles an hour, and armed with hundred-ton guns. "In a Conning Tower" is the title of this spirited sketch, which seems to be correct in its details of steam-ship movements and of modern gunnery; tremendous work it will be, with such mighty instruments of warfare, whenever it has to be done! The enemy's ship is finally sunk by ramming. This is followed by a pleasant description of the North Devon Coast and Exmoor, written by Mr. L. J. Jennings, M.P. The series of articles on the traffic working arrangements of the great Railway Companies is continued by Mr. W. M. Acworth, now dealing with the London, Brighton, and South Coast lines. Captain Shaw's practical advice on the protection of dwelling-houses from fire should have the consideration of builders. Anecdotes of the great public schools in the olden time of severe flogging and fagging and Latin, collected by Mr. R. J. Mackenzie, have a retrospective interest. Mr. A. M. Wakefield treats of the early history of English music. A humorous writer sets all the fish at a London fishmonger's talking with each other; and the ways of human anglers are discussed "from a salmon's point of view." Mr. Paul Cushing's "Just for the Fun of it" is an amusing bit of American social life.

Longman's Magazine.—The long story of "Eve" has reached its fiftieth chapter. The ostrich-farming business in South Africa, with the trade in ostrich feathers, is described by Mr. George Nathan. Miss E. Nesbit's "Two Lives" must be allowed to be true and high-toned poetry. "Bamborough Sands" is an agreeable little story by Mrs. Alfred Hunt. The common notion that savages have more powerful eyesight than civilised men is disputed by Mr. W. H. Hudson, who contends that their faculty of distinguishing some particular objects at a great distance is only the result of having been obliged to give more attention to objects of that kind. Mrs. Reeve's calculations of just economy in the cost of dress contain useful hints both to ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Grant Allen writes of the evolution of the camel by the effects of an animal's life in the desert. "Orthodox," by Miss Dorothea Gerard, is a story of Jews in Poland.

Macmillan's Magazine.—Lucian comes to the fore in this publication, as well as in the *Fortnightly*; and Mr. H. D. Traill's critical appreciation of that author, which had already been proved, is shown afresh in his article on a new translation of some of the Dialogues by Mr. Howard Williams. The continuation of Mr. Walter Pater's "Gaston de Latour," a biographical commentary on French provincial life in the sixteenth century, offers a complete picture of the old town of Chartres, with its noble cathedral. There is also an article on Jacques Tahureau, a French poet of that age. A memoir is supplied by Mr. R. D. Bell of the almost forgotten founder of St. Leonard's College, at the University of St. Andrew's—namely, the young Archbishop Alexander Stuart, an illegitimate son of King James IV., killed with his father on the field of Flodden. The Hon. G. Curzon, M.P., describes the Yosemite Valley and its Waterfalls. Captain H. M. Hozier descants on "England's Peril," and holds the singular opinion that it is to be lessened by constructing the Channel tunnel; because, he thinks, if we get more trade with the Continent, we shall get more wealth, and then we can afford increased naval and military forces to repel our Continental foes! A poem by the late Sir Francis Doyle, "Lord Rodney's Bantam Cock," recalls the droll anecdote of that gallant bird crowing through the din of a great battle on the poop of the Admiral's flag-ship. "Dissensions of a Pedagogue" exhibit some comical blunders in schoolboy themes and translations. "The Lost Match" is a story of the cricket-field, neatly told.

Cornhill Magazine.—The wearisome disappointments of a briefless barrister waiting in chambers are related in a vein of ludicrous self-commiseration. Memoirs of Schopenhauer, the pessimist philosopher, have become rather a magazine here. "The Dean's Sister" is an amusing hoax played on a dignified clergyman staying in Malta. In "A Celibate's Wife," likewise, a clerical person is the victim; but this is a tragical story. "Padding" must be scarce, one would think, when a few pages are filled with stale instances of typographical errors. But "Mammoth-hunting in Siberia" is an interesting topic, and is treated with evident knowledge. "One day" is a melodious and effective piece of verse. Mr. George Gissing proceeds with "A Life's Morning," and his stories are worth reading.

Temple Bar.—"From Moor Isles," by Miss Jessie Fothergill, and "The Rogue," by Mr. W. E. Norris, are far on their way; Lady Lindsay's "Caroline" is brought to a conclusion. These stories, when published in a complete form, may be noticed hereafter. "A Chapter on Proposals" is the commencement of the fictitious autobiography of a maiden lady. There is much interest in the romantic adventures of the Count De Benyowski, a Hungarian nobleman who joined the Poles against Russia, was captured and sent to Kamstchatka, but escaped by sea, visited the island of Formosa, afterwards went to Madagascar, and became the King of a barbarian nation, and was finally killed in a fight with the French. "The House of Percy" is a review of Mr. E. B. De Fonblanque's book on the history of that famous English noble family of the Northern Border.

Time.—The personal qualifications and conditions of the diplomatic service, as a regular profession, are explained by one of its members. Brief memorial tributes, by several writers, to the character of the late German Emperor, are followed by an account of Potsdam and the Prussian Kings and Princes. Mr. H. Schütz Wilson notices the performances of actresses in male parts. In a thoughtful essay on immortality, Professor Knight advances the interesting proposition that a belief in the pre-existence of the individual soul tends to support the faith in a future life, and that it has great moral and religious efficacy. Mademoiselle F. Blaze De Bury describes the state of French journalism before the Second Empire. The fatigues of the fashionable London season are discussed by Mr. Norman Pearson; the "bee-pastures of poetry," a collection of poetical sayings about bees, are fluttered over by Mr. Arthur Grant. Miss Amy Levy contributes a little tale of which the scene is laid at Prato, near Florence. The present dispute on the Sikkim frontier of India with Thibet is explained by Mr. J. Horton Ryley. A story of the Knights Templars, reminding us of some incidents in "Ivanhoe," is related by Mr. G. F. Underhill. Mr. E. Salmon examines the pleas for direct and express representation of the labouring classes in the House of Commons. "Kophetua the Thirteenth," Mr. Julian Corbett's strange political romance, draws to its consummation.

English Illustrated Magazine.—Here is a further instalment of Professor W. Minto's historical tale, "The Mediation of Ralph Hardelot." Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming treats learnedly, but pleasantly, of the ceremonial use of umbrellas among Asiatic nations, and thereby of pagoda canopies, and of aureoles or haloes around the heads of sacred persons. There are many illustrative engravings to this article; likewise to Mr. Outram Tristram's "Old Coaching Days," with Dick Turpin on the York road; and to the account of a rural hamlet near Liphook, in Hampshire. Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill contributes a memoir of William Hutton, of Birmingham, a local antiquary and judge of the local Small Debts Court. The frontispiece is an engraving of Reynolds's portrait of Dr. Johnson.

The excellent American magazines, *Harper's Monthly*, *The Century*, *Scribner's*, and others, maintain their high claims to public favour in England by the variety of instructive and entertaining literary matter which they contain, the beauty of their numerous wood-engravings, and the quantity of fresh information that they supply concerning topics both of the New World and of the Old World; but it is not possible, within our limited space, to enumerate their contents for this month. For the same reason, we can only mention "The Woman's World," "Atalanta," "Belgravia," "The Gentleman's Magazine," "The Atlantic Monthly," "Tinsley's Magazine," "The Argosy," "Cassell's Family Magazine," and "Myra's Journal of Fashion."

THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

The bright and interesting Exhibition organised by Mr. J. P. Whitley at Earl's Court has proved far and away the most attractive of the series of expositions opened in London this season. This success has been distinctly deserved. The art and industrial exhibits within the building, particularly the beautiful and extensive collection of sculpture, and the pictures, have never failed to be admired by the general public; and the scenic and musical charms of the tastefully-adorned gardens have yielded enjoyment every fine afternoon and evening since the opening. It only needed the addition of Cæsar's Triumphal Procession, the Roman chariot-races and Roman sports in the Coliseum Arena (site last year of "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show"), and the illumination of the Borghese Gardens and the cosy Welcome Club and grounds at night on a comprehensive scale by Messrs. T. Brock and Co., and the glowing lights from countless Japanese lanterns in shrubs and trees, to crown the popularity of the Italian Exhibition.

In the Central Garden—gained through the large marquee in which the gay and debonair Sorrento singers and tarantella performers afford amusement—stands the remarkably well-painted panorama of the Roman Forum. Given a suitable sky overhead, this strikes the spectator as a marvellous example of scenic illusion, reflecting great credit on the clever artist, Cav. Liverani, who also painted the adjoining Italian Market Place. It is close by that the troupe of marionettes represent the Deluge, and dance the Excelsior Ballet with grotesque effect in the spacious theatre. We cross a bridge to reach the West Garden. Entering the canvas cave labelled the "Blue Grotto of Capri," we find ourselves within a model of the islet whose ultramarine beauties have to be seen by every visitor to the Bay of Naples. Near this Blue Grotto is the small building which shelters the diorama of Naples and Mount Vesuvius, another object of interest. Facing this is the Alpine Switchback Railway, a favourite form of recreation first brought into vogue in London on this same spot last year. The rush, the jerks, and the surprises of a trip down and up the undulating track of the "Switchback" apparently still yield large delight to young people; but visitors must experience the novel sensations of a journey for themselves to judge of the effects of the "Switchback," which the Princess of Wales and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud are said to have greatly enjoyed last summer. The Hunting Tent of the "Re Galantuomo" recalls the fact that Victor Emanuel, King of United Italy, was a great sportsman, and was never happier than when he was roughing it as a Nimrod. His Majesty's grandson, the Prince of Naples, as President of the Exhibition, will be certain to be warmly welcomed on his forthcoming visit to London; the Reception Committee, of which Colonel John T. North is the genial President, having already afforded proof of its graceful hospitality.

Grace to such agreeable open-air entertainment as may be obtained at the Garden Concert of the Italian Exhibition, London residents are becoming so attached to the healthy recreation of the Continental Volksgarten that it is safe to say London could not well do without these musical promenades now in summer-time. When night falls, and innumerable lamps and lanterns glimmer and glow on the lawns and in the foliage, and from the terrace of the Welcome Club can be heard the seductive strains of the last new valse by Strauss as played in the illuminated orchestra, the enchanting scene is like Fairyland, and the brilliant gardens are left with regret.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT NOTTINGHAM.

The Show of the Royal Agricultural Society, which opens at Nottingham on Saturday, July 7, will be the largest that the society has held since the International Show at Kilburn in 1879. The show of implements and machinery in motion will be upon a larger scale than last year, with 10,743 ft. of shedding, as against 8217 ft.; but this is not to be regarded as an unmixed advantage, for this section of the show is too unwieldy as it is to be of so much practical benefit as it might be. There will be a small show of poultry as well; but the chief attraction outside the live-stock section will be the working dairy, with the trials in butter and cheese making, and the horse-shoeing competitions—a new feature which has been borrowed from the Bath and West of England Society. There will also be displays of bee-driving, and lectures on bee-driving and the management of bees; but the exhibition of fruit and vegetables, which was included in the programme of the week at one of the preceding shows, has unfortunately been abandoned.

Mr. S. Jerrard concluded his series of dramatic recitals at Steinway Hall, on Saturday afternoon, June 30.

Lady Dalby distributed the prizes to the successful pupils of the School for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb on July 5. The annual meeting and a short examination of the pupils was held previous to the distribution.

The fifteenth annual conversazione of the Royal Colonial Institute, which was founded in 1868, and incorporated by Royal charter in 1882, took place on June 28 in the Albert Hall. There was a large attendance of eminent colonists, who met in the arena, and discoursed of the strength of England's real "auxiliary forces"—her Colonies. The band of the Royal Marine Light Infantry performed during the evening in the hall, and that of the Coldstream Guards (Chatham division) in the conservatory. Many distinguished guests came to meet their brethren from across the seas, and a pleasant and thoroughly fraternal evening was spent under excellent auspices.

ABBOTSFORD.

If the most interesting spot on English ground is the birthplace of Shakspeare, Abbotsford, which Scott loved so well, and where he breathed his last, is the most attractive spot in Scotland to all lovers of literature. The house is not noble as a building, neither is the situation one of great beauty. Moreover, such beauty as it does possess is not fully visible to the tourist, who enters the mansion by a back door, is ushered through the show-rooms, and then departs without gaining what is most to be desired—a general impression of the place. Curious objects—some of them historically interesting, and many of them of doubtful authenticity—may have, indeed, their special value; but those of us who love and honour the great Master of the House do not go to it chiefly for the purpose of seeing the curiosities with which the rooms are crowded. Napoleon's first blotting-book and pen-tray, a piece of Queen Mary's dress, Persian sabres, Indian daggers, Russian muskets and snuff-boxes innumerable, are worth looking at, perhaps; but they tell us nothing of Sir Walter, nor, indeed, are we sure in all cases that they passed through his hands. In the catalogue edited by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, the great-grandchild of the founder of Abbotsford, there are many objects closely associated with the poet's life. Every eye will rest with interest on his own writing-table and chair; on the miniatures exchanged before their marriage by Sir Walter and Lady Scott; on Montrose's sword, and on Rob Roy's gun and old Highland sporran—on any curiosity or picture, indeed, which had a special value in the owner's eyes. At the same time, these cherished treasures are not Abbotsford, and they do not satisfy the imaginative craving of which most of us are conscious on entering a house so memorable. A young American poetess expressed a common feeling when she wrote:—

> I'd stand where sceptred kings have stood,
> Or kneel where slaves have knelt,
> Till, wrapt in magic solitude,
> I feel what they have felt.

But in all cases in which we strive to bring before the mind's eye what has passed away, there is a sense of inadequacy and dissatisfaction. This is especially felt by the tourist after a guide-directed inspection of Sir Walter's home. To feel the emotion the spot may well call forth, the pilgrim should be free to gaze on the building from the grounds which Scott loved so well, to walk or ride through the woods he planted, as the Great Magician was wont to do with Tom Purdie; or to listen while loitering on the terrace to the ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, the last and sweetest sound Sir Walter heard on earth.

In the spirit we can do this if we are not allowed thus to wander over Scott's domain in the flesh, and, as we do so, how many strange thoughts—half melancholy, half joyful—fill the mind! The greatest mistake of Scott's life—is it too much to say his single and signal folly?—is associated with Abbotsford, and may be traced to his proud wish to found a family: the noblest act of his life was the manly courage with which he met the difficulties Abbotsford brought upon him. His weakness was the source, ultimately, of his greatest strength; and, as Mr. Hutton finely says, "like the headland stemming a rough sea, he was gradually worn away, but never crushed." In misfortune Scott was strong: in his unbounded prosperity his winning sweetness of nature won all hearts. This great man of genius had not a trace of meanness, of jealousy, of ignoble vanity. He was one of the manliest of men, and had a heart open as the day to all kindly influences. "Sir Walter talks to us," said a poor person, "as if we were all blood-relations"; and when his great losses came, not a servant in the house but was ready to take his share in the change of circumstances. Here was the most popular author of the century, and, next to Shakspeare, perhaps the most famous in our literature, proving by example the absurd fallacy of Thomas Moore that genius is incompatible with domestic happiness. The nonsense is still echoed in our day; and only recently it has been implied in a journal of some reputation that if Burns had been a moral man, he would not have been so great a poet: that it was for the benefit of the world and in the proper order of things, that he should have neglected duty and yielded to sensual gratifications. Burns was far too just and honest to deceive himself in this way, and acknowledged, with genuine sorrow, that

> Thoughtless folly laid him low,
> And stained his name.

Scott's name was unstained, but this did not diminish his sympathy or render less forcible his representation of character. With the fine imagination of a poet, he had the steady perseverance of a man of business. While living so much in the past, he did not lose his hold of the present, and the versatility of his genius was none the less wonderful because he was never known to fall drunk in the gutter like Sheridan, or to give way to the grossest excesses as Lord Byron did at Venice.

There is often a flaw in the character of a great literary benefactor which tempers our admiration of his genius. The imperial imagination of Milton dazzles us with its splendour; but, while we reverence the poet's purity and loftiness of aim, we cannot forget his scurrility as a controversialist, his unkindness to his first wife, and his harsh conduct as a father. Scott's life, on the contrary, lies in it a daily beauty. It is almost as delightful to read what Lockhart relates about him as to read what he has himself written. In both the works and the biography there are the same fine qualities of graciousness and loftiness of tone. Scott was pre-eminently a gentleman, not by birth alone, but by nature; and in his novels there is at once masculine strength and the refinement that rejects with a poet's sense of fitness all subjects unsuitable for art. With what contempt and loathing his healthy nature would have regarded the theory and practice of some living novelists of the French school whose "realism" panders to whatever in human nature is impure, unlovely, and of foul report!

In reading ordinary novels the feelings are often unduly excited, but in the highest creations of genius there is a moderation that prevents an excess of emotion. The time spent on authors like Homer, Shakspeare, Dante, and Cervantes, is a mental and moral gain. They widen our horizon, deepen our sense of beauty, and fill our lives with some of the wealth that has enriched their own. And this is what Scott does in abundant measure. It is one end of all art to give delight; but it is not the sole end, and Sir Walter's works may be justly said to "inbreed and cherish" in the hearts of all who read them "the seeds of virtue and nobility."

Therefore, if the reader cannot go to Abbotsford to recall on the spot where he died the memory of Scotland's worthiest son, let him read once more the glorious books he has left behind him. His manly art as a poet affords a fine contrast to the eccentric verse-making, too familiar now-a-days, which revels in obscurity and in fantastic forms alien to the spirit of the language; his consummate genius as a writer of romance is beyond praise and beyond rivalry. Truly does Sara Coleridge say that the Waverley novels fill a place in literature which they have entirely to themselves. Assuredly there are few imaginative prose works we could not part with more readily.

J. D.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H B NEDHAM (Rosendale).—We are much obliged for your letter and enclosed slip. The game is very acceptable.

GUSTAV MORSCH (Windsor).—Delayed, but not forgotten. It shall appear next week or week after.

PERCY ANDREA (Clapham).—You have not considered Black's defence of 1. Kt to Q4th.

SHALFORTH, COLUMBUS, AND OTHERS.—In reply to 1. R to Kt 6th or 1. P to R 4th, Black can play 1. Kt to Q 5th, &c.

C E P.—Look at the position again, and you will discover there is no mate in three moves by your proposed mate.

CONRAD FOLTZER (Bootroff, South Africa).—We willingly comply with your request, and will write to you on the subject.

J DIXON.—Your problem is next in type; but leave you not overlooked that your solution is defeated by 1. B to R 3rd?

G C HEYWOOD.—We shall look forward to the promised particulars.

W S.—We really cannot inform you. Apply to the editor of the magazine in question.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2297 received from F R Keoughan, St Paul (Minn.); of No. 2296 from P R Keoughan and H B (Bombay); of No. 2300 from Lance-Corporal P Edwards (Hankbell, India), and H B (Bombay); of No. 2301 from G Hewitt (Middle Colville); of No. 2302 from H B (Bombay); of No. 2304 from A Wheeler, An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.), and T Monk (New York); of No. 2305 from Oldham Club and A W Hamilton Gell; of No. 2306 from A Wheeler, W H D (Wadsley), J T Pullen, J W Pratt, J A Schumacher, Lieut.-Col. Lorraine, W Shaw (Sheffield), A W Hamilton Gell, John Graves, C Harper, and W W.

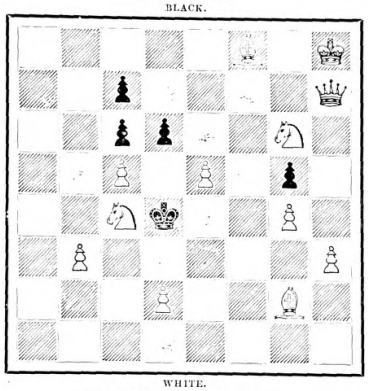
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2302 received from L Desanges, Dr F S, Dawe, R H Brooks, Jupiter Junior, Rev. Winfield Cooper, L Wyman, E Cassella (Paris), Hereward, T Roberts, Jos. A Short, J D Tucker (Leeds), R P S Banks, E Silverwood, H Lucas, L Coad, Thomas Chown, Major Prichard, W R Baillie, J R Newman (East Sheen), J Hepworth, Shadforth, W T G Ware, D Wolfe (Huddersfield), E E H, D McCoy, R Worters (Canterbury), F Drew, and J Dixon.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2305.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q 2nd	B to R 6th
2. P to B 3rd (ch)	K takes P
3. Q mates.	

If Black play 1. B to Q 3rd, then 2. Q to K 2nd (ch), &c.; if 1. Q to R sq, then 2. Kt to B 7th, &c.; if 1. Kt to Q 4th, then 2. R takes P (ch), &c. This problem cannot be solved by 1. K to Kt 2nd or 1. Q to Q sq. Correspondents propose; but the author has overlooked the effect of 1. B takes Kt, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2309.
By J. G. CAMPBELL.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS AT CLIFTON.

Game played in the Clifton Chess Club between the Rev. J. POLLOCK and Mr. N. FEDDEN.
(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. P takes P	P takes P
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	23. R to K Kt 3rd	K to R 2nd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	24. Q R to K B sq	Q to Q 4th
4. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	Black's position calls for the closest attention; if R to K 8th, R to K sq, and White gets a check with the Rook at K 7th.	
5. Q takes Kt	Kt to K 2nd	25. R takes P	
6. B to Q B 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	A bold stroke, nevertheless, unsound; if Black take the Rook, then 26. Q to Kt 3rd (ch), and wins.	
7. Q to Q 5th	Q to K 2nd	25.	R to K Kt sq
8. Q Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	By this clever reply Black gets the better game.	
9. B to Q Kt 5th	B to Q 2nd	26. R to R 6th (ch)	
10. B takes Kt	B takes B	Desperation. If 26. R to R 5th (ch), K takes R, 27. R to B 6th (ch), K to R 2nd, and White's attack is over.	
11. Q to Q 4th	Q to K 4th	26.	K takes R
12. Q to K 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	27. Q to K 3rd (ch)	R to Kt 4th
13. P to K B 4th	Q to K 2nd	28. R to B 6th (ch)	K to R 2nd
14. Castles	B to Kt 2nd	29. Q to K 7th (ch)	K to Kt sq,
15. B to Q 2nd	Castles K R	If R covers, then R to R 6th (ch), and mates next move.	
16. Q R to K sq	K R to K sq	and Black wins.	
17. P to B 5th	B takes Kt		
18. R takes B	Q takes P		
19. Q to R 3rd	Q takes Q B P		
20. Q R to Q R sq	Q to K 5th		
21. R to K B 3rd			

A difficult move to answer.

21.	P to K R 4th

The only satisfactory reply on the board.

CHESS IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Game played at Ware, between Mr. T—— and Mr. F. N. BRUND.
(Dog Loper.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. R to K 2nd	Q to Kt 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	23. P to K 5th	P to Q 4th
3. B to B 4th	P to Q 3rd	24. P to K 6th	
A move frequently played by Mr. Bird, which rarely fails to bring about interesting situations.		White gives up a Pawn for a similar attack, and weakens his position for the endgame.	
4. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	24.	B takes P
5. P to Q B 3rd		25. R to K 5th	Q to Kt 2nd
Castles is the correct continuation, the text move appears to lose time.		26. B to B 5th	K to Q 2nd
5.	B to B 4th	27. P to Kt 5th	B takes B
6. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd	28. R takes B	K R to K Kt sq
7. B to Kt 2nd	Q to Kt 4th	29. R to B 2nd	P to R 6th
8. B to B sq	Q to B 3rd	30. R takes B P	P takes K Kt P
9. P takes P	B takes P	31. P takes P (ch)	P takes P
10. B takes B	Q takes B	32. R to Kt 4th	Q to R 3rd
11. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	33. K R takes P	
12. P to B 3rd	P to B 3rd	A slip; but White has under any circumstances the inferior game; if Q R takes P, the following is a probable continuation:—33. Q R takes P, Q to K 6th; 34. P to Q 8th, K R to Kt sq; 35. R to Kt 7th, K to K 3rd; 36. K to Kt 2nd, K to B 3rd; 37. R to Kt 4th, R to Kt 5th, and Black has some advantage.	
13. P to Q R 3rd	P to Q 3rd	33.	Q to K 6th (ch)
14. Kt to B 2nd	Q to K 4th	34. K to R sq	R takes R
15. P to Q 4th	Q to K 2nd	35. R takes R	Q takes R P
16. Kt to B 3rd	P to K R 4th	36. R to Kt 7th	Q to K 2nd
17. B to Q 3rd	P to R 5th	37. P to B 4th	Q to K 8th (ch),
18. Castles	Kt to R 4th	and wins.	
19. R to R 2nd	Kt to B 5th		
Threatening to continue with P to R 6th.			
20. Kt to K 2nd	P to K Kt 4th		
21. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt		

The handicap at the British Chess Club has made considerable progress during the past week, and the closing struggle has now commenced. Owing to Mr. Blackburne's absence on a professional tour he has only completed three games, but as he is an admirable tourney-player it is quite on the cards that he will take a prominent place in the final score. When we went to press the following were the scores:—Wainwright, 10; Bird, 9½; Mortimer, 6½; Gunsberg, 5½; Gattie, 5; Michael, 4½; Jeffrey, 4½; Pollock, 4; Ingoldsby, 4; Wyman, 4; Nelson, 2½; Blackburne, 2; Abercrombie, 1.

The programme of the British Chess Association meeting at Bradford, on Aug. 6, has now been issued. The matches include a masters' tournament, to which the principal foreign players are invited; the amateur championship contest for the Newnes Challenge Cup; the Yorkshire championship, and the Ruskin and Tennyson contests. The Yorkshire County Chess Club co-operate with the B.C.A. in the arrangements of the congress, and a very successful gathering is expected. The entries close on Aug. 3; and application should be made to L. Hoffer, British Chess Club, King-street, Covent-garden. Amongst the visitors expected is Mr. Loyd, the famous American problem composer

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Gowns for Henley, this season, are made much less, generally, than is usual for that event, of the positive "washing materials." The weather, variable and dull, is to blame for this, not the dictates of fashion. Dressmakers have a large stock of cottons in hand; but to order a zephyr or a muslin gown when the skies were so heavy and the winds so cold as they have been on four out of every six days, so far, during this phenomenal "midsummer," would have required the exercise of more than common imagination and faith. Summer, forsooth! It is "midsummer," as Lord Brougham once said an unpopular Duke was noble—"according to the usages of speech of this country, and not according to reality." Hence, the charming delaines, lace and muslin striped fabrics, cambrics and zephyrs prepared by the manufacturers have been comparatively neglected. Soft silks and the more dressy woollen materials are having a great run, in consequence. Silk, however thin, is much warmer than cotton, and a great deal better as a protection from the wind; it is a preservative of the natural warmth, owing to its non-conducting the animal electricity. Experience teaches us this, and there is a sense of protection against possibilities in a merveilleux, or even a pongee, or a foulard gown, that cotton cannot give. Many of the sateens and faced muslins—delaines, mousselines-de-soie, &c.—are so beautifully designed and finished this season as almost to look like silk, but the temperature has been too much against them for them to be used. Hence, they are likely to be sold very cheaply at the summer sales which are now upon us; and at the same time they cannot fail to be again fashionable next summer, since the large stocks in hand cannot possibly be got rid of: so that it will be the part of wise economy to lay in a few dress pieces of these materials, either for the possible bright days of the autumn or for yet more distant sunshine and warmth.

Amongst the Henley gowns, a very successful one was in steel-grey alpaca mohair, with trimmings of green watered-silk and white lace. There was a Directoire coat of the grey alpaca, with revers of green watered silk and a vest of grey alpaca laid in tiny pleats on either side of two central gathered lace frills, which went right down the middle of the vest. The skirt over which this coat opened was in alternate panels of the green silk and the alpaca, each panel of alpaca being almost covered with a series of narrow gathered flounc-ings of lace. A foulard, with a biscuit-coloured ground dotted with tiny clusters of rosebuds, was made up very prettily into a full, and almost plain, skirt, reaching to a high-waisted Empire bodice, the sleeves of which were puffed, while the narrow vest appearing between the folds, from shoulder to waist, of the foulard, as also the wide sash finishing off the waist, and the tight cuffs into which the sleeves were gathered, were all of pale green ponit-de-soie. A simple gown was in a material of which many variations on the one idea may be seen this season—viz., alternate transparent stripes and close ones, each about two inches wide. In this case, the contrasting stripes were white Madeira work and watered silk ribbon, made up over a white foundation, with bodice of black and white striped silk. Another simple and pretty toilette was a black foulard with white lightning stripes over it, the front of the skirt put on a little full and longer than the back, and then caught up about the knee to the proper length by a broad scarf of white silk, which started at the right hip, passed round so as to make the drapery as described, and finished in a long loop and ends at the left hip; the back was very full, but undraped, and the bodice a plain coat one with white vest. White serge and white nun's veiling with ribbons of various colours, composed many effective dresses.

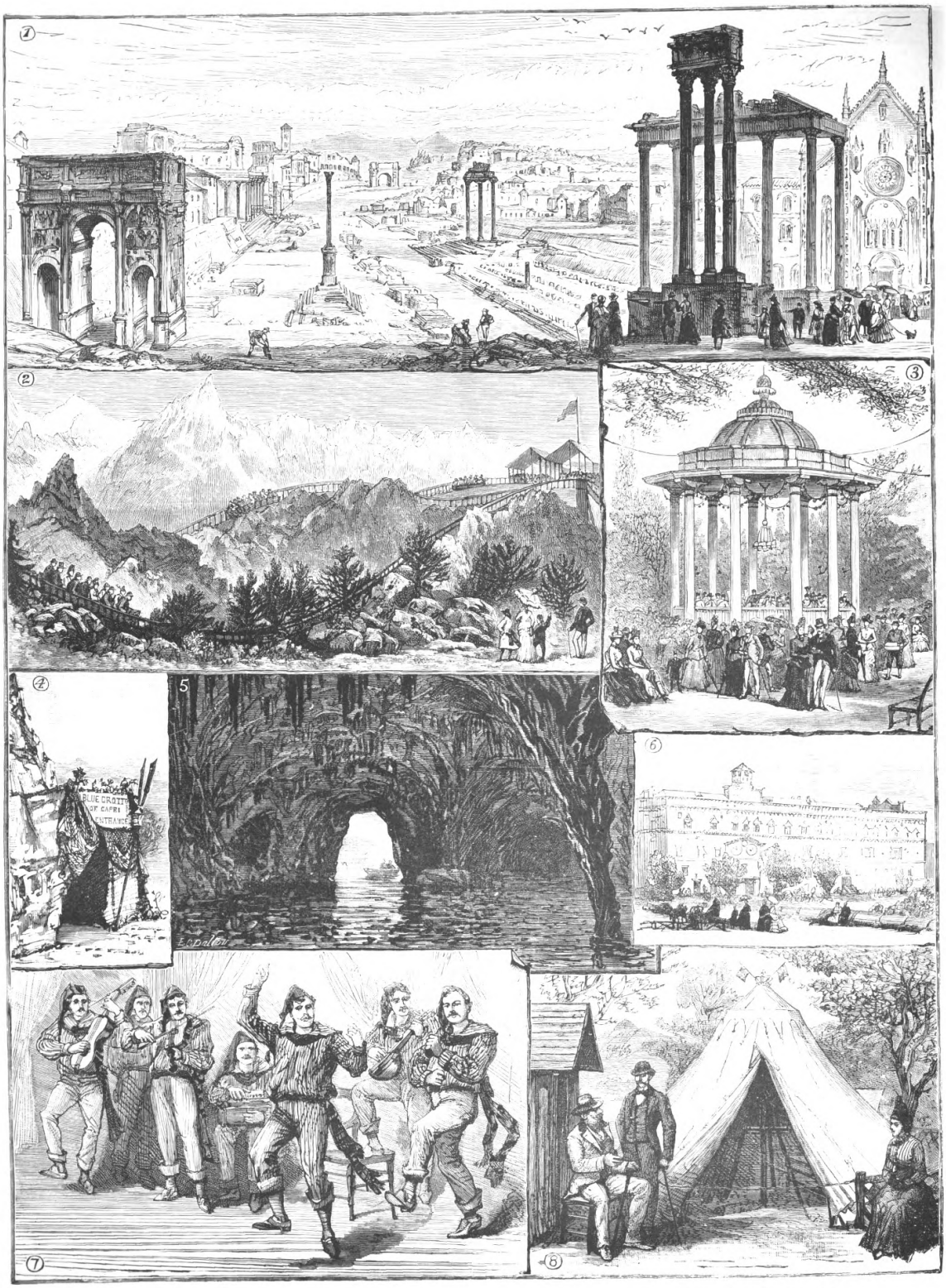
Hats are now being worn almost invariably big-brimmed and flat-crowned. Never was a disappearance more sudden and complete than that of the tall-crowned turned-up-brimmed hats of the past few seasons. The trimming all being piled on the top of the new hats, however, the difference in the general outline is not so great as might be pre-supposed. The brims are most diverse in shape; in fact, they may be bent about and caught up just as becomes the wearer's face, while perfectly straight round brims turned up nowhere but at the extreme back are equally correct. Flowers and ribbon or tulle or crêpe bars are almost exclusively employed for trimming; feathers are not used on hats, and rarely on bonnets. Roses appear to be the favourite flowers. Brims are frequently lined with the tulle or China crêpe used for the outer trimming; and long scarves of the same or ends of the ribbon that forms the bars often hang down at the back, and are either left so or drawn round the throat and knotted in front loosely, as may be most becoming to the wearer. The newest and for the moment the most fashionable kind of straw for hats is that called crenoline. A chapeau of one coloured crenoline is often lined with another, so thin and pliable is this extremely fine straw. Thus a black crenoline hat has the brim lined with white crenoline, and this is shown by the brim being caught up to the crown at both sides; yellow roses in two shades and black ribbon bows form the trimming, and ends of the black ribbon are loosely drawn round to the front.

The long Directoire handles to parasols are in great favour, and one or two ladies have even appeared in the park with tall thick sticks in lieu of simply having long-handled *en tout cas*. A posse of bridesmaids the other day, who wore Directoire coats of white silk with heliotrope moiré sashes over white lace skirts, had their costumes finished off by carrying long white sticks with their bouquets of pink and white roses tied on the top by means of heliotrope moiré ribbon, from which long streamers depended. Smocking, as fashionable as ever for gowns, has extended its empire to parasols, the newest being of soft silk elaborately honeycombed towards the top, with the edges fringed out and hanging all round very loose.

The periodical attempt to turn married women teachers out of their employment was made at the London School Board recently, and failed as ignominiously as it deserved, the mover, Mr. Dillon, finding only two persons to vote with him as against twenty-seven opponents of the proposal. The unjustifiable and nauseous character of the motion may be judged from this overwhelming majority, which ought likewise to permanently settle the question and prevent the married mistresses being periodically harassed by such a motion in future. The fact is that a very large proportion of the best and most successful teachers under the Board are married women. When I was a member of the Board, I once, in order to crush this vexatious perennial motion for the dismissal of mothers from the teaching staff, showed that every mistress mentioned as a model teacher that year by the inspectors was, without a single exception, married. The reasons for this are not difficult to perceive. The married women are, as a whole, the elder teachers, and, therefore, the more experienced; they have that special management for and sympathy with all children that the touch of her own baby's lips gives to a true woman; and they are likely to be more settled to their duty than the young single ones, having drawn their lot in the great chance of a woman's life, and found that it includes for them the desirability of wage-earning. For these reasons, the married women teachers ought to form a large proportion of the best mistresses in our schools; and, as a fact, they do so.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

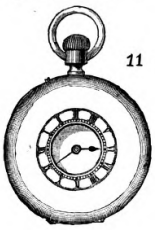
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2. The Switchback Railway.
3. The Garden Concert.
4. Entrance to the Blue Grotto of Capri.
5. Interior of the Blue Grotto.
6. The Marionette Theatre.
7. The Neapolitan Mandoline Concert.
8. King Victor Emmanuel's Hunting Tent.

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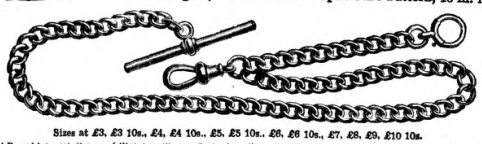


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The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies, are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines and gin or old whisky, largely diluted with seltzer-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" and ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" are peculiarly adapted to any constitutional weakness of the liver; they possess the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and place the invalid on the right track to health.

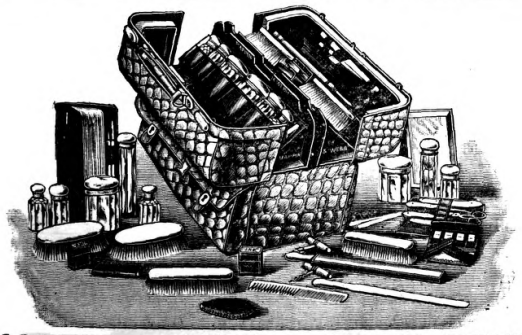
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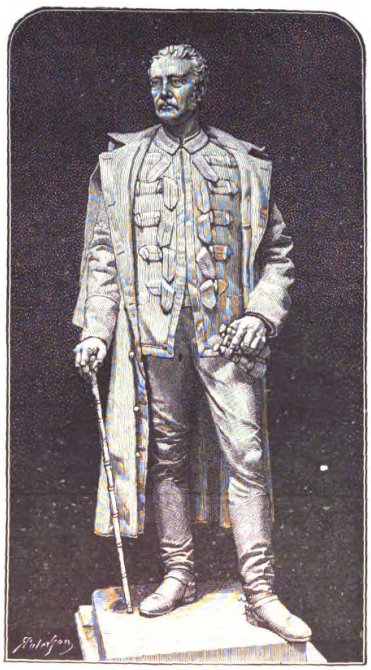


LATE CAPTAIN H. B. URMSTON, 6TH PUNJAUB INFANTRY.
KILLED ON THE PUNJAUB FRONTIER.

DOWNING COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

At the recent election to the Mastership of Downing College, Dr. Alexander Hill, M.A., M.D., Fellow of the College, was chosen to succeed Professor Birkbeck, Q.C. The new Master was born in 1856, and is a son of Mr. John Hill, of Torrington-park, Finchley. He entered as a pensioner at Downing College in October, 1874, and was subsequently elected a foundation scholar. He graduated in the Natural Sciences Tripos of 1877, obtaining a first class for proficiency in botany, zoology, and comparative anatomy, human anatomy, and physiology. After taking his B.A. degree he devoted himself to medicine and surgery. He has upon two occasions filled the office of Hunterian Professor of the Royal College of Surgeons; is demonstrator of anatomy and teacher of physiology in the University; has acted as an examiner for the M.B. examinations at Cambridge and for the Natural Sciences Tripos; and is also examiner in anatomy to the University of Glasgow. He is author of a work entitled "The Plan of the Central Nervous System," and has contributed to the medical journals.

Our Portrait of the new Master of Downing College is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street.



STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON AT ABERDEEN.

ABERDEEN STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON.

The monument erected in front of Robert Gordon's College at Aberdeen, to the memory of the late General C. G. Gordon, whose death in the heroic defence of Khartoum has excited so much public feeling, was unveiled on June 16 by the Marquis of Huntly, as head of "the Gordon clan." It is a fine bronze statue, the sculptor of which was the late Mr. Stuart Burnett, A.R.S.A., and which was cast by Mr. Adam Walker at Sir John Steell's foundry in Edinburgh. The figure of General Gordon is 9 ft. 6 in. in height, and it stands on a pedestal of granite 9 ft. high. The Art Gallery and Museum, and Gray's School of Art, adjacent to the building of Gordon's College, are situated in the new square adorned by this monument. The late Lord Provost, Mr. Matthews, of Springhill, co-operated zealously with Lord Huntly and the committee of gentlemen who obtained subscriptions for this work; and Lord Provost Henderson, with Mr. Gordon of Newton and others, took part in the proceedings at its formal dedication. Among those present was General Man, of the Egyptian Army, who had served under General Gordon both in China and in the Soudan.



DR. ALEXANDER HILL, M.D.,
THE NEW MASTER OF DOWNING COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

The Revenue Returns for the first quarter of the financial year show a net increase of £265,033 compared with the corresponding quarter of last year. There are decreases of £465,000 in property and income-tax, and £20,000 in house duty; but these are more than counterbalanced by large increases in the revenue from stamps, customs, excise, the telegraph service, Crown lands, and miscellaneous sources. For the year ended Saturday, June 30, the net decrease was £332,024.



THE WAR IN SIKKIM: ATTACK BY THE TIBETANS ON THE CAMP AT GNATONG.
SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT A. HEYMAN, 2ND BATTALION DERBYSHIRE REGIMENT.

THE WAR IN SIKKIM.

The British and Indian troops in the mountainous region of Sikkim, north of Bengal, are opposed to a force of Tibetan invaders in and about the Jalap Pass. It is stated that the immediate cause of the attack was a letter addressed to the leaders, informing them that the oracle of Naitoang, near Lhassa, had prophesied victory if the attack were delivered between the 11th and 15th days of the third Tibetan month, corresponding with May 21 and 25. After a council of war the force marched in two bodies, one by the Jalap and the other by the Pembyring Pass. Having reached the low Tukola ridge, between Gnatong and the Jalap, the Tibetans formed into three columns, one to make a front attack, and the other two to advance along the spurs flanking the Gnatong position. These worked round to the end of the jungly ridge, north of the camp. Here several men crept through the wood upon a picket of the Sherwood Foresters (Derbyshire Regiment), which retired, but not before it had shot the Tibetan leader, a giant of 6ft. 7in. The Tibetans now came down in large numbers on the north-eastern face of the camp. It was defended by some of the pioneers and by a company of the Derbyshire Regiment. The assailants crept through the jungle, availing themselves of cover, until they occupied a front of 500 yards, within a distance of 200 to 500 yards from our intrenchment. Here they opened a hot fire from both rifles and matchlocks, and dropped slugs and bullets among our ranks and through our tents. One man crept up to within 300 yards of our position, and kept up for at least half an hour a most galling, though ineffectual, fire, completely enfilading one face of our camp. It required a round of case and a section of Pioneers to dislodge him. Meantime, the fire from a wooded hill in front had become so heavy that a half-company of the Derbyshire Regiment, under Lieutenant Iggulden, was sent round to take the men holding it in flank. The half-company worked right round the valley, and became hotly engaged, losing Sergeant Leckington, who was shot through the head. This diversion had the effect of checking the Tibetans' fire, obliging them to retire up the hill; and they seemed to lose a good many men killed and wounded. The enemy was now inclined to retreat, and another half-company of the Derbyshire Regiment and a party of the 32nd went out under Captain Gossett. These detachments, joining hands with the remainder of the Derbyshire Regiment, worked up the valley between the hills, driving before them the retiring enemy among the trees and jungle. The Tibetans, in full retreat, as they crossed the Tukolo were fired into by the guns, which made admirable practice at 2500 yards, bursting a shrapnel shell among a large party. Our troops took some prisoners, mostly wounded, and the enemy's loss must be close upon 200 in killed and wounded. They were pursued nearly two miles by the Derbyshire Regiment and by Colonel Bromhead's Sikhs. Our loss amounted to three men killed and eight wounded. The men engaged were the flower of the Tibetan army, and many came from Chumboo, beyond Lhassa. The road from the Tukola to Nimla is strewn with the arms, blankets, and bundles of the retreating force. The position at Gnatong has since been strongly fortified, and the latest news, to June 26, is that the Tibetans seem disinclined to make a further attack.

Our *Illustration of the conflict* is from a sketch by Lieutenant A. Heyman, of the Derbyshire Regiment.

The Great Hall at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition is looking very bright just now, the figures in the Court group having been bedecked in some costly new dresses.

THE LATE CAPTAIN H. B. URMSTON.

Two distinguished officers of the Indian Native Army, Major Battye, of the 5th Ghoorkas, and Captain Urmston, of the 6th Punjaub Infantry, were killed in June, with six of their men, near the Oghi outpost in the Agror valley, to the north of Abbotabad, being suddenly attacked by a large body of Akozais, a Black Mountain tribe. Captain Urmston, who lost his life in attempting to rescue his wounded comrade, was eldest son of Colonel H. Brabazon Urmston, of Ardenlee, Maidstone. He was educated at Winchester College, and at Brasenose College, Oxford, but entered the Army in 1871, and joincd the 14th Foot till he was qualified for the Indian Staff Corps. After passing the higher standard examinations in two native languages, he was appointed to the Frontier Force (2nd Sikh Regiment), and soon became Adjutant of the 6th Punjaub Infantry. He served throughout the Jowaki Campaign, on the Afghan border, receiving a medal, and was mentioned in the General's despatches for his able military surveys and sketches. In the Afghan War of 1879 he was selected by Sir Frederick Roberts for the duties of transport officer with the Kuram Force, and received another medal. In 1885 Captain Urmston was attached to the intelligence branch of the Army at head-quarters, Simla; and in 1886 he was appointed by the Government of India to escort a mission of Japanese officers through India to examine our chief military stations and arsenals, and the organisation of our Army.

Sir Coutts Lindsay has been induced to hold an Exhibition of Pastels at the Grosvenor Gallery, during the autumn, on account of the increasing importance of that branch of art. The exhibition will open on Saturday, Oct. 20, and the receiving days will be Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 1 and 2.

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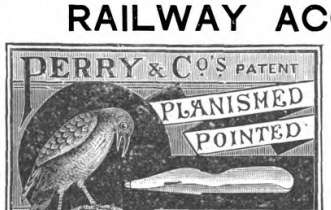
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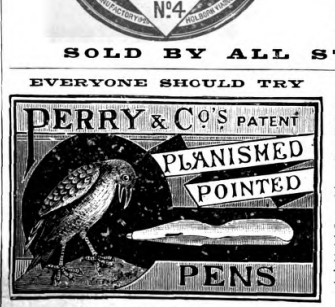


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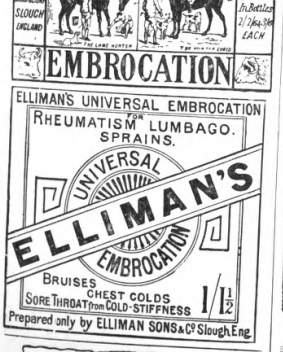
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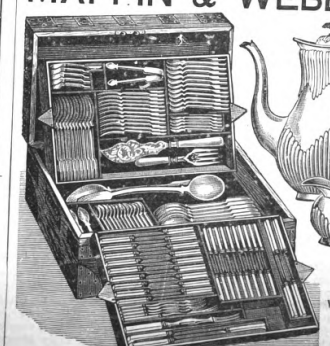
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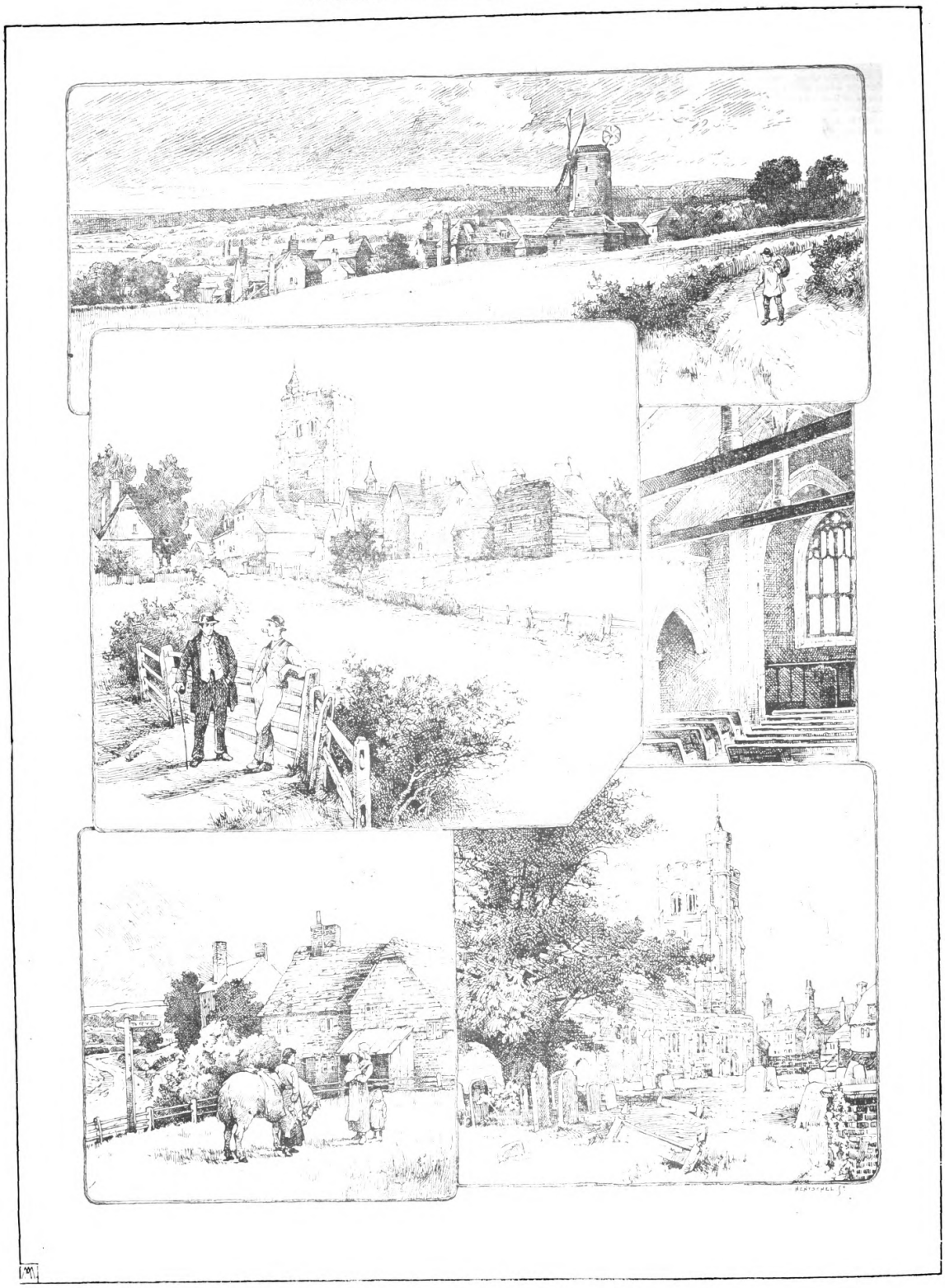
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RAMBLING SKETCHES: A DESERTED VILLAGE—WITTERSHAM, KENT.

The "Rambling Sketches" published this week were taken at Wittersham, a small village in the south-west corner of Kent, almost on the border-line between that county and Sussex. It is in the centre of the "Isle of Oxney," an elevated tract of land, containing Wittersham and two other parishes, between two branches of the little river Rother. In its prosperous days Wittersham was a wealthy place, as may be inferred from the size of the beautiful old church, which stands high above the village, a conspicuous landmark for miles round. One Boner, a "spicer and mercer" of Wittersham, was a thorn in the side of the Mayor of Wye in Henry VI.'s time. He insisted upon "hawking with spices" about the streets of Rye in spite of the Mayor's frequent warnings, and was punished at last by the forfeiture of his stock and a fine. The grants of lands and marshes to parishioners of Wittersham under the Lancastrian Kings indicate that the old commune was in a happier condition in the Middle Ages than it is at present. The agricultural folk had their village plays. The "players of Wittersham," the "players of Romney," the "players of Herne," and other little local commonwealths of East Kent, used to visit the towns and exhibit their "plays" at Whitsuntide. The "Play of the Passion," as rendered by the ancestors of the Wittersham agricultural population four centuries ago, was doubtless akin to the still extant Passion plays of Ober-Ammergau and other villages in Germany.

The whole village, with its still increasing number of empty houses, wears a sleepy and decayed look, and has changed its condition sadly since the Middle Ages, when it formed the centre of a rich and flourishing parish. But the view, seen from any point of the compass, is very picturesque. It is so

from the Rye-road, whence the place is seen lying in a hollow, with a lovely stretch of distance beyond. The approach to the main street from Sussex, where the tower of the church groups wonderfully well with the houses below it, is also pleasing; and so is the road at the opposite end of the village, stretching away towards Tenterden and Ashford. These views are worthy subjects for the artist's pencil. There is also a charming prospect from the churchyard, where the great grey tower of the church contrasts admirably with the red roofs and chimneys of the village street. The inside of the church is worth a visit, if only to see the interior of the tower, where the great weights of the clock hang down in very primitive fashion.

STATUE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

The Aberdeen bronze statue of Sir William Wallace was unveiled on June 29, by the Marquis of Lorne. The hero is represented giving an answer of defiance to the English demands. The sum of £3000 was left by the late Mr. John Steell, sculptor, of Edinburgh, for the erection of this statue; and the trustees, with the aid of their coadjutors, Sir J. Noel Paton, R.S.A., and Dr. Rowand Anderson, selected the design by Mr. W. Grant Stevenson, from twenty-five competing models. The statue, which has been successfully cast in bronze by Messrs. Young and Co., Pimlico, is 16 ft. high, and is the largest in Scotland. The freedom of the city of Aberdeen was presented to the Marquis of Lorne, who in his speech referred to the project of Imperial Federation and united defences.

PICTURE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND FAMILY.

The picture of the Queen surrounded by her family, fifty-four in number, which is now on view at the St. James's Gallery (King-street, St. James's), has a special claim to our notice, for it is really interesting as a work of art. M. Tuxen, the Danish artist, shows that, though difficult, it is nevertheless possible to arrange artistically and satisfactorily a number of persons, all claiming certain rights as to position and precedence, and, so far as the men are concerned, arrayed in costumes which admit of no modification or poetic treatment. M. Tuxen has, moreover, gone a step farther in managing to group, in a great measure, the various branches of the Queen's family. Her Majesty, seated on a sofa, occupies the centre of the canvas, and she is in the act of receiving a bouquet from her grandchild, Princess Alice of Albany, whose widowed mother is kneeling beside the child. All the small children and grandchildren occupy places in the foreground, so that they are not obscured by their relatives of larger growth. The Empress of Germany occupies the other end of the sofa on which the Queen is seated, and behind her is Princess Christian, over whose chair the stalwart figure of the late Emperor Frederick towers, the most majestic figure in the scene. Immediately behind him, leaning against the mantelpiece, is Prince Albert Victor, the Prince of Wales being the central standing figure behind the Queen's sofa; whilst the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with their family, occupy the whole of the left of the picture—their two youngest children, Princesses Alexandra and Beatrice, being seemingly far more interested in their delightful dog than in the gorgeous company assembled in the drawing-room of Windsor Castle one day last year.



STATUE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE AT ABERDEEN.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

Sir Charles Stewart Forbes, Bart., of Castle Newe, Aberdeenshire, and Miss Emma Theodora Maxwell, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Robert Maxwell, were married, on July 2, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square. Sir Charles was accompanied by the Earl of Dudley, his cousin, as best man. The eight bridesmaids were—Miss Angela Maxwell, sister of the bride; Misses Evelyn, Blanche, and Mabel Forbes, sisters of the bridegroom; Miss Mariquita Grenfell and Miss Winifred Sandbach, cousins of the bride; Lady Edith Ward and Miss Ida Forbes, cousins of the bridegroom. The bride was conducted to the altar by her brother, Captain John G. Maxwell (of the Black Watch). Her train was held by three little pages, namely, Master Francis FitzGibbon, her nephew; and Masters Francis and Riversdale Grenfell, her cousins.

The marriage of Mr. E. Grenville Gore-Langton with the Hon. Florence Emily Murray, sister of Lord Elibank, took place in the parish church of Newton St. Loe, Somerset, on June 23. Mr. Reginald Gordon Wickham was the best man and the bride was attended by five bridesmaids—the Hon. Nina Murray, Miss Aline and Miss Clara Gore-Langton, Miss Margaret Skrine, and Miss Geraldine Waring. Masters Evelyn and Robert Gore-Langton acted as pages to the bride.

The marriage of Lord Carew with Miss Julia Lethbridge, daughter of the late Mr. Albert Lethbridge, and grand-daughter of the late Sir John Lethbridge, Bart., of Sandhill Park, Taunton, was solemnised in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on June 27. The Earl of Caithness attended his cousin as best man; and the five bridesmaids were Miss A. Lethbridge, sister of the bride; Miss Prideaux Brune, Miss Cliffe, Miss Hoste, and Miss Nesta Carew. The bride was led to the altar by her uncle, Sir Wroth Lethbridge, who afterwards gave her away. The service was fully choral, the Rev. Edward S. Prideaux Brune, cousin of the bridegroom, officiating.

The inspection of the Royal Military Asylum, by the Duke of Cambridge, took place on July 4.

Mr. Klinkicht, the well-known engraver, has had the Cross of the Order of Francis Joseph conferred on him by the Emperor of Austria for exhibiting some of the large portraits engraved for this Journal.

On June 30 the 2nd City of London Rifles were inspected on the Horse Guards Parade by Colonel Home, Grenadier Guards, the battalion of nearly 700 officers and men being under the command of Colonel Cantlow. In Regent's Park Colonel Tucker inspected the 1st Volunteer Battalion Royal Fusiliers, which had on parade over 800 officers and men, commanded by Colonel Clark; and the West Middlesex Rifles, about 500 strong, were also inspected in the same park by Colonel Stracey. In Hyde Park the St. George's Rifles were paraded before Colonel Wigram of the Coldstreams, Colonel Stanley Bird being in command. In Kennington Park the 4th Volunteer Battalion of the West Surrey Regiment were inspected by Colonel Hervey, commanding the Guildford Regimental District, 650 officers and men being on parade.



THE MARBLE PALACE AT POTSDAM, THE RESIDENCE OF THE NEW EMPEROR.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, July 3.

The election in the Charente has ended, as might have been expected, in the victory of the Conservative, M. Gellibert des Seguins, by 37,514 votes; M. Weiller, Opportunist, came second, with 11,691; and M. Deroulède, third, with 11,691. In the Loiret, the Conservative candidate, M. Julien Dumas, was elected. Boulangism being apparently on the wane, the attacks against the Floquet Ministry have begun once more, and, unless Boulanger succeeds in stirring up the country by some new manœuvre, we may expect a Ministerial crisis one of these days; or, at the best, we may look forward to the fall of Floquet with the first autumn leaves. Thus, it appears, the political situation in France is, as usual, unsettled, but not gravely so.

At the church of St. Sulpice last Sunday Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algiers and of Carthage, preached a sermon in favour of the abolition of slavery in Africa. St. Sulpice is the first station of the crusade which the Cardinal will continue to preach next week in Belgium. The Cardinal described the African slave-trade as being more violent and atrocious than ever in Morocco, in the oases of the Sahara, at Timbuctoo, on the Niger, on the Red Sea, along the Zambesi, and especially in the region of the great lakes in the very centre of Equatorial Africa. The number of slaves captured amounts to from four to five hundred thousand a year—almost exclusively women and children, for the slave-hunters kill the men. The slave-dealers, who are all Mussulmans, have ferocious hordes of half-breeds and even of negroes at their orders; they attack villages, burn the houses, kill the men who resist, and drive the women and children to the slave-markets, exercising horrible cruelty upon all. Cardinal Lavigerie says that if this slave traffic continues, the interior of Africa will become an absolutely depopulated desert in less than fifty years. In concluding his discourse, the Cardinal made an appeal to the press, without distinction of opinions or tendencies, to make known these horrors to the whole universe. The dream of Cardinal Lavigerie would be the creation of a new military-religious order, for it is only possible to put an end to this slave trade by armed force. Indeed, it is announced from Rome that the Pope is preparing a bull to confirm the Order of Malta with all its ancient privileges, specially with a view to stamping out this Central African slave trade.

The scaffolding is now being removed from round the Gambetta monument on the Place du Carrousel, which is to be inaugurated with some ceremony on July 13. Designed by the sculptor Aube and the architect Boileau, the monument is composed of a pylon, slightly pyramidal in shape, surmounted by a winged lion, on whose back sits a nude female figure wearing a Phrygian cap, and representing "Triumphant Democracy." In one hand this figure holds *thunderbolts*, while with the other she inscribes on a tablet the "Declaration of the Rights of Man." At the base of the pylon, on the front, is a high relief group, representing Gambetta stimulating the national defence, figured by a soldier and a sailor, while above, the genius of France soars with spread wings, seeming to listen to Gambetta's soul-stirring words. The pylon is further ornamented with emblems in bronze, and with citations from Gambetta's speeches graven in the stone; and on the lateral façades are bronze figures symbolising the army, industry, truth, strength. The monument is entirely of stone and of bronze; its total height is 80 ft.; its cost has been 350,000f. Some of the sculpture is very fine, but it is to be feared that the monument as a whole is wanting in simplicity and clearness of signification. What a strange idea, too, to cover the column with fragments of speeches, which are, after all, mere newspaper phrases that have already lost their force! In another ten years these high-sounding phrases will require volumes to explain them. But the great objection to be made to the inscriptions is that they break up the monument, and leave no simple surfaces where the eye might rest.

The Paris Municipal Council is meditating grave modifications in the contract between the city of Paris and the General Omnibus Company, which, since 1854, has enjoyed an exclusive monopoly, in return for which it is bound to maintain certain lines at a loss, for the convenience, however, of the public. Thus at present there are thirty-six lines of omnibuses running in Paris, and of these last year eighteen produced a net total of 1,845,736 francs, while the other eighteen were worked with a loss of 1,015,361 francs. There are two propositions before the Council: one to abolish the monopoly, the other to authorise the creation of rival lines. Either course will lead to complicated lawsuits between the city and the company.

The great feature of the July 14 celebration this year will be a monster dinner offered to the Mayors of France. This dinner of over 4000 covers will be served on the Champ de Mars in one of the galleries of the Exhibition building parallel with the Avenue de la Bourdonnais, which will be splendidly decorated for the occasion with tapestry hangings and plants. On July 14, likewise, by decision of the irrepressible Municipal Council, the Avenue du Trône and the Place du Trône will be rebaptised in the name of the famous brewer, Santerre, who distinguished himself in the capture of the Bastille, and also in massacring the prisoners of the Abbaye.

There is once more talk, and this time serious talk, of erecting a monument of some kind in honour of Honoré de Balzac, the author of the "Comédie Humaine." The Société des Gens de Lettres have taken the matter up, the press is beating the drums of publicity, and the subscription-list has started well. It is proposed to inaugurate the monument during the Exhibition year. Now-a-days everything is connected with 1889. The Government itself is setting the example by seizing every opportunity of making the Exhibition of 1889 and its success a political lever.

The *Journal Officiel* has published elaborate and curious statistics on the application of the divorce law in France, in 1884, 1885, and 1886. In 1886 the number of divorces and separations exceeded 7000. The average of marriages ending in divorce appears to be 9 in 1000. The class of people who head the list of demands for divorce are workmen and day-labourers, then come tradespeople, next independent persons and members of the liberal professions, next domestic servants, and, last of all, farmers. Of the divorces, 40 per cent are demanded by the husband and 60 per cent by the wife.

The total receipts of the Salon exhibition of paintings and sculpture, which closed last Saturday, amounted to 332,000f., and the number of free entries to 314,000. The expenses of the Salon amount to 240,000f., so that there remains a profit of 160,000f., which, added to the already existing capital, 747,429f., thus makes the Société des Artistes Français possessors of a capital of upwards of 900,000f.

T. C.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany were present at Divine service in the Friedenskirche on Sunday morning, July 1, and prayed in silence beside the coffin of the Emperor Frederick. The Emperor has addressed a Rescript to Prince Bismarck, in which he deplores the "evil days" which have recently fallen upon the Imperial House, and speaks of the deep affection manifested for his father throughout Germany and foreign lands. He gives his assurance that like his ancestors he will devote himself to promote and consolidate the welfare of the country. It is stated in Berlin that an interview of the Emperor with the Czar will take place in a German Baltic port some time in July.—The Empress Victoria, in returning thanks for the addresses of condolence presented to her Majesty by the civic authorities, expressed her resolve to continue to give her co-operation in all efforts for humanitarian objects.

The Emperor and Empress of Austria, accompanied by the Archduchess Marie Valérie, have gone to Gastein. The Austrian and Hungarian Delegations having passed the Bills required by the Ministry, their sessions have been closed.

The Spanish Cortes virtually closed on July 2 with the vote of the Budget by the Senate, after protracted debates with the Protectionists, whose amendments were all defeated, the Government declaring its determination to persevere with the present tariff policy.

The Great Horse Show at Brussels has been closed with a procession of all the horses exhibited before the Queen of the Belgians, one of the best judges of a horse in Europe. Mr. Walter Gilbey, of Elsenham Hall, received a gold medal as the foreign exhibitor who had contributed most to the success of the show.—The exhibition of hygiene and life-saving apparatus in the Park Léopold, at Ostend, is now open. The exhibitors number about 400, and the exhibits, of which many possess considerable interest, are divided into seven sections.

A New York correspondent telegraphs that the Duke of Marlborough was married, on June 29, by the Mayor, Mr. Hewitt, to Mrs. Lilian Warren Hammersley.—A hundred thousand ironworkers in the Western States of America have gone on strike.

Severe fighting is reported from Zululand. A force, composed of British troops and police, with native levies, attacked the rebel chief Ishingana, and utterly routed him, the loss being heavy on both sides.

The *Theatre* for July contains excellent photographic portraits of Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Charles Santley.

A meeting was held at the Mansion House on June 29 in support of the movement to obtain an endowment towards the maintenance of College Hall, Byng-place, Gordon-square, established to provide a residence for women studying at University College and the London School of Medicine for Women. Earl Granville presided; and the meeting was addressed by Mrs. Scharlieb, the Rev. J. C. Harrison, Sir George Grove, Sir J. Lubbock, Professor Henry Morley, and Lady Grant Duff.

MARRIAGE.

On June 21, at the parish church of All Saints', Wandsworth, by the Rev. C. H. Andrews, Vicar of Kentish Town, assisted by the Rev. Wm. Reed, Vicar of All Saints', H. W. P. Kooystra, Fleet Paymaster R.N., to Lucy Constance Maria, second daughter of Thomas Symonds Howell, of The Old Vicarage, Wandsworth.

DEATHS.

On June 16, at Oakwood House, Taptonville-crescent, Sheffield, Joseph Barnsley, of the firm of George Barnsley and Sons, aged 46.

On June 27, at Westgate-on-Sea, Joseph Sherwood, Esq., of 61, Westbourne-terrace, W., aged 78.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.*

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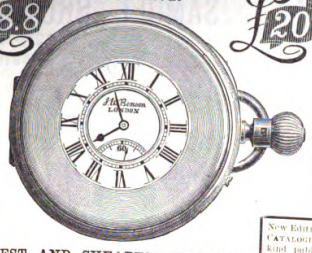
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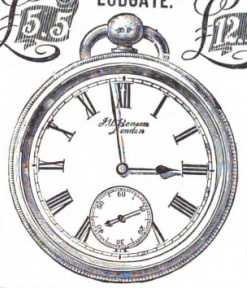
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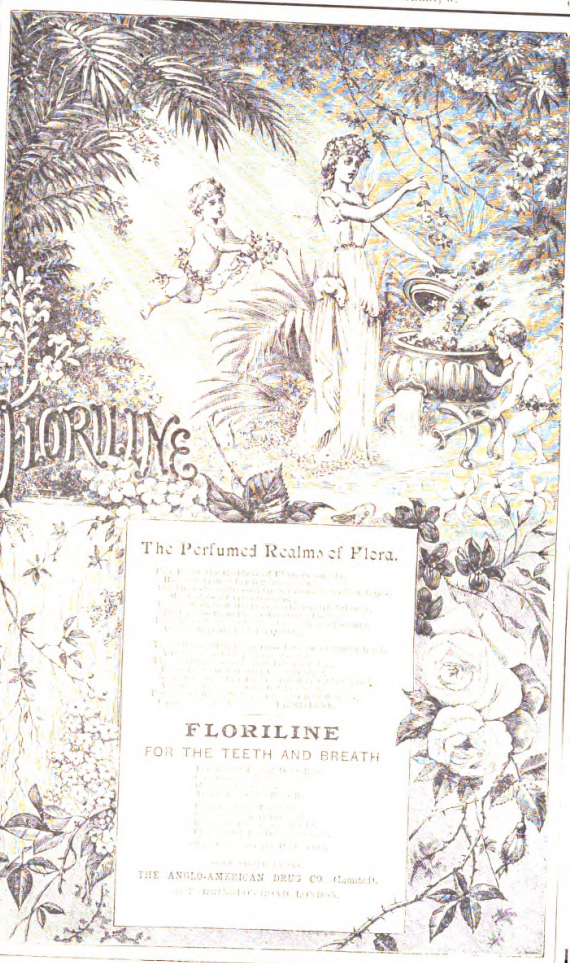
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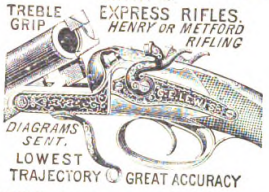


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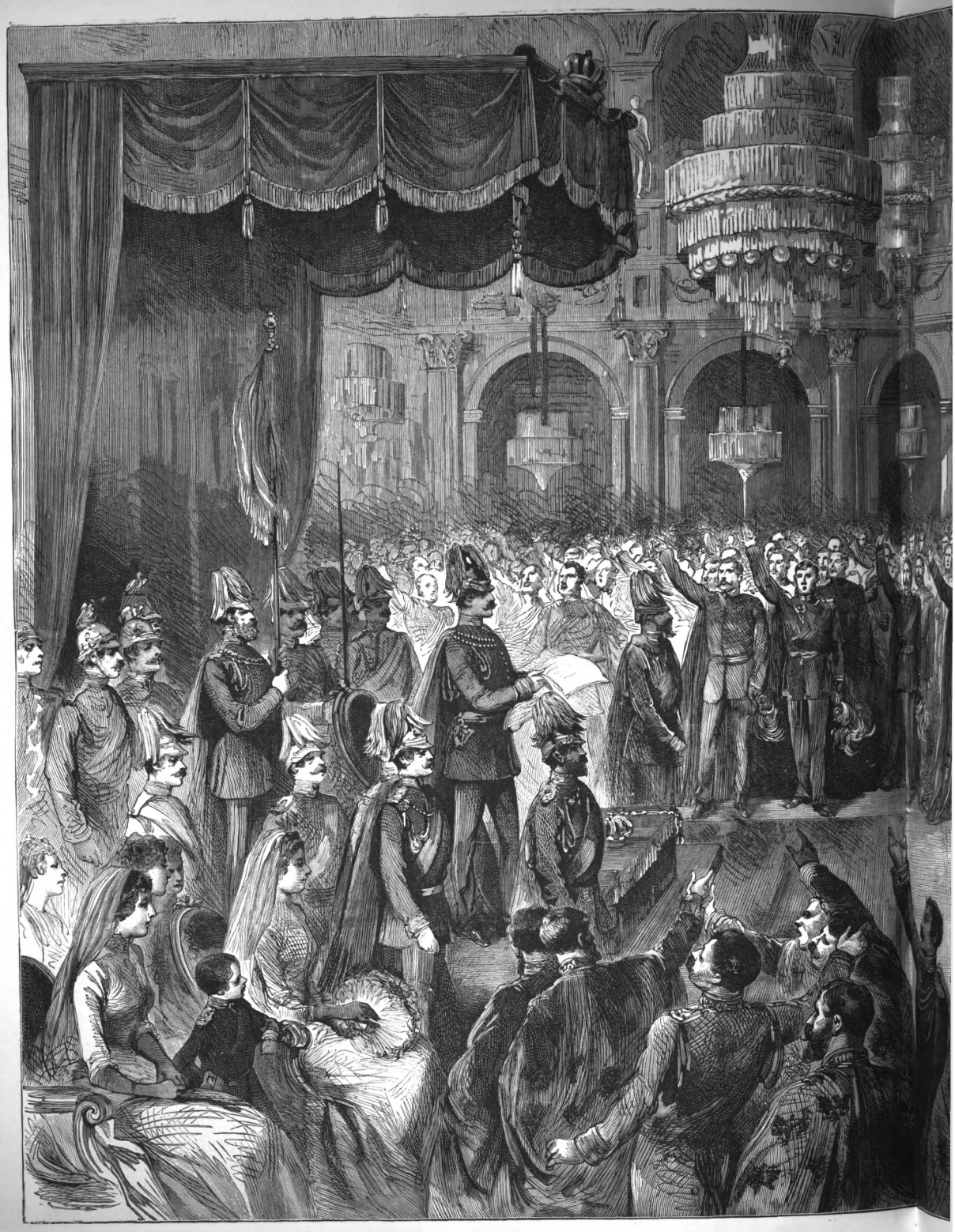
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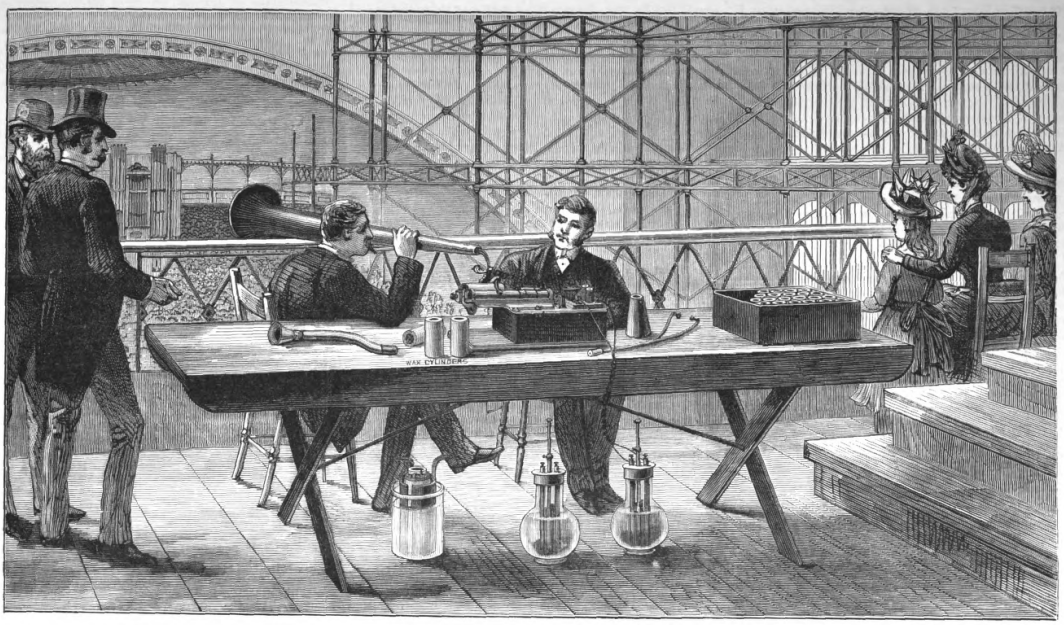


THE REICHSTAG: THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

To the Lambeth Conference I have not been an invited guest, which I regret for many reasons, but especially because I miss the society of the American Bishops. During the Pan-Anglican Synod I was more fortunate, and I found them charming. Though not a whit, of course, less of divines than our English dignitaries, they are much more human. They mix with their fellow-creatures more as if they belonged to them, and wear their lawn with a difference—as it were, tucked in. There is more frankness and freedom in their talk, and they don't think it wicked even to be witty; whereas, when our Anglican prelates (with some exceptions, however) condescend to joke, it is rather a serious business. The Transatlantic Bishop never forgets that he is an ecclesiastic, but he is not afraid of dropping the dignitary. In the first place, he generally smokes. We are told, and with truth, by Kingsley, that tobacco begets solemn and devotional thoughts; and no doubt that is why he smokes. My first introduction to the most charming Bishop I ever met, I owed to a cigar. I offered him one, after a certain dinner, not without trepidation—but, as I was going to smoke myself, I only thought it civil—and he accepted it with rapture. "This is the best hospitality," he said, "that I have enjoyed since I came to England." "But did not our Bishops give you good dinners?" I said (much distressed for the honour of the Bench), for I knew he had been on a round of visits to them. "Oh, yes; nothing could be kinder, Sir. But there was no tobacco. *Even at Lambeth*," here his voice took that pathos, for which he was so justly admired in the pulpit, "there was no tobacco!"

A few weeks ago the air was "full of farewells to the dying and mourning for the dead;" a touch of nature seemed to have made the whole world kin; but, since then, human nature has been "restoring the average" by showing its seamy side. The atmosphere of the sick-room has been changed for that of the Law Courts with its actions for libel. There is nothing like these for bringing out, with their unwholesome heat, the worst spawn of humanity. I suppose they are necessary evils. The Greeks alone, we are told, were sufficiently philosophic to despise what anybody chose to say of them. There was no law against the provocation of either words or gesture; "they looked upon any resentment for such contumely (says Hobbes) as arising from the pusillanimity of him who was offended by it." As there was no complainant there was no defendant, and, therefore, no occupation for the gentlemen of the long robe. The Greenlanders, I read, employ no lawyers in cases of slander, but when a gentleman wishes to "say things" of a libellous character he gives his adversary notice of his *intention*, and "it is reckoned a want of spirit if the antagonist does not attend or give a very smart answer." An American gentleman has, however, delivered his testimony against this promptness to defend one's character. "I suppose no man alive," he says, "had been so persecuted by slanderers as I had been: for many years I bore it in contemptuous silence; at last I brought my action, and have regretted it ever since. Those libels were all shown to be justified."

Another and another controversy about smoking! How fond of fighting people must be to wage war against so general a practice! What is the use of it? Do they for a moment suppose that persons who like tobacco, and with whom it agrees, will give it up because other persons who don't like it, and with whom it *disagrees*, affirm they ought to do so? The egotism of such a supposition is amazing. For my part I hate walking; to my mind it is disagreeable in itself, and renders those who indulge in it morose and silent; but I should never dream of attempting to persuade people not to walk. A Canon of St. Paul's, lamenting the spread of smoking, which "accentuates the separation of the sexes"—meaning, I suppose, that poor little half-hour one snatches for a cigar after dinner—thinks that there will be nothing for it but that ladies must smoke too. That would be deplorable indeed; but if the alternative is to be the man's giving up tobacco, I can assure the reverend gentleman that to that we shall come. The peculiarity of the antieverythingarians of all sorts is, however, that they are never right about their data. Smoking does *not*, like drinking, separate the sexes; the most intelligent of the many ladies whom I have had the honour to know are far from hostile to tobacco. A few, no doubt—just as there are a few men similarly constituted—dislike its odour; but with the majority their repugnance to it is not really genuine. They regard the gentle Nicotine as a rival in man's affections, and hope that by abusing her they will induce him to cast her off: a little reasoning (by analogy) would teach them better. An argument, too, that should have some force with them—for this class of dame is generally addicted to the aristocracy—is the fact that the higher the rank of a lady the more leniently, not to say more favourably, does she regard the smoking of her male friends. As to the Don Quixotes who would put an end to it, they might as well recommend the extinguishing of our hearth fires—with which, indeed, it has a much closer connection than they suspect.

Another practice which it is as useless to fight against as "smoke," or a shadow, is that of giving tips to guards and porters. Nevertheless, it has found a new antagonist in one of the railway "organs." Any stick will do to beat a dog with, and this journal actually finds offence in the conduct of the tippers because they do not add to the enormity of their crime by fleeing the engine-drivers and stokers. If the principle is wrong these unpaid persons should surely rejoice in their untempted virtue! Is it possible that this shrill cry of protest proceeds from the engine itself? There is a little scalding steam in it, directed against those wretches who not only tip guards, but "beguile the tedium of a journey by taking one another's money at shilling whist." It can hardly be suggested that they should take, instead of one another's shillings, the money of passengers who are not playing whist; and yet one does not otherwise clearly see the application of this sarcasm. Tips are not given from mere lavishness, but because of some particular service rendered, or supposed to be rendered, to the donor; with some persons—though not very many, after all—it is as natural to reward civilities with a coin of the realm as with a "Thank you." Perhaps, however, even thanks may be demoralising; in that case, let us have a bye-law, by all means, that "no servant of the company is to accept of thanks under pain of instant dismissal": it will be quite as sensible, and just as much respected as the ordinance against tips.

There is great consternation among that respectable sect the Jezreelites on account of the demise of their Queen, who had always proclaimed her own immortality. It was impossible, she said, that the bodies of the elect could ever decay, and now that she has been proved to be in error, there is great alarm among the chosen lest they should be mistaken (and taken) also. It is curious how great a hold many persons have obtained over their fellow-creatures by assuring them they should live for ever, though it is a very easy thing to say, and nobody can ever prove them wrong so long as they live. Generally speaking it is the decease of a gentleman or lady rather than his or her immortality which is looked forward to by those concerned with such excessive interest; the (implied) promise to die is equivalent to a promise to pay, and is esteemed accordingly. It is difficult to put oneself in the position of a personage like Queen Esther, either as regards herself or her friends. The case of Joanna Southcote was in some respects a similar one, only, in addition to her undertaking not to figure in the obituary, she had made a rash promise to appear (so to speak) in a preceding portion of the newspaper, and had, therefore, only a limited time at her disposal. When "the child of many prayers" did not make its appearance, the prophetess had no *raison d'être*. She was like one of those foretellers of the end of the world who place the catastrophe too early: the game was up before it had well begun. "Queen Esther" was only thirty, and might reasonably have looked forward to, at all events, a good long beginning of her immortality. Curiously enough, the "Latter House of Israel," as the Jezreelites call themselves, lost their immortal Prophet, a few years ago, by the same unlooked-for accident of death. The matter was explained by the statement that, though "very good, he was not good enough" (which seems probable), and was therefore forbidden to make one of the 144,000 persons who are predestined to be "the remnant." They are not many as compared with the population, ancient and modern, of the globe; but contrasted with the narrow limits of some theological creeds the company is numerous, and, I need not say, "select." It will be interesting to see whether, having lost both Prophet and Queen, Jezreel and Co. (Limited) will go on or not. As they are said to have £50,000 invested in "plant" (of various kinds), it is probable that some spiritual person will be found to carry on the business.

The existence of a French Archery Club, of which we have heard something lately, must have been a surprise to many of us. One would have thought the bow and arrow were too full of unpleasant associations for a Frenchman to handle; if there is one thing in our English histories which is more typical of our pre-eminence over our neighbours across the Channel than another, it is the Long Bow. There can be no question of our superiority with that weapon; but I confess I have my doubts about the excessive skill with which our use of it has been credited. Is it this exaggeration, I wonder, which has associated the "drawing the long bow" with lying? The Persians were taught "to draw the bow and speak the truth," which seems to be a contradiction in terms. To anyone who has attended a modern archery meeting the difference of its results to those recorded in "Ivanhoe" (which is a fiction) is certainly very marked. No one has ever split a willow wand at a hundred yards, to my knowledge, and far less notched one arrow with another, as at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. I always admired the honest archer in that novel, who confined himself to saying that his grandfather had drawn a good bow at the battle of Hastings, instead of performing any very striking feat himself. In these days of competition for money prizes, which, however low the motive, certainly produce the most excellent performances in every branch of athletics, there is a significant absence of the bow and arrow. If anything could really be done with them, such as one reads of in the historical novel, it certainly would be done. I can fancy no advertisement more attractive than that of "Feats with the old national weapon." If there is "money" in anything, there would certainly be money in that; and yet there are no feats, unless hitting a target the size of a barn-door can be so called. We have "the Foresters" annually at the Crystal Palace, but I am not aware that they attempt to rival Robin Hood. It has been proved incontestably that William Tell never split an apple on his son's head with an arrow, and I don't believe that the similar miracles attributed to the English archer rest upon any more solid foundation. If they do, let us see them. It was once observed to one of old, who boasted of the jumping powers he had exhibited at Rhodes, "Here is Rhodes, here is the leap"; and the same remark may be made to the English archer.

It is not generally known that the question of "appeal," which has been so much mooted of late, had at one time a more important bearing upon the interests of barristers themselves than upon those of the public. In the middle of the seventeenth century the Lords of Session in Scotland took it into their heads to deny to the Faculty of Advocates the right of appeal from their Lordships' decisions to Parliament. The advocates strenuously resisted, whereupon the Lords of Session obtained an order from the King and Council discharging all appeals, and commanding instant submission from the members of the Bar. Then the advocates withdrew in a body from the Courts, and brought the legal business of the country—save what could be carried on by solicitors—to a complete standstill. This was something like patriotism. To punish this contumacy the Lords banished the whole lot of them to "twelve miles from Edinburgh." It must have been a high time for "the lower branch of the profession." Self-denial, however, has its limits. The advocates got tired of living upon one another, with appetites increased by unlimited games at golf; and perhaps the Lords of Session began to perceive that their co[ercion] might possibly go, too, if the state of siege cont[inued]. Sir George Mackenzie, afterwards Lord-Advocate—to [whom] Edinburgh is indebted for its admirable library—proposed to plead the cause of his brethren before their oppressors, and was permitted to do so. He spoke with great warmth and eloquence, and, both sides having probably become aware on which side their bread was buttered, a compromise was effected, to the general joy of a litigious public. What "the writers to the Signet" and "the solicitors to the Supreme Court" (or whoever were their equivalents in those days) thought about it is not recorded.

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH.

The phonograph, which has nothing to do either with the telephone or the telegraph means of instantaneous communication, is a wonderful instrument for preserving, and for repeating in any place, from a permanent acoustic record, the tones, accents, and articulate syllables uttered by the human voice, perfect discourse in its original pronunciation, as well as every kind of musical and other sounds, after conveyance of the inscribed record, by ordinary carriage, to within hearing of a future auditor. Professor Edison, of Orange, New Jersey, in the United States of America, renowned for his improvements of the electric-light apparatus and other most valuable scientific contrivances, is the inventor of the phonograph, a rudimentary form of which, exhibited in London ten years ago, then excited much public curiosity. He has, during the past twelvemonth, brought it to a degree of comparative perfection, which was practically tested here, on June 25, by experiments at the house of Colonel G. E. Gouraud, the agent in London for Mr. Edison's inventions, residing at Little Menlo, Beulah-hill, Upper Norwood; and on June 29, in the Press Gallery at the Handel Festival, in the Crystal Palace. Our Illustrations represent the scenes on these two occasions: in the first instance, a private family party at Norwood listening to the tones and words of Mr. Edison's voice, ten days after he had spoken in America, at a distance of nearly three thousand miles—the "phonogram" having been sent from New York on June 16, with the regular United States mail, by the German Lloyd's steam-ship Eider, to Southampton; in the other case, during the grand performance of Handel's music, the phonograph reporting with perfect accuracy the sublime strains, vocal and instrumental, of the "Israel in Egypt," received by a large horn projecting over the balustrade in the vast concert-room in the north transept of the Crystal Palace. The machine was worked by Mr. De Courcy Hamilton, one of Mr. Edison's assistants, who had brought it from America. The "phonograms" being sent to Mr. Edison, all the Handel choruses, as sung here by four thousand voices, with the orchestral and organ accompaniments, will be heard in New York and in other American cities. They can be repeated to a hundred different audiences for years to come.

We can only give a brief account of the essential parts of the phonograph. There is a disc of bright metal, rather larger than a shilling piece, so poised as to vibrate in correspondence with any sound that is received by the instrument. Below, and attached to this disc, is a minute point of metal, like a fine pin, which, as the diaphragm or disc vibrates, cuts an exceedingly delicate, sinuous, hair-like line into a revolving cylinder of wax. When the record is once engraved on the cylinder, we can, by reversing the movement, get back from the instrument the sounds that were put into it. In the phonograph first exhibited in this country ten years ago, which was illustrated in this journal on Aug. 3, 1878, the sound-marks were made, in a similar manner, on tin-foil; and their tone was metallic, nasal—sometimes a squeak, indeed—very often ludicrous or miserable; but Mr. Edison has now constructed a phonograph which, by substituting a composition of wax for the tin-foil, and by other important contrivances, has entirely got rid of any harshness or weakness of tone. In external appearance, Mr. Edison's wax cylinders are like ivory napkin or serviette rings, only rather larger, and about three inches long; they fit on a small iron rod, which is put in rapid motion when wanted by a little bi-chromate galvanic battery, seen in our Illustration under the table. When Mr. Edison, in the earlier period of his experiments, desired to use one of the cylinders over again for new matter, much time was wasted in passing it through the apparatus. He now arranges a minute knife upon the same arm which bears the diaphragm stylus. The knife cuts off a shaving, and the diaphragm stylus follows in its wake; both operations being accomplished at once. Wax cylinders are made thick enough to allow the indented surface to be planed off twenty times or more, so the same cylinder can be used for as many different transcriptions. Another new device perfects the method of duplicating phonograms containing matter which may be worth selling, such as books, music, sermons, speeches, or plays. When a phonogram of special interest or value is obtained, which it is desired to multiply, it is coated electrically with nickel until a thick plate is obtained. This plate, when detached from the wax and pressed against a fresh sheet of warm wax, gives an exact reproduction of the original phonogram: and such duplicates may be made so easily and rapidly as to cost scarcely anything. To obtain the first phonogram of the book or of a piece of music may require care and special skill. Once obtained, a million can be made from this one nickel mould. So far as countless experiments in the laboratory show, there is no perceptible or audible wear in the wax phonogram, no matter how frequently it is made to repeat a message.

If Colonel Gourand wants to phonograph a despatch to New York he talks into the mouthpiece, the cylinder is turned round by the electric current, the repeating disc vibrates in harmony with the voice, and the minute point below traces on the wax surface of the cylinder its invisible curves, and that is all. The message is done; you can now take it off and post it—at the ordinary letter rate—to America. In those four inches he has a thousand words, which would be a very long letter. Probably he does not wish to send more than 250 words. If so, a corresponding length can be cut off and dispatched by post. The phonogram produced would in New York be placed on a corresponding machine, and exactly reproduced. We have a copy of the first phonogram, which was a private letter from Mr. Edison to Colonel Gourand, consisting of about two hundred words, treating of business and family affairs. Mr. Edison's voice was recognised by every hearer in Colonel Gouraud's house, including a child seven years old. Several pieces of music, vocal solos and duets, and performances on the pianoforte, cornet, and other instruments, sung or played in America, have been repeated in England by the phonograph. A poetical ode, of four verses, dictated by the Rev. Horatio Nelson Powers, D.D., of Piermont, on the Hudson, has also been spoken, in the author's own voice, through this marvellous machine.

Many of the most important parts of the phonograph are concealed in a small metal-covered box; but, as Mr. Edison has expressed a wish for the present to keep secret the details as to some new points in the construction of the phonograph until his patents have been obtained, we therefore omit further description of its interior workings.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Limp legislators see Henley, Wimbledon, one after the other of the social landmarks of the London Season, pass by, but have up to the present time been prevented by drenching showers from seeking recreation far from Westminster. One recompense some have had: their path has been figuratively strewn with roses at the few fêtes which Court mourning did not suppress, and which were fragrant with the sweet odour of the queen of flowers, richly abundant this inclement July—out of compliment, mayhap, to Mr. Alma-Tadema's lustrous Academy painting, "The Roses of Heliogabalus."

The Marquis of Salisbury, notwithstanding the fact that noble Lords, by their grasp of every variety of subject of great Imperial and tiny local importance have continued to rival the Nasmyth hammer in graduated force, perseveres with his diminutive measure for the reform of the House of Lords by the introduction of a handful of life Peers. The Prime Minister on the Tenth of July secured the second reading of this measure, which may be summed up in one sentence: it empowers her Majesty, by the advice of the Premier, to create a maximum of five new life Peers per year, the total number not to exceed fifty. How jealously even so infinitesimal an addition as this to the House is scrutinised was shown by the more or less grave utterances of Earl Beauchamp, the Earl of Derby (who gave his approval in a wet-blanket fashion), Lord Colchester, Lord Midleton, the Earl of Dunraven, the Duke of Argyll, Earl Granville, the Earl of Feversham, and the Earl of Rosebery, who developed a fine vein of ironic banter not unworthy the favourite style of Lord Salisbury himself. The noble Earl occasioned a little mild laughter by thus neatly epitomising the Bill, whilst the Lord Chancellor beamed amiably as usual from the woolsack on which he looks so comfortable: "It is as if, when one wanted to go to America, the noble Marquis offered you a hansom cab; it would take you to Euston Station, but there would still be very many miles to go."

An incident not without its pathos opened the proceedings of the House of Lords on the previous day. The Lord Chancellor evoked fresh sympathy with the bereaved Empress Victoria of Germany by reading her Imperial Majesty's gracious reply to their Lordships' resolution of condolence. The reply was conveyed by the British Ambassador at Berlin, and its closing words deserve to be quoted:—"Her Imperial Majesty desired me to convey to their Lordships' House, through your Lordship, her gratitude for these marks of sympathy with her deep distress, and to express the hope that the memory of the Emperor Frederick, her dearly-beloved husband, may ever be preserved."

We are in for a new Zulu War. That is clear from the despatch, dated the Eighth of July, from Sir Arthur Havelock to the Secretary for the Colonies. Lord Knutsford communicated this to the House of Lords on the Ninth of July. The gist of the telegram from South Africa was that, "In consequence of the defeat of Usibepu and the withdrawal of police magistracy at Ivuna, June 23, disturbance has become serious. Natives of coast district to the north of Zulu Native Reserve, through fear of Dinizulu, have taken part in rebellion. Attack upon the Magistrates of district threatened. The British troops and native contingents gave assistance to-day. Am confident forces now in Zululand are sufficient for the restoration of good order, unless any unexpected complications arise." Lord Knutsford himself explained that Dinizulu, the son of Cetewayo, and his uncle, Undabuco, are at Kezah, with a force computed at about 4000 men; but his Lordship had every confidence in the ability of Sir Arthur Havelock and General Smyth to cope with the Zulus. Lord Knutsford summed up the policy of the Government at this juncture tersely: "My Lords, our duty is a plain one, and it is to put down Dinizulu and Usibepu, and to prevent any further raids on the British authority." A memorable past disaster in Zululand will doubtless induce the Generals engaged in the present campaign to employ amply sufficient troops to terminate the operations with swift success.

It was generally felt that by far the gravest feature of Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell's fruitless libel action against the *Times* was the reading in open court by the Attorney-General of the series of incriminatory letters purporting to have been written by Mr. Parnell before and after the terrible murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in the Phœnix Park. The publication of these seemingly sinister epistles demanded instant notice at the hands of the Irish Home Rule Leader. In anticipation of this personal explanation, hon. members filled the House on the Sixth of July, the day after the jury returned a verdict against Mr. O'Donnell. Earl Spencer was conspicuous in the Peers' Gallery; and from the gallery to the right of the Speaker, Sir George Trevelyan, naturally as keenly interested as the noble Earl in what was to come, eagerly scanned the Parnellite ranks, in the centre of which sat Mr. Parnell, apparently as cool and collected as ever. Sir Richard Webster, seated next the Solicitor-General at the gangway end of the front Ministerial bench, looked calmly on; and the Marquis of Hartington, with hat down over his eyes, bore himself in the corner seat of the front Opposition bench with a characteristic stolidity, in strong contrast to the restlessness of Mr. Gladstone, who leant forward in his seat, and fixedly regarded Mr. Parnell when he rose, with a sheaf of papers in his hands, to make his speech. Mr. Parnell spoke with habitual deliberation and clearness: and the pith of his statement was that the criminatory letters read by Sir Richard Webster were "absolute forgeries." Mr. Justin McCarthy followed, and declared that the cheque for £100, alleged by Frank Byrne to have been received from Mr. Parnell, at the time of his flight, was actually paid to Byrne by himself (Mr. Justin McCarthy) in the ordinary course of business in connection with the Home-Rule League; and Mr. McCarthy explicitly added that he had no suspicion of any sinister designs on the part of Byrne.

The member for Cork moved further in the matter on the Ninth of July. Mr. Parnell quickly followed Sir Wilfrid Lawson (he had risen, indeed, before the hon. Baronet) in requesting that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the authenticity of the allegations made against the Home-Rule chief at the recent O'Donnell trial. Mr. Smith replied that his view remained precisely the same as last year: that there existed impartial tribunals—alluding to the Law Courts—more competent than the House to try the case. Whereupon, Mr. Parnell promptly gave the First Lord of the Treasury notice of motion for a Select Committee, or for a day for discussion, in order that he might "have an opportunity of repelling the foul and untruthful charges which have been made against me by the Attorney-General."

We are to have an autumn session. Mr. Smith stated on the Tenth of July that the Local Government Bill would be pushed forward with energy. If this measure and Supply should be finished early in August, the Leader of the House thought "we might then hope to adjourn until the last week in October or the first week in November." Sanctioned by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Smith's proposition that Government business have precedence for the rest of the Session was agreed to.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

On Monday, July 9, the annual prize-meeting of the National Rifle Association opened at Wimbledon—the last, probably, which will be held on that familiar ground. There is no falling off in the number or importance of the rewards offered for good marksmanship, in the character and variety of the programme, or in the general alacrity of competition. On the contrary, the value of the prizes to be contended for at Wimbledon at the meeting amounts to over £16,500, being the largest total yet given. Excluding the challenge cups, the value is about £12,500, the Association giving nearly £10,000. Throughout the whole fortnight's proceedings, from July 9 to July 21, an ample list has been prepared of matches and contests. In spite of the changeable weather, the shooting, on the whole, was remarkably good on the first day. Only three competitions were brought to a conclusion. The Alexandra Prize was won by Colour-Sergeant Vicars, of the Queen's Westminsters, with an aggregate score of 64; Colour-Sergeant Semmence, 4th Norfolk, £20; Corporal M'Mooran 1st Highland Light Infantry, and Sergeant Palmer, 1st Warwick, £15 each. In the team match for officers of the Regulars against the Auxiliaries, the latter won by 110 points. The Inter-University match for the Humphry Cup was won by Oxford, their total being 626 against 562 made by Cambridge.—The shooting was much above the average at Wimbledon on July 10, especially in the 200 yards for the Queen's Prize, in which many gold medallists of previous years took prominent positions. The Albert Prize of £20 was won by Private Jory, of the Guernsey Militia. In unfinished competitions two highest possible scores were made at the 200 yards range, three at 500 yards, and two at 800 yards. The men under canvas spent a very uncomfortable time on the night of July 10, there being a strong wind and a deluge of rain, followed by very low temperature. The thermometer went down to within nine degrees of the freezing point, and though the weather was fair on the 11th, it was cold and dull. A great part of the common was converted into a sort of bog, so that the competitions were carried on under considerable difficulties. The principal business was the shooting at 500 yards in the first stage of the Queen's Prize competition. Among the best scores made were the following:—Sergeant Baines, 2nd Somerset; Private High, 2nd Norfolk; Lieutenant Clark, 1st Norfolk; Private Simpson, 1st Argyle and Sutherland; and Colour-Sergeant Allan, 2nd Northumberland.

Among the recent donations to the Polytechnic Endowment Fund are the Grocers' Company, £200, and the Clothworkers' Company, £500.

Sir Thomas Francis Wade, M.A., K.C.B., Professor of Chinese, has been elected to the lately-vacant Professorial Fellowship at King's College, Cambridge.

The "Silver Fête," in the Exhibition Grounds, South Kensington, was opened on Wednesday, for the benefit of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea.

The Hastings Town Council have conferred the honorary freedom of the borough on Lord Brassey, who is the first recipient of the distinction since the passing of the Municipal Reform Bill.

Mr. Charles St. Clair Bedford has resigned the post of Coroner for the City and Liberty of Westminster, which he held for the past forty-three years. Mr. John Troutbeck has been chosen in his stead.

The Duke of Devonshire has issued a circular to his tenants informing them that he will allow an abatement of 22½ per cent off their rents this year. They were allowed 30 per c...e last year.

Vice-Admiral Sir William Graham retires, through ill-health, from the post of Controller of the Navy, and he will be succeeded by Rear-Admiral J. O. Hopkins, at present Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard.

The recumbent effigy of the late Bishop Moberly, erected in the Lady Chapel of Salisbury Cathedral to the memory of that prelate, was unveiled on July 9 in the presence of a large number of spectators.

The grant of life-annuities, and annuities for terms of years, which has been suspended in consequence of the recent conversion of the National Debt, will be resumed by the National Debt Commissioners at their office, Old Jewry, on and after Monday, July 16.

It is understood that the Emperor William will leave Berlin for Kiel on the evening of July 13. After remaining there for one day his Majesty will proceed by sea to St. Petersburg, reaching the Russian capital on the evening of the 18th. The Emperor will only be accompanied by a very small suite.

The King and Queen of Saxony arrived at Copenhagen on July 6. They were received at the railway station by King Christian and the members of the Royal family. They visited the Exhibition, and opened the section for German exhibits next day. There was a State dinner in their honour on Monday. They proceeded to Stockholm.

The trial of Mr. O'Donnell's action against the *Times* came to a somewhat abrupt termination on July 5. When the Attorney-General had concluded his speech the question was raised whether there was any case to go to the jury, the Lord Chief Justice intimating that he could not consider there was any case then against the defendants, the plaintiff not having gone into the box. Mr. Ruegg, however, addressed the jury on one or two points, and, Lord Coleridge having briefly summed up, a verdict for the defendants was at once returned. Judgment was entered accordingly, with a certificate for a special jury and costs.

The bronze statue of the famous Scottish patriot and warrior, Sir William Wallace, recently unveiled by the Marquis of Lorne at Aberdeen, of which we gave an Illustration last week, was provided by the trustees, Mr. J. O. Macqueen and others, under the will of the late Mr. John Steill, of Edinburgh, a native of Arbroath, who died in 1871, a bachelor, aged sixty-three, leaving money for this purpose to be deferred until after the death of a friend, his faithful housekeeper, Margaret Strachan, who survived him till 1877. The statue is a fine work of art by Mr. W. Grant Stevenson, A.R.S.A., of Edinburgh, and has cost, with the pedestal, £3250. It stands near the centre of Union-street, in one of the best sites in Aberdeen.

The show of horses and cattle under the auspices of the Royal Agricultural Society was opened at Nottingham on Monday, July 9. The number of entries is large, and the quality is reported to be very good. Her Majesty sends seven animals in various competitions, and the Prince of Wales nineteen. The Queen and the Prince both take prizes. Mr. R. Thompson, of Penrith, has carried off, for the first time in the history of the society, the first prizes in four classes of cows and heifers. On July 10 the horses were paraded for the first time. A meeting of the council was held, at which the prizes in the farm competitions were awarded. It was announced at the general meeting of the society that the Queen has accepted the presidency of the society for next year, and that the active and necessary duties of the office will be undertaken by the Prince of Wales.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Last Saturday evening three of our most popular artists made their bow gracefully, and bade us all "Good-bye!" until Christmas comes. Mr. Henry Irving—who, *mirabile dictu*, actually got through his season with the little "Amber Heart" and the farcical "Robert Macaire"—is going to pay a round of visits and to dream about "Macbeth" and to have long conversations with scene-painters and decorators until he is ready to start on his provincial tour with "Faust," accompanied by Miss Marion Terry, now, happily, recovered from her illness, and who is not likely to be very long out of an engagement. Miss Ellen Terry, at last released from work, is in the "seventh heaven" of delight at the thoughts of taking her daughter, Ailsa Craig, abroad to Switzerland, and Italy, and Venice, and "her lovely spots, and so home by Germany to pick up her toy, who ought to be a musician, like his sister; but, like all artists' children, have both of them a hankering after the stage. The third departing swallow is Mr. J. L. Toole, who left his theatre in fits of laughter over a little joke he had arranged in his farewell speech, and left, moreover, crowded houses; for during this bitterly cold weather of an English July "The Don" has "caught on," as they say, and could well have run on all the summer. But Mr. Toole had other fish to fry. He has never acted in Guernsey or Jersey, so away to the Channel Islands he has gone this week, resting for a few hours at Weymouth whilst the vessel was getting up steam. After a five-weeks' holiday, spent, as usual, abroad, and some of it devoted to the water-cure at Aix-les-Bains, the merry comedian will be off on his usual popular provincial tour. This being the case, we have to depend mainly for our entertainment and amusement on our foreign guests. The engagement of the Daly company is drawing to a close at the Gaiety, and before they go home they will play at Stratford-on-Avon, Glasgow, several other provincial centres, and in Paris, where Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew" will astonish the boulevardians. Before leaving London, Mr. Daly has promised the revival of a few of his most popular farces, and amongst them there will be found, no doubt, "A Night Off" and "Nancy."

Sara Bernhardt has arrived in London, and appeared in "La Tosca" with the result everyone anticipated. People seem to admire the actress more than ever, but do not profess to be particularly enamoured with Sardou's play. It is at best but a tawdry and commonplace melodrama, arranged with little skill, and written with no effect. Still, the actress, who has gained enormously in physical power, is able to get the whole audience into her grip during the scene of Mario's torture and the grim position of Scarpia's base proposal. Her cries in the torture-scene are heartrending, and she works up the spectator to a state of frenzy; in fact, on the first night one of our most popular actresses fainted dead away in her private box when the curtain fell. In the murder of Scarpia this great actress showed stronger and more effective tragic power than has ever been observed before, and a pin might have been heard to drop from the moment that she plunges the carving-knife into the wretch's heart to that silent awful second when the woman who has prepared her victim for burial steals horror-stricken from the accursed room. There are certainly very violent instances of bad taste in this play, and scenes calculated roughly to shock religious susceptibilities. It is not quite fair to say that the Cathedral scenes are no worse than those presented on the same Lyceum stage in "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Faust." They are not the same because there is a church in both. There is nothing gross or material in the Benedick and Beatrice scenes in Shakspeare's play, and there is no possible comparison between Margaret's prayer to the Virgin when she is overburdened with sorrow and the pictures of the Tosca's hypocritical devotion in the new play. Unless superbly done, the final moments of Scarpia's death-scene would provoke ridicule in this country. But whatever may be thought of the play, Sara Bernhardt is sure to be a great success. It is a pity, however, that so sombre a drama has no relief: the comedy-scenes are wholly unworthy of so fine a dramatist as Sardou.

One of the very best of the modern comedies of complication is an ingenious and well-written play called "The Paper-Chase," now being acted at Toole's Theatre by a clever little company collected by Mr. Lionel Brough. Mr. Charles Thomas is evidently an adept at construction. He is your true dramatic puzzle-maker, and he is able to tell a capital story in a lively manner and without offence. The plot is as innocent as it is wholesome, and there is no need for Mr. Charles Wyndham or Mr. Charles Hawtrey to subsidise French or German dramatists when there is one at hand who can build skilfully and adorn with taste. Mr. Lionel Brough's performance of old Busby, the incarnation of logical obtuseness and of intelligible inconsequence, is one of the best things of the kind that have been seen in modern plays. The part is acted with really remarkable artistic skill, and Mr. Brough, the comedian, never for one instant obtrudes above the idiotic old Busby. Every movement and gesture have been the result of careful study, and it is not too much to say that the audience roars with laughter whenever the actor opens his mouth. Mr. Brough has so often been called over the coals for extravagance that it is all the more gratifying to congratulate him on so genuinely comic and artistic a performance as this. Miss Kate Phillips is the only possible successor to Mrs. Bancroft on the modern stage. Her excellent comedy powers, her sparkle of expression, and her lightness of touch are exhibited to great advantage in this play, and her pretty dresses fit her like a glove. All the acting, however, is good, and the play is helped to its success by excellent endeavours on the part of Mr. E. W. Garden, Mr. E. D. Ward, Mr. R. Soutar—who is very welcome on his return to the stage—Miss Helen Leyton, a clever and earnest actress, and Miss Margaret Brough, a pretty and intelligent young girl.

July 14 being fixed for the annual holiday of the Arsenal employés, the Hospital Saturday collection in Woolwich was made on Saturday, July 7. The amount collected was £207, being £60 in excess of any former collection.

Strawberry-hill Estate, at Twickenham, the residence of Horace Walpole, and subsequently of the late Countess Waldegrave, was offered for sale at the Auction Mart on July 10 by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. The mansion and grounds extend to about fifty acres. Although the auctioneer asked for an offer of £70,000 as the minimum value of the property, the only bid was £15,000, and the property was withdrawn.

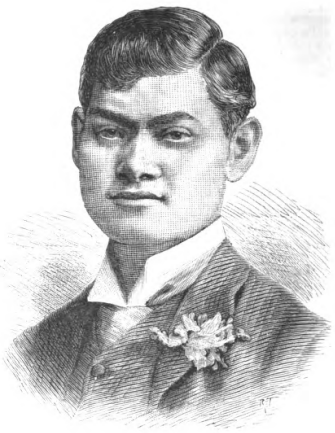
The programme for the Official Inspection of the Fleet by the Lords of the Admiralty has now been completed. On Friday, July 13, they inspect the Fleet at Spithead, which measures three miles in length, and return to harbour in the evening. Their Lordships sleep on board. On Saturday morning they proceed to Portland to inspect the B Squadron, and will remain there until Monday, when the A and B Squadrons will combine and manœuvre in presence of their Lordships. On Monday evening the Fleet will proceed down Channel to Plymouth, where they will remain a few days. From the time of leaving Portland the Fleet will be away eight weeks.



THE RIGHT REV. R. C. BILLING, D.D.,
THE NEW BISHOP OF BEDFORD.



SIR EDWARD BLOUNT, K.C.B.,
DIRECTOR OF FRENCH RAILWAYS.



MR. CHAN-TOON,
A DISTINGUISHED BURMESE LAW STUDENT OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

THE NEW BISHOP OF BEDFORD.

The Rev. R. C. Billing, Rector of Spitalfields and Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, was recently appointed Bishop Suffragan of Bedford. Robert Claudius Billing was educated at Worcester College, Oxford, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1857. In the same year he was ordained deacon, and, in the year following, priest, by the Bishop of Rochester. He held the curacy of St. Peter, Colchester, from the date of his ordination till 1860, and then for one year that of Compton Bishop, in Somersetshire. In 1861 he was appointed one of the secretaries of the Church Missionary Society in the diocese of York. After two years he became Vicar of Holy Trinity, Louth, where he stayed ten years, till his appointment to a London living as Vicar of Holy Trinity, Islington. Here he was Vicar five years, until 1878, when he was transferred to the rectory of Spitalfields, where he has been well known for his earnest work among the poor. Mr. Billing has been Chaplain of the London Lay Helpers' Association since 1885, Commissioner under the Pluralities Act for the Archdeaconry of London since 1886, and Prebendary (of Holborn) in the see of London since the same date.

It should be a cause of satisfaction to the London clergy that one of their own number, who has worked long and successfully in the East-End of London, has been appointed to succeed the Bishop of Wakefield.

SIR EDWARD BLOUNT, K.C.B.

This gentleman, on whom her Majesty has conferred the honour of Knighthood, is second son of the late Edward Blount, Esq., of Bellamore, Staffordshire, M.P. for Steyning. He is uncle to the head of the family, Sir Walter De Sodington Blount, Bart., of Mawley Hall, Shropshire. Mr. Edward Blount began life in the Home Secretary's office in 1827, during the Ministry of Mr. Canning. He soon afterwards left England for Rome, and removed to Paris in 1831, from which time he has principally resided in that city, and was engaged there as a banker till 1870. During many years past Mr. Edward Blount's name has been associated with the most considerable public works in France. He was among the chief founders of the Paris and Rouen Railway, one of the first lines opened in France, in 1843, and of the Havre, Dieppe, Cherbourg, and Brest lines, now amalgamated with the Western Railway of France, of which Sir Edward Blount is chairman. He is also deputy chairman of the Paris, Lyons, Mediterranean Railway Company, and is connected with railways in Austria, Spain, Italy and Portugal. He is chairman of the Paris Compagnie Générale des Eaux, which is executing works all over Europe. Mr. Edward Blount was created a Companion of the Bath in 1871, for the services he rendered to the British Government and British residents during the siege of Paris, when he held temporarily the post of British Consul. He is now raised to the rank of Knighthood in that order. He married, in 1834, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. William Jerningham, brother of the eighth Lord Stafford. He has one surviving son, Mr. Henry Blount, who is Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Sussex.

Nearly 6000 Volunteers in the Home District command underwent their annual official inspection on July 7.

Under favourable conditions the annual night fête of the Royal Botanic Society in their grounds in Regent's Park is one of the pleasantest gatherings of the season. The heavy showers which fell at intervals during the day rather interfered with the enjoyment of those who attended the fête this year. It is true that there was no rain during the evening, and that the night air was warm and genial, but the grassy slopes were so damp that to walk upon them was a risky undertaking. The grounds were illuminated as usual with thousands of Clarke's "fairy lights" and transparent globes, which marked out the shapes of the paths and flower-beds, and glistened among the foliage of the trees. There was a large and fashionable gathering.



MODEL OF A GROUP BY C. B. LAWES, AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

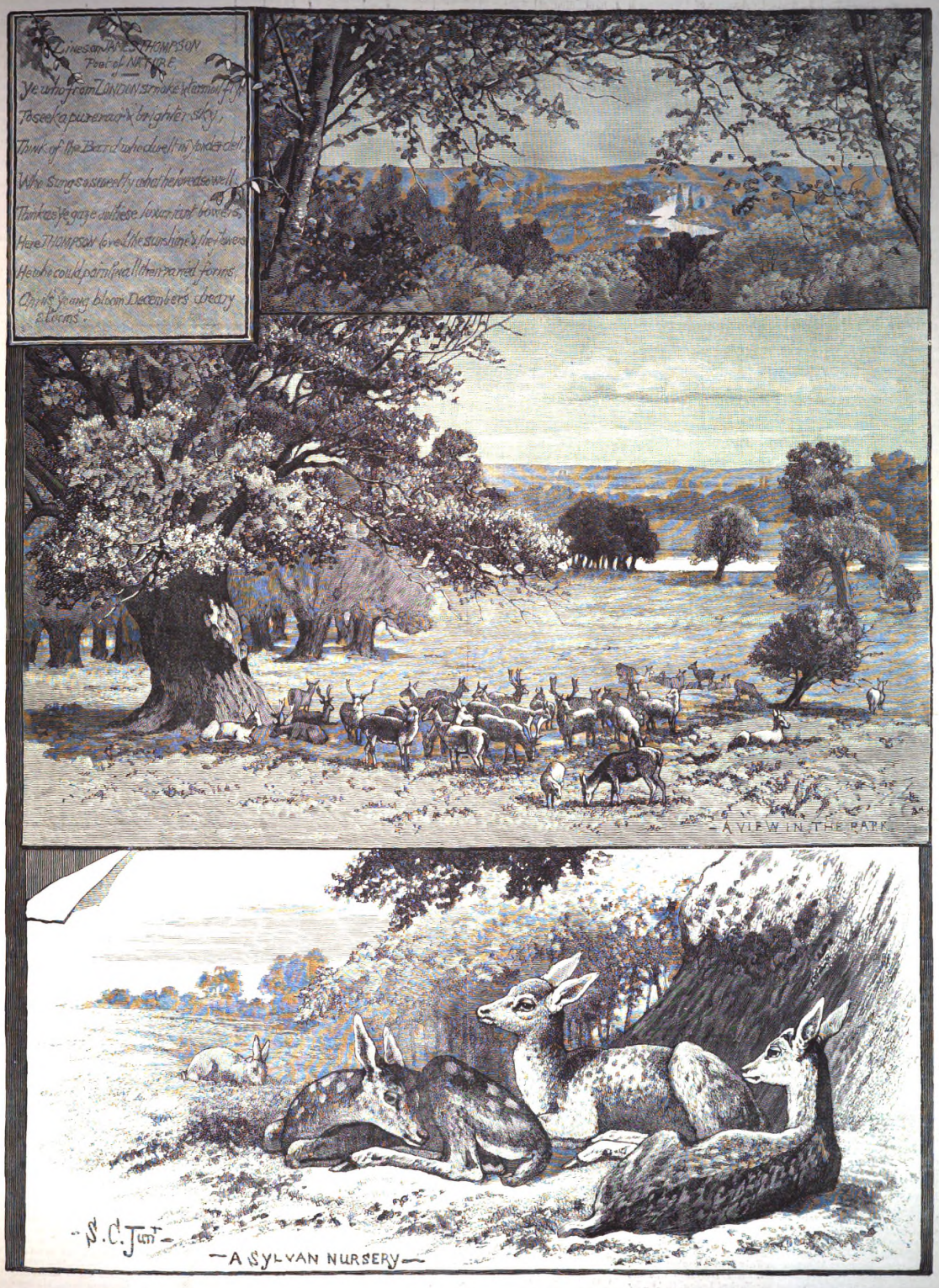
"They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
They loosed him with a sudden lash,
Away! away! and on we dash!"

A BURMESE LAW STUDENT.

Among the students of the Middle Temple called to the Bar last term was Mr. Chan-Toon, a native of Burmah. During his studentship, Mr. Chan-Toon competed for the eight principal prizes open to law students and gained them all. The Masters of the Bench of the Middle Temple have passed a resolution to offer their best congratulations to Mr. Chan-Toon on his most distinguished career as a student of the Inn, recognising the great honour Mr. Chan-Toon has, by his success, gained for the Society. To no other student of the Inn has a similar compliment ever been paid. We are informed that Mr. Chan-Toon is the third son of Mr. Re Kyaw Thoo, and was born at Akyab, British Burmah, Feb. 23, 1867. At the age of eight he was sent to Calcutta to enter the Doveton College, where he was principally educated. There he distinguished himself by winning the best prizes. At the age of fifteen he matriculated at the Calcutta University. He left India for England early in 1883, with a view to enter the Indian Civil Service. For this purpose he entered University College, London, and latterly became a pupil of Messrs. Wren and Gurney. But the method and subjects of study of the Indian Civil Service were not suited to him; and he chose to pursue the study of the law. He entered the Middle Temple at Michaelmas Term, 1885. His taste for law soon showed itself, and within two years he has won the following prizes: the Inns of Court Studentship in Roman Law and Jurisprudence, Hilary, 1888; £50 Roman Law, International and Constitutional Law, Council of Legal Education Prize, Hilary, 1888; first class Common Law Middle Temple Scholar, Hilary, 1888; first class International and Constitutional Law Scholar, Hilary, 1887; second class Common Law Scholar, Trinity, 1887; second class International and Constitutional Law Scholar, Trinity, 1886; £15 Roman Law Jurisprudence, Council of Legal Education Prize, Hilary, 1887. Mr. Chan-Toon was called to the Bar in Trinity Term, 1888. We hope that he will have a successful professional career, and that others of the Burmese race, who are now our fellow-subjects of the British Empire, will emulate his bright example.

Notwithstanding the unpromising weather, twenty-two coaches assembled at the Magazine, Hyde Park, on July 7, at the second meet for the season of the Coaching Club.

Henley Regatta was concluded on July 6. The Grand Challenge Cup was won by the Thames R.C.; the Ladies' Challenge Plate by the Lady Margaret B.C.; the Stewards' Challenge Cup by Trinity Hall B.C.; the Silver Goblets by Buck and Symonds; the Thames Challenge Cup by the Lady Margaret B.C.; the Wyfold Challenge Cup by the Thames R.C.; the Diamond Challenge Sculls, by Nickalls, of Magdalen College B.C.; and the Visitors' Challenge Cup by Brasenose College B.C.



RAMBLING SKETCHES: RICHMOND PARK.

OBITUARY.

LORD WOLVERTON.

The Right Hon. Henry Richard Glyn, third Baron Wolverton, of Wolverton, in the county of Buckingham, died at Warren House, Coombe, on July 2. He was born July 18, 1861, the elder son of the late Vice-Admiral the Hon. Henry Carr Glyn, C.B., C.S.I., by Rose, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Denis Mahon, of Dromore Castle, in the county of Kerry. He succeeded to the peerage at the death of his uncle, George Grenfell, second Lord Wolverton, so lately as Nov. 6 last. The family of Glyn is one of the chief banking houses of the City of London. Lord Wolverton having died unmarried, the title devolves on his brother Frederick, now fourth Lord Wolverton, born in 1864.



THE HON. F. J. TOLLEMACHE.

The Hon. Frederick James Tollemache, formerly M.P. for Grantham, died at his residence, Ham House, Petersham, Surrey, on July 2, aged eighty-four. He was the fifth son of William, Lord Huntingtower, son of Louisa, Countess of Dysart, and was brother of Lionel, seventh Earl of Dysart. He was educated at Harrow, and represented Grantham in Parliament, as a Conservative, from 1826 to 1831, 1837 to 1852, 1857 to 1865, and, as a Liberal, from 1868 to 1874. He married, first, Aug. 26, 1831, Sarah Maria, daughter of Mr. Robert Bomford, of Rahinstown, in Meath; and secondly, Sept. 4, 1847, Isabella Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. George Gordon Forbes; and leaves issue, by his second wife, an only child, Ada Maria Katherine, wife of Lord Sudeley.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir William Wellington Cairns, K.C.M.G., half-brother to the late Earl Cairns, on July 7, in his sixty-first year.

The Rev. George Edward Prescott, M.A., for forty-nine years Rector of Digswell, Herts, on June 25, aged eighty-three.

Mr. James Pankhurst, H.B.M.'s Vice-Consul at Lausanne, on June 22, aged forty-two.

Major Alexander Carre Boswell, late Bengal Army, at Ramsgate, on June 7, aged seventy-five.

Lieutenant-Colonel George Henry Wildes, 3rd Battalion Cheshire Regiment, on June 18, aged forty-three.

Mr. James Tabor, of Rochford Hall, Essex, J.P. and D.L., on June 26, aged eighty-nine.

The Rev. Charles Hodgson Harbord, B.A., R.N., Chaplain of her Majesty's Dockyard at Bermuda, aged forty-nine.

Mr. Charles Steer, late Judge of the High Court, Calcutta, at Sutton Manor House, on July 1, aged seventy-seven.

Dr. Henry J. Domville, C.B., Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, suddenly, at Paignton, on July 8.

Rev. Alan Marmaduke Alington, M.A., for twenty-four years Rector of Benniworth, Lincolnshire, at Outram-terrace, Stoke, Devonport, on June 22, aged fifty-two.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Schuler Leacock, Bombay Infantry, at Baroda, India, on May 23. He served with distinction throughout the Abyssinian Expedition of 1867-68.

Captain Robert Augustus Ritherdon, 1st Madras Pioneers, son of Major-General Augustus William Ritherdon, Madras Staff Corps, of Waltair, Sydenham, on June 1, at Madras.

Mr. James Anderson, Q.C., at his residence at Clapham, on June 22, aged eighty-four. Mr. Anderson married, in 1871, Minnie, daughter of Mr. George Upward, of Blackheath.

The Rev. Willoughby William Townley Balfour, late Rector of Aston Flamville-cum-Burbage, Leicestershire, at Fairy-hill, Rostrevor, in the county of Down, on June 29, aged eighty-six.

Mr. John Charles Marriott Forbes, at Calcutta, on May 27, aged forty-six. He was the fifth son of the Hon. Robert Forbes, son of the seventeenth Lord Forbes.

Sir John Hardy, Bart., elder brother of Viscount Cranbrook, the Lord President of the Council, on July 9, in the eightieth year of his age, from the effects of a carriage accident. His memoir will be given in our next Issue.

Mr. George West, C.B., late H.B.M.'s Consul at Suez, on June 23. He was born in 1817. Mr. West married, in 1848, Emily, daughter of Mr. John Haines and widow of Mr. William S. Leese.

Colonel Edward Christopher Codrington, late Bengal Staff Corps, at Exmouth, on July 1, aged fifty. He served in the Indian Mutiny, for which he received four medals, with clasps, for his gallantry.

The Rev. David Bruce, M.A., Hon. Canon of Durham Cathedral, some time Vicar of Ferry Hill and Merrington, Durham, at 82, Lexham-gardens, Kensington, W., on June 24, aged seventy-eight.

The Ven. W. J. Phillpotts, Archdeacon of Cornwall, and Chancellor of the Diocese of Exeter, on July 10, at his Vicarage, St. Gluviais, near Truro, aged eighty-two. He was the son of the celebrated Bishop of Exeter.

The Ven. Henry Sanders, M.A., Archdeacon of Exeter, Chancellor and Canon Residentiary of Exeter Cathedral, and Rector of Sowton since 1847, at Oxford, on June 24, aged eighty-two.

Lieutenant Robert Bruges Briscoe, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, killed in the recent engagement in Zululand. He served in the Soudan Expedition of 1884-85, and was present in the engagements at Abu Klea and El Gubat (mentioned in despatches, medal with two clasps, and Khedive's star).

The Hon. Mrs. Hare (Mary Christina), widow of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Richard Hare, brother of William, second Earl of Listowel, K.P., and fourth daughter of Vice-Admiral W. Windham, of Felbrigge Hall, Norfolk, at St. Michael's Lodge, Stoke Damerel, on June 22, aged seventy-six.

The Rev. Lionel Dawson-Damer, M.A., Hon. Canon of Salisbury, and for fifteen years Vicar of Canford, Dorset, at Parkstone, on July 3, aged fifty-five. He was the eldest surviving son of the Hon. William Mackenzie Dawson-Damer, and grandson of John, first Earl of Portarlington.

Augusta, Baroness Alington, on July 3, at Alington House, South Audley-street, aged fifty-six. Her Ladyship was the eldest daughter of Field-Marshal the Earl of Lucan, G.C.B., by Lady Anne Brudenell, his wife, seventh daughter of Robert, sixth Earl of Cardigan, and married, Sept. 10, 1853, Henry Gerard, present Lord Alington, by whom she leaves, with five daughters, an only son, Humphrey Napier, who married, in 1883, the Lady Feodorowna Yorke, elder daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke.

The Hon. and Rev. William Whitworth Chetwynd Talbot, Rector of Bishop's Hatfield, Herts, on July 3. He was born Jan. 17, 1814, the sixth son of Charles, second Earl of Shrewsbury. He married, July 4, 1843, Eleonora Julia, eldest daughter of the Hon. William James Coventry, fourth son of George, seventh Earl of Coventry, and leaves two sons.

Major-General Joseph Shekleton, late Royal Artillery, at 30, St. John's-park, Ryde, suddenly, on July 4. He served in the Punjaub Campaign of 1848-49, including the siege and capture of Mooltan and Battle of Goojerat (medal with two clasps), in the Persian Expedition of 1857 (medal with clasp), and with the Rajpootana Field-Force in 1858 (medal).

Mrs. Lloyd, of Bronwydd, in Cardiganshire, and Kilrhue, in Pembrokeshire, in the ninety-fourth year of her age. She was the only daughter and heiress of Mr. John Thomas, of Llwycoed and Lettymawr, in Carmarthenshire. She married, in 1819, Mr. Thomas Lloyd, of Bronwydd, in Cardiganshire, and had five sons, the eldest of whom, Sir Thomas Lloyd, was father of the present Baronet.

Admiral George Goldsmith, C.B., R.N., on July 2, aged eighty-two. He served in the China War of 1841-42, commanded the Wellesley 1848-51 on North America and West India stations, and served as Captain of the Sidon in the Black Sea during the Russian War, including the capture of Fort Kinburn. He received, in requital, two medals with clasps, the Turkish medal, and the fourth class of the Medjidieh. He married, in 1856, the daughter of Mr. Richard Rawes.

Admiral Hargood, at Worthing, aged eighty-seven. He entered the Navy as a first-class volunteer in June, 1813, on the flag-ship of his uncle, Sir William Hargood, on the Jersey and Guernsey station. In 1822 he was created a Lieutenant; in 1828, Commander; in 1834, Captain; and was made Rear-Admiral in 1857. He attained to the rank of full Admiral in 1867. He was a Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Sussex.

General Sir Charles Trollope, K.C.B., at his residence, 19A, Grosvenor-square, on July 5, in his eightieth year. The deceased officer entered the Army in 1825, became Colonel of the 1st Battalion of the King's (Shropshire L.I.) in 1868, and General in 1877, retiring in the succeeding year. He commanded the troops in Cephalonia from 1848 to 1850, and served as Brigadier-General in the Crimean War, receiving the medal with clasps, the Sardinian and Turkish medals, the Legion of Honour, and the third class of the Medjidieh.

General John Hamilton Elphinstone-Dalrymple, C.B., Colonel 1st Battalion Highland Light Infantry, at 7, Beaufort-gardens, on June 28. He was the eighth son of Sir Robert Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone, first Baronet, of Horn and Logie, Elphinstone, in the county of Aberdeen. He married, April 23, 1851, Georgina Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. William Brigstocke, M.P., of Birdcombe Court, Somersetshire, and widow of Mr. Francis Garden Campbell, of Troup and Glenlyon, which lady died, April 15, 1887, without issue.

The Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell, for thirty years Vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, at his residence in New Cavendish-street, on June 29. He was the fifth son of Thomas Henry, first Lord Ravensworth, and was born in 1808. He was one of the pioneers of the High Church movement. He married, Jan. 26, 1836, Emily Anne Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, niece of the Duke of Wellington. By that lady, who died in October, 1876, he leaves three sons.

Major Charles Edmund Thornton, of Kirkland Hall and Beaumont Cote, in the county of Lancaster, late 7th Fusiliers, at Whittington, near Hove, Sussex, on June 23, aged sixty-three. He married, firstly, in 1862, Eliza Amanda, eldest surviving daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Stephen Williams, 56th Bengal Native Infantry, and widow of Mr. William Campbell Deane Campbell, of Corraith House, Ayrshire, which lady died in 1872; and secondly, in 1873, Marion, only surviving daughter of Mr. William Pole, of Cheltenham, and leaves issue.

RICHMOND PARK.

The proposal to hold the future annual meetings of the National Rifle Association, removed henceforth from Wimbledon-common, in the beautiful Royal Park of Richmond, has recently been discussed with a lively difference of opinions. The residents in that town and neighbourhood, among whom is Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, M.P., the munificent donor of a valuable public recreation-ground on the banks of the Thames below Richmond-hill, have signified their strong opposition by a public meeting and a deputation to the Chief Commissioner of Works. Mr. Vernon Heath, the well-known landscape photographer, Mr. Thornycroft, Mrs. Maxwell, and others who feel an interest in preserving the tranquil charms of the sylvan scenery, have individually protested against this scheme, which we certainly do not support. On the south, the north, and the east sides of London, within about the same distance, several open spaces could be found—especially in the Essex and Kentish marshes, and on the Surrey Downs—more suitable for the purpose without spoiling a picturesque locality, and without interrupting the enjoyment of a favourite resort for seekers of rural quiet and wholesome fresh air. Our Artist's Rambling Sketches will serve opportunely to suggest pleasing reminiscences of the haunts and "nursery" of the noble herd of deer, the delightful walks over "some of the most perfect turf in England," and the fine old oak-trees, many of which are now threatened with destruction. The preservation of Richmond Park from disfigurement, from noise and bustle during a whole fortnight in summer every year, from hideous shooting-butts, a large encampment of tents, the mob of vulgar camp-followers, the wearisome popping of rifle-shots, and the danger of stray bullets, is of much importance to Londoners, though it may be of less concern to three or four noblemen, patrons of the Association, who are the happy owners of fine private parks in several English counties. Richmond Park, moreover, is classic ground, consecrated by memories of poetry and literary history which should not be so wantonly disturbed.

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ANNIVERSARIES.

It is always an anniversary. The world has been in existence so long that no day passes over our heads which does not record the completion of a year on some event more or less important to somebody, somewhere. Now it is a mighty nation celebrating its independence, the jubilee of a reign, or mourning over a deceased Monarch; now it is a humble and obscure individual rejoicing or lamenting over memories to which the exact round of life gives a significant vividness. Between these two high and low extremes every class of humanity is hourly touched almost, by those recollections of the past which are brought conspicuously to the mind by the precise lapse of twelve months. Everywhere, each succeeding twenty-four hours adds another notch to the scores of notches in the yearly calendar, date for date. And so we go on annually, month for month, week for week, day for day, all and every one of them bringing a well-defined span of time back, as it were, to its starting-point, to be again renewed and carried on until yet another year is completed.

It is, however, only on the quite young or the very old that these recurrent dates make much impression. By the young, they are looked forward to eagerly; by the old, sadly, retrospectively, and regretfully. When we have not had time to add up many, or to get tired over the arithmetical calculation, it is a joy to make the sum larger and larger unit by unit; and there is no more delightful opportunity for doing this, no occasion more fraught with pleasure for increasing the total than a birthday. This is the anniversary by far the most important of all to the juvenile community. To lad and lass a birthday is unclouded by that shadow which creeps over it in later life—the dread of growing old. There is no sorrowing for that other year gone, which is bringing the end closer and closer; on the contrary, we cannot believe in an end, or if we do, it does not affect us: we cannot realise it and never think of it. The peep we get of the prospect of life lying before us looks simply interminable, inexhaustible—a path of roses that must, like the brook, go on for ever. With a vista like this opening to our view, there is little wonder that the birthdays of the young, with all they include, are conspicuous and paramount among anniversaries. After our own natal day has been celebrated, the next in importance is that of a brother, sister, parent, or friend, each carrying with it its due observance and relative amount of pleasure, presents, and fun.

Ranking only second to birthdays in favour comes Christmas, and there are a thousand good reasons for this being a very notable anniversary during our days of adolescence. It is holiday time, feasting time, pantomime time, and a time for high jinks generally.

Very much the same may be said of every season and date, as they spin round one after another, if they are signalised by a cessation of study or labour—such as Easter, midsummer, and the like. But after a while, when we begin to get rather startled by the rapidity with which we find all anniversaries turning up, and are made a little bit uneasy by the recollection that we are growing older and older, the repetition of the dates becomes slightly tiresome. We cease to look forward to them with pleasurable sensations, and we thus, step by step, disregard them more and more until we almost forget them, or try to do so; and certainly resent any reminder as unnecessary and obtrusive. Whether it be the anniversary of a birthday, a wedding-day, or what not, we would prefer that it should be allowed to pass by unnoticed. With our coming of age, or soon after, we think the celebration of our birthday should cease; and if any particular regard is to be paid to the nuptial day, well, when the first half dozen are over, let us defer further fuss about it until the twenty-fifth is reached—that silvery period which too frequently with bitter irony asserts its character in our Hyperion locks, and, by way of giving an emphasis to it, calls itself a quarter of a century.

Again, what applies to these occasions does so equally to Christmas and the rest, until the years are allowed to fly by with all their dates and seasons undistinguished, unmarked.

Only, at length, when the journey is drawing towards its close, and the road narrows, and the prospect dims on our sight, do we again take up any interest in particular dates in the calendar. And what a different sort of interest it is then! How changed are all our sensations when the fifties associate themselves with births, marriages, deaths, Christmases, or notable periods and events of any description, private or public! Then, truly, we may say with Goethe—

> The near afar off seems; the distant, nigh;
> The new a dream, the past reality.

For the oldsters record not the flight of time year by year, but jump back at a bound, by twenties and thirties, and forties; and the intervals being thus omitted, the forty looks as short a way behind us as the twenty. The oblivion shrouding the central epoch of life's journey, that period when we disdained to note or honour anniversaries, acts like a valley-mist, above and beyond which all that is prominently visible are those mountain-tops or conspicuous landmarks, which we regarded with so lively an interest when standing in their midst. The impression they then made on the youthful mind is in a sort indelible; the then pliant wax received it willingly, and being cut deep and sharp, it has become, under the hardening influence of time, wellnigh indelible. In casting back to it, therefore, it starts into existence again with all the strong reality of yore. Thousands of our fellow countrymen, to whit, look back at the Queen's accession to the throne as an event of yesterday, and fail entirely to realise that half a century and more has passed away since 1837. It seems incredible. Equally so to a somewhat younger generation does the fact that twenty-five years have vanished since the Prince and Princess of Wales were wed.

Thus it is with public affairs, and you will find scarcely any difference with your own. You can remember vividly certain notable anniversaries in your family long ago—sad, alas! no less than joyous; and some half-dozen or more happy birthdays, with their many trifling details, and especially your twenty-first. Then soon after comes the misty gap, and lo! it is as if the intervening span of years had never been; unless, that is, from out that uncertain haze some day of bitter trial that befell rises forth, clear and distinct as the years roll by, bringing with it a memory of pain never to be allayed, and that only eternity can obliterate. But this is an exception, let us hope, to the rule which guides memory's action; and as, mercifully, few sorrows fix themselves in our minds so firmly as do our joys, it is, after all, the brighter, happier, red-letter days which are the most readily recalled. Still, this retrospective process, this renewal of our interest in happy anniversaries, is quite sufficiently tinged with melancholy to make our observance of them a very different business now to that which it used to be! Since, however, recollections, reminiscences, autobiographical memoirs of the past, and the like, have lately formed the popular reading of the day, and as there have been a good many celebrations of anniversaries going forward, it is to be supposed they claim the willing attention of the middle-aged no less than of the young and old, affording, on the whole, infinite pleasure to all.

W. W. F.

THE COURT.

The Queen and the Royal family went to Frogmore on Sunday morning, July 8, and attended Divine service at the Royal Mausoleum. The Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. Canon Duckworth, officiated, and the latter preached the sermon. Divine service was afterwards performed in the private chapel at the castle. Lady Frances Baillie and the Rev. Canon Duckworth, D.D., had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Duc d'Aumale visited her Majesty on July 9, and remained to luncheon. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein dined with her Majesty. Lady Frances Baillie had the honour of being invited. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg went to London. Princess Frederica, Baroness Von Pawel Rammingen, arrived at the castle. Lady Frances Baillie left. The Queen, on July 10, conferred the honour of knighthood upon the following gentlemen:—Mr. Charles Hallé, Mr. John Stainer, Mus. Doc.; John James Harwood, Mayor of Manchester; John Hasard, Principal Registrar of the Province of Canterbury; George Barclay Bruce, President of the Institution of Civil Engineers; and George David Harris, of the Bahamas, formerly member of the Executive Council. According to the latest arrangements, the Queen and Court are expected to leave Windsor Castle on July 17 for Osborne.

The Prince and Princess of Wales left Marlborough House on July 4 for Sandringham. Their Royal Highnesses were accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and travelled by a Great Eastern train from St. Pancras at 2.35 to Wolverton, en route for Sandringham. On Sunday, July 8, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and attended by the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Household, were present at Divine service at the Church of St. Mary Magdalen, in Sandringham Park. The Rev. F. Harvey, Rector of Sandringham, and domestic chaplain to the Prince of Wales, officiated and preached. Their Royal Highnesses will return to town on Monday, July 16, to attend the opening of the Great Northern Hospital on the day following.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE.

The marriage of Mr. H. F. Cavendish, R.M., eldest son of the late Colonel W. H. and Lady Emily Cavendish, to Lady Harriet Godolphin Osborne, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, was solemnised on July 10 at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, before a large and fashionable congregation. The bridegroom, accompanied by the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, R.N., as best man, arrived early; and shortly afterwards came the following ten bridesmaids—the Ladies Alice, Ada, Alexandra, and Constance Godolphin Osborne, sisters of the bride; the Misses Edith and Alice Foljambe, nieces of the bridegroom; the Ladies Eleanor and Anne Lambton, Lady Victoria Leveson-Gower, and Miss Blanche Egerton. They wore dresses of cream French crêpe trimmed with white moiré ribbon and broad sashes, and hats of Panama straw trimmed with white crêpe lisse, ribbons and feathers to match. Each wore a brooch—a serpent (the Cavendish crest) in brilliants—the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a bouquet of mixed roses. The bride entered the church at half-past two o'clock, leaning on her father's arm; and, the service being choral, a nuptial hymn was sung as the bridal procession passed to the chancel. The bride's dress was of white peau-de-soie, draped with Honiton lace, caught up with clusters of orange-blossoms and myrtle: she wore a spray of the same flowers in her hair, and a tulle veil. Her ornaments included a diamond star (the gift of the Duke of Leeds) and a diamond brooch (the bridegroom's gift). The Archbishop of York officiated, assisted by the Rev. W. Page Roberts, uncle of the bride, and the Rev. William Shaw, Rector of West Stoke, Chichester; the Duke of Leeds giving his daughter away. Among the numerous wedding presents were a silver-gilt box and a tourmaline and diamond bracelet, from the Prince and Princess of Wales.

A portrait of the late Sir Charles Macgregor was unveiled at Simla on July 2 by the Commander-in-Chief.

The Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt have appointed Mr. G. W. Hervey, of the Treasury, to be Assistant Comptroller, in the place of Mr. J. F. Daly, resigned.

Before returning to America Mr. Sidney Woollett recited "Enoch Arden" on July 11, at Stanley Hall, Holloway, in aid of the St. Joseph's Church Building Fund. He was assisted by Mr. Ludwig, who sang selections from Gounod and others. Mr. Woollett will give at the same hall "Hiawatha" for the same purpose on July 18, when he will again be assisted by Mr. Ludwig, who will sing selections from Sullivan and others.

At a meeting on July 6 of the Mansion House Committee formed to promote the success of the Royal Agricultural Society's Show in Windsor Great Park next year, a letter from Sir Henry Ponsonby was read stating that the Queen would contribute £105 to the fund, and the Prince of Wales £50. Many other subscriptions were announced: Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons contributing £250, Lord Revelstoke £100, Mr. J. Stewart Hodgson £100, Lord Hillingdon £100, Mr. F. Shoolbred £105, Messrs. W. and A. Gilbey £105, and Mr. Walter Gilbey £105.

The Australian cricketers have been defeated by Leicestershire, the county team winning by twenty runs. The match at Brighton between Sussex and Kent ended in the victory of the visitors by five wickets. At Manchester, Lancashire obtained an easy victory over Middlesex by an innings and twenty-one runs. At Trent-bridge the match between Notts and Yorkshire ended in a draw. On July 10, at Lord's Cricket-ground the Gentlemen, after a very sensational and exciting finish, beat the Players by five runs. At Derby the Derbyshire team were put out in the second innings of their match with the Australians for 57, leaving the Colonists victorious by an innings and 79 runs.

Australia is suffering from a plague of mice. It is said that from Coomebarabran to Coolah there is hardly a residence that is not troubled in this way. The mice come in droves, and eat everything in the place. On one station 2s. per 100 was offered for their destruction, and during a single night 2000 were killed. The price then went down to a 1s. In one hotel in three nights 1000 mice were killed with a mixture of flour and strychnine. At another place the mice ate the whole carcase of a freshly-killed sheep in one night, leaving only the bare bones by the morning. At another station a man was kept whose sole duty was to keep the mice away from the provender during the time the horses were eating it, and this the man found a difficult task. The week before the races at Coolah, the vermin got into the horse-boxes at the station, and actually ate the bandages from the legs of the race-horses. Sleeping people are said to have been attacked by them. The crops were being destroyed. The mice climbed up the stalks, and ate the cobs. Many fields, acres in extent, had been abandoned, the corn being eaten completely away. People were at their wits' end to devise the best means for destroying the pest. The mice burrowed in the fields, like rabbits, in miniature warrens.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

DELTA.—We are much obliged for the game, which shall be examined. We would be very pleased to receive the one you speak of with the late Herr Falkbeer.

ELAND.—You do not appear to have profited by the possession.

J J J (Khartoum).—Thanks for calling our attention to your new venture, which we wish all success.

LIEUT.-COLONEL LORAINE.—Your name was inadvertently omitted, an error which we correct below.

T CROWN.—We were not aware that our correspondents intrusted you with their confidence, and they have certainly given us no hint of making you their mouthpiece.

H COOPER (Hadleybury).—Received, and shall be reported upon.

W T SMITH.—If in 294 Black play Kt takes R in reply to your move, where do you mate? No. 297 cannot be solved in either of your ways.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 294 received from D A; of No. 295 from D A, and J G Bankin; of No. 296 from Lieut.-Colonel Loraine, D A, and W W; of No. 297 from C E P, John Hodgson, D A, W Shaw (Sheffield), Alpha, W W, G J Veale, and R S Gale.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 298 received from Eland, R S Gale, G J Veale, Jupiter Junior, Janet M Kelly, C E P, Samuel Parry, F O Simpson, H Luera, Ercoelin (Paris), Ruby Rook, F E H, R F N Banks, D McCoy, Caradoc W Wood, J G Bankin, A J Durell (Wokingham), Dr F St. T G (Wem), Rev. Winfield Cooper, Columbus, R Worters (Canterbury), Mrs W J Baird, E Phillips, Howard A, T E E, T Roberts, Shadforth, W J (Victoria), Dr. Gustav Waltz (Heidelberg), Rev. Leonard Watson (Bedford), Major Prichard, J Ross, H P (Dudley), W R Raillem, R H Brooks, Bernard Reynolds, J D Tucker (Leeds), G T Addison, John Short, J Hepworth Shaw, Thomas Clown, Lieut.-Col. Loraine, L Desanges, E Sharswood, W Wright, J Dixon, and P D.

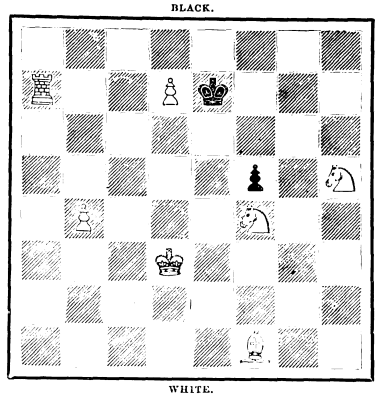
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2306.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to K B 5th	Any move
2. Mates.	

PROBLEM No. 2310.

By G. E. BARBIER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LANCASHIRE.

One of twenty games played simultaneously by Mr. BLACKBURNE during his recent visit to Rossendale.

(King's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne)	BLACK (Mr. Bell)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	B to Q B 4th
3. K Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd
4. B to Q B 4th	B to K Kt 5th
5. P to Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd
6. P takes P	P takes P
7. B takes P (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
8. R takes B	R takes B
9. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to B 3rd
10. P to Q 3rd	P to K R 3rd
11. K R to B sq	R to B sq
12. P to Kt 5th	R to B 3rd
13. B to R 3rd (ch)	K to K sq
14. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd
15. Castles	B takes Kt
16. P takes B	K to B 2nd
17. Kt to K 2nd	P to R 3rd

A good move; compelling White to take B P, and improving his own position.

18. P takes B P	P takes P
19. Kt to Kt 3rd	R to Kt 3rd

We see no object in this: R to Kt sq with the view of an attack on the Queen's side is decidedly preferable.

20. Kt to B 5th	Q to Kt 4th

Of no avail: White can easily defend himself on the King's side.

21. P to B 3rd	P takes P
22. R takes P	Kt to B 3rd

A move that ought to have cost Black the game.

23. Q R to B sq	B to Q 2nd

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne)	BLACK (Mr. Bell)
White here missed an opportunity of winning straight off, by 23. P to R 4th. Black can only answer with Q to R 4th or Kt 7th, and 24. Q to R 3rd wins either a piece or mates.	
23.	B to B 2nd
24. B to Q 6th	B takes B
25. Kt takes B (ch)	K to Kt sq
26. P to K R 4th	

Overlooking Black's rejoinder. Before making this move he should have brought the Kt back to B 5th, threatening the R and shutting the Queen out of play.

26.	Q to K 4th

A great relief to Black's cramped position.

27. Q to Kt 4th	Q to R 8th (ch)
28. K to Q 2nd	R to Kt 7th (ch)
29. K to K 3rd	Q to K 4th
30. K to B 3rd	

Q to Kt 3rd (ch) affords White an escape from the pressure of Black's growing attack.

30.	Kt to Q 4th
31. K takes R	Kt takes Q
32. Kt to B 7th	Q to B 2nd
33. K R to B 2nd	Kt takes R P
34. P to K 5th	Kt to B 6th
35. Kt to Q 6th	Kt to Q 4th
36. R to B 7th	Q to Kt 3rd
37. K to B 3rd	Kt to K 6th (ch)
38. K to B 3rd	Q to Q 5th

And in a few more moves White resigned.

Game between Mr. G. MORSCH and Mr. H. R. COULDREY.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P
5. Castles	P to Q 3rd
6. P to B 3rd	B to B 4th
7. P to Q 4th	P takes P
8. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd
9. P to Q 5th	Kt to R 4th
10. B to Kt 2nd	K Kt to K 2nd
11. B to Q 3rd	Castles
12. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 5th
13. P to K 5th	P takes P

Black should have taken the Kt before capturing the P.

14. B takes R P (ch)	K takes B
15. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)	K to Kt sq
16. Q takes B	Q to Q 3rd

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
Weak; Q to B sq is best; and if White play Q to R 6th, then Q to B 4th.	
17. B to R 3rd	
Very well played.	
17.	Q takes B

There seems to be nothing better, for if Black move his Q the Kt is lost.

18. Q to R 5th	K R to Q sq
19. Q takes B P (ch)	K to R sq
20. Q Kt to K 4th	R to Q 3rd

White threatens Kt to B 6th. There is no defence to save the game.

21. Q takes Kt	B to B 4th
22. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
23. Kt to K 6th	R takes Kt
24. Q takes Q	R to R 3rd
25. Q takes B P, and wins.	

As noticed last week, Mr. Blackburne's arrears in the British Chess Club Handicap due to his visit to his native county, where he has been delighting large audiences by striking exhibitions of his skill. His principal performances were at Rossendale, where on one evening he engaged twenty opponents at once, and defeated them all, with a single exception; whilst the next evening he exhibited similar games simultaneously with equally the same success. We give above the game lost on the first occasion, from which it will be seen that the single player ought to have had what in the language of Wimbledon is a "highest possible score."

The quarterly magazine of Wesley College, Dublin, has started a chess column, and offers prizes for a solution and a problem tourney, particulars of which can be obtained from the Chess Editor, 17, Royal-terrace, Kingston. The column itself seems attractively conducted, but it is to be hoped too much space will not be devoted to the poetry and prose notion of the game, a sort of stuff that makes neither players nor composers. A little of such sentiment goes a long way, and one article in the number under notice provides enough for the rest of the column's career.

We are requested to state that the widow of the late Earl of Seafield wishes it to be known that in future her proper designation is "Georgiana, Countess of Seafield." There being now three Countesses of Seafield, this distinction is necessary to avoid confusion.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Rossini's dramatic masterpiece, "Guillaume Tell," was produced on July 5. "Guillaume Tell," the crowning work of Rossini's career, and one of the finest productions of the lyric stage, was first brought out at Paris, in 1829, when the composer was under forty years of age. All the tempting offers made to him for another opera failed to induce him to make any fresh essay in that direction. By his "Guillaume Tell" he had achieved a grand success and world-wide renown; he was possessed of ample wealth, and would therefore not risk the possibility of falling short of the result already attained—greater popularity being impossible, and money being no object. Perhaps his determination is to be regretted, as he gave up dramatic composition when his powers were at their greatest height, as is proved by his "Stabat Mater," produced some years after his "Guillaume Tell." That this opera has been heard only at intervals is chiefly, if not entirely, owing to the rare appearance of a tenor gifted with a voice of the very exceptional kind capable of realising the music of the character of Arnold, which was written for a very high French tenor, commanding an upper range of notes but seldom possessed. M. Prévost, who sustained the character on the occasion now referred to, made his first appearance here in the same part last year. His recent performance was fully equal to that in the former instance. In each of the great situations the singer displayed high merits, especially in the declamatory passages, his best success having perhaps been in the great trio with Tell and Walter, in which he sang with alternate expressive pathos and heroic passion. The graceful music of Mathilde was very pleasingly sung by Miss Macintyre, who gave the romanza "Selva opaca" (with the preceding recitative), and her share in the love-duet with Arnoldo, with vocal fluency and refined style. A little more dignity of bearing would have been an improvement. The co-operation of M. Lassalle as Tell, and M. E. De Reszké as Walter, was a highly important feature in several instances, notably in the grand trio already referred to. Mdlle. Bauermeister was a very efficient Jemmy (Tell's son), her co-operation in the concerted music of the first act having been especially valuable. Signor I. Corsi gave the Fisherman's Song in the opening scene with fair effect, and the cast included efficient representatives of other characters. The orchestra was competent to the execution of the elaborate instrumental details, and the choral music was finely sung by an augmented chorus, the freshness of the voices having been in agreeable contrast to the chorus-singing of some past opera seasons. The magnificent music in the scene of the meeting of the cantons was admirably rendered. The general representation of the opera, indeed, was such as has scarcely ever been surpassed, if equalled, and the stage arrangements were worthy of Mr. Augustus Harris's high reputation. The ballet action included the skilful dancing of Mdlles. Giuri and Cornalba.

Since the performances noticed by us in our previous issue, "Un Ballo in Maschera" has been given, with the appearance of Madame Rolla as Amelia. The lady, it may be remembered, sustained the character of Donna Elvira, in "Don Giovanni," on May 21, in sudden replacement of Miss Macintyre, who was disabled by indisposition, but who afterwards filled the part with marked success. The ready efficiency of Madame Rolla on the occasion first referred to was matter for favourable comment at the time, and fully justified her assumption of the character of the heroine in the recent performance of "Un Ballo in Maschera," in which she again obtained a genuine success, vocally and dramatically. Mdlle. Sigrid Arnoldson was a bright representative of the Page, and the cast was rendered exceptionally strong by the co-operation of Madame Scalchi, M. J. De Reszké, and M. Lassalle in principal parts.

On July 7 a new Carmen appeared in Bizet's opera so entitled. Mdlle. De Lussan, the débutante, achieved a decided success, notwithstanding the disadvantage of appearing in a very arduous part that has been identified with some exceptionally great artists. The new comer has the advantages of youth and good looks, bright vocalisation, and dramatic instincts. She produced a favourable impression throughout, and especially in the later scenes of the opera. The cast was otherwise a familiar one. Signor Mancinelli conducted the performance.

The season (which is being prolonged for a fortnight beyond the original intention) will close on July 21.

The second of Mr. Augustus Harris's operatic concerts at St. James's Hall consisted—as on the previous occasion—of an attractive programme, contributed to by most of the principal artists of the Royal Italian Opera.

The Richter Concerts closed the series at St. James's Hall with the ninth concert on July 9. The programme was occupied by Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," that leviathan piece of Catholic service music which, like his ninth (choral) symphony, seems to have realised the highest possible degree of grandeur and sublimity. A more impressive climax could not have been provided for the series of excellent concerts just terminated.

Mr. De Lara's annual concert at the Opera Comique Theatre, on July 9, included the first public performance of a musical comedietta entitled "A Serenata in Grenada," an adaptation from the French, with music composed by Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff, who, and Mr. De Lara, were the vocalists in the piece: Madame Filipi and Miss A. Hughes having sustained the acting portions. The music is light and tuneful, and well suited for drawing-room performance. The concert comprised a miscellaneous vocal and instrumental selection, among which were some clever performances by Señor Manjon, a blind guitar player, and violin solos by Mdlle. Levallois. Mrs. Bernard Beere contributed a recitation, and the singing of Mr. De Lara's choir of ladies was a feature in the programme.

Mr. Charles Hallé's series of chamber-music concerts at St. James's Hall closed, on July 6, with the eighth performance, the programme having included his rendering of Beethoven's last solo pianoforte sonata (in C minor, Op. 111), besides some important concerted instrumental works.

Herr Ludwig (violinist) and Mr. W. E. Whitehouse (violoncellist) gave the fourth of their interesting chamber concerts at Prince's Hall on July 11, with a programme of strong interest in its instrumental details.

A performance of Otto Nicolai's opera "The Merry Wives of Windsor" ("Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor") was announced to be given at the Savoy Theatre on July 11, by pupils of the Royal College of Music, conducted by Professor Stanford.

Among recent miscellaneous concerts were those of Mdlle. Brönnum (a meritorious Scandinavian vocalist); Mr. C. Wade (the esteemed tenor); Professor S. D'Odiardi (of Paris), who, in association with Miss E. Harrison, and with vocal and instrumental assistance, announced the performance of compositions for the first time, including portions of an oratorio, entitled "Jesus"; Viscountess Folkestone's concert at St. James's Hall (including the co-operation of the ladies' string band and chorus) in aid of the fund for distressed Irish ladies; and the concerts of Mdlle. Bartkowska, Signor Villa, Mdlle. Isabelle Levallor, the Countess Delbremont, and Mr. Val Marriott.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Quite unique in its way is the annual fête at the Royal Botanical Gardens. Admission is only secured by the vouchers of fellows of the society; still, there were nearly two thousand guests there on this occasion. It is a rule that evening dress must be worn, and, as far as the male portion of the company went, the regulation was observed. But very few ladies went with either low dresses or uncovered heads, the damp, cold atmosphere forbidding such risks. There were, however, some pretty new-fashioned demi-toilette dresses. One successful gown had a Directoire polonaise of black velvet, with cut steel buttons, opening over a white silk vest and underskirt; sleeves to a little below the elbow, and finished with a pointed white silk cuff, with one button on it. Another, in pale grey silk, with silver embroidery down the front and round the bottom of the skirt, was effective in the subdued light of the illuminations. It is an opportunity for the display of handsome opera-mantles, and one or two were noticeably pretty. A short coat of silver brocade on a white ground was made gathered into a collar and cuffs of pale-yellow silk. A *chaudron* plush had the sleeves draped over with an open-work embroidery of jet, producing the effect now so fashionable of a mere drapery from the shoulder, while at the same time allowing the arm to be protected by the undersleeve of plush. A long coat of primrose and moss-green striped silk with trimmings of green moire was very striking.

But this fête is one of the few fashionable events when the interest of the people and the gowns is quite eclipsed by that of the occasion. The beautiful grounds of the Royal Botanic Society take on the appearance of fairyland. The broad walk lit by chains of large-globed gas-lamps, the trees and lawns dotted with variegated lights, the lake spanned between the islands and the shore with semicircular arches hung with lamps of many colours, which are reflected in the water so as to appear like a great far-stretching oval avenue of parti-coloured light, the tall water-tower and the castellated east gate completely covered with soft pink brilliance—all this makes up an unequalled *tout ensemble*. The great conservatory was entirely lit with the charming "fairy lights," a most effective decoration—some placed about amidst the growing tree ferns and flowers, and others arranged on chandeliers, clusters, and branches of them together, shedding a full yet soft and becoming light. One chandelier had fairy lights with cut-glass supports and delicately-tinted pink covers; another had pink saucers and shades of white thick glass cut into many facets; and yet another of the many forms of fairy light had a porcelain cover painted with sprays of flowers, which showed up with the light beneath just as a transparency does in a window. Nothing could be prettier than the conservatory so lit; each delicate little lamp emitting an unobtrusive flame, while the general effect was brilliant. Banks of orchids here and of roses there; tables fully dressed for dinner with flowers, fruit, wax candles, fairy lights holding menus or surrounded by blossoms, china figures bearing bowls for fruit, glass and silver of the most tasteful description; four military bands playing by turns, in diverse situations; and the immense throng of well-dressed people to give life and movement—the Royal Botanical fête is an attractive event.

The Liberal Unionists are to follow the example of all the other political parties, and engage the assistance of women in their campaign in the country. They have not, any more than the Gladstonian Liberals, learned the great lesson taught by the Primrose League, that it is the association of men and women in political work that produces an active, influential, and powerful organisation. The new Women's Liberal Unionist Association is "to be in communication and act in co-operation" with the Men's Unionist Associations, but is to be a subordinate affair altogether. "No important step will be taken by the women's committee without consultation with the officials of the older and more experienced organisations." This is not the way to make the new association successful. The Primrose League is a power precisely because there the women *really* have a full, or even a paramount, share in the management. Doubtless they receive counsel, and even take orders from the central organisation of the party; but men and women combine on equal terms in the organisation in the country, and the most active spirits, the true leaders of the Primrose League, are ladies. The separation of the women, the marking them off, as it were, as though they were not part of the regular army of the party, but only auxiliary forces, to be alternately patronised and snubbed as the council of war may find convenient—this is the "Liberal" blunder.

The meeting in the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley's drawing-room was a very full and influential one; Lady Edward Cavendish, the Countess of Strafford, Lady Stalbridge, Lady Lawrence, Lady Powerscourt, Lady Lymington, Lady Henley, Lady Grant-Duff, and a great many other women of social position being present, while the Countess of Portsmouth, Lady E. Biddulph, Lady Trelawny, and Mrs. H. Fawcett took part in the proceedings. The Duke of Argyll made the principal speech. He mentioned, as a proof that women in public life are not mere chatterers, that the late Lord Lawrence, when Chairman of the London School Board, said to his Grace that the distinguishing feature of the women members of that Board was that "they did not talk so much as the men." This is quite true; *in* public life, as tested by the London School Board, at all events, unrestrained garrulity is *not* a feminine weakness. Lady Portsmouth's speech was a very favourable specimen of female oratory, her voice being soft and musical, her manner refined and graceful, and her sentiments elevated and sincere in tone. Mrs. Fawcett spoke forcibly, as she always does; but her suggestion that this movement on the part of women was based entirely on high moral grounds and was composed of those outside the current of ordinary party politics, received a curious commentary when one looked at the list of the general committee, and saw that nearly all the ladies on it are simply the relatives of men active in the Unionist party—just as the Gladstonian Liberal women's associations are almost exclusively composed of the wives and daughters of strongly party men holding Home Rule views.

"The Rose—the woman of the flowers," as Leigh Hunt wrote, had her annual court at the Crystal Palace on July 7. The old favourites, including amongst crimson roses "A. K. Williams," "Duke of Edinburgh," "Marie Baumann," and "Ulrich Brunner"; and, amongst white roses, "Niphetos," "Mervoille de Lyon," and "La France," were there in profusion. The "York and Lancaster," a curious rose with white stripes on red petals, was plentifully shown; and, of course, "Maréchal Niel" was abundant. The silver medal for the best bloom in the show was taken by a splendid specimen of the notable pink rose "M. Etienne Leret," this particular blossom being as large as a tea-plate and perfectly formed; it was grown by Cranston, of Hereford. Amongst the "garden varieties" a cultivated wild rose, called "Hebe's Lip," was very pretty. "W. A. Richardson" is a perfectly orange rose; but, in getting the peculiar colour, the characteristic shape is lost, and the flower does not look a bit like a rose. "Ma Capucin" is another curiosity—quite a brick red. What a charming pursuit rose-growing must be!

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

SCULPTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

Two interesting groups of sculpture, in this year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy, are represented in our Illustrations. The one modelled by Mr. C. B. Lawes does not bear, in the Academy catalogue, a title of its precise subject, but the idea is taken from some lines in Byron's stirring narrative poem of "Mazeppa," describing the wild horse laden with the human victim of insolent cruelty:—

They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him, with a sudden lash—
Away! away! and on we dash;
Torrents less rapid and less rash;
* * * * *
They played me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank;
When launched, as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash;
The last of human sounds that rose,
As I was parted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter
Which on the wind came roaring after.

But the sculptor, in borrowing this subject from the poet, has substituted a woman for the Polish hero of the original story, who is mentioned in Voltaire's "History of Charles XII., King



OPENING BUDS.—BY G. HALSE.
AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

of Sweden." Mr. Lawes is eldest and only surviving son of Sir J. B. Lawes, Bart., F.R.S., of Rothamsted Park, St. Albans, the eminent agricultural chemist.

The very pleasing group called "Opening Buds," by Mr. George Halse, symbolical of motherhood and childhood, requires no explanation. It somewhat reminds us of the favourite motive of a design frequently adopted by Italian sculptors of the seventeenth century, to which they would give the title of "Una Carità," or "Una Pietà." Infancy and maternity, shown in these relations of protecting tenderness and dependent helplessness, can never fail to win the sympathy of mankind.

ART MAGAZINES.

The *Magazine of Art* for July contains a powerful attraction in a paper by Sir John E. Millais, R.A., entitled "Thoughts on our Art of To-day." Sir John Millais boldly contends that modern art, and, in particular, the art of England, is in no way behind that of mediæval Italy or ancient Greece, and asserts that the Elgin marbles, and the greatest treasures of the National Gallery, owe a great part of their charm to age and decay. Mr. Maurice Talmeyr continues his delightful reminiscences of a summer spent in the Forest of Fontainebleau, and Mr. W. H. Boot, of the Royal Society of British Artists, records the cruise of a painter's house-boat up the Thames. Mr. F. G. Kitton's article on "Charles Dickens and his Portraits" is continued from last month, and is illustrated by several most varying, though very interesting, representations of the great novelist. The frontispiece to this month's issue, an etching, by P. Le Rat, of Meissonier's picture "The Vedette," is particularly worthy of notice.

The frontispiece to the *Art Journal* for July is a capital etching, by Mr. Fred Slocombe, of Mr. Dendy Sadler's well-known picture, "Thursday." Two papers particularly worthy of note in this month's journal are Mr. Edwards Roberts's "American Wonderland," an account of the Yellowstone National Park, illustrated with drawings of the wonderful scenery of that wild country; and Mr. R. Phené Spiers' description of the palaces of the late King of Bavaria, also profusely illustrated. Besides the usual monthly issue, the *Art Journal* publishes a summer number on the Glasgow Exhibition; it contains drawings of most of the principal buildings and of many of the exhibits, reproductions of several pictures in the fine-art collection, and three splendid photogravures of the Exhibition and grounds.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

EN ROUTE FOR FRANKFORT.

Not one-third of the seats were occupied in the Paris-Frankfort express by which I left Paris a few nights ago. "It is on account of the new passport regulations," the guard explained in reply to my inquiries. "The traffic seems to diminish every day, and our company must be losing a heap of money. All the tourists now go by way of Delle and Bâle." On the other hand, during the month of June, since the day when the new Alsace-Lorraine frontier regulations came into force, the German Embassy in Paris has taken in no less than 40,000f. in fees for passport visas.

This fact I communicated to the purse-proud and polyglot German gentleman who was my neighbour in the sleeping-car, but, being also a patriot, he found this good round sum a source of joy. "It might," he thought, "ultimately help the new Kaiser to dimeenish the taxes." My German neighbour was too patriotic, and as I did not see why foreigners should be called upon to pay the taxes of the Vaterland, we agreed to disagree and try to sleep. So the beds were made up and we turned in. "Tackety-tackety, tack, tack, tackety!" went the wheels clattering along the rails; "Tack, tack, tackety, b-r-r-r!" Then comes a fearful jolt, and the car sways to and fro. If I could only get to sleep! What is the matter with this pillow? Is it too high or too low, too hard or too soft? The stupidest and most incongruous thoughts crowd into my head, driving away sleep. The wheels grind and grate, and then start again with their "tack, tack, tackety" sound that adapts it equally to imaginary drum-taps or to the movement of the popular air from the last operetta. Patience! I shall get used to it in another half-hour.

Horror of horrors! My German neighbour is beginning to snore!—a fine contralto snore! Is it possible?—he is snoring a tune! "Die Wacht am Rhein!" This is, indeed, a patriot!

At four in the morning we reached the frontier of Alsace-Lorraine, and under the watchful eyes of long-legged, blonde soldiers and gorgeously arrayed officials, we passed, we and our baggage, into the Zoll Revisions-Room. But what had I to fear with my British passport imperiously "requesting" and even "requiring in the name of her Majesty all those whom it may concern" to allow me "to pass freely, without let or hindrance"? This is the way to talk to people. There is no ambiguity about a Britisher's passport, and no words lost over useless suavity or formulæ of politeness. "Here! you big German official, allow me to pass freely, without let or hindrance! Her Majesty requests and requires you to do so! Be quick and let me go and get my coffee, and mind that the coffee is hot, and accompanied by the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph!*" The big German officials, I am bound to say, were very prompt and polite, and their words contrasted strongly with those of my passport.

After this little incident our journey was resumed, and my German neighbour soon fell asleep, and snored "Die Wacht am Rhein" until we came within sight of the Niederwald Denkmal opposite Mayence, when he woke up with singular àpropos and a new attack of "patriotismus," which lasted until we steamed into Frankfort station, where he saluted me quite "famillionairly," and jumped into a fine two-horse barouche adorned with his coat-of-arms, and with the person of a blonde maiden whom he pointed out to me as his daughter—a sweet creature of archaic outlines, like one of Lucas Cranach's models dressed in modern style by a pupil of Worth. Alas! why did I not flatter this patriotic German? Why did I not agree with him and develop his propositions for him with cumulative arguments? I might, perhaps, have sketched out a romance with the Worth-Cranach maiden, and so steered clear of ennui in sleepy Frankfort.

But why come to Frankfort? To answer this question fully would require a historical dissertation on misunderstood genius. I have come to Frankfort to see half a dozen pictures in the Städel'sche Kunst-Institut; not the flat-tinted abominations of Overbeck, Schnorr, Cornelius, and the German school of the nineteenth century, which Baedeker considers to be so interesting, but the early German and Flemish masters, two Velasquez, the portrait of Lucrezia Tornabuoni by Sandro Botticelli, a Madonna by Carpaccio, and an anonymous work of the Florentine school of the fifteenth century. The sight of this last picture alone has repaid me for my journey, and impressed upon my mind a souvenir which I hope will be as indelible as possible. On a very sombre green background is painted a half-length figure of a girl just budding into womanhood, but still retaining something of that adolescent leanness which Donatello and the great Florentines loved to render. The body is loosely draped in white, over which is thrown an olive green mantle. On the brow is an azure band of transparent gauze; in the centre of the brow a jewel; while on the head is wound, turban-like, with crinkled folds, a white scarf which falls over the back of the neck and round over the shoulders; the turban is crowned with a wreath of box-tree sprigs, and from beneath it the golden hair hangs down over the shoulders in innumerable finely-waved wire curls, each distinct from the other, resembling literally golden rain, through which the light plays—a miracle of the coiffeur's art and also of the painter's—not, it is true, of the painter's art as Rembrandt understood it, but as it was practised by the primitive Florentines, who were so keenly sensitive to elegance and minute splendour of raiment and ornament. This enigmatic blonde maiden, with her dark eyes, her regular, tranquil features, her dazzling shower of golden ringlets so preciously displayed, her exquisitely delicate hand, whose slender-pointed fingers hold a bouquet of daisies and pansies—a dainty bouquet of five blossoms, and no more—is so fascinating, and, as the French would say, there is something so disturbing, so *troublant* in her slender and almost meagre form, that when once you have really seen and felt the charm of this picture you have stored up a souvenir for life, to be guarded jealously in the most select corner of your memory.

But I have, I perceive, wandered from the subject, and forgotten even to indicate the historical dissertation which would explain my journey to Frankfort. In two words here it is: If Europe had not misunderstood Napoleon I. we should have had most of the masterpieces of Western art commodiously displayed in the Louvre museum in the very centre of civilisation, and so we should not need to travel over the face of the earth in order to visit unpronounceable "städel'sche kunst-instituts" in out-of-the-way towns in the land of "patriotismus" and "leberwurst."

T. C.

The distribution of prizes, medals, and certificates to the students of the medical school in connection with St. Thomas's Hospital took place on July 5, Professor Stokes, M.P., in the chair. The prizes were distributed, and among those who had specially distinguished themselves may be mentioned Mr. J. E. Harris, who won the Entrance Science Scholarship (value 125 guineas) and certificate of honour; Mr. C. H. James, who received the Solly medal and prize; Mr. F. C. Abbott, Mr. W. B. Winston, and Mr. H. G. Turney.



SAVING FOR THE WEDDING.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

THUS did my father, by his own act and deed, strip himself of all his worldly wealth. Yet, having nothing, he ceased not to put his trust in the Lord, and continued to sit among his books, never asking whence came the food provided for him. I think, indeed, so wrapped was he in thought, that he knew not. As for procuring the daily food, my mother it was who found out the way.

Those who live in other parts of this kingdom do not know what a busy and populous county is that of Somerset. Apart from the shipping and the great trade with Ireland, Spain, and the West Indies carried on from the Port of Bristol, we have our great manufactures of cloth, in which we are surpassed by no country in the world. The town of Taunton alone can boast of eleven hundred looms always at work making Sagathies and Des Roys; there are many looms at Bristol, where they make for the most part Druggets and Cantaloons; and there are great numbers at that rich and populous town of Frome Selwood, where they manufacture the Spanish Medleys. Besides the clothworkers, we have, in addition, our knitted-stocking trade, which is carried on mostly at Glastonbury and Shepton Mallet. Not only does this flourishing trade make the masters rich and prosperous (it is not uncommon to find a master with his twenty, say, and his forty—thousand pounds), but it fills all the country with work, so that the towns are frequent, populous, and full of everything that men can want; and the very villages are not like those which may be seen in other parts, poor and squalid, but well built and comfortable.

Every cottage has its spinning-wheel. The mother, when she is not doing the work of the house, sits at the wheel; the girls, when they have nothing else to do, are made to knit stockings. Every week the master-clothier sends round his men among the villages, their pack-horses laden with wool; every week they return, their packs laden with yarn, ready for the loom.

There is no part of England where the people are more prosperous and more contented. Nowhere are there more towns, and all thriving: nowhere are the villages better built: nor can one find anywhere else more beautiful churches. Because the people make good wages they are independent in their manners: they have learned things supposed to be above the station of the humble; most of them in the towns, and many in the villages, are able to read. This enables them to search the Scriptures, and examine into doctrine by the light of their own reason, guided by grace. And to me, the daughter of a Nonconforming preacher, it does not seem wonderful that so many of them should have become stiff and sturdy Nonconformists. This was seen in the year 1685, and, again, three years later, when a greater than Monmouth landed on the western shores.

My mother, then, seeing no hope that her husband would earn, by any work of his own, the daily bread of the household, bravely followed the example of the women in the village. That is to say, she set up her spinning-wheel, and spent all the time that she could spare spinning the wool into yarn; while she taught her little boy first and, afterwards, her daughter—as soon as I was old enough—to manage the needles, to knit stockings. What trade, indeed, could her husband follow save one—and that, by law, prohibited? He could not dig; he could not make anything; he knew not how to buy or sell; he could only study, write, and preach. Therefore, while he sat among his books in one room, she sat over her wheel in the other, working for the master-clothiers of Frome Selwood. It still makes my heart to swell with pity and with love when I think upon my mother, thus spending herself and being spent, working all day, huckstering with the rough pack-horsemen more accustomed to exchange rude jests with the rustics than to talk with gentlewomen. And this she continued to do year after year, cheerful and contented, so that her husband should never feel the pinch of poverty. Love makes us willing slaves.

My father, happily, was not a man whose mind was troubled about food. He paid no heed at all to what he ate, provided that it was sufficient for his needs: he would sup his broth of pork and turnips and bread, after thanks rendered, as if it were the finest dish in the world; and a piece of cold bacon with a hot cabbage would be a feast for him. The cider which he drank was brewed by my mother from her own apples; to him it was as good as if it had been Sherris or Rhenish. I say that he did not even know how his food was provided for him; his mind was at all times occupied with subjects so lofty that he knew not what was done under his very eyes. The hand of God, he said, doth still support His faithful. Doubtless we cannot look back upon those years without owning that we were so supported. But my mother was the Instrument; nay, my father sometimes even compared himself with satisfaction unto the Prophet Elijah, whom the ravens fed in the Brook Cherith, bringing him flesh and bread in the morning and flesh and bread in the evening. I suppose my father thought that his bacon and beans came to him in the same manner.

Yet we should sometimes have fared but poorly had it not been for the charity of our friends. Many a fat capon, green goose, side of bacon, and young grunter came to us from the Manor House, with tobacco, which my father loved, and wine to comfort his soul; yea, and clothes for us all, else had we gone barefoot and in rags. In this way was many an ejected Elijah at that time nourished and supported. Fresh meat we should never have tasted, any more than the humblest around us, had it not been for our good friends at the Manor House. Those who live in towns cannot understand how frugal and yet sufficient may be the fare of those who live in the country and have gardens and orchards. Cider was our drink, which we made ourselves; we had some sweet apple-trees, which gave us a stock of russets and pippins for winter use; we had bees (but we sold most of our honey at Sherborne Market); our garden grew sallets and onions, beans and the like; skim milk we could have from the Manor House for the fetching; for breakfast we had bread and milk, for dinner bread and soft cheese, with a lettuce or an apple; and bread or bread and butter for supper. For my father there was always kept a piece of bacon, or fat pork.

Our house was one of the cottages in the village: it is a stone house (often I sit down to look at it, and to remember those days of humility) with a thick thatch. It had two rooms below and two garrets above. One room was made into a study or library for my father, where also he slept upon a pallet. The other was kitchen, spinning-room, parlour, all in one. The door opened upon the garden, and the floor was of stone, so that it was cold. But when Barnaby began to find the use of his hands, he procured some boards, which he laid upon the stones, and so we had a wooden floor; and in winter across the door we hung a blanket or rug to keep off the wind.

The walls were whitewashed, and over all my mother had written texts of Scripture with charcoal, so that godly admonition was ever present to our eyes and minds. She also embroidered short texts upon our garments, and I have still the cradle in which I was laid, carved (but I do not know by whose hand) with a verse from the Word of God. My father used himself, and would have us employ, the words of the Bible even for the smaller occasions or daily use; nor would he allow that anything was lawful unless it was sanctioned by the Bible, holding that in the Word was everything necessary or lawful. Did Barnaby go shooting with Sir Christopher and bring home a rabbit?—Lo! David bade the children of Israel teach the use of the bow. Did my mother instruct and amuse me with riddles?—She had the warrant of Scripture for it in the example of Samson. Did she sing Psalms and spiritual songs to while away the time and make her work less irksome and please her little daughter?—In the congregation of Nehemiah there were two hundred forty-and-five singing men and singing women.

My father read and expounded the Bible to us twice a day—morning and evening. Besides the Bible we had few books which we could read. As for my mother, poor soul, she had no time to read. And as for me, when I grew older I borrowed books from the Manor House or Mr. Boscorel. And there were "Old Mr. Dod's Sayings," and "Plain Directions by Joseph Large" always on the shelf beside the Bible.

Now, while my father worked in his study and my brother Barnaby either sat over his lesson-book, his hands rammed into his hair, as if determined to lose nothing, not the least scrap of his portion (yet knowing full well that on the morrow there would be not a word left in his poor unlucky noddle, and once more the whip), my mother would sit at her wheel earning the daily bread. And, when I was little, she would tell me, speaking very softly, so as not to disturb the wrestling of her husband with a knotty argument, all the things which you have heard—how my father chose rather poverty than to worship at the altar of Baal; and how two thousand pious ministers, like-minded with himself, left their pulpits and went out into the cold for conscience' sake. So that I was easily led to think that there were no Christian martyrs and confessors more excellent and praiseworthy than these ejected ministers (which still I believe). Then would she tell me further of how they fared, and how the common people do still reverence them. There was the history of John Norman, of Bridgwater; Joseph Chadwick, of Wrenford; Felix Howe, of West Torrington; George Minton, and many others. She also instructed me very early in the history of the Protestant uprising over the best half of Europe, and showed me how, against fearful odds, and after burnings and tortures unspeakable, the good people of Germany, the Netherlands, and Great Britain won their freedom from the Pope, so that my heart glowed within me to think of the great goodness and mercy which caused me to be born in a Protestant country. And she instructed me, later, in the wickedness of King Charles, whom they now call a martyr, and in the plots of that King, and Laud his Archbishop, and how King and Archbishop were both overthrown and perished when the people arose and would bear no more. In fine, my mother made me, from the beginning, a Puritan. As I remember my mother always, she was pale of cheek and thin, her voice was gentle; yet with her very gentleness she would make the blood to run quick in the veins, and the heart to beat.

How have I seen the boys spring to their feet when she has talked with them of the great civil war and the Revolution! But always soft and gentle; her blue eyes never flashing; no wrath in her heart; but the truth, which often causeth righteous anger, always upon her tongue.

One day, I remember, when I was a little girl playing in the garden, Mr. Boscorel walked down the village in his great silken gown, which seemed always new, his lace ruffs, and his white bands, looking like a Bishop at least, and walking delicately, holding up his gown to keep it from the dust and mud. When he spoke it was in a soft voice and a mincing speech, not like our plain Somersetshire way. He stopped at our gate, and looked down the garden. It was a summer day, the doors and windows of the cottage were open; at our window sat my father bending over his books, in his rusty gown and black cap, thin and lank; at the door sat my mother at her wheel.

"Child," said the Rector, "take heed thou never forget in thine age the thing which thou seest daily in thy childhood."

I knew not what he meant.

"Read and mark," he said; "yea, little Alice, learn by heart what the Wise Man hath said of the good woman: 'She layeth her hand to the spindle . . . she maketh fine linen and selleth it . . . she eateth not the bread of idleness. . . . Let her works praise her in the gates.'"

CHAPTER III.

THE BOYS.

The family of Challis, of Bradford Orcas, is well known; here there has always been a Challis from time immemorial. They are said to have been on the land before the time of the Conqueror. But because they have never been a great family, like the Mohuns of Dunster, but only modest gentle-folk with some four or five hundred pounds a year, they have not suffered, like those great houses, from the civil wars, which, when they raged in the land, brought in their train so many attainders, sequestrations, beheadings, imprisonments, and fines. Whether the Barons fought, or whether Cavaliers and Roundheads, the Challises remained at Bradford Orcas.

Since the land is theirs and the village, it is reasonable that they should have done everything that has been done for the place. One of them built the church, but I know not when; another built the tower; another gave the peal of bells. He who reigned here in the time of Henry VII. built the Manor House; another built the mill; the monuments in the church are all put up to the memory of Challises dead and gone; there is one, a very stately tomb, which figures, to the life, Sir William Challis (who died in the time of Queen Elizabeth), carved in marble, and coloured, kneeling at a desk; opposite to him is his second wife, Grace, also kneeling. Behind the husband are three boys, on their knees, and behind the wife are three girls. Apart from this group is the effigy of Filipa, Sir Christopher's first wife, with four daughters kneeling behind her. I was always sorry for Filipa, thus separated and cut off from the society of her husband. There are brasses on the floor with figures of other Challises, and tablets in the wall, and the Challis' coat-of-arms is everywhere, cut in lozenges, and painted in wood, and shining in the east window. It seemed to me, in my young days, that it was the grandest thing in the world to be a Challis.

In this family there was a laudable practice with the younger sons, that they stayed not at home, as is too often their custom, leading indolent lives without ambition or fortune, but they sallied forth and sought fortune in trade, or in the Law, or in the Church, or in foreign service—wherever fortune is to be honourably won—so that, though I daresay some proved dead and dry branches, others have put forth shoots and fruit abundantly, forming new and vigorous trees sprung from the ancient root. Thus, some have become judges: some bishops: and some great merchants: some have crossed the ocean and are now settled in the Plantations: some have attained rank and estates in the service of the Low Countries. Thus, Sir Christopher's brother Humphrey went to London and became a Levant merchant and adventurer, rising to great honour and becoming alderman. I doubt not that he would have been made Lord Mayor but for his untimely death. And as for his wealth, which was rumoured to be so great—but you shall hear of this in due time.

That goodly following of his household which you have seen enter the church on Farewell Sunday, was shortly afterwards broken into by death. There fell upon the village (I think it was in the year 1665) the scourge of a putrid fever, of which there died, besides numbers of the village folk, Madam herself—the honoured wife of Sir Christopher—Humphrey his son, and Madam Patience Boscorel, his daughter. There were left to Sir Christopher, therefore, only his daughter-in-law and his grandsons Robin and Benjamin. And in that year his household was increased by the arrival of his grand-nephew Humphrey. This child was the grandson of Sir Christopher's brother, the Turkey or Levant merchant of whom I have spoken. He was rich and prosperous: his ships sailed out every year laden with I know not what, and returned with figs, dates, spices, guns, silks, and all kinds of precious commodities from Eastern parts. It is, I have been told, a profitable trade, but subject to terrible dangers from Moorish pirates, who must be bravely fought and beaten off, otherwise ship and cargo will be taken, and captain and crew driven into slavery. Mr. Challis dwelt in Thames-street, close to Tower-hill. It is said that he lived here in great splendour, as befits a rich merchant who is also an Alderman.

Now, in the year 1665, as is very well known, a great plague broke out in the city. There were living in the house of Thames-street the Alderman, his wife, his son, his son's wife, a daughter, and his grandson, little Humphrey. On the first outbreak of the pestilence they took counsel together and resolved that the child should be first sent away to be out of danger, and that they would follow if the plague spread.

This was done, and a sober man, one of their porters or warehousemen, carried the child with his nurse all the way from London to Bradford Orcas. Alas! Before the boy reached his great-uncle, the house in Thames-street was attacked by the plague, and everyone therein perished. Thus was poor little Humphrey deprived of his parents. I know not who were his guardians or trustees, or what steps, if any, were taken to inquire into the Alderman's estate; but when, next year, the Great Fire of London destroyed the house in Thames-street, with so many others, all the estate, whatever it had been, vanished, and could no more be traced. There must have been large moneys owing. It is certain that he had ventures in ships. It has been supposed that he owned many houses in the City, but they were destroyed and their very sites forgotten, and no deeds or papers, or any proof of ownership, were left. Moreover, there was nobody charged with inquiring into this orphan's affairs. Therefore, in the general confusion nothing at all was saved out of what had been a good property, and the child Humphrey was left without a guinea in the world. Thus unstable is Fortune.

I know not whether Humphrey received a fall in his infancy, or whether he was born with his deformity, but the poor lad grew up with a crooked figure, one shoulder being higher than the other, and his legs short, so that he looked as if his arms were too long for him. We, who saw him thus every day, paid no heed, nor did he suffer from any of those cruel gibes and taunts which are often passed upon lads thus afflicted. As he was by nature or misfortune debarred from the rough sports which pleased his cousins, the boy gave himself up to reading and study, and to music. His manner of speech was soft and gentle; his voice was always sweet, and afterwards became strong as well, so that I have never heard a better singer. His face—ah! my brother Humphrey, what a lovely face was thine! All goodness, surely was stamped upon that face. Never, never did an unworthy thought defile that candid soul, or a bad action cast a cloud upon that brow!

As for Robin, Sir Christopher's grandson, I think he was always what he is still, namely, one of a joyous heart and a cheerful countenance. As a boy he laughed continually, would sing more willingly than read, would play rather than work, loved to course and shoot and ride better than to learn Latin grammar, and would readily off coat and fight with any who invited him. Yet not a fool or a clown, but always a gentleman in manners, and one who read such things as behove a country gentleman, and scrupulous as to the point of honour. Such as he is still such he was always. And of a comely presence, with a rosy cheek and bright eyes, and the strength of a young David, as well as his ruddy and goodly countenance. The name of David, I am told, means "darling." Therefore, ought my Robin to have been named David. There were two other boys—Barnaby, my brother, who was six years older than myself, and, therefore, always to me a great boy; and Benjamin, the son of the Rev. Mr. Boscorel—the Rector. Barnaby grew up so broad and strong that at twelve he would have passed easily for seventeen; his square shoulders, deep chest, and big limbs made him like a bull for strength. Yet he was shorter than most, and looked shorter than he was by reason of his great breadth. He was always exercising his strength; he would toss the hay with the haymakers, and carry the corn for the reapers, and thresh with the flail, and guide the plough. He loved to climb great trees, and to fell them with an axe. Everybody in the village admired his wonderful strength. Unfortunately, he loved not books, and could never learn anything, so that when, by dint of great application and many repetitions, he had learned a little piece of a Latin verb, he straightway forgot it in the night, and so, next day, there was another flogging. But that he heeded little. He was five years older than Robin, and taught him all his woodcraft—where to find pheasants' eggs, how to catch squirrels, how to trap weasels and stoats, how to hunt the otter, how to make a goldfinch whistle and a raven talk—never was there such a master of that wisdom which doth not advance a man in the world.

Now, before Barnaby's birth, his mother, after the manner of Hannah, gave him solemnly unto the Lord all the days of his life, and after his birth, her husband, after the manner of Elkanah, said "Do what seemeth thee good; only the Lord establish his word." He was, therefore, to become a minister, like his father before him. Alas! poor Barnaby could not even learn the Latin verbs, and his heart, it was found, as he grew older, was wholly set upon the things of this world. Wherefore, my mother prayed for him daily while she sat at her work, that his heart might be turned, and that he might get understanding.

As for the fourth of the boys, Benjamin Boscorel, he was about two years younger than Barnaby, a boy who, for want of a mother, and because his father was careless of him, grew up rough and coarse in manners and in speech, and boastful of his powers. To hear Ben talk you would think that all the

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

Every morning Sir Christopher sat in his Justice's chair. . . . Sometimes gipsies would be brought before him charged with stealing poultry.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

boys of his school (the grammar school of Sherborne) were heroes: that the Latin taught was of a quality superior to that which Robin and Humphrey learnt of my father; and that when he himself went out into the world the superiority of his parts would be immediately perceived and acknowledged.

Those who watch boys at play together—girls more early learn to govern themselves and to conceal their thoughts, if not their tempers—may, after a manner, predict the future character of every one. There is the man who wants all for himself, and still wants more, and will take all and yield nothing, save on compulsion, and cares not a straw about his neighbour—such was Benjamin, as a boy. There is the man who gives all generously—such was Robin. There is, again, the man whose mind is raised above the petty cares of the multitude, and dwells apart, occupied with great thoughts—such was Humphrey. Lastly, there is the man who can act but cannot think; who is born to be led; who is full of courage and of strength, and leaves all to his commander, captain, or master—such was Barnaby.

As I think of these lads it seems as if the kind of man into which each would grow must have been stamped upon their foreheads. Perhaps to the elders this prognostic was easy to read.

They suffered me to play with them or to watch them at play. When the boys went off to the woods I went with them. I watched them set their traps—I ran when they ran. And then, as now, I loved Robin and Humphrey. But I could not endure—no; not even the touch of him—Benjamin, with the loud laugh and the braggart voice, who laughed at me because I was a girl and could not fight. The time came when he did not laugh at me because I was a girl. And oh! to think—only to think—of the time that came after that!

CHAPTER IV.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

At the mere remembrance of Sir Christopher, I am fain to lay down my pen and to weep, as for one whose goodness was unsurpassed, and whose end was undeserved. Good works, I know, are rags, and men cannot deserve the mercy of God by any merits of their own; but a good man—a man whose heart is full of justice, mercy, virtue, and truth—is so rare a creature, that when there is found such a one his salvation seems assured. Is it not wonderful that there are among us so many good Christians, but so few good men? I am, indeed, in private duty bound to acknowledge Sir Christopher's goodness to me and to mine. He was, as I have said, the mainstay of our household. Had we depended wholly on my mother's work, we should sometimes have fared miserably indeed. Nay, he did more. Though a Justice of the Peace, he invited my father every Sunday evening to the Manor House for spiritual conversation, not only for his own profit, but knowing that to expound was to my father the breath of his nostrils, so that if he could not expound he must die. In person, Sir Christopher was tall; after the fashion (which I love) of the days when he was a young man he wore his own hair, which, being now white and long, became his venerable face much better than any wig—white, black, or brown. He was generally dressed, as became his station of simple country gentleman, in a plush coat with silver buttons, and for the most part he wore boots, being of an active habit and always walking about his fields or in his gardens among his flowers and his fruit-trees. He was so good a sportsman that with his rod, his gun, and his hawk he provided his table with everything except beef, mutton, and pork. In religion he inclined to Independency, being above all things an upholder of private judgment; in politics, he denied the Divine right, and openly said that a Challis might be a King as well as a Stuart; he abhorred the Pope and all his works; and though he was now for a Monarchy, he would have the King's own power limited by the Parliament. In his manners he was grave and dignified; not austere, but one who loved a cheerful companion. He rode once a week, on market day, to Sherborne, where he dined with his brother Justices, hearing and discussing the news, though news comes but slowly from London to these parts—it was fourteen days after the landing of the King in the year 1660 that the bells of Sherborne Minster rang for that event. Sometimes a copy of the *London Gazette* came down by the Exeter coach, or some of the company had lately passed a night where the coach stopped, and conversed with travellers from London and heard the news. For the rest of the week, his Honour was at home. For the most part he sat in the hall. In the middle stands the great oak table where all the household sit at meals together. There was little difference between the dishes served above and those below the salt, save that those above had each a glass of strong ale or of wine after dinner and supper. One side of the hall was hung with arras worked with representations of herbs, beasts, and birds. On the other side was the great chimney, where in the winter a noble fire was kept up all day long. On either side of it hung fox skins, otter skins, polecat skins, with fishing-rods, stags' heads, horns, and other trophies of the chase. At the end was a screen covered with old coats of mail, helmets, bucklers, lances, pikes, pistols, guns with match-locks, and a trophy of swords arranged in form of a star. Below the cornice hung a row of leathern jerkins, black and dusty, which had formerly been worn in place of armour by the common sort. In the oriel window was a sloping desk, having on one side the Bible and on the other Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." Below was a shelf with other books, such as Vincent Wing's Almanack, King Charles's "Golden Rules," "Glanville on Apparitions," the "Complete Justice," and the "Book of Farriery." There was also in the hall a great side-board, covered with Turkey work, pewter, brass, and fine linen. In the cupboard below was his Honour's plate, reported to be worth a great deal of money.

Sir Christopher sat in a high chair, curiously carved, with arms and a triangular seat. It had belonged to the family for many generations. Within reach of the chair was the tobacco-jar, his pipe, and his favourite book—namely, "The Gentleman's Academie: or the Book of St. Albans, being a Work on Hunting, Hawking, and Armorie," by Dame Juliana Berners, who wrote it two hundred and fifty years ago. Sir Christopher loved especially to read aloud that chapter in which it is proved that the distinction between gentleman and churl began soon after the Creation, when Cain proved himself a churl, and Seth was created Gentleman and Esquire or Armiger by Adam, his father. This distinction was renewed after the Flood by Noah himself, a gentleman by lineal descent from Seth. In the case of his sons, Ham was the churl, and the other two were the gentlemen. I have sometimes thought that, according to this author, all of us who are descended from Shem or Japhet should be gentlemen, in which case there would be no churl in Great Britain at all. But certainly there are many; so that, to my poor thinking, Dame Juliana Berners must be wrong.

There is, in addition to the great hall, the best parlour. But as this was never wanted, the door of it was never opened except at cleaning time. Then, to be sure, one saw a room furnished very grand, with chairs in Turkey work, and hung round with family portraits. The men were clad in armour, as if they had all been soldiers or commanders; the women were mostly dressed as shepherdesses, with crooks in their hands and flowing robes. In the garden was a long bowling green, where in summer Sir Christopher took great pleasure in that ancient game: below the garden was a broad fishpond, made by damming the stream: above and below the pond there were trout, and in the pond were carp and jack. A part of the garden was laid out for flowers, a part for the still-room, and a part for fruit. I have never seen anywhere a better ordered garden for the still-room. Everything grew therein that the housewife wants: sweet cicely, rosemary, burnet, sweet basil, chives, dill, clary, angelica, lipwort, tarragon, thyme, and mint; there were, as Lord Bacon, in his "Essay on Gardens," would have, "whole alleys of them to have the pleasure when you walk or tread." There were thick hedges to keep off the east wind in spring, so that one would enjoy the sun when that cold wind was blowing. But in Somerset that wind hath not the bitterness that it possesses along the eastern shores of the land.

Every morning Sir Christopher sat in his Justice's chair under the helmets and the coats of armour. Sometimes gipsies would be brought before him, charged with stealing poultry or poisoning pigs; or a rogue and vagabond would stray into the parish; these gentry were very speedily whipped out of it. As for our own people, there is nowhere a more quiet and orderly village; quarrels there are with the clothiers' men, who will still try to beat down the value of the women's work, and bickerings sometimes between the women themselves. Sir Christopher was judge for all. Truly he was a patriarch like unto Abraham, and a father to his people. Never was sick man suffered to want for medicines and succour; never was aged man suffered to lack food and fire; did any youth show leanings towards sloth, profligacy, or drunkenness, he was straightway admonished, and that right soundly, so that his back and shoulders would remind him for many days of his sin. By evildoers Sir Christopher was feared as much as he was beloved by all good men and true. This also is proper to one in high station and authority.

In the evening he amused himself in playing backgammon with the boys, or chess with his son-in-law, Mr. Boscorel: but the latter with less pleasure, because he was generally defeated in the game. He greatly delighted in the conversation and society of that learned and ingenious gentleman, though on matters of religion and of politics his son-in-law belonged to the opposite way of thinking.

I do not know why Mr. Boscorel took upon himself holy orders. God forbid that I should speak ill of any in authority, and especially of one who was kind and charitable to all, and refused to become a persecutor of those who desired freedom of conscience and of speech. But if the chief duty of a minister of the gospel is to preach, then was Mr. Boscorel little better than a dog who cannot bark. He did not preach; that is to say, he could not, like my father, mount the pulpit, Bible in hand, and teach, admonish, argue, and convince without a written word. He read every Sunday morning a brief discourse, which might, perhaps, have instructed Oxford scholars, but would not be understood by the common people. As for arguments on religion, spiritual conversation, or personal experience of grace, he would never suffer such talk in his presence, because it argued private judgment and caused, he said, the growth of spiritual pride. And of those hot Gospellers whose zeal brings them to prison and the pillory, he spoke with contempt. His conversation, I must acknowledge, was full of delight and instruction, if the things which one learned of him were not vanities. He had travelled in Italy and in France, and he loved to talk of poetry, architecture, statuary, medals and coins, antiquities and so forth—things harmless and, perhaps, laudable in themselves, but for a preacher of the gospel who ought to think of nothing but his sacred calling, they are surely superfluities. Or he would talk of the manners and customs of strange countries, and especially of the Pope. This person, whom I have been taught to look upon as from the very nature of his pretensions the most wicked of living men, Mr. Boscorel regarded with as much toleration as he bestowed upon an Independent. Then he would tell us of London and the manners of the great; of the King, whom he had seen, and the Court, seeming to wink at things which one ought to hold in abhorrence. He even told us of the playhouse, which, according to my father, is the most subtle engine ever invented by the Devil for the destruction of souls. Yet Mr. Boscorel sighed to think that he could no longer visit that place of amusement. He loved also music, and played movingly upon the violoncello; and he could make pictures with pen, pencil, or brush. I have some of his paintings still, especially a picture which he drew of Humphrey playing the fiddle, his great eyes looking upwards as if the music was drawing his soul to heaven. I know not why he painted a halo about his face. Mr. Boscorel also loved poetry, and quoted Shakspeare and Ben Jonson more readily than the Word of God.

In person he was of a goodly countenance, having clear-cut features; a straight nose, rather long; soft eyes, and a gentle voice. He was dainty in his apparel, loving fine clean linen and laced neckerchiefs, but was not a gross feeder; he drank but little wine, but would discourse upon fine wines, such as the Tokay of Hungary, Commandery wine from Cyprus, and the like, and he seemed better pleased to watch the colour of the wine in the glass, and to breathe its perfume, than to drink it. Above all things he hated coarse speech and rude manners. He spoke of men as if he stood on an eminence watching them, and always with pity, as if he belonged to a nobler creation. How could such a man have such a son?

(To be continued.)

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated July 28, 1879), with two codicils (dated Dec. 5, 1879, and June 23, 1881), of the Right Hon. Mary Dowager Baroness Kilmaine, late of No. 10, Melbury-road, South Kensington, who died on April 22 last, granted to the Hon. Arthur Henry Browne, the son, the sole executor, was resealed in London on June 27, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland being taken under a nominal sum. The testatrix makes various dispositions of policies of insurance and moneys in settlement in favour of members of her family; and there are numerous specific bequests. The residue of her property she gives to her said son.

The will (dated June 12, 1886) of Mr. William Henderson, late of No. 12, Porchester-square, Bayswater, who died on May 12 last, was proved on June 22 by John Paton Watson, Mrs. Mary Mackenzie, the daughter, and William Henderson Mackenzie, the grandson, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £454,000. The testator bequeaths certain stocks, shares, and securities, of the nominal value of £60,985, upon trust, for his said daughter, Mrs. Mackenzie, for life, and then for her children; certain stocks, shares, and securities, of the nominal value of £19,800, to his grandson Samuel Kenneth Mackenzie; certain stocks, shares, and securities, of the nominal value of £20,000, to his grandson, Douglas Mackenzie; certain stocks, shares, and securities, of the nominal value of £30,000, to his three granddaughters, Alice Mary Mackenzie, Mabel Paten Mackenzie, and Christiana Jessie Mackenzie, in equal shares; £1000 each to his niece, Mrs. Helen Davidson Wallace, and his nephew, Robert Mackenzie; and £500 to his executor, Mr. Watson. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his said grandson William Henderson Mackenzie.

The will (dated March 28, 1878), with a codicil (dated Jan. 6, 1886), of the Rev. Charles Fox Chawner, Rector of Bletchingley, Surrey, who died on May 25 last, was proved on July 3 by Mrs. Frances Sarah Chawner, the widow, Charles Robert Rivington, and the Rev. John Hampton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £56,000. The testator bequeaths his plate to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his son, Lawrence Chaloner; his jewellery to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his daughters, Ethel Frances and Winifred Marion; his furniture and the rest of his effects and £200 to his wife; £300 to his granddaughter, Marion Charlotte Brooke Taylor; and £100 each to his executors, Mr. Rivington and Mr. Hampton. He appoints to his said son certain reversionary property in settlement. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to the income of four equal thirteenth parts thereof, to his wife, for life or widowhood, and, subject thereto, for his children.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1886) of Mr. Henry Charles Jeffreys, formerly of No. 125, Piccadilly, and late of No. 12, Park-lane, Hyde Park, who died on May 31 last, was proved on June 30 by Edward William Jeffreys, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £54,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate equally between his nine nephews and nieces—viz., the two children of his brother Herbert Castleman Jeffreys, and the seven children of his brother Edward William Jeffreys.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1883) of Mr. Barnard Fowler, of the firm of Messrs. John Fowler and Co., Steam-Plough Works, Leeds, who died on July 6, 1883, was proved on June 23 by Robert Henry Fowler, the nephew, and Robert Fowler, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £46,000. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his brother Robert for his own use and benefit.

The will (dated April 7, 1888) of Mr. Robert Clark, late of Devizes, Wilts, who died on April 27 last, was proved on June 21 by Miss Martha Clark, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his daughters, Martha and Ellen, equally.

The will (dated June 17, 1879), with four codicils (dated Sept. 2, 1879; Aug. 30 and Sept. 15, 1880; and Aug. 18, 1883), of Major Robert Carmichael-Smyth, formerly of the 93rd Highlanders, and of No. 17, Norfolk-crescent, Bath, but late of Frome, Somersetshire, who died on May 13 last, was proved on June 29 by Sir James Morse Carmichael, Bart., the great-nephew, and Leonard Hopwood Hicks, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £33,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife, Mrs. Dorothy Susan Carmichael-Smyth, who is otherwise amply provided for; £300 to Lady Louisa Charlotte, the widow of his late nephew, Sir James Robert Carmichael; his furniture, pictures, plate, papers, manuscripts, and effects to his said grand-nephew, Sir James Morse Carmichael; and legacies to his brother, nephews, nieces, and other relatives, and to old friends and servants. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves to his brother, nephews, nieces, and other relatives by blood or marriage, to whom he has given legacies, in proportion to the amount of their legacies.

The will (dated April 26, 1888) of Mr. Charles Franklin, late of No. 2, Eastern-terrace, Cambridge, who died on June 3, was proved on June 22 by Arthur Franklin, the brother, and Walter Newell Rook, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testator bequeaths £6000 and the use of his household goods, for life, to his wife; £500 each to his three brothers and his six sisters; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then equally to his nephews and nieces, share and share alike.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1881) of the Venerable John Hannah, D.C.L., Archdeacon of Lewes, who died on June 1, at the Vicarage, Brighton, was proved on June 28 by the Rev. John Julius Hannah, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £7900. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his said son.

Prince Christian has been unanimously elected president of the Windsor and Eton Royal Infirmary, the office having been in abeyance since the time of the Prince Consort.

The Duchess of Albany on July 5 laid the foundation-stone of the new school buildings to be erected in connection with the church of St. Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield.

On July 20 Mr. Clement Scott celebrates his "silver wedding" with the dramatic department of journalism, having been continuously employed as a reviewer of plays and a writer on dramatic subjects for twenty-five years, the last sixteen of which have been spent in the service of the *Daily Telegraph*. In order to commemorate this event, he was on July 5 privately entertained at the Arts Club by the representative managers of the London theatres. Mr. J. L. Toole was in the chair, as the senior London actor identified with the career of the guest; and he was supported by Messrs. Henry Irving, Augustus Harris, Wilson Barrett, Thomas Thorne, Beerbohm Tree, Charles Wyndham, John Hare, Edward Terry, Charles Hawtrey, Agostino and Stefano Gatti, and R. D'Oyly Carte.



THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA IN 1588.

BY CHARLES N. ROBINSON.



N invasion of this country, the actual landing of a foreign foe upon these shores, might well appear to the majority of the inhabitants of Great Britain to-day an event so unlikely, so improbable, as almost to pass belief. The memories of many glorious victories, the extension of civilisation, a happy exemption from the horrors of war, and the enjoyment of long years of peace and prosperity, have together contributed to make the mere notion of such a calamity overtaking us difficult indeed for the present generation of Englishmen to realise. Far otherwise was it with their ancestors towards the end of the sixteenth century. Our countrymen of that great epoch in Britain's history which is marked by the sovereignty of Elizabeth Tudor, although they had not actually experienced the iron grasp of an enemy, had yet but a short while been emancipated from a thraldom and tyranny not the less galling that it was mainly of home manufacture. Proud and jealous of their new-found civil and religious liberties, prouder still of their growing strength upon land and sea, and not unmindful of the destiny which seemed in store for their descendants, the people of that period had around them ample evidence of the facility with which nations, stronger, more numerous, and, apparently, enjoying far greater security than themselves, could pass under the yoke of the conquerors of Mexico and Peru. So when, at length, they knew that the vast strength and resources of the most powerful and the richest Monarch in Europe, supported, too, by the promises, the blessings, and the far-reaching machinery of the Pontiff of Rome, were about to be exerted to crush their country, they must have been less than Englishmen had they not sunk their discords and differences and stood forth as one man against the common enemy. How they equipped themselves to resist the danger, how they combatted the forces sent against them, and how, under Providence, they saved this land and, indirectly, all Northern Europe, from bondage, preserved their faith and liberties, both spiritual and temporal, and handed down, untarnished and unsullied, the honour and prestige of the nation, forms a story the recital of which cannot fail to stir even the coldest and most apathetic amongst us. To the happy termination of this momentous crisis in our history, the Commercial and Colonial Empire of which we are so justly proud mainly owes its being. And surely the wise statesmanship, glorious patriotism, indomitable valour, and stubborn courage of our forefathers are well worthy of grateful and reverent commemoration on this the 300th anniversary of the memorable events which called them forth.

With the causes which led to the setting forth of Spain's hostile demonstration, it is not our intention to deal at length. It is, however, a mistake to suppose that religious animosity or sectarian motives were chiefly, or even directly, connected with its inception. No stronger grounds for an appeal to arms could have been needed than the recognition and support given by Elizabeth to the deeds of Hawkins, Drake, and other seamen, who, from the Spanish point of view, were pirates and smugglers, fit only for the hands of the hangman or the inquisitor. The conquest of England was considered a just and desirable enterprise—and copious testimony exists that long prior to the actual attempt preparations were being made to assail and overwhelm the island and "its brood of vipers."

The Spanish preparations were most complete. The total number of craft of all kinds composing the Armada was, probably, 130; but a few of these never crossed the Bay. At least sixty were galleons of huge size and strength, ranging from 700 up to 1250 tons burden. They were not, however, primarily built for war-purposes, and the proportion of guns they carried was, as compared with their size, not large. But being intended for long voyages, their upper works were high out of the water, and their main timbers 3 ft. or 4 ft. thick. One hundred years before, the Portuguese galleons under Diaz had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and, with the conquest of Portugal, some of the finest ships in the world passed into the Spanish King's hands. It was the Portuguese galleons that formed the van-squadron of the Armada; the largest of them mounting, perhaps, fifty guns, and many of these of small calibre. In the case of the hired ships, except the heaviest Levantine galleons, the proportion of guns to tonnage was still smaller. Usually sailing in smooth water they did not carry numerous crews, but now they were crammed with soldiers to an inconvenient degree. Of the second class of ships, called galliasses, there were four in the fleet. These were proper war-ships, and certainly did their share of the fighting. Like the galleons, they were three-masted vessels, but were also propelled by oars, to pull which they carried a large number of galley-slaves. Their prows and sterns were furnished with heavy cannon in high castles, and they carried smaller cannon on the broadside, in ports between the rowers. The two larger each carried nearly 300 soldiers, and over 100 sailors, with 350 slaves to row. There were also galleys with one or more tiers of oars a-side, many merchant and store-ships, caravels, and *ureas*.

The *personnel* of this flotilla consisted of over 30,000 persons, including 18,000 soldiers, 8000 sailors, 2000 galley-slaves, and a numerous hospital staff, assisted by 180 priests of various Orders. The armament was of 2000 guns; a few may have been 64 or 32 pounders (cannon or demi-cannon), but by far the greater number were 10, 6, or 4 pounders (demi-culverins, sakers, and minions). The whole force was victualled for six months, a large sum of money was taken in the fleet, and the orders for preserving discipline were

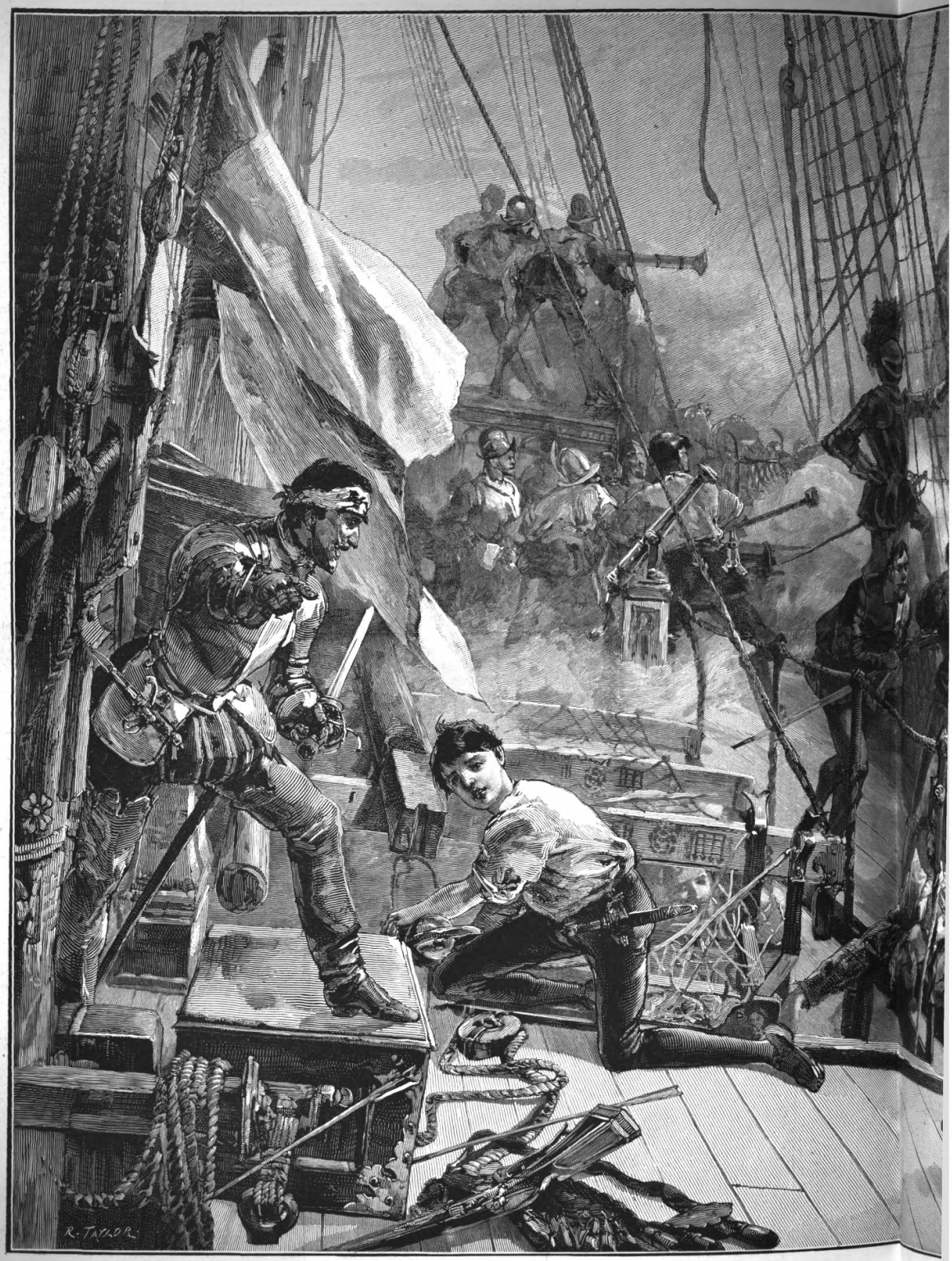


PHILIP II., KING OF SPAIN.



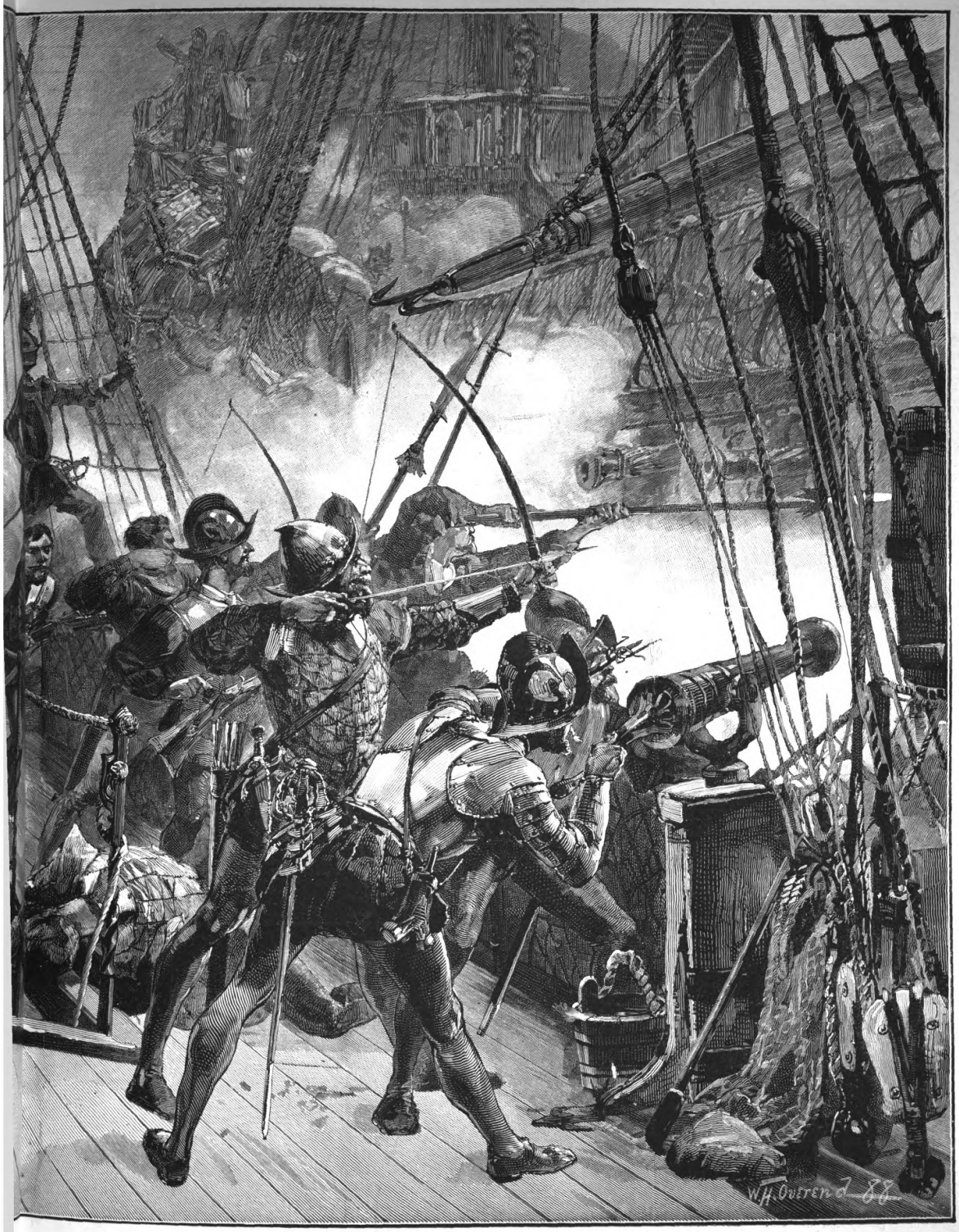
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

TERCENTENARY OF THE DEFEAT OF



LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM ON BOARD THE ARK ROYAL, E

T OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, 1588.



ROYAL, ENGAGING THE SHIP OF DON ALONZO DA LEYVA.



"A TALL SPANIARD."

unusually strict. In the vicinity of Nieuport and Dunkirk, Farnese, the Prince of Parma, had assembled an army of 30,000 foot and 4000 horse, picked troops, ready to be embarked in scores of flat-bottomed boats and transports, and conveyed across to Margate and Deal so soon as the English and Dutch ships should have been swept from the narrow seas before the imposing array of the "Invincible" Armada.

Of the officers in charge of these vast and apparently overwhelming expeditions, Santa Cruz had seen more service than any naval commander out of England; while Parma was reckoned the first military leader of the time. But Parma never set foot on English soil and Santa Cruz died in February, before the Armada was quite prepared for starting; the Duke of Medina Sidonia, his successor, had little to recommend him for the post, save blue blood and personal courage. He had, however, some exceptionally able seamen and commanders as his advisers. Don Juan Martinez De Recalde, Vice-Admiral and Capitan of the Biscayan Armada, was both, and proved it during the whole of the unlucky cruise. He was fortunate, like his chief, in being able to return; but he died shortly after he landed. Don Diego Flores De Valdes, General of the Fleet of Castile, had already served with distinction afloat. He it was who recommended the burning of the English fleet at Plymouth; and he it was, also, who lost heart altogether after the great fight off Gravelines. Don Pedro De Valdes, Admiral of the Andalusian Armada, had commanded a fleet in northern waters, and it was hoped that his local knowledge would prove valuable; but his ship, Nuestra Señora del Rosario (commonly called the Capitana), was the first to be captured and himself taken prisoner. Other commanders of whose exploits we hear are Don Miguel De Oquendo, a dashing and chivalrous officer, in opposition to whose advice the retreat by the North Sea was made; Don Martin De Bertendona, whose flag-ship, the Ragazona, was always in the thickest of the fighting (he commanded the squadron of hired galleons, among them some of the finest ships in the Armada); and Don Hugo De Moncada, who had charge of the four galliasses, and who lost his life when his ship was taken off Calais. In command of the land-forces embarked was Don Alonzo Da Leyva, flying his standard in the Rata Coronada, a veteran General who as a youth had crossed sabres with the Moors, and had since seen service in many a land and sea battle. To his charge, we are told, were committed most of the high-born youth of Spain who sailed in the expedition. This gallant old soldier, after being thrice wrecked, was eventually drowned, with most of his companions, on the coast of Ireland.

In England a commission had been convened of noblemen and gentlemen, as well as the most experienced naval and military officers, "to sett doune such meanes as are fittest to putt the fforces of the Realme in order to withstand any Invasion." It is worthy of note that, in the opinion of the experts of those days, the only sure means of preventing invasion was in the maintenance of an invincible navy. At the same time precautions were to be taken on shore, in case the enemy should land at Milford, Plymouth, Portland, the Wight, Portsmouth, the Thames, or Harwich. Militia and volunteers in great numbers were embodied, and commenced training in the use of arms; camps were laid out and fortified; while on every high place beacons and bonfires were prepared for lighting to give information of the advent of the foe and summon the defenders of the State. These preparations were confined to no single part of the country or to any particular class or creed. Many places, like the City of London, came forward to do their duty by assisting, not only with land but with sea forces—raising loans, finding ships and men, victualling and arming them. Everywhere there was but one desire apparent; and Protestants and Catholics, the classes and the masses, vied with each other in displaying one mind—to take up arms and, if need be, to lay down their lives in the defence of their rights and privileges against the threatened tyranny of Spanish rule.

To give them their due, there were many among the gallant seamen and soldiers of the time who neither feared nor underestimated the Spanish power. While the patriotic spirit which was aroused is well exemplified by the conduct of the pirate who is said to have walked into the hands of justice that he might give timely notice of the coming of the hostile fleet, at the same time the remark, which Sir Francis Drake is reported to have made when interrupted in his game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe, "There 's time to win the game and thrash the Spaniards too," is an instance of the contemptuous feeling in which the invaders were held by those best acquainted with them. The bold merchant adventurers, buccaneers, or smugglers—call them what you will—who had fought and thrashed the Don afloat and ashore—not without getting hard knocks in return—saw in the huge armament then entering English waters, if not fresh opportunities for plunder and prize-money, at least a great chance to pay off old scores. They reckoned the slow, ponderous, badly-armed and overcrowded galleons at their real value, and never doubted for an instant the outcome of the maritime fray, so long as they could get a sufficient supply of stores and ammunition from the authorities.

The total number of ships in the Navie Royal was thirty, big and little—the four largest being the Triumph, Elizabeth, White Bear, and Victory, all built from the designs of Sir John Hawkins, Treasurer of the Navy—seaman, shipbuilder, and navigator. A man, indeed, to whose fertility of resource and skill, as much as to the capacity of any other man of the time, must be attributed the victory which followed. Then, as for long afterward, there was no peace south of the Line, and every merchantman was forced to go about its business armed, while it was customary to call upon the seaports for their ships in war-time. So the numbers of the fleet were soon increased. Altogether, the English fleet consisted of 197 vessels, many of which were mere pinnaces and coasting craft. The force embarked was about 15,000 men; but the proportion of seamen to soldiers in each ship was much greater than in the invading force. Holland also sent a contingent of ships, under Justin of Nassau. These Dutch ships do not appear to have met with the vessels of the Armada, but they effectually did their work on the Netherland coast.

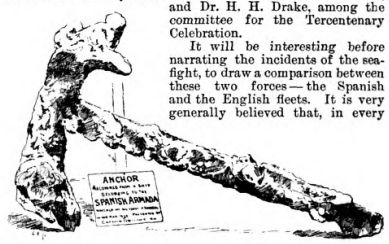
The English flag-ship was the Ark Royal, a vessel of 800-tons burden, carrying 425 men and an armament of which the following summary is probably correct:—4 cannon (60-pounders), 4 demi-cannon (32-pounders), 12 culverins (18-pounders), 6 sakers (6-pounders), and some smaller ordnance. These last-named were styled port-pieces and fowler-halls, small guns made in two parts, the chambers being ready-charged, and placed in the piece when needed. The largest guns were usually mounted as chase-pieces, in the stern; demi-cannon and culverins in the broadside ports, which were frequently circular in shape. Sakers, minions (4-pounders), or falcons (2-pounders) were mounted on the quarter and forecastles, on blocks of wood or as swivelpieces; while the smallest ordnance, sometimes called "murdering pieces," were placed on barricades inboard for use against boarders. From the tops also were used "fyrevorkes," of which the Spaniards were reported to stand in great dread.

The ships were gaily ornamented with carvings on their woodwork, their sternposts and figureheads being often works of art, beautifully carved, moulded, painted, and gilded. Then, too, there were the great poop lanthorns, and from every conceivable point aloft hung the banners and "ancients" of the leaders and the national emblems. The length of these banners and pennons may be judged by that one which, in memory of this very event, was "set up in the great church of Leyden in Holland, and being fastened to the very roofe, it reached down to the ground." Some curious information about the cost of these flags is extant—as, for example, we read that Henry Holesworth, of London, May 21, 1588, supplied fourteen flags of St. George of "fine beaupres" for the use of her Majesty's ships and pinnaces at Chatham, one at £4, eleven at £3, and two at 20s. the flag. John Heath, of London, also supplied two ensigns of silk, one for H.M.S. Rainbow at £5 6s. 8d., and another for the galley Bonavolia at £8 6s. 8d. William Byford, of London, also provided forty-six streamers or pennants for the use of the Ark Royal, the Victory, the Mary Rose, and the Swallow at 20 pence apiece. Again, Lewis Lidyard, of London, had for 102 yards of calico, used for making two flags, stained in colours with her Majesty's arms, "to be worn at sea in the ship the Lord Admiral sailed in," at 9d. every yard, £3 16s. 6d.; and moreover for staining the said flags and bringing them from London to Queenborough, by Chatham, £6 16s. 8d.; total, £11 2s. 2d. The manning of the ships, whether of the navy or of hired or volunteer merchantmen, was most imperfect; pay was generally in arrears; and, sanitary arrangements being totally wanting, disease and sickness were rife.

The most illustrious and notable of the English sea-officers was Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord Admiral, as his father had been before him, a man of considerable experience at sea at the time of the threatened invasion. To his caution, coolness, judgment, and, in particular, his ability as a naval tactician, the victory in 1588 was in no small degree due. To understand the difficulties with which he had to contend, his correspondence must be read. The constant burden of it is, that while he had the ships and the men—the latter as good as any in the world, and ready to spend their lives in her Majesty's service—money, stores, ammunition, and provisions were all lacking. And so it went on to the end of the campaign. So far as concerned a constant attention to the details of his office, a zealous care for his men, and a courteous consideration for the advice of his counsellors (some of whom were more noted for temper than tact), the Admiral did wisely; and when the moment arrived to try conclusions with the enemy, he proved himself amply endowed with true courage and valour. The four men whom Lord Howard chose as his advisers, and of whom he writes—"the worlde dothe judge to be men of the greatest experience that the realme hathe," were Sir Francis Drake, Captains John Hawkins, Martin Frobisher, and Thomas Fenner. Of these four, Sir Francis Drake has by some writers been made the central figure of the defeat of the Armada. His chief exploit was the taking of Our Lady of the Rosary, the Capitana of Pedro de Valdes. Drake's conduct on the Hoe at Plymouth, if the story is true, was hardly that of a zealous subordinate, wishful to give a good example to the men under him. Disobedience is generally charged to him also in the matter of carrying a light on the night of the fight off the Start. His conduct in the action off Gravelines was that of an impetuous, brave, and daring officer, and he was indisputably a capital seaman and an intrepid commander; but he appears, possibly from old associations, to have allowed his lust for dollars to detract from the duty he owed to his chief and his country. Captain John Hawkins came of a seafaring family. He was a Devonshire man, while Drake, also, was a native of Tavistock, and Frobisher hailed from the county of York; but all sections of the country may fairly claim to be represented among the sea-commanders on this eventful occasion. Hawkins's father was a famous shipbuilder of Plymouth, and well known as an expert navigator in the time of Henry VIII. Hawkins's son, too, Richard, who commanded the Swallow against the Armada, was noted as an able seaman; and, in his "Observations" has given us a most valuable record of the manners and customs of the Elizabethan sailors. Under Captain John Hawkins, Drake was trained; and many of the best sailors and navigators of the time had been in the forecastle or officers with him.

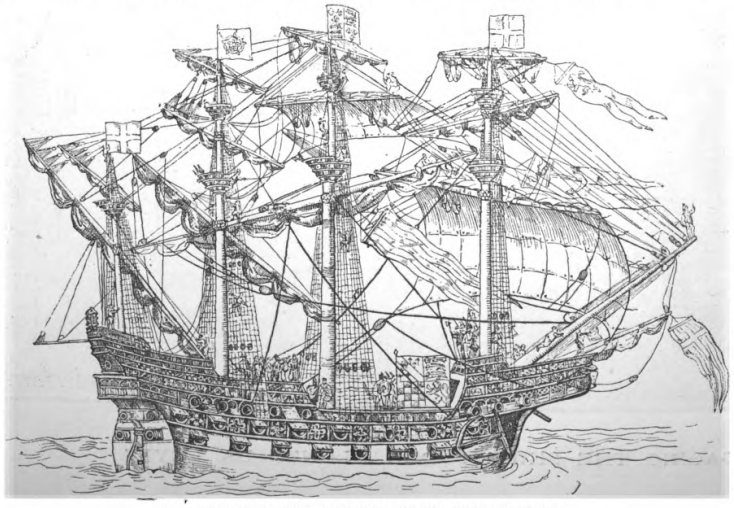
Among the first and foremost of the distinguished seamen of his day was Martin Frobisher. His indomitable bravery and bulldog courage in the fight off Portland was rightly recognised by the honour of knighthood conferred on the following day. Frobisher's true claims to the gratitude of all Englishmen have lately received attention at the hands of the Rev. Frank Jones, whose valuable and interesting account of the life of this gallant seaman and discoverer deserves to be widely known and read. Of the brothers Fenner, Thomas, Edward, and William, who, respectively, commanded the Nonpareil, Swiftsure, and Aid, little has been written and but little appears to be known. All these brothers did good and gallant work; and Thomas appears, from a letter of his which still exists, to have chased the flying Spaniards farther north than most of his brother commanders.

Lord Henry Seymour carried out his work with praiseworthy assiduity; particularly gallantly did he fight on the day of the battle off Gravelines. Sir W. Wynter, his Vice-Admiral, an old and able officer, did excellent work the same day. He was Master of the Ordnance, and, nearly thirty years before, had seen service in command of a squadron against the French in the Firth of Forth. He came of an old and distinguished Gloucestershire family; and Captain Wintour, of Ryde—the proper spelling of the family name—is associated with Major Martin Frobisher, Mr. Stuart Hawkins, and Dr. H. H. Drake, among the committee for the Tercentenary Celebration.

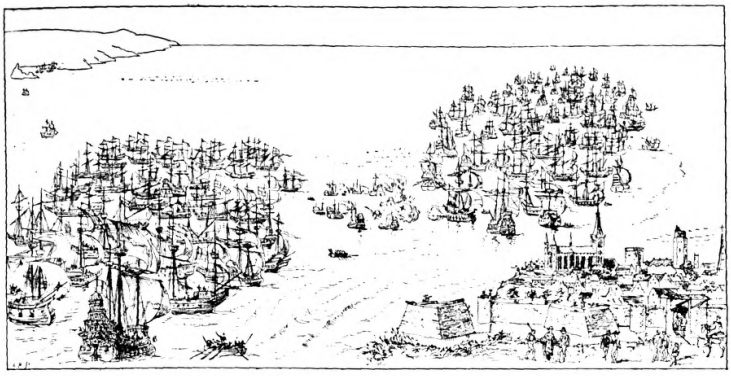


OLD ANCHOR IN WHITEHALL YARD, BELONGING TO A SHIP OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

It will be interesting before narrating the incidents of the sea-fight, to draw a comparison between these two forces—the Spanish and the English fleets. It is very generally believed that, in every respect, the Spaniards were superior; but this is now known to be an erroneous idea altogether. In numbers, owing to the division of the English squadrons, the Armada was superior; and, coming down to the distinctly fighting-ships, the totals, as given by Professor Laughton, were of Spaniards, 62; of English, 49. But in manœuvring power, and in weight of metal, the advantage is shown to have been quite the other way. Charnock lays great stress on the superior handiness and speed of the English ships, and Laughton, who has probably given more study to the subject than anyone else, appears to have conclusively proved that in the matter of armament the Spaniards were also overmatched. Nor were these the only advantages possessed by the English, which, while they do not detract from the remarkable prowess and skill of the English commanders, bear out the naval historian's contention that no miracle or special intervention of Providence was required to insure victory to the English arms. Our seamen were the most skilful and dexterous in the world. They were rough-weather men, used to hard ships, and living great part of their time with



THE ARK ROYAL, THE FLAG-SHIP OF THE ENGLISH FLEET.
From a Print in the British Museum.



THE SPANIARDS DISLODGED BY THE ENGLISH FIRE-SHIPS.
From Pine's Plates of Old Tapestry Hangings in the House of Lords.

their lives in their hands. They knew their officers and were known to them. Each was proud of the other, and a comradeship existed between the quarter-deck and the forecastle, entirely unknown in the Spanish service. Then they not only knew their officers, but they knew their ships, and how to handle them in all weathers and under most circumstances. As Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir William Monson tell us, they had introduced many improvements in rig, which the Spaniards, who were principally "trade wind" sailors, had no knowledge of. The science of gunnery at this time was almost unknown, and archery formed a branch of it; but the Englishmen had made it a study, while the Spaniards despised it, regarding the sword as the more noble weapon. To this feeling and to the number of soldiers carried in the huge castles of their galleons may be ascribed their constant attempts to board. Altogether we shall not be going beyond the mark in saying that, so far as the seaman's skill and the gunner's art are concerned, the Spaniards were utterly and entirely beneath comparison. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that during the first week's fighting, the numerical superiority of the Spanish to their assailants was something like six to one.

May 29-30, 1588, "La Felicissima Armada" sailed from the Tagus. With great pomp and circumstance the mighty fleet left, in charge of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and could it have then and there proceeded direct to these shores history might have had a different tale to relate. But, in those days, sailors had to reckon with the wind and the weather, and these proved so tempestuous that the squadrons of galleons and store-ships soon separated, and it became impossible to proceed. Some were dismasted, one or two totally lost in the Bay, and though a few of the ships are said to have gone on and sighted the Scillies, all of them had eventually to put back and seek shelter in the Groyne. The damage done, the time lost in getting the ships together again and rewictualling them, with other matters, were made reasons by a council of war at Corunna for urging a postponement of the expedition. Philip, however, was inexorable, and ordered immediate departure. And now a story reached Sidonia to the effect that Howard had laid up his ships for the season; it was, therefore, determined to stand boldly for Plymouth, and, if possible, surprise and burn the English fleet, and perhaps effect a landing.

July 12-22, a Friday, the Armada sailed with a fair breeze from Corunna. After a nasty passage, baffled by contrary winds and calms, and scarcely propitious of success, on Friday, July 19-29, they entered the Channel and sighted the Lizard, which they took to be Rame Head; so they stood off for the night. They had, however, been seen by Flemming and other scouts of Howard's, and the news was brought, as the story goes, to the Captains while they were playing at bowls on the Hoe. It is this scene which Lucas has depicted in oils and Kingsley has described in "Westward Ho!" The latter narrative, inimitable as it is, tempts us to believe that matters may have fallen out as he sets them forth; but it seems more likely that the story had its origin in a desire on the part of some contemporary writer to emphasise figuratively the unreadiness of the English when the Spaniards made their appearance. Stirring as that moment must have been to the inhabitants of Plymouth, the excitement with which the news was received throughout the length and breadth of England was even greater. From Land's-End to Cumberland the beacon fires blazed from hill-top and castle-battlements, the general call to arms sounded, and the troops marched to their allotted stations for the defence of the coast. "Myselfe can remember," writes an eye-witness, "when upon the fyreing of the beacons (whereby an alarum was given), the country-people forthwith ranne doune to the seaside, some with clubs, some with picked stones and pitchforkes, all unarmed, and they that were best appoynted were but with a bill, a bow and a sheafe of arrows; no captains or commander appoynted to direct, lead, or order them." The greatest enthusiasm was aroused, and everyone hurried to take his part in the defence of the country. Short work, probably, the veterans of Parma and Leyva would have made of these unarmed, undisciplined mobs; but their ardour was indubitable, and the feeling of the countryside has been eloquently expressed by Macaulay—

> Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
> Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
> From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lyme to Milford Bay,
> That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
> For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
> High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head.
> Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
> Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.

In the Cattewater, then the principal harbour of Plymouth port, the excitement and agitation all through that night was feverish indeed. The ships had to be warped out and got over to the sheltered anchorages under Mount Edgecumbe, ready to sail at daylight. Cawsand Bay was protected from the prevailing wind, and in this bight many of the vessels lay all night. These, however, were but a small proportion, for several of the galleons had been partially dismantled for refitting, stores were ashore, and men on liberty. So, amid much bustle and noise, the ships were got to sea, some of them considerably undermanned, for the sickness was terrible among the crews.

On Saturday morning Howard, having with him as many ships as were ready, stood away to the westward, hugging the coast, and found the enemy off Fowey, standing up Channel with a fair wind from the southward and westward. We may suppose that the Dons were somewhat disconcerted to find that they had been unable to take the English fleet at a disadvantage, which if they had only stood straight on the night before they certainly would have done. As it was, Medina Sidonia, in the drizzling rain which fell throughout the day, sent a boat towards the land to make inquiries, and from some captured fishermen learnt his position, and that the ships he saw looming in the mist were part of the English fleet under the Lord Admiral. Meanwhile, Howard, seeing that the Spaniards were rapidly conceding to him that which he so ardently desired—the weather-gauge—troubled not to interfere; but, keeping a wide berth, hugged the land and watched the enemy.

Sunday, July 21, was a typical English summer's day. The sun shone out, lighting up all the glory and the gilding of the castellated structures which came on slowly over the waves, brightening up the emblazonments of their sails, and making a big display of their many-coloured flags and pennons. It was an imposing spectacle, and, at this moment, many of the Spaniards might have thought themselves invincible; before evening they were to be further enlightened. At early morning the wind drew round to the W.N.W., a still more favourable quarter for the defending fleet, and Howard now opened the ball with a warning shot from one of his pinnaces to demand the honour due to the English flag. Naturally Sidonia paid no attention to this, and it was immediately followed by a general cannonade discharged by our fleet as they formed in line of battle. With their starboard tacks aboard they stood past the Spanish line, each ship pouring in a broadside as it neared an enemy. In the light breeze prevailing the English vessels probably went two knots to the Spaniard's one, and having given the van ships a taste of their metal, concentrated their efforts on the rear division, under Juan Martinez de Recalde. The sight of the "Invincible" Armada had not had that terrible effect which its godfathers promised themselves. The light and nimble English ships sailed to and fro, pouring in their shot with good effect, while the unwieldy galleons of the Armada hauled up to deliver their fire or ran before the wind, if such an operation can be called running which was of necessity very slow. Off Plymouth, where most of the vessels left behind now joined the Lord Admiral, several very smart actions occurred.

Howard, in the Ark Royal, gallantly bore down on the Rata, a vessel of nearly a thousand tons, flying the banner of Alonzo Da Leyva, which the Admiral probably mistook for Sidonia's. Personally directing the operation from his quarter-deck, Howard took his flag-ship into action. Sheering almost alongside of the mighty galleon, the English gunners poured a hailstorm of cannon-balls on the decks of the enemy, dealing havoc in the crowded ranks of the Spanish soldiers. Then, springing his luff, the Admiral stood under the stern of his antagonist, raking him fore and aft, fetching the gilding off his quarter badges and sending his spars rattling about his ears. The *jeunesse* of Spain's bluest blood had thus an early opportunity of receiving their baptism of fire, and remarkably hot they found it. The flag-ship of De Valdes and the Capitana of the Biscayan squadron were in their turn attacked by the Triumph and the Victory, and the superior gunnery of the English told at once. De Recalde had shortened sail to await the English attack; he got terribly mauled, every English shot telling in his hull or rigging, whilst those from the Spaniards either flew high or wide of their mark. But the Dons were not given to leaving a commander in the lurch, and to his help came the ship of his vice-admiral, the San Mateo of Don Diego of Pimental, and the San Juan of the division of San Flores, commanded by Don Diego Enriquez, a son of the Viceroy of the Indies. Now, too, Sidonia furled his sails and lay a-hull, to induce the English to close, and Lord Howard, who intended nothing of the kind, summoned his ships together that he might hold a council of war.

It was arranged at this council that Drake, in the Revenge, should act as the leader of the English van-squadron during the night, keeping touch with the rearguard of the Spaniards, while the main body, under Howard, should follow his lantern, and Captain Hawkins bring up the rear. Drake, however, either omitted to hang out his light, or, as appears more probable, seeing a chance for prize-money in what he supposed to be a few stragglers from the enemy drifting towards the French coast, "doused his glim" and stood after the possible plunder. The result of this dereliction of duty—which Drake seems to have been quite capable of conceiving and carrying out—was very nearly disastrous. The English ships stood on after the only light they saw, and, hugging it, found when day broke that the lantern was that of the San Martino, and not in the Revenge at all. Some of them were perilously near the Spanish fleet. The Ark Royal, the Bear, and the Rose were within culverin-shot of the enemy, while many of their consorts were hull down astern. The Spaniards, however, had not the promptitude to take advantage of the mistake thus made; and Howard, seeing the situation, hung out a signal to rejoin the flag, and, meantime, shortened sail to allow his scattered ships to close up.

The Dons had not passed an altogether happy Sunday night. During the fight, the Santa Catalina had been almost disabled, and towards evening she fell foul of the flag-ship of her division, Nuestra Señora del Rosario, and smashed the bowsprit of this vessel. Then, when a little later, Sidonia made sail, and ordered the fleet to tack, the Nuestra Señora's foremast went over the side, bringing down the mainyard with it and completely incapacitating her. Several attempts were made to take her in tow, but the wind and sea were too boisterous, and ultimately Sidonia found that he must leave her behind, with another disabled galleon, and several of the tenders or "pataches" under Don Agustin de Ojeda, to render such assistance as they were able. The other disabled ship was Oquendo's flag-ship, which had been partially blown up by an explosion of her powder magazine. The upper deck and stern-castle went overboard, and many of her crew perished. Hawkins put a prize crew on board, and this vessel was sent into Weymouth; curiously enough, in charge of the very Captain Flemming who some writers would have us believe was a pirate.

One of the first affairs on Monday morning was an engagement between the disabled Nuestra Señora del Rosario (or, as she is more generally called, the Capitana) and the Ark Royal; but Howard, after pouring in a broadside and driving off Don Ojeda and his pataches, passed on, seeking more worthy prey than a crippled ship. Frobisher, in the Triumph, next tackled her, and some merchant-ships, amongst them the Margaret and John of London; but Frobisher passed by, in accordance with the flag-ship's signal, and there was too much fight left in the wounded Don for the merchantmen to take her by themselves. About this time Drake came along, disgusted, we may conclude, with the result of his night's work; for his supposed prey had turned out to be Flemish merchant-ships, who had got among the Spaniards by mistake. The disabled galleon was too tempting a prize for the buccaneer leanings of the circumnavigator, and learning who his new assailant was, the Don quickly capitulated, and Our Lady of the Rosary was sent into Torbay. Treasure to the amount of 55,000 ducats, and a great quantity of gunpowder, were found in her; the latter was transshipped to the Roebuck, which had towed the prize into port, and dispatched for the use of the fleet. As for Pedro De Valdes, Drake took him on board the Revenge, perhaps thinking that the Don's ransom would help to line his pockets.

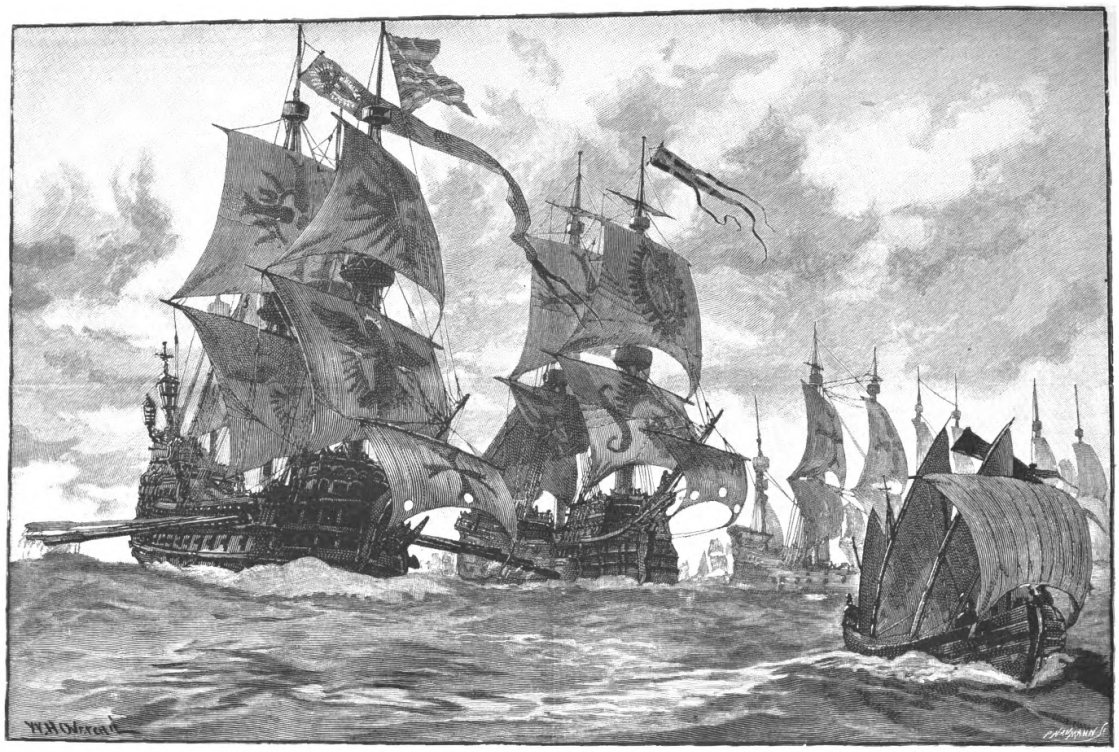
In consequence of the separation of the ships during the night by the Vice-Admiral's act, Monday was mainly spent by Howard in collecting his squadron and rearranging plans. Sidonia's feelings at this time must have been somewhat less hopeful: the fight of Sunday had been little more than a skirmish, yet two of his flag-ships were in the hands of the despised English, while considerable damage had been done to other of his vessels, and many dollars transferred from one side to the other. Recalde's flag-ship was no longer fit to act as chief of the rearguard, and Da Leyva, in the Rata, was now detailed for the duty with two divisions instead of one, including the galliasses, and, amongst the galleons, the San Mateo, the San Luis, the Santiago, and the Florence—all commanded by brave officers of the Admiral's own squadron.

Tuesday morning, off Portland Bill, the wind had got round to the north and north-east, giving Sidonia the weather-gauge, and an opportunity of offering or refusing battle, as he pleased. Some of the leeward ships of the English were offering what he considered a good opportunity for carrying out his tactics of boarding: he dispatched the rearguard, and especially



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TERCENTENARY OF THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, 1588.



THE ARMADA COMING UP THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.



THE ALARM: LIGHTING THE BEACONS.

TERCENTENARY OF THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, 1588.



LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM, ADMIRAL OF THE ENGLISH FLEET.



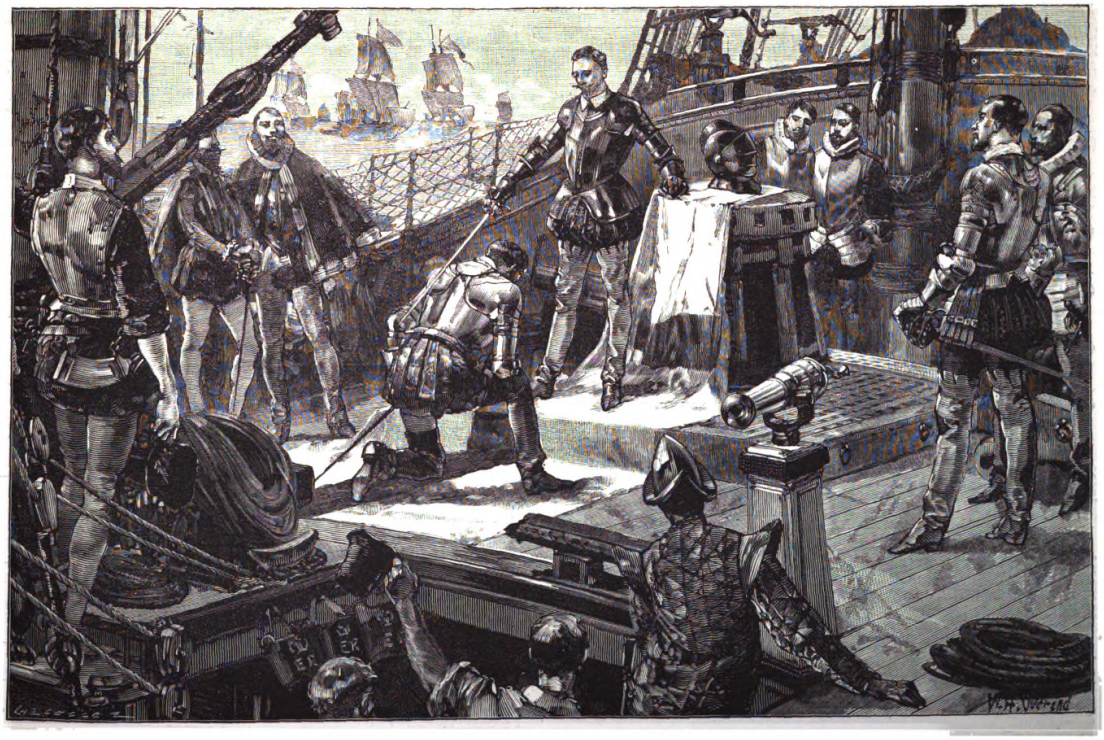
SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

the galliasses, to attack them. The English ships were those of Frobisher, Lord Thomas Howard, and others of the van. A smart assault was made upon them, the Spaniards using their oars in an endeavour to get near enough to board. But the seamanship and gunnery of the men in the Triumph and the Lyon was too good; they manœuvred their ships with wonderful smartness, and poured in their fire with such capital direction as to sweep the galley-slaves from their benches and so prevent the galliasses attaining their object. Had it not been for the handiness of the English craft, the Dons would undoubtedly have succeeded in their purpose. On both sides great valour was exhibited; but the Spanish firing was slow, their aim bad, and their small guns and light arms did nothing like the damage of the heavier English cannon.

The wind veering round to the southward, Sidonia himself was able to take part in the fight, and more English ships joined in the combat. Round the big Triumph the battle waged with varying success all the day, as the Spaniards, who imagined they were going to make a prisoner of the gallant Arctic explorer, found they had caught a Tartar instead. Frobisher was, indeed, the hero of this day's fight. Then, when Sidonia had called on his reserves, but without altering the aspect of the fight—and the wind now made it a necessity for him to continue his course up Channel — the merchantmen, the London ships, the privateers and smugglers came out of every port in every sort of craft that would take the sea and carry a weapon; and from every nook and harbour the seafaring population gathered to prey on the discomfited foe. Truly, as Howard said, he was plucking their feathers one by one!

Wednesday it was calm; both fleets drifting up Channel about six miles apart, the Spaniards careening their ships to stop the shot-holes; and Howard sending urgent requisitions to the shore for more powder and projectiles.

When day dawned on Thursday, it was still almost calm, with light catspaws stealing over the surface of the water from the direction of the Isle of Wight. Two of the Spanish galleons were astern of the main squadron. These were the Santa Anna, a store-ship, and a Portuguese galleon. Hawkins boldly attempted to cut them off, and, after some fighting, seems to have forced them to strike; but Da Leyva and Don Enriquez coming with the galliasses to their assistance, the Devonshire man was himself hard pressed. The Santa Anna, however, was so badly damaged that, as soon as she got out of the mêlée, her captain, Juan Saurez, took her over to the French coast, and there ran her ashore. The Ark and Lyon now towed down to the scene of action, and seeing that Sidonia's ship was somewhat separated from the rest, Howard, supported by Southwell, Sheffield, and others, made an attack upon her. The battle waxed hot, and the galleons and galliasses were fain to come to the rescue of their chief, when, as usual, the English played their tactics of drawing off and hammering at a distance. The Ark, however, appears to have been somewhat damaged in collision with a galleon which unshipped her rudder; anyway, she became separated from her friends, and, says a Spanish spectator, "our flag-ship made for her, with most of the ships of the Armada. The enemy's fleet stood to windward,



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TERCENTENARY OF THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, 1588.



SIR MARTIN FROBISHER.



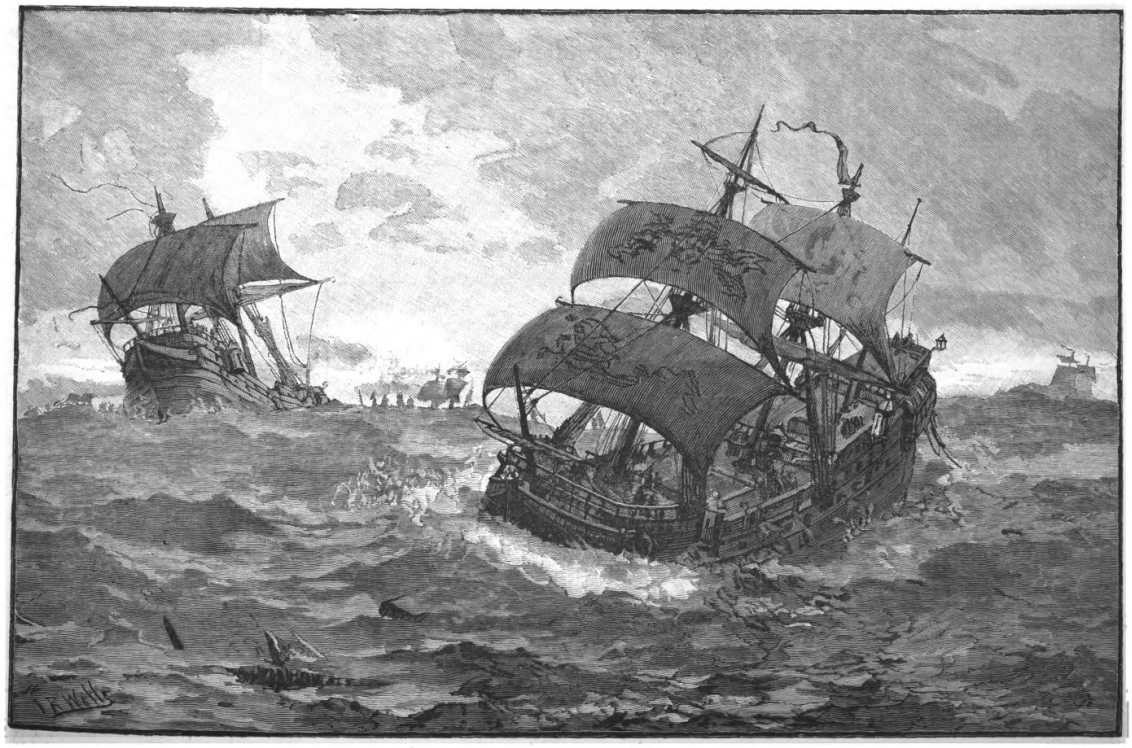
SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

leaving their flag-ship astern, and in such danger that she was towed by eleven launches, striking her standard and firing guns as signals for assistance. Our flag-ship and the other ships were closing her so fast, that the rest of the enemy's fleet began to make a show of coming to her support, and we made certain of being this day able to board them, which was the only means of obtaining any decisive advantage. At this moment the wind freshened in her favour, which increased her distance from us, and she cast off the launches that were towing her; now, too, their fleet, which was falling to leeward of the Armada, recovered its position to windward." And so all day, from dusk till dark, the fighting went on, the English, with the dogged pertinacity of their race, towing their vessels into action, and, one after another, from the big Triumph down to the tiny Pippin, hammering away at the hated foe.

Friday, a lovely calm summer morning, Portsmouth in sight, and the fleets drifting along within view of each other. But while on board the one despondency and foreboding were making rapid headway; on the other, hopes ran high, and there was no longer a doubt as to the upshot of the adventure. Many of the young Spanish noblemen, having had enough of it—and perhaps luckily for themselves as it turned out—left the fleet; the disillusionment of the invaders had speedily arrived. The Duke was dispatching messages to the Prince of Parma, asking him to send him at least forty small ships to cope with the swift-sailing craft of the English, "the heaviness of our ships and the lightness of theirs rendering it impossible to bring them to close action."

Ever since daylight preparations had been in progress on board the Ark for a grand entertainment. Many of the great English nobles joined the fleet this morning, and the highest reward in his possession was to be conferred by the Lord Admiral upon those officers who had so well seconded him during the past week. Friday might be fast day for the Dons, the English would make it a feast. Lord Thomas Howard, Lord Sheffield, and Roger Townsend, with John Hawkins and Martin Frobisher, were to receive the honour of knighthood for their gallant behaviour and glorious deeds of bravery. Knighthood was a dignity only given in those days for distinguished service to the State, and was as much sought after by nobles as commoners. Never had the dignity been better earned than by its recipients on this occasion. It was decided not to fight again until the enemy had got into the Straits of Dover, but to wait for further supplies of powder and shot and the reinforcement of the squadron under Lord Henry Seymour and Sir William Wynter, and then "to make an end of it." To those who have read thus far of the doings of the English seamen, it must have become plainly apparent that it would be quite as absurd to ascribe the victory at Trafalgar to the weather as those which were won by the naval heroes of 1588. The fights which took place subsequently will only serve to strengthen this view.

Saturday was another fine day, with light airs, and at about five p.m. the Armada anchored in Calais Roads. The same evening Howard brought his ships to an anchor in the Downs and welcomed Seymour and Wynter with the "Squadron of the Narrow Seas." By this, the English fighting strength was brought up to close on fifty heavy ships, while the demoralised Spaniards could scarcely muster ten more at the most. Sidonia and Parma, too, had at last got into



RETREAT OF THE ARMADA.

correspondence, for a messenger came from the latter to say he was glad the Armada had at length arrived, but he did not hold out any prospect of being able to do much himself. Nor is it easy to see how he could while the English held command of the sea, and there were yet no signs of their having lost it. As it is now, so it was then: the invasion of the country, thanks to the silver streak, is an impossibility so long as England maintains a sufficient force in the Channel to beat the enemy.

In the English fleet on Sunday morning, at the council of war, it was decided to employ fire-ships for the enemy's discomfiture. So the barque Talbot and others were filled with combustibles, and made ready for the business. We may picture to some extent the situation from the accounts of the spectators. A dark and gloomy night, with the tide running up Channel; despair already the prevailing feeling in the Spanish fleet; most of the soldiers tired out with the fighting of the previous week; the mariners, whose proportions were less and whose business exposed them more, nearly all killed or wounded; those who were well trying to get a good night's rest while at anchor, to prepare themselves for the arduous work they knew lay before them. Suddenly the alarm was given, and, as they ran on deck and gazed out over the bulwarks towards the foe, there, coming down on the wind, were the flaming ships, with helms lashed, trains fired, tongues of fire darting from the rigging and flaring away from sail and spar, every now and again explosions taking place; the prospect to the Spanish soldiers must have been terrible. It is not to be wondered at that confusion and panic reigned in the disheartened squadrons. Some of the ships were burnt, some came into collision, smashing spars and bulwarks; others drifted down towards the shoals of Dunkirk, and the big Capitana of the galleons heading for the harbour of Calais, drove up on the bar. Though the great bulk of the fighting ships rallied at daylight to the flag, the Armada was never again in a position to act concertedly.

But now, on Monday, July 29, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, gathering round him the remnants of his Armada, prepared for the final fight. The wind was blowing strong from the north-west, right over on to the Flemish shoals, and any disabled vessel was almost bound to go on shore. So he formed his ships up in a half moon, of which the horns were away towards the North Sea, and, still struggling to windward with port tacks aboard, beat to quarters, resolved, if he could not win, yet to die like a gallant nobleman of Spain. Down came the Englishmen with wind and tide in their favour, no longer keeping at a distance, but coming within "shot of arquebuse," and pouring in their fire at close quarters as they broke through and through the Spanish line. Howard and Hawkins, Sheffield and Cumberland drove in the centre, whilst Drake and Frobisher crushed the southern, and Seymour and Wynter the northern horn of the crescent. Till 3 p.m. the battle raged, the Spaniards were terribly beaten, Philip's power shattered, and the foundation of Britain's naval Empire firmly established.

How many of the Spaniards' ships were destroyed in the fight is unknown. The Lord Admiral says three were sunk, four or five driven ashore; the Spanish account points out that the ships of Don Francisco de Toledo, Don Diego Pimental, and Don Diego Enriquez "were now quite disabled and unserviceable, with most of their crews killed or wounded." The San Felipe and San Mateo went ashore on the Netherlands coast, and the San Juan de Sicilia sank in sight of an English man-of-war, just as she was about to become a prize. As for the great galliass on the bar at Calais, she was taken by the small boats of the Ark, the Margaret and John, and other ships; her captain, Don Hugo de Moncada, losing his life in a vain attempt to resist the boarders, led by one Richard Tomson of Ramsgate. The English plundered her, but the hulk fell a prize to the Governor of Calais.

Tuesday, July 30, the English were in hot pursuit, and at early dawn came up with the shattered remnant of the Armada. The San Martin, Sidonia's flag-ship, had many shot-holes between wind and water, and nearly all the galleons he could rely on were in still worse plight. The pilots told the Duke it was impossible, if the north-west wind continued, to prevent the whole of the Armada going upon the shoals off the coast of Zealand, and, says the Spanish writer, "the English, seeing that the Armada was on the point of being wrecked, refrained from attack." As a matter of fact we know that it was want of powder and shot which prevented

(*Concluded on page 54.*)

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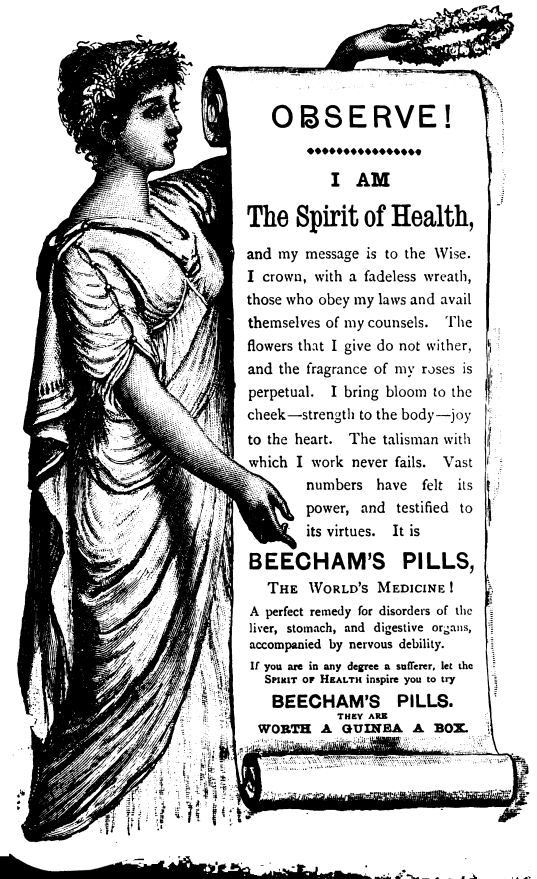
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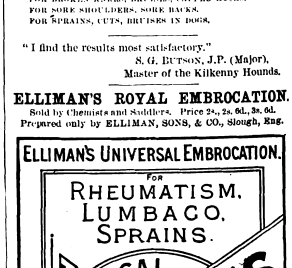
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EPPS'S (GRATEFUL, COMFORTING) COCOA

a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

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125 SILK COSTUMES, in various Shades, less than half price, including material for bodice .. .. .. from £2 2 0
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DETECTION IMPOSSIBLE.
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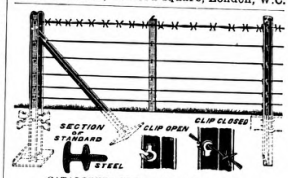
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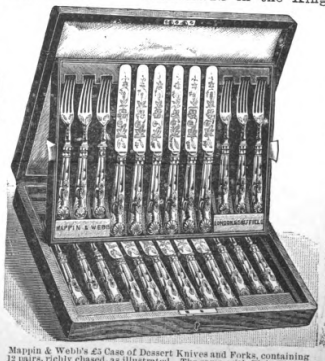

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Rich Fluted-design Double Biscuit or Cake Basket, inside richly gilt, £4 4s.

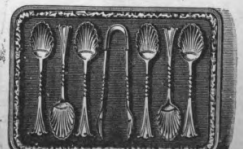

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THE KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW.—SEE PAGE 54.

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EXQUISITE DRESS MATERIALS AND ROYAL NAVY SERGES.

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restores grey or faded hair to its original colour. Causes growth on bald spots.

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EXPERIENCED

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Travel to any part of the Kingdom, Free of expense to purchasers. They take with them Dresses and Millinery, besides Patterns of Materials, at 1s. per yard and upwards. Estimates given for Household Mourning.

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"Among the most useful medicines that have been introduced within the last century is **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'** There is no doubt that where it has been taken in the earliest stage of a disease, it has, in many instances, prevented what would otherwise have been a severe illness. The effect of **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** upon a disordered and feverish condition of the system is marvellous. As a nursery medicine the **'FRUIT SALT'** is invaluable; instead of children disliking it, they look upon it rather in the light of a luxury. As a gentle aperient and a corrective in cases of any sort of over-indulgence in eating or drinking, **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** is all that is needful to restore freshness and vigour. In cases of Nervous Headache and Debility it is especially useful, and should be taken in all cases where persons suffer from a sluggish condition of the Liver."—*Young Lady's Journal.*

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Show-Rooms: 112, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W. (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company)

Supply the Public direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per Cent.

HIGH-CLASS JEWELLERY. The Stock of Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, Necklets, &c., is the largest and choicest in London, and contains designs of rare beauty and excellence not to be obtained elsewhere, an inspection of which is respectfully invited.

ORIENTAL PEARLS.—Choice strung Pearl Necklaces, in single, three, or five rows, from £10 to £5000; also an immense variety of Pearl and Gold mounted Ornaments, suitable for Bridesmaids and Bridal Presents.

PEARL and DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.—A magnificent and varied collection to select from.

BRIDAL PRESENTS.—Special attention is devoted to the production of elegant and inexpensive novelties suitable for Bridesmaids' Presents. Original designs and estimates prepared free of charge.

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CAUTION.—**The Company regret** to find that many of their Designs are being copied in a very inferior quality, charged at higher prices, and inserted in a similar form of advertisement, which is calculated to mislead the public.

They beg to notify that their only London retail address is 112, REGENT-STREET, W.

"A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS."

"We know of no enterprise of recent years which has been crowned with greater success than the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent-street, who, just seven years ago, opened their show-rooms to place the productions of their workshops direct before the public, thus saving purchasers the numerous intermediate profits which are obtained by 'middle-men' on high-class goods. Such has been the appreciation by the public that the Company have now the largest business in England, and are quite supplanting the old-fashioned houses that pride themselves upon having been established so many decades, but have utterly failed to keep pace with the times, and find it impossible to depart from their long credit system, entailing bad debts, for which cash buyers have to compensate."—Court Journal.



DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.—A magnificent assortment of Rings, Stars, Sprays, Flies, Necklaces, &c., composed of the finest White Diamonds, mounted in special and original designs, and sold direct to the public at merchants' cash prices.

SAPPHIRES from Ceylon, but with London cutting, mounted alone, or with Diamonds, in a great variety of ornaments.

NOVELTIES.—A succession of Novelties by the Company's own artists and designers is constantly being produced to anticipate the requirements of purchasers.

CASH PRICES.—**The Company,** conducting their business both in buying and selling for cash, are enabled to offer purchasers great advantages over the usual credit houses. All goods are marked in plain figures for cash without discount.

APPROBATION.—**Selected** parcels of goods forwarded to the country on approval when desired. Correspondents, not being customers, should send a London reference or deposit.

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS have, through this means, the advantage of being supplied *direct* from an immense London stock, containing all the latest novelties, and which are not obtainable in provincial towns.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN Orders executed with the utmost care and faithfulness under the immediate supervision of a member of the Company. Where the selection is left to the firm, customers may rely upon good taste and discretion being used, and the prices being exactly the same as if a personal selection were made.

TESTIMONIALS.—**The numerous** recommendations with which the Goldsmiths' Company have been favoured by customers, is a pleasing testimony to the excellence and durability of their manufactures.

OLD JEWELLERY, Diamonds, and Plate taken in exchange or bought for cash.

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CATALOGUE containing thousands of designs, beautifully illustrated, sent post-free to all parts of the world.

GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT-STREET. CATALOGUE POST-FREE.

them making the most of their victory. However, when the Spaniards had got into 6½ fathoms, "it pleased God to change the wind to W.S.W.," and the Dons clawed off without losing a ship. Then the Duke called upon his officers for advice as to what should be done, and all the members of the council agreed that "the Armada ought to put back into the Channel if the weather allowed of its doing so, but if not, that, yielding to the weather, they should return by the North Sea to Spain." With this sop to their consciences they stood away to the northward, and the English left them to the care of the elements.

The "Invincible" Armada came, saw, and fled, the remainder of the story of the ill-fated expedition being merely a record of the difficulties, dangers, and disasters which befel the remnant in attempting to clear the Scotch and Irish coasts on their journey home to Spain. Thomas Fenner, who followed them so far as the Firth of Forth, and left them on Aug. 4 with a couple of pinnaces to keep an eye on their future movements, records their utter demoralisation. The gale increased, none stopped to succour a comrade, many foundered in the North Sea or were wrecked on the Scotch coast, more came to grief on the rocks of Ireland, and of the vessels which left the Tagus barely half returned. Of the 30,000 men who sailed in the Armada scarce one-third got back home again; those that the bullets of the English did not reach fell victims to the winds and the waves, the rocks and the shoals, hunger and thirst, or the savages of Ireland.

This was a sufficiently tragical termination to the expedition which less than a twelvemonth before had menaced the country so terribly. Never since has the English nation been exposed to a danger seemingly so imminent and so overwhelming. The lessons of the occurrences sank deep into the hearts of the people of that time. Their importance is not lessened by the three centuries that have passed. The defeat of the Armada taught friend and foe alike that Britain's shores are inviolate so long as Britain's fleet is efficient. The peril was undoubtedly increased by the procrastinating imprudence and vacillating policy of the authorities. It is a sufficient commentary on the state of affairs on shore that the preparations for the protection of the Thames were not even completed at the date of the fight off Gravelines. At the time that Queen Elizabeth was reviewing her troops at Tilbury the Armada was a scattered and defeated host. It was no mere chance, too, as Professor Laughton points out, that made our ships more handy, more weatherly, and more heavily armed than those of the enemy. These advantages were due to the foresight and enterprise of the English naval commanders, and not to them was the shame that these memorable battles were fought and the discomfiture of the enemy assured by seamen whose wages were unpaid, who were half-starved, and lamentably ill-supplied with the munitions of war.

Well might the Queen in State attend a public thanksgiving at St. Paul's, well might prayer and praise go up in gratitude for the Divine mercy. England had been true to herself, and no differences of religion or of politics had been able to weaken the national unity. To the safe keeping of her sons had been confided the integrity of the island, and under Divine Providence they had nobly sustained the trust reposed in them. We may well take the advice which Thomas Delany, in a contemporary ballad, gave his countrymen:

O noble England
Fall downe upon thy knee
And praise thy God with thankfull hart
Which still maintaineth thee.
* * * * *
And you deare bretheren
Which beareth armes this day,
For safeguarde of your native solle,
Marke well what I shall say.
Regarde your duelies faithfullie,
Thinke on youre countrie's good
And feare not in defense thereof
To spend youre dearest bloud.

The old anchor, represented in one of our smaller engravings, lies, with several other naval trophies, outside the building of the Royal United Service Institution, in Whitehall Yard. It was found on the coast of Donegal, where, and on the coasts of the Bay of Sligo, of Mayo, Galway, Clare, and Kerry, many of the ships of the Spanish Armada were wrecked on their way homeward from the North Atlantic. This anchor was presented by Admiral Ommaney, R.N., to the United Service Institution.

Mr. H. C. Rothery, the Wreck Commissioner, has, owing to continued ill-health, resigned his office.

At a meeting in Birmingham on July 5 a scheme was approved for a ship-canal from Birmingham, viâ South Staffordshire, the Potteries, and Cheshire, to the Mersey above Liverpool.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg, while out driving on Sunday, July 8, lost control over the horse, which fell down a precipice, dragging the carriage with it. The Prince saved himself by clinging to a bush.

Among the numerous meetings of societies for benevolent purposes recently held are the following:—The anniversary festival of the Royal Caledonian Society, at which £850 was subscribed; that of the Newsvenders' Benevolent and Provident Institution, the subscriptions amounting to £456; that of the Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Institution, donation of 1000 guineas being announced, of which £200 came from gardeners in small sums; that of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, the subscriptions reaching £662. The Duchess of Albany visited Caterham on July 7, and distributed the prizes gained during the last term by the children of the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools. The Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum have received from Captain Goddard, of the ship Melbourne, the balance of his contribution of £1000 to the institution. Lord Meath presided at the midsummer festival of the British Orphan Asylum, at Slough, on July 7. The Countess of Meath and a number of clergy and ladies and gentlemen also attended the proceedings. The anniversary festival of the Metropolitan Hospital was held at the Hôtel Métropole on July 11. What was described as a "Silver Wedding Celebration" took place at the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, in Queen-square, Bloomsbury, on July 5. The arrangements, which were very varied, included a flower-show and conversaziones in the afternoon and evening. The Lord Mayor presided in the Mansion House at a meeting in aid of the fund for building the new Hospital for Women. He said that £8000 had been subscribed out of £20,000 which was needed. Resolutions in support of the object were passed. Princess Beatrice, who was accompanied by Prince Henry of Battenberg, paid a visit to Greenwich on July 10 for the purpose of laying the foundation-stone of the new Jubilee almshouses, which are to cost £1800, of which sum £1200 has been already subscribed. On the same day the Duchess of Teck distributed the prizes to the boys of the All Saints' Orphanage at Lewisham, an institution in which members of the Royal family have always taken a great interest.

THE KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW.

The thirty-first exhibition of sporting and other dogs, held by the Kennel Club, took place this year at the Ranelagh Club, Barn Elms, Barnes. The entries were 1300 in number. In the challenge class for dogs, the prize was awarded to Mr. Brough's Barnaby, and that for bitches to Mrs. A. J. Dangerfield's Jaff; in the open dog class, the first prize went to Dr. C. A. Longest's Alchemist. The mastiffs were a good collection; the first prize in the challenge class went to Mr. J. Sidney Turner's champion Beaufort; Mr. G. Willin's champion Cambrian Princess was first in the corresponding female class. In the open dog class, Mr. H. K. E. Van Doorne's Wodan was first. There was an excellent show of St. Bernards; in the challenge class for rough and smooth coated dogs, Mr. H. W. Roberts's Pout took the prize, Dr. Inman's Plevna taking that for females; in the open rough-coated dog class, Mr. W. Jones's Young Wallace was first. In the open class for smooth-coated dogs Mr. L. Oppenheim's Austin Friar was first, Mr. G. Porter's Her Majesty II. being first among the opposite sex. Mr. J. F. Smith's Red Cross was first in the class of St. Bernard dog puppies. Mr. G. Chapman's Lady Teazle, Mr. W. Game's Esher Charlie, and Mr. E. Nichol's Miss Jummy took prizes among the Newfoundlands. In the challenge class for Great Danes, Mr. Reginald Herbert took the prize by the aid of Vendette. The champion prize for the challenge class of Irish setter dogs was awarded to Mr. M. H. Mills's Kildare, and for females, to the Rev. R. O'Callaghan's Aveline. The retrievers were a good collection; the prize in the challenge class for smooth-coated retrievers was awarded to Mr. Shirley's Moonstone. Viscount Melville's Gloom took the prize in the challenge class for curly-coated retrievers. Our illustrations represent some of the prize-winners and other dogs.



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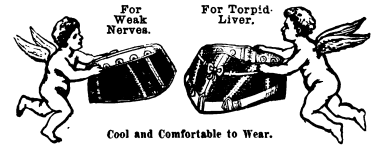
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NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.—Captain S. ESTALL, of 21, Chesterterrace, Sliderland, writes:—"Harness' Electropathic Belt has done me a power of good. I feel myself about twenty years younger since I have worn it."

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PARALYSIS.—ROBERT ROTHWELL, 9, Cooke-street, Hulme, Manchester, June 8, 1888, writes:—"The Electropathic Belt my father purchased for loss of nerve power and paralysis has made a new man of him, and it was only the other day that he told me he would have been in his grave long ago if it had not been for your valuable Electropathic treatment."

EPILEPSY.—ARTHUR HEWELL, Wood-road, Geddington, Kettering, June 4, 1888, writes:—"I cannot speak too highly of your Electropathic treatment, as I am sure it has been a great boon to me. I used to have the fits several times a day, but now I have none, and the peculiar sensations incidental to this distressing disease entirely left me after wearing your appliances."

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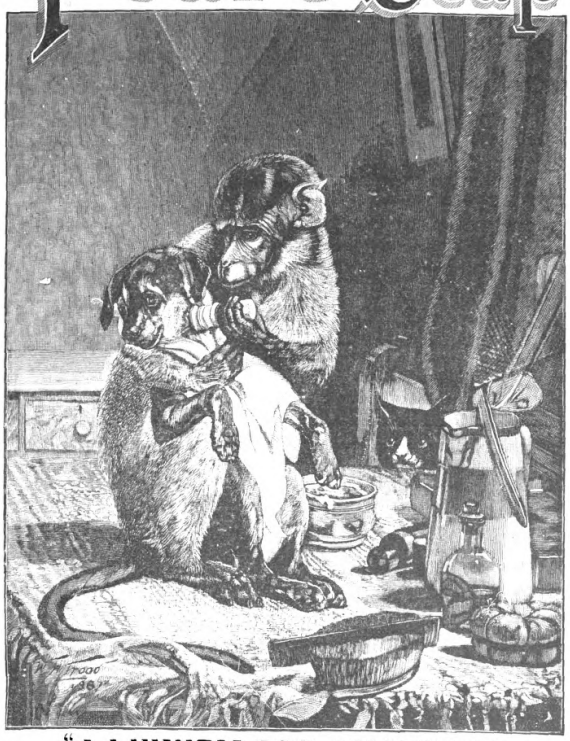
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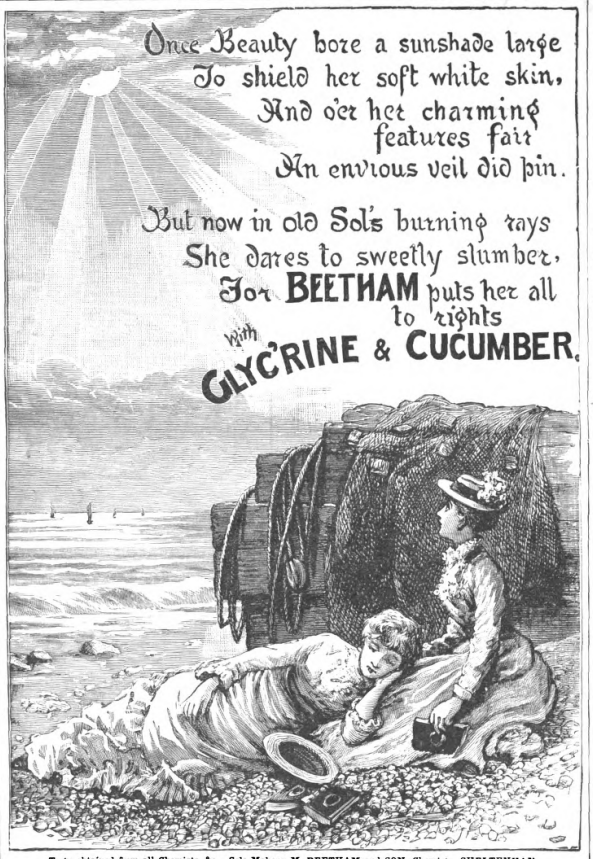
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No. 2570.—VOL. XCIII. SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1888. TWO WHOLE SHEETS } SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½D.



QUEEN NATALIE OF SERVIA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. BROGI, FLORENCE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A suggestion has been recently made by a literary humourist that no work shall receive its "imprimatur" till fifty years after its author's death. The idea is meritorious; but what is more noteworthy is the false premises, though they meet with such general acceptance, on which it is founded. It seems generally argued that the merit, or the demerit, of every book is to be settled by the verdict of Posterity. Why? On what grounds is it supposed that our descendants shall be better judges of what is good or bad in literature than ourselves? So far as such a thing can be investigated, the evidence seems all the other way; for it is to be observed that the people who are always cackling about Posterity and prophesying with their goose-quills about this or that author's place in letters a hundred years hence, are, invariably, praisers of the Past at the expense of the Present. It is probable they have no genuine admiration for it, and only pretend to have, in order to be as uncivil as possible to their contemporaries: just as a twice-married woman will praise her first husband, though she didn't care twopence about him, in order to annoy her second; but one should be logical even in one's pretences. Now, if the last generation of writers and thinkers is so superior to our own, and the one before that to it, and so on and so on, it surely follows by analogy that the next generation to ours will be inferior to *it*, and the next—which is Posterity—of still less account. Every Spring, I notice, when the trees are putting on their leaves and the birds are beginning to sing, some jaundiced writer, as if disgusted with Nature being as fresh as ever, rates and prates in some antediluvian review or another about the degeneracy of literature, and of how inferior To-day is to Yesterday, and of how little even what seems to be good now will be thought of To-morrow. And so it has always been. Goldsmith complained of it; Dryden complained of it—though one wonders now why they thought it worth their while. It is only reasonable that the Past, in letters as in everything else, should "win a glory from its being far, and orb into the perfect star," unseen by those who moved therein: but how foolish, groundless, and unprofitable is all this envious cant about Posterity! The great master of humour perceived this, we may be sure, when he exclaimed, "I'll write for antiquity!"

Does anyone know who wrote "Young Mistley"? *I* don't. Whether it will be read by Posterity or not it is hard to say, and also not of much consequence; but in 1888 it is very pleasant reading. The idea of making one of our Foreign Office or Indian Office young gentlemen the hero (a real one) of a novel, and endowing him with all the patriotism and ten times the sense of a Russian Nihilist, is quite new. To those who understand such matters the conclusion of the book, I think, will show the true novelist, for it must have been provided for from the first. One ought to hear something more of "Young Mistley's" papa.

One is always afraid of "telling a story"—not a falsehood, which, unfortunately, has few terrors for us—but an amusing anecdote. There is always somebody who is ready to say he has heard it before (whether he has or not), and lots of people to believe him. Still, so far as I know, the following anecdote is new; the subject most certainly is, for it shows how a young gentleman made money by publishing a book of poems. He had his doubts himself whether it would pay, especially after it had appeared; and when good-natured friends (whose kindness, we may be sure, stopped on the wrong side of buying it) said, "You will be half ruined," he was rather inclined to agree with them. At last, in fear and trembling, he wrote to the publisher to know the worst (which he had calculated at £80). "Let me know how many of the edition have gone off," ran his humble epistle; "and what is the balance I owe you." The publisher wrote back: "Dear Sir,—Your whole edition has gone off, leaving a balance of £20 in your favour; cheque inclosed." The poet was in the seventh heaven, and yet not satisfied; he rushed to the publisher's to inquire who had bought the book—friends, enemies, Mudie, or who? "My dear Sir, I think you had much better not ask." "Not ask? Why not? You wrote to say the edition had been all sold: it must have been sold to somebody." "Pardon me, I wrote that it had 'gone off': so it had, the whole of it. There was a fire in the warehouse, and the contents were insured."

The institution of hospitals has hitherto been reckoned as the highest form of benevolence and civilisation; but the Asylum for the Ugly, which I read has been established in Massachusetts, seems to surpass it: for persons who subscribe to an hospital, though not ill at present, may do so from the apprehension that they may some day require its benefits; whereas handsome people (like the reader), though they may grow old, can never grow ugly. The idea of the founders of this charity is that beauty is a matter of comparison, and that if plain persons were restricted to the society of the plain, it would lead to matrimony. "Love is of the valley," says the poet, and the valley is in some sense the plain. On the other hand, another poet (your poets are so conflicting) tells us "Love is Truth; Truth, Beauty," which, by an application of Euclid, would seem to prove that Love is Beauty. Certainly, if the theory of heredity is to be trusted, this benevolent scheme will probably increase and perpetuate ugliness, which is hardly to be desired. I can only remember one instance of its being an advantage, and I need not say it did not occur to a female. The Duc de Roclore, the witty favourite of Louis XIV., was not only more than "ordinary looking," but what is called in Wiltshire "sinful ordinary"—a very plain man indeed; but his acquaintance, Count Tonson, was plainer. This gentleman, having no beauty to spoil, was a great duellist, and having killed some *persona grata* of the Court, was condemned to death for it. The Duke interceded for him, and with great difficulty obtained his pardon. "Why should you have taken all that trouble to save Tonson?" inquired the King: "he is not a friend of yours." "Not at all, Sire," replied the Duke, "but if he had suffered, I should then have been the ugliest man in France."

As to the particular rights of the matter in the case of the owners of Latrigg v. the Public Enjoyment, I know nothing; but I am glad, indeed, that it has turned out as it has done. The Lake country is now almost the only district in England where a country walk—that is, a walk not along a high road with walls or hedges on both sides of it—is practicable. The Footpath, which used to be the great attraction of our rural districts, is generally ornamented with a board with "Trepassers Beware!" on it. "Little think the proud ones, who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-road," what hard work it is to walk upon it on a dusty day. This year, of course, it does not signify; one could take a boat: but there will be dry summers some time or another, I suppose. The idea of not letting people climb a mountain because it is private property, is a little too monstrous. But for the good people and their like who have fought the good fight of Latrigg in the law court, we should no doubt lose the privilege of breathing in all open spaces. "Notice! The air here is the exclusive property of the Lord of the Manor, and those who inhale it will be prosecuted as the law directs."

It is one thing for a popular author to be courted, and quite another to be county courted. This has just happened to a lady who "for more than thirty years has been writing church books for children," which seems to make the position still more deplorable. The incident is noteworthy as illustrative of the science of begging-letter writing in connection with literature. The defendant was accused of issuing lithographical appeals, chiefly to clergymen, stating that she could not live very long, though it was probable that the disease from which she was suffering would not for two or three years assume a vital form. In the meantime it seems that not only white meat was necessary for her, but that her turkeys should be boned. The plaintiff, who had lent her £20 "to enable her to retain the copyright of a book," made as great a point of this as if the lady had herself "boned" the turkeys. I do not myself see why, having got possession of the bird, she should not have made the best of it, especially as it was for the entertainment of "a Knight and his wife." When persons of quality honour the likes of us poor literary folk with their company, we naturally wish to entertain them with the viands to which their position has accustomed them. There were, it is true, some other points in the case less in the defendant's favour; but who can find fault with her suggestion to her creditor the divine?—"Would a few of my books be of any service in your parish?" It is a question I should like to ask, myself, of any beneficed clergyman, if I thought it would be of any good (to *me*); for it is probable that she did not intend to send them gratuitously for circulation in the Free Library. For my part, I am very grateful to her that she seems to have confined her applications to the clergy and refrained from importuning those of her own cloth. She may, it is true, have had reason to know that they have very little to give; but I prefer to believe that the excellent principle of hawks not picking out hawks' een, or (less poetically) of dog not eating dog, forbade it.

It is strange, indeed, considering how numerous must be the failures in the calling of letters, how few of those who pursue it adopt this method of bettering their fortunes. When it does occur there is often nothing to be ashamed of; it seems natural enough that a poor fellow on the lowest of the steep steps that lead to literary success should say to his more fortunately placed brother, "Pray lend me a hand." At the same time, it must be confessed, I have known cases not altogether to the credit of the literary applicant. It is not right (and also very injudicious) to write on a Monday for assistance in a misfortune which the person appealed to has relieved on the previous Wednesday: of course, this is the result of a mistake—the inefficient keeping of a correspondent-book—and proves how just is the remark that literary persons are seldom good business men; but it is fatal. Moreover, I object to defray the expenses of a gentleman in London to his native land, "where literary genius is appreciated" (Ireland), more than twice during the same autumn. Finally, the lithographical form seems to me antagonistic to sympathy, especially when (as in a communication I received this very morning) it commences thus: "I am of gentle blood; born of an ancient, but not wealthy, family in the North. I little thought in my youth to be reduced to live by my pen." Of course, literature is not a lofty pursuit, but an antithesis of this kind does not recommend itself to me personally.

The "Old Times" coach, with its feat of going from London to Brighton and back in less than eight hours, has not only revived the old times, as the phrase goes, for speed, but surpassed them. It seems that anything can be done (with one exception—that of ballooning) in the way of locomotion, and also of athletics, quicker and better than it used to be, if only there is a little money upon it. But save in England there would hardly have been such a fuss about a coach journey. Fourteen miles an hour is certainly a wonderful rate for a road vehicle to travel for over a hundred miles, and the changing of four horses in forty-seven seconds—the time, it is said, that passengers by the "Old Times" were allowed to spend in Brighton before the new four-in-hand started with their heads turned the other way—is a rapid act. But this passion for coaching seems confined to us English. It blossomed late, however. The first coach was made in Hungary, and called a "kochy," from the place (Kottse) where it was made, so that our children's name for it ("coachy-poachy") is more accurate than is supposed by their elders. In France the first coach was manufactured for Jean De Lavel de Bois-Dauphin, because his enormous bulk prevented his riding on horseback. But long after that Queen Elizabeth had no coach, but was content to journey from London to Exeter on a pillion behind the Lord Chancellor—an historical picture which has yet got to be painted, I believe. In Germany coaches were prohibited in 1588, "because," says the Proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick, "manly virtue, sincerity, boldness, honesty, and resolution" were being lost to the aristocracy through its indolent habit of travelling on wheels. In Spain the coachmen were done away with, for a curious reason: the Duke d'Olivares found that a State secret he had communicated to a friend in his coach had been overheard and revealed by his driver; whereupon a Royal decree was issued by which the place of the driver was made similar to that of our postillion—namely, on the first horse to the left. It is strange, considering how our gilded youth pant to be coachmen, that none of them years to be postboys.

QUEEN NATALIE OF SERVIA.

The suit now pending for a matrimonial divorce, or a decree of separation, between King Milan of Servia and his Queen is referred to an ecclesiastical tribunal of three prelates of the Greek Church established in that kingdom. In the meantime, her Majesty has been deprived of the custody of her only child, the Crown Prince of Servia, who is nearly twelve years old. Milan Obrenovitch, who was elected reigning Prince of Servia in 1868, and obtained the title of King in 1882, married, on Oct. 17, 1875, Natalie, daughter of the Russian Colonel De Kechko and of Princess Pulcheria of Stourdza. The bridegroom was, at that time, twenty-one years of age, and the bride only sixteen. Their child, Prince Alexander, heir to the Crown of Servia, was born Aug. 4, 1876. The Queen has never been accused or suspected of any misbehaviour as a wife, but she entertains strong political sympathies with Russia, which she has persisted in manifesting by language and correspondence and acts tending to cause serious embarrassment to the Servian Government; and she has continually disobeyed and defied the King's authority in this respect. His Majesty has, therefore, demanded a legal separation on the alleged ground of "incompatibility of temper." The Queen was sojourning at Wiesbaden, in Germany, when King Milan requested that his son, the Crown Prince Alexander, might be given up to him; this demand was approved by the Emperor William II. of Germany, whose Government sent orders to enforce it, at the same time requiring the departure of the Queen from Germany. Her Majesty had attempted to make arrangements for flight with the Crown Prince; but on Thursday, July 12, the Chief Superintendent of Police called at her villa at Wiesbaden, to inform her that the boy would be taken away next day, and that she must go within a few hours after his departure. The Servian Minister of War, General Protics, sent by King Milan to fetch the young Prince, arrived in Germany; and, on Friday morning, received the boy, who seemed glad to return to his father. He was met by King Milan, next day, at a railway-station in Hungary, and was brought in the evening to Belgrade, the capital of Servia, amidst great official, military, and popular demonstrations of welcome. Queen Natalie, having left Wiesbaden, arrived on Saturday night at Vienna, where she was met by her sister and Prince Ghika, but no attention was paid to her by the Austrian Government; and the Russian Ambassador, Prince Lobanoff, was the only diplomatic or official personage who called on her, though many sympathising friends gathered around her on Sunday, when she attended service in the Russian chapel. Her Majesty left Vienna for Paris on Monday, and intends to go to Florence for some time.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The series of manœuvres, in rehearsal of warlike operations, in St. George's Channel, and round the coasts of Ireland, to be commenced on Tuesday, July 24, by two opposed divisions of the British fleet, one performing the part of an enemy, has attracted considerable attention. The defending force, under command of Vice-Admiral Baird, consisting of two squadrons, the "A. 1." squadron and the "A. 2." squadron, the second of which is commanded by Rear-Admiral Rowley, left Spithead on Monday, July 16, for Milford Haven and the Firth of Clyde. The hostile force, composed of the "B. 1." squadron, under Rear-Admiral Sir George Tryon, commanding the whole of this B. fleet, and the "B. 2." squadron, under Rear-Admiral R. O'Brien Fitzroy, on the same day left Portland, the one squadron for Berehaven, on the south-west coast of Ireland, the other for Lough Swilly, on the north coast. The duty of Admiral Baird's force, the two "A." squadrons, is to prevent the two divisions of Sir George Tryon's force, the "B." squadrons, uniting anywhere on the Irish coasts, or, if they do join, to engage them with superior fighting power. Our Special Artist furnishes an Illustration of the united "B." squadrons as they lay at Portland, before going to occupy their posts on the northern and western shores of Ireland; consisting of the ironclads Hercules, Devastation, Ajax, Hero, and Black Prince, in the "B. 1." squadron; and the Rodney, Invincible, Rupert, Iris, Calypso, and Warspite, in the "B. 2." squadron; to which several cruisers and torpedo-boats are attached. The two "A." squadrons, of Admiral Baird's defending force, are stronger in their composition; the "A. 1." including the Northumberland, Benbow, Collingwood, Conqueror, Monarch, Hotspur, and Northampton; and the "A. 2." having the Agincourt, Inflexible, Neptune, Belleisle, Iron Duke, and Shannon; also with cruisers, gunboats, and torpedo-boats.

Admiral Hamilton and General Nicholson, accompanied by representatives of the War Office and Admiralty, visited Liverpool on July 16, and had a conference with representatives of public bodies as to the defence of the Mersey.

An afternoon concert was given at Stafford House, by permission of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, on July 18, in aid of the funds of the National Physical Recreation Society, established for promoting physical recreation, more especially among the working classes. Many distinguished artistes took part in a very interesting programme.

The Royal Agricultural Show at Nottingham closed on July 13, when 55,000 persons paid for admission. The total attendance during the week numbered 167,000. These figures have been exceeded only on two occasions in the history of the society—at Manchester in 1869, and at Kilburn in 1879. The receipts at the gate during the meeting were over £10,000.

Her Majesty's Government have awarded a gold shipwreck medal to Captain A. De Moor, of the Belgian pilot-cutter No. 7, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the mate and four of the crew of the Albert, of Hull, whom he rescued from the disabled Norwegian brig Ruth, on March 19. They have also awarded a gold shipwreck medal to H. Ghys, pilot, and silver shipwreck medals and the sum of £2 each to P. Aspeslagh, assistant-pilot, and H. Nents, apprentice, who manned the rescuing boat.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Marquis of Salisbury, in entering the House of Lords on the Twelfth of July, appeared to be so surprised at the exceptionally large assemblage of Peers, and at the unusual gathering of Peeresses, that he dropped down on the woolsack, presumably to enjoy a genial chat on the matter with that personification of good-humour, Lord Halsbury. The Duke of Argyll had indubitably a distinguished audience. Conspicuous amid the galaxy of noblewomen in the gallery to the left of the throne was Lord Sherbrooke, still bearing his blushing honours thick upon him, and escorting Lady Sherbrooke with the devotion of a husband-lover in the first stages of the honeymoon. Mr. Phelps, the American Minister, sat close by his Lordship. The scene looked all the brighter from the fact that the diminished Court mourning was relieved by the light summer hues of many of the ladies' bonnets and dresses.

His Grace, in rising with some solemnity to move his resolution approving the action of the Government in protecting the loyal subjects of the Queen in Ireland, became the centre of interest. The noble Duke was listened to with attention by the occupants of the Ministerial and Opposition benches alike; Earl Granville, especially engrossed, now and again turning round to regard his eminent ex-colleague. As has been his custom of late years, the Duke of Argyll spoke with the gravity of an inspired prophet. But, alas! his speech was out of date. It sounded like a lament carefully prepared a couple of years ago in the event of Mr. Gladstone's anathematised Irish Home-Rule Bill reaching the Upper Chamber. It had been preceded by a whispered conference between Lord Knutsford and Lord Rosebery, who may or may not have agreed to raise no debate on the motion. Certainly, when the Duke of Argyll sat down after his prolonged lecture, and the Lord Chancellor's putting of the question met with no negative, there was an involuntary ripple of laughter at the collapse. It was as though his Grace had oracularly said, "In the name of the prophets," and the House had answered "Figs!"

The need of the new County Council for London was clearly exemplified on the Thirteenth of July, when the time of the House of Lords was actually taken up by the purely local subject of the nightly fair held on the disused burial-ground adjoining Whitfield's Tabernacle in the Tottenham-court-road. In response to the Earl of Meath, Lord Brownlow was driven to admit that, if the scandal could not be removed by the existing law, the Government would have to introduce a Bill to stop the nuisance. Other matters of minor importance have distracted attention from subjects of Imperial moment. There was a notable exception on the Sixteenth of July, when Lord Knutsford, as Secretary for the Colonies, concurred with the sentiments of deep regret expressed by the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Kimberley, and the Earl of Derby at the death of Sir John Brand, President of the Orange Free State. Before the House adjourned, Lord Knutsford had the satisfaction of reading the following reassuring telegram from the British officer in command at Etshowe, in Zululand:—"I have relieved Pretorius by flying column under M'Kean, establishing post at official residence. Am taking energetic action against rebel chiefs in district of coast, restoring good order."

Mr. Parnell, on the Twelfth of July, had to hurry to his seat in the House of Commons to be in time to interrogate Mr. W. H. Smith regarding the desired Select Committee to inquire into the origin of the incriminatory letters the hon. member for Cork had previously declared to be forgeries. The anticipated discussion was nipped in the bud by Mr. Smith's announcement that the Government, whilst maintaining that the proposed tribunal would not be a suitable one, were willing to pass an Act appointing a Commission of Inquiry on the subject, composed wholly or mainly of Judges, with full powers to investigate the allegations made against Parnellite members in the trial of O'Donnell versus Walter.

The heat this grave subject of "Parnellism and Crime" engenders in social circles disturbed the ordinarily cool Irish Nationalist leader himself on the Sixteenth of July. Objecting to the late hour at which it was proposed to introduce the measure for a Commission of Inquiry, Mr. Parnell rose to move the adjournment of the House, in order to enter a lively protest against the course of the Ministry on this point. But the hon. member was called repeatedly to order by the Speaker, and had at length to resume his seat, and bide his time. The intervening business transacted, Mr. Smith brought in the Special Commission Bill without naming the Commissioners, and, indeed, without remark. Mr. Parnell, who had bottled up his anger till then, in a fit of virtuous indignation assailed the Government for their conduct. Quoting the words used by the Attorney-General in the recent trial respecting the facsimile letter in the *Times*, "that without doubt, if untrue, it was the worst libel ever published upon a public man," Mr. Parnell increased in warmth, and went on to accuse Mr. Smith and Sir Richard Webster of making "themselves accomplices of this foul and disgraceful libel," and claimed the right to fully discuss the terms of the measure at a future stage. Calmly refraining from noticing the personal attack, Mr. Smith said Mr. Parnell would have the opportunity he sought on the second reading (fixed for Monday, the Twenty-third of July), and added that the names of the Judges would be stated in Committee. In the paramount interests of Parliament itself, it is imperatively necessary that these terrible charges should be proved or disproved without further delay.

Mr. Ritchie has made so much progress with the Local Government Bill in Committee that it is on the cards that there may be no extra Autumn Session after all. Perhaps the mere mention of this rod in pickle by Mr. Smith caused debate to be abbreviated. At any rate, the clauses regulating the County Council for London (which is *not* to have the control of the Metropolitan Police) were passed in double-quick time. And though the great Ministerial measure of the Session has since then been encumbered with a superfluity of petty provisions, which should, in accordance with the vital spirit of the Bill, have been left to the new County Councils themselves to settle, the beginning of the end is nigh. We seem to be within a measurable distance of prorogation in August.

Miss Frances Allitsen gave a concert at Maida-vale, by permission of Mr. and Mrs. Binnie Smith, on July 19, when several new songs of her composition were introduced; and on the 20th Madame Dukas (Miss Louisa Van Noorden) gave a concert at Messrs. Collard's, Grosvenor-street.

Italian enthusiasm waxed high at a dinner given on July 16 to a numerous body of Italian exhibitors and visitors at the Italian Exhibition in London. The president of the reception committee, Colonel J. T. North, was in the chair, and warmly toasted the distinguished Italian statesman on his right, Signor Bonghi, who replied in an eloquent speech laudatory of the Italian Exhibition. In a resonant speech, delivered in Italian, Mr. J. R. Whitley dwelt on the good effects of the fine Exhibition he has organised, and called upon the company to drink to the health of the Prince of Naples, their honorary president, whose visit is postponed.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It is an old axiom in theatrical matters that it is only necessary to abuse a play sufficiently to secure for it a long and lasting career. Faint praise is death to the drama. Sufficient laudation or sufficient execration is its life-blood. Seldom has a work been so roundly abused for its coarseness, brutality, and vulgarity as Sardou's "La Tosca"; and yet it has done better and drawn more money than any play ever produced by the enterprising M. Mayer. In fact, the "Tosca" or Sara Bernhardt, the bad play or the good acting, or both, are so successful that it has been necessary to postpone for a week the first performance of the new comedy, called "Francillon," by Alexandre Dumas. Only one last word about this wretched "Tosca." It is astonishing to find so many able writers commenting on Sardou's dialogue with special favour, and lauding the work to the skies as a piece of dramatic literature. Well; we can only trust our ears. The play is not printed, so there is no proof to enforce our argument; but, judging by the ear only, the dialogue of "La Tosca," both in its serious and comedy scenes, is about as cheap stuff as was ever turned out by an experienced playwright. It is exactly in this poverty of dialogue, in this literary depression and meanness of style, that the play strikes one as so intolerably vulgar. If ever subject required poetry, or even theatrical rhetoric, or something rich and grandiloquent in expression, in order to lift it out of the mire of commonplace, it is this one. It wants dignity of expression and poetic prose. But this is exactly what it does not get from Sardou. He has never yet sold to the public such shoddy. As to literature—why, ten times better exercises of literature can be found in the old British transpontine plays preserved in the invaluable stores of Mr. Samuel French, of the Strand.

The Lyceum Theatre is likely to open again, after Sarah Bernhardt's departure, far sooner than was expected. Mr. Richard Mansfield had made all his arrangements to start his autumn campaign with his version of Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" about Sept. 3; but much to his surprise, he discovers that Mr. Daniel Bandmann intends to forestall him with another version of the same story, for which purpose he has taken the Opéra Comique Theatre, and advertises that he intends to open it on Aug. 6 (Bank Holiday). Mr. Mansfield, having ascertained these facts, will by a desperate effort push on in order to anticipate Mr. Bandmann's venture, so that it is not at all improbable that we may have to welcome Mr. Mansfield very early in August instead of very early in September. Meanwhile, all our leading theatres are closing their doors. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, at the Haymarket, and Mr. Wilson Barrett, at the Princess's, have both said good-bye to their friends and promised to return as soon as possible, in good health and with new plays. This evening (July 21) we shall see the last of the celebrated Hare and Kendal management at the St. James's: the old friends will separate and go on their several ways rejoicing, amidst feelings of universal and cordial respect, only, we trust, to spring up again elsewhere—starting fresh enterprises with renewed energy. On the same evening Mrs. Bernard Beere will take her benefit at the Opéra Comique, and relinquish for the moment the many cares and anxieties of management.

As matters stand, new plays come out fitfully, and, such as they are, seem scarcely worth the trouble of producing. For instance, what good purpose is gained by exhibiting in public, even at a matinée, such a work as "Conscience," by Mr. Edward Litton, that wasted a recent afternoon at the Vaudeville? It did not require even the eye of an expert to prove that such a work, ambitious though it might be, was not good enough for public representation, and might well have been left in the author's desk. But these authors with their first children are irrepressible. They are like a hen with one chick. They firmly believe that the managerial protest against the definite claims of the "great unacted" is a just one; but, all the same, *they* have a play which is, perhaps, "the best thing of the kind ever seen, etc."! They want the managers to reject everyone else, but to accept them. In theatrical affairs, the ordinary laws of human nature are strained. There ought to be a word coined to represent the sublimation of human vanity.

The strike of match-girls employed by Messrs. Bryant and May has been settled.

Mr. Haden Corser, of the Oxford Circuit, has just been appointed Recorder of Much Wenlock, in succession to Mr. Plowden, recently appointed a Metropolitan Police Magistrate.

The Leeds Town Council have resolved to purchase the Coloured Cloth Hall estate, opposite the Wellington Railway Station, and the block of buildings called Quebec-buildings, for the purpose of widening and improving the streets—£66,000 to be offered for the Cloth Hall estate, and £38,000 for the Quebec estate.

The match between the Australians and the English Eleven at Stoke ended, July 13, in a victory for the Colonists by an innings and 35 runs. The match between Eton and Harrow ended at Lord's, on July 14, in a victory for the Harrovians by 156 runs; and at Kennington Oval the Players defeated the Gentlemen by an innings and 39 runs. In the ninth match between England and Australia, which was concluded at Lord's on July 17, victory rested with the Colonials, who defeated the home team by 61 runs. The score now stands—five matches won by England, two by Australia, and two drawn.

The annual meeting of the governors and friends of the Reedham Asylum for Fatherless Children was held in the Cannon-street Hotel on July 17. The chair was occupied by Mr. Richard Jolly. No regard is paid to the sex or creed of those elected, but the education is conducted on the general principles of Christianity. The total receipts have been £12,241, which, after defraying all expenses, leaves a balance in the bank of a little over £1000. Twenty children were elected, ten boys and ten girls, together with the officers for the ensuing year.

A large and fashionable congregation assembled on July 17 at St. George's, Hanover-square, to witness the marriage of Mr. Frederick Heygate, son of Sir F. Heygate, Bart., and Miss Flora Walter, daughter of Mr. John Walter, the proprietor of the *Times*. The ceremony, which was fully choral, was performed by the Bishop of Derry, assisted by the Rev. H. M. Walter. The bride was conducted to the altar by her father, and was followed by six bridesmaids—Miss Heygate, Miss Maud Heygate, Miss M'Neile, Miss Amy Erskine, Miss Farrar, and Miss Portal. They wore costumes of white China silk and Valenciennes lace, and white tulle hats trimmed with Maréchal Niel roses. Each wore a pearl brooch and carried a bouquet of yellow roses, the gift of the bridegroom. The bride's dress was of white crêpe-de-Chine, covered with a deep flounce of old Spanish point lace, the corsage and train being of white brocaded moire. Her ornaments were diamonds. Mr. R. P. Maxwell acted as best man.—On the same day the church of Quidenham, Norfolk, was crowded on the occasion of the marriages of Major Frederick St. Leger Tottenham and Mr. William Dunbar Blyth to two of the daughters of the late Very Rev. Thomas Garnier, Dean of Lincoln, and Lady Caroline Garnier.

AT THE FOOT OF BEN LEDI.

Sit here in the stern of the boat, and let her drift out on the glassy waters of the loch. After the long sultry heat of the day it is pleasant to let one's fingers trail in these cool waters and to watch the reflection of the hills above darkening in the crystal depths below. Happy just now must be the speckled trout that dwell in the loch's clear depths; and when the fiery-flowering sun is ablaze in the zenith there are few languishing mortals who will not envy the cool green domain of the salmon king. But, now that the sunset has died away upon the hills, like "the watch-fires of departing angels," a breath of air begins mysteriously to stir along the shore, and from the undergrowth about the streamlet that runs close by into the loch blackbird and water-ousel are sending forth more liquid pipings. The cuckoos, that all day long have been calling to each other across loch and strath, now with a more restful "chuck! chu-chu, chu, chuck!" are flitting, grey flakes, from coppice to coppice, preparatory to settling for the night. The blackcocks' challenge, "kibeck, kibeck, kibeck!" can still be heard from their tourney-ground on the *moraine* up yonder, at the moor's edge; and from the heath above still comes the silvery "whorl-whorl-whorl" of the grouse. For these sounds can be heard far off in the stillness of the dusk. But listen to this mighty beating of the waters, and look yonder! From the shadow of the hazels on the loch's margin comes the royal bird of Juno, pursuing his mate. In his eager haste, he has left the water, and with outstretched neck, beating air and loch into foam with his silver wings, he rushes after her. She, with the tantalising coyness of her sex, has also risen from the water, and, streaming across the loch, keeps undiminished the distance between herself and her pursuer. At this, finding his efforts vain, he gives up the chase, subsiding upon the surface with a force which sends the foam-waves curling high about his breast. Disdainfully he turns his back upon the fair, and without once inclining his proud black beak in her direction, makes steadily for the shore. This, however, does not please the lady. She turns, looks after her inconstant lover, and, meeting with no response, begins slowly to sail in his direction. Suddenly again at this, with snowy pinions erect, neck curved gallantly back, and the high waves curling from his breast, he surges after her, ploughing up the loch into shining furrows. Again the coy dame flees, and again and again ere nightfall the same amorous manœuvres will be gone through. No plebeian affair is the mating of these imperial denizens of the loch. Seldom do mortals witness even this wooing of the swans.

More commonplace, though not, perhaps, less happy, are the three brown ducks and their attentive drake, which having, one after another, splashed themselves methodically on the flat stone by the margin of the lake, now swim off in a string for home. Young trout are making silver circles in the water as they leap at flies under the grassy bank; and the keen-winged little swallows that skim the surface, sometimes tip the glassy wave with foot or wing.

Before the daylight fades there are beautiful colours to be seen on shore. The fresh young reeds that rise at hand like a green mist out of the water deepen to a purple tint nearer the margin. The march dyke that comes down to the shallows is covered with the red chain-mail of a small-leaved ivy; and the gean-tree beside it, that a week or two ago raised into the blue sky creamy coral-branches of blossom, retains still something of its fragile loveliness. On the stony meadow beyond, the golden whinflower is fading now, but is being replaced by the paler yellow splendour of the broom. The rich blush-purple of some heathy banks betrays the delicate blossom of the blaeberry, and patches of brown show where the young bracken are uncurling their rusty tips.

And silent and fair on the mountain descends the shadowy veil of night. Darkening high up there against the sapphire heaven, the dome-topped hill, keeping watch with the stars, has treasured for twenty centuries strange memories of an older world. Whether or not, in the earth's green spring, it served as a spot of offering for some primeval race, no man now can tell. But long before the infant Christ drew breath among the far-off Jewish hills, grave Druid priests ascended here to offer worship to their Unknown God. On the holy eve of the First of May the concourse gathered from near and far, and as the sun, the divine sign-manual set in the heavens, arose out of the east, they welcomed his rising with an offering of fire. From sea to sea, across dim Scotland, from the storm-cloven peaks of Arran to the sentinel dome of the Bass, could be seen this mountain summit; and from every side the awed inhabitants, as they looked up and beheld the clear fire-jewel glittering on Ben Ledi's brow, knew that Heaven had once more favoured them with the sacred gift of flame. For the light on the mountain-top was understood to be kindled by the hand of God, as were the altar fires of the Chaldean seers on the hills of the East of old: every hearth in the land had been quenched, and the people waited for the new Bal-tein, or Baal-fire from Heaven, for another year. Rude these people may have been—though that is by no means certain; but few races on earth have had a nobler place of worship than this altar-mountain, which they called the Hill of God.

The climber on Ben Ledi to-day passes, near the summit, the scene of a sad, more modern story. On the shoulder of the mountain lies a small, dark tarn. It is but a few yards in width, yet on it acted a part in a terrible tragedy. Amid the snows of winter, and under a leaden heaven, a funeral party was crossing the ridge, when there was a crash; the slow wail of the pipes changed into a shriek of terror; and a hundred mourners, with the dead they were carrying, sank in the icy waters to rise no more. That single moment sufficed to leave sixty women husbandless in Glen Finglas below. No tablet on that wind-swept moor records the half-forgotten disaster; only the eerie lapping of the lochlet's waves fill the discoverer with strange foreboding, and at dusk, it is said, the lonely ptarmigan may be seen, like souls of the departed, haunting the fatal spot.

On a little knoll at the mountain foot, where the Leny leaves Loch Lubnaig, lies the little Highland burial-place to which the clansmen were bearing their dead comrade. Only a low stone wall now remains round the few quiet graves; but here once stood the chapel of St. Bride, and from the Gothic arch of its doorway Scott, in his "Lady of the Lake," describes the issuing of a blithesome rout, gay with pipe-music and laughter, when the dripping messenger of Roderick Dhu rushed up and thrust into the hand of the new-made groom the fiery cross of the Macgregors:—

> The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
> Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!

Well did the poet paint the parting of bride and groom; and to-day on the mossy stones of the little burial-place are to be read the wistful words of many who have bid each other since then a last good-bye. Surely the arcana of earth's divinest happiness is only opened by the golden key of love. Sweet, indeed, must be that companionship which unclasps not with resignation even when sunset is fading upon the hills of life and the shadows are coming in regretful eyes; but would fain stretch forth its yearnings through the pathways of a Hereafter.

G. E.-T.

ARMADA TERCENTENARY MEMORIAL.

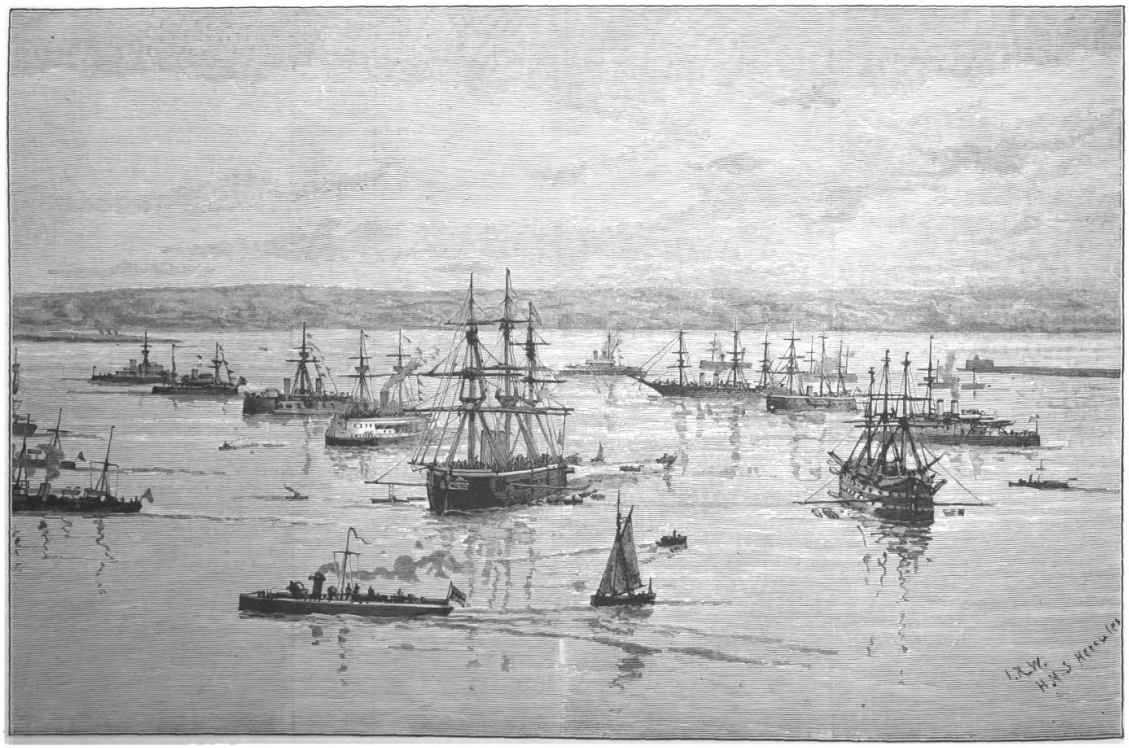
The committee formed at Plymouth last year, of which the Mayor of Plymouth is chairman, resolved on erecting an Armada memorial on Plymouth Hoe. Numerous drawings were sent in by architects, sculptors, and others. Opinion was at first divided between a column with figures, bas-reliefs, and medallions, or the adaptation of the present statue of Drake, inaugurated five years ago, as the central figure in an Armada memorial. It was felt, however, that whatever form might be adopted, it should be representative of the chief personages who figure in the history of that great conflict, and it should also place upon record the names of the cities and towns which contributed ships, men, and money for the defence of the country. After much deliberation and consideration of many suggestions, the committee decided that, with the sanction of the proper authorities, a permanent monument, to be called the Armada Memorial, to perpetuate the brave deeds of the men who nobly defended their country in a grave time of peril, should be erected on Plymouth Hoe. In response to public advertisements, the committee obtained designs for the proposed memorial. From amongst a large number of suitable and well-executed drawings, the design of Mr. Herbert A. Gribble, A.R.I.B.A., of South Kensington, architect of the Brompton Oratory, was selected. It is bold in its conception and treatment, symbolical in its character, eminently patriotic in spirit, and highly effective as a work of art. This design, as shown in the accompanying *Illustration*, consists of a granite pedestal, 35 ft. in height, surmounted by a figure of Britannia, with the shield of the three crosses, a banner and trident in her left hand, and in her right a sword. Below are twelve wreaths of laurel, and in the panels of the shaft, medallion portraits of Howard, Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh, Seymour, Wintour, Frobisher, and others, with their respective coats-of-arms. The south panel in the base has a bronze bas-relief, illustrating the destruction of the Spanish Fleet, with the inscription, "He blew with His wind and they were scattered." On each side of this bas-relief is a statue, one representing Valour, and the other Vigilance. The central ornament consists of the unveiled arms of England, as used at the period, with the crown of Queen Elizabeth. On the north side it is proposed to place the arms of England of the present day, with the crown of the Queen-Empress Victoria, thus connecting the two great eras in English history—the Elizabethan and Victorian—which idea is also symbolised by the shield of the three crosses, popularly known as the Union Jack, held by Britannia on the top of the pedestal. Running around the base will be a series of shields, bearing the arms of cities and towns which contributed to the defence of the country in 1588, together with those of the principal families whose ancestors served in the English fleet under Lord Howard of Effingham and the other Admirals Drake, Hawkins, and Seymour. The cities, towns, and families here represented are simply suggestive, and are by no means finally decided upon, being subject to any alteration that may hereafter be deemed necessary. There will also be an inscription recording the names of the principal vessels engaged, and their commanders, in order that the memorial may be thoroughly representative and instructive in its character. The total estimated cost of the completed memorial as here described will be about £3500. If, however, this amount is not forthcoming—a contingency which the committee do not regard as at all probable—only such portions will be proceeded with as may be warranted by the available funds. It is hoped that the cities, towns, and representatives of the families of the Elizabethan heroes will undertake to furnish any portions of the memorial (as the shields, medallions, and bas-reliefs) with which they may be more closely identified, or in which they may feel most interested. A record of all such independent aid will be duly noted. With this object in view, the committee have obtained separate estimates of the cost of the several portions, particulars of which may be obtained of the hon. secretary, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Drake Chamber, Plymouth.



THE PROPOSED ARMADA MEMORIAL, PLYMOUTH.

The national and patriotic commemoration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada has been commenced at Plymouth. It was rightly and naturally first taken up in that town, the port in which the English fleet, under command of Lord Charles Howard, Lord Howard of Effingham, assembled for the defence of the country, and from which, the news of the approach of the enemy off the Cornish coast having arrived there on July 19, 1588, the fleet sailed early next morning to begin the ten days' fighting in the Channel. Plymouth was also the birthplace of Sir John Hawkins, the Rear-Admiral of this fleet and chief manager of the Navy, to whose administrative labours the construction and equipment of the most powerful ships engaged on this occasion were mainly due, and who, in personal command of the Victory, and of the squadron that followed her flag, bore a part second only to Lord Howard of Effingham in the actual conflicts of the first seven days. Sir Francis Drake, commanding the Revenge, though with the rank of Vice-Admiral, led a squadron composed of privateers from the western ports, whose armament was not capable of engaging with larger Spanish galleons; and Drake himself, by leaving the fleet while he went in chase of certain Flemish merchant-vessels, after the first encounter, lost the opportunity of sharing in the fights off Portland and the Isle of Wight. It was not till the evening of July 27, off Calais, Drake having meantime rejoined the fleet, that the whole English force was brought together: Lord Henry Seymour and Sir William Wintour, with the ships on guard between Dungeness and Dover, then crossed the Straits, and beset the enemy's fleet in Calais Roads. Admiral Sir William Wintour—the name has frequently been spelt Wynter—commanding the Vanguard, proposed the use of fire-ships, in the night, to drive the Spaniards from their moorings. In the great battle off Gravelines, on July 29, when the Armada was crushed and shattered by a fierce cannonade at close quarters from nine in the morning till six in the evening, Sir Francis Drake, in the Revenge, with Hawkins, in the Victory, and Martin Frobisher, in the Triumph, gave the first charge, followed by Lord Henry Seymour, in the Rainbow, Sir William Wynter (Wintour), in the Vanguard, and Sir Henry Palmer, in the Antelope, but every one of those above named took part in this final conflict. Sir Robert Southwell, Lord Thomas Howard, Edmund, Lord Sheffield, and the Earl of Cumberland, also performed brave feats of war on several occasions in that week.

It is interesting to know that, besides the noble families of Howard and Seymour, now represented by the Earl of Effingham, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Somerset, who are vice-presidents of the Tercentenary Commemoration, among the committee formed on this occasion are Dr. H. H. Drake, Major Martin Frobisher, and Captain T. F. Wintour, of Ryde, descendants of the families whose names were rendered illustrious by the brave seamen of the Elizabethan age. The chief representative of the Drakes is Sir Francis Fuller-Elliott-Drake, Bart., of Nutwell Court, Lympstone, near Exeter, who also claims descent from Admiral Elliott, Lord Heathfield, the hero of Gibraltar. The Wintour family, of which the present head is the Rev. G. Wintour, Rector of Ironbridge, Shropshire, is of very ancient British origin, being derived probably from the Castellan of the "Gwyn Tour," the White Tower, at Carnarvon; but knights and nobles of that name, perhaps of French extraction, are mentioned in the reigns of Henry I. and Edward II., and in the wars of Edward III. In the reign of Edward VI. Commodore Wintour gallantly defended Jersey against a French attack, which is related by Speed and other chroniclers of the time. Queen Elizabeth, on her accession in 1559, appointed this officer, Admiral Sir William Wintour, Master of the Naval Stores; and he commanded the fleet in the Firth of Forth to expel the French from Leith. He was



THE FLEET MANŒUVRES: THE B. SQUADRON AT PORTLAND, UNDER ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE TRYON.

FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



TO BRIGHTON AND BACK IN EIGHT HOURS BY THE "OLD TIMES" COACH: PASSING CUCKFIELD PARK.

associated with Sir John Hawkins, in 1562, in a scheme to open a new trade with Guinea, Hispaniola, and Porto Rico (not unconnected, we fear, with the slave trade). In 1567, Sir William Wintour and Sir Thomas Smith were the Commissioners sent to France to demand the restitution of Calais according to treaty. In the next year, Sir William intercepted a Genoese vessel bringing an immense sum of money from Spain to the Netherlands, to be used in putting down the Dutch revolt. He was in Parliament in 1575, taking an active part in financial, commercial, and political business, and especially in that concerning maritime affairs. Captain Wintour, who accompanied Sir Humphrey Gilbert's disastrous expedition to North America in 1583, and Sir Francis Drake's expedition to Portugal, may have been a son of Sir William. The Admiral's performances, as second in command to Lord Henry Seymour, in the great action of July 29, 1588, against the Spanish Armada, were the crowning glory of his career. On board his ship, the Vanguard, was Lieutenant John Wintour; and the scene of this ship going into action is the subject of Sir Oswald Brierly's well-known picture. Two of the most formidable Spanish galleons, the San Mattео of Don Diego de Pimentel, and the San Felipe of Don Francesco de Toledo, were crippled by the shot from the Vanguard, which lay "most times within speaking distance" of the enemy, and which discharged "five hundred shot of demi-cannon culverin and demi-culverin." When the remnant of the Armada fled into the North Sea, Lord Henry Seymour's division of our fleet was ordered to the mouth of the Thames, and thence to Harwich, to prevent either its return, if the wind had changed, or the Prince of Parma crossing from Flanders, if the sea became calm. Sir William Wintour was then appointed Vice-Admiral of England, and the Queen granted to him the manor of Lydney, in Gloucestershire, where he built a stately mansion, but died in 1589; he had sat in the House of Commons for Portsmouth, and afterwards for the county of Gloucester. He was succeeded by his son, Sir Edward Wintour, who was an important personage, and whose son, Sir John Wintour, figures conspicuously in the history of the Civil Wars of Charles I. as one of the most zealous and valiant Royalist commanders. Sir John Wintour's estates and mansion were confiscated by vote of the House of Commons in 1648. His personal achievements and adventures, both at the siege of Gloucester and in subsequent campaigns in the valleys of the Severn and the Wye, are related in local history, and are of a sufficiently romantic character. With regard to the descendants of Sir John Hawkins, there are some interesting particulars furnished by Miss Hawkins, in the valuable "Armada Commemoration Number" of the *Western Antiquary*, published at Plymouth, and edited by Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Borough Librarian. Richard Hawkins, only son of Sir John, also in the conflict with the Armada, in command of a vessel called the Swallow, behaved with extraordinary courage. Five years after that, he led an expedition through the Straits of Magellan to the South Seas, discovered new lands, and was captured, after three days' hard fighting, by a greatly superior force of Spaniards; he was taken to Seville, and was detained a prisoner nearly nine years; on his release, he became Mayor of Plymouth, M.P. for that borough, was knighted and made Vice-Admiral, and lived in State at his house of Poole, near Slapton, in South Devon. Mr. R. Stuart Hawkins is the present living representative of the family, which has for centuries been associated with the good town of Plymouth.

THE "OLD TIMES" BRIGHTON COACH.

In the "old times," of which all have read, if not in Queen's Jubilee histories of the beginning of Victoria's reign, at least in the early stories told by Charles Dickens—in the old times which some of us can personally remember—well-appointed mail-coaches performed the longest journeys at the rate, including all stoppages, of more than ten miles an hour, while special post-chaises could do more than eleven miles an hour; and it was very pleasant in fine weather. The distance by road from Piccadilly, the "White Horse Cellars," to the Old Ship Hotel, Brighton, is fifty-four miles; it was done in 1837, by the Quicksilver mail, carrying the Queen's first Speech at the opening of Parliament, in three hours and forty minutes. His Majesty George IV., when Prince Regent, once drove it in four hours and a half. The high art of coachmanship is not yet extinct, nor has the breed of good roadsters degenerated in England, though all serious journeys are now done by railway. From London to Brighton and back in eight hours is a speed worthy of the "Old Times" coach, and of Mr. James Selby, its veteran regular driver. At the late Ascot race-meeting, the proprietors of this coach accepted a sporting bet of £1000 to £500 that it could not be done. They handsomely resolved to give Mr. Selby the £1000 if he won the bet. On Friday, July 13, this feat was successfully accomplished. The coach started at ten o'clock from Hatchett's Hotel, carrying six passengers—namely, Mr. M'Adam and Mr. Beckett, the owners, Mr. Carleton Blyth, Mr. Waller Dickson, Mr. W. P. Cosier, and Mr. Alfred Broadwood, with the guard, Walter Godden. It went down Grosvenor-place and along Buckingham Palace-road, over the Chelsea Suspension-bridge, to Streatham, changed horses, then on to Croydon, Purley Bottom (change horses), Merstham, Redhill, Horley, Crawley, Cuckfield, Friars' Oak, and Patcham, changing teams at these and one or two other places. The run from Cuckfield to Friars' Oak was done at a gallop. The coach arrived at the Old Ship at three minutes to 2 p.m., having accomplished the journey just under four hours. The stay at Brighton was only momentary, the horses were merely turned round, and a few telegrams handed up. The coach started homeward amidst hearty cheers, came back by the same route, and Selby brought his party safe to town in splendid style, arriving at Piccadilly at 5.50, or ten minutes under the stipulated time to win the bet. Many members of the Coaching Club were present at its arrival in London.

The officers of the Exchequer and Audit Department have presented their old chief, Sir William Dunbar, with an illuminated address, as a token of their esteem and regard.

Mr. Lewis T. Dibdin, of Lincoln's Inn, has been appointed to the Chancellorship of Exeter diocese, vacant by the death of Archdeacon Phillpotts. Mr. Dibdin is Chancellor of the diocese of Rochester.

Lord Aberdare presided on July 14 at the sixty-fourth annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held at their offices, Jermyn-street. In the afternoon a meeting was held in St. James's Hall, where the Duchess of Albany presented the principal prizes gained in the past year's competition by pupils and teachers. Her Royal Highness was presented with numerous bouquets of flowers.

The fifteenth annual show, for working men and their families, was held on July 14 in the Board Schools, Oxford-gardens, Notting-hill. About £60 was awarded in prizes, £10 going to children, and the remainder to adults. The show was a very creditable one, and the exhibits were of a varied character, including flowers, needlework, and specimens of cookery. The prizes were distributed by Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Two hundred years ago Alexander Pope was born; and, as commemorations are the custom of the day, the poet's birth is being celebrated at Twickenham, a spot with which his name is as much associated as the name of Shakspeare with Stratford, or that of Scott with Abbotsford. There he lived for five-and-twenty years, cultivating his quincunx and his vines, adding daily to the glitter of his famous grotto, and enjoying, with the first men of the age, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." Chiefs out of war and statesmen out of place sauntered on his lawns; and at his table the Prince of Wales talked about poetry till he sent the poet to sleep. There, too, came Swift, the most powerful intellect of the age; and there Voltaire's grass talk drove Pope's mother from the room. The villa at Twickenham was the scene of the poet's most brilliant triumphs as a satirist. That quiet retreat on the Thames did not soften his asperities, and many of his sharpest bits of satire must have been written under influences that would have soothed and reconciled a less irritable spirit. At Twickenham Pope died, after a lifelong battle with dunces and with disease; and if there is now nothing left to remind us of him beyond his grotto, or a piece of it, no lover of literature can visit the place without many a thought of the fiery little poet who sang and suffered there.

The fame of Pope has been assailed for more than a century, but without serious effect; and while critics have proved, or think they have conclusively proved, that he is no poet, there are still readers who find an exquisite enjoyment in his verse. We have had in the present century poets who are immeasurably superior to Pope in imagination and harmony; but he holds his own in spite of them, and Mr. Swinburne is, I think, right in saying that "matched on his own ground he never has been nor can be!"

Few men of letters ever fought against greater obstacles in the struggle of life or conquered them more gallantly. He was deformed and sickly, and, in his later years at least, so feeble that his body had to be supported in stays. He could not rise to dress himself without help. His legs were so slender that he wore three pairs of stockings, which he was unable to draw on and off without assistance, and his seat had to be raised to bring him to a level with common tables. Pope, moreover, was a Roman Catholic, at a time when those who held that faith suffered many privations; and, coming of a comparatively humble stock, had none of the advantages of birth. He was self-educated, too, and every step he advanced in life was due to his own energy and genius. Before he was thirty Pope had translated the "Iliad," and was regarded as the chief living poet of his country; and, from that time to his death, the first men and women of the age were either proud to be his friends or in mortal dread of his enmity. His compliments, it has been well said, are divine, and his revenge is deadly. By a word of discriminative praise he confers a poetical immortality; by a word uttered against a foe he makes that foe contemptible. Swift and Arbuthnot, Gay and Bethell, Atterbury and Bolingbroke, gain double honour by his rhymes; and in them, too, the poet's real or imaginary enemies, Lord Harvey, Colley Cibber, the famous "Lady Mary," Nahum Tate, Blackmore, and many others are held up to ridicule or execration. Like all satirists, Pope is sometimes grossly unjust; but a strong personal feeling, a white heat of passion, makes his satirical power irresistible. He does not shoot his arrows into the air, but aims them directly at the mark, and seldom misses it. To be "hitched" into Pope's rhyme in this way was an infliction which few men could bear with equanimity.

The personal feeling which inspired so much of Pope's verse gave it instant notoriety. Men don't always object to see even their best friends slashed at by a consummate wit, and in everything the poet wrote the Town found food for talk. This love of a little scandal, however, is not now, nor was it in his lifetime, the secret of Pope's power. He would have been forgotten as speedily as Churchill was forgotten if it were not for the art that lives in every line, for a style so exquisite that it confers a lasting beauty even upon common-place ideas. Nothing can surpass the dainty skill with which he sketches a character or catches a passing fancy and secures it to us for ever. He is the master of phrases and of couplets. There is no waste in his wit; every line tells, and, mingled with the scorn, the sarcasm, the allusions that made many a public man of the day wince, there is an occasional elevation of tone that forces us to forget the satirist in the poet. A satirist unequalled in England, unless it be by Dryden, he had, what "glorious John" had not, the most sportive and lively fancy; add to this, pathos, though not of the highest order, the finest wit and an ease of expression which conceals the subtlest sense of art, and we see why Pope is still so dear to the lover of literature. He is the poet for common moods; and, as men rarely rise into the higher regions of thought, he is the poet for every-day service. It is simply amazing to note how his phrases are employed in that service. If we except Shakspeare, no English author's words are so frequently on our lips, and so haunt our memories. People quote them without knowing whence they come. Is there one of my readers who is not familiar with such lines as the following:—

"The proper study of mankind is man."
"Order is heaven's first law."
"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"
"A little learning is a dangerous thing."
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."
"To err is human; to forgive, divine."
"The last and greatest art—the art to blot."

Scores of lines equally familiar—and the reader, if he pleases, may say equally commonplace—may be quoted which have the singular merit of sticking to the memory. We may forget the lovely music of a Shelley or a Coleridge, but Pope's lines and couplets are at all times available. Bank-notes and gold are not always at hand when wanted; but most of us, it is to be hoped, have some silver in our pockets for daily use. And Pope has his gold too. His "Rape of the Lock" is the most exquisite thing of the kind in the language; the closing lines of the "Dunciad" are majestic; and sometimes there is a high moral tone, or an utterance of human sympathy, expressed so nobly that the reader feels he is in the presence of a poet as dignified as he is impressive. The two lines—

Never elate while one man's oppress'd,
Never dejected while another's blessed—

are, in Mr. Ruskin's judgment, "the most complete, the most concise, and the most lofty expression of moral temper existing in English words." This may be an exaggeration; but amidst much that is offensive—and, it is to be feared, insincere—in Pope, there is frequently a noble strain of poetry, which satisfies the heart as well as the intellect.

With all his defects, then—and his sins are many—Pope has a great name in English literature; and to recognise the genius of such a man publicly seems a reasonable thing to do. We have had greater poets, and many a better man; but Pope, too, belongs to the noble list of English worthies, and it is well for our sakes, if not for his, since a poet's poems are his best monument, that, in the spot he loved so well, some honour should be paid to his memory.

J. D.

THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.

In spite of wind and rain, the scores generally on July 11 were higher than in previous years, especially in the competition for the Queen's Prize. Private Lewis, 4th Devon, stood at the head of the list, with an aggregate of 68 out of a possible 70. Highest possible scores were also made for the Holford, Pernnet, and Windmill Prizes. After evening gunfire, a mass meeting of Volunteers was held in the Pell Tent, to consider the future locale of the association's annual gathering. The tent was densely packed. Lord Wantage presided; and among those on the platform were the Earl of Wemyss, Viscount Bury, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, Sir Henry Fletcher, and many members of the council. The proceedings, though not absolutely unanimous in favour of Richmond Park as the future site, were most enthusiastic, perhaps the only difference of opinion being that an effort might even yet be made to continue the meetings at Wimbledon.

The shooting was again remarkably good on the 12th, the scores for the Queen's 300 averaging quite two points higher than those of last year. The Bronze Medal was won by Lieutenant Barrett, of the Argyllshire and Sutherland Highlanders, with an aggregate of 96 points. Major McKerrell, Ayrshire, made a highest possible score at 600 yards. The Martin's Cup was won by Captain Timmins, 2nd Cheshire, who also made all bull's-eyes. Several highest possible scores were made in other competitions, the most noteworthy being ten successive bull's-eyes by Captain Thorburn, of Peebles, for the Curtis and Harvey prize, at 1000 yards.

Notwithstanding the improvement in the weather the scores were lower on the 13th than on any previous day of the meeting. In the contest for the *Daily Telegraph* Cup ten men attained the highest possible score of 35, and two of these—Lieutenant Brown, 3rd Lanark, and Captain Morrison, 1st Sutherland—again tied, each with three bull's-eyes.

The second stage of the Queen's Prize concluded on the 14th, with the result that four men completed aggregate scores of 201 each—Ingram, of Lanark; Noakes, of 1st Derby; Cooper, of Exeter; and Bates, of Warwick—and one of 200 came next. Lieutenant Barrett, the winner of the bronze medal, came out with only 193. Corporal Noakes won the tie on shooting off, and takes the silver medal. Colour-Sergeant Smith, 3rd West Surrey, won the first prize in the Prince of Wales's competition, the second being secured by Private Rodger, 1st Roxburgh and Selkirk. In the match between Lords and Commons, two a side, the latter were victors by 145 to 121. Captain Morrison, 1st Sutherland, won the *Daily Telegraph* Cup, after a most exciting contest; the Lancashire team the China Cup; and the 1st Renfrew the Belgian Cup for volley firing. The eleven men who made scores of 34 points each for the St. George's Prizes on Friday shot off the ties on Saturday, with the result that the Vase, Dragon Cup, Gold Jewel, and £30 were won by Colour-Sergeant Ford, 3rd South Staffordshire; the Silver Jewel, Silver Salver, and £25 fell to Sergeant-Major Harker, 2nd Sub-Division R.A.; and the Bronze Cross, Silver Cup, and £20 to Lieutenant Dalglish, 3rd Lanark.

Divine service was held on Sunday morning, July 15, at the Umbrella Tent, where contingents from the various Volunteer battalions in camp and a large number of visitors were assembled, although at the time rain was descending in torrents. The band of the London Rifle Brigade was in attendance, and the preliminary part of the service was conducted by the Rev. A. Gray. A short but appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. W. M. Bottom.

On Monday, the 16th, the National Challenge Trophy, competed for by teams representing England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, was won by Scotland—England being second, Ireland third, and Wales fourth. The Mullens' Prize, shot for by teams from each battalion at unknown distances, was carried off by the 1st Liverpool; and the United Hospital Challenge Cup by the St. Thomas's men, who were the victors last year. The Wimbledon Cup was won by Mr. Whitehead, of Bury, Lancashire, with 70 points, at 1000 yards range. The Wilmot Prize, for aggregate scores at 500 and 600 yards, was won by Lieutenant More, 1st Northumberland; the gold medal for the Grand Aggregate by Lieutenant Barrett, 5th Argyle and Sutherland, 337 points; All-comers' Aggregate by Private W. Ward, 4th Devon, 186; the Nursery Aggregate by Private Laurie, 7th Royal Scots, 93; and the Hop Bitters Aggregate by Captain Arnell, 5th Hants, 157.

In dull and showery weather on July 17 the Queen's Prize was won by Private Fulton, Queen's Westminster, who made a total score of 280—six points above Lieutenant Warren's last year's record. The second place was taken by Lance-Corporal Noakes, 1st Berks, with 279 marks; Private Wattleworth, 2nd Liverpool, coming third, with 278. The principal prize given by the Secretary for War fell to Corporal Barrett, 1st Oxford, with 35 points, Lieutenant Fremantle, 1st Bucks, being second, with 34. Sergeant Prior, 4th Hants, won the first prize of the Armourers' Company with 32 points, there being two other scores of equal amount. The Atkinson Prize went to Major McKerrell, with a highest possible; and the Field Memorial Challenge Cup, contested by past and present members of the "Twenties," was taken by Private Kydd. The principal City Corporation prizes were taken by Sergeants Wilson, Short, and Duncan, and Lieutenant Chamberlain, all of Canada.

The chief items on July 18 were competitions for the United Service Cup, the Chancellor's Plate, and the Kolapore Cup.

The Princess of Wales presides at the distribution of prizes on the afternoon of July 21, at five o'clock.

The Queen has conferred the Silver Jubilee Medal upon Superintendent Hayes, chief of the Windsor Borough police.

Mr. Maunde Thompson has been appointed Chief Librarian at the British Museum.

The race for the Wingfield Sculls took place on July 16, from Putney to Mortlake, Guy Nickalls, of Magdalen College, Oxford, defeating J. C. Gardner, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Among the donations that have recently been promised towards the funds of the South London Polytechnic Institutes, is one of £1000 from the firm of Messrs. Rothschild, and a similar sum from Messrs. Baring.

A complimentary banquet was given to Sir John Whittaker Ellis, M.P., on July 16, at the Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond-hill, by the inhabitants of Richmond and its neighbourhood, in recognition of his recent gift of the Castle-hill Hotel property to Richmond. A handsome service of plate, consisting of three Monteith bowls and a loving-cup, all in silver-gilt, was presented to Sir J. W. Ellis at the banquet. The chair was taken by the Duke of Cambridge.

A magnificent sturgeon was captured in the Dee on July 16. Two men were engaged in catching salmon, near Sandycroft, Hawarden, when they secured an enormous fish in their trammel-net. They landed it after a long struggle, and found it to be a sturgeon weighing 200 lb. It is over 5 ft. long, and as thick as a man's body. It is supposed to be the largest specimen ever caught in the Dee. A smaller fish, weighing 155 lb., was taken two years back.

OBITUARY.

SIR JOHN HARDY, BART.

Sir John Hardy, Bart., of Dunstall Hall, in the county of Stafford, died at his residence, 22, South-street, Park-lane, on July 9. He was born Feb. 23, 1809, the eldest son of Mr. John Hardy, of Dunstall Hall, Bencher of the Inner Temple, by Isabel, his wife, daughter of Mr. Richard Gathorne, of Kirkby Lonsdale, in Westmorland, and was brother of the first and present Viscount Cranbrook, P.C., G.C.S.I. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1831, and proceeded to M.A. in 1834; was a Justice of the Peace for Staffordshire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, High Sheriff for the former county in 1878; and represented Middlesex in Parliament in 1859; Dartmouth, 1860 to 1868; and South Warwick, 1868 to 1874. He married, Aug. 13, 1846, Laura, third daughter of Mr. William Holbech, of Farnborough, Warwickshire, by whom, who died Jan. 19, 1885, he leaves, with other issue, a son, now Sir Reginald Hardy, second Baronet, who married, in 1876, Lucy Marion, youngest daughter of Captain John Neilson Gladstone, R.N., M.P., of Bowden Park, Wilts, brother of the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P. The title was conferred on the late Baronet on Feb. 23, 1876.

SIR CHARLES JEPHSON-NORREYS, BART.

Sir Charles Denham Orlando Jephson-Norreys, first Baronet, of Mallow Castle, in the county of Cork, died suddenly at Queenstown on July 10. He was born in 1799, son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel William Jephson, by Louisa, his third wife, daughter of Mr. C. Kensington, of Blackheath; was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1820; and having assumed by Royal license the additional surname and arms of Norreys, he was created a Baronet in 1838. He was a Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for Cork, and represented Mallow in the Liberal interest from 1826 to 1859. He married in 1821, Catherine Cecilia Jane, daughter of the late Mr. William Franks, of Carrig, near Cork, which lady died in 1853, leaving, with two daughters, a son, Denham William, who was born in 1821, and died last May, consequently Sir Charles's baronetcy becomes extinct.



GENERAL PENNYCUICK.

General James Farrell Pennycuick, C.B., Royal Artillery, died on July 6, aged fifty-nine. He was the eldest son of the late Brigadier-General John Pennycuick, C.B., K.H., of Logie, who commanded a brigade in the Sikh War of 1849, and fell, with his youngest son, in the battle of Chillianwallah. He entered the Army in 1847, became Captain and Major in 1854, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1861, Colonel in 1869, Major-General in 1880, Lieutenant-General in 1885, and General in 1886. He served in the Crimean campaign, 1854, including the battle of Inkermann and the siege and fall of Sebastopol, for which he received a medal with two clasps, Sardinian and Turkish medals, and the fifth class of the Medjidieh. He next served in the Indian campaign of 1857-58, including the relief of Lucknow by Lord Clyde, the battle of Cawnpore, the actions of Seria Ghat, Chanda, Sultanpore, the siege and capture of Lucknow, and the action of Barree, for which services he was given a medal with two clasps. He next served with the expedition to China in 1860, and was present at Tangku, the capture of Taku Forts, and the surrender of Pekin. He was created a C.B. in 1859. He married, in 1861, Janie, eldest daughter of the late Mr. William Rutledge, of Farnham Park, Victoria, Australia, and leaves issue.

THE REV. G. R. GLEIG.

The Rev. George Robert Gleig, M.A., late Chaplain-General of the Forces, died at his residence, Bylands, near Winchfield, on July 9, in his ninety-third year. The late Mr. Gleig served in the Peninsular Campaign of 1813-14 as a subaltern in the 85th Foot. He was present at the siege of San Sebastian, the passage of the Bidassoa, the battle of the Nivelle, the battle of the Nive, and the investment of Bayonne. For his services in these campaigns he received the Peninsular War medal, with three clasps. Subsequently he was employed in the American War, at Bladensburg, Baltimore, New Orleans, and Fort Bowyer. After the conclusion of peace Mr. Gleig quitted the Army and proceeded to Oxford, and became a member of Balliol College. He graduated M.A. at that University in 1819, and was ordained priest by the Archbishop of Canterbury the following year, when he was appointed Rector of Ivychurch, Kent, and Perpetual Curate of Ash in 1822. He was appointed Chaplain of Chelsea Hospital in 1834, Principal Chaplain to the Forces in 1844, and Chaplain-General in 1846, which latter appointment he held till April, 1875, when he retired on account of his increasing years. He was Inspector-General of Military Schools from 1845 to 1858, and became a Prebendary of St Paul's in 1844. He was the author of numerous educational works.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Charles Saltren Willett, M.A., Vicar of Monckleigh, Devon, on July 3, suddenly.

Admiral the Hon. Sir Edward Alfred John Harris, K.C.B., brother of the Earl of Malmesbury, at Sendling Park, his seat near Hythe, Kent, on July 17.

Lady Dyke (Elizabeth), widow of Sir Percyvall Hart Dyke, sixth Baronet, and youngest daughter of Mr. John Wells, of Bickley Park, Kent, at 34, Hill-street, on July 10.

Lady Briggs (Amelia), wife of Sir John Henry Briggs, late of the Admiralty, and eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Hopkinson, at 11, Tisbury-road, West Brighton, on July 10.

The Rev. Adolphus Augustus Turnour, for twenty-seven years Vicar of Ellenhall, Staffordshire, on July 7, aged sixty-five. He was the fourth son of the Hon. and Rev. Adolphus Augustus Turnour, third son of Edward, second Earl Winterton.

The Dowager Lady Sudeley, on July 14, at her house in Chesham-place, aged seventy-eight. She was the second daughter of the late Mr. George Hay Dawkins-Pennant, of Penrhyn Castle, and married Thomas Charles, second Lord Sudeley, in August, 1831, and was left a widow in 1863.

Mr. Richard Micklethwait, of Ardsley House, Barnsley, J.P. and D.L., on July 9, aged fifty-seven. He was the eldest son of Mr. John Micklethwait, of Ardsley House, and Thornville, in the county of York, Lord of the Manor of Ardsley, and was brother of Mr. John Pollard Micklethwait, of Penhein, in the county of Monmouth, J.P.

Major Alexander Crombie, late 72nd Highlanders, at 17, Hogarth-road, Earl's Court, on July 11. He served with his regiment in the Crimean Campaign, 1855, including the expedition to Kertch and the siege and fall of Sebastopol (medal with clasp and Turkish medal) and throughout the operations in Central India, 1858-59.

Lady Laura Grattan, at her house in Eaton-square, on July 12, aged eighty-one. She was the youngest of the large family of William, Lord Huntingtower, son of Louisa, Countess of Dysart, and sister of the Hon. F. J. Tollemache, who died on July 2. She married, in 1847, the Right Hon. James Grattan, of Tinnehinch, and was left a widow in 1854.

Major-General Robert Bennett, late of the 46th and 63rd Regiments, at The Poplars, Coleraine, in the county of Londonderry, on July 7, aged fifty-five. He served in the Eastern campaign of 1854, and was present at the battles of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkermann, and siege of Sebastopol (severely wounded). Medal with four clasps, and Turkish medal.

Colonel Richard Byrd Levett, of Milford Hall, in the county of Stafford, J.P. and D.L., late Lieutenant-Colonel commanding 4th Battalion North Staffordshire Regiment, formerly Lieutenant 60th Rifles, on July 7, aged seventy-seven. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. Richard Levett, of Milford Hall, by Louisa, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Walter Bagot, of Blithfield, Stafford.

"BEFORE THE BEAK."

In the slang of London vagabonds, which comic writers have made generally known, a police magistrate is called a "beak." The bird of wisdom, though proverbially as grave as any human Judge of inferior jurisdiction, is not invested by Act of Parliament to sentence a culprit to fine or imprisonment; but the owl has a formidable beak of his own, as well as power, by some stringent "clause of the Act," or claws of his own, to detain the hapless offender. It is unlikely that the Owls' Parliament, wherever its Sessions are held, would have passed a law for the protection of mice; but there may be a Game Law, reserving those little quadrupeds, in certain places, to afford sporting pastime and desirable prey to the privileged race of owls. That such unworthy creatures as cats should presume to catch a mouse, under the eyes of their grave feathered superior, will seem in his eyes an impudent transgression. In the barn or stable-loft, where this masterful owl has found a temporary abode, he is disposed to admit no poachers or trespassers on his exclusive rights of chase. Those three nimble Pussies, after starting the game and pursuing it to the steps, up which it has run, to be clutched by a stranger foe, are confounded by the forbidding anger of an unexpected opponent. "Before the Beak" they stand rebuked, and their temerity is appalled by such a fierce apparition, the like of which they never saw before. There is no knowing what this determined, strong-willed bird might do, for does not Shakspeare record the fact that, on one occasion,

An eagle, towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and killed?

FOREIGN NEWS.

Our Paris Correspondent, who is taking his yearly holiday just now, favours us with some Holiday Rambles, two of which appear in the present issue. In the French Chamber of Deputies on July 12 General Boulanger brought forward a motion for a Dissolution. He maintained that it was necessary, and that a general election should be held before the celebration of the Centenary of 1789. M. Floquet said the Government had the right to ask the President to dissolve the Chamber, but did not propose to do so. He reproached General Boulanger with relying upon the support of the Right, said he was always absent from the Chamber, and that it was not for him, therefore, to criticise its work. At the conclusion of M. Floquet's speech an exciting scene took place. General Boulanger declared that four times in the uproar which prevailed he had given the Premier the lie. The President announced that he must formally censure the speaker for this language. Thereupon the General protested, resigned his seat, and left the House, followed by his partisans. A formal vote of censure was passed upon the General. In consequence of this scene in the Chamber, a duel with swords took place next morning between M. Floquet and General Boulanger. The latter received a severe wound in the throat, and M. Floquet was slightly wounded in the hand and breast. Later in the day he assisted in unveiling the Gambetta monument in the Place du Carrousel, Paris. M. Floquet, who arrived with President Carnot, received an enthusiastic ovation. He delivered a warm eulogy upon the patriotism of Gambetta, and speeches were also made by M. De Freycinet, the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, and M. Spuller on behalf of the Subscription Committee. The Festival of the Fourteenth of July appears to have passed off fairly well, though the newspaper correspondents differ as to the degree of success attained. A review of the troops at Longchamps was followed by a dinner on the Champ de Mars to 2500 Mayors, after which there was a display of fireworks from the Eiffel Tower. The Bishop of Angers introduced a Bill in the Chamber on July 16 to put down duelling; but the motion was negatived by a show of hands. The question of the naval defences of France has been debated at some length; an amendment being accepted to open a credit of 67,000,000f., to be covered by annuities. The first reading of the Bill for the proposed defensive works at Brest, Cherbourg, and Toulon was passed on July 17. In the Senate, on the same day, the clauses in the Sugar Bill were discussed, and the Bill was passed in its entirety.

A State banquet was given by the Emperor William II. on July 12 to all the Ambassadors and foreign Ministers in the Marble Hall of the Potsdam Town Castle. His Majesty has issued a Rescript ordering that the project for providing the city of Berlin with a suitable cathedral shall be immediately carried out, in accordance with his father's wishes expressed on March 29. It is officially announced that, with the Emperor's sanction, the widowed Empress Victoria will henceforward bear the title of the Empress-Queen Frederick. Her Majesty visited Berlin on July 17 for the first time since the death of her husband. She was accompanied by her three daughters, Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret. After spending about three hours in the palace formerly occupied by the late Emperor when Crown Prince, her Majesty returned to Potsdam. The Emperor left Potsdam on July 13 for Kiel, on his visit to the Czar. He arrived at Kiel next morning, and drove through the town to the harbour, being received with much enthusiasm by the people. On alighting from his carriage he entered the man-of-war's boat and was conveyed to the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern, which shortly afterwards put to sea. The manœuvres of the fleet excited much admiration. It is officially announced in Berlin that the Emperor William will, on his return from St. Petersburg, pay a visit to Copenhagen.—On July 15 the Berlin Art Exhibition was opened in the Princes' Saloon of the Exhibition Palace by Ministerial Director Greif, who represented the Minister of Education, Herr Von Gossler.

A fearful hurricane has passed over Southern Hungary, causing enormous destruction of crops, while several persons were killed.

There have been great floods in the United States.

A telegram from Capetown announces the death of Sir J. H. Brand, President of the Orange Free State.

A fire broke out in the shaft of the De Beers mine at Kimberley, South Africa, on July 11. Eight hundred miners were entombed, and there has been great loss of life.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty paid an unexpected visit to London on July 12, in order to visit the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace. The Duchess is, we learn, in wonderful health, considering her advanced age and the fact that she has not been out of doors now for many years. After spending some time with the Duchess her Majesty left for the apartments of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, where she took tea. At 6.30, having spent an hour at the palace, her Majesty returned to Windsor. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, drove, on the morning of July 13, to Frogmore, where Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne joined her Majesty. The Queen drove out in the afternoon with Princess Beatrice and Princess Margaret of Connaught. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne took leave of her Majesty and left for London. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg returned to the castle from Claremont. The Duchess of Teck, the Duke of Teck, and Princess Mary of Teck arrived at the castle. The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury also arrived, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Marquis had an audience of her Majesty. On the 14th, the Hon. Lady Biddulph, Sir William Jenner, K.C.B., and Lieutenant A. V. Jenner (Rifle Brigade), had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Lieutenant A. V. Jenner had the honour of being presented to the Queen before dining, when her Majesty conferred upon him the decoration of the Distinguished Service Order for gallant conduct during the Burmese War. Sir Morell Mackenzie and Professor Corradi, of Rome, were received by the Queen. The Queen and the Royal family attended Divine service at the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore on Sunday morning, July 15. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated. Divine service was afterwards performed in the private chapel at the castle, the Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. Canon Gee, D.D., officiating, and the Rev. Canon Gee preaching the sermon. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Christian Victor and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and Prince Pedro of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha dined with her Majesty. Baron De Estrella was presented to the Queen, and afterwards had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Queen left Windsor Castle on July 18 for the Isle of Wight.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, attended Divine service at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, in Sandringham Park, on Sunday, July 15. The Rev. F. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, domestic chaplain to the Prince of Wales and chaplain to the Queen, officiated and preached. The Prince and Princess returned to town the next day; and on July 17 their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by their three daughters, opened the new buildings of the Great Northern Central Hospital, in Holloway-road, receiving an enthusiastic welcome from thousands of spectators as they passed through the decorated streets of Islington. After the Prince had performed the opening ceremony, the Princess received purses on behalf of the funds of the hospital, and in this way £1050 was subscribed. They afterwards went through the wards and conversed with several of the patients. Prince and Princess Christian visited the Prince and Princess and remained to luncheon. The Prince, attended by Major-General Ellis, visited Prince Pedro of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha at Claridge's Hotel.

The Duchess of Albany on July 14 visited the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, Waterloo Bridge-road, and distributed flowers to each patient.

Princess Christian left Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, on July 17, for Germany. Her Royal Highness was accompanied to London by Prince Christian.

Princess Louise paid a visit to Stratford-on-Avon on July 16; and next day her Royal Highness attended a meeting at Goodrich-road Board Schools, East Dulwich, in aid of the Recreative Evening Schools Association.

The Lady Mayoress held her last reception at the Mansion House on July 17.

The Queen has been pleased, by letters patent under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, bearing date July 11, 1888, to ordain and declare that the borough of Wakefield shall be a city, and shall be called "The City of Wakefield."

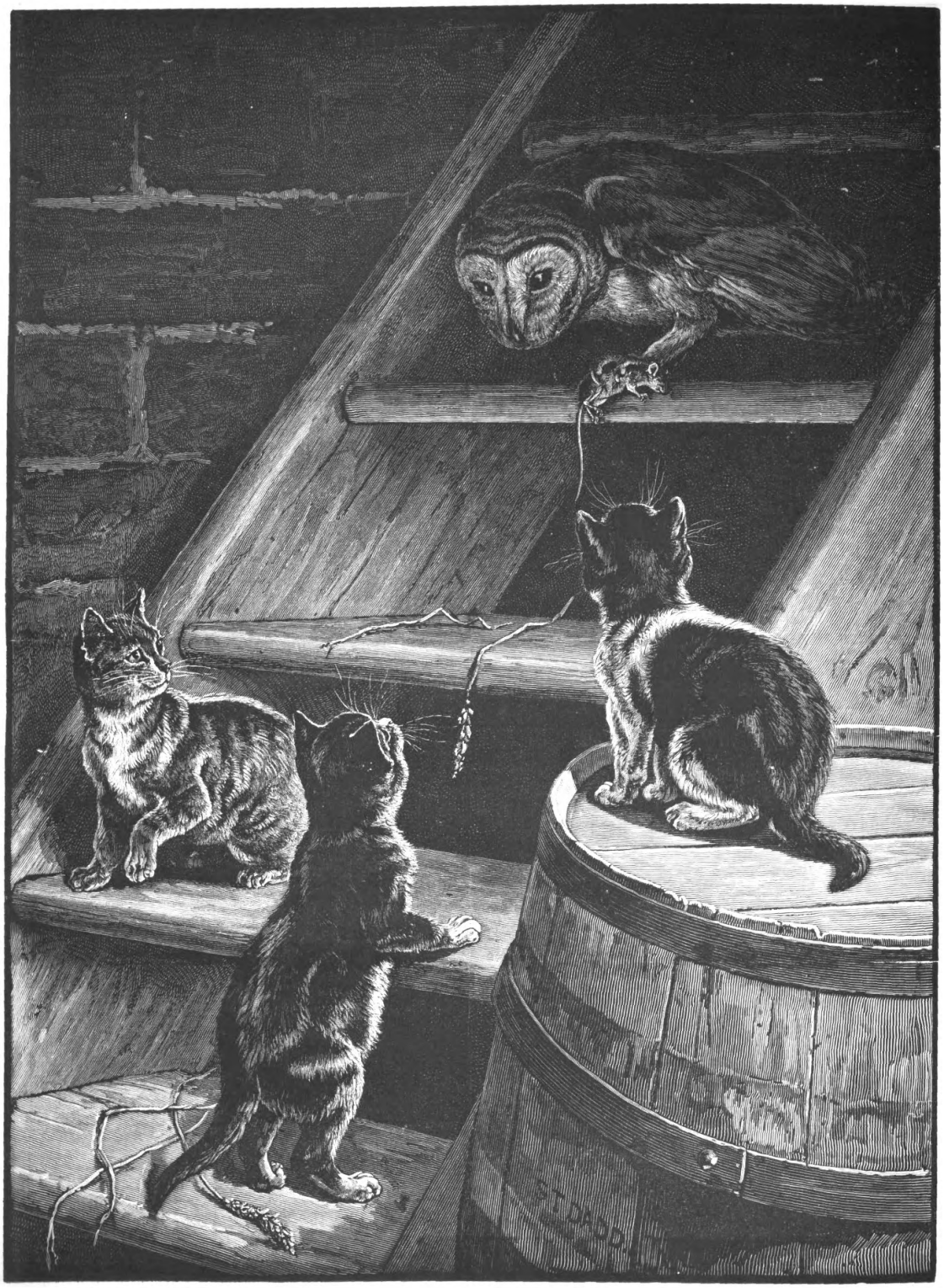
It is officially notified that the State Apartments of Windsor Castle will be open to the public on and after Monday, July 23, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, under the usual regulations, until further orders.

The Lord Mayor has remitted to the British Ambassador at Berlin a sum of £63 16s., being the final instalment of the subscriptions received at the Mansion House for the sufferers by the floods in Germany. This makes a total remittance of £5563 16s. The fund is now closed.

The tender of Messrs. Mowlem and Co. for the erection of the Central, Eastern, and Western Towers of the Imperial Institute at £18,797 has been accepted, thus making the total value of the contract for the main buildings £161,597. The works connected with the Imperial Institute-road have been commenced, and will be sufficiently advanced for a public thoroughfare to be opened in September.

After disappointment through rain, the All-England Lawn-Tennis Association managed to bring their preliminary competition for the single championship to an end on July 14. Then Ernest Renshaw beat E. W. Lewis by three sets to one, and met the holder, H. F. Lawford, on July 16, when Mr. Lawford went down, after a very one-sided contest, before Mr. Renshaw, who thus succeeds to a position which his brother (Mr. W. Renshaw) held successfully against all comers. On Tuesday the "Doubles" and the Ladies' Championship,

We announced in this Journal, on April 14, the lamented death of Mr. Walter Ingram, youngest son of the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, M.P. for Boston, the founder and proprietor of *The Illustrated London News*. It will be remembered that the news was received by telegram, from Aden, that Mr. Walter Ingram, while accompanying a party who went to hunt elephants near Berbera, on the African coast opposite Aden, was killed by a wounded elephant. Mr. Morrison, the Resident Agent of the British Government at Berbera, who has recently arrived in England, has kindly communicated to Mr. Ingram's family an account of the removal of his body from the spot where it was buried, and of its reinterment in the Military Cemetery at Aden. This ceremony, which took place on June 26, at six in the evening, was attended by General Hogg, C.B., and all the Officers of Brigade in the Aden garrison who were off duty; the band of the 15th Regiment played "The Dead March in Saul," and a salute was fired over the grave by a firing party of the same regiment. Mr. Walter Ingram, who held a commission in the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry, had been associated with the army under the command of Lord Wolseley in the expedition to Khartoum, for which he received the medal, and was commended for his services in that campaign.



"BEFORE THE BEAK."—BY S. T. DADD.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS



J. F. PORTAELS.
DIRECTOR OF THE ACADEMY AT BRUSSELS.



FLORENT WILLEMS.



H. DE BRAEKELEER.



CHARLES VERLAT.
DIRECTOR OF THE ACADEMY AT ANTWERP.



ALFRED CLUYSENAAR.



JAN VERHAS.



P. J. CLAYS.



KARL OOMS.



EMILE WAUTERS.



ALFRED VERWÉE.

SOME LIVING BELGIAN PAINTERS.

SOME LIVING BELGIAN PAINTERS.

The opening of the Triennial Exhibition at Antwerp affords an opportunity for improving our acquaintance with one of the most brilliant schools in modern art. Whether the present chaos of ideas and rivalries means a new evolution or rapid decay is a question impossible to deal with here; we simply note the work of some of its more eminent living representatives, prefacing our notices by a few words on the history of modern Flemish art. The end of the last century found it at its lowest level. Louis David, the old *Conventionnel*, sought a refuge in Brussels at the restoration of the Bourbons, and became the centre of a new and upward movement in Art. Very great in portraiture, and almost unequalled as a painter of flesh, his style was entirely opposed to the old Flemish tradition. With the conquest of Belgian independence an art-movement began in a national direction. Rubens was studied, and patriotic subjects became all the vogue. Gustaf Wappers carried the standard, and was gallantly supported by L. Gallait, N. De Keyser, F. De Braekeleer, J. L. Dyckmans, E. De Biefve, E. Slingeneyer, and others. The last-named veteran has been for some time the representative of Art in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies. This great school, which in Wiertz attempted comparison with the giants of the Renaissance, ran its course, and made a new evolution, under Henri Leys. After 1848 realism succeeded to idealism. Historical painting still continued, but every effort was made to give it reality. Man himself, rather than events, was felt to be interesting. Alfred Stevens and C. De Groux, in two opposite fields, worked for the same ends and achieved the same kind of results. With these great painters ought to be named Hyppolite Boulenger, the landscapist. They were followed by a great number of painters of genius, some of whose careers we here notice. We regret the loss of so distinguished a name as that of Edouard Hamman, who recently passed away. But the utmost we can do here is to indicate how much there is to learn in tracing the evolutions in Belgian Art.

Jean Frederic Portaels is Director of the Academy at Brussels, and his services entitle him to universal respect. The great majority of the distinguished artists of the present generation in Belgium, and some even in France and Holland, have come out of the *atelier* which, in 1858, he opened freely, and without aid or support from the Government. Born at Vilvorde, in Brabant, in 1818, M. Portaels was the pupil of Navez and of Paul Delaroche. He obtained the Prix de Rome at Paris in 1842; and, after passing some years in Italy, travelled in the East, and in Morocco, Hungary, and a part of Europe. After his return from Rome, he was nominated Director of the Academy at Ghent. He exhibited there, in 1847, "The Shulammite"; at Brussels, in 1848, "Episode of the Simoom," "The Drought in Judea" (now in the Museum at Philadelphia); at Antwerp, in 1849, "Portrait of the Marquise de l'Anbépin," "Arrival of the Holy Family in Egypt," and "The Wise Men from the East." Among his earlier works may also be mentioned "Rebecca," "Ruth," and "Fatima the Gipsy." On his return to Brussels, he decorated a chapel of the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine with frescoes, now destroyed. At the Universal Exhibition at Paris, in 1855, his pictures were:—"Funeral Procession in the Desert of Suez" (Museum of Lyons), "Greek Woman Weaving," "Young Woman of the Neighbourhood of Trieste," "Young Jewess of Asia Minor," "Suicide of Judas," and "Story-teller in Cairo." Between that year and 1869 he exhibited at Ghent a picture entitled "The Intrigue," and in the last-mentioned year he painted "Box at the Pesth Theatre" (Museum of Brussels). At the Exhibition of Belgian Art, in 1880, his pictures were, "The Young Sorceress" and "The Daughter of Zion." M. Portaels has also painted some portraits, one of which was exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1880. His largest picture is entitled the "Two Calvaries," and is in the church of St. Jacques-sur-Caudenberg, at Brussels. On Aug. 25, 1883, a banquet was held to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of his free *atelier*.

Paul Jean Clays, born at Bruges in 1819, passed much time during his boyhood on the shore in the neighbourhood of Ostend. After making some voyages he went to Paris, and studied under Gudin, the marine-painter. He has been a constant exhibitor at the Salon. His four pictures at the Universal Exhibition at Paris in 1867 made him remarked. His works are chiefly coast or river scenes, with shipping. The Scheldt and the Thames have afforded him many subjects; of the Scheldt he has made not less than twenty important paintings. He has also painted many views of ports, harbours, and roadsteads. The National Gallery contains two of his works, "Dutch Ships in a Calm near Dort" and "Dutch Ships Lying in the Roads near Flushing"; the Museum at Brussels has "The Roads near Ostend" (painted 1851), "A Calm on the Scheldt" (1863), "The Roadstead of Antwerp" (1869); the Museum of Antwerp contains his "Roadstead of Dordrecht"; the Museum of New York, "The Enfranchisement of the Scheldt at Antwerp"; the Museum at Liége, "View on the Scheldt"; the King of the Belgians owns "Arrival of Queen Victoria at Ostend" and "Squally Weather." In his long career M. Clays has painted quite 150 important subjects, nearly forty of which have gone to the United States, and between thirty and forty to other countries, chiefly England and France. He has painted the sea in many aspects, but he appears to prefer those in which harmony, peace, and sunshine prevail: tranquil scenes of Dutch canals or Flemish merchantmen slowly sailing along the Scheldt. At the same time, he loves the poetic, melancholy characteristic of river scenes. "Evening on the Thames," "Moonlight on the Thames," and the titles already given, suggest in a faint degree the work of this painter.

Charles Verlat is Director of the Academy of Art at Antwerp, in which post he succeeded the historical painter Nicaise De Keyser. This Academy, founded in 1663, has in recent times numbered several distinguished painters among its students—Alma Tadema, F. De Lamorinière, the Belgian landscape-painter Professor Pauwels of Dresden, Jan Verhas, Karl Ooms, and our countryman, W. Logsdail. Under its present Director it has received a new impetus; among other improvements an *atelier* for painting animals in the open air has been added. The arrangements are novel, and the result of practical experience. Already it is said to have remarkably facilitated the progress of the students. Michel Charles Verlat, born at Antwerp in 1824, commenced the study of painting very early; and after having been a pupil of De Keyser, became a student under the painter Gustaf Wappers. In 1851 he went to Paris, remaining there for the next twenty years. He then went to Saxe-Weimar, where he became Professor at the Kunstschule. Desiring to study the East, he spent three years at Jerusalem, being there at the same period as Holman Hunt. At Jerusalem he painted a series of pictures redolent with the spirit and atmosphere of the place. Among the principal may be mentioned "Barabbas preferred to Jesus," "The Tomb of Christ," "Vox Dei," and "The Flight into Egypt." M. Verlat is an artist of exceptional power. He has always taken a high position in historical and religious art; but, in addition, he paints landscapes, floral pieces, and portraits, and is, moreover, a distinguished animalist. Under the first head may be mentioned "Godfrey De Bouillon at the Assault of Jerusalem" (painted for the Government, and now in the Museum at Brussels), a "Virgin and Child," a "Mater Dolorosa," "Christ Dead at the Foot of the Cross," "The Mother of the Messiah." His other principal works are "Flock of Sheep Attacked by an Eagle" (Museum at Brussels), "Buffalo Surprised by a Tiger" (belonging to the Amsterdam Geological Society), "The End of the Tail and the Tip of the Ear," two scenes entitled "Hope" and "Deception," "Wolf!" belonging to the King of the Belgians, ten scenes illustrating dog or monkey life, "Horses Pulling," "Lion Attacked by a Herd of Buffaloes," "The First Snow—Sheep returning to the Farm," "Succour in Time," figures and animals combined: "Boreas and Love," "Flora and Pomona," and "Homage to the Queen of Flowers." The Museum at Weimar contains three of his portraits:—The Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, Franz Liszt, and the painter Preller. M. Verlat has, moreover, made decorative works, is a clever aquafortist, and a powerful panoramic painter. His "Battle of Waterloo," after having interested the people of Antwerp, is now being exhibited in Spain.

Florent Willems was born at Liége in 1824, and commenced his art studies under his father, completing his education at the Academy in the picturesque city of Mechlin. He had an extraordinary genius for restoring the old masters, and was, in consequence, much valued by the picture-dealers. The British Ambassador at Brussels, Sir Hamilton Seymour, discovered the young painter, and, after obtaining for him the patronage of Leopold I., tried to induce his protégé to follow him to England. But M. Willems decided for Paris, as the atmosphere in which his gift for elegance would most quickly ripen. He sent to the Salon of 1844 "Fête of the Crossbowmen" and "Visit of the Nurse." His first conspicuous success was in 1853, when he exhibited "Sale of Pictures in 1660," now belonging to M. Ravené, of Berlin; "The Widow," and "The Painter in his Studio." "The Widow," now in the Gallery Van Praet, is considered the painter's *chef d'œuvre*. The following is a list of the more important of his pictures:—with the names of the collections of which they form or have formed a part:—"Interior of a Silk-Mercer's in 1660" (Napoleon III.), "Coquetry" (ex-Empress Eugénie), "The Duel" (Achille Fould, Paris), "I was there" (Arthur Schickler), "To the King" (De Morny), "Visit to the Accouchée" (De Boisgelin, Paris). "The Fop" (Delloye, Brussels), "Coquetry" (Vassal, Paris), "Fidelity" (Swartzenberg, Vienna), "The Toilet" (Mayer, Vienna). "The Lily" (De Saxe, Vienna), "Visit of Marie De Medicis to Rubens, at Antwerp, in 1632" (Coutereux, Brussels), "The King's Mistress" (Sola, Milan), "Convalescence" (Perrot, Brussels), "Spring," "The Armourer" (Siltzer, London). "The Bravo" (Liedekerke, Brussels), "Maternal Instruction" (Reyntiens, Brussels), "The Shoemaker" (Waroquié), "The Marriage Ring" (Stewart, New York), "The Messenger" (Legrand, Paris), "Presentation of the Bridegroom" (De Cassin, Paris), "Toilet of the Bride" (T. Stewart, New York), "Music-Party" (King of the Belgians).

Jan Verhas belongs to a family of painters. Born at Termunde, in 1834, his artistic education, commenced by his father, Emmanuel Verhas, was completed under De Keyser, at the Academy of Antwerp. As Alfred Stevens seems to have done for the woman of society, in our day, what Leonardo did for his, in like manner Jan Verhas and his brother Franz have painted for all time the elegant children of our European capitals. Such painters are the most profound, as well as the most reliable, of chroniclers. The following is a list of the principal works M. Verhas has exhibited. At Antwerp, 1861, "Velleda"; at Brussels, 1862, "The Battle of Calloo." (This picture shows that the painter was, so far, following the historical school, which had so powerful an influence on Belgian art; a gap of several years intimates that he was feeling his way; and the titles of his pictures exhibited at Antwerp in 1877—"It is the Cat" and "After the Visit"—that he had found his genius was designed for a totally different field.) At Brussels, 1872, his picture was called "How One Becomes a Painter"; at Ghent, 1874, "Hide and Seek" (Cabinet of the King of the Belgians); at London, 1874, "The Inundation"; at Paris, 1875, "The Broken Pot," and "Choose!"—a child making up its mind between a carnation and a white pink (Museum of Termonde); at Brussels, 1875, "May I Come in?" and "The Mother's Portrait"; at Ghent, 1877, "The Master Painter;" exhibited again in 1880 among the treasures of Belgian Art (Museum of Ghent). At the same exhibition appeared "The Review of the Schools"; which was exhibited again at Paris in 1881 (Museum of Brussels). At Amsterdam, in 1883, he exhibited "Heyst-sur-Mer"; at Antwerp, 1885, "Walk on the Shore" (Museum of Antwerp); at Berlin, 1886, "Stockade at Blankenburghe"; at Budapest, 1887, "Alone"—a girl wandering by the sea (Museum at Budapest); and at Munich, 1888, "On the Breakwater."

Alfred Cluysenaar, born at Brussels in 1837, the son of an architect, was a fellow-student of Bonnat, Lefèbvre, J. P. Laurens, and Tony Robert-Fleury, under Léon Cogniet, in Paris, where he went after having been a pupil at the Academy of Brussels. His art-education was finished in Italy, where he passed several years, making his first appearance at the Paris Salon in 1867, with a vigorous picture representing the Four Horsemen described in the Apocalypse (Rev. vi.). In 1868 he exhibited a portrait of M. De Groot, which placed him among the best portrait-painters of the time. Between 1874 and 1881 he executed in fresco, for the University of Ghent, five great compositions, representing the various stages of the progress of civilisation. One, "The Renaissance and the Reformation," was exhibited at the Salon at Paris in 1875, and the Sketch at the Historical Exhibition of Fifty Years of Belgian Art, held in 1880. It contained thirty-five figures, including the most notable personages of the epoch represented. At the latter exhibition also appeared "Henry IV. of Germany at Canossa." This picture is now at the Museum of Brussels, as well as a portrait of his son, entitled "A Vocation," exhibited at the Exposition Universelle in 1878. Of late years, M. Cluysaneer has been more and more drawn into portraiture, painting the children of the Comte de Flanders, and several of the Belgian notabilities, political and scientific, besides his own portrait for the Uffizi at Florence. At the present time he is engaged on a picture for a chimneypiece in one of the halls of the Hôtel-de-Ville at Brussels.

Alfred Verwée, born at Brussels in 1838, is, as several of the painters in the present series, the son of an artist, Louis Pierre Verwée, from whom he received his education. When his career began, the second great change in the direction of Belgian art was in progress. Under the influence of its ideas, and by means of the conscientious and persistent study of Nature, and Nature alone, his distinguished genius as an animal-painter was developed. In 1863 he exhibited at Brussels, "Animals in the Meadows"; at Paris, in 1864, "Team of Oxen in a Farmyard"—winter effect (Museum of Courtrai); at Brussels, in 1863, "Harvest in Flanders"; at the Universal Exhibition, Paris, 1878, "Flemish Stallion," "Banks of the Scheldt," and "The Orchard"; at the Historical Exhibition of Belgian Art, 1880, the "Stallion" and the "Scheldt" reappeared, together with "Mouth of the Scheldt," "Meuse at Dordrecht," and "Zeeland Team"; at Paris, 1881, "Guild of St. Sebastian: Confraternity of Archers, West Flanders"; at Paris, 1882, "Corner of a Meadow in Flanders"; and again, 1883, "The Thistle" (Museum of Namur); at Brussels, 1884, "The Beautiful Land of Flanders" (Museum of Brussels); at Paris, 1884, "A Field of Eupatory" (Gallery Michiels, Tirlemont); and, in the same year, he painted "Combat of Young Bulls" (now belonging to the city of Ghent); at Paris and Brussels, 1887, "The Dyke"; at the Salon des Artistes Français, 1887, "Bull and Ox Playing"; at Vienna, 1888, "The Equinox" (Museum of Brussels).

Henri De Braekeleer is the son of Ferdinand De Braekeleer, one of the leaders in the first great movement in modern Belgian art, and nephew and pupil of Henri Leys, the celebrated leader of the second movement. As his brother-in-law and the earlier school, Leys devoted himself to the illustration of national history, but he sought a more perfect realism by taking his models from such offshoots of the shattered old Flemish trunk as still flourished near its roots among the poor of Antwerp. In the direction thus opened up by his uncle and master, Henri De Braekeleer persevered, but even more thoroughly, pursuing it for its own sake. With a concentrated enthusiasm, and a rare perfectness in art, he has devoted all the energies of his being to express the soul of old Antwerp. The dreamland of a grass-grown street; the tranquillity of the house-tops bathed in light with an horizon of small spires, turrets, and pinnacles; the decay of an old court invaded by the wall-pellitory; the sombre dreariness of an artisan home; the silent interior of a damp church—these scenes, with the human figures who share the decay, are the subjects of which M. De Braekeleer has been the sympathetic interpreter. Born at Antwerp in 1840, he was only eighteen years of age when he exhibited at Brussels, in 1858, "The Washer" and "The Haymaker." At Ghent, in 1859, he exhibited "The Tailor"; at Antwerp, in 1860, "The Bleaching-Ground" and "The Coppersmith"; at Brussels, in 1861, "The Match-Maker," "Interior of a Tailor's Shop," "A Potter," also scries of pictures for Gambard of London, and Courtereux of Brussels; at Ghent, in 1862, "A Shoemaker"; at Antwerp, in 1864, "A Flower-Garden"; at Brussels, in 1866, "Interior of a Church"; at Antwerp, in 1867, "Flemish Interior"; at Brussels, in 1869, "Woman Spinning" (the Museum of Brussels); at Antwerp, in 1872, "The Reader"; at Brussels, in 1872, "The Geographer" (the Museum of Brussels), "View of Antwerp" (the King of the Belgians), and "The Lesson." In 1875 he painted "The Pilot-House at Antwerp" (the Museum of Antwerp); in 1875, at the Universal Exhibition at Paris, appeared "The Carillon, a view of the Tower of Antwerp Cathedral." At Vienna, in the same year, he exhibited "The Painter's Studio," and, at Amsterdam, "The Grinder" and "Grandmother's Birthday"; at Brussels, in 1887, "The Rue du Sermet at Antwerp," "A Copper-plate Printer," and "The Sailor's Return," and at Paris, in 1878, "The Man at the Window." This interesting painter is, we regret to hear, very seriously ill.

Karl Ooms was born in 1840 at Desschel, a village of the Campine, a district in north-east Belgium. The Governor of the Province of Antwerp being on a visit in 1857 in the neighbourhood of Desschel saw some of the boy's drawings at the village school. Struck with their ability, and learning that his family were small cultivators, he introduced him to the Director of the Academy at Antwerp, who admitted him to the course of instruction, though only twelve years of age. In 1865 he obtained the prize of excellence in the upper school; and the same year exhibited at Brussels his first picture, "Mother of the Gracchi," now in the Belgian Senate-House. In 1870 he obtained the second prize at the Grand Concours de Rome. M. Ooms has evidently caught the mantle of his master, De Keyser, and maintains the tradition of the great historical school of 1830-60. The following is a list of his principal works:—1871, "Flemish Pirates Returning with their Booty"; 1872, "A Wedding Interrupted during the Spanish Fury at Antwerp"; 1875, "Philip II. of Spain Rendering the Last Honours to Don John of Austria" (Museum of Antwerp); 1876, "The Prohibited Reading" (Museum of Brussels); 1878, "Judicial Search in the Printing Establishment of Plantin, at Antwerp, in 1562"; 1880, "Duke of Alva"; 1882, "A Gipsy" (Museum of Pragne); 1886, "Scene from the Spanish Fury in 1576." At the present time, he is finishing a large and masterly picture for the Palais de Justice at Antwerp, entitled "Innocence Protected by the Law.' M. Ooms has also painted several large portraits.

Emile Wauters, born at Brussels in 1848, has been one of the most successful of the painters who have come out of the famous *atelier* of Portaels. Thence he went to study under Gérôme in Paris, and in 1868, he was sent to Italy and Germany to complete his art-education. His first important works were: "Principal Nave of St. Mark's," 1868, bought by the King of the Belgians; and "Edith finding the Body of Harold," 1869 (Collection Löwenstein). Invited by the Khedive to attend the opening of the Suez Canal, he was summoned back quickly by the fatal illness of his mother. In 1870, he exhibited "Mary of Burgundy Imploring the Forgiveness of her Councillors," "Hugonot and Imbercourt" (Museum of Liége): this picture was engraved, in 1872, in *The Illustrated London News*. In 1872 he exhibited, at the Paris Salon, "Madness of Hugo Van der Goes" (Brussels Museum). In 1873 he decorated the principal staircase of the Hôtel-de-Ville, at Brussels, with two works—"Mary of Burgundy Swearing to Respect the Communal Right, 1477," and "The Trade Corporations Demanding a Charter of John, Duke of Brabant." In 1876 he exhibited at the Salon a portrait of M. C. Somzee; and in 1879 he painted three important portraits. In 1880 he collected ninety of his works, and opened his studio to the public. In the same year he went to Egypt to make studies for his great panorama of Cairo and the banks of the Nile—a vast work, 380 ft. long and 49 ft. high. After being exhibited at Brussels, Vienna, and Munich, it is now at the Hague. In 1882 he painted another large work, "Sobieski and his Staff at Kahlenberg, near Vienna." While painting this picture he was appointed to a chair in the Brussels Academy. In 1883 he visited Spain and Morocco, and the results appeared in his "Morocco Fisherman," "The Great Mosque," and "The Serpent-Charmers of Sokko." After travelling for some time in Austria and Germany, he returned to Belgium, and sent to the Antwerp International Exhibition, in 1884, eight portraits and "Cairo from the Bridge of Kasr-el-Kil" (Antwerp Museum). The last-named picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy. This year, M. Wauters has held a second exhibition of his works, opened by the King of the Belgians. He has been commissioned by the Chamber of Deputies to decorate the staircase of the Palace of the Beaux Arts and to paint portraits of the King and Queen. A portrait by M. Wauters was also exhibited, this year, at the Royal Academy, about which a pleasant anecdote appeared in the newspapers, Mr. F. Holl, R.A., and M. Wauters being mutually disposed to give the palm to each other's work.

R. H.

Sir Frederick Leighton and the council of the Royal Academy held the society's usual annual reception at Burlington House, Piccadilly, on July 11.

THE REVOLUTION HOUSE.

East Derbyshire, for the most part a region of iron and coal, is, perhaps, not the most interesting corner of the county that is noted for the loveliness of its scenery; still, it is not without picturesque haunts, and is exceedingly rich in houses that remind one of Schiller's saying "What is grey with age becomes religion." It has within its borders the fine old Castle of Bolsover, with its associations of kingly revelry and the poetry of Ben Jonson's time; the stately Elizabethan mansion Hardwick Hall, with its treasures of tapestry, and memories of Bess of Hardwick, who feared no man, yet fell a prey to a gipsy's prophecy; the whimsically crooked steeple of Chesterfield church, inseparable from traditions, flesh-creeping and Satanic; and the Revolution House. The latter is the smallest, and at the same time, the most important relic of the past that East Derbyshire possesses. Just now its name is on many people's lips. Scarcely a day passes without some stranger's peering through the old-fashioned windows of the cottage as if he almost expected to see the conspirators sitting at the table, as they did two hundred years ago, plotting the overthrow of King James II.; or, at all events, wondering how a deliberation so momentous could have taken place in a habitation so little.

The tiny stone cottage, softened and mellowed by Time's touch, stands in the village of Old Whittington, on the road that was formerly used by the coaches plying from London to the North. It has a weather-worn door, and somewhat dilapidated diamond panes half hidden by foliage, and a thatched roof that had gone green and grey and brown with years—so musty, in fact, that the old thatch has just been replaced with new. In 1688, the house was an inviting country inn, having the swinging sign of "The Cock and Pynot," and retailing the Derbyshire ale, about the quality of which Izaak Walton was apt to become enthusiastic. The tavern, at that time, had not only a kitchen, house-place, and parlour—that subsequently received the name of "The plotting-parlour"—but a brewhouse and stables. It gave accommodation, as the old signboards have it, to "man and beast," and was a cosy, homely house of call to all the country-side, as well as to the pack-horse travellers of the Peak, and the merchants who went farther afield to buy and sell.

Of the visit to it by the fourth Earl of Devonshire, the Earl of Danby, and John D'Arcy, two centuries back, there is



THE REVOLUTION HOUSE, WHITTINGTON, NEAR CHESTERFIELD.

proof in a manuscript that has recently been printed in Derbyshire. The Earl of Danby, afterwards the Duke of Leeds, has left it on record that he was one of the plotters, for in the introduction to his letters, in 1710, he says:—"The Duke of Devonshire also, when we were partners in the Secret Trust about the Revolution, and who did meet me and Mr. John D'Arcy for that purpose at a town called Whittington, in Derbyshire, did, in the presence of the said Mr. D'Arcy, make a voluntary acknowledgment of the great mistakes he had been led into about me." It is difficult in these days of religious toleration to realise how perilous was the task these noblemen set themselves. Nevertheless, there was not much rust on the headsman's axe; and one is sharply reminded of the danger they ran by a letter recently received by the present writer from Lord Hartington's secretary, who writes:—"At Lord Hartington's request I have examined letters of the year 1688, but find none bearing on the politics of the time. In one or two letters allusion is made to the impossibility of safely writing on such subjects, which is the reason, I suppose, that no letters are in the collection." These words cast, as it were, a bridge over time. They take one in imagination to the country inn, to the wainscoted plotting-parlour, with its oak table and high-backed chairs; to the muscular, lithe forms of the English aristocrats, as with grave, serious faces, bent heads, and in whispered conference, they evolved the project that might plunge England into Civil War.

There are all sorts of traditions about the meeting. It is said that the Lord of Chatsworth and his trusty friends had arranged to meet on the wild stretch of moorland between Chesterfield and Lees Fen, but were driven to shelter in the tavern by a storm. It is also asserted—and this tradition is firmly believed in the locality—that the Earl rode from Chatsworth to follow the hounds, and broke away from the hunt with his co-plotters to divert suspicion. Anyhow, no one outside their own group had any idea of the gravity of their errand as they rode up to the inn door, and strode into the quaint parlour. What was really said when the tankards of home-brewed had been brought in, and the door barred, and D'Arcy placed sentinel against eavesdroppers, will never be known; but the success of the plan is conspicuous in English history. It was undoubtedly in this wayside inn that the conspirators resolved to give the country a Protestant King; and the means decided upon to carry out the daring project are disclosed in a further reference of Danby's to the Earl of Devonshire. "And he came," writes Danby, "to Sir Henry Goodrick's house in Yorkshire, purposely to meet me there, in order to concert the times and methods by which he should act at Nottingham, which was to be his post, and I at York, which was to be mine; and we agreed that I should first attempt to surprise York, because there was a small garrison with a Governor there; whereas Nottingham was but an open town, and might give an alarm to York, if he should appear in arms before I had made my attempt upon York—which was done accordingly, but is mistaken in divers relations of it." Every schoolboy knows what followed. The country simmered with excitement. The Protestants shouted "Down with the Pope!" The Roman Catholics cried "God save the King!" Thackeray hits off the situation vividly in his story of "Henry Esmond," where my Lord Castlewood, getting angry at the jeering crowd in the country town on the market day, threatens to send his rapier through "a psalm-singing cobbler for abusing the King's religion." And, in the midst of it all, Danby rode into York; Cavendish, backed by his neighbours and the Peak miners, appeared in Derby market-place, and pushed on to Nottingham; Norfolk, with his retinue of gentlemen, was ready for emergency at Norwich; Lovelace, notwithstanding the varsity motto, had a grand welcome from the gownsmen at Oxford; and William of Orange, marching unimpeded on Salisbury from his landing-place at Torbay, learnt that King James, discomfited, and deserted by his own children, had fled from his disordered army—that the Revolution was complete without bloodshed, and the crown of England practically in his own grasp.

It is not necessary here to enumerate the many benefits of that Revolution, except, perhaps, to say that they range from religious liberty to the freedom of the press. But it is interesting, now we have reached the bicentenary year of the event, to note what reminders remain to us of it. So long as Chatsworth House stands by the Derwent-side, in the green glory of the park, on the fringe of the Peak moorland, England will never be without one memory of the Revolution; for this home of the Cavendishes, so rich in art and literature, was built by the fourth Earl, and first Duke of Devonshire, and a tablet in the hall tells you that it was commenced in the year of English freedom, 1688. Still, the interest of the people concentrates rather in the cottage than the mansion. In 1788, there were great rejoicings at this rustic Revolution House. A procession of nobility, gentry, and yeomen went to the cottage, and viewed the historic "plotting-parlour," and the treasured chair, now at Hardwick Hall, in which Cavendish sat on the memorable day when it was determined to push King James from the throne. There were music and dancing and singing, and brave old toasts, both at Whittington and Chesterfield; and through the latter town, on a chair, was carried Cornelius Crich, a local centenarian, who was born just before the Revolution. This year, too, there is to be great festivity; but amid the rejoicing—the bi-centenary carnival—one thing should be remembered: that it would be grievous to put up some new-fangled monument to the Revolution on the site of this notable house. Whittington is not, as many imagine, the birthplace of Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London; but it is the birthplace of the Revolution:—

> At Whittington, near Chesterfield,
> That was the very place, Sir,
> Where the first plot was laid, I'm told,
> To pull the tyrant down, Sir.

And Whittington thinks a great deal about the old house in which the plot was laid. The habitation, which long belonged to the Cavendish family, has passed out of the hands of the Duke of Devonshire, having been purchased by Mr. Mansfeldt Mills, of Tapton; but his Grace reserves the right, in the event of the cottage being demolished, to erect a suitable memorial in its place. Nevertheless, no stilted figure of Liberty, no obelisk, no modern monument, would be prized so much as the cottage itself. The dwelling, which is now untenanted, has been patched time after time, and its owner very properly feels that it should not be disturbed so long as one stone will stand upon another. Nay, even when it totters and collapses, it is suggested that the cottage should be rebuilt in the same shape, with some, at least, of the old stones; but the earnest desire of all who love their country, and take an interest in its struggles, must be that the Revolution House will survive the weather's freaks for years to come, standing venerable with age, one of the humblest, and yet one of the most noted, of English houses that have played an important part in the nation's history, and become indelibly touched with the romance and the energy of the past.

Mr. Charles Stretten, who has been for many years Deputy-Chief Constable, has been appointed Chief Constable of Cambridgeshire, in place of Major Calvert, deceased.

At a meeting of the London School-Board on July 12, Mr. Gover called upon Mr. Helby to substantiate a statement he made at a dinner, to the effect that things were as bad at that Board, or worse, than at the Metropolitan Board of Works. Mr. Helby demurred to Mr. Gover's right to interrogate him, but said at the proper time he should be prepared to take the course which the circumstances demanded. The Board appointed a Special Committee to consider any allegations of corruption affecting any members or officers of the Board.

Judge Eddis has given an important decision at the Clerkenwell County Court. Sydney Simmons, aged seven years, suing by his father, has obtained a judgment for £50 and costs against Mr. John Molloy for injuries and expenses occasioned by the bite of a dog belonging to defendant's stableman, which defendant harboured on his premises. In deciding the case, the Judge said it was not necessary to prove the ownership of the dog. If a man harboured a dog about his premises, and the animal injured anybody, he was responsible. The animal in question was the property of defendant's stableman, but defendant allowed it to be on his premises. It was not necessary to prove that the dog had actually bitten anyone previously for the maintenance of an action. It was enough that its vicious propensities had been brought to the knowledge of the defendant.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

JULY 21, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (viâ United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (viâ Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Four Vocal Duets for Soprano and Tenor." By F. H. Cowen. These pieces (just published by Mr. Joseph Williams) should be widely welcomed in drawing-room circles. They are very graceful productions, in which flowing melody is associated with rich harmonic treatment in the accompaniment, that, without obscuring the voice parts, affords a good support thereto, and contrasts admirably therewith. No. 1, "Edenland" (a setting of lines by the author of "John Halifax"), displays the two voices very effectively, both singly and in association. In No. 2, "The Boy and the Brook," the text is by Longfellow. The music opens with solo phrases for the tenor, somewhat in the style of a Volkslied; the soprano replying, with a light and fanciful accompaniment; the voices being alternated, and then, towards the close, associated with good effect. "On her lover's arm" (No. 3) is to words by Lord Tennyson. A prevalence of arpeggio passages in the accompaniment contrasts very effectively with the sostenuto of the voices. The last duet of the series, "The fountains mingle with the river," is associated with lines by Shelley. The pervading feature of triplets in the accompaniment (which is in nine-eight time) gives a good effect of the rippling of water, and sets off well the flowing nature of the melody assigned to the two voices, which are heard almost entirely in association in this piece.

Messrs. Boosey and Co. have issued a new edition of Wallace's most popular work, "Maritana," as one of the volumes of their series of operas entitled "The Royal Edition." The work is brought out in the same handy form as previous issues of the same series, and also at a moderate cost. The editing has been carefully done by Mr. M. B. Foster.

"The Bells o' Dee" and "Golden Dreams" are two songs, the words of which are by that prolific and successful writer of verse for musical purposes, Mr. Edward Oxenford, whose lines are pleasant in their suggestiveness, and lend themselves readily to the composer's art. The first-named song has been tunefully set by A. Briscoe, whose music lies well for any voice of moderate compass. The other song, by A. Bishop, is also melodious, and has a good contrast between the expressive opening "Andante" and the intermediate "Allegretto Grazioso." Messrs. Duff and Stewart are the publishers of both songs.

THE SANITARY INSTITUTE.

The twelfth annual meeting of the members of this institute was held on July 12 in the lecture-hall of the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street, and was well attended. Mr. E. Chadwick, C.B., occupied the chair. He said by means of sanitary work the death-rate in the metropolis had been brought down to 14 in the thousand, while in other places where there had been no such work it remained at its old high rate. In Paris it was 27, and in St. Petersburg 40, in the thousand. The medals and special certificates and certificates of merit awarded to exhibitors at the Exhibition of Sanitary Appliances in Bolton in 1887 were then distributed; after which Mr. B. W. Richardson, M.D., read a paper on "Storage of Life as a Sanitary Study." After referring to instances of long life in lower animals and in man, he said these animals and these persons, by some peculiar process as yet but little investigated, held life as a long possession, and to this faculty he applied the term "storage of life." The conditions which favoured such storage he held to be (1) hereditary qualification, (2) the virtue of continency, (3) maintenance of balance of bodily functions, (4) perfect temperance, (5) purity from implanted or acquired diseases. On the motion of the chairman, seconded by Major Flower, a vote of thanks was given to Dr. Richardson for his paper, and on the motion of Mr. Field, a vote of thanks was also given to Mr. Chadwick for presiding.

METROPOLITAN WATER SUPPLY.

Dr. Frankland reports to the Registrar-General the results of the chemical analyses of the waters supplied to the inner, and portions of the outer, circle of the metropolis during the month of June. Taking the average amount of organic impurity contained in a given volume of the Kent Company's water during the nine years ending December, 1876, as unity, he finds that the proportional amount contained in an equal volume of water supplied by each of the metropolitan water companies and by the Tottenham Local Board of Health was:—Kent, 0·6; New River, 1·2; Tottenham, 1·3; Grand Junction, 1·4; Southwark, 1·7; West Middlesex, 1·8; Chelsea, 1·8; Lambeth, 2·0; Colne Valley, 2·2; East London, 2·4. The Thames water sent out by the Chelsea, West Middlesex, Southwark, Grand Junction, and Lambeth companies again exhibited a further reduction in the proportion of contained organic matter, which was unusually small in all the samples examined. All the samples were clear and bright. Of the water principally drawn from the Lea, that distributed by the New River Company contained less, and that by the East London Company slightly more, organic matter than the Thames supplies. Both samples were clear and bright. The deep-well water pumped by the Kent Company and by the Tottenham Local Board of Health contained, as usual, only a very small proportion of organic matter; while in the sample of the Colne Valley Company's supply the organic matter was distinctly in excess of the average for this water. The Colne Valley Company's water was softened, as usual, before delivery. Seen through a stratum of 2 ft. deep, the waters presented the following appearances: Kent and Tottenham, clear and colourless; Colne Valley and New River, clear and nearly colourless; Chelsea, West Middlesex, Southwark, Grand Junction, Lambeth, and East London, clear and very pale yellow.

A meeting of the Scotch Episcopal Diocese of Glasgow and Galloway was held in St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow, on July 12, to elect a Bishop in the room of the late Bishop Wilson. The Rev. Canon Harrison, Vicar of Bury St. Edmunds, and Bishop Sandford, of Tasmania, were nominated. The former had a majority in the lay and clerical chambers. The minority acquiesced, and Canon Harrison was elected.

On July 11 the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, attended by the Sheriffs, visited the People's Palace in State, in order to open the Cooperage Exhibition, which has been organised by the Cooper's Company, in conjunction with the trustees of the palace. The Lord Mayor, in acknowledging an address presented to him, said that the exhibition had found an appropriate location at the People's Palace, which was so peculiarly devoted to the interests of the working classes. The company, in promoting the exhibition, would have done something to encourage the best qualities, and he was sure that the working people would be grateful for their interest. The master then presented to the Lord Mayor, as a memorial of his visit, a miniature cask, bound in silver, the work of Mr. Charvet, a foreman cooper. The exhibition contains casks of every size and shape, from the 500-gallon bouge vat down to the model in the glass case. All kinds of coopers' work are represented: and the entries, especially in the workmen's classes, have been very numerous. About £200 altogether is given in prizes.—In the evening, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress entertained a large and distinguished company at the Mansion House, in celebration of the coronation of her Majesty the Queen.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE RUNAWAY.



Everybody HATH heard, and old people still remember, how one Act after the other was passed for the suppression of the Nonconformists, whom the Church of England tried to extirpate, but could not. Had these laws been truly carried into effect, there would have been great suffering among the Dissenters; but, in order to enforce them, every man's hand would have been turned against his neighbour, and this—thank God!—is not possible in Somerset. For example, the Act of Uniformity provided not only for the ejectment of the Nonconforming ministers (which was duly carried out), but also enacted that none of them should take scholars without the license of the Bishop. Yet many of the ejected ministers maintained themselves in this way, openly, without the Bishop's license. They were not molested, though they might be threatened by some hot Episcopalian; nor were the Bishops anxious to set the country afire by attempting to enforce this law. One must not take from an honest neighbour, whatever an unjust law may command, his only way of living.

Again, the Act passed two years later punished all persons with fine and imprisonment who attended conventicles. Yet the conventicles continued to be held over the whole country, because it was impossible for the Justices to fine and imprison men with whom they sat at dinner every market-day, with whom they took their punch and tobacco, and whom they knew to be honest and God-fearing folk. Again, how could they fine and imprison their own flesh and blood? Why, in every family there were some who loved the meeting-house better than the steeple-house. Laws have little power when they are against the conscience of the people.

Thirdly, there was an Act prohibiting ministers from residing within five miles of the village or town where they had preached. This was a most cruel and barbarous Act, because it sent the poor ministers away from the help of their friends. Yet how was it regarded? My father, for his part, continued to live at Bradford Orcas without let or hindrance, and so, no doubt, did many more.

Again, another Act was passed giving authority to Justices of the Peace to break open doors and to take in custody persons found assembling for worship. I have heard of disturbances at Taunton, where the Magistrates carried things with a high hand; but I think the people who met to worship after their own fashion were little disturbed. Among the Churchmen were some, no doubt, who remembered the snubs and rubs they had themselves experienced, and the memory may have made them revengeful. All the persecution, it is certain, was not on the side of the Church. There was, for instance, the case of Dr. Walter Raleigh, Dean of Wells, who was clapped into a noisome prison where the plague had broken out. He did not die of that disease, but was done to death in the jail, barbarously, by one David Barrett, shoemaker, who was never punished for the murder, but was afterwards made Constable of the City. There was also the case of the Rev. Dr. Piers, whom I have myself seen, for he lived to a good old age. He was a Prebendary of Wells, and, being driven forth, was compelled to turn farmer, and to work with his own hands—digging, hoeing, ploughing, reaping, and threshing—when he should have been in his study. Every week this reverend and learned Doctor of Divinity was to be seen at Ilminster Market, standing beside the pillars with his cart, among the farmers and their wives, selling his apples, cheese, and cabbages.

I say that no doubt many remembered these things. Yet the affection of the people went forth to the Nonconformists and the ejected ministers, as was afterwards but too well proved. I have been speaking of things which happened before my recollection. It was in the year 1665, four years after the Ejection, that I was born. My father would have named me Grace Abounding, but my mother called me Alice, after her own name. I was thus six years younger than my brother Barnaby, and two years younger than Robin and Humphrey.

The first thing that I can recollect is a kind of picture, preserved, so to speak, in my head. At the open door is a woman spinning at the wheel. She is a woman with a pale, grave face; she works diligently, and for the most part in silence; if she speaks, it is to encourage or to admonish a little girl who plays in the garden outside. Her lips move as she works, because she communes with her thoughts all day long. From time to time she turns her head and looks with anxiety into the other room, where sits her husband at his table.

Before him stand three boys. They are Barnaby, Robin, and Humphrey. They are learning Latin. The room is piled with books on shelves and books on the floor. In the corner is a pallet, which is the master's bed by night. I hear the voices of the boys who repeat their lessons, and the admonishing of their master. I can see through the open door the boys themselves. One, a stout and broad lad, is my brother Barnaby: he hangs his head and forgets his lesson, and causes his father to punish him every day. He receives admonition with patience; yet profiteth nothing. The next is Humphrey; he is already a lad of grave and modest carriage, who loves his book and learns diligently. The third is Robin, whose parts are good, were his application equal to his intelligence. He is impatient, and longs for the time when he may close his book and go to play again.

Poor Barnaby! at the sight of a Latin Grammar he would feel sick. He would willingly have taken a flogging every day—to be sure, that generally happened to him—in order to escape his lessons and be off to the fields and woods.

It was the sight of his rueful face—yet never sad except at lessons—which made my mother sigh when she saw him dull but patient over his book. Had he stayed at home I know not what could have been done with him, seeing that to become a Preacher of the Gospel was beyond even the power of prayer (the Lord having clearly expressed His will in this matter). He would have had to clap on a leathern apron, and become a wheelwright or blacksmith; nothing better than an honest trade was possible for him.

But (whether happily or not) a strange whim seized the boy when he was fourteen years of age. He would go to sea. How he came to think of the sea I know not; he had never seen the sea; there were no sailors in the village; there was no talk of the sea. Perhaps Humphrey, who read many books, told him of the great doings of our sailors on the Spanish main and elsewhere. Perhaps some of the clothiers' men, who are a roving and unsettled crew, had been sailors—some, I know, had been soldiers under Oliver. However, this matters not, Barnaby must needs become a sailor.

When first he broke this resolution, which he did secretly, to my mother, she began to weep and lament, because everybody knows how dreadful is the life of a sailor, and how full of dangers. She begged him to put the thought out of his head, and to apply himself again to his books.

"Mother," he said, "it is no use. What comes in at one ear goes out at the other. Nothing sticks: I shall never be a scholar."

"Then, my son, learn an honest trade."

"What? Become the village cobbler—or the blacksmith? Go hat in hand to his Honour, when my father should have been a Bishop, and my mother is a gentlewoman? That will I not. I will go and be a sailor. All sailors are gentlemen. I shall rise and become first mate, and then second captain, and lastly, captain in command. Who knows? I may go and fight the Spaniard, if I am lucky."

"Oh, my son, canst thou not stay at home and go to church, and consider the condition of thine immortal soul? Of sailors it is well known that their language is made up of profane oaths, and that they are all profligates and drunkards. Consider, my son"—my mother laid her hand upon his arm—"what were heaven to me, if I have not my dear children with me as well as my husband? How could I praise the Lord if I were thinking of my son who was not with me, but—ah! Heaven forbid the thought!"

Barnaby made no reply. What could he say in answer to my mother's tears? Yet I think she must have understood very well that her son, having got this resolution into his head, would never give it up.

"Oh!" she said, "when thou wast a little baby in my arms, Barnaby—who art now so big and strong"—she looked at him with the wonder and admiration that women feel when their sons grow big and stout—"I prayed that God would accept thee as an offering for His service. Thou art vowed unto the Lord, my son, as much as Samuel. Do you think he complained of his lessons? What would have happened, think you, to Samuel if he had taken off his ephod and declared that he would serve no longer at the altar, but must take spear and shield, and go to fight the Amalekite?"

Said Barnaby, in reply, speaking from an unregenerate heart, "Mother, had I been Samuel, to wear an ephod and to learn the Latin syntax every day, I should have done that. Ay! I would have done it, even if I knew that at the first skirmish an arrow would pierce my heart."

It was after a great flogging, on account of the passive voice or some wrestling with the syntax, that Barnaby plucked up courage to tell his father what he wished to do.

"With my consent," said my father, sternly, "thou shalt never become a sailor. As soon would I send thee to become a buffoon in a playhouse. Never dare to speak of it again."

Barnaby hung his head and said nothing.

Then my mother, who knew his obstinate disposition, took him to Sir Christopher, who chid him roundly, telling him that there was work for him on land, else he would have been born beside the coast, where the lads take naturally to the sea: that being, as he was, only an ignorant boy, and landborn, he could not know the dangers which he would encounter: that some ships are cast away on desert islands, where the survivors remain in misery until they die, and some on lands where savages devour them, and some are dragged down by calamaries and other dreadful monsters, and some are burned at sea, their crews having to choose miserably between burning and drowning, and some are taken by the enemy, and the sailors clapped into dungeons and tortured by the Accursed Inquisition.

Many more things did Sir Christopher set forth, showing the miserable life and the wretched end of the sailor. But Barnaby never changed countenance, and though my mother bade him note this and mark that, and take heed unto his Honour's words, his face showed no melting. 'Twas always an obstinate lad; nay, it was his obstinacy alone which kept him from his learning. Otherwise, he might perhaps have become as great a scholar as Humphrey.

"Sir," he said, when Sir Christopher had no other word to say, "with submission, I would still choose to be a sailor, if I could."

In the end he obtained his wish. That is to say, since no one would help him towards it, he helped himself. And this, I think, is the only way in which men do ever get what they want.

It happened one evening that there passed through the village a man with a pipe and tabor, on which he played so movingly that all the people turned out to listen. For my own part I was with my mother, yet I ran to the garden-gate and leaned my head over, drawn by the sound of the music. Presently the boys and girls began to take hands together and to dance. I dare not say that to dance is sinful, because David danced. But it was so regarded by my father, so that when he passed by them, on his way home from taking the air, and actually saw his own son Barnaby in the middle of the dancers, footing it merrily with them all, joyfully leading one girl up and the other down at *John come and kiss me now*, he was seized with a mighty wrath, and, catching his son sharply by the ear, led him out of the throng and so home. For that evening Barnaby went supperless to bed, with the promise of such a flogging in the morning as would cause him to remember for the rest of his life the sinfulness of dancing. Never had I seen my father so angry. I trembled before his wrathful eyes. But Barnaby faced him with steady looks, making answer none, yet not showing the least repentance or fear. I thought it was because a flogging had no terrors for him. The event proved that I was wrong; that was not the reason, he had resolved to run away, and when we awoke in the morning he was gone. He had crept down-stairs in the night; he had taken half a loaf of bread and a great cantle of soft cheese, and had gone away. He had not gone for fear of the rod: he had run away with design to go to sea. Perhaps he had gone to Bristol; perhaps to Plymouth; perhaps to Lyme. My mother wept, and my father sighed; and for ten years more we neither saw nor heard anything of Barnaby, not even whether he was dead or living.

CHAPTER VI.

BENJAMIN, LORD CHANCELLOR.

Summer follows winter, and winter summer, in due course, turning children into young men and maidens, changing school into work, and play into love, and love into marriage, and so onwards to the churchyard, where we all presently lie, hopeful of Heaven's mercy, whether Mr. Boscorel did stand beside our open grave in his white surplice, or my father in his black gown.

Barnaby was gone; the other three grew tall, and would still be talking of the lives before them. Girls do never look forward to the future with the eagerness and joy of boys. To the dullest boy it seems a fine thing to be master of his own actions, even if that liberty lead to whipping-post, pillory, or gallows. To boys of ambition and imagination the gifts of Fortune show like the splendid visions of a prophet. They think that earthly fame will satisfy the soul. Perhaps women see these glories and their true worth with clearer eye as not desiring them. And truly it seems a small thing, after a life spent in arduous toil, and with one foot already in the grave, to obtain fortune, rank, or title.

Benjamin and Humphrey were lads of ambition. To both, but in fields which lay far apart, the best life seemed to be that which is spent among men on the ant-hill where all are driving or being driven, loading each other with burdens intolerable, or with wealth or with honours, and then dying and being forgotten in a moment—which we call London. In the kindly country one stands apart and sees the vanity of human wishes. Yet the ambition of Humphrey, it must be confessed, was noble, because it was not for his own advancement, but for the good of mankind.

"I shall stay at home," said Robin. "You two may go if you please. Perhaps you will like the noise of London, where a man cannot hear himself speak, they say, for the roaring of the crowd, the ringing of the bells, and the rumbling of the carts. As for me, what is good enough for my grandfather will be surely good enough for me."

It should, indeed, be good enough for anybody to spend his days after the manner of Sir Christopher, administering justice for the villagers, with the weekly ordinary at Sherborne for company, the green fields and his garden for pleasure and for exercise, and the welfare of his soul for prayer. Robin, besides, loved to go forth with hawk and gun; to snare the wild creatures; to hunt the otter and the fox; to bait the badger, and trap the stoat and weasel; to course the hares. But cities and crowds, even if they should be shouting in his honour, did never draw him, even after he had seen them. Nor was he ever tempted to believe any manner of life more full of delight and more consistent with the end of man's creation than the rural life, the air of the fields, the following of the plough for the men, and the spinning-wheel for the women.

"I shall be a lawyer," said Benjamin, puffing out his cheeks and squaring his shoulders. "Very well, then, I say I shall be a great lawyer. What? None of your pettifogging tribe for me: I shall step to the front, and stay there. What? Someone must have the prizes and the promotion. There are always places falling vacant and honours to be given away: they shall be given to me. Why not to me as well as another?"

"Well," said Robin, "you are strong enough to take them, willy-nilly."

"I am strong enough," he replied, with conviction. "First, I shall be called to the Outer Bar, where I shall plead in stuff—I saw them at Exeter last 'Sizes. Next, I shall be summoned to become King's Counsel, when I shall flaunt it in silk. Who but I?" Then he seemed to grow actually three inches taller, so great is the power of imagination. He was already six feet in height, his shoulders broad, and his face red and fiery, so that now he looked very big and tall. "Then my Inn will make me a Bencher, and I shall sit at the high table in term-time. And the attorneys shall run after me and fight with each other for my services in Court, so that in every great case I shall be heard thundering before the jury, and making the witnesses perjure themselves with terror—for which they will be afterwards flogged. I shall belong to the King's party—none of your canting Whigs for me. When the high treason cases come on, I shall be the counsel for the Crown. That is the high road to advancement."

"This is very well, so far," said Robin, laughing. "Ben is too modest, however. He does not get on fast enough."

"All in good time," Ben replied. "I mean to get on as fast as anybody. But I shall follow the beaten road. First, favour with attorneys and those who have suits in the Courts; then the ear of the Judge. I know not how one gets the ear of the Judge"—he looked despondent for a moment, then he held up his head again—"but I shall find out. Others have found out—why not I? What? I am no fool, am I?"

"Certainly not, Ben. But as yet we stick at King's Counsel."

"After the ear of the Judge, the favour of the Crown. What do I care who is King? It is the King who hath preferment and place and honours in his gift. Where these are given away, there shall I be found. Next am I made Serjeant-at-Law. Then I am saluted as 'Brother' by the Judges on the Bench, while all the others burst with envy. After that I shall myself be called to the Bench. I am already 'my Lord'—why do you laugh, Robin?—and a Knight: Sir Benjamin Boscorel—Sir Benjamin." Here he puffed out his cheeks again and swung his shoulders like a very great person indeed.

"Proceed, Sir Benjamin," said Humphrey, gravely, while Robin laughed.

"When I am a Judge I promise you I will rate the barristers and storm at the witnesses and admonish the jury until there shall be no other question in their minds but to find out first what is my will in the case, and then to govern themselves accordingly. I will be myself Judge and jury and all. Oh! I have seen the Judge at last Exeter 'Sizes. He made all to shake in their shoes. I shall not stop there. Chief Baron I shall be, perhaps—but on that point I have not yet made up my mind—and then Lord Chancellor." He paused to take breath, and looked around him, grandeur and authority upon his brow. "Lord Chancellor," he repeated, "on the woolsack!"

"You will then," said Robin, "be raised to the Peerage—first Lord Boscorel; or perhaps, if your Lordship will so honour this poor village, Lord Bradford Orcas"——

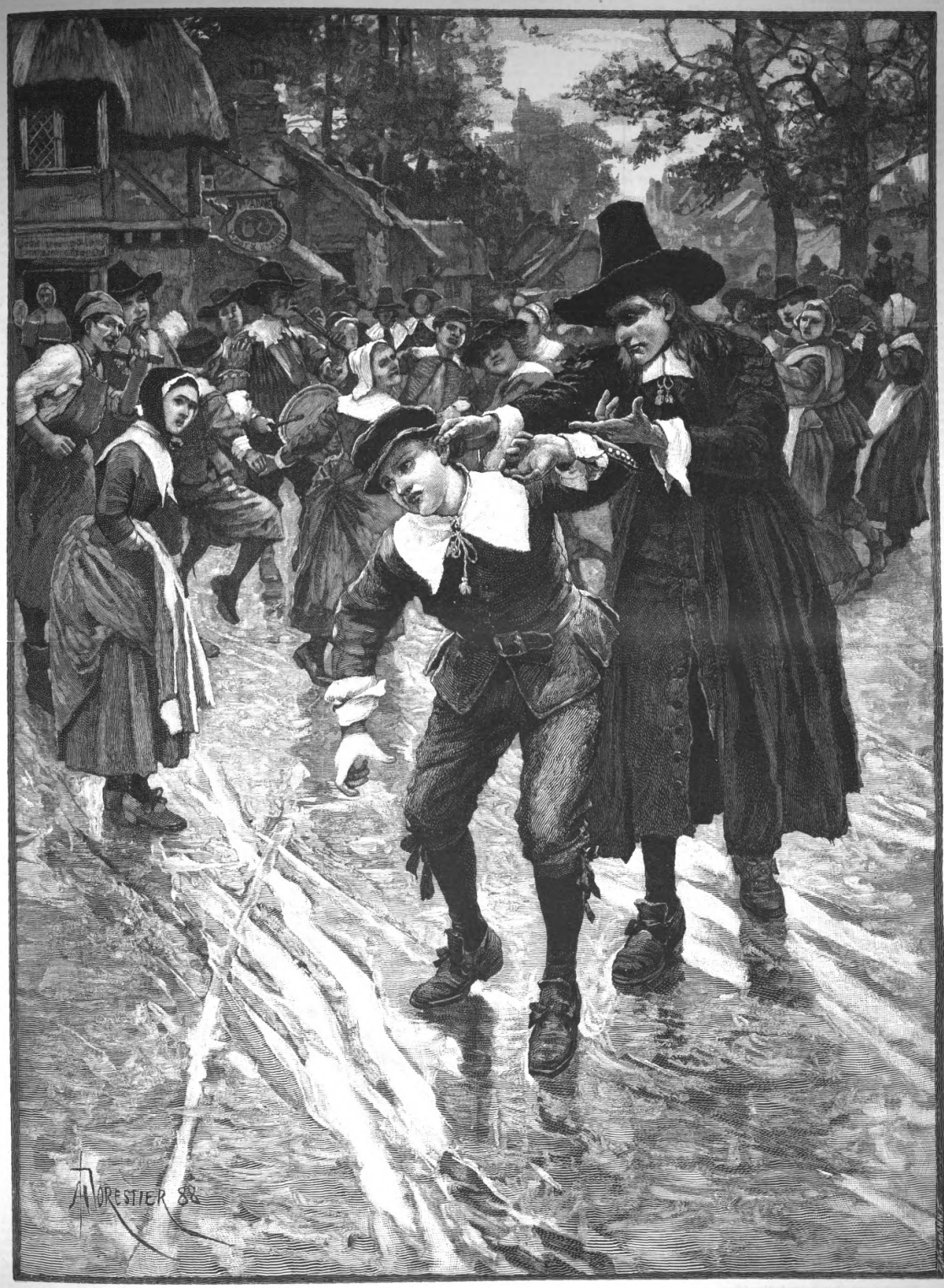
"Earl of Sherborne I have chosen for title," said Benjamin. "And while I am climbing up the ladder, where wilt thou be, Humphrey? Grovelling in the mud with the poor devils who cannot rise?"

"Nay, I shall have a small ladder of my own, Ben. I find great comfort in the thought that when your Lordship is roaring and bawling with the gout—your noble toe being like a ball of fire and your illustrious foot swathed in flannel—I shall be called upon to drive away the pain, and you will honour me with the title not only of humble cousin, but also of rescuer and preserver. Will it not be honour enough to cure the Right Honourable the Earl of Sherborne (first of the name), the Lord Chancellor, of his gout and to restore him to the duties of his great office, so that once more he shall be the dread of evildoers and of all who have to appear before him? As yet, my Lord, your extremities, I perceive, are free from that disease—the result, too often, of that excess in wine which besets the great."

Here Robin laughed again, and so did Benjamin. Nobody could use finer language than Humphrey, if he pleased.

"A fine ambition!" said Ben. "To wear a black velvet coat and a great wig; to carry a gold-headed cane; all day

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

He was seized with a mighty wrath, and, catching his son sharply by the ear, led him out of the throng and so home.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

long to listen while the patient tells of his gripes and pains; to mix boluses and to compound nauseous draughts!"

"Well," Humphrey laughed, "if you are Lord Chancellor, Ben, you will, I hope, give us good laws, and so make the nation happy and prosperous. While you are doing this, I will be keeping you in health for the good of the country. I say that this is a fine ambition."

"And Robin, here, will sit in the great chair, and have the rogues hauled before him, and order the Head-borough to bring out his cat-o'-nine-tails. In the winter evenings, he will play backgammon, and in the summer, bowls. Then a posset, and to bed. And never any change from year to year. A fine life, truly!"

"Truly, I think it is a very fine life," said Robin; "while you make the laws, I will take care that they are obeyed. What better service is there than to cause good laws to be obeyed? Make good laws, my Lord Chancellor, and be thankful that you will have faithful, law-abiding men to carry them out."

Thus they talked. Presently the time came when the lads must leave the village and go forth to prepare for such course as should be allotted to them, whether it led to greatness or to obscurity.

Benjamin went first, being sixteen years of age and a great fellow, as I have said, broad-shouldered and lusty, with a red face, a strong voice, and a loud laugh. In no respect did he resemble his father, who was delicate in manner and in speech. He was to be entered at Gray's Inn, where, under some counsel learned in the law, he was to read until such time as he should be called.

He came to bid me farewell, which at first, until he frightened me with the things he said, I took kindly of him.

"Child," he said, "I am going to London, and, I suppose, I shall not come back to this village for a long time. Nay, were it not for thee, I should not wish to come back at all."

"Why for me, Ben?"

"Because"—here his red face became redder, and he stammered a little; but not much, for he was ever a lad of confidence—"because, child, thou art not yet turned twelve, which is young to be hearing of such a thing. Yet a body may as well make things safe. And as for Humphrey or Robin interfering, I will break their heads with my cudgel if they do. Remember that, then." He shook his finger at me, threatening.

"In what business should they interfere?" I asked.

"Kiss me, Alice"—here he tried to lay his arm round my neck, but I ran away. "Oh! if thou art skittish, I care not: all in good time. Very well, then; let us make things safe. Alice, when I come back thou wilt be seventeen or eighteen, which is an age when girls should marry"——

"I have nothing to do with marrying, Ben."

"Not yet. If I mistake not, child, thou wilt then be as beautiful as a rose in June."

"I want no foolish talk, Ben. Let me go."

"Then I shall be twenty-one years of age, practising in the courts. I shall go the Western Circuit, in order to see thee often—partly to keep an eye upon thee and partly to warn off other men. Because, child, it is my purpose to marry thee myself. Think upon that, now."

At this I laughed.

"Laugh if you please, my dear; I shall marry thee as soon as the way is open to the Bench and the Woolsack. What? I can see a long way ahead. I will tell thee what I see. There is a monstrous great crowd of people in the street staring at a glass coach. 'Who is the lovely lady?' they ask. 'The lovely lady'—that is you, Alice; none other—' with the diamonds at her neck and the gold chain, in the glass coach?' says one who knows her liveries: 'tis the lady of the great Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Sherborne.' And the women fall green with envy of her happiness and great good fortune and her splendour. Courage, child; I go to prepare the way. Oh! thou knowest not the grand things that I shall pour into thy lap when I am a Judge."

This was the first time that any man spoke to me of love. But Benjamin was always masterful, and had no respect for such a nice point as the wooing of a maiden—which, methinks, should be gentle and respectful, not as if a woman was like a savage to be tempted by a string of beads, or so foolish as to desire with her husband such gauds as diamonds, or gold chains, or a glass coach. Nor doth a woman like to be treated as if she was to be carried off by force like the Sabine women of old.

The Rector rode to London with his son. It is a long journey, over rough ways; but it pleased him once more to see that great city, where there are pictures and statues and books to gladden the hearts of such as love these things. And on the way home he sojourned for a few days at his old college of All Souls, where were still left one or two of his old friends. Then he rode back to his village. "There are but two places in this country," he said, "or perhaps three, at most, where a gentleman and a scholar, or one who loveth the fine arts, would choose to live. These are London and Oxford, and perhaps the Sister University upon the Granta. Well, I have once more been privileged to witness the humours of the Court and the town: I have once more been permitted to sniff the air of a great library. Let us be thankful." He showed his thankfulness with a sigh which was almost a groan.

It was three years before we saw Benjamin again. Then he returned, but not for long. Like his father, he loved London better than the country, but for other reasons. Certainly, he cared nothing for those arts which so much delighted the Rector, and the air of a coffee-house pleased him more than the perfume of books in a library. When he left us he was a rustic; when he came back he was already what they call a fopling: that is to say, when he went to pay his respects to Sir Christopher, his grandfather, he wore a very fine cravat of Flanders lace, with silken hose, and lace and ribbons at his wrist. He was also scented with bergamot, and wore a peruke, which, while he talked, he combed and curled, to keep the curls of this monstrous head-dress in place. Gentlemen must, I suppose, wear this invention, and one of the learned professions must show the extent of the learning by the splendours of his full-bottomed wig. Yet I think that a young man looks most comely while he wears his own hair. He had cocked his hat, on which were bows of riband, and he wore a sword. He spoke also in a mincing London manner, having now forsworn the honest broad speech of Somerset; and (but not in the presence of his elders) he used strange oaths and ejaculations.

"Behold him!" said his father, by no means displeased at his son's foppery, because he ever loved the city fashions, and thought that a young man did well to dress and to comport himself after the way of the world. "Behold him! Thus he sits in the coffee-house; thus he shows himself in the pit. Youth is the time for finery and for folly. Alas! would that we could bring back that time! What saith John Dryden—glorious John—of Sir Fopling?—

> His various modes from various fashions follow:
> One taught the toss, and one the new French wallow;
> His sword-knot this, his cravat that, designed,
> And this the yard-long snake he twirls behind.
> From one the sacred periwig he gained,
> Which wind na'er blew, nor touch of hat profaned."

"Well, Ben," said Sir Christopher, "if the mode can help thee to the Bench why not follow the mode?"

"It will not hinder, Sir," Ben replied. "A man who hath his fortune to make does well to be seen everywhere, and to be dressed like other men of his time."

One must do Benjamin the justice to acknowledge that though, like the young gentlemen his friends and companions his dress was foppish, and his talk was of the pleasures of the town, he suffered nothing to stand in the way of his advancement. He was resolved upon being a great lawyer, and, therefore, if he spent the evening in drinking, singing, and making merry, he was reading in chambers or else attending the Courts all the day, and neglected nothing that would make him master of his profession. And, though of learning he had little, his natural parts were so good, and his resolution was so strong, that I doubt not he would have achieved his ambition had it not been for the circumstances which afterwards cut short his career. His course of life, by his own boastful confession, was profligate; his friends were drinkers and gamesters; his favourite haunt was the tavern, where they all drank punch and sang ungodly songs, and smoked tobacco; and of religion he seemed to have no care whatever.

I was afraid that he would return to the nauseous subject which he had opened three years before. Therefore, I continued with my mother, and would give him no chance to speak with me. But he found me, and caught me returning home one evening.

"Alice," he said, "I feared that I might have to go away without a word alone with thee."

"I want no words alone, Benjamin. Let me pass!" For he stood before me in the way.

"Not so fast, pretty!"—he caught me by the wrist, and, being a young man so strong and determined, he held me as by a vice. "Not so fast, Mistress Alice. First, my dear, let me tell thee that my purpose still holds—nay"—here he swore a most dreadful, impious oath—"I am more resolved than ever. There is not a woman, even in London, that is to be compared with thee, child. What? Compared with thee? Why, they are like the twinkling stars compared with the glorious Queen of Night. What did I say?—that at nineteen thou wouldst be a miracle of beauty? Nay, that time hath come already! I love thee, child! I love thee, I say, ten times as much as ever I loved thee before!"

He gasped, and then breathed hard; but still he held me fast.

"Idle compliments cost a man nothing, Benjamin. Say what you meant to say and let me go. If you hold me any longer I will cry out and bring your father to learn the reason."

"Well," he said, "I will not keep thee. I have said what I wanted to say. My time hath not yet arrived. I am shortly to be called, and shall then begin to practise. When I come back here again, 'twill be with a ring in one hand, and in the other the prospect of the Woolsack. Think upon that while I am gone. 'Your Ladyship' is finer than plain 'Madame,' and the Court is more delightful than a village green among the pigs and ducks. Think upon it well: thou art a lucky girl: a plain village girl to be promoted to a coronet! However, I have no fears for thee: thou wilt adorn the highest fortune. Thou wilt be worthy of the great place whither I shall lead thee. What? Is Sir George Jeffreys a better man than I? Is he of better family? Had he better interest? Is he a bolder man? Not so. Yet was Sir George a Common Serjeant at twenty-three, and Recorder at thirty; Chief Justice of Chester at thirty-two. What he hath done I can do. Moreover, Sir George hath done me the honour to admit me to his company, and will advance me. This he hath promised, both in his cups and when he is sober. Think it over, child: a ring in one hand and a title in the other!"

So Benjamin went away again. I was afraid when I thought of him and his promise, because I knew him of old; and his eyes were as full of determination as when he would fight a lad of his own age and go on fighting till the other had had enough. Yet he could not marry me against my will. His own father would protect me, to say nothing of mine.

I should have told him then—as I had told him before—that I would never marry him. Then, perhaps, he would have been shaken in his purpose. The very thought of marrying him filled me with terror unspeakable. I was afraid of him not only because he was so masterful—nay, women like a man to be strong of will—but because he had no religion in him and lived like an Atheist, if such a wretch there be: at all events, with unconcern about his soul; and because his life was profligate, his tastes were gross, and he was a drinker of much wine. Even at the Manor House I had seen him at supper drinking until his cheeks were puffed out and his voice grew thick. What kind of happiness would there be for a wife whose husband has to be carried home by his varlets too heavy with drink to stand or to speak?

Alas! there is one thing which girls, happily, do never apprehend. They cannot understand how it is possible for a man to become so possessed with the idea of their charms (which they hold themselves as of small account, knowing how fleeting they are, and of what small value) that he will go through fire and water for that woman; yea, and break all the commandments, heedless of his immortal soul, rather than suffer another man to take her—and that, even though he knows that the poor creature loves him not, or loves another man. If maidens knew this, I think that they would go in fear and trembling lest they should be coveted by some wild beast in human shape, and prove the death of the gallant gentleman whom they would choose for their lover. Or they would make for themselves convents and hide in them, so great would be their fear. But it is idle to speak of this, because, say what one will, girls can never understand the power and the vehemence of love, when once it hath seized and doth thoroughly possess a man.

(To be continued.)

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

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MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mr. Harris's season—which began on May 14—will conclude on Saturday evening, July 21, having been prolonged for a fortnight beyond the original intention, in consequence of the great success obtained. An event remains now to be recorded—the production of "Aïda," on July 14. This opera was one of the specialties of Mr. Augustus Harris's Italian opera season at Drury-Lane Theatre last year. The work has an interest as manifesting a change of style (indicated in previous productions) from that which characterises the earlier operas by which Verdi's world-wide popularity was gained. There is no question that in "Don Carlos" (1867), and particularly in "Aïda" (1871), Verdi has been largely swayed by that influence which Wagner has so powerfully exercised. The prevalence of emphatic declamation is especially notable in "Aïda," and this tendency naturally limits its attractiveness to its stage representation. In its recent performance, on July 14, the title-character was sustained by Madame Nordica, as in last year's Drury-Lane season. Again the lady sang with good effect in several instances, perhaps with more in passages of pathos than in those of tragic passion. M. J. De Reszké's performance as Radames was a repetition of vocal and dramatic excellence that was manifested in the same character last year; another important feature in the recent cast, now alluded to, having been the fine singing of Madame Scalchi as Amneris—a character scarcely less important, vocally and dramatically, than that of Aïda. Signor D'Andrade gave full dramatic significance to the part of Amonasro, in its intensity of passion and barbaric dignity, and sang the music well. Signor Navarrini was impressive as the high priest, Ramphis, and the characters of the King and a messenger were sufficiently well sustained, respectively, by Signor Miranda and Signor Rinaldini. Signor Mancinelli conducted. The stage effects were worthy of the reputation of the management.

Recent performances have included repetitions of operas previously given during the season; among them having been "Il Trovatore," with the substitution of Madame Fürsch-Madi in the character of Leonora, in lieu of its former representative. The lady just named sang and acted with genuine dramatic earnestness. The cast was otherwise the same as before. Mr. Randegger conducted in this instance.

The performance of Otto Nicolai's opera "The Merry Wives of Windsor," recently given by students of the Royal College of Music at the Savoy Theatre, gave good evidence of the efficient training that is pursued at the Kensington establishment in preparing pupils for an operatic career. Of course, the performance referred to is to be regarded rather as one of promise than of absolute fulfilment; but it was sufficiently good, in most of its features, to hold out a prospect of welcome and serviceable additions to the number of dramatic vocalists fitted to sustain, with efficiency, performances of English opera, or operas in English. The characters of Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and Ann were very effectively filled, respectively, by Misses A. Roberts, E. Squire, and M. Davies. Mr. W. C. Milward evinced good dramatic perceptions of the humour of Falstaff, which he will doubtless realise still more effectively with the advantage of further stage experience and less nervousness. Mr. A. C. Peach as Slender, Mr. Adams-Owen as Page, and Mr. D. Price as Ford, showed unmistakable fitness for their various parts. Mr. L. M. Kilby was an acceptable Fenton. The orchestra and chorus (chiefly consisting of College pupils) were fairly good, and the performance was conducted by Professor Villiers Stanford. The fairy business in the last scene was well represented by the clever children trained by Madame Katti Lanner.

The Chester Triennial Musical Festival will be inaugurated by special services in the cathedral on Sunday, July 22; that in the evening including a performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." On Wednesday morning, "Elijah" will be given, the following morning's performances comprising Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, and a symphonic cantata, "Oh, sing unto the Lord," composed for the festival by Mr. Oliver King; Verdi's "Requiem," closing the day's programme. On the Friday morning Beethoven's "Engedi" (an adaptation of his "Mount of Olives"), and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" will be given; Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," closing the festival on Friday evening, July 27. Miscellaneous concerts will be given in the Music Hall on the Wednesday and Thursday evenings. Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata, "The Golden Legend" (probably conducted by himself), being selected for the first, the other programme being miscellaneous. An efficient orchestra, led by Herr Straus, and a chorus of proportionate power are engaged; the conductor of the performances being Dr. J. C. Bridge, organist of Chester Cathedral. With these arrangements, and a list of solo vocalists comprising the names of Madame Nordica, Misses Anna Williams and Damian, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Nicholl, Mr. Brereton, Mr. Grice, and Mr. Santley, the performances can scarcely fail to be worthy of the locality and the occasion.

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

Ossington House, 317, City-road, E.C., is the "City Lodge" of this society, and a meeting was held there on July 12 for the purpose of drawing local attention to the function it is intended to fill. Lady Grey presided, and said the house had been fitted up for the accommodation of young girls who were in need of a comfortable and cheap home. Unfortunately it required to be better known by the class for whose benefit it was intended. Lady Ossington and other friends had supplied funds that had enabled the society to purchase the premises, put them in a thoroughly sanitary condition, and furnish them. The committee were in great need of personal help, and she trusted that as the result of that meeting some lady in the neighbourhood would come forward and make the home her special charge, and that other ladies would give their services as periodical or occasional visitors. The Earl of Meath said that the society, which was formed to promote purity among women, had established sixty such homes or lodges throughout the United Kingdom and seventy-four throughout the world. It was doing a great work, and numbered over 150,000 members. A girl was lodged for from 2s. to 4s. 6d. per week, the latter payment carrying with it the accommodation of a private room. If the conveniences of the home could only be made known in the shops and factories it would rapidly fill, as similar institutions filled elsewhere. The Countess of Shrewsbury gave an account of her experiences in connection with such homes at Birmingham and Stafford, and dwelt upon the good influence exercised by the recreation-rooms, which were one of their most important features. Lady Helen Stewart and the Rev. Canon Elwyn afterwards addressed the meeting, at the conclusion of which the company inspected the premises.

Dom Pedro of Brazil, grandson of the Emperor, arrived at Claridge's Hotel on July 12 from Paris.

On July 11, the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos held a reception at Chandos House, at which a large number of distinguished guests were present.

NEW BOOKS.

Tropical Africa. By Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. (Hodder and Stoughton).—A subject of urgent and painful interest was brought before the House of Lords on Friday, July 6, by the Earl of Harrowby, to whom the Prime Minister replied, with regard to the danger now besetting our missionary efforts and our commercial prospects on the eastern side of Central Africa. It has also been treated in the magazines for July by several well-informed writers; by Mr. J. Scott Keltie, in the *Contemporary Review*, with a general survey of British territorial and political influence in Africa, and by others who have recently visited the Portuguese dominions on the east coast. This is a suitable opportunity for recommending to perusal one of the most interesting brief narratives of travel, and one of the most instructive essays in geography and natural history, that have lately been published. The scientific and literary reputation of Professor Drummond has been greatly enhanced by the wide popularity of his remarkable treatise of natural philosophy and religious philosophy, which has passed through twenty-two editions, and which the disciples of the late Mr. Darwin and of Mr. Huxley must allow to be worthy of their attention. Apart from controversial arguments, and without reference to any theory of design, or of evolution, in the modification of physical organisms, Professor Drummond's minute and accurate observations, as a naturalist, present a delightful study in two chapters of this modest volume: the one devoted to "the white ant"; the other, to the wonderful mimicry of inanimate forms in the appearance and demeanour of some African insects. But the immediate practical importance of his new book, which does not much exceed two hundred pages, with three or four special maps illustrating the position of the different territories and European protectorates in East Central Africa, relates to the questions discussed between Lord Harrowby and Lord Salisbury in Parliament a few days ago. It is high time that these questions should be settled by resolute diplomatic action, while we entirely approve of the resolution of our Government to avoid, in any case, undertaking to protect British enterprises, whether mercantile or evangelical and philanthropic, by sending even the smallest military force to the shores of Lake Nyassa. That region, indeed, situated four or five hundred miles inland from the seacoast either of the Portuguese dominions or of those belonging to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and more than a thousand miles to north-east of the frontier of Bechuanaland across the width of the Continent, is manifestly out of reach of a British military expedition. International jealousies, among which, besides the legitimate rights of Portugal, we should have to reckon with the peremptory opposition both of France and of Germany, forbid the very idea of such an exercise of power. At the same time, we cannot be indifferent to the labours and perils of our countrymen, to the large sacrifices which have been made by the Oxford and Cambridge Universities' Mission at Zanzibar, the Church of Scotland Mission, and the Scottish Free Church Mission, at a cost already incurred of nearly £150,000, for most beneficent purposes, and to the operations of the African Lakes Company of Glasgow, promising salutary results from the establishment of useful trade with the natives. The real enemy to all civilising agencies in the eastern parts of tropical Africa is the ubiquitous Arab slave-trader, whom the Governments of Zanzibar and of the Portuguese stations on the coast southward fail to exclude; they may be sincerely willing to do so, but cannot help the weakness, and probably the corruption, of their local administration. So far as concerns Lake Nyassa, with the tract of highland country up the Shiré river, between the Zambesi and the southern end of that lake, where the Scottish Church Missions are stationed, all that we can demand of Portugal is free and unrestrained access to this region by the mouth of the Zambesi. The Portuguese sovereignty over the whole seacoast from Delagoa Bay, inclusive of that fine harbour with the railway to the Transvaal, and the Mozambique shore as far north as Cape Delgado, near the outlet of the Rovuma, cannot be disputed. But Great Britain and other European nations will not easily admit that Portugal is entitled to control the navigation of the Zambesi, a great continental river which ranks next in length to the Congo and the Niger, though it is only navigable for stretches of one or two hundred miles, between the rapids or cataracts. Its important tributary, the Shiré, which was first explored by Dr. Livingstone, gives access to the missionary station of Blantyre, to Lake Shirwa, and beyond the Murchison Falls to the southern shores of Lake Nyassa. These places, with Bandawé, far up along the western shore of that great lake, and some part of the healthy region of upland country between the north-west extremity of Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika, were visited by Professor Drummond, his inland journeys and voyages extending seven or eight hundred miles. Their geography and topography have been minutely described by other travellers, and he therefore contents himself, in this respect, with giving us accurate maps, and with a rather sketchy commentary on the general aspects of what he calls "one of the great lobes of the heart of Africa." In the opinion of this author, the route which has thus been indicated should be made available for the best approach to the Equatorial Lakes region, that of the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza, and to the upper streams of the Congo. We cannot, however, agree with him in recommending that an armed force, either of "Sikhs or Pathans from India," or of drilled native African soldiers, ought to be placed on guard, with the sanction of the British Government, though at the expense of the commercial or the missionary societies, along this natural highway to Central Africa. Its cost would probably exceed half a million sterling annually, with great loss of life from the climate; the expenditure could never be remunerative, and we should not get the consent of foreign Powers, which have a right to be consulted. Plainly speaking, it is not the business or the duty of England to invade and rule the interior of Africa for the sake of putting down the Arab slave trade. This author's pathetic chapter on "the Heart Disease of Africa" touches, indeed, our feelings of compassion and indignation, but not our national conscience. Germany, in fact, has lately undertaken a much more distinct responsibility, by annexing the vast territory between the Zanzibar coast and Lake Tanganyika, for the suppression of that inhuman traffic, than Great Britain has ever thought fit to do. The ancient dominion of Portugal, founded on the discovery of the south-eastern coast by Vasco Da Gama, involves an abiding responsibility for the exclusion of the same evil; but our own nation has no special authority to enforce the discharge of these duties. Freedom of intercourse with the interior must not be denied, and the rest must be left to voluntary and spontaneous action. Many readers will turn again with greater pleasure to Professor Drummond's studies of Tropical African entomology. The most novel and original topic is that of the invaluable services rendered by the termite, incorrectly called "the white ant," in breaking up the hard sun-dried crust of the earth, and in pulverising its substance, by swallowing and afterwards disgorging every minute grain, thereby converting it into fertile soil. This is just the same work that Darwin has shown to be performed by earthworms in our own country, and in other lands under a temperate, soft, and moist climate.

The Chameleon: Fugitive Fancies on Many-coloured Matters. By Charles J. Dunphie, author of "Wildfire," "Sweet Sleep," &c. (Ward and Downey).—These humorous essays on social manners and minor morals, with an agreeable flavour of literary scholarship and a happy mixture of diverting anecdotes, may be recommended as pleasant reading to those who have an intelligent perception of irony, and who can understand that the lively author sometimes affects to contend for propositions directly opposite to his real sentiments and convictions. Beyond the sportive exercise of wit and ingenuity in support of a paradox which nobody will seriously accept, and the refreshing sense of liberation from orthodox constraint of thought and feeling, it is often useful to show up, in this manner, the flimsy and capricious false arguments, or rather the sophistical tacit assumptions, that lurk in the mind disposed to wrong views of life and duty. Comedy, when finely and discreetly administered—in which art, practised not in the dramatic form, but in the mock didactic, we find Mr. Dunphie a skilful master—is not less instructive than the most solemn preaching of sermons; and his whimsical discourses in praise of egotism and personal vanity, in glorification of obstinacy, and in exultation over "the delight of being in debt," are calculated to suggest very good reasons for avoiding those particular faults of temper and conduct. Besides seeking thus to "purge the mind" of unconscious erring tendencies, as Greek tragedy was deemed to purge it of feeble pity and base terror, by a homœopathic kind of medicine, he succeeds in provoking many an innocent laugh at his odd fancies and quaint conceits, in a vein reminding us now and then of Leigh Hunt, or of Charles Lamb, or some other of the elder writers of free-spirited essays. Mr. Dunphie, however, is not always at his best; and there are jokes of his which drop flat and look small, or which miss their effect of point by a failure in the handling; there is also too much harping on the same string, as in the frequent repetition of an extravagant eulogy of women, compared with men. It is no great fun, either, constantly to speak of Shakespeare as "William," or to talk of "friends and friendesses," or to employ the stale old interjections, "Zounds," "Oddsbodikins," and "Marry come up!" Except for such freaks and tricks, the style of these writings is good, and so is a great portion of their matter. With the prose essays are intermingled a few pieces of English and of Latin verse, both of tolerable quality.

Austrian Health Resorts. By W. Fraser Rae (Chapman and Hall).—Although we may not be prepared to admit that a man who discovers a new health resort deserves as much honour as one who invents a new sauce, we should be ungrateful to Mr. Fraser Rae if we failed to welcome the timely appearance of his pleasantly-written volume. Mr. Fraser has travelled much and observed many things in countries far and near—and his quickness in seizing the characteristics of places and individuals is accompanied by a happy way of recounting his impressions. In the present volume he deals with places with which we are, most of us, well acquainted, to our pleasure or regret. Amongst such are Carlsbad, Marienbad, Teplitz, Ischl and Meran; and of all these he has something new to tell us about the treatment prescribed (from a layman's point of view), the hardships to be endured, and the benefits to be obtained. He has, however, gone far deeper into the history, associations, and resources of each of these spots, about which one might think little remains unsaid. He shows, too, what pleasant halting-places these "baths" can be made for those who do not care to submit to the severer ordeal prescribed by the doctors, but are glad to take advantage of the "resources of civilisation" which the yearly influx of visitors has created. For example, he expatiates at some length on the attractions of Giessbübl-Puchstein, of which visitors to Carlsbad hear so much, and with which they acquaint themselves only by an occasional day's excursion. About Teplitz, Mr. Fraser Rae tells us a story which, if not merely a local myth, might deserve some investigation. He says that on Nov. 1, 1755, the day on which the Lisbon earthquake occurred, the principal spring of Teplitz ceased to flow for seven minutes, and then for a time poured forth blood red water. The close proximity of lignite in large quantities may explain this change of colour, but throws no light on the wide extension of the subterranean disturbance. Not the least interesting portion of Mr. Fraser Rae's book is that which he devotes to the less known health-resorts of the Austrian Tyrol Roncegno—about three hours to the east of Trent, in the valley of the Brenta; Levico, at the entrance of the Val Sugana, at an elevation of 4500 ft.; and Arco, which may possibly be known to those who have spent a few days at Riva, at the Lago di Garda. Each of these places is absolutely unhackneyed, and almost untrodden by British or American feet; but the accommodation each offers would suffice to make far less attractive spots supportable. At Roncegno the additional attraction of a "mud-bath" or "mud-poultice," to speak more accurately, is offered to such as suffer from muscular rheumatism, and apparently with useful results. The special feature, however, of the water drunk by the patients here is its strong impregnation with arsenic, resembling in this particular the better known springs of La Bonrboule in Auvergne. The chapters on the bitter waters of Hungary introduces us to scarcely more than the names of Margaret Island, St. Agnes' Water, which lies within half an hour of Buda-Pesth; but, as we can hardly imagine persons in the mild pursuit of health resorting to such beverages as those of the Hunjadi János or Rákoczy springs, we do not quarrel with Mr. Fraser Rae for dismissing them so briefly. The value of his book for general readers, for travellers—rheumatic, dyspeptic, and the like—is to be found in the other chapters; but however attractive may be the spots the author describes, however efficacious the waters he recommends, the invalid—real or imaginary—should bear in his mind the time-honoured Roman inscription on a bath:—"Cujurum vacuus hunc adeas locum, ut morbum vacuus abire queas, non curatur qui curat."—Leave care behind if you seek a cure.

That Sister-in-Law of Mine. by Harry Parkes (Frederick Warne and Co.) is not a contribution to the Deceased Wife's Sister's question, but the humorous account of the domestic troubles springing from a too lively young lady. The illustrations, to which the text is altogether subsidiary, are drawn with considerable spirit and correctness of outline, but at times the fun seems somewhat forced and second-hand. It is essentially a hot weather volume, and one to turn over whilst lying on the sand or heather, too lazy even to think, and the author has bestowed so much pains upon it that we can only hope that its success will not be marred by the inclemency of the season.

The Clothworkers' Company have given £50 towards the educational work of the Bow and Bromley Institute, the committee of which are appealing for £500 to enable them to continue the work which has been carried on with such success during the past eighteen years, also to provide a gymnasium for the recreation of the students, who last year numbered upwards of 1500.

"WORLD-ENGLISH."

Mr. Alexander Melville Bell, the well-known author of "Visible Speech" and other cognate works, has turned his attention to the forming of a universal language. His views on the subject are set forth in a small book, entitled "World-English," which is published by Trübner and Co. To English-speaking people, this treatise must needs be of great interest, hastening the universal knowledge of the English tongue; and to other nations it has this great recommendation over Volapük and like systems, that in learning it one acquires another living language that is fast becoming the language of the civilised world. Mr. Bell goes so far as to say no language could be invented for international use that would surpass English in grammatical simplicity, and in general fitness to become the tongue of the world. Its only drawback, in his opinion, is its difficult and unsystematic spelling, and this he sets about amending for World-English purposes as follows. He uses seventeen of the consonants of the English alphabet, retaining their customary sounds; and excludes *c*, *q*, and *x*—the first having the k or s sound, the second because it has the sound of k, and the third because of its having the sound of ks or gz. The letter *g* is always to have its hard sound, as in go; the letter *j* indicating the soft sound. There are nine new consonant letters added for sounds unrepresented in our alphabet. The five vowels are associated with fixed, instead of fluctuating, sounds, and have marks to show certain specific sounds. These changes, with a few other modifications, are all that Mr. Bell thinks necessary to fit English for a universal language. The system, it will be seen, is simple enough; but its simplicity is its chief excellence, and bids fair to ensure its general adoption.

LORD SALISBURY ON COLONISATION.

A deputation from the Parliamentary Colonisation Committee, headed by Sir W. Houldsworth, M.P., waited on Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office on July 11. Sir W. Houldsworth, in introducing the deputation, said their object was to ask the Government with the consent of Parliament to establish a colonisation board, and to guarantee interest at 3 per cent per annum for a term of thirty years on any amount the public might subscribe towards a colonisation landrent charge stock. The greatest amount which the Government would be called upon to advance by way of interest would be £15,000, and this amount would be repaid to the Treasury out of the proceeds received from settlers in five years. They believed that the land, when settled upon, and after the capital which they proposed had been expended upon it, would in itself be ample security for both principal and interest.

Lord Salisbury said this was a very difficult question. He considered it, as he had considered it last year, one of the most difficult questions modern statesmen might give their attention to. The difficulties were twofold. The first was—would the colonists receive them? It used to be thought, where a certain number of Englishmen settled on the border of a newly-discovered land, that to hand over the remainder was the mode most likely to command its settlement, but experience has shown that anticipation had been mistaken, as he thought a little foresight would have taught people. It might easily have been foreseen that when the working classes in the Colonies came to have power they would look at the fact that emigrants were likely to flood the country and have the effect of reducing the rate of wages. They had already had indications of that shown in many of our colonies. It was doubtful, also, whether Englishmen, with their breeding and blood, could work exposed to the heat of the sun in our Crown colonies. A more serious difficulty was that of finance. Sir W. Houldsworth had been trying to steer between a narrow zone which separated the gift from an investment. He (Lord Salisbury) would bring the proposals of the deputation under the consideration of his colleagues, but he thought those present must be conscious that that was not the time for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to dispose of gifts of that kind. Almost all the time the Government could afford was claimed for objects even more imperative than the high and beneficent object which the deputation were aiming at.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

The Orange celebrations in the north of Ireland passed off, in nearly every instance, without serious disturbance.

The meeting at Lambeg, near Belfast, was attended by over 40,000 people, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Kane (Grand Master of Belfast), Mr. J. H. Trymble (Grand Master of Queensland), Mr. Fitzgerald (Grand Master of Ontario), and Mr. Clarke (member of the Canadian Parliament and Grand Master of British North America).

The demonstration at Portadown was attended by nearly 15,000 Orangemen. Colonel Saunderson, M.P., said the meaning of their assembling in their thousands that day was to show that, while they were law-abiding and loyal, they had strong arms, which they intended, if necessary, to use, sooner than submit to hostile rule. The other speakers were Mr. J. W. Maclean, M.P., and Mr. Smith Barry, M.P.

At the Castlewellan meeting, which was held in Lord Annesley's demesne, several thousand Orangemen attended, and were addressed by Mr. Johnston, M.P., of Ballykilbeg, and other prominent members of the order. On the return-journey, a lively scene took place in Downpatrick. Orangemen wanted to march through a Nationalist district, but were prevented by the police, who had to use their batons freely.

The Liverpool Orangemen celebrated the Twelfth of July at Halton Castle, near Runcorn. Members of the order and friends, to the number of nearly 3000, left in a special train, at an early hour in the morning, accompanied by several bands of music and a large number of banners. Arrived at Runcorn, a procession was formed, and the Orangemen marched to the castle.

The north-western province of the Loyal Orange Institution of England held a demonstration at Maryport, when Orangemen wearing their regalia attended from all parts of Cumberland. Although the bands played party tunes and their progress through the streets was watched by the Roman Catholic party, no disturbance occurred. The Rev. Edward Sampson, Vicar of Maryport, addressed the Orangemen.

The Glasgow Orangemen celebrated the Twelfth of July. The weather was splendid. They met in their thousands on Glasgow-green, and with bands playing and banners flying marched to Thornlie-bank, where in a field they passed resolutions declaring their unabated confidence in the Unionist policy of her Majesty's Government, and determining to support them in refusing a separate Parliament to the Irish Nationalists.

The shareholders of the Westminster Aquarium Company have resolved to accept an offer to purchase the undertaking for £330,000.

The First Lord of the Admiralty and Lady George Hamilton visited, on July 11, the Royal Victoria Patriotic Asylum for Fatherless Daughters of Sailors, Soldiers, and Marines, which is situated on Wandsworth-common; and distributed prizes to the children, of whom there are now 296 maintained in the institution.



A SISTER.



ONE OF THE WARDS.

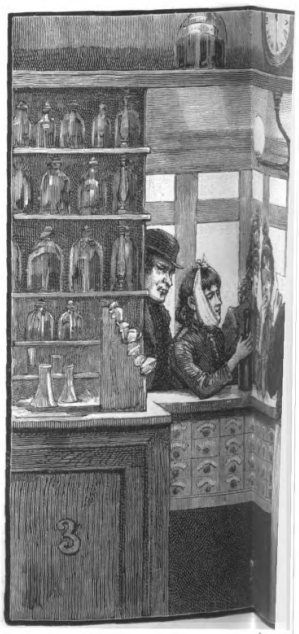




IN AN ACCIDENT WARD.



"DADDY"—IN AN ACCIDENT WARD.



HOSPITAL LIFE: SKETCHES AT THE





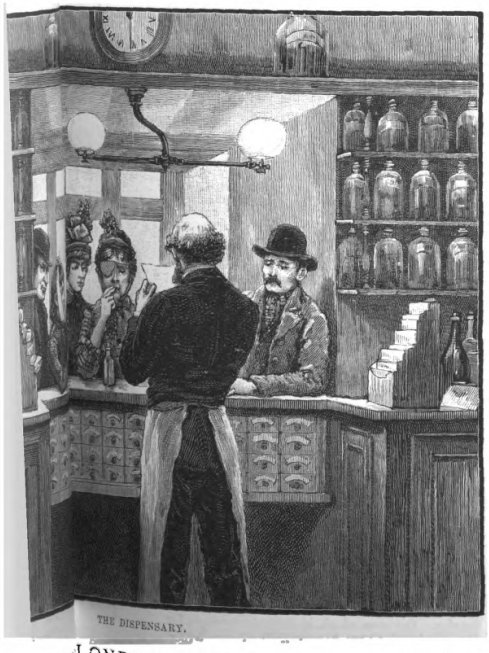
IN THE ROTHSCHILD WARD.



A DISPENSER.



A HOT-AIR BATH.



THE DISPENSARY.



A CHEERFUL PATIENT.



A PROBATIONER.

AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL, WHITECHAPEL.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The celebration of the tercentenary of the Armada has been curiously managed. The statement widely circulated, and left uncontradicted for months, that the chief Catholic Peer of England, who was so strangely chosen for the chairman of so essentially Protestant a celebration, had accepted that office on condition that Queen Elizabeth should not be mentioned in connection with the celebration, was alone calculated to deaden public interest. A memorial of the Armada without mention of Elizabeth would indeed be "Hamlet" with the title-rôle removed. The Armada was the last stroke in the long duel between Elizabeth and her natural heiress, Mary, Queen of Scots. Mary, reaching from the grave to strike this blow, bequeathed the realms of Britain to Philip of Spain, in the event of her own son remaining Protestant; in Babington's conspiracy, which immediately led to Mary's murder, the moving spirit was a Catholic priest who came to England as an emissary from Philip of Spain to promise aid to Mary's friends in making an effort for her; and the Armada was at once Philip's performance of his promises to the English Catholics and his attempt to secure the throne bequeathed to him by her whom Catholics necessarily considered as not merely the heiress to the Crown of England, but as the rightful owner in present fact of that crown, which Elizabeth had illegally usurped. It is appalling to read of the ill-preparation of England to meet the invasion; of how the Admiral had few war-ships, and no wages and but scanty rations for his men; of how Cecil simply gave it up, and went to bed sick with despair; and of how military commands were misbestowed. But with all the troubles and terrors of that great week just three hundred years ago, there was at the bottom the solid ground of safety of the popular love for and trust in the "admired Empress." False and faulty as she was, Elizabeth had great qualities, and the great heart of her England responded to them, and rallied round her at her appeal. An Armada celebration and Elizabeth ignored—preposterous!

Royal Commissions and strikes continue to claim attention for the sad problem of the overstocked female labour-market. It must have been a new experience for the Royal Commissioners on "sweating," when a quiet young woman sat down before them to demonstrate the untruth of an assertion that no more than four shillings per week could be earned by the most expert buttonhole makers. This worker executed her first buttonhole in a cloth coat in 4 minutes, the two next in 3½ minutes each, and the last in 3¼ minutes. By working at this rate for eleven hours daily she would earn twenty-six shillings per week. Yet it was admitted by the so-called "sweater," or middle-man employer, who brought her before the Commission, that the average earnings of a hand only amounted to about fifteen shillings; and, of course, this statement means that while some earn considerably more, many earn a great deal less than that—which may be taken, as far as I can judge, as the lowest sum on which a girl can live tolerably comfortably.

But in these variations in the wages in one employment may be perceived a turning point of the whole problem of wages. It is because the lower class of workers are so unskilled—because that either their form of labour is easily acquired and gives no scope for skill, or else that the individual has not enough skill in the labour—that the lowest workers are so very badly paid. The poor match-girls' business, for instance, is one in which the very slightest degree of natural ability suffices, and in which the highest skill possible is quickly attained. They do their work, certainly, with marvellous rapidity; but the skill implied in attaining to that rapidity is very small—any girl can do likewise after a few months' practice. Buttonholing is much more of an art. There are some people who can never learn to put their stitches rapidly with the accuracy and draw them with the precision of force that make good buttonholes. The really skilful women can, as that one showed the Royal Commission, earn good wages, such as not the quickest and cleverest match-girl can approach. This is clearly, then, not an arbitrary arrangement. Match-making is one of the least difficult forms of labour; it is practically unskilled labour, indeed; and the supply of such labour is so large compared with the amount of work that it can do that necessarily the wages of it are pushed down. It is so with male labour; it is yet more so with regard to female labour, because of the fewer employments for which women are eligible and their greater abundance, and hence the heavier competition amongst them for employment.

Such competition for the work inevitably brings down the wages. On what other principle can an employer fix his wages except on that of paying the lowest wages which will procure the labour he requires? And the greater the competition for work amongst the unskilled labourers the lower the wages which each of them will be thankful to accept for his work, down to just above starvation point. And the greater the numbers of the unskilled labourers seeking work the more severe must be such competition amongst them for employment. And so we arrive at last—surely by no dark or doubtful observations?—at the crux of the whole matter—the superabundance of population as compared with the capital available for its maintenance. The population of this kingdom continues to increase at nearly the rate of a thousand a day; a thousand more beings with all the human needs, to be satisfied only by human exertion, are born into our midst day by day, in excess of those who die. Neither the produce of our own soil nor the demand of other countries for our manufactured goods in return for their food products, increases in like proportion; and this pressure of population on the means of subsistence is the root cause of poverty, of low wages, and of the seething struggle of unskilled labourers—so sad to see, so cruel to be engaged in. Women, as the weaker sex—speaking from the industrial point of view—necessarily suffer most in that cruel struggle. But, sad and painful though the thought must be, it is impossible to avoid the conviction, if one sees the truth about the root of the evil, that no Royal Commissions or Inquiry Committees, or strikes or charitable funds or other temporary devices, can by any possibility really help those who suffer most. The only remedies are, alas! slow: they are those which increase individual intelligence and skill, as all educational efforts must do; which make parents more alive to their duties towards their offspring, so that men and women may be ashamed to look in the faces of children whom they cannot properly feed, warm, and educate in childhood, and train to skilful labour in youth; and which encourage the young swarms from the parent hive to take flight and settle in less crowded regions, where Nature's unexhausted fertility only awaits the appealing touch of her children to pour forth her riches into their hands.

Is all this dull? It is not so to me, and I would fain hope it is not so either to other women, whose sympathies can reach beyond the narrow range of their own attire and pretty surroundings. The world needs thought and effort from women, and it is of consequence that they should not be wasted. For those who can give money and believe that they can give nothing else, the support of a hospital may be commended as a simple good work. The provision of medical skill and comforts for the poor, disabled by sickness, often saves lives in their most valuable period when the support of a family depends on the parent's exertions, often averts years of hopeless illness, often prevents the extremity of hopeless physical pain. The New Hospital for Women, which has put forth an appeal for funds for a new building, is officered entirely by women physicians. Last year, in the small and inconvenient house in Marylebone-road where the hospital is now carried on, no fewer than 263 in-patients and 5163 out-patients, sought relief by means of the skill of doctors and surgeons of their own sex. Important operations are undertaken in the hospital, yet in the year there were only four deaths.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

CONVERSAZIONE AT KING'S COLLEGE.

In connection with the Lambeth Conference, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge received, on July 12, the dignitaries of the Church now assembled in London, at King's College. The Archbishop of Canterbury received the guests in the hall from eight to nine, and then followed a series of interesting addresses touching on the work done in their various districts, by the Bishops of Iowa, Calcutta, Sydney, and Rupert's Land. These addresses chiefly dwelt on the systematic method of promulgating truth, with due regard to the conditions and habits of the various nations and peoples, to whom the truth should be brought. In the intervals, the Rev. J. Bridger, with the artistic assistance of the magic lantern, lectured on "Work among Emigrants," and in the Natural History Museum, such interesting objects as the "Development of the Frog;" the "Third Eye of Vertebrates," and "Fresh Water Medusa" (*Limnocodium Sowerbii*) were exhibited. The Royal Artillery band performed a selection of secular music, the organ pealed occasionally in the chapel in deeper religious tones, in the Wheatstone Laboratory electric phenomena were shown by familiar experiments, mechanical and metallurgical works were in full operation in the lower basement; and every form of vital activity, from microscopic specimens to Handel's "Angels, ever bright and fair," sung by Miss Florence Monk, was placed before the eminent theologians and their friends for inspection or criticism. Among the various exhibits, special mention should be made of the models shown by the King's College School Mission, Lower Homerton, conducted by the Rev. E. L. G. Houndle—founder of many good clubs and classes—and the ecclesiastical needlework and panel pictures, the work of the Art College for Ladies, superintended by Miss Bennett, in South Wimbledon. The hangings of flax cloth, or "stayned linen," were of special excellence. The evening was one of pleasing memory, undisturbed by any conflict of dogmas.

A JOURNEY IN MONTENEGRO.

A report from Mr. Baring, British Agent at Cettinje, describing a tour which he recently made in Montenegro, has been laid before Parliament. At present, travelling in that country is perfectly safe and an escort is unnecessary; the people are civil and easy to get on with, but the roads in most cases are bad even for those on horseback. At the famous monastery of Ostrog, about twelve hours' journey from Cettinje, Mr. Baring saw the Montenegrin dance on the terrace at night. It is curious, but not graceful, the dancers displaying wonderful activity and suppleness of limb. "A ring is formed, and a man and woman begin the dance by springing as high as they can into the air with the arms raised above the head. After a few bounds they change sides with a prodigious spring, twisting round in the air as they pass. A couple will dance for a minute or so, and, when exhausted, will be succeeded by another couple, and so on." There is no musical accompaniment. Although everyone carries arms the people are orderly and well-behaved, and no quarrelling was observed. There is only a single road in the whole country—that from Cattaro to Rieka—fit for wheeled traffic, and there is practically no industry, for the pure Montenegrin has "an almost insuperable aversion" to industrial occupations. This is probably due to the old feeling that the trade of war is the only one in which a man can worthily engage. In Cettinje one must have recourse to a foreigner to have the simplest piece of work done; the tailors are from Scutari, the carpenters and painters from Trieste, the masons from Bosnia. The country is purely pastoral and agricultural; sheep and cattle are reared in considerable numbers in the districts annexed to Montenegro by the Berlin Treaty; but there is no market, and the oxen are poor and undersized. Little provision is made to feed the animals in winter, and many of them die of starvation. The forests cannot be used until the communication is improved. In reference to numerous applications from British mercantile houses, Mr. Baring says the import trade is extremely small, and is almost entirely in the hands of Trieste dealers, who give long credits. The imports are mainly groceries, cloth, cotton goods, hardware, glass, crockery—all of the commonest description, except the green and white cloth used for men's coats. If commercial travellers are sent a knowledge of Italian is absolutely indispensable. It has been suggested that a depôt or store of British goods at Antivari, from which retail dealers could draw supplies, would be advantageous. The manager of such a store, however, would have to know the language, character, and requirements of the people well.

A meeting was held on July 11, at the residence of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, for the purpose of hearing addresses on the present position of the co-operative movement among the labouring classes. Lord Brassey, who presided, said it was satisfactory to know that they had been successful in certain cases in establishing industries upon the co-operative method. In 1886 there were sixty-six productive societies, and the returns of sixty-one of them showed a share capital of £552,814, with a membership of 22,701. In connection with the meeting an exhibition of work produced by the co-operative system was held, in which some twenty-four different societies took part.

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THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

There are about eighty institutions described as "hospitals" within the metropolitan area; but twelve of these are large "general" hospitals, with schools of medicine attached to them. The others are mostly, in some sense or other, "special"—that is to say, they receive only patients of a particular description, as women or children, or patients of a single nationality, or patients suffering from a disease either of some single kind or of some single organ. An hospital for paralysis will serve as an illustration of the former class, and an hospital for diseases of the throat of the latter.

The twelve general hospitals, to which medical schools are attached, had, collectively, during the year 1887, a daily average of 3562 occupied beds; and in the course of the year they received 43,970 in-patients and 511,914 out-patients. The remaining sixty-nine had an average of 2115 occupied beds, and they received 24,648 in-patients and 493,337 out-patients.

Two of the great hospitals, St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's, are sufficiently endowed to be independent of contributions from the public; and Guy's, until quite recently, was in the same position. In consequence, however, of the lessened annual value of its estates, Guy's has now been compelled to seek for aid.

All the remaining institutions are at least partially dependent upon subscriptions and donations, and, failing these, are compelled either to refuse patients or to sacrifice investments. The actual total expenditure of the year 1887 is said to have exceeded the total income by nearly £100,000, and the deficiency must, of course, either remain as a debt or be supplied by the aid of such collections as those made on "Hospital Sunday" and "Hospital Saturday."

If we regard the great general hospitals, with their medical schools, it would be difficult to find any other human institutions which do so much good and so little harm. The medical and surgical officers of such hospitals are invariably the fittest men, who have passed satisfactorily through the ordeal of student life under the observation of those by whom they are ultimately selected as colleagues, and who have given proofs of the necessary ability and of the necessary industry at each successive step of their career. The best physicians and surgeons in general practice are often those who have derived their knowledge from what they have been taught at one of the general hospitals, and who bring that knowledge to the relief of numbers whom the hospitals may not directly benefit. Without the hospitals there would be no doctors, either for the rich or for the poor; and the great results, in the way of diminished mortality and of diminished suffering, which the last half century has witnessed, would not have been brought about. Every patient who is cured in a general hospital is a means by which the students and future practitioners of medicine add to their knowledge of the way in which diseases such as his should be controlled; and the indirect benefit to the community is manifestly very great in addition to the good of the immediate cure. For this reason the hospitals which possess medical schools are truly national institutions, not only charities for the benefit of the poor, but of equal value to all classes, and which should, therefore, be supported by all. It would be impossible, in the interests of the State, for any Government to allow them to languish, if a time ever came at which sufficient voluntary support were no longer supplied.

The London Hospital, in Whitechapel, is situated, where it is most needed, in the heart of the vast East-End population, roughly estimated at upwards of a million and a quarter, consisting mostly of artisans, workpeople, dock and railway labourers, sailors, and others, to whom it is the only refuge in cases of accident or serious illness. But this situation, which makes it so useful, renders it at the same time unlikely to attract the notice of the wealthier classes in London.

During the year 1887 there were 8863 in-patients treated within its walls. Of these 2381 were accidents, 3638 were extra urgent cases. There can be no doubt that the necessary closing of the wards of other large general hospitals has pushed a greater number than ever to the London Hospital, where, though the assured income is small and dependence is chiefly resting on voluntary contributions, the generosity of the public in past years has hitherto kept all the wards open. It is only once every five years that an appeal for maintenance is made, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the response to the present appeal may be as sufficient as those to the appeals of 1878 and 1883.

The average stay of an in-patient is nearly a month, at an average total cost of about five guineas, which, for the 8260 newly-admitted patients, makes a necessary expenditure of £43,365; the out-patients costing the comparatively small sum of £7500. No effort is spared to confine the benefits of the hospital to the poor, for whom it is intended—excluding both those who ought to pay for private medical attendance and those who should be dealt with by the parish authorities, except in cases of accident or urgency.

The assured income is little over £16,000, and the Hospital Sunday and Saturday Funds together go but two-fifths of the way to make up the required amount. The London Hospital has during the last few years suffered the loss of some of its most generous supporters by death, and it is to be hoped that others will come forward to supply their place, and that many will send in their names to the secretary promising to subscribe something for the next five years.

It may be mentioned that during the last period, 1883-88, it was found necessary to provide better accommodation for the nursing staff. This has been done, and now every nurse and probationer has her own separate bed-room; but now no enlargement of the hospital is either contemplated or would be desirable, and the pressing need for liberal help at the present time is merely to maintain this great hospital in working efficiency.

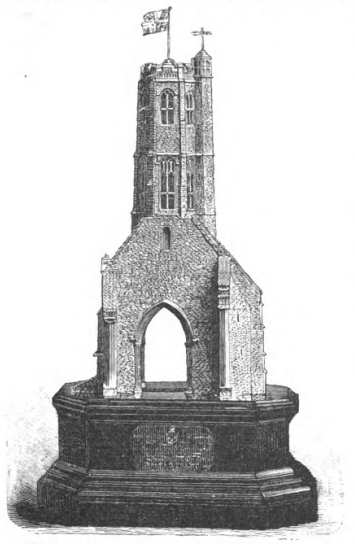
The foregoing statements are taken from the circular issued by the committee of management, and signed by the Duke of Cambridge, President; the Bishop of London, Cardinal Manning, Baron Leopold de Rothschild, Vice-Presidents; Mr. J. H. Buxton, Treasurer; and Mr. F. C. Carr-Gomm, Chairman of the house committee.

The first annual dinner of the Liberty and Property Defence League was given on July 12, at the Freemasons' Tavern, the Earl of Wemyss in the chair. Sir Massey Lopes proposed "The Houses of Parliament," and in doing so deprecated over-legislation. The Earl of Wemyss said the object of the League was to uphold liberty, and object to State interference, which they held to be injurious to the prosperity of the country.

In the presence of a large gathering, Mr. MacAndrew, of Westwood House, Little Horkesley, Essex, a native of Elgin, recently handed over the Muckle Cross of Elgin, which he has restored, to the custody of the Town Council. At a public banquet held in the Townhall, afterwards, Mr. MacAndrew was presented with the freedom of the city, in reply to which he said it was his early and pleasurable associations with Elgin that had made him present the restored Muckle Cross to the city. The cross, which is built somewhat on the lines of the Edinburgh Cross, was designed by Mr. Sydney Mitchell, Edinburgh.

THE LATE MR. W. E. FORSTER.

Life of the Right Hon. William Edward Forster. By T. Wemyss Reid. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall).—Political biography, in some instances, has seemed to be overlaid with extracts from debates, and with detailed records of Parliamentary or official business, amidst which the man himself is scarcely visible as a constant individual presence. But there is no lack of personal interest, as the reader will soon find, in this truthful and temperate account, by an able Liberal public writer, of the "Life" of one of the most honest and useful of contemporary English statesmen. Mr. Forster, who died on April 5, 1886, in his sixty-eighth year, was indeed a man of so unconventional a character, his thoughts and sentiments and manners were so little moulded by the more customary fashions of professional politicians, that an appreciative memoir of him could not fail to be engaging by the originality and independence of its subject. Mr. Wemyss Reid has treated the subject well, by allowing it to show itself in the man's public and private actions and expressions, rather than depicting or critically estimating their merits in a lengthened commentary. This book is fair and impartial history, as it appears to those who have a precise recollection of events, and it is not more laudatory than must be approved by the majority of Englishmen, Conservatives and Liberals, old enough to have watched every step of Mr. Forster's career. The significance of that career, in one respect, may be viewed together with those of Mr. Cobden and Mr. John Bright, men with whom Mr. Forster was not very intimately associated. They are eminent examples of the public virtues characteristic of the English commercial middle class, those members of it who have in this age been called by a spirit of duty to take a great part in affairs of State. Mr. Forster was not, indeed, one of those who owed their entrance into politics to the memorable efforts of the Anti-Corn-Law League; nor was he specially addicted to the advocacy of the Free Trade and Economy doctrines of "the Manchester School." Being from his early youth strongly imbued with the principles of Democracy, he differed from many other Radicals of that time in his higher idea of the functions of National Government, and of the rightful powers and responsibilities of the State, which he sought to apply more immediately to the education and protection of the people. He entertained, also, wider aspirations for the exercise of British Imperial power in distant colonies and dependencies, to prevent the oppression of



SILVER WEDDING GIFT OF THE TOWN OF KING'S LYNN: THE OLD GREY FRIARS' TOWER.

uncivilised races of mankind. These sentiments were inherent in his mind from the beginning of his manhood; and it is evident that in him they were genuine moral convictions. His latest idea, that of Confederation of the British dominions, was not inspired by the high-flown "Imperialism" of the Beaconsfield period. If he sometimes departed from the teaching of the excellent Quakers who had trained his boyhood, in asserting his readiness to go to war, in South Africa or in the Soudan, for the suppression of inhumanity, while he was a zealous supporter of our military defences, he was, nevertheless, a true friend of peace with all the nations of Europe. The intoxicating pride of Empire and the glitter of martial glory were abhorrent to his disposition. What lay at the bottom of his heart was the duty of the State to its own subjects and dependents. This noble motive, which arises essentially from true democratic views of politics, has never animated an English mind with greater force and constancy than it did that of Mr. Forster. It prompted him to pass the Education Act of 1870; and it sustained him, during the two years from May, 1880, to May, 1882, in his stern conflict with Irish agrarian outrages, simultaneously with relieving and protecting a distressed peasantry by the Irish Land Act. Equality of civil, social, and political rights was a principle deeply engraved in his understanding of national policy; this was his idea of justice, and he preferred it to the indulgence of a vague sentiment of "liberty." The biography, of course, discloses many personal and domestic incidents, which will attract readers who do not stand in need of fresh information concerning Mr. Forster's doings as a politician. His father, William Forster, of Tottenham and Bridport, a most zealous and devoted religious preacher and missionary of the Society of Friends, is known for his charitable labours during the Irish famine of 1847, and among the negro slaves in the United States, where he died. The mother of William Edward Forster was Anna Buxton, sister of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the eminent champion of the anti-slavery cause, herself likewise an active preacher among the "Friends." As his parents were by no means rich, William Edward Forster, after plain schooling up to the age of seventeen, was placed in a camlet factory at Norwich, to learn the management of the business; and subsequently, in the woollen



SILVER WEDDING GIFT FROM OFFICERS OF HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY: LAMP AND CIGAR CASE, IN FORM OF CUIRASSES AND KETTLEDRUMS.

factory of the Peases, at Darlington. He spent some time in London, and assisted his uncle, Sir T. F. Buxton, in correspondence, statistics, and literary work for the anti-slavery crusade. In 1841, he joined Mr. T. S. Fison as a wool-stapler, at Bradford; where, a few years later, with Mr. William Fison, he set up as a woollen manufacturer; and their factory was ultimately removed to Burley, near Otley, in Wharfedale. Mr. Foster seems, like Cobden, to have prospered quickly in business; he resided some time at Rawdon, Apperley Bridge, but, soon after his marriage, built a new house at Wharfeside. In the town of Bradford, among the robust, blunt, hard-headed Yorkshiremen of the working-class, he won great popularity, sympathising openly with the Chartists in their political aims, while he forbade all idea of resorting to violence. He accompanied his father's benevolent mission to Ireland during the famine, visited Paris in the Revolutionary year 1848, made the acquaintance of Carlyle, Emerson, the Rev. F. D. Maurice, and other persons of literary note, and contributed articles to the *Westminster Review*. In 1850, he married Miss Jane Arnold, daughter of the deceased Rev. Dr. Arnold, the eminent head-master of Rugby School. Mr. Forster then left the religious community of "Friends," called by the world "Quakers," but always kept up affectionate relations with its members whom he had before known. It was in 1857 that he was first proposed as a candidate for a seat in Parliament, and in February, 1861, he was elected for Bradford. In a cursory review of this book, little more need be said of his political career, which continued a quarter of a century without interruption. He was Under-Secretary for the Colonies at the end of 1865, and Vice-President of the Council, really Minister of Education, in 1868, holding office in the Cabinet in Mr. Gladstone's first Administration; and he passed the Ballot Act, in 1872. He was regarded as a fitting successor to Mr. Gladstone as leader of the Liberal Party in 1875, and bore an important part in opposing Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy, having visited Bulgaria and Turkey to obtain information. He was the first Chief Secretary to the Government of Ireland in Mr. Gladstone's second Ministry, directing the prosecution of Mr. Parnell and others, and afterwards ordering the suppression of the Land League, with the arrest, under a special Act, of hundreds of persons suspected of treasonable or seditious practices. Nearly 240 pages of the second volume are filled with the events of Mr. Forster's Irish Secretaryship, including private correspondence between him and Mr. Gladstone, which will be perused with much interest. Mr. Forster had more than one narrow escape from assassination at Dublin. In looking back over twenty-five years of such an active Parliamentary life, besides the subjects already noticed, we have to consider his attitude and sentiments with regard to various other questions: the American Civil War, the Alabama Claims, and the Geneva Arbitration; the Russo-Turkish War and its results in 1878; the Afghan War, the Zulu War, the Transvaal and Bechuanaland, the intervention in Egypt, the Soudan, Gordon, and the Khartoum Expedition. Mr. Forster always formed his own opinions, and maintained them with conscientious sincerity; he had the courage to displease some of his party by openly differing with them on several occasions. His integrity was never doubted, for his professions were never belied by his acts; but he gave temporary offence to the educational Secularists, and to some Nonconformists, by preserving the interests of schools founded with a view to religious instruction. On the question of Parliamentary Reform, no Radical was a more steadfast advocate of uniform household suffrage and the equitable allotment of constituencies; indeed, he helped to carry into effect the main principles of the original "People's Charter." His estimable and amiable private life, and the genial warmth of his family affections and social friendships, are shown by various pleasing anecdotes in this biography, which is a sufficiently copious memorial of a true Englishman, a faithful Christian, and a diligent servant of his country. We may call him "justum et tenacem propositi virum," among the men of our time.

The Bishop of Southwark distributed the prizes to the students of St. Joseph's College, Clapham, on July 12. The principal winners were the five successful matriculation candidates: Gilbert, Hare, Moore, Bonnevialle, and Watson.

According to the B Bill of Entry, the number of oxen and bulls imported during June was 32,227, against 37,260; 10,240 being received from Canada, against 16,441; and 14,629 from the Atlantic ports of the United States, against 11,745. The number of sheep imported was 85,686, against 93,371—including 56,366 from Germany, against 31,718; and 23,315 from Holland, against 58,594. The number of cows received was 5432, against 5463; calves, 5649, against 5806; and swine, 4293, against 3234.

A number of gentlemen, now on a visit to this country, on July 12 celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of the Canadian Federation by a banquet in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole. Mr. M'Leod Stewart (Mayor of Ottawa) presided; and amongst those present were Lord Lansdowne, Lord Knutsford, Sir Charles Tupper (High Commissioner for Canada), the Hon. Oliver Mowat (Premier of Ontario), Sir Adam Wilson (Chief Justice), the Hon. W. E. Sanford, Mr. Dalton M'Carthy, Q.C., Mr. D. Macmaster, Q.C., Mr. A. F. M'Intyre, Mr. Peter Redpath, Sir Francis De Winton, Colonel Bond (commanding the Wimbledon team), Mr. A. Staveley Hill, Q.C., M.P., Mr. J. H. Dodgson, Mr. J. J. Fellows, Mr. H. C. Boeton, Mr. J. E. Colmer, and others.

ROYAL SILVER WEDDING GIFTS.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been graciously pleased to accept a very handsome and useful present from the officers of the three regiments of Household Cavalry, in commemoration of his "Silver Wedding." It consists of a silver parcel-gilt and enamelled spirit-lamp and cigar-lighter, composed of three cuirasses, with strap and cartouche, surmounted by a guardsman's helmet, the plume of which furnishes the flame; on each side is a kettledrum, with crossed drumsticks for lighters; the whole resting on a moulded ebony plinth, embellished with a chased silver regimental trophy shield, bearing the following inscription:—"To H.R.H. the Colonel-in-Chief, from the officers of the Household Cavalry, March 10th, 1888." We give an Illustration of this unique and beautifully wrought piece of plate, which has been manufactured by Messrs. London and Ryder, 17, New Bond-street.

The casket, containing an address of congratulation to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales from the Corporation of Nottingham, was made out of some oaken piles, which about the year 1100 were driven into the bed of the river Trent at Nottingham to form the foundations of the old Trent Bridge, and were taken out in 1878 for the erection of the present new bridge. The carving is late Gothic in character, the lid and ends being conventionally treated with the oak-leaf. The front panels bear shields emblazoned with the Prince of Wales's feathers and the Nottingham borough arms. On the margin of the lid the names "Albert Edward," "Alexandra," and the dates "1863," "1888," are carved in fourteenth-century characters; and in the panel there is a silver plate, engraved with the following inscription, viz.:—"Address from the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the Borough of Nottingham to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales on the occasion of the celebration of their Silver Wedding." The back is ornamented with two elaborate silver hinge-plates and shields bearing an account of the origin of the oak and the names of designer and carver. All the mountings throughout and the key are of solid silver, the latter bearing the borough arms in coloured enamel. The address is an elaborate work of inscription on a vellum scroll, mounted on a blue-grey moiré silk, and edged with silver fringe. The casket and address were designed and illuminated by Mr. Arthur Marshall, A.R.I.B.A., architect; the carving was executed by Alfred Middlebrook, a student of the Recreation Evening Classes; and the silver fittings are the work of Mr. J. Till; all of Nottingham.

The Silver Wedding gift presented to their Royal Highnesses by the Corporation of King's Lynn is a model of the "Old Tower," which is regarded with pride and affection by the people of that town. This is the central tower of the church of the Grey Friars; it stood between the nave and the chancel of the church. A piece of the cloisters of the monastery stands southward, and this and the tower are now the only remains of the house of the Franciscans in Lynn. The model is of silver. The form of the roofs of the church is shown by the sloping lines on either side; above these in its elegance and strength rose the tower, perhaps unequalled for graceful beauty. It is in two storeys; the lower one opened into the church, and its beautifully groined roof can still be seen. The tower is hexagonal in form, the northern face being the staircase, which rises above the parapet. The whole building is of brick quoined with stone. The friars built it in the middle of the first half of the fifteenth century; but their monastery was founded in the thirteenth century. It was surrendered to the King on Oct. 1, 1539. Of its history little is known; but scholars of eminence were among its inmates, whose names and works are extant. The



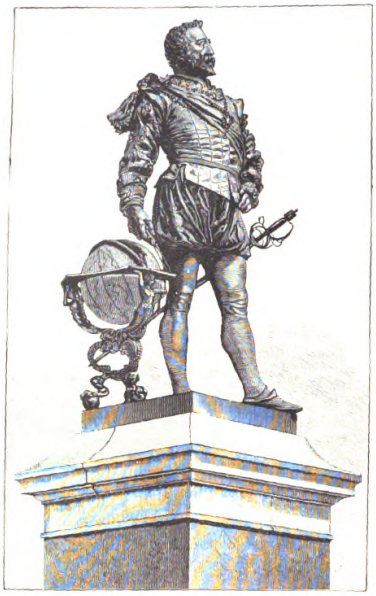
SILVER WEDDING GIFT FROM THE TOWN OF NOTTINGHAM: CASKET FROM WOOD OF PILES OF OLD TRENT BRIDGE.

model is mounted on a black ebony pedestal, with a silver plate bearing this inscription:—"The Grey Friars' Tower, King's Lynn. Presented to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, in commemoration of their Silver Wedding, March 10, 1888, by the town of Lynn. G. S. Woodwark, Mayor; T. G. Archer, Town Clerk."

At the present moment, when various schemes of emigration are being discussed, the *St. James's Gazette* calls attention to the plans of the Canadian Pacific Colonisation Corporation, which has recently been registered. The scope of the operations of the corporation are of a novel character, and may be classed mainly under three heads:—(1) The establishment of an agricultural college for the North-West, in which young men can go through a course of agricultural training calculated to fit them for profitably carrying on general farm operations. (2) The development of colonies in desirable centres in which a town will be established provided with clubs, library, reading-rooms, and all other conveniences necessary in a new country to prevent well-educated men degenerating in their leisure hours. (3) The starting and working of supply farms, cheese factories, creameries, and other industries suitable to the locality for the purpose of providing a market for products which must otherwise go to waste or be parted with at unremunerative prices. The work of the corporation will, we understand, be commenced by the acquirement of two properties, the first consisting of a rich tract of land in Manitoba within a short distance of Winnipeg, at present profitably worked for mixed farming, and on which there is a cheese factory in operation. The second property consists of about a hundred square miles of the most fertile country of Alberta district in the North-West, situated about sixty miles east of Calgary, well protected by the shelter of the Rocky Mountains, where cattle can graze all the year round owing to the favourable climate. The site of the first town to be established by the corporation has been selected adjoining the Alberta property, and is to be called Queenstown, and the necessary surveys are being made with a view to selling plots to the numerous persons who are eager to establish stores in the new town, which will be situated about twelve miles from Cluny, on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

THE PLYMOUTH STATUE OF DRAKE.

The tercentenary celebration of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, to which we devoted last week a series of Illustrations, with an historical narrative of that famous action, is commemorated especially at Plymouth, the port from which the English fleet sailed forth, under command of Lord Howard of Effingham, the Lord Admiral, on Saturday, July 20, 1588, to meet the enemy, who had been seen the day before off the coast of Cornwall. The Committee formed at Plymouth to arrange this celebration has not merely a local but a national character, including members resident in various parts of England; but it is intended to erect on Plymouth Hoe, at the sea-front of the town, which is a commanding situation adjacent to the old citadel, between Sutton Pool and Millbay, overlooking the Sound, a Memorial of the Defeat of the Armada, from the design of Mr. Herbert Gribble, architect, which will fitly stand in that place. It will consist of a granite column, with a figure of Britannia on the summit, and with other statuary, bronze portrait medallions, and inscribed tablets. The statue of Sir Francis Drake, on the Hoe, was uncovered about four years ago, not long after another statue of that bold and skilful sailor and valiant fighter had been unveiled in his native town of Tavistock, which is fifteen miles from Plymouth. It may be questioned, indeed, whether the town of Plymouth should not have preferred, as the first object of its local honours, in connection with the defeat of the Armada, to erect a statue of Sir John Hawkins, a Plymouth man, whose part in the series of conflicts that took place during ten days in the English Channel was actually more important than that of Drake, and by whose skill and industry, in his office as chief administrator of the Queen's Navy, the most powerful ships engaged on this occasion had been constructed and fitted out. Drake's fame as a naval warrior truly rests on his exploits of the preceding year, 1587, when he burnt all the Spanish store-ships in the harbour of Cadiz and defied the Spanish fleet at Lisbon, as well as on his frequent successful expeditions to the Canaries and the Azores, to the West Indies and the Spanish Main, from 1572 to 1585. His voyage of circumnavigation, which occupied nearly three years, from December, 1577, to November, 1580, was not undertaken in the interests of geographical science, or of commercial enterprise; nor were his acts of plunder, on that occasion, rendered legitimate by a state of avowed hostility between England and Spain. They were, however, condoned by Queen Elizabeth, who condescended to dine on board his ship at Deptford, and conferred on him the rank of knighthood. His legitimate services in 1587, under a regular commission from her Majesty's Government—of which the Queen repented a few days later, sending a messenger to bid him refrain from injuring the Spanish ports and fleets; happily for England, Sir Francis did not get this message, having already sailed—were of immense value to his country; for the Armada was then in preparation, and it might have arrived some months earlier than it did, and in greater force, had not Drake beforehand wrought such havoc on the coasts of Spain. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that for the special actions of July, 1588, the main credit is due to Lord Charles Howard and Sir John Hawkins, while Frobisher, Lord Henry Seymour, Sir William Wynter (Wintour), Lord Thomas Howard, Lords Sheffield and Cumberland, contributed, equally with Drake, to the victorious result; those last named being chiefly engaged in the final great battle off Gravelines, on July 29, after which Captain Fenner and others pursued the enemy into the North Sea. These remarks are made not in disparagement of Sir Francis Drake, who was one of the bravest and readiest of English fighting seamen that ever lived; but he became the hero of popular anecdotes which have somewhat exaggerated his share in the actual repulse of the Spanish Armada. We hope that Sir John Hawkins will likewise have a statue erected to his memory at Plymouth.



STATUE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, ON THE HOE, AT PLYMOUTH.

NEW ENGLISH CHURCH AT BELLAGIO.

The new church just completed at Bellagio, on the Lake of Como, North Italy, was formally dedicated, on Whit Sunday, by Bishop Marsden, acting by commission from the Bishop of Gibraltar. Among the congregation was the Bishop of Truro. This church, which has been erected under the auspices of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, is beautifully situated at the south end of the town, and well above the lake. Its style is Early English, and it stands out in pleasing contrast with the Italian buildings of the town. The plinths and cappings of the buttresses are of granite from Erba, which lies between Como and Lecco; the walls are of dark blue limestone from Maltrasio, near the well-known Villa d'Este; and the mouldings of the doorways and rose windows are of light cream-coloured limestone from Saltrio. The site was selected, and the general design and arrangements of the church were determined, by Sir John Coode, chairman of the building-fund committee. The architect was Signor Casartelli, of Como, and the contractor was Signor Arighi, of Casnate.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution held on Thursday, July 12, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, its silver medal, accompanied by a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum and framed, was awarded to Mr. William Niles, *in recognition of his long and faithful services as coxswain of the Cardigan life-boat.* He has assisted to save fifty-three lives from various wrecked vessels. Rewards amounting to £236 were also granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month. The Caister No. 2 life-boat rescued the crew, consisting of twenty-seven men, from the ship Tay, of Glasgow, which was totally wrecked on the Hasborough Sands during a strong north-east wind and a heavy sea. The life-boat stationed at Runswick, Yorkshire, piloted safely ashore seven fishing-cobles which were in danger, having been overtaken by a heavy gale with a tremendous sea, on Tuesday, July 10. Rewards were also granted to the crew of a fishing-boat and others for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £3025 were made on the 293 life-boats of the institution. New life-boats have been recently sent to Hauxley, Southport, Baddon Ness, and Broughty Ferry.

COLON AND THE PANAMA SHIP CANAL.

A series of Illustrations of the works of the Ship Canal, which is being constructed by the French Company under the presidency of M. Ferdinand De Lesseps, across the isthmus of Panama, to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean, with a correct description of that magnificent undertaking, lately appeared in two Numbers of this Journal. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, arrived at the Atlantic port of the Canal, which is Colon, near Aspinwall, on Feb. 25, and thence passed in a steam-boat up that portion of the canal already made available for the Company's servants employed in the works. He has also sent us a Sketch of the view in the main street of Colon, with the railroad which runs along its length. The houses of every class, the side pavements, and the wharves of the port, are constructed entirely of timber; and the present town is quite new, having been rebuilt after a fire three years ago. Aspinwall, the terminus of the Panama Railroad, is close by, and is a port of considerable traffic.

LATE SIR W. OWEN LANYON, C.B., K.C.M.G.

At the church of St. Jude, Southsea—which is the property of his cousin, the Hon. Mrs. Nelson Byng, and in which are other memorials of this family—on the fifth anniversary of the death of Lady Lanyon, was opened a side chapel, erected in loving memory of the late Sir W. Owen Lanyon, C.B., and of his wife. The chapel, on the site of the old south porch, externally, is built of flint stones, corresponding with the rest of the church, and has a lean-to roof against the south side aisle, finished by half-gables, with a centre gable pierced by a rose-window. On the east side is a single-light, tracery-headed window. Under the rose-window are the words "In Memoriam" and the monograms of the late Sir Owen and Lady Lanyon. The interior walls are of Bath stone, diapered; and the roof is vaulted and groined in the same material; the panels next to the apex are of tinted glass, to get a top light. A deeply-moulded cut-stone arch, 9 ft. wide, opens into the church. The centre bay of the arch is carried by two polished Devonshire marble columns, having carved cups and bases. In a panel round the arch is the following text:—"Where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest." Immediately facing this arch, on a richly-carved table, is placed the white marble monument, designed and executed by Onslow Ford, A.R.A. On the face of the table is the text "She is not dead but sleepeth" (Luke viii. 5). On the table are two polished brass vases, filled with white lilies and other flowers. The window in the east wall is filled with glass painted by Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bains, representing St. Jude. Opposite is a panel corresponding with this window, filled in with Venetian mosaic work by Messrs. Burke and Co. The upper part contains an heraldic design—the arms of the Lanyon and Levy families, the knight's helmet and plumes, the Orders of the K.C.M.G., C.B., and Osmanieh, and the various medals gained by Sir Owen. Below these is the following inscription:—

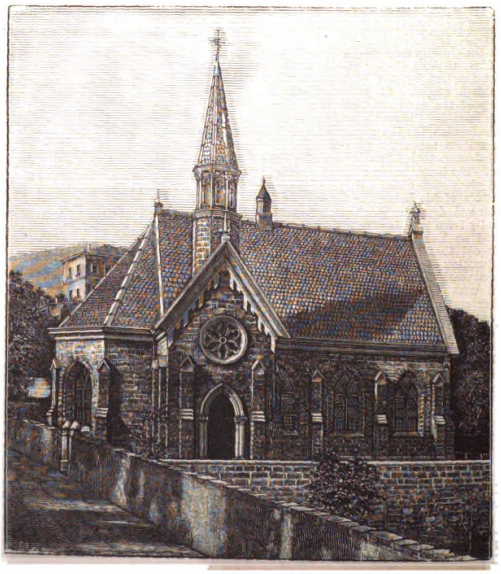
This Monumental Chapel has been erected to the glory of God and in loving memory of Colonel Sir William Owen Lanyon, C.B., K.C.M.G., who died in New York on the 5th day of April, 1887, in his 48th year, and also of his wife, Florence, who died in London on the 6th day of May, 1883, in her 32nd year. They lie in the same grave in Brompton Cemetery, London.

There are two steps of red polished Devonshire marble. The floor is mosaic-work; in which are the initials "F. and W. O. L."; and on the step below, the word "Resurgam." Two brass standards divide the chapel from the side aisle. From the vaulting is suspended a sanctuary lamp of polished brass. The building has been carried out by Messrs. Pinker Brothers, of Havant, from the design of Sir Owen's eldest brother, Mr. J. Lanyon, of Belfast.

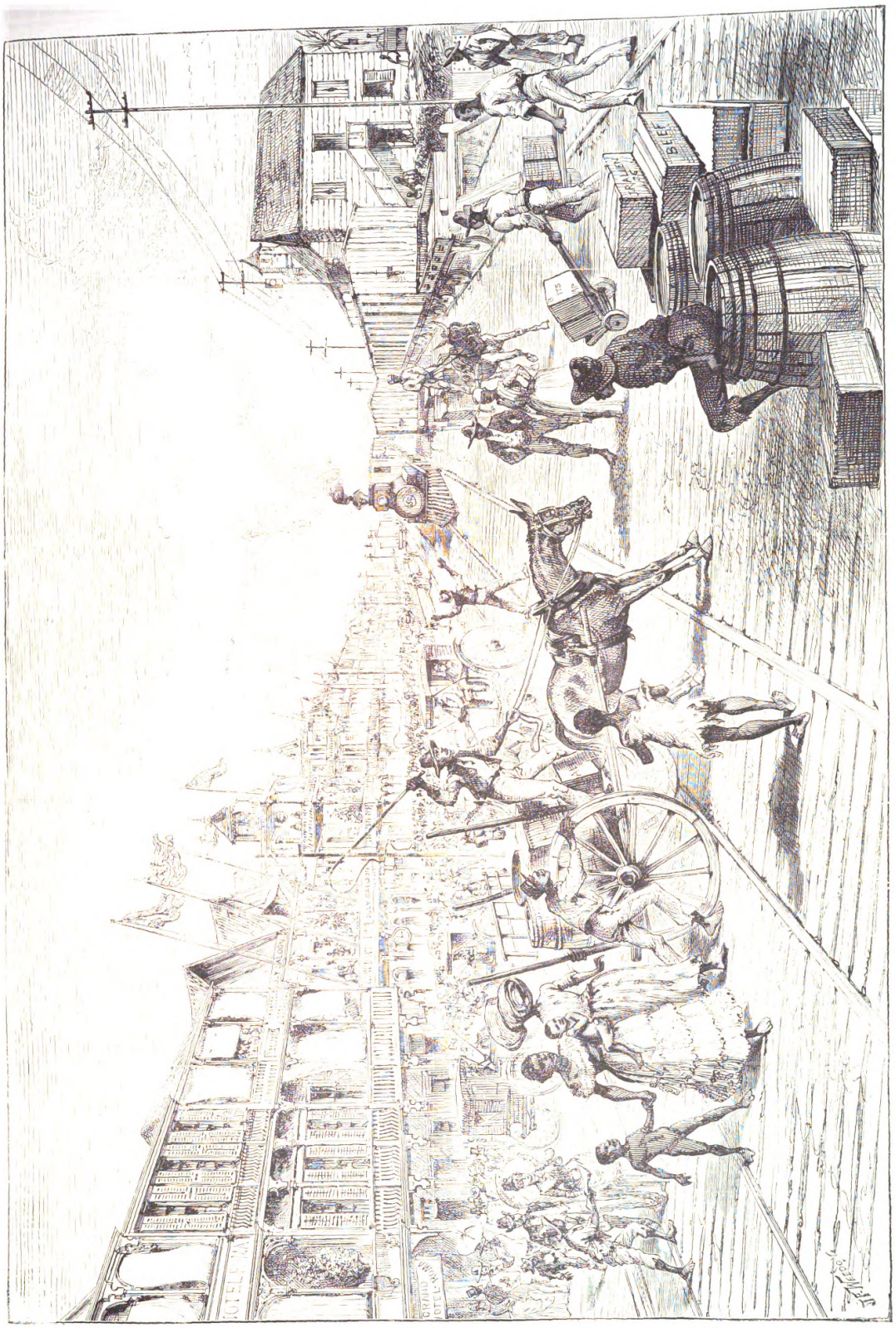
Colonel Sartorius, of the 1st Beloochees, who recently marched throughout the Southern Shan and Red Karen country, has made an interesting and elaborate report on the country traversed. He speaks highly of the district. Iron ore of extraordinary richness was found at Saga. Tin is plentiful in Lower Kerennie, and coal in abundance exists at the Lowelon mountain. Silver, saltpetre, and sulphur were also found. The Rosambhe Lake is described as being as beautiful as the lakes of Cashmere; while the cataracts of Kazor, 130 ft. high, are, perhaps, the finest in the East. Colonel Sartorius dwells on the improvement and revival of trade which have already taken place in districts within reach of the influence of Fort Sedman, where a British garrison is maintained.



MEMORIAL CHAPEL TO THE LATE SIR W. OWEN LANYON AND HIS WIFE, ST. JUDE'S, SOUTHSEA.



NEW ENGLISH CHURCH AT BELLAGIO, LAKE OF COMO.



ACROSS TWO OCEANS: COLON, THE ATLANTIC TERMINUS OF THE PANAMA SHIP CANAL.
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

The first thing I did on arriving in Frankfort was to take my seat in the baronial dining-hall of the Hôtel X——, and to wrestle with the table-d'hôte dinner. Opposite me sat a very gentle and civilised German and his pale, blonde wife, whose delicate face was just beginning to yellow into wrinkles. This worthy pair, evidently well-to-do people, ordered *half a bottle* of Médoc, which they shared, diluted with much water, and seemed happy. Alas! this spectacle filled me with sadness, for it was a proof that the woes and mockeries of travel had begun. These good people would certainly have preferred their national beverage, beer; but the German hotel tables d'hôte are too stuck-up to permit beer-drinking, and the profits on wine are too great to be sacrificed. In some hotels there is a notice posted to the effect that if you do not drink wine, the dinner will be reckoned one mark dearer.

After a tremendous one o'clock meal, I sallied forth to explore the town, and found it gay, elegant, well-kept, and prosperous. The old town round the red sandstone cathedral abounds in quaint corners and picturesque narrow streets. The river, with its bridges, and its stream dotted with timber-rafts, the glimpses of the town and its towers and spires, the panorama from this point and from that—all amuse the eye and provide subjects for the photographer. On the quay called the Schöne Aussicht, or *belle vue*, I noticed on No. 17 a memorial-tablet announcing that in this house Arthur Schopenhauer used to live, and I have no doubt he had a good time there, his pessimistic point of view being just as conducive to happiness as any other. In the pursuit of happiness one of the chiefest conditions of success is not so much a point of view as a good stomach, and as Schopenhauer dined contentedly for many years at a table d'hôte, as his biographer tells us, I conclude that he must necessarily have been a man of singularly serene mind and imperturbable powers of digestion.

To judge from the display in the shop-windows the Frankforters are especially proud of two things—the marble group of Ariadne in the Bekmann Museum, which you see reproduced in all materials from alabaster down to gingerbread, and the Imperial family and the three Emperors of 1888. I saw the three Emperors—old William, Frederick, and young William—stamped on pocket-handkerchiefs, cast in bronze and terra-cotta, carved on the bowls of briar-root pipes, painted on porcelain pipes, embroidered on sofa-cushions, printed on fearful chromo-lithographs. Photographs of the Emperor Frederick on his death-bed, with the Empress shedding big pear-shaped tears on the counterpane, and below the inscription, "Lerne zu leiden ohne zu klagen," are sold by hundreds As for the present Emperor, his portrait and that of his wife and children are to be seen everywhere, the family groups being especially in favour. And what groups!—the ideal of a Putney green-grocer. The Emperor, in uniform, with his arm round the Empress's waist, standing on the brink of a photographer's imaginary lake, and the Imperial children sitting in a "property" boat. A veritable sentimental German family group!

Towards nightfall the aspect of Frankfort becomes very interesting and amusing. The great show street and promenade in Frankfort is the Ziel, where the fine shops are situated, and where the beaux and the belles walk up and down. At evening, too, the cafés become evident, but they are not audacious and flaunting like those of Paris. As soon as the gas is lighted the curtains are closely drawn, and some of the best cafés are up one or two flights of steps on the first or second floors: the Frankforter, like the Dutchman, seems to prefer to drink his beer in private, far from the eyes of the madding crowd, and the spectacle of the street does not interest him. Very wonderful are some of these cafés, notably one in the Schiller Strasse: a monumental place with wrought iron vines trailing up cast iron pillars and branching out ingeniously into incommodious hat-pegs; a ceiling decorated with the signs of the zodiac intermingled with cupids, monkeys, and a vague Temptation of St. Antony; walls decorated with frescoes in the style of Schnorr von Carolsfeld; a stupendous bar presided over by a statuesque lady of Flemish proportions; the whole inundated with a blaze of electric light. In this café I fought successfully against a gigantic glass of beer, and read the leader in the *Anzeiger*, in which the writer treated the subject of "Boulangismus," and in a short column and a quarter found means to quote Aristophanes, Cicero, and Madame Roland, translating the original in footnotes for the benefit of the less erudite. Bravo, Herr Doctor! What a blessed thing it is to have frequented the University of Göttingen, and to have learnt to be learned with ostentation!

With its irregular streets and irregular houses, some antique, with quaint gables and innumerable windows; some modern, surmounted by skeleton signs and meshes of telegraph-wires; with its multitude of Renaissance cupolas and bulbous spires, its green masses of shade trees looming up out of the mysterious obscurity, and contrasting with the glaring electric-lamp of some go-ahead "Restauration," Frankfort at night is suggestive at once of New York and of Nuremberg; it is a charming and not inharmonious mixture of past and present—of oldtime ways and nineteenth-century progress.

CASSEL.

Statistics show Cassel to be a town of some 60,000 inhabitants, and the indulgent observer would doubtless pronounce it to be an animated commercial centre. It boasts a vast railway station; a monumental "Regierung" or Government palace; a huge post-office; and a handsome modern Bilder Gallerie, in the most approved Renaissance style, enriched with Greek ornaments, and surmounted by reproductions of the bronze winged "Victory" which is the jewel of the Museum Fredericanum. There is a steam-tramway at Cassel, and horse-cars, and well-paved streets. But all this is of little interest: the charm of Cassel is the old town, such as the Electors made it; the round Königs Platz; the Gothic church, the Friedrichs Platz with its fine eighteenth-century electoral palace, its statue of the Landgrave Frederick II., its Bellevue terrace overlooking the tree-tops of the Aue Park which Le Notre laid out—the Cassel that abounds in quaint old houses with pointed or convoluted gables, and in squares and irregular places planted with luxuriant shade-trees.

At the end of the Bellevue, which is naturally the fashionable promenade of Cassel, is a round temple, or belvedere, in the Neo-Greek style invented by the French architects of the eighteenth century. From here the view is wide-sweeping and imposing. Beyond the park you see the green valley of the Fulda fading away into the blue distance, where the purple hills close it around and form the horizon; in the other direction you see the town climbing up one hill and down another, and finally sloping towards the old castle and the Fulda bridge, and joining the open fields. The comparison with Athens suggests itself: the Bellevue is the Acropolis of Cassel and the Bilder Gallerie its Parthenon. Doubtless, this comparison must have occurred to the old Landgraves who vied with each other in making these German Residenz towns centres of literary and artistic culture, and who ruined themselves and their subjects in imitating the costly splendour of Versailles and the magnificence of the Grand Monarque. In the making of Cassel there were three influences at work—feudal, French, and Neo-Greco-Roman; exemplified still by the old Schloss, by the Friedrichs Platz and the Aue Park laid out by Le Notre, and by the triumphal arch of the Auethor and the new picture gallery which is the outcome of the terrible Neo-Greco-Roman distemper which has been devastating Germany for now a century.

With all this, Cassel, the Cassel of the days of the Electors, is complete in itself with its castle, its archives, its library, its museums, its river, its park, and charming promenades. All that is wanting to make the town absolutely ideal is a handsome old Landgrave at the head of a literary and artistic Court—a Landgrave who would ride in a gorgeous coach, and have his servants dressed in gay livery. If while strolling one evening along the Bellevue the Landgrave's coach should appear, and behind it that of the Chevalier Jacques De Casanova, recently arrived in the town with swindling intentions, nobody would be surprised or embarrassed. Like all the ex-Residenz towns, Cassel has retained something of its courtly past, and all the modern improvements seem to be mere temporary excrescences that have *no raison d'être*.

As you pass along the Friedrichs Platz of an evening you will see in the open loggia of a café a whole family—men, women, and children—sitting calmly around a few beer-pots, thinking matters over and looking for all the world like one of those family portraits by the old Dutch masters—a "Familienbild" by Gonzales Coques, for instance. Such a group might be taken as a symbol of the town of Cassel: it is an old-fashioned place, musing sleepily over the past and accepting the present without enthusiasm, as if it were all a dream.

Cassel an animated commercial town! This is not possible. One cannot reconcile these spacious promenades and shady squares with serious business, except of such a kind as is indicated by a frequent signboard on which is announced this strange combination of commerce: "Wood, Coal, Bottled Beer, and Potatoes"—"Holz, Kohlen, Flaschenbier, Kartoffeln." And, after selling the usual amount of coal, bottled beer, and potatoes, the good tradesmen of Cassel light their penny cigars, and, with their wives and children, take an evening stroll along the Bellevue, admire the "schöne Aussicht," and so to bed. On Sundays, too, in summer, they will take the tramway to Wilhelmshöhe, to see the fountains play. And so they pass their lives in sleepy, charming Cassel, where even the spurs of the military men clink discreetly.

Nevertheless, for the traveller of artistic tastes Cassel must always remain a place of pilgrimage. The Museum possesses a most important collection of pictures, including no less than twenty Rembrandts of the first quality—notably the painter's wife, Saskia Van Uelenbergh, dressed as a bride; the portrait of Nicolaus Bruyningh; the portrait of a man in armour; and "Jacob Blessing Ephraim and Manasseh." In order to see such paintings as these one would willingly brave the direst *ennui* and the most porcine developments of German cookery.—T. C.

GOOD SAMARITANS.

Pessimistic philosophers and literary cynics who delight in railing against this world and its inhabitants, and in commenting upon the fever and unintelligibility of life, and the faults and failings, the weaknesses and vices of humanity, are invited to remember the good deeds that are daily being done by Good Samaritans. It is surely something very pleasant to think of: the number of persons who live mainly, if not entirely, for the benefit of their fellow-creatures, and devote themselves with unselfish energy to the task of increasing the sum of human happiness. The moralist often reminds us of the woes and sorrows of the poor, and they cannot be disputed; he tells us of the grievous ills that flow from social inequalities—of the half-starved vagrant that hides his sores and his rags in some loathsome cellar; of the mother who stitches day and night at the slop-seller's hard bargain, in order to keep body and soul together for her children and herself. The picture, God knows! is a gloomy one; but it is only fair to remember the other side of it: to think of the men and women who are never so happy as when penetrating into the haunts of poverty and the abodes of wretchedness, carrying with them material help and practical sympathy—feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, encouraging the despondent, soothing the mourner; and all this without thought or expectation of reward, even of that reward of advertised publicity which falls to the lot of the Good Samaritans who respond to the appeals of charitable associations. There are, alas! too many pilgrims who lie down by the wayside, ill and exhausted, wounded almost unto the death, and for whom no helpful strangers come with oil and bandage to rescue them, and send them on their way rejoicing. There are too many who perish through long waiting. This, however, is not the fault of our Good Samaritans, but of those social difficulties which too often erect an iron barrier between them and the afflicted whom they would only too gladly relieve if they knew of their distressful condition. Perhaps, too, the number of such cases is too great to be overtaken by the agency even of the most active private benevolence. But the fact remains that, to the great honour and glory of human nature, the Good Samaritans are at this very moment engaged in their noble work; and that hundreds of hearts are throbbing with unaccustomed emotions of joy and gratitude, as the tender hands bind up the sufferer's wounds, and the strong arm supports him to his feet, and the consoling voice bids him be of good cheer, for the darkness and the night are passing away, and God's light begins to shine over the distant hills.

I suppose that, at some time or other, most of us need the aid of the Good Samaritan. Few can get through life without sympathy; many are the better for kindly advice; and some would be borne down in the lost battle if no helping hand were extended to them. When we discover the falsehood of the friend in whom we have placed our all of hope and faith; when Death takes from us those whose affection has been our stay and support, and the most precious thing we possessed or could desire; when the great aim and object of our exertions is baffled by unforeseen accidents; when the cherished dream of our young ambition is suddenly and rudely swept aside; when our feet are lacerated by the thorns that have started up in our path, and our spirits sink at the sight of the menacing shadows that gather around it—then it is that we hail with gratitude the inspiring presence of the Good Samaritan, and are reconciled to our lot by the feeling that we are not left to bear the pressure of our anxieties unaided and alone.

I suppose, too, that at some time or other most of us can, in our turn, play the Good Samaritan's part. The poorest can be rich in kindly words, in tender wishes, in earnest prayers; and we may know from our own experience that, in the hour of trial, these may be helpful and profitable exceedingly. If we have not the two pence, like the Samaritan in the parable, we can surely provide the oil and the wine; and if these be wanting, we have still at our disposal the boundless resource of thoughts that breathe and words that glow with the spirit of love and tenderness. Next to the pleasure of receiving a kindness—and there is no greater pleasure, for it kindles and sustains one's faith in human nature—is the pleasure of doing one. "A brother to relieve," says Burns, "how exquisite the bliss!" When that Good Samaritan had cleansed and bound the wayfarer's wounds, and poured in the oil and the wine, and provided for his future comfort, I can fancy that he walked with a lighter step, and held his head more erect, in the secret consciousness that he had done something for the welfare of his fellow-man. In this way, charity is twice blessed: it blesses him that gives and him that receives, and the Good Samaritan shares in the happiness of which he is the author.

However numerous the ills of life—and I deny neither their number nor their severity—its alleviations are at least as many. Why, there are more Good Samaritans than the world wots of, if you will but take the trouble to look for them, and have the wisdom to make use of them. I think a valuable essay might be written by some competent hand on the therapeutics of books—on their influence in healing or mitigating the maladies of the mind or heart. You will remember that some hints towards so admirable a science are thrown out by Pisistratus Caxton. For the irremediable sorrows of middle life and old age, he recommends the study of a new language; or you may take, like Goethe, to the study of a new science. For hypochondria and satiety, he says, nothing is better than a brisk alterative course of travel; and for that vice of the mind which we call sectarianism, what can equal a large and generous, mildly aperient course of history! "But when some one sorrow, that is yet reparable, gets hold of your mind like a monomania, oh! then diet yourself well on biography—the biography of good and great men." Of this I am convinced: that books are the best of Good Samaritans! They never weary of you; they never change towards you; they are unlimited in their gentle offices: and they expect no gratitude! And you can turn from one to the other at your will, always seeking that which is best adapted to the present trouble. Open your heart, my friend, and let them pour in the oil which will heal your wounds and the wine which will brace up your nerves! Open your heart, and take freely of the consolation which they are ready freely to bestow. To these Good Samaritans you can confide your most secret griefs, and their sympathy will never fail you. They will supply you with whatever you lack the most—courage, hopefulness, patience, fortitude, or forgetfulness. They will rouse you in your despondency; direct you in your perplexity; console you in your anguish. They will take you away from the contemplation of your petty ills, and lift you into a larger sphere of thought and vision. Stanley's "Life of Dr. Arnold"; that wonderful book, the "Imitatio Christi"; Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living"; Pascal's "Pensées"; Bishop Wilson's "Sacra Privata"—of which Matthew Arnold was so fond; Sir Thomas Browne's "Hydriotaphia"; Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus"; Wordsworth's "Prelude":—here be friends on whose friendship you may make exhaustive draughts without fear of coming to an end. Here be friends who, whatever your anxiety, will trace it to its cause, and prove to you its littleness. Oh, those great griefs of yours! How small the space which they really fill: how slight, after all, is the scar which they leave behind them! According to Diodorus, the inscription on the great Egyptian library was, "The Medicine of the Mind." But I prefer to think of books as "Good Samaritans," their companionship being a moral as well as an intellectual good, their beneficence operating on the heart as well as on the brain, on the feelings and emotions no less than on the intellect.

Then Nature also is prepared to fulfil the office of a Good Samaritan for those who will trust themselves to her bosom. She, too, like one's books, is ever at hand—ever ready to receive one's confidences, ever willing to bestow of her benedictions with a generous liberality. She never stints her consolation or her encouragement. She gives us of her best, and so elevates the mind into a different and more exalted world; supporting us in gloomy hours by the high thought that we belong to God; upholding, cheering us, and impressing upon us that "our noisy years" are but as moments "in the long of the eternal Silence." With one impulse from a vernal wood, with one breath of fragrance from a flowering hedgerow, she fills the veins with fresh activity and banishes the cobwebs which have gathered about the inactive mind. The majestic silences of the mountains or the mysterious voices of the seas, the cheerful splendour of the summer morning or the solemn pomp of the sunset, the bright gaiety of the ripening cornfields or the austere solitude of the autumnal groves—with these she will soothe or stimulate the soul, restrain or support it, according to its necessity. Therefore, be you once and always a lover of the meadows, the woods, and the mountains—of all that this green earth commands—of all the mighty world of eye and ear, both what they half create and what they only perceive:—

> Well pleased to recognise
> In nature and the language of the sense,
> The anchor of your purest thoughts, the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of your heart, and soul
> Of all your moral being.

in a word, the Good Samaritan, who waits, with largesse of oil and wine, to minister to your needs, be they great or little.

I might invite the reader to look at Art in the capacity of a Good Samaritan, and dwell upon the consolation which it may be made to afford, and the lessons which can be extracted from it; but I have said enough, if I have succeeded in indicating certain sources as available for our inspiration, our strength, our recuperation, in the manifold chances and changes of life, when the "helping hand" of friend or benefactor may not be forthcoming; or, as supplemental to that "helpful hand," and yielding a more permanent and less onerous pleasure. But, after all, when we are in want of the Good Samaritan, the best thing we can do is, according to our means, to play the Good Samaritan to others. While we are binding up *their* wounds, be sure our own will heal! W. H. D.-A.

The sale of the Londesborough collection was concluded on July 11, when the Celtic and Saxon antiquities, coins, &c., were disposed of. The total realised by the six days' sale of 980 lots was £25,647.

The *tableaux vivants* at the Anglo-Danish Exhibition, which were temporarily suspended on account of the Silver Wedding Fête, have been resumed, and are supplemented by a special performance twice daily by the Hayward troupe. The Amager peasants, who were absent from the Danish Village during the Silver Fête, have also resumed their vocation.

The new church of St. Philip, Buckingham Palace-road, in the parish of St. Michael, Chester-square, was consecrated on July 12 by the Bishop of Marlborough. The church is close to Ebury-square and the Grosvenor Working-Men's Club, and will supply church accommodation, especially for the poorer classes in that district. The seats, numbering about 750, are to be free and unappropriated. The church site has been presented as a free gift by the Duke of Westminster, who has also contributed the munificent sum of £5000. A district will shortly be given to the church, of which the Rev. W. C. Gib is the Vicar-Elect. Some handsome gifts have been presented, including a new organ by Colonel Paley.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 10, 1887) of the Right Hon. Jane Frederica Harriot Mary, Countess of Caledon, late of Tyttenhanger Park, St. Albans, Herts, who died on March 30 last, was proved on July 7 by the Hon. Walter Philip Alexander, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testatrix makes bequests to her son, the Earl of Caledon, and her other children; and gives legacies to her maid and servants. Some articles of jewellery are made heirlooms to go with the mansion-house at Caledon, in the county of Tyrone. The residue of her property she leaves to her three younger children, Walter Philip, Charles, and Jane Charlotte Elizabeth.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Sheriffdom of Berwick, of the disposition and settlement (dated May 21, 1886) of Sir William Marjoribanks, Bart., J.P., D.L., of Lees, Berwickshire, who died at Torquay on Feb. 22 last, granted to Dame Frances Anne Marjoribanks, the widow, Watson Askew, and Charles Bowman Logan, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on July 3, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £25,000.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1886) of the Rev. Robert Andrews, late of Middleton, Essex, who died on April 28 last, was proved on July 5 by George William Andrewes, the brother, George Lancelot Andrewes, the nephew, and Henry Crabb Canham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £94,000. The testator gives one fifth of all his real and personal estate to the children of his brother George William and the issue of any deceased child; one fifth is given, in a similar manner, to the children of his brothers Charles and William Nesfield, and his sister Ann; and the remaining fifth to the children, and the issue of any deceased child, of his sister Frances Jane Fearon, except Charles Tatham Fearon, who is otherwise provided for.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1887) of Mr. Frank Ash Yeo, J.P., M.P. for the Gower Division of Glamorganshire, late of Sketty Hall, in that county, who died on March 4 last, was proved on June 21, by Mrs. Mary Dawson Yeo, the widow, Frank Cory Yeo, the son, and John Viriamu Jones, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £68,000. The testator bequeaths all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, effects, horses and carriages, and £7000 to his wife; £3000 and certain shares of the nominal value of £38,000 to his son Frank Cory; certain shares of the nominal value of £40,000 to his son John Arthur Ash; and legacies to his executor, Mr. Jones, to his brother, and to a nephew. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife and his five children, Frank Cory, Mary Woollacot Goodwin, Sarah Louisa, Ethel Jane, and John Arthur Ash, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 19, 1888) of Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, F.R.G.S., J.P., D.L., formerly M.P., late of Frampton Court, Dorsetshire, who died on May 2 last at No. 33, Wimpole-street, was proved at the Blandford District Registry on June 28 by Algernon Thomas Brinsley Sheridan, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being sworn under £50,000. The testator makes provision for his daughter, Helena Charlotte; and appoints to his said son certain moneys in settlement. The Stafford Vase, and his plate, jewellery, books, pictures, &c., are made heirlooms to go with Frampton Court, but his daughter is to have the use for life of part. He bequeaths £100 Three-per-Cent Consols, upon trust, the income to be applied in tending as a garden the piece of ground added by him to the churchyard of Frome Vauchurch; and there are bequests to Adelaide Budden and to the widow of his bailiff. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1883) of Mr. Benjamin William Farey, late of "Salamanca," Farquhar-road, Upper Norwood, who died on May 9 last, was proved on June 27 by Mrs. Eliza Farey, the widow, Edward Farey, and Charles Westley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £41,000. The testator leaves £1000 to his nephew, Arthur John Ikin; an annuity of £60 to his uncle, James Barnard; £100 each to his executors, Mr. Farey and Mr. Westley; £10,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then as to £4000 for each of his wife's nephews, Charles Barnard Westley and Arthur William Westley, and as to £2000 to Barnard Rood; and the residue of his property to his wife.

The will (dated March 30, 1882), with three codicils (two dated Dec. 11, 1885, and the other May 7, 1888), of Mr. John Bruce, late of South Park, Wadhurst, Sussex, who died on May 16 last, was proved on July 4 by John Warrington Haward, Edward Horsman Bailey, and William Robert White, the executors, except as to property in the United States or elsewhere out of the United Kingdom, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £34,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 each to St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park-corner, and the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street; £1000 each to the Scottish Hospital in London of the foundation of Charles II., and the Royal Caledonian Asylum, Caledonian-road, Holloway; £12,000 to Mr. J. W. Haward, in gratitude for his professional services as a surgeon; £3000 to another surgeon; £7000 to his valet; £2500 each to his two nurses; £3000 to his architect; £2000 each to his coachman and footman; £1000 each to his gardener, second coachman, and footman; £600 to his housekeeper; and other considerable legacies. As to the residue of his property, he gives one half to the said Mr. J. W. Haward, and the other half between his cousins, William Nicoll and Henry D. Nicoll.

The will (dated June 16, 1879) of Mr. Thomas Rider, J.P., late of Boughton Park, Boughton Monchelsea, Kent, and Saint Clears, in the county of Carmarthen, who died on March 25 last, was proved on June 26 by George Lloyd, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his daughter, Caroline.

The will of Mr. Joseph Yellowly Watson, F.G.S., J.P., late of Thorpe Grange, Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex, who died on May 18 last, was proved on July 9, by Joseph Yellowly Watson and William Hudson Howard Watson, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £12,000. The testator gives legacies to his wife and children. All his real estate (not under settlement) and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for the use of herself and his unmarried daughters; and on her death to be realised and divided among his children, the same as the settled property.

The annual dinner in aid of the funds of the Metropolitan Hospital, formerly known as the Metropolitan Free Hospital, was held on July 11 at the Hôtel Métropole. The chairman in the course of his speech said the London hospitals got £650,000 a year, and of this only £42,000 was received from the patients who go there, while the institutions were at the present moment £100,000 a year short of the money necessary to carry them on. In conclusion, he appealed for funds for the hospital, which, he said, was unable to occupy all its beds because of the difficulty in getting money at the present time. The subscriptions amounted to £2031.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

MESCAS (Potosi, Mexico).—The problem is undoubtedly wrong, and has often been proved so. In your proposed solution, however, you fail to notice the effect of a check on Black playing 4. Kt to Q 7th and 5. Kt to K 5th (ch). The following seems a quicker way than the published answer:—1. Q to R 4th (ch), R interposes; 2. Q to B 8th (ch), R interposes; 3. Q to K 6th (ch), R interposes; 4. K to R 6th, any move but K to B sq (a); 5. Q to K 8th (ch), R interposes; 6. Q to K 7th, R to B 2nd; 7. Q to Kt 3rd (ch), K moves, and mates next move. If (a) Black play 4. K to B sq, then 5. B to Q 4th, &c.

PERCY ANDREA (Clapham).—R to Q Kt 6th does not solve No. 2307, so that the correction still requires correcting.

SIGNOR ASPA.—Thanks for problems. No. 1 is too easy, and, as good port ought to be, curiously old. The other is good, and shall appear in due course.

J DIXON (Colchester).—We give the latest news up to the time of going to press.

H COOPER (Baileybury).—Your problem shows some idea of construction, but Black is too much overwhelmed from the first.

J DALY (Chatham).—Please send a diagram of your amended position. We do not clearly understand your corrections.

T BAIT (Mooselaw, Canada).—Allowance is always made for solvers living so far away. In your proposed solution of No. 2305 there is no mate when Black plays K to Kt 3rd, as the K takes P when Q plays to B 8th for that move. In No. 2304, after 2. Q to K 2nd, B interposes.

J W MARCHANT.—In Problem No. 2295 the move is wrongly printed; it ought to have been 1. B to K 6th, not B 6th. In No. 2294, if Q B P takes Q, then 2. B takes P (mate).

C E P.—Your answer to No. 2307 did not reach us. You are wrong in thinking there is a second solution by 1. B to R 7th, for the simple reason there is not a B on the board. We have replied to 2305, see below.

NUMEROUS correspondents write as about No. 2305, requiring to know why 1. K to Kt 2nd does not solve the problem. The defence is 1. Q takes B, and when White continues, as our solvers propose, by 2. Kt to B 7th, Black replies with 2. Q to Kt sq (ch), and no mate follows.

PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from Mrs W J Baird, F Besley, J G Campbell, A Newman, and L Desanges.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2304 received from G Hewitt (Middle Cobbay); of No. 2305 from Columbus, J W Shaw (Montreal), T Mann (New York), and An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.); of No. 2307 from A Wheeler, C E P, U E Boy, Joseph T Pullen, and J D; of No. 2308 from A Wheeler, J W Marchant, F E Boys, T Schmucke, Joseph T Pullen, W Shaw (Sheffield), Dane John, John G Grant, E Crane, Farsley Baptist Institute, James Sage, Sergeant, Hereward, Nos Redna (Leeds), T Bockmann, and W P Welch.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2309 received from W R Baillie, Joseph T Pullen, A Wheeler, J A Schmucke, H H Brooks, J D Tucker (Leeds), R Worters (Canterbury), Dane John, A Hunter, Jupiter Junior, H Lucas, E Caselis (Paris), A Newman, J Hepworth Shaw, T G (Ware), W W W, Thomas Chown, Dr F St. John Short, E E H, James Sage, Sergeant, T Roberts, D Motley, Major Prichard, G J Veale, Percy Andrea (Clapham), R F N Banks, Shadforth, and E Phillips.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2307.

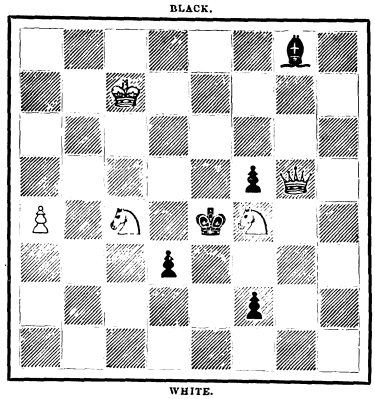
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to R 3rd	Kt to Q 5th
2. Q to B 8th (ch)	K takes Q
3. It takes R. Mate.	

If Black play 1. K to K 5th, then 2. Q to Q 3rd (ch), &c.; if 1. R to K 6th (!), then 2. Q takes R, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2311.

By GODFREY HEATHCOTE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the match between Mr. JACOBS and Mr. LOMAN.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to R B 4th	P to Q 4th	17.	Q takes Kt
2. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	18. R to B 3rd	Kt to K sq
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q B 4th	19. R to R 3rd	P to K B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
5. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd	Black meets the attack, such as it is, steadily. The last two moves are well-timed.	
6. P to Q R 3rd	B to K 2nd		
7. B to Q Kt 5th	B to Q 2nd	20. P to K Kt 4th	B to B 3rd
8. Castles		21. P to Q 4th	
Better to take the Q Kt at once.		Shutting the B out of the game, and allowing the adverse K Kt to take up a strong position at K 5th.	
9.	Q to Kt 3rd		
9. P to Q B 4th		21.	Kt to Q 3rd
A weak move, which gives Black an immediate advantage.		22. P to K Kt 5th	B to Q sq
9.	P to Q R 3rd	23. B to K B 3rd	Kt to K 5th
10. P takes P	P takes P	24. B takes Kt	B P takes B
11. B to K 2nd		25. It takes P	
Loss of time again; the Kt should have been taken.		A bold but unsound sacrifice. The R can be safely taken.	
11.	Kt to Q R 4th	25.	K takes R
12. P to Q Kt 4th	P takes P	26. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to Kt sq
13. B to Q 4th	Q to Q sq	27. P to Kt 6th	R to B 4th
14. Kt to K 5th		28. Q to R 7th (ch)	K moves
We can see no object in this move. Why not take the P and bring the Q Kt into play?		29. Kt to Kt 5th	
		Q to R 8th (ch) and taking the P would have been better; but the K could escape, and the game is lost in any case.	
14.	Kt to Q B 3rd		
15. B to Kt 2nd	P takes P	29.	K to K sq
16. Kt takes P	Castles	30. B to R 3rd	B to K 2nd
17. Kt takes B		31. Q takes P	P takes Kt, and White resigned.

Time. White has the worst of the game, but an attack might have been ventured upon here by P to Kt 4th.

Tyneside chess has suffered a great loss by the death of Mr. William Mitchenson, for thirty years one of the most prominent players in the district. He particularly distinguished himself by his studies in Pawn-end games, some fine examples of which were contributed to Mr. Staunton's periodical, the *Chess World*. Many others appeared in various chess columns, and their peculiar ingenuity delighted students wherever the game was played. He was also a well-known problem composer, and, for many years, a contributor to this column.

The match between Messrs. Jacobs and Loman, at the City Chess Club, one of the games of which is given above, terminated in favour of the former gentleman, who scored 7 against his opponent's 4.

In the Irish Chess Club Handicap Mr. Blackburne has succeeded in raising his score to 10; and, as he has one more game to play, it is probable the result will be a tie between him and Mr. Gunsberg for first and second prizes.

A conference of the representatives of commercial interests and members of Parliament was held at the rooms of the Society of Arts, on July 11, to consider the Bill recently introduced into the House of Lords by the Lord Chancellor to amend the Companies' Act. Mr. Chamberlain condemned the measure as bad by reason both of what it contained and what it did not contain, and said he was not sorry it was to be included among the proposals which the Government had decided to abandon. A resolution was adopted declaring that no legislation on the subject would be satisfactory which did not include provision for the winding up of insolvent limited liability companies in the local bankruptcy courts in the same way as insolvent private firms or individuals.

NOVELS.

The Fatal Three. By the author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. Three vols. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).—Miss Braddon's power of conceiving and conducting to its final crisis a story of passionate and sympathetic interest has not been exhausted by nearly fifty works of that kind; while she has risen into a purer moral atmosphere, and her later novels commend themselves, in a high degree, to minds seriously occupied with the problems of right living and duty. It is to be regretted that a tale of modern English domestic life, involving personal embarrassments caused by the English High Church prejudice against marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and in which there is no suggestion of supernatural agencies, should bear a title alluding to the Greek Fates. "Clotho, or Spinning the Thread," "Lachesis, or the Meter of Destiny," and "Atropos, or That which Must Be," could well be spared from their nominal presidency over the incidents told, respectively, in each of these three volumes. The proper functions ascribed to them by ancient mythology were concerned with the single life of an individual, not with the dramatic development of mutual relations between several persons, in which all human experience finds the inevitable effects of preceding actions and situations. But this is not, after all, a fatalist story; for the heroine, Mildred Greswold, owes her mental sufferings to a mistaken religious idea, and to her own voluntary choice under its influence; while her husband's distress is the result of a combination of incidents, in his earlier life, the actual bearings of which are long misunderstood; and in the end, when these are discovered, the problem that has separated an affectionate wedded pair is happily solved. The subject, therefore, is entirely free both from real guilt of any kind, on either part, and from the gloomy heathenish notion of an overwhelming necessity for inflicting or enduring evil; there is no slavery to wrongful passions, no vindictiveness, no hatred of anybody. With all this wholesomeness and gentleness of feeling, there is abundant strength of purpose, and the conflicting currents of emotion flow with unfailing force. In explanation of the plot, which has the merits of originality and possibility, it may be stated that Mildred is the daughter and heiress of Mr. John Fausset, a wealthy retired merchant, who in her childhood, against the wish of Mrs. Fausset, brought to his house an older girl, of unknown parentage, said to be a distant relation of his own family; this girl, called Fay, was disliked and slighted by Mr. Fausset's jealous wife, suspecting her to be an illegitimate child of his, born some years before his marriage. Fay was soon packed off to a Brussels boarding-school, and nothing more has been heard of her until long after Mr. and Mrs. Fausset have died. Mildred, in the mean time, has grown up, and has become the wife of George Greswold, a country gentleman, who is an excellent husband. Their happy life at Enderby Manor, near Romsey, their care for the poor of the village, the outbreak of typhoid fever, owing to the accidental poisoning of milk with water from a condemned well, and the death of their only child, are described with pathetic tenderness, and with minute truthfulness of detail. Grief has a strange effect on George Greswold, who is liable to fits of depression, in which he talks wildly to himself, as he does also in his sleep. Overhearing some words, Mildred is led to fear that he is oppressed with the secret memory of some terrible event in his earlier life. They meet, unfortunately, in the society of their country neighbours, an Italian named Castellani, educated in England, an accomplished musician, and author of an admired book, who knew Greswold formerly at Nice. He reminds Greswold that they met, as he says to him, "soon after your first marriage." Mildred had never before heard that her husband was a widower at the time she married him; and his having concealed this fact, along with his mysterious suffering from some painful reminiscences, of which he refuses at first to give any account, excites grievous apprehensions in her mind. She loses confidence in him, and there is a certain degree of estrangement; but one day, frankly and tenderly appealing to him for an explanation, she is shown the photograph of his first wife, in whom she recognises Fay, the companion for some months of her childhood. Mildred had been told by her mother, Mrs. Fausset, that she had sufficient grounds for believing Fay to be Mr. Fausset's daughter before they married. The identification of Fay with George Greswold's first wife might not seem a very dreadful matter; but a section of the Anglican clergy has imposed on feeble and ignorant people the utterly false opinion, derived from stupidity or fraud in the Dark Ages, denounced by all Protestant communions, and belied notoriously by frequent special dispensations from the heads of the Roman Catholic Church, that for a woman to marry a man who has once married her sister is a sin of "incest." Poor Mrs. Greswold, being the victim of this cruel delusion and of the baneful counsels of her favourite clergyman, the Rev. Clement Cancellor, believing that Fay was her half-sister, fancies it is her duty to forsake a most affectionate and faithful husband, though her union with him stands perfectly valid in law. She goes abroad, with his niece, Miss Pamela Ransome, and on the shores of Lago Maggiore again encounters Castellani, who nearly proposes to take advantage of her unprotected position. Being scornfully repelled, he taunts her with having taken for a husband a man suspected of murdering his first wife. She then goes to Nice, gets information from a resident there, Lady Lochinvar, and learns that George Greswold, in his youth, having married a young Englishwoman studying music at Milan, lived unhappily with her in a lone cottage near Nice, till she was killed by falling from a cliff. He was accused of the crime, but as he seemed to be insane, was released after being confined in the local public asylum. Mildred's visit to this place, and her personal inquiries, which are admirably narrated, convince her that he was not guilty of the murder, while they fully account for his agonising remembrances. On her return to England, though she hastens to see her unhappy husband—a scene described with much depth and delicacy of feeling—she persists in living apart from him, and, resolving to devote herself to labours of religious charity, joins Miss Fausset, her father's sister, a rich elderly lady at Brighton, who is the zealous and munificent patroness of Church work in that town. Mildred appears likely to succeed her aunt, whose health is declining, in this career of devout and pious effort, and never to resume her proper place as a wife; but a still more astonishing discovery is in store for her. Among the old papers left by her father, she accidentally finds a bundle of letters proving that Miss Fausset herself, betrayed by a mock marriage with Castellani's father, was the mother of Fay, whom her brother had privately educated before attempting to introduce her into his house, and who afterwards took a different name. This, of course, puts an end to Mrs. Greswold's scruples, and she returns at length to cheer the home of an excellent man who had been very severely tried; while Miss Fausset, who had been somewhat of a hypocrite, and was unnaturally averse to her own offspring, though an innocent victim in the misfortune that gave it birth, makes a full confession to her niece before she dies. It is not a story of Fate, or "the Fates"; but it is a very interesting story. The subordinate figures and incidents, especially those of Mrs. Hillersdon's visiting party, with her questionable antecedents, do not contribute much to its value.

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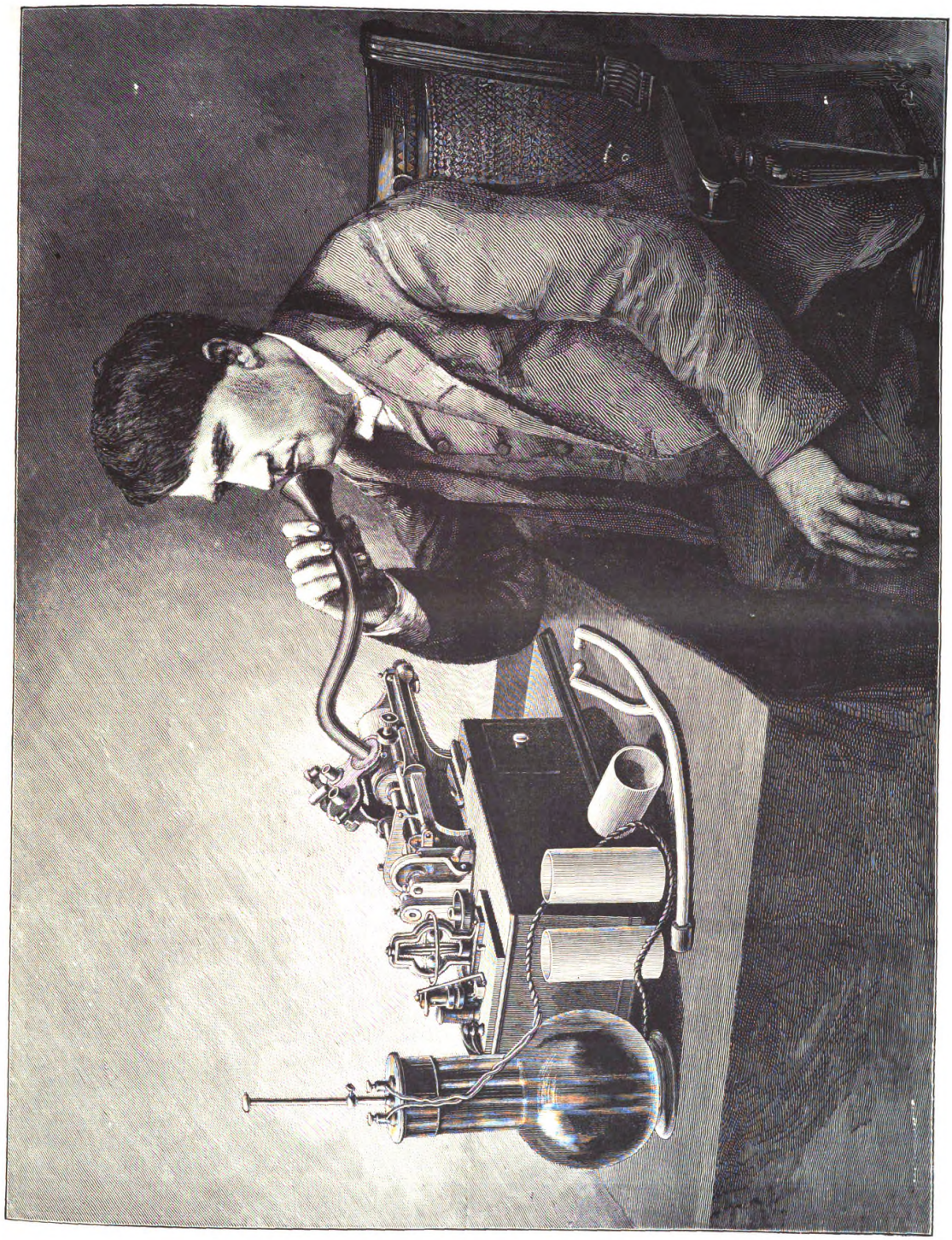
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MR. EDISON SPEAKING THROUGH THE PERFECTED PHONOGRAPH IN AMERICA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A STATESMAN'S RETREAT.

A statesman in the retirement of his Tusculum is always a pleasing picture—the contrast is so great between the forum and the council-chamber, and the sunny seat on the garden terrace or the quiet nook in the blooming orchard. For my part, I think Charles James Fox at St. Anne's-hill a much more lovable and attractive figure than Charles James Fox at St. Stephen's. His moral nature seems to have been purified and elevated by the fresh rural air, and all that was best in the man developed by the sweet sunshine of Heaven, which he enjoyed so thoroughly. One sees in him the fond, devoted husband, the genial host, the kind master, the faithful friend, and, not least, the accomplished scholar, whose love of letters graced and beautified his leisure. Fox thundering in the House of Commons against an irresistible majority I regard as altogether an ignobler and certainly a much less happier person than Fox at St. Anne's, discussing, with fine critical taste, the classics of Greece and Rome, or the masterpieces of French and Italian literature. It is curious to note that of the Latin poets he preferred Ovid, though Horace has been the usual favourite with men of the world; of the Greek tragedians, Euripides, with his profound pathos; and of the ancient historians, Herodotus, with his large simplicness and genial receptivity. He was a great student of the drama, and of our old English poets an assiduous reader and warm admirer. Sometimes he beguiled an idle hour at St. Anne's by writing verses, which were about as good as most of those verses which clever men write who are not poets.

From his correspondence with his young nephew, Lord Holland, it appears that he was well acquainted with the Spanish as well as Italian authors. On one occasion he writes: "I will keep your books for you, nor do I know that there are any, except perhaps the 'Parnass' [a collection of Spanish poems] that I shall beg of you. I have hitherto looked very little into them. I read one novel, 'El Cochero honroso,' which I thought very poor; one thing in Cadalso, 'La Violeta' [a prose satire], or some such name, which I like exceedingly; and 'Galatea' [a pastoral romance, by Cervantes], in which there are many pretty things, but not much genius. Cervantes's style in this, and, I think, in some other things, appears to me to be formed entirely upon Boccaccio—whom, by-the-way, I do not know that he anywhere mentions—and it appears to me to be forcible, or affecting, or descriptive, precisely in proportion as it resembles its original." Again, he writes: "I have been reading Ariosto, and I declare I like him better than ever. If I were to know but one language besides my own, it should be Italian." And next he has something to say about the immortal poet to whom a great living statesman has devoted a much closer and more scholarly, if not a more loving, consideration: "If you will not read the 'Iliad' regularly through," he says, "pray read the tenth book, or, at least, the first half of it. It is a part I never heard particularly celebrated; but I think the beginning of it more true in the description of the uneasiness in the Greek army, and the solicitude of the different chiefs, than anything almost in the poem. . . . You see, I have never done with Homer, and, indeed, if there was nothing else, except Virgil and Ariosto, one should never want reading."

At St. Anne's, Fox received his intimate friends, delighting them by the fresh flavour of his conversation, and drawing them to him by the warmth of his nature and the kindliness of his disposition. Everybody knows the inscription on the monument of the accomplished Elizabethan, Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke—"Here lies Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and *friend to Sir Philip Sidney*." But everybody may not remember that a similar boast of honourable friendship is made by Lord John Townshend, who desired to be described on his gravestone by the title of which he was proudest—"*The friend and companion of Mr. Fox.*" There was something in Fox that laid hold upon men's hearts: I suppose it was the keen interest he took in everything connected with the people he knew. He made them feel that he was concerned for them and about them; and you can pay a man no greater compliment than to show that you value him so much as to care about what befalls him.

How delightful, says Earl Stanhope, must Fox have been as a companion! How frank, how rich, how varied his flow of conversation! 'Twas certainly no small privilege to be admitted to his beautiful rural retreat; to sit by his side beneath the cedars which he had planted; to hear him in eloquent discourse upon the books he loved and the men he knew. Mr. Greville tells us that Talleyrand was never tired of expatiating upon Fox's simplicity, almost boyish gaiety, vivacity, and yet, at times, his profoundness. And ah! with what sunny humour did he make a jest of his indolence at St. Anne's! Once, when Rogers remarked on the pleasantness of lying upon the greensward all day with a book in one's hand, the idler rejoined: "Yes; but why with a book?" Though, perhaps, there was more wisdom than idleness in this rejoinder, since a man ought, at times, to suffice to himself. How genial was his aspect, when, walking with slow, gouty feet, but with radiant countenance, and a laugh in his voice, along his garden alleys, he expanded his broad breast, inhaled the fragrant airs, and, at intervals, exclaimed: "Oh, how fine a thing is life!" He had a keen relish—this giant of debate, this Ajax of the political arena—for the sweet sights and sounds of Nature; and enjoyed, with an unrestrained enjoyment, the pleasure of a warm June day, or a balmy April morning, with "a sweet, westerly wind, a beautiful sun, all the thorns and elms just budding, and the nightingales just beginning to sing." In one of his letters, our statesman-off-duty exclaims, in a kind of lyrical rapture: "If ever there was a place that might be called the seat of true happiness, St. Anne's is the place!" Here he loitered about the green fields, plucked the scented blossom from the hawthorn-hedge, and with curious eye watched the growth of his vegetables and fruits. "Where is Fox now?" said a friend to General Fitzpatrick, at a critical moment in the French Revolution, "Where is Fox now?" "I dare say he is at home," was the answer, "sitting on a haycock, reading novels, and watching the jays steal his cherries."

The grounds, which were very agreeable, with some admirable prospects of wood and water, Fox liked to see kept in excellent order. He erected at different points a small temple as a memorial of Henry Lord Holland attaining his majority, a pyramid, and some vases with poetical inscriptions. Such things were according to the taste of his day: they were the juvenilities of the art of the landscape-gardener. Altogether, he was so happy at St. Anne's that one wonders St. Stephen's could ever draw him from it. To be the leader of a great political party—to be the object of the eulogies of one half of your countrymen and the target of the execrations of the other half—is, no doubt, a grand and glorious position; but there are some among us who can never be persuaded that the fever and unrest of the Forum furnish anything like a satisfactory equivalent for the repose and tranquillity of the Tusculum!

W. H. D.-A.

EDISON'S PERFECTED PHONOGRAPH.

The improved apparatus devised by Professor Edison, of Orange, New Jersey, in the United States, to perfect his wonderful acoustic machine, by which spoken words or music, inscribing their precise tones, syllables, and accents, on cylindrical rollers of wax, can be afterwards repeated at any distance of place and time, continues to excite public curiosity. We gave last week an Illustration of the hearing of the first message from America, a letter dictated to the machine by Mr. Edison, in his laboratory, at three o'clock in the morning, on June 16, which was repeated, without the loss of a word, on July 25, by a corresponding machine, at the house of his agent in England, Colonel Gourand, Little Menlo, Beulah Spa, Upper Norwood; the waxen record or "phonogram" having been sent to England by mail steam-ship. The Illustration given in the present Number, from a photograph, is that of Mr. Edison speaking this message to the machine; and, in order to render the parts of the instrument more clear, the following explanation will be interesting. To the left is the electric motive power, in this case a bichromate bottle battery. To the right of this is the motor box; above it is the regulator. Under Edison's recording or speaking tube is the wax cylinder, placed over an iron core. The projecting rod in front of the cylinder is an index to the contacts of the phonogram. In front of the box are three wax cylinders or phonograms. In front of these is a branched tube, the "earphone," for more certainly excluding outside noises; this is to be fitted over the receiving tube—that on the frame to the left of the recording tube. By a swift and exact arrangement, either of these tubes can be shifted, when required, to its place over the wax cylinder.

We are informed that extensive preparations have been made, in America, for the manufacture of these machines; the works at present under construction having a capacity of making two hundred machines a day. There will be a variety of forms of phonographs adapted to different purposes, and of various prices. The form to be first made available to the public will be similar to the one sent to Colonel Gourand by Mr. Edison, and is expected to be sold for about £20. It will be found both useful and amusing.

Rear-Admiral Robert A. E. Scott has been awarded the Flag-Officer's Greenwich Hospital pension of £150 a year, void by the death of Admiral George Goldsmith.

The competition for the Charles Lucas Medal at the Royal Academy of Music was decided on July 14. The prize was awarded to Dora Bright.

The Bishop of Rochester presided on July 16 at a meeting of his diocesan society, when the following grants were made:—£250 for the church of St. Barnabas, Gillingham; £100 towards the endowment of St. Luke, Reigate; £200 for a parsonage for the parish of St. Stephen, Battersea; and £1063 for stipends of mission-clergymen, scripture-readers, and mission-women.

In London 3520 births and 1288 deaths were registered in the week ending July 14. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 205, and the deaths 460, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 1 from small-pox, 26 from measles, 18 from scarlet fever, 24 from diphtheria, 32 from whooping-cough, 12 from enteric fever, 1 from an undefined form of continued fever, 72 from diarrhœa and dysentery, and 3 from cholera and choleraic diarrhœa. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs were 164, being 43 below the average.

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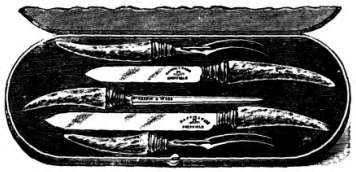
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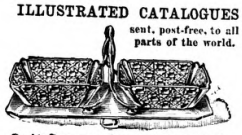
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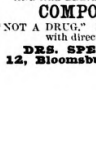
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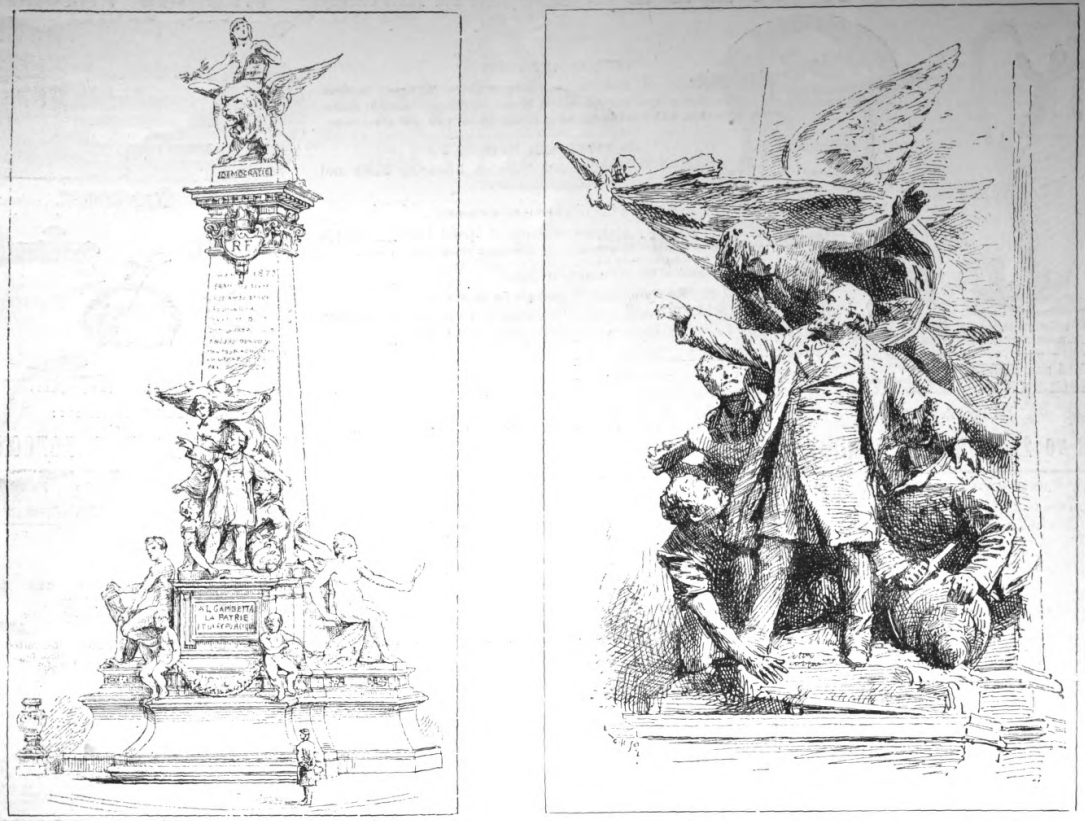
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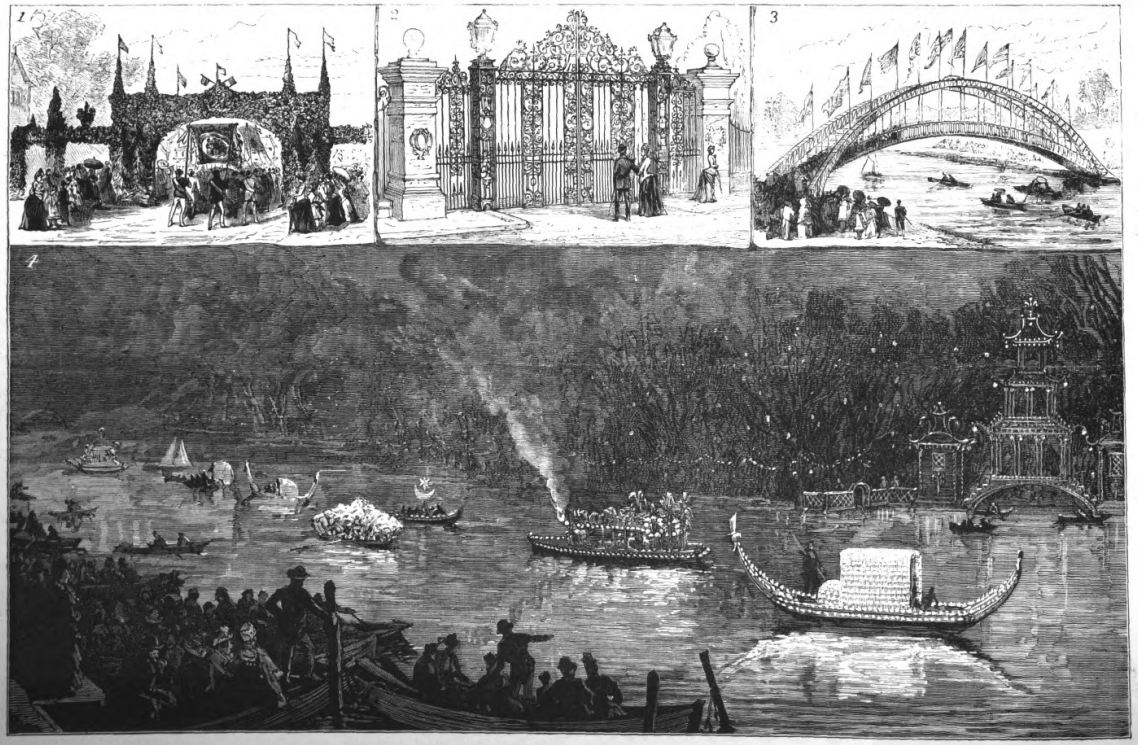


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MONUMENT OF GAMBETTA IN THE PLACE DU CARROUSEL, PARIS.—SEE PAGE 86.



1. Triumphal Arch. 2. New Park Gates. 3. New Foot-bridge. 4. River Carnival.

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THE GAMBETTA STATUE IN PARIS.

The statue of Gambetta, erected in the Place du Carrousel, close to the Louvre Garden, was publicly unveiled on Friday, July 13, in the presence of M. Carnot, President of the French Republic, assisted by all the Ministers and the Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. M. Floquet, the Prime Minister (President of the Council of Ministers), who had that morning fought his sword-duel with General Boulanger, walked at the head of his colleagues, and had an enthusiastic popular reception. Addresses were delivered by M. Spuller, chairman of the committee for this monument, who was secretary to Gambetta in the Provisional Government of 1870; M. Le Royer, President of the Senate, M. Meline, President of the Chamber, M. Floquet, and M. De Freycinet, another of Gambetta's colleagues at the commencement of the Republic; an ode was recited by the eminent actor M. Mounet-Sully, of the Théâtre Français. There was a marching-past of troops, and the whole affair was decidedly imposing. On Saturday, July 14, the anniversary of the capture of the Bastille, President Carnot and the members of the French Government held a military review, and attended a banquet given to 1500 provincial Mayors and other official dignitaries, at the Exhibition buildings in the Champ de Mars. Statues of Etienne Marcel, a patriotic ancient Mayor of Paris, and of Sergeant Bobillot, a soldier who died bravely with the army in Tonquin, also a monument and bust commemorating incidents of the Revolution of 1789, were unveiled on the same day.

The Rev. Dr. R. C. Billing, many years Rector of Spitalfields, and the Ven. F. H. Thicknesse, D.D., Archdeacon of Leicester, were, on Sunday morning, July 15, consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral as Bishop Suffragan of Bedford and Bishop Suffragan of Leicester respectively.

The annual general meeting of the Society for the Protection of Women and Children was held at St. James's Hall Restaurant on July 13, Lord Mount-Temple, president of the society, occupying the chair. The twenty-ninth annual report stated that owing to the increased support that had been given to the society of late years, the council had been enabled not only considerably to extend their work, but also greatly to improve their financial position. The report specified a number of cases in which the society had successfully acted in the interest of ill-used women and children, the cases investigated during 1887 numbering 683. The receipts for the year amounted to £1149, and the expenditure to £615.

The second Public Archery Meeting of the season at the Crystal Palace closed on July 13. The top scores of the meeting, or the double York and National Rounds, were made by Mr. C. E. Nesham, Royal Toxophilite Society, and Mrs. P. Legh. Applying the percentage system to the scores in respect of past successes, first score prizes went to Mrs. W. Yates Foot, and to the Rev. C. H. Everett; second prizes to Mrs. W. Legh and Mr. W. G. Mason; third prizes to Mrs. Haigh and Captain E. M. Allen; fourth prizes to Miss C. Radford and Rev. Eyre Hussey; fifth prizes, Mrs. Nesham and Mr. Nesham; sixth prize, Mrs. Preston; and seventh prize, Miss Hutchinson. The prizes for most golds went to Mr. Preston and Mrs. Eyre Hussey, but the greatest number of golds in scoring were made by Mrs. C. Radford and Mr. C. E. Nesham. Two notable events in the contest were Mrs. Legh making three consecutive golds at one end at fifty yards, and receiving the customary subscription shillings, and a fine pin-hole gold at sixty yards by Mrs. Preston.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Colonel Inigo Richmond Jones, Scots Guards, with Miss Charteris, daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Richard Charteris, took place in St. Mark's Church, North Audley-street, on July 12. Captain the Hon. Charles Harbord (Scots Guards) acted as best man. The bride, who was attended to the altar by four bridesmaids, entered the church at half-past two o'clock, with her brother, Mr. Charteris. A detachment of non-commissioned officers and privates of the Scots Guards attended, and lined the aisle. The bride was given away by her brother.

The marriage of the Rev. R. H. Hadden, Vicar of Aldgate, and Eva Prudence, daughter of Mr. J. Carbery Evans, of Hatley Park, Cambridgeshire, was solemnised in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, on July 12. The bridegroom was attended by Dr. W. Baugh Hadden as best man; and the four bridesmaids were the Misses Millicent and Dorothy Evans (sister of the bride), Miss Hadden (sister of the bridegroom), and Miss Dorothy Leadam. Two little boys, nephews of the bride, acted as pages. The historical chapel was quite filled with the wedding-party, and in the chancel stalls were several clergymen.

The marriage of General J. Thornhill Bushby, late Judicial Commissioner of Berar, H.A.D., and Mrs. Costley Daly, of 23, The Boltons, South Kensington, and of Glan-y-Mor, Torquay, was solemnised on July 11 at St. Mary, The Boltons, South Kensington. The presents were numerous and costly.

A marriage will shortly take place between Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Miss Agneta Frances Ramsay, third daughter of Sir James Henry Ramsay, of Banff, in the county of Perth. Miss Ramsay, it will be remembered, was, last June, placed in the First Division of the First Class of the Classical Tripos, Part I., no man and no other woman having attained a place in the same division. Her position was practically equivalent to that of Senior Classic of the year.

The ball in aid of the London Hungarian Association of Benevolence, which took place on July 12, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, was a most successful and enjoyable one. Over 500 ladies and gentlemen were present, including representatives of the Austro-Hungarian and Servian Consulates.

A terrible accident occurred near Hyde, on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, early on the morning of July 15. The axle of one of the passenger-carriages broke, causing the vehicle to oscillate and topple over. It was run into by the engine of a goods train, and four women were killed. Several other passengers were seriously injured.

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BIRTH.

On July 14, at 45, Upper Grosvenor-street, the Hon. Mrs. Chandos Leigh, of a son.

DEATH.

On Wednesday, July 11, 1888, after a short illness, at Belmont Park, Lee, Kent, Marianne, the beloved and affectionate wife of Brackstone Baker, aged 58.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.*

OPENING OF A NEW PARK AT BEDFORD.

The pleasant and prosperous town of Bedford, which has almost trebled its population within half a century, and has now to boast of sanitary improvements, educational institutions, social conveniences, and suitable public buildings not excelled by any other town of its size, was the scene of much festivity on July 11, at the opening of the new park and grounds for popular recreation, with a new foot-bridge over the Ouse, and a pretty "carnival" on that river. The Marquis of Tavistock, son of the Duke of Bedford, and M.P. for the county from 1875 to 1885, performed the threefold opening ceremonies, supported by Mr. Samuel Whitbread, M.P., Lord Charles Russell, Lord Baring, Alderman James Howard, Mr. Joshua Hawkins, Mayor of Bedford, and other gentlemen of local note and influence. There was a procession from the Shirehall to the park, a ceremonial at the opening of the gates, and a luncheon in the Corn Exchange. The park, which has been formed by the Corporation of Bedford, consists of sixty-one acres, beautifully laid out by Messrs. W. Barron and Son, of Derby, landscape gardeners, at a cost of £7000; the iron gates, lodge, and pavilion are constructed in very good taste. This town possesses also the Cauldwell Recreation Ground and an agreeable promenade on the Embankment.

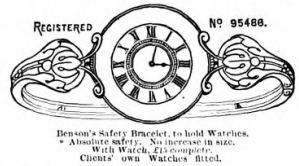
The concluding match of the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club Regatta was sailed on July 14, the race being from Dover to Boulogne and back, for the Town Cup and £100, the second receiving £40, and the third £20. Seven started—the cutters May, Petronilla, Neptune, Mohawk, and Leander, and the yawls Vol-au-Vent and Gudrun. The Petronilla ran away from the others and held the lead throughout, turning the buoy at Boulogne at half-past two. The run home occupied about five hours, the result being—Petronilla first, Neptune second, and Mohawk third.

A fête and demonstration of Sunday-school scholars, to commemorate the Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was held on July 14 at the Crystal Palace. The chief feature of the day was a concert in the afternoon, rendered by 5000 voices, the huge orchestra being completely filled by the performers, who represented upwards of 100 schools, whose members are drawn from all parts of the metropolis, while contingents had also been sent from Croydon, Kingston, and Leytonstone. The other attractions of the day comprised athletic sports, balloon ascent, a display of fountains, and the open-air ballet, while the band of the Coldstream Guards was in attendance, performing in the grounds in the afternoon and evening.

The Lord Mayor has received from the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, Delegate Chief Rabbi, £648 8s. 11d., being the amount collected in the Jewish Synagogues in London for the Hospital Sunday Fund. The fund now exceeds £39,000.—The fifteenth annual outdoor collection on behalf of the Metropolitan Hospital Saturday Fund took place on July 14, when over 2000 collecting-stations were occupied. At an early hour ladies were at their posts at the various markets. The cab-trade, as last year, had 500 special boxes, and displayed pennants upon the whips, and announced the collection on the windows of their cabs. The docks, railway companies, and other industrial centres appeared to be vying with each other to bring about a successful collection. By favour of Mr. Edgar Shand, twenty-five boxes had been placed on the river-boats. By the consent of Lieutenant-Colonel Milman, a collection was made for the first time at the Tower of London. The workshop collection will continue weekly until Dec. 1.

BENSON'S BOND-ST. NOVELTIES. J.W. Benson (QUEEN'S JEWELLER By Royal Warrant) 25, OLD BOND-ST., W.



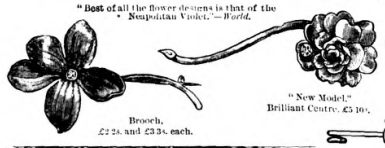


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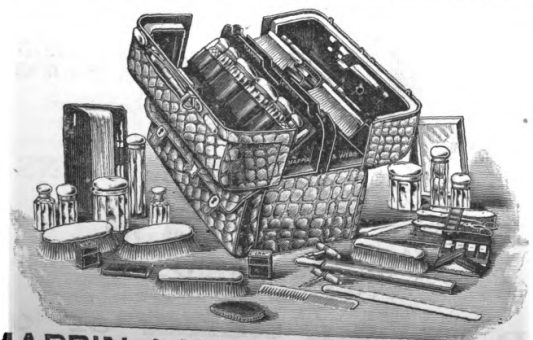
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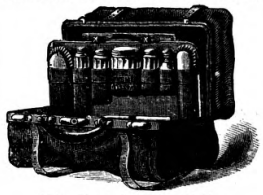


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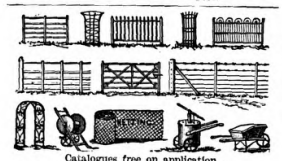
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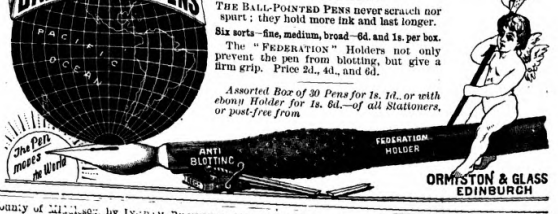
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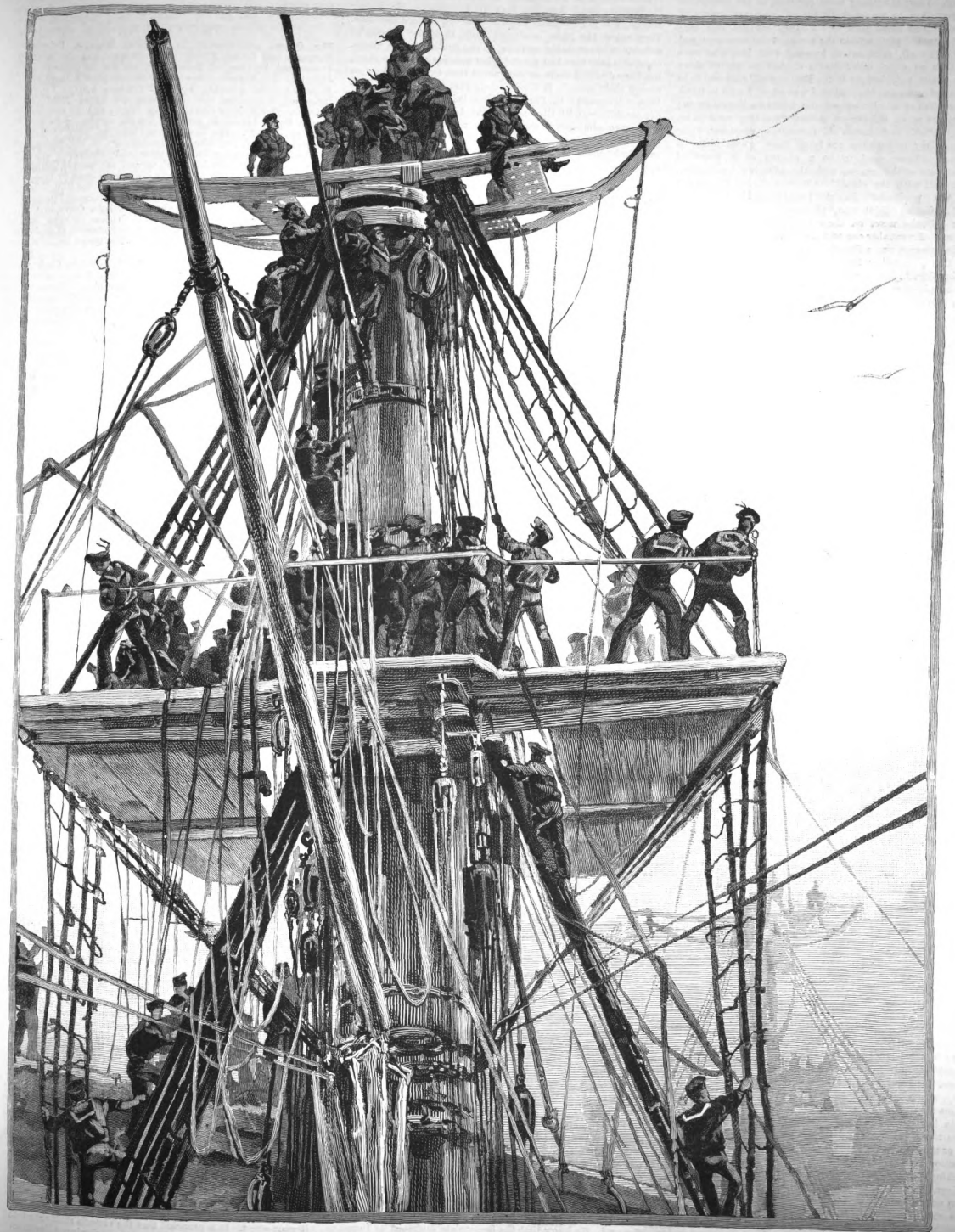


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THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.—CLEARING FOR ACTION ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP: SENDING DOWN TOPMASTS.
FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

What is it that makes "Boards" so wooden, so destitute of human feeling? or do they begin with being wooden and derive their name from their material? The late action of a provincial Burial Board in taking away the glass-case of flowers which a poor man had placed upon his daughter's tomb, is unintelligible on any other ground; no man would have done it, nor any body of men that was not a Board. In purchasing the grave, it appears that the father did not purchase the legal right of putting flowers on it; yet surely it is the flowers that sanctify the grave! The glass-case may not have been very appropriate; but in these matters the very want of appropriateness is often touching. There is nothing more common in the cemeteries of the poor than to see sea-shells placed upon the graves of those who have never been to sea: they are the only permanent record of piety within the means of the mourners, and are not, after all, more out of keeping with him who rests below than an angel insufficiently clothed, or one of those marble beasts to be bought in the Euston-road, supposed to be symbolic of human virtue. When I was a boy, I used to think it a recreation to wander among the tombs in Kensal-green; but they are much thicker on ground than they used to be, and it is difficult to find one's old favourites: moreover, some who were my companions are lying there, which makes a difference. There used to be a picture of a beautiful child on one of the graves, with the affecting inscription: "'Is it well with the child?' 'It is well.'" (I wonder what the provincial Burial Board would have said to *that*.' Got an "injunction," perhaps, to remove it.) Some of the epitaphs were, on the other hand, unintentionally humorous. I remember one on the west side of the cemetery, near the entrance, over a Frenchman: "Suffocated in a London fog." One poor fellow had no epitaph, nor apparently any surviving friend: his name stood out amid the multitude of sorrowing adjectives—"beloved," "respected," "deplored," &c.—with pathetic blankness: "Captain somebody, *unattached*." Perhaps the wittiest epitaph ever written (but it is not to be found in Kensal-green) was that composed on the heir of the Duc de Penthièvre, who died of love for Mademoiselle Miré, the musician: it was composed of the five musical notes, "MI, RE, L'A, MI, LA," which were made a double debt to pay: "Miré has placed him there."

'T is now the very witching time of year when house agents yawn—open their mouths, that is, very wide indeed, for poor Paterfamilias in search of a country residence. Those in the neighbourhood of London, whence a man can run up and down to his business, are let at fancy prices, though there is rather a curious limit to them. A cottage with a lawn upon the Thames will fetch its 25 guineas a week; but a palace in the same locality, I am told by those who hire palaces, is only 15 guineas more. Dear or cheap, I don't think Paterfamilias enjoys his tenancy much, except for "the back end of the week"—from Friday to Monday. He is too old for bolting his breakfast and catching morning trains, and it is disagreeable to have his rubber cut short in the afternoon because of the necessity of reaching some terminus in order to get home for dinner. For once it is the ladies who have the best of it. No one laughs at the head of the house for his urban proclivities, as they would do if it was the time of year for sport. It is thought shameful in an Englishman not to like pushing through the wet woods or turnips in pursuit of game; and it is popularly believed that in old times this was much more the case: that a man who preferred a town life to a country one was a contemptible "Cit," or "Cockney."

This, however, is an error: a letter lies before me, written exactly a hundred years ago, in dispraise of a country life, by one who was neither a man of letters, nor a man of fashion. He is telling his town correspondent what he has been doing in his rural retreat. "I ordered the old timber to be thinned: the workmen, for every tree they cut down, destroyed three by letting them fall on each other; I received a momentary satisfaction from hearing the carpenter had cut his thumb in felling a tree, but this pleasure was soon allayed on finding that he had measured false, and cheated me of 20 per cent. . . . . I made a fine haystack, but quarrelled with my wife as to the manner of drying the hay: the stack took fire, whereby I had the double mortification of losing my hay and finding my wife had more sense than myself. . . . . I paid £20 for a dung-hill because I was told it was a good thing, and now I would give anybody twenty shillings to tell me what to do with it. . . . . In one thing only I have succeeded: I have quarrelled with all my neighbours, so that with a dozen gentlemen's seats in my view I stalk along like a lion in the desert. I kept no plough, for which I thank my Maker, because then I should have wrote this from a jail. Such being the pleasures of the country, I mean to spend the spring in London."

This is also the time of year for abusing the river-launch, a vessel much "run down" on account of his supposed habit of running others down. It is too big for its waters; it is ugly; its voice is shrill; it causes waves to rise that are disagreeable to rowing-boats. All this is very true: but, nevertheless, for comfort and convenience, give *me* (or even lend me) a steam-launch in preference to any other boat that cleaves the stream. There are no perspiring rowers to watch, which is itself a relief to tender-hearted persons; you can move about in it without upsetting the ship, or shipping a sea, or unshipping a rudder, or doing anything else nautically objectionable. You have not got to look out (metaphorically speaking) for squalls: other people have to look out for *you*—and squall: you can take your luncheon like a civilised being, at an angle that admits of digestion, and a much better lunch than can be packed in a row-boat; you are not concerned about up-stream or down-stream—("But, oh, the difference to me," if I have to row!)—and when it rains you can get under cover. Moreover, a steam-launch need not be a river demon. I know of one which bears the name of the Comet, but which is termed by the aquatic world (because of the gentle ways of its lady-owner) the Compassion. It never "spurts" unless the course is clear; it "slows" whenever there is a boat within fifty yards of it; it never screams when it wants anything, such as a lock-gate opened, but blows a horn. Sometimes it tows a boat or two up-stream, when the joy and gratitude of the oarsmen are delightful to witness, and show what they really think of "rowing."

Alexandre Dumas has just been made Commander of the Legion of Honour for his "distinction in literature"; but he doesn't like Emile Zola being made a Knight of it for a similar reason. In France, it appears, there is some literary jealousy among novelists. In England we have nothing of the sort. Sir William Black does not turn up his nose at Sir Walter Besant, nor Sir Richard Blackmore at Sir George Meredith. They enjoy the titles conferred upon them by a grateful country without being envious of one another. It is understood that they have had much higher honours offered to them, but have declined them on the ground that they already "sit among their peers." It is only lately that men of letters have been "decorated" in France, unless being published in an *édition de luxe*, with illustrations, can be so considered: but, even when admission to the Academy was their only reward, they showed their teeth at one another, and—when they were not admitted—at the Academy. Everyone remembers Piron's epitaph, written by himself:—

Ci-git Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas-même Académicien.

Much later Vigée wrote to the *Journal des Débats*:—"Sir.—Ill, in pain, and feeling my end approach, I have thought it right to make my epitaph in order to spare my friends the trouble, and, above all, the embarrassment, of making it for me. Have the goodness, I beg, to give it a place in your paper. It is not very poetical, but, if my extreme age has not destroyed my judgment, I think it has, at least, common-sense:—

Here lies a poor poet: his verses were flat;
And yet he the Institute missed for all that."

The "hostile meeting," as such affairs used to be called, between General Boulanger and M. Floquet has brought up all the old arguments for and against duelling. It is taken for granted by its supporters that when men could call one another out, they were more careful in their general behaviour, and more polite in society. This was really not at all the case; the good shots were very civil to one another, but exceedingly insolent to the world at large. The late Horatio Ross, who lived in the fighting days, and in the thick of the fighters, has left testimony upon this point that cannot be questioned. He was known to be the finest pistol-shot of his day; and, although he acted no less than sixteen times as second, was never challenged. The duellists knew better: but they bullied everybody they dared to bully. "I notice," writes Ross, "that people are now much more guarded in their language than they were in the days when swaggering and offering to fight a duel whitewashed them. . . . Some forty or fifty years ago (that is, seventy or eighty now), I have known the grossest insults offered to gentlemen, and without any ground for them; and I have not the slightest doubt that a marked improvement in the amenities has been caused by the abolition of duelling." The professional duellists used (metaphorically) to trail their coats behind them in every drawing-room—like Irishmen at Donnybrook Fair—but not for men like Ross to tread upon them. They had always the advantage of the weapon, and, what was still more unfair, risked very worthless lives against some that were valuable.

From Russia—of all places to hear of ready money!—comes one of those rumours of buried treasure, which, if it does not turn the "sluggard's blood to flame," has power at least to quicken his pulse. To become rich unexpectedly, and on a sudden, is always an excitement, but still more so when the wealth comes from some source a very long way off and unconnected with ourselves. A crock full of old gold coins, found in one's back garden, is welcome to everybody, whether they are numismatists or not; and even the stories of such discoveries have a charm for us all. In this particular case the treasure—which, by-the-by, is not found yet—is only three-quarters of a century old, but full of dramatic interest. It is a chest containing £34,000 in bullion, which, when its convoy in the Retreat from Moscow was pursued by the Russians, was buried, as certain documents declare, by the roadside near Grodno. A Frenchman, the grandson of the sole survivor—the whole detachment having been cut to pieces but himself—has found the narrative among the manuscript "tales of his grandfather," and laid it before the Russian Government, who have promised him a third of what he finds. I wish he may get it, and that, if he does, it may not be paid to him in rouble notes.

This is the sort of money that is described in the histories as "blood and *treasure*"; what a lot of it there must be underground, if one did but know where to look for it! Perhaps the richest and oldest lost treasure in the world, and also the one invested with the greatest interest, is the Urim and Thummim, the sparkling of whose jewels is supposed to have manifested the presence of the Highest—though Josephus tells us that this property became extinct (through the degeneracy of the age) two centuries before his time. Those jewels, as the late Mr. King, the great authority on precious stones, tells us, are absolutely indestructible, and must exist somewhere. No lapse of time can produce any visible effect upon them—indeed, the tablets bearing the title of Thotmes III., the contemporary of Moses, are still in existence, though they are of a far softer material; nor can they shine unrecognised among the State jewels of their captors, for their inscriptions must needs remain unchanged. We know that the breastplate described by Josephus was carried to Rome after the destruction of the Holy City by Titus, and, after that, we lose sight of it. There are three stories of the subsequent fate of these jewels:—I. That they were sent off by Genseric to Carthage upon the sack of Rome; II. That the reason why the Franks, in the sixth century, pressed the siege of Narbonne was because this precious "loot" was reported to have been sent thither by Alaric; III. That they were returned by Justinian to the Holy City, where they fell into the hands of Chosroes, the Persian, in 615. When he sacked the city he no doubt "sacked" *them*, and Mr. King's conclusion is that they now lie buried in some unknown Persian treasure-chamber, to have a chance of emerging from oblivion at the hands of some modern explorer. I have no turn for exploration myself, but I should like some enterprising friend to find these jewels, and give them to me, as a token of esteem and regard, upon my birthday (or, indeed, any day), very much.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, and the infant Prince and Princess of Battenberg, arrived at Osborne on July 18. Her Majesty crossed over from Gosport on board her Majesty's yacht Alberta, Captain Fullerton, A.D.C. Prince Henry of Battenberg met the Queen and Royal family at Osborne. Her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service on Sunday morning, July 22. The Rev. Arthur Peile, the Vicar of Holy Trinity, Ventnor, and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty, officiated. The Empress Eugénie, attended by Madame D'Arcos, Madame Le Bréton, and M. Peitri, arrived at Osborne Cottage on July 23, and was met at Trinity Pier, East Cowes, by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, attended by the Hon. Ethel Cadogan and Colonel Clerk. The Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Athole, drove in the afternoon, and visited the Empress at Osborne Cottage. Sir Edward and Lady Ermyntrude Malet had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Queen has driven out daily.

The Prince of Wales attended at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, on July 18, and was installed as Grand Prior of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England, recently incorporated under Royal Charter by the Queen. He was accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, who was received and admitted as a Knight Justice, and nominated sub-Prior of the Order. Prince Pedro of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha visited the Prince and Princess on July 19, and remained to luncheon. The Prince presided at a meeting of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851 at Marlborough House. Prince Albert Victor, attended by Major Miles, left Marlborough House for York. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by their three daughters, visited the Comte and Comtesse de Paris at Sheen House, East Sheen, on the 20th, and remained to luncheon. Mr. Van Der Weyde had the honour of taking a photographic portrait of the Princess of Wales at Marlborough House. On the 21st, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, visited the Volunteer camp at Wimbledon, and, after lunching with Lord and Lady Wantage, the Princess distributed the prizes to the successful competitors of the National Rifle Association. On Sunday, the 22nd, the Prince and Princess and the three Princesses were present at Divine service. Prince Christian, with Prince Christian Victor, visited the Prince and Princess on July 24, and remained to luncheon. The Prince visited the studio of Mr. H. Herkomer, A.R.A., in Ebury-street, and the Summer Exhibition of Pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery.—Prince Albert Victor on July 20 visited the thirty-second show of the Driffield and East Riding Agricultural Society at Driffield, and witnessed a parade of all the prize horses; and next day the Prince opened the new Jubilee Recreation-Grounds at Bury. The grounds are four in number, and have been completed and laid out at a cost exceeding £35,000. Prince Albert Victor arrived at Marlborough House on July 24 for the purpose of unveiling a statue of the Queen at Bristol next day.

Prince Christian presided on July 24 at the annual general meeting of the Corporation of the Royal College of Music held in the hall, Kensington-gore. The report showed the satisfactory progress of the college, and a satisfactory increase in its work and its income. Mr. Samson Fox, of Leeds, had offered £30,000 for a new collegiate building, and for this a free site in Prince's-gate had been granted by the Commissioners of 1851.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne have honoured Mr. F. J. Williamson by a visit to his studio at Esher to inspect the statue of the Queen that he is executing, and which is to be placed in the Examination Hall of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Princess Mary Adelaide presented the prizes to the boys of the Royal Hospital School, Greenwich, on July 21. Her Royal Highness was accompanied by Princess Victoria and Prince Francis of Teck. On the 23rd the Princess presented the prizes to the successful competitors at the Royal Naval Female School, St. Margaret's House, Twickenham.

Dom Pedro Augustus of Brazil left Claridge's Hotel on July 23 for Paris. During his short stay the Prince was visited by the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal family.

The new Calliope Dock at Auckland, New Zealand, of which we gave an Illustration early in this year, was designed by Mr. W. Errington, M.Inst.C.E., of Auckland, and was constructed from the plans which that engineer had prepared.

The romantic scenery of the coast of Norway, which has been described and illustrated with special effect, on more than one occasion, in this Journal, is made accessible in this season to English visitors, direct from London, by the managers of the steam-yacht Victoria, a fine vessel of 1800 tons register, with engines of 1500-horse power, having a speed of fourteen and a half knots an hour, sailing from Tilbury Dock, opposite to Gravesend. The Victoria, which is comfortably and elegantly fitted up for gentlemen and ladies as passengers, carries neither mails nor cargo, but performs, in each trip, a sixteen days' cruise, entering the Hardanger Fjord, the port of Bergen, the Sogne Fjord, the Geiranger Fjord, and the port of Molde, where she lies three days, allowing time for exploring the Romsdal Valley. Under command of Captain R. D. Lunham, she started from Gravesend on Saturday, July 21, and would be back on Aug. 6, after which, on Aug. 11, she would start again for a similar pleasure cruise to the Norwegian Fjords; and, having returned to the Thames, would receive passengers for a longer cruise to the Baltic. Sixty-nine passengers went by this vessel on July 21, some of whom would go on to the North Cape; among these is our Special Artist, Mr. Douglas Almond, who will furnish us with Sketches likely to be interesting to our readers. The offices of the manager are at Carlton-chambers, Regent-street. It is proposed that the Victoria shall undertake a voyage round the world, sailing at the beginning of November.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The Admiralty plan of operations for the competing trials and exercises of naval strategy and tactics between two opposed fleets, one representing an enemy occupying Irish ports, the other defending Great Britain, is an interesting scheme. The A Fleet, commanded by Rear-Admiral Baird, and consisting of thirteen armoured or ironclad ships, eleven cruisers, two torpedo gun-boats, and twelve torpedo-boats, represents the British defending fleet; it was formed in two divisions, of which the first, under Admiral Baird, took up its station in Milford Haven; while the second division, under Rear-Admiral Rowley, proceeded to Lamlash, Isle of Arran, opposite to the entrance of the Firth of Clyde. The B Fleet, commanded by Admiral Sir George Tryon, consists of nine ironclad ships, eight cruisers, two torpedo gun-boats, and twelve torpedo-boats; its first division went to Berehaven, Bantry Bay, on the west coast of Kerry; and the second division, under Rear-Admiral Fitzroy, to Lough Swilly, on the north coast of Donegal. It would be the aim of the B Fleet to do all the mischief it could to British commerce, to attack any ports of Great Britain that it could get at, and to secure opportunities for landing troops anywhere on the shores of England, Wales, or Scotland. The first division of the A Fleet, composed of H.M.S. Northumberland, Hotspur, Benbow, Northampton, Collingwood, Monarch, Conqueror, Rover, and Arethusa, with the cruisers and torpedo-boats, anchored in Milford Haven on Wednesday, July 18; and the second division, of which H.M.S. Agincourt was the flag-ship, arrived next day at the Isle of Arran. The Agincourt, near Falmouth, came into collision with a steamer from Newport, and lost some of her boats and an anchor from one side. The first division of Sir George Tryon's fleet, the B Fleet, consisting of H.M.S. Hercules (flag-ship), Iris, Warspite, Rupert, Cyclops, Alacrity, and Hero, with torpedo-boats, had proceeded, meanwhile, from Portland to the west coast of Ireland. Our Special Artist contributes a Sketch of the flag-ship of this division passing the Longships lighthouse, at the mouth of the British Channel; and one of the scene on board in clearing for action. The two divisions of the A Fleet on Tuesday, July 24, were going round, south and north, to blockade the B Fleet on the Irish coast.

FOREIGN NEWS.

President Carnot has returned to Paris from his visit to the Southern Provinces, where he was received with enthusiasm.—At the election in the Ardèche and the Dordogne General Boulanger was left in a hopeless minority.—The Queen of Servia arrived in Paris on July 18.

King Humbert has had a sudden attack of giddiness and felt otherwise unwell, and it was in consequence of this that his Majesty hastened his departure from Rome.—After an animated debate occupying several sittings, the Italian Chamber of Deputies, by 269 votes to 97, passed the Communal and Provincial Reform Bill, which gives to two million citizens the right to vote in administrative elections, besides introducing other important liberal reforms in local government. The Chamber has been prorogued until November.

A charming fête was held on the Lake of Gmünden on July 22. A regatta, a battle of flowers, and a competition of decorated boats, in which Vienna society took an active part, attracted many spectators. There were several Archdukes in the boats. The Queen of Hanover, Princess Mary, the Dukes of Würtemberg and Montpensier were in the stands.

The meeting of the Emperors of Germany and Russia is recorded in another column.

The King of the Hellenes left Corinth at daybreak on July 23, in the Royal yacht, on his way to St. Petersburg. King George proposes to visit Berlin and Copenhagen also.

A force of 400 Dervishes attacked a village five miles north of Wady Halfa on July 20. Colonel Wodehouse took out a detachment of troops and police, and, after some severe fighting, drove the enemy to the hills. Three boats, crowded with fugitives who escaped down the Nile, sank, and 150 persons were drowned.

The United States Senate has confirmed the President's nomination of Mr. Fuller as Chief Justice. The Copyright Bill has passed the Senate, and is now before the Lower House. The House of Representatives has passed Mr. Mills's Tariff Bill, which makes large reductions in the duties on woollen goods, chemicals, &c., and admits tin-plate, wool, and other articles to be used in manufactures, free.—The new American naval cruiser Charleston was launched at San Francisco on July 19. She was planned by Messrs. Armstrong, and is a duplicate of their Japanese cruiser Nanawa, of 3750 tons displacement, and carries eight heavy guns. This is the first naval ship built on the Pacific coast.—A disastrous storm has swept over a portion of the American continent. After a heavy rainstorm at Wheeling, West Virginia, a freshet appeared, and overwhelmed a bridge over the Wheeling River on which several persons were standing. Ten were drowned, the others being rescued. Four dwellings were also destroyed, eleven of the inmates being drowned.—The coal-mining town of Roslyn, Washington Territory, has been destroyed by fire, and fifteen hundred persons have been rendered homeless.

A large portion of Port-au-Prince, Hayti, has been destroyed by incendiary fires. While the Chamber of Deputies was in session an upper floor of the building was set on fire.

The Natal Legislative Council was opened by Sir Arthur Havelock on July 18. His Excellency declared that the financial prosperity of the colony had been maintained, and that the result of the Sugar Conference would largely contribute to the development of the country's resources. Alluding to affairs in Zululand, Sir Arthur expressed his great concern and anxiety at what he termed the lamentable outbreak.—It is stated that a party of Boers has invaded the territory of a native chief.

A Reuter's telegram from Bombay says that Mr. Crawford has been released on bail to the amount of 70,000 rupees.—An expeditionary force, 10,000 strong, is to be sent in the autumn to the Black Mountain, where an exploring party was recently attacked, and two British officers were killed.

A volcanic eruption has occurred in Japan, and 400 persons are reported to have been killed and 1000 injured.

Lord Carrington, the Governor of New South Wales, has, in the name of the Queen, given the Royal assent to the new Chinese Act. The Legislative Assembly agreed to the Council's amendments relating to Chinese residence, registration, licenses, and mining. The measure as now settled provides that the Government is indemnified for its past actions. The naturalisation of Chinese will in future not be allowed, and all Chinese leaving the colony, except those naturalised therein, will, on returning, be subject to the provisions of the Act.

The Hon. Duncan Gillies, Premier and Treasurer of Victoria, made his Budget statement in the Legislative Assembly on July 24. He congratulated the colony on the remarkably prosperous state of its finances, and stated that the revenue largely exceeded the Estimates, the surplus amounting to £837,000.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunts," might almost be the general exclamation of noble Lords, so smoothly does the stream of business flow in the hushed and decorous Upper Chamber save when the sonorous voice of the Duke of Argyll is raised to vindicate the Government's maintenance of law and order in Ireland. There was a little ripple of excitement when, on the Twentieth of July, Earl Beauchamp moved that the clerk should take down the names of their Lordships who unanimously assented on the Twelfth to his Grace's resolution of confidence in her Majesty's Ministers on the above point. In a light and airy spirit of banter, Earl Granville and Lord Rosebery made it clear that they did not take the Duke's lugubrious sermon seriously. But the Marquis of Salisbury, with much adroitness, attributed the silence of the noble Earls on the occasion of the Duke of Argyll's set oration to agreement with the administration of affairs in Ireland.

Lord Cross, on the Twenty-third of July, rose from his place in the House of Lords to correct a strange mis-statement by Sir William Harcourt. The Secretary for India neatly explained that it was not he who gave notice in the Lower House of a motion for the release of Mr. Parnell and his fellow-prisoners from Kilmainham, but the late Mr. J. Kynaston Cross, then Liberal member for Bolton. Sir William Harcourt was indisputably caught napping by Lord Cross, whose correction afforded obvious satisfaction to Ministerialists.

Lord Randolph Churchill, who rejoices in Parliamentary pyrotechny, may be said to have departed for his castle-building holiday in Spain amid a shower of fireworks. In the old days, yet not so very long ago, when the noble Lord was the dashing leader of the privateering "Fourth Party," no member spoke more boldly or more frequently than he did. He was essentially a law unto himself. Other times, other manners. His Lordship has borne the burdens of high office since then. He has learnt the wisdom of reticence. In fine, limp and glum in his corner seat behind Ministers, he had almost come to be regarded as a "Silent Member" when he suddenly dispelled the notion by rising on the Twentieth of July to reassume for the nonce the leadership of the Commons, and in severe and portentous language took Mr. Conybeare to task for a malevolent attack on the Speaker for applying the closure the previous night to the brief discussion on the Bann Drainage Bill. This reprehensible reflection on our estimable Speaker's decision appeared in a letter to the *Star* newspaper. Characterising the epistle as "a gross libel on the Speaker," Lord Randolph Churchill moved that Mr. Conybeare "be suspended from the service of the House for the remainder of the Session." After a protracted discussion, in which Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Labouchere, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Chamberlain took part, it was resolved, on the motion of the First Lord of the Treasury, that Mr. Conybeare be relieved from attendance in the House for the rest of the Session, "or for one calendar month, whichever shall first terminate." Lord Randolph Churchill, having secured the pyrotechnic object desired, and vindicated the authority of the Speaker, lost no time in setting out on his travels in Spain—thus, in a spirit of justice, freely inflicting upon himself the same punishment Mr. Conybeare is suffering from. Such magnanimity is rare.

The judicial calm necessary for the unprejudiced consideration of the heinous charges brought against Mr. Parnell during the hearing of Mr. F. H. O'Donnell's libel action against Mr. Walter has, generally speaking, been conspicuous by its absence from the debates on the Ministerial measure for a Commission of Inquiry. Mr. W. H. Smith, for one, preserved his equanimity in moving the second reading of the Bill, on the Twenty-third of July. Concisely put, the Leader of the House offered a Royal Commission empowered to searchingly investigate all the allegations in that which the Lord Chief Justice declared to be a "tremendous indictment" against hon. members and those who were associated with them: the Judges composing the Commission to be "Sir James Hannen, as President of the Court, and Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice Smith as the two other members of that Court." Very pale, and with an excitement not at all habitual with him, not surprising under the grave circumstances of the case, Mr. Parnell, in a long speech, repudiated the charges brought against him in the forensic address of the Attorney-General, again stigmatised the incriminating letters alleged to have been written by him as forgeries, claimed to be represented by counsel before the Commission, but energetically objected to the extension of the inquiry to the doings of the Land League and of the "other persons" alluded to, and declared it be unfair to ask him and his colleagues to accept such a measure in response to the claim for no more than ordinary justice in the shape of an investigation into the infamous charges against themselves. In the engrossing discussion that ensued, Mr. Gladstone, Sir Charles Russell, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Whitbread, and Sir William Harcourt sided with Mr. Parnell on this point, that the inquiry should be thus limited: and Mr. Chamberlain (who, I regret to say, still looks very wan and ill in face), while approving the Bill, also coincided rather with this view in his clear and discriminatory speech as one who, when he first entered the House, "formed a judgment of the hon. member for Cork, of his character, of his motives, of his honesty, of his sincerity, of his patriotism, which do not allow me very easily to accept the charges that are made against him." The Home Secretary, on the other hand, earnestly strove to show that the inquiry, to be thorough, must necessarily embrace the collateral matters in question. Sir Edward Clarke, the Solicitor-General, in the most pregnant passage of his speech, read from the "Parnellism and Crime" articles in the *Times* the names of those accused of being implicated:—"They have, however, revealed nearly all the chief members of the first Home Rule Ministry—Mr. Parnell himself, Mr. Justin M'Carthy, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, Mr. Healy, Mr. Biggar, the Messrs. Redmond, Mr. William O'Brien, and Davitt—in trade and traffic with avowed dynamiters and known contrivers of murder." But against this heavy accusation should be set the explicit assurance of Sir William Harcourt on the Twenty-fourth of July:—

> I believe there are no two persons who have better means of knowledge than Lord Spencer and myself of the transactions of that period, and during all the anxious investigations of that terrible period we never discovered any evidence which connected the hon. member for Cork, or the other Irish representatives, with complicity or perpetration of crime.

In the end, Mr. Labouchere's amendment, aimed against the Bill as a whole, was withdrawn, at the request of Mr. Parnell; and the measure was read a second time without division, it being left for the Committee-stage to decide whether the inquiry should be curtailed as desired. All this debate, however, seems to make an autumn session inevitable.

Mr. W. J. Ingram, who formerly represented Boston, has accepted an invitation to contest the seat in the Liberal interest at the next vacancy.

The Mercers' Company have contributed £105, and the Goldsmiths' Company £25, towards the cost of the Exeter Hall gymnasium of the Young Men's Christian Association.

THE EMPERORS AT PETERHOF.

The meeting of the German Emperor, William II., with the Emperor Alexander III. of Russia, took place at Peterhof, a palace of the Russian Emperor on the southern shore of the Gulf of Finland, nearly opposite to the island-fortress of Cronstadt, and some twenty miles from St. Petersburg by the railway around the sea-coast. Peterhof and Oranienbaum, which is situated five miles beyond it westward, are pleasant abodes, with very beautiful gardens, amidst green pastures and groves of fir-trees and birch-trees. The park of Peterhof is finely wooded, and parts of the grounds are laid out in the style of Versailles; there is a pretty cottage named Marly, on the bank of a lake, in which is preserved the old furniture used by Peter the Great. Marble temples, fountains, and statues adorn the gardens, with stately terraces, avenues of trees, and waterworks; and there are two small palaces on little islands. The grand palace contains splendid apartments, with pictures representing the historical scenes of Russian glory, and portraits of Emperors and Empresses.

The German Emperor, with his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, came on Thursday, July 19, his yacht, the Hohenzollern, anchoring in Cronstadt Roads with a squadron of ten ships of the German navy. The Russian Imperial yacht, the Alexandra, with his Majesty the Emperor Alexander on board, went out to meet this arrival; and the Russian fleet of twenty-five ships, besides torpedo-boats, under command of the Grand Duke Alexis, High Admiral, fired a grand salute, to which the German ships replied. The Emperor William, going on board the Alexandra, exchanged kisses and embraces with the Czar. On landing at the Peterhof pier he was met by the Empress of Russia and the Grand Dukes and Duchesses. There was a splendid guard of Kuban Cossacks along the alleys through which the carriages passed from the pier to the palace. On Friday, the 20th, the German Emperor was conveyed in the Alexandra by the new Ship Canal and the Neva to St. Petersburg, where he visited the tomb of Alexander II. and of the late Empress, in the Cathedral of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. On Saturday, both Emperors, with the Empress of Russia, went to inspect the great military camp of Krasnoe Selo, and witnessed a review of nearly 50,000 troops under the command of the Grand Duke Vladimir. The Emperor William then went to St. Petersburg, to a grand dinner at the German Embassy. On Sunday, after attending the Protestant worship at the small German Church at Peterhof, his Majesty entertained the Czar and Czarina with luncheon in the balcony overlooking the palace gardens. In the evening, the Emperor Alexander gave a magnificent banquet to his Imperial and Royal visitor, and to the whole Court, in the "hall of Peter the Great." The park and gardens of Peterhof, and the Marly fountains, were beautifully illuminated. On Monday, July 23, the Emperor William saw the Russian cavalry manœuvres, performed under the direction of the Grand Duke Nicholas. His Majesty next day took his leave, re-embarked in the Hohenzollern, and proceeded to visit Copenhagen and Stockholm. It is believed that no very important political conference took place between the two Emperors, whose Ministers of State were not in attendance.

The Home for Crippled Boys, Kensington, has received £100 from the Grocers' Company.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson gave their second and last garden-party at Lambeth Palace on July 21, when they were "at home" from five to seven o'clock.

Sir Edward Guinness has forwarded to the chairman of the South London Polytechnic Institute a cheque for £1000 towards the fund now being raised.

It is stated that Lord Grimthorpe intends to give £10,000 towards providing a Suffragan Bishop for the Archdiocese of York, of which he is the Chancellor.

The Speaker of the House of Commons presided at the distribution of Trinity College music certificates by Mrs. Peel, at the Public Hall, Leamington, on July 21, and gave an address on the music of the future.

On and after Aug. 1 private letter boxes for use during the night may be rented at all post-offices at which a night staff is on duty, and at which there is a delivery of letters to callers during the day.

At Wimbledon, on July 23, the All-England Lawn-Tennis Championship meeting was concluded by a match for the four-handed championship, in which the brothers Renshaw beat the Hon. P. B. Lyon and Mr. H. W. Wilberforce, the winners of last year.

At an influential meeting held in the Mayor's room at the Leeds Townhall on July 20 it was unanimously resolved to invite the British Association to hold its meeting for the year 1890 at Leeds. It was also decided to raise a guarantee fund of £5000 to defray the usual expenses.

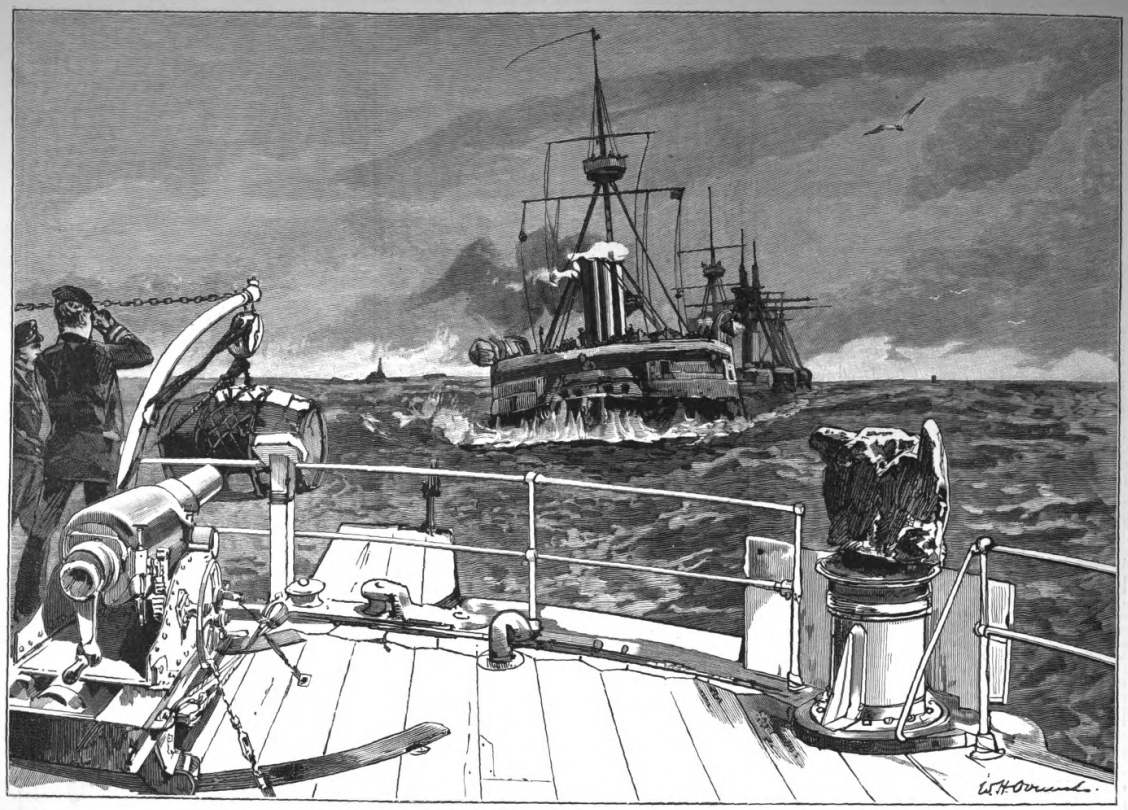
The Australian cricketers were defeated at Brighton on July 21, Sussex being victorious by 58 runs; and at the Oval, Surrey won the match with Middlesex by three wickets. On July 24 at Beckenham the second innings of Kent closed for 53, leaving Surrey victorious by 89 runs.

Visitors to the Brussels Exhibition, or tourists in Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, or up the Rhine and Moselle, will find a useful and chatty illustrated handbook in the Great Eastern Railway Company's "Tourist Guide to the Continent." A new edition, edited by Mr. Percy Lindley, has just been published, price sixpence, at 125, Fleet-street, E.C.

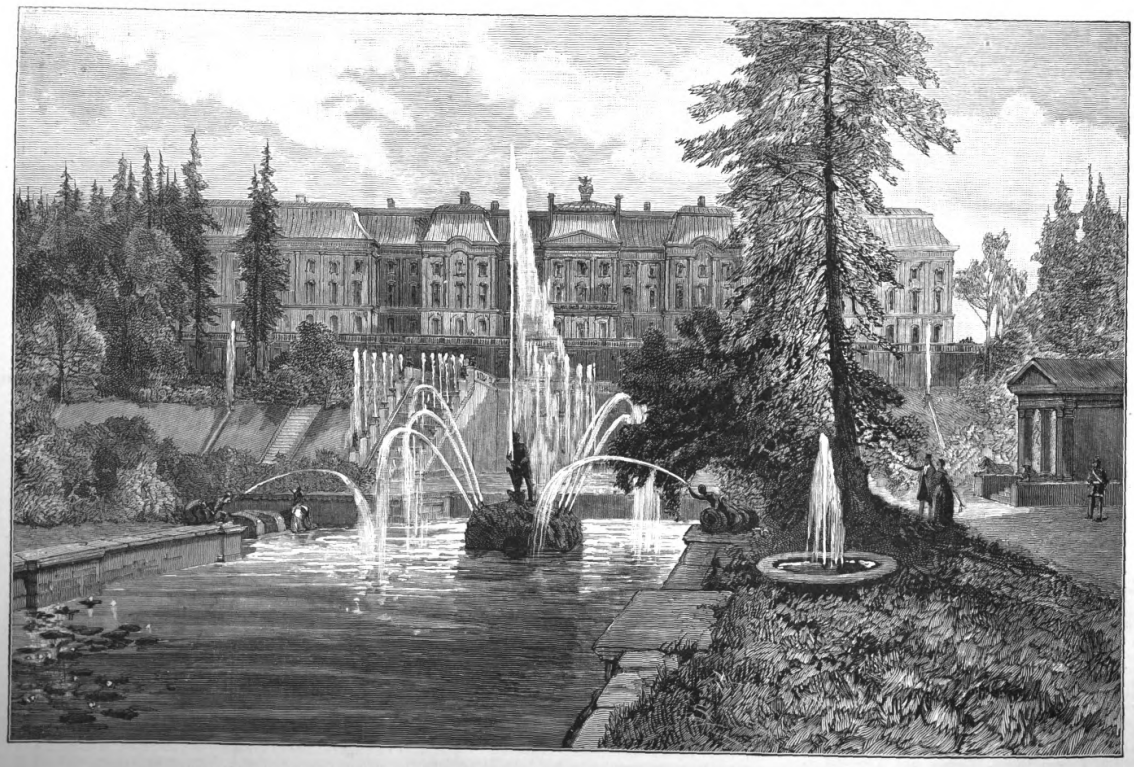
Mr. Edgar Bruce and Miss Edith Woodworth gave a matinée at the Globe Theatre, on July 26, in aid of the "Buttercups and Daisies" Fund, which was started to give, once a year, a day's holiday in the country to a number of the poorest children of London, and to send away for a week or two some of the more sickly ones to the seaside. Several well-known artistes gave their assistance.

A handsome specimen of horological art is now on view at Mr. Benson's, 62 and 64, Ludgate-hill, having been made to the special order of one of the Indian Princes. It is a clock of the Oriental type, showing the days of the week, months, &c., with an alarum which can be used when required. It chimes the Westminster quarters on four pure-toned gongs, and strikes the hours on a powerful tenor gong. The whole is finished in a case of the Renaissance style of solid metal, the pillars and greater portion being of solid nickel silver, the remainder of the finest brass, richly engraved and gilt.

The committee of the South London Association for Assisting the Blind are anxious to give to their poor blind members and guides their annual summer outing. For some years past the committee have taken them to the seaside, and the return of the excursion is looked for with the keenest enjoyment. There are upwards of 300 persons to provide for; all of these are more or less in great poverty, and most of them live in pent-up places, so that a day's outing in the fresh air is especially grateful to them. Contributions will be received by the treasurer, Mr. C. D. Millett, London and Westminster Bank, Westminster Bridge-road; or by Mr. J. T. Edmonds, hon. sec. and solicitor to the association, 155, Brixton-road, S.W.



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: THE FIRST DIVISION ROUNDING THE LONGSHIPS.
A SKETCH FROM THE FLAG-SHIP BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



PETERHOF, IN THE GULF OF FINLAND, WHERE THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA MET THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILLIAM II.



THE IRISH EXHIBITION: FANCY FAIR IN THE OLD IRISH MARKET-PLACE.

THE ARMADA TERCENTENARY COMMEMORATION.

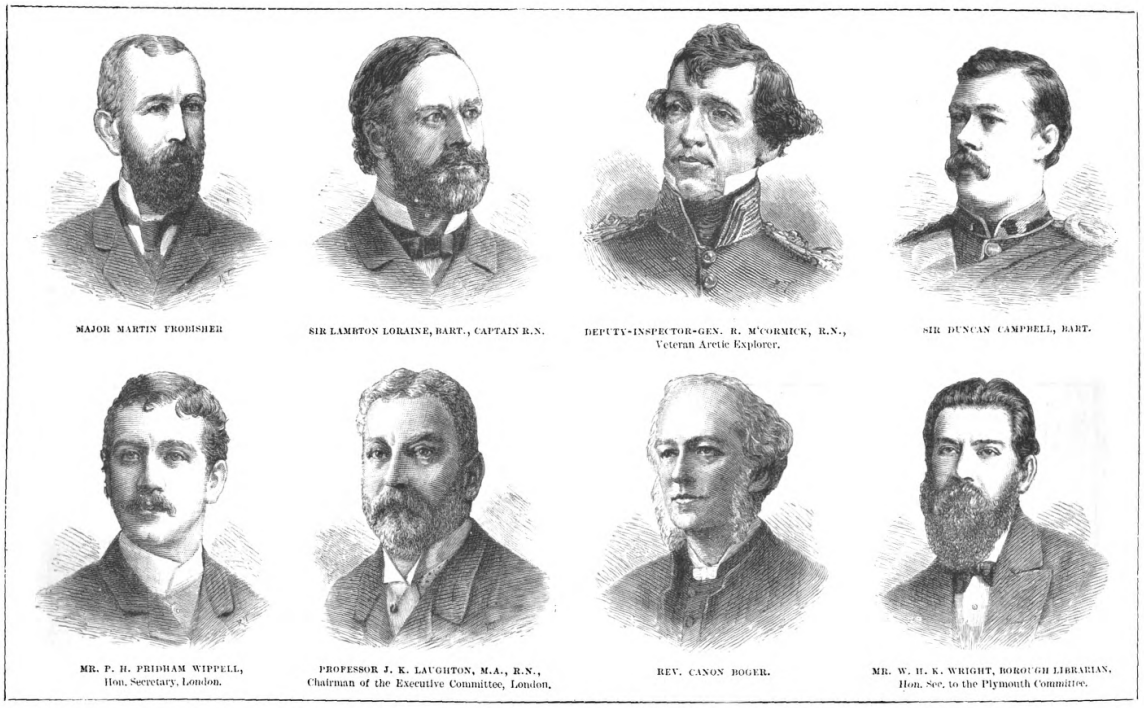
The proceedings at Plymouth, on Thursday, July 19, in celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the Spanish Armada coming in sight of the English shores, were conducted in a manner worthy of the occasion. They were not of a merely local character, though Plymouth, as the port where the English fleet, under Lord Howard of Effingham, lay ready to engage the enemy, and off which, at no great distance, the first conflict took place on July 21, was properly chosen for the place of this commemoration. The National Memorial, of which, as designed by Mr. Herbert Gribble, architect, we gave an Illustration last week, is to be erected on Plymouth Hoe, where the statue of Sir Francis Drake, Vice-Admiral and next in command to Lord Howard of Effingham, was erected five years ago. The foundation-stone of this memorial, to consist of a granite obelisk with bronze figures and sculptured tablets, was laid by the Mayor of Plymouth, with a brief ceremony, witnessed by a large assembly of people. The Honourable Artillery Company of London Volunteers, whose predecessors bore their part three hundred years ago in the military preparations to defend the country against the landing of a Spanish army, sent two hundred men. They were arrayed in position with the troops and sailors, who formed a square round the site of the Armada Memorial. Major-General Lyons, C.B., commanding the Western District, arrived with his staff, and was received with a general salute. Provincial Mayors, and members of the Plymouth Corporation, had been received by the Mayor in the Council Chamber, and went together in procession to the Hoe. On their arrival, the massed bands played "Rule, Britannia," and the ceremony commenced. The Ven. Archdeacon Wilkinson read an impressive prayer. The Mayor was presented by Mr. Gribble, the designer of the monument, with a silver trowel, and was asked to lay the foundation-stone. It bore the following inscription:—"This foundation-stone of a national memorial was laid, in the presence of naval, military, and civic representatives, by the Right Worshipful the Mayor of this borough (Alderman H. J. Waring), on Thursday, July 19, 1888, being the three-hundredth anniversary of the first sighting of the Spanish Armada from Plymouth Hoe. Patroness, her Majesty the Queen." The Mayor having declared the stone well and truly laid, the Royal ensign was hoisted, the naval battery and guns in the citadel fired a Royal salute, and the bands played the National Anthem. The ceremony over, the procession returned to the municipal buildings, accompanied by the Honourable Artillery Company as a guard of honour. The memorial will overlook the Sound, the site being to the left of the Drake statue, and near the spot where Drake is said to have played his game of bowls, with other captains, when the news came of the approach of the Armada.



THE MAYOR OF PLYMOUTH, Alderman H. J. Waring.

The day's later proceedings included a military concert in the citadel, and a game of bowls between the Leeds and Torrington bowling clubs. The two teams played in Elizabethan costumes, on what is supposed to be the exact spot where the game took place on July 19, 1588. Several thousand persons witnessed the match. In the afternoon an historical procession of the Kings and Queens of England, with descriptive tableaux depicting striking events in the history of our country, perambulated the town. In the evening, a civic banquet was given by the Mayor in the Guildhall, the company exceeding three hundred, and including many of the Hon. Artillery Company, in addition to the naval and military officers in the Western District.

Besides our Illustrations of these proceedings, which passed off very well, being favoured by fine weather, portraits are here given of the Mayor of Plymouth, Alderman H. J. Waring, who has presided over the general committee for the Armada commemoration, as well as over the local arrangements: Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Borough Librarian, honorary secretary at Plymouth, and editor of the *Western Antiquary*, in which many valuable documents and historical essays have been published; the chairman of the executive committee in London, who is Professor J. K. Laughton, M.A., Professor of Modern History in King's College, London, and formerly an instructor in the Royal Navy, and on the staff of the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth and at Greenwich; and several other active members of the managing committees, besides one of the London honorary secretaries, Mr. P. H. Pridham Wippell, the other being Captain Woolmer Williams. Among these gentlemen are Sir Duncan Campbell, Bart., of Barcaldine and Glenure, Argyllshire, Captain in the 4th Battalion Highland Light Infantry and Gentleman Usher in the Queen's Household, who is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland; Captain Sir Lambton Loraine, R.N., Bart., of Kirk Harle, Northumberland, a distinguished naval officer, who has



MAJOR MARTIN FROBISHER

SIR LAMBTON LORAINE, BART., CAPTAIN R.N.

DEPUTY-INSPECTOR-GEN. R. M'CORMICK, R.N., Veteran Arctic Explorer.

SIR DUNCAN CAMPBELL, BART.

MR. P. H. PRIDHAM WIPPELL, Hon. Secretary, London.

PROFESSOR J. K. LAUGHTON, M.A., R.N., Chairman of the Executive Committee, London.

REV. CANON BOGER.

MR. W. H. K. WRIGHT, BOROUGH LIBRARIAN, Hon. Sec. to the Plymouth Committee.

MANAGERS OF THE TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

performed active services in the West Indies and on the "Spanish Main," the coast of Central America; the Rev. Canon Boger, of Rochester Cathedral, one of an old Cornish family living near Plymouth at the time of the Armada; he was head-master of Queen Elizabeth's School, Southwark, nearly thirty years; Deputy-Inspector-General R. M'Cormick, R.N., the oldest surviving medical officer in the Navy, who accompanied the Arctic exploring expedition of Parry, in 1827, and similar expeditions of later date, and has also served in the West Indies; and Major Martin Frobisher, now residing at Woolwich, the namesake and only living descendant of one of the most illustrious Armada heroes, Sir Martin Frobisher, a Yorkshireman, who was an early Arctic explorer in the reign of Elizabeth, seeking to discover the North-west Passage, and gave his name to Frobisher Bay in that region. Major Frobisher was born in 1839, and served in India, but retired from the Army in 1870 on account of ill-health, and is well known at Woolwich; he is secretary to the Waldensian Church Mission. Dr. Henry Holman Drake, M.A., of London, is descended from Captain John Drake, who was cousin to Sir Francis Drake, and his companion in his voyage round the world; Dr. H. H. Drake is a learned antiquary, and editor of the "History of the Hundred of Blackheath," a work of importance to the county of Kent.

The Prince of Wales has given 50 guineas towards the new Roman Catholic church at Lynn, for which an urgent appeal has been made.

A friend, who wishes to remain anonymous, has handed to the Founder of the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen a cheque for three thousand five hundred pounds, to cover the cost of building and equiping another Hospital Mission Ship, on the lines of the Queen Victoria, now rapidly approaching completion at the yard of Messrs. Fellows and Son, Great Yarmouth. The Queen, who is patron of the Mission, has expressed her consent to the donor's request that the second Hospital Ship shall be named the Albert.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of the Hon. FitzRoy Keith Stewart, youngest son of the ninth Earl of Galloway and brother of the present Earl, with Elizabeth Louisa, widow of Mr. J. Stanley Thompson, was celebrated in St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on July 17. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. George W. E. Russell as best man, and the bride was accompanied by her brother, the Rev. Arthur Rogers, Rector of Yarlington, Somersetshire, who gave her away. The wedding-party was numerous.

A fashionable congregation assembled on July 18 at St. George's, Hanover-square, to witness the marriage of Mr. Charles Vansittart to Miss Constance Miller, younger daughter of the late Sir Thomas Miller, of Glenlee, and Lady Miller. The service was fully choral. The bride was given away by her brother, Sir William Miller. She wore a costume of rich white duchesse satin, the front being tastefully draped with fine mousseline-de-soie, and trimmed with sprays of orange-blossom. Her long train was borne by two little pages dressed in pretty costumes of blue plush, with white satin facings. There were six bridesmaids, attired in gowns of pale-blue China silk, trimmed with gold embroidery, and white silk waistcoats, white hats, and tan shoes and gloves. Each carried a bouquet of roses, and wore a diamond initial brooch, the gift of the bridegroom. Captain Victor Fergusson, of the Royal Horse Guards, was the bridegroom's best man.

The marriage of Mr. L. Willoughby, son of the late Hon. and Rev. Charles Willoughby, to Miss Ada Cousens was solemnised on July 18 at St. Matthew's Church, St. Petersburg-place, by the Hon. and Rev. T. Willoughby, uncle of the bridegroom, assisted by the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng and the Hon. and Rev. G. B. Legge. The church was filled by an aristocratic gathering. The bride was conducted to the altar by her father. She wore a costume of ivory-white satin trimmed with Brussels lace; her ornaments were diamonds and rubies. There were eight bridesmaids, who were attired in pretty dresses of cream Indian muslin and Valenciennes lace, with large green moiré sashes, and Leghorn hats trimmed with Marshal Niel roses. Captain Graham Pearce was the best man.

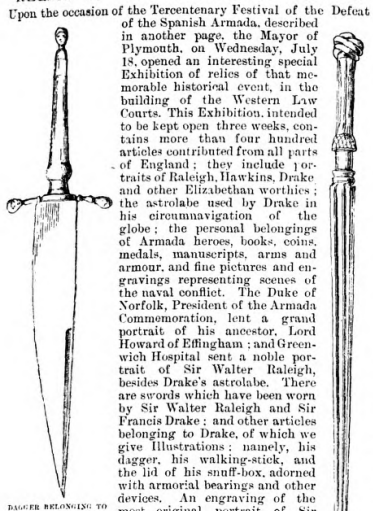
The marriage of the Hon. Philip B. Petre, third son of the late Lord Petre and Lady Petre, with Julia, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish Taylor, of Elvaston-place, Queen's gate, took place on July 19, at the Oratory, Brompton. The Hon. Bernard H. Petre was his brother's best man; and the four bridesmaids were Miss Beatrix and Miss Anita Cavendish Taylor, sisters of the bride; Miss Ethel Cavendish, her cousin; and Miss Stapleton Bretherton, niece of the bridegroom. The bride was given away by her father. Monsignor Weld performed the marriage rite, and was celebrant at the nuptial mass which followed.

In St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on July 23, took place the wedding of Mr. F. G. Hodgson Roberts, only son of the late Mr. H. and Mrs. Armstrong Roberts, of 11, Kensington-gore, with Miss Violet Cunliffe, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Brooke Cunliffe, of High Legh Hall, Knutsford, Cheshire, and 18, Ennismore-gardens, Kensington, S.W. The service was fully choral. The bride was given away by her father. The bridesmaids were Misses Veronica, Vanda, and Verbena Cunliffe, sisters of the bride, and Miss Lue Hodgson Roberts, sister of the bridegroom. Mr. Greenall acted as groomsman.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Adeane, of Babraham, Cambridgeshire, with Madeline Pamela, second daughter of the Hon. Percy and Mrs. Wyndham, was solemnised in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on July 23, in the presence of a large gathering of relatives and friends. Mr. Riversdale Walrond was the bridegroom's best man; and in the bridal procession eleven bridesmaids assisted—namely, Miss Pamela Wyndham, sister of the bride; the Hon. Marie Adeane and Miss Maude Adeane, sisters of the bridegroom; Miss Pamela Campbell, Miss Dorothy Carleton, Miss Mure, the Hon. Mary Wyndham, and Lady Edith Douglas, cousins of the bride; Lady Constance Grosvenor, Lady Eleanor Lambton, and Miss Poore; and there were two pages—the Hon. Hugo and the Hon. Guy Charteris, Lady Elcho's children, and nephews of the bride.

RELICS OF THE ARMADA AND DRAKE.

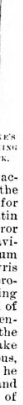
Upon the occasion of the Tercentenary Festival of the Defeat of the Spanish Armada, described in another page, the Mayor of Plymouth, on Wednesday, July 18, opened an interesting special Exhibition of relics of that memorable historical event, in the building of the Western Law Courts. This Exhibition, intended to be kept open three weeks, contains more than four hundred articles contributed from all parts of England; they include portraits of Raleigh, Hawkins, Drake and other Elizabethan worthies; the astrolabe used by Drake in his circumnavigation of the globe; the personal belongings of Armada heroes, books, coins, medals, manuscripts, arms and armour, and fine pictures and engravings representing scenes of the naval conflict. The Duke of Norfolk, President of the Armada Commemoration, lent a grand portrait of his ancestor, Lord Howard of Effingham; and Greenwich Hospital sent a noble portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh, besides Drake's astrolabe. There are swords which have been worn by Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake; and other articles belonging to Drake, of which we give Illustrations: namely, his dagger, his walking-stick, and the lid of his snuff-box, adorned with armorial bearings and other devices. An engraving of the most original portrait of Sir Francis Drake, reproduced for this occasion under the supervision of Dr. H. H. Drake, the lineal descendant of Captain John Drake, brother and companion of the illustrious navigator and warrior, has been placed on sale at this Exhibition. The original painting is not known to be extant; but it is considered to be rather older than the one painted by the French artist, Jean Rabel, which was engraved in Paris by Thomas Le Leu, who dedicated the engraving to Sir Edward Stafford, then English Ambassador at the Court of Henry III. of France. That King was assassinated a twelvemonth after the date of the Spanish Armada; and Le Leu's engraving, with its inscription referring to his reign, was apparently published some time before that event. There is reason to believe that the artist Rabel borrowed the likeness of Drake's face, altering the costume and accessories, from the picture represented in the engraving now reproduced and offered for sale at the Plymouth Exhibition. Its Latin inscription speaks of Drake, not as conqueror of the Spanish fleet, but as the circumnavigator, "qui, toto terrarum orbe, duorum annorum et mensium decem spatio, Zephyris faventibus, circumducto, Angliam, sedes proprias, revisit," adding the dates of his sailing in 1577, and of his return home at the end of 1580. No painter's name appears in the engraving, but the picture must have been the work of a skilful and tasteful artist. Drake wears a handsome, not too sumptuous, costume, with a very moderate neck-ruff; he stands bare-headed, with his right hand quietly resting on a casque and corslet of steel armour, and in his left hand a truncheon held against the broadsword that hangs from his belt. A globe, showing the seas and lands of the eastern hemisphere, is suspended in an open window, through which is the view beyond of a seaport town with islands in the harbour, and huge bags of money on the beach. With regard to the Drake family, it is well known that Sir Francis, who died in 1596, had no children by his wife Elizabeth, who afterwards married William Courtenay, of Powderham Castle, one of the family of the Earl of Devon. Sir Francis was succeeded in his estates by his brother Thomas, of Buckland Monachorum, whose son Francis was created a baronet; this baronetcy expired in 1789; but the Drake lineage has passed, in the female line, as well as that of Admiral Eliott, Lord Heathfield, who defended Gibraltar, to the Trayton Fullers, of Sussex, who, therefore, also took the names of Eliott and Drake, and whose representative, Sir Francis Fuller Eliott Drake, Bart., resides at Nutwell Court, near Exeter.



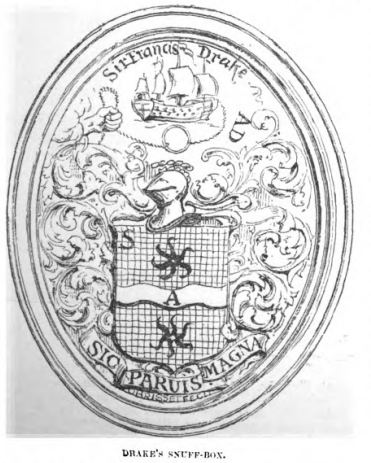
DAGGER BELONGING TO SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.



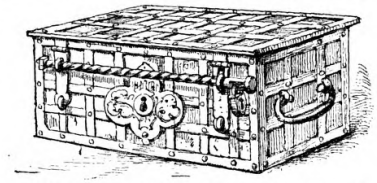
SPOON FROM THE ARMADA, FOUND ON IRISH COAST.



DRAKE'S WALKING STICK.



DRAKE'S SNUFF-BOX.



SPANISH TREASURE CHEST, TAKEN FROM THE ARMADA BY DRAKE.

THE IRISH EXHIBITION.

In the vast covered space of the building called "Olympia," close to the Addison-road or West Kensington Railway Station, where the Paris Hippodrome found a sufficient arena for its performances, and in seven acres of adjacent open pleasure-grounds, the managers of this Exhibition have set forth a great and varied display, not less instructive and useful than attractive to the eye and mind, of Irish arts and industries, and the interesting antiquities of Ireland. It comprises the processes and sample products of agriculture, textile and other manufactures, shipbuilding and sea industries, machinery and engineering, mining and mineral products, brewing and distilling, paper, printing and book-binding, scientific, chemical, and allied industries; education and science, furniture and decoration, women's industries and cottage industries, fine arts, historical and antiquarian relics or memorials. Unionists and Home-Rulers most heartily agree in wishing well to all these Irish interests; and eminent members of the opposite political parties—Englishmen and Irishmen, Protestant and Catholic clergy, with Peers who have been Lords Lieutenant of Ireland and their Ladies who have presided over Viceregal Drawingrooms in Dublin Castle, are associated in the lists of patrons and committees for the Exhibition. The most active of its working managers has been Lord Arthur Hill, M.P., the honorary secretary, to whom Mr. John H. Raffety has rendered valuable assistance. The Irish benevolent committees, presided over by the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and Mr. Ernest and Mrs. Hart, have especially laboured for the encouragement of cottage industries. The Women's Art and Industries Section, from which very beneficial results are to be hoped, got up a fashionable Fancy Fair, from Tuesday, July 17, to Friday, July 20, inclusive of the four days, in the "Old Irish Marketplace"; and we give a few Sketches of this scene and its characteristic incidents, which were pleasant and amusing. Among the ladies who officiated at the thirteen bazaar stalls were the Marchioness of Salisbury, Mrs. Gladstone, the Countess of Aberdeen, Countess Spencer, the Duchess of Manchester, the Marchioness of Downshire, the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Countess of Bective, and many others of rank and note. The articles sold were Irish work, lace, embroidery, ornamental needlework, fancy wares, bags, cushions, baskets, fans, glass, china, cutlery, stationery, photographs, drawings, books, papers, and music, flowers, fruit, perfumery, confectionery, pet birds, kittens, dogs, and other domestic animals. The sales realised a handsome sum of money, to pay the cost of erecting the "Old Irish Market."

SWORD-DUELS.

The duel between M. Floquet, Prime Minister of the French Republic, and General Boulanger, on Friday, July 13, has not been mortal to either combatant; the General's wound in the throat is healed. They fought in the exercise-ground of the private garden attached to the house of Count Dillon, at Neuilly. The seconds of M. Floquet were M. Clémenceau and M. Georges Perrin; those of General Boulanger were M. Laisant and M. Le Hérissé. An eminent surgeon, Dr. Léon Labbé, was present. M. Floquet had sent the challenge, in consequence of General Boulanger having insulted him by twice saying in the Chamber of Deputies, "You lie impudently," in the debate of the day before, when M. Floquet, as a Republican, had taunted the General with being formerly a suitor or visitor of "ante-chambers and sacristies." It is not doubted that the General intended to provoke the duel; but, having received the formal challenge, he was entitled to the choice of weapons. He chose swords, and being a soldier, ten years younger than M. Floquet, who is a lawyer, and about sixty years of age, the chances might have seemed greatly in favour of Boulanger. The two men stripped to their shirts, taking off their cravats and collars, and went at it with rapiers. At the first pass M. Floquet was slightly cut below the left calf, and General Boulanger got a puncture of the right forefinger. At the second pass M. Floquet was cut in the left hand, and his body was grazed on the right side. General Boulanger, who had rushed wildly at his opponent, received a serious wound; M. Floquet had quietly raised his sword, and Boulanger, stumbling forward, got it in his throat. The seconds, by common consent, stated that General Boulanger's wound made it impossible for him to continue to fight. The bleeding was stopped by the surgeon, and the General was able to walk to Count Dillon's house. The sword had pierced the right side of his neck to a depth exceeding two inches, passing between the jugular vein and the carotid artery, and nearly severing the phrenic nerve. There was danger of tetanus, and some fear lest the damage to the nerve should interfere with the respiratory movement of the diaphragm; but, after two days, all anxieties concerning the General's life were relieved, and he has sustained no permanent injury.

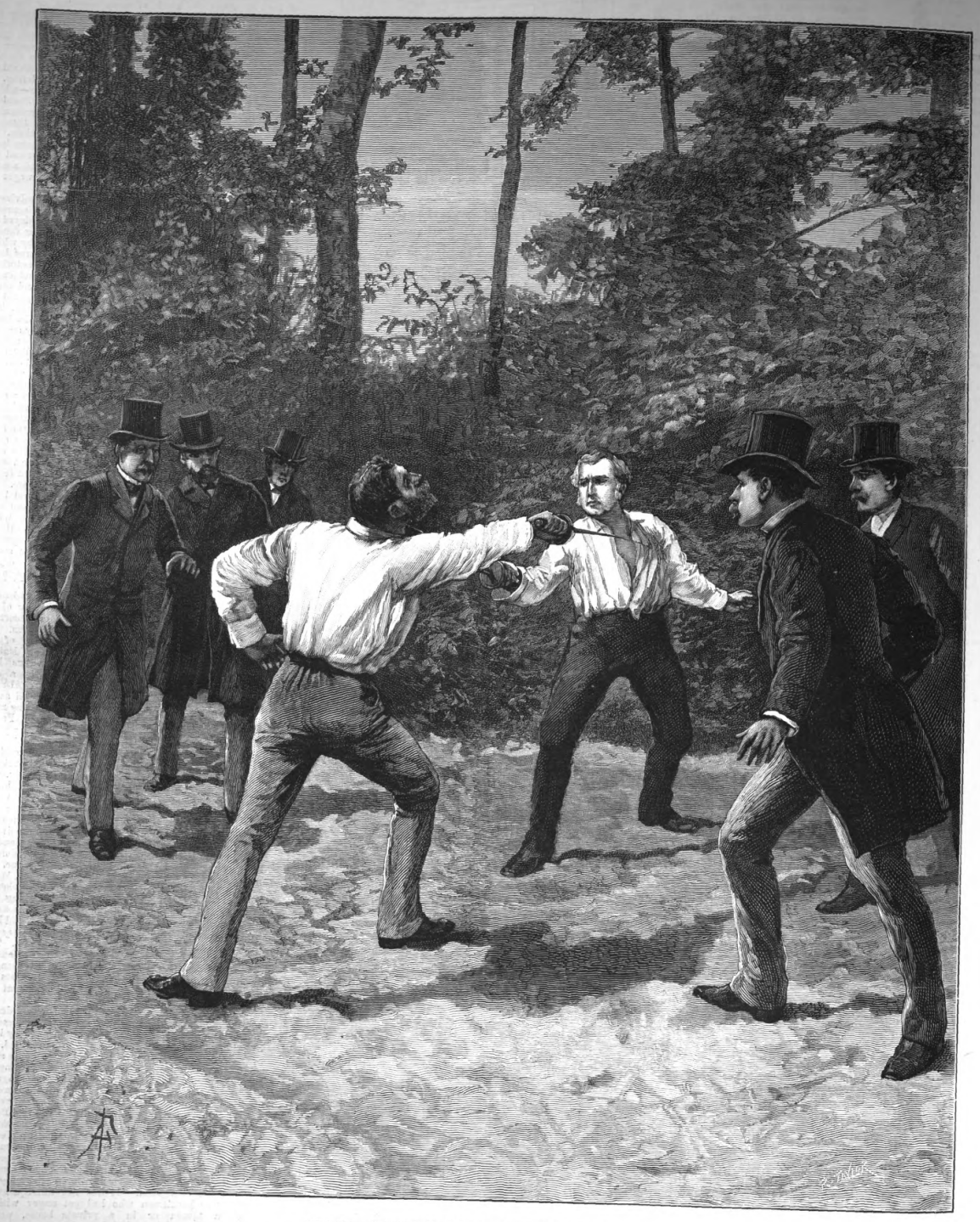
The foolish and wicked practice of duelling has been extinct in England for half a century past. Neither public opinion, nor the administration of the criminal law, would spare to punish any malefactor, however aristocratic or fashionable, who should resort to this method of avenging a personal quarrel. It is now generally agreed in this country, which is so far civilised, that a man has no right to take the life of another except by warrant of military service at the bidding of his Sovereign; and further, that a man has no right to expose his own life to be taken by another, except in defence of his country or of his neighbour, and in preventing or repelling some violent outrage. The former action, without such justification, is regarded as murder; the latter involves the moral guilt of suicide. But in looking back at the history of duelling in past pages, and within the recollection of many persons now living, there appear some mitigating considerations. In various instances, where one of the duellists was actually killed, there is ample reason to believe that the man who killed him was not animated by any malignant spirit, and did not intend or desire to kill or even to wound him. Both were not uncommonly the mere slaves of a silly custom, and of a preposterous "rule of honour," which they obeyed under fear of being reputed cowards. This natural sentiment, and the willingness of each to attest the truth of some assertion, or his own innocence of some imputed misbehaviour, by pledging the risk of his life, could perhaps have been satisfied by some other process than a hostile encounter. They might have undertaken, in company, to brave some common danger, as in the ancient ordeal of passing through fire, or in twenty different ways. That two men who did not hate each other, in such a degree as to be capable of wilfully murdering, or even wilfully doing bodily harm to each other—which negative temper was often their case—should deliberately attempt to shoot or stab one another, because each pretended to be in the right, and because they wanted to be thought brave, was the most irrational and unpractical of actions. It would have been less inconsistent, though it would have been grossly absurd and still more dreadful, to have stood on opposite sides of an open barrel of gunpowder, and simultaneously cast lighted matches into it, in proof and wager of their equal courage.

The duel, however, was an institution that, involving a trial of skill as well as of chance, besides the trial of courage, lent itself to atrocious abuses, being habitually employed by scoundrels who had become accomplished in wielding deadly weapons to terrorise all men less perfect in the art, by which they maintained a social ascendancy, in spite of all true laws of honour, of decency, and good manners. The most notorious liar, swindler, and traitor, the most dishonest and mischievous profligate, could defy the censure of public opinion, and could insult gentlemen of high character, if he were reputed to handle the sword or pistol more expertly than other men. The sword, especially, was the favourite instrument of the bully duellist, who knew how to use it so as to be tolerably sure of escaping all danger from his adversary's sword; whereas nobody can be sure of not being hit and killed by a pistol-bullet, even from the hand of an inferior marksman. There was, however, this only to be said in favour of the sword when all gentlemen learned somewhat of fencing—that a superior swordsman, who did not mean to kill, might easily contrive to inflict a wound disabling, but not dangerous to life. Indeed, the fine-bladed rapier, used from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, or the sharp-pointed fencing-foil, might be run through the body without killing, if it did not touch the heart or some other vital organ; while a thrust through the flesh of the arm, which was called "winging" or "pinking," gained the victory by slight infliction of personal suffering, and would be felt as a polite rebuke or lesson to avoid impertinence in future.

Of a very different complexion were the professional bully duellists, who abounded in France and Italy, more than anywhere, from the beginning of the sixteenth century, but whose school of homicide and lawless insolence found pupils all over Europe. It was a regular art in the Italy of the Renaissance, which invented what one of Shakspeare's gentlemen speaks of as "that poking fight of rapier and dagger," the dagger being held in the left hand, ready either to turn aside the opponent's sword or to inflict a mortal stab. This frightful combination of weapons caused the death of both combatants in an English duel in the reign of James I. Two of his courtiers, Sir George Wharton and Sir James Stuart, in November, 1609, fought at Canonbury, Islington, and killed each other. In the same year, two officers of the English army, Sir Hatton Cheek and Sir Thomas Dutton, fought with rapier and dagger at Calais, where both were slain. In 1613, Lord Bruce was killed in a duel at Bergen-op-Zoom by Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorset. But it was in France, under King Henry IV. as well as the preceding Kings of the House of Valois, that duelling raged with the utmost ferocity. More than six thousand French gentlemen fell victims to this baneful custom within a period of about one hundred years. A man disabled, or disarmed, or fallen prostrate, was to be killed at once, if he would not beg mercy of the victor. Among the most noted instances are the killing of Lachesnaye, an old man of eighty, with sword and dagger, by young Châteauneuf, to whom he was guardian; the hamstringing cut of Jarnac, who thus overthrew his adversary and then put him to death; the triple combat between D'Entragues and Quélus, with two friends on each side, when three of the six were killed; and the duel, in 1613, between the grandson of the great Coligny and the grandson of the famous Duke of Guise, former leaders, respectively, of the Huguenots and of the Catholic League. One ruffian, the Chevalier d'Andrieux, at the age of thirty, boasted that he had killed seventy-two men in duels. Another, the Comte de Bouteville, who was a Montmorency, seeking reputation with "the small sword and the poignard," went about challenging every man who was said to be skilful, and killed them so frequently, having not the slightest cause of quarrel, that the Parlement issued several edicts to forbid him. These he openly disobeyed, and was therefore condemned and beheaded in Richelieu's time. Laws were passed then, and further in the reign of Louis XIV., to punish duellists with loss of rank, office, and estate, or with banishment; but pardons were constantly granted.

In England, on the Restoration of Charles I., sword-duelling became more fashionable than ever; and every reader is acquainted with the killing of the Earl of Shrewsbury by the Duke of Buckingham, at Barn Elms, the Duke's second, Sir J. Jenkins, being at the same time killed by the Earl's second, while Lady Shrewsbury, the adulteress, held Buckingham's horse standing by. "O tempora! O mores!" The sanguinary blackguard Lord Mohun, also, is likely to be remembered; he who shared in the murder of Montford the actor, and who afterwards, in 1712, fought a savage duel with the Duke of Hamilton in Hyde Park, where both were killed, each receiving three or four horrible wounds. Swords were still preferred to pistols in England, being usually worn by gentlemen, until after the middle of the last century; but the dagger had been rejected since the time of Charles I. Duellists sometimes came with swords and pistols; after exchanging shots they would use cold steel. It was not unfrequent, however, that two gentlemen who had got angry with each other at a tavern or in a private house, would at once draw their swords and fight, without any seconds or witnesses or formal arrangements. Lord Byron, great-uncle of the poet, in 1765 killed Mr. Chaworth, at a house in London in an impromptu sword-fight. Examples of this kind, in the memoirs and anecdotes, or in the comedies and old novelists' works of the eighteenth century, prove that "The world went very well then," as Mr. Walter Besant ironically says. Comparing the England of George II. with the England of Charles I., it looks rather like a relapse into barbarism, owing to the decay of religion and morality and domestic life. In the method of duelling, we observe that pistolling found favour in Ireland as a gentlemanly pastime; indeed, it seems to have been the main pursuit of reckless men in the upper classes of society until after the Union.

The pistol-duels in England, during the reigns of the last two Georges, of William IV., and at the beginning of Victoria's reign, were often very serious; and some persons of considerable eminence, noblemen, statesmen, and distinguished military



THE DUEL BETWEEN M. FLOQUET AND GENERAL BOULANGER.

FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS, LENT BY THE PROPRIETORS OF THE "ILLUSTRATION," PARIS.

officers, were engaged in them. The present writer, among the personal recollections of his boyhood in a provincial town, has that of the lamented death of a benevolent medical man, the Mayor of the city, who was shot by a certain Baronet in a silly quarrel about dancing with a young lady at a ball the night before. The sword-duel has been maintained, in France especially, since 1830, as an accessary to political ambition, part of the stock-in-trade of adventurers in journalism, professional orators, and Parliamentary debaters. It is, at the same time, almost a compulsory obligation, in certain cases, among military men in France, in Austria, and in Germany. French public men too commonly think it a needful accessary to their pretensions; it has cost several valuable lives, and has degraded the tone of political contention. The Bonapartist faction has been supported by this species of bullying for many years past, and the Royalist faction has sometimes resorted to it; but Republicans ought to be wiser, for their cue is to uphold the civil authority in redressing all private wrongs.

Among the notable sword-duels in France were that in which Armand Carrel, editor of the *National* in 1830, was badly wounded by a hostile journalist—Armand Carrel was afterwards killed by the pistol of Emile De Girardin; the attack on Henri De Pène, of the *Figaro*, who had to fight successive sub-lieutenants till one of them could run him through the liver; the two duels between the Marquis de Gallifet and Comte Lauriston, in 1858, when both were wounded; that in which Edmond About, in 1861, paid for a severe criticism of music with a wound in the shoulder; and one in 1867, between Prince Achille Murat and the Marquis de Rougé, who did slight harm to each other. Lamartine, in his youth, when secretary of the French Legation at Florence, got a sword-thrust in the arm from Colonel Gabriel Pepe for some verses reflecting on the degeneracy of Italians. M. Beaupoil de St. Aulaire, who had written a political pamphlet, was killed by a cousin of the Duc de Feltre, as it had censured his conduct. General Foy, Benjamin Constant, and other leading politicians under the Restoration, had to fight duels with political opponents. The last duel fought in England was between two refugee Leicester-square Frenchmen, soon after the Exhibition of 1851; one was killed, while the other, named Barthélémy, got off, and was afterwards hanged for a different murder. In 1862, Mr. Dillon, a British subject residing in Paris, editor of *Le Sport*, was killed in a sword-duel with the Duc de Gramont-Caderousse. Fencing is constantly practised as an exercise, and studied as an art, by a large number of Frenchmen, and is not neglected in Germany, Italy, Spain, and Belgium.



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

"Fair White Rose of Somerset, let me be assured of the welcome of Ilchester by a kiss from your sweet lips, which I will return in token of my gratitude."

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIDEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

MEDICINÆ DOCTOR.



Humphrey DID not, like Benjamin, brag of the things he would do when he should go forth to the world. Nevertheless, he thought much about his future, and frequently he discoursed with me about the life that he fain would lead. A young man, I think, wants someone with whom he may speak freely concerning the thoughts which fill his soul. We who belong to the sex which receives but does not create or invent, which profits by man's good work, and suffers from the evil which he too often does, have no such thoughts and ambitions.

"I cannot," he would say, "take upon me holy orders, as Mr. Boscorel would have me, promising, in my cousin Robin's name, this living after his death, because, though I am in truth a mere pauper and dependant, there are in me none of those prickings of the spirit which I could interpret into a Divine call for the ministry; next, because I cannot in conscience swear to obey the Thirty-nine Articles while I still hold that the Nonconformist way of worship is more consonant with the Word of God. And, again, I am of opinion that the Law of Moses, which forbade any but a well-formed man from serving at the altar, hath in it something eternal. It denotes that as no cripple may serve at the earthly altar, so in heaven, of which the altar is an emblem, all those who dwell therein shall be perfect in body as in soul. What, then, is such a one as myself, who hath some learning and no fortune, to do? Sir Christopher, my benefactor, will maintain me at Oxford until I have taken a degree. This is more than I could have expected. Therefore, I am resolved to take a degree in medicine. It is the only profession fit for a mis-shapen creature. They will not laugh at me when I alleviate their pains."

"Could anyone laugh at you, Humphrey?"

"Pray Heaven, I frighten not the ladies at the first aspect of me." He laughed, but not with merriment; for, indeed, a cripple or a hunchback cannot laugh mirthfully over his own misfortune. "Some men speak scornfully of the profession," he went on. "The great French playwright, Monsieur Molière, doth make the physicians the butt and laughing-stock of all Paris. Yet consider. It is medicine which prolongs our days and relieves our pains. Before the science was studied, the wretch who caught a fever in the marshy forest lay down and died; an ague lasted all one's life; a sore throat putrefied and killed; a rheumatism threw a man upon the bed from which he would never rise. The physician is man's chief friend. If our Sovereigns studied the welfare of humanity as deeply as the art of war, they would maintain, at vast expense, great colleges of learned men continually engaged in discovering the secrets of nature—the causes and the remedies of disease. What better use can a man make of his life than to discover one—only one—secret which will drive away part of the agony of disease? The Jews, more merciful than the Romans, stupefied their criminals after they were crucified; they died, indeed, but their sufferings were less. So the physician, though in the end all men must die, may help them to die without pain. Nay, I have even thought that we might devise means of causing the patient by some potent drug to fall into so deep a sleep that even the surgeon's knife shall not cause him to awaken."

He therefore, before he entered at Oxford, read with my father many learned books of the ancients on the science and practice of medicine, and studied botany with the help of such books as he could procure.

Some men have but one side to them—that is to say, the only active part of them is engaged in but one study; the rest is given up to rest or indolence. Thus Benjamin studied law diligently, but nothing else. Humphrey, for his part, read his Galen and his Celsus, but he neglected not the cultivation of those arts and accomplishments in which Mr. Boscorel was as ready a teacher as he was a ready scholar. He thus learned the history of painting, and sculpture, and architecture, and that of coins and medals, so that at eighteen Humphrey might already have set up as a virtuoso.

Nor was this all. Still by the help of the Rector, he learned the use of the pencil and the brush, and could both draw prettily, or paint in water colours, whether the cottages or the church, the cows in the fields, or the woods and hills. I have many pictures of his painting which he gave me from time to time. And he could play sweetly, whether on the spinnet, or the violin, or the guitar, spending many hours every week with Mr. Boscorel playing duetts together; and willingly he would sing, having a rich and full voice very delightful to hear. When I grew a great girl, and had advanced far enough, I was permitted to play with them. There was no end to the music which Mr. Boscorel possessed. First, he had a great store of English ditties such as country-people love—as, "Sing all a green willow," "Gather ye rose-buds while ye may," or "Once I loved a maiden fair." There was nothing rough or rude in these songs, though I am informed that much wickedness is taught by the ribald songs that are sung in playhouses and coffee-rooms. And when we were not playing or singing, Mr. Boscorel would read us poetry—portions from Shakspeare or Ben Jonson, or out of Milton's "Paradise Lost"; or from Herrick, who is surely the sweetest poet that ever lived, "yet marred," said Mr. Boscorel, "by his coarseness and corruption." Now, one day, after we had been thus reading—one winter afternoon, when the sun lay upon the meadows—Humphrey walked home with me, and on the way confessed, with many blushes, that he, too, had been writing verses. And with that he tugged a paper out of his pocket.

"They are for thine own eyes only," he said. "Truly, my dear, thou hast the finest eyes in the world. They are for no other eyes than thine," he repeated. "Not for Robin, mind, lest he laugh: poetry hath in it something sacred, so that even the writer of bad verses cannot bear to have them laughed at. When thou art a year or two older thou wilt understand that they were written for thy heart as well as for thine eyes. Yet, if thou like the verses, they may be seen by Mr. Boscorel, but in private; and if he laugh at them do not tell me. Yet, again, one would like to know what he said; wherefore, tell me, though his words be like a knife in my side."

Thus he wavered between wishing to show them to his master in art, and fearing.

In the end, when I showed them to Mr. Boscorel, he said that, for a beginner, they were very well—very well, indeed; that the rhymes were correct, and the metre true; that years and practice would give greater firmness, and that the crafty interlacing of thought and passion, which was the characteristic of Italian verse, could only be learned by much reading of the Italian poets. More he said, speaking upon the slight subject of rhyme and poetry with as much seriousness and earnestness as if he were weighing and comparing texts of Scripture.

Then he gave me back the verses with a sigh.

"Child," he said. "To none of us is given what most we desire. For my part, I longed in his infancy that my son should grow up even as Humphrey, as quick to learn; with as true a taste; with as correct an ear; with a hand as skilful. But—— you see, I complain not, though Benjamin loves the noisy tavern better than the quiet coffee-house where the wits resort. To him such things as verses, art, and music are foolishness. I say that I complain not; but I would to Heaven that Humphrey were my own, and that his shoulders were straight, poor lad! Thy father hath made him a Puritan: he is such as John Milton in his youth—and as beautiful in face as that stout Republican. I doubt not that we shall have from the hand of Humphrey, if he live and prosper, something fine, the nature of which, whether it is to be in painting, or in music, or in poetry, I know not. Take the verses, and take care that thou lose them not; and, child—remember—the poet is allowed to say what he pleases about a woman's eyes. Be not deceived into thinking——But no—no—there is no fear. Good-night, thou sweet and innocent saint."

I knew not then what he meant; but these are the verses, and I truly think that they are very moving and religious. For if woman be truly the most beautiful work of the Creator (which all men aver), then it behoves her all the more still to point upwards. I read them with a pleasure and surprise that filled my whole soul, and inflamed my heart with pious joy:—

Around, above, and everywhere
The earth hath many a lovely thing;
The zephyrs soft, the flowers fair,
The babbling brook, the bubbling spring.

The grey of dawn, the azure sky,
The sunset glow, the evening gloom;
The warbling thrush, the skylark high,
The blossoming hedge, the garden's bloom.

The sun in state, the moon in pride,
The twinkling stars in order laid;
The winds that ever race and ride,
The shadows flying o'er the glade.

Oh! many a lovely thing hath earth,
To charm the eye and witch the soul;
Yet one there is of passing worth—
For that one thing I give the whole.

The crowning work, the last thing made,
Creation's masterpiece to be—
Bend o'er yon stream, and there displayed,
This wondrous thing reflected see.

Behold a face for heaven designed;
See how those eyes thy soul betray—
Love—secret love—there sits enshrined;
And upwards still doth point the way.

When Humphrey went away, he did not, like Benjamin, come blustering and declaring that he would marry me, and that he would break the skull of any other man who dared make love to me—not at all; Humphrey, with tears in his eyes, told me that he was sorry I could not go to Oxford as well; that he was going to lose the sweetest companion in the world; and that he should always love me: and then he kissed me on the forehead, and so departed. Why should he not always love me? I knew very well that he loved me, and that I loved him. Although he was so young, being only seventeen when he was entered at Exeter College, I suppose there never was a young gentleman went to the University of Oxford with so many accomplishments, and so much learning. By my father's testimony he read Greek as if it were his mother tongue, and he wrote and conversed easily in Latin; and you have heard what arts and accomplishments he added to this solid learning. He was elected to a scholarship at his college, that of Exeter, and, after he took his degree as Bachelor of Medicine, he was made a Fellow of All Souls, where Mr. Boscorel himself had also been a Fellow. This election was not only a great distinction for him, but it gave him what a learned young man especially desires—the means of living and of pursuing his studies.

While he was at Oxford he wrote letters to Sir Christopher, to Mr. Boscorel, and to my father (to whom also he sent such new books and pamphlets as he thought would interest him). To me he sent sometimes drawings and sometimes books, but never verses.

Now (to make an end of Humphrey for the present), when he had obtained his fellowship, he asked for and obtained leave of absence and permission to study medicine in those great schools which far surpass, they say, our English schools of medicine. These are that of Montpellier; the yet more famous school of Padua, in Italy; and that of Leyden, whither many Englishmen have resorted for study, notably Mr. Evelyn, whose book called "Sylva" was in the Rector's library.

He carried on during the whole of this time a correspondence with Mr. Boscorel on the paintings, statues, and architecture to be seen wherever his travels carried him. These letters Mr. Boscorel read aloud, with a map spread before him, discoursing on the history of the place and the chief things to be seen there, before he began to read. Surely there never was a man so much taken up with the fine arts, especially as they were practised by the ancients.

There remains the last of the boys—Robin, Sir Christopher's grandson and heir. I should like this book to be all about Robin—yet one must needs speak of the others. I declare, that from the beginning, there never was a boy more happy, more jolly; never anyone more willing to be always making someone happy. He loved the open air, the wild creatures, the trees, the birds, everything that lives beneath the sky; yet not like my poor brother Barnaby—a hater of books. He read all the books which told about creatures, or hunting, or country life; and all voyages and travels. A fresh-coloured, wholesome lad, not so grave as Humphrey, nor so rustic as Barnaby, who always seemed to carry with him the scent of woods and fields. He was to Sir Christopher, what Benjamin was to Jacob. Even my father loved him though he was so poor a scholar.

Those who stay at home have homely wits: that is well known: therefore Robin must follow Humphrey to Oxford. He went thither the year after his cousin. I never learned that he obtained a scholarship, or that he was considered one of the younger pillars of that learned and ancient University; or, indeed, that he took a degree at all.

After he left Oxford, he must go to London, there to study Justice's Law and fit himself for the duties he would have to fulfil. Also his grandfather would have him acquire some knowledge of the Court and the City, and the ways of the great and the rich. This, too, he did; though he never learned to prefer those ways to the simple customs and habits of his Somerset village.

He, too, like the other two, bade me a tender farewell.

"Poor Alice!" he said, taking both my hands in his. "What wilt thou do when I am gone?"

Indeed, since Humphrey went away, we had been daily companions; and at the thought of being thus left alone the tears were running down my cheeks.

"Why, sweetheart," he said, "to think that I should ever make thee cry—I who desire nothing but to make thee always laugh and be happy! What wilt thou do? Go often to my mother. She loves thee as if thou wert her own daughter. Go and talk to her concerning me. It pleaseth the poor soul to be still talking of her son. And forget not my grandfather. Play backgammon with him; fill his pipe for him; sing to the spinnet for him; talk to him about Humphrey and me. And forget not Mr. Boscorel, my uncle. The poor man looks as melancholy since Humphrey went away as a turtle robbed of her nest. I saw him yesterday opening one of his drawers full of medals, and he sighed over them fit to break his heart. He sighed for Humphrey, not for Ben. Well, child, what more? Take Lance"—'twas his dog—"for a run every day; make George Sparrow keep an eye upon the stream for otters; and—there are a thousand things, but I will write them down. Have patience with the dear old man when he will be still talking about me."

"Patience, Robin," I said. "Why, we all love to talk about thee."

"Do you all love to talk about me? Dost thou, too, Alice? Oh, my dear, my dear!" Here he took me in his arms and kissed me on the lips. "Dost thou also love to talk about me? Why, my dear, I shall think of nothing but of thee. Because—oh! my dear!—I love thee with all my heart."

Well, I was still so foolish that I understood nothing more than that we all loved him, and he loved us all.

"Alice, I will write letters to thee. I will put them in the packet for my mother. Thus thou wilt understand that I am always thinking of thee."

He was as good as his word. But the letters were so full of the things he was doing and seeing, that it was quite clear that his mind had plenty of room for more than one object. To be sure, I should have been foolish, indeed, had I desired that his letters should tell me that he was always thinking about me, when he should have been attending to his business.

After a year in London, his grandfather thought that he should travel. Therefore, he went abroad and joined Humphrey at Montpellier, and with him rode northwards to Leyden, where he sojourned while his cousin attended the lectures of that famous school.

CHAPTER VIII.

A ROYAL PROGRESS.

When all the boys were gone the time was quiet, indeed, for those who were left behind. My mother's wheel went spinning still, but I think that some kindness on the part of Mr. Boscorel as well as Sir Christopher caused her weekly tale of yarn to be of less importance. And as for me, not only would she never suffer me to sit at the spinning-wheel, but there was so much request of me (to replace the boys) that I was nearly all the day either with Sir Christopher, or with Madam, or with Mr. Boscorel.

Up to the year 1680, or thereabouts, I paid no more attention to political matters than any young woman with no knowledge may be supposed to give. Yet, of course, I was on the side of liberty, both civil and religious. How should that be otherwise, my father being such as he was, muzzled for all these years, the work of his life prevented and destroyed?

It was in that year, however, that I became a most zealous partisan and lover of the Protestant cause in the way that I am about to relate.

Everybody knows that there is no part of Great Britain (not even Scotland) where the Protestant religion hath supporters more stout and stanch than Somerset and Devonshire. I hope I shall not be accused of disloyalty to Queen Anne, under whom we now flourish and are happy, when I say that in the West of England we had grown—I know not how—to regard the late misguided Duke of Monmouth as the champion of the Protestant faith. When, therefore, the Duke came into the West of England in the year 1680, five years before his Rebellion, he was everywhere received with acclamations and by crowds who gathered round him to witness their loyalty to the Protestant faith. They came also to gaze upon the gallant commander who had defeated both the French and the Dutch, and was said (but erroneously) to be as wise as he was brave: and as religious as he was beautiful to look upon. As for his wisdom, those who knew him best have since assured the world that he had little or none, his judgment being always swayed and determined for him by crafty and subtle persons seeking their own interests. And as for his religion, whatever may have been his profession, good works were wanting—as is now very well known. But at that time, and among our people, the wicked ways of Courts were only half understood. And there can be no doubt that, whether he was wise or religious, the show of affection with which the Duke was received upon this journey, turned his head and caused him to think that these people would rally round him if he called upon them. And I suppose that there is nothing which more delights a Prince than to believe that his friends are ready even to lay down their lives in his behalf.

At that time the country was greatly agitated by anxiety concerning the succession. Those who were nearest the throne knew that King Charles was secretly a Papist. We in the country had not learned that dismal circumstance: yet we knew the religion of the Duke of York. Thousands there were, like Sir Christopher himself, who now lamented the return of the King, considering the disgraces which had fallen upon the country. But what was done could not be undone. They, therefore, asked themselves if the nation would suffer an avowed Papist to ascend a Protestant throne. If not, what should be done? And here, as everybody knows, was opinion divided. For some declared that the Duke of Monmouth, had he his rights, was the lawful heir; and others maintained, on the King's own word, that he was never married to Mistress Lucy Waters. Therefore, they would have the Duke of York's daughter, a Protestant Princess, married to William of Orange, proclaimed Queen. The Monmouth party were strong, however, and it was even said—Mr. Henry Clark, minister of Crewkern, wrote a pamphlet to prove it—that a poor woman, Elizabeth Parret by name, touched the Duke (he being ignorant of the thing) for King's Evil, and was straightway healed. Sir Christopher laughed at the story, saying that the King himself, whether he was descended from a Scottish Stuart or from King Solomon himself, could no more cure that dreadful disease than the seventh son of a seventh son (as some foolish people believe), or the rubbing of the part affected by the hand of a man that had been hanged (as others do foolishly believe), which is the reason why on the gibbets the hanging corpses are always handless.

It was noised abroad, beforehand, that the Duke was going to ride through the west country in order to visit his friends

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The progress (it was more like a Royal progress than the journey of a private nobleman) began with his visit to Mr. Thomas Thynne, of Longleat House. It is said that his chief reason for going to that house was to connect himself with the obligation of the tenant of Longleat to give the King and his suite a night's lodging when they visited that part of the country. Mr. Thynne, who entertained the Duke on this occasion, was the same who was afterwards murdered in London by Count Konigsmark. They called him "Tom of Ten Thousand." The poet Dryden hath written of this progress, in that poem wherein, under the fabled name of Absalom, he figures the Duke:—

> He now begins his progress to ordain.
> With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train.
> Fame runs before him as the morning star,
> And shouts of joy salute him from afar.
> Each house receives him as a guardian god,
> And consecrates the place of his abode.

It was for his hospitable treatment of the Duke that Mr. Thynne was immediately afterwards deprived of the command of the Wiltshire Militia.

"Son-in-law," said Sir Christopher, "I would ride out to meet the Duke in respect to his Protestant professions. As for any pretensions he may have to the succession, I know nothing of them."

"I will ride with you, Sir," said the Rector, "to meet the son of the King. And as for any Protestant professions, I know nothing of them. His Grace still remains, I believe, within the pale of the Church as by law established. Let us all ride out together."

Seeing that my father also rode with them, it is certain that there were many and diverse reasons why so many thousands gathered together to welcome the Duke. Madame, Robin's mother, out of her kind heart, invited me to accompany her, and gave me a white frock to wear and blue ribbons to put into it.

We made, with our servants, a large party. We were also joined by many of the tenants, with their sons and wives, so that when we came to Ilchester, Sir Christopher was riding at the head of a great company of sixty or more, and very fine they looked, all provided with blue favours in honour of the Duke.

From Bradford Orcas to Ilchester is but six miles as the crow flies, but the ways (which are narrow and foul in winter) do so wind and turn about that they add two miles at least to the distance. Fortunately the season was summer—namely, August—when the sun is hottest and the earth is dry, so that no one was bogged on the way.

We started betimes—namely, at six in the morning—because we knew not for certain at what time the Duke would arrive at Ilchester. When we came forth from the Manor House the farmers were already waiting for us, and so, after greetings from his Honour, they fell in and followed. We first took the narrow and rough lane which leads to the high road; but, when we reached it, we found it full of people riding, like ourselves, or trudging, staff in hand, all in the same direction. They were going to gaze upon the Protestant Duke, who, if he had his way, would restore freedom of conscience, and abolish the Acts against the Nonconformists. We rode through Marston Magna, but only the old people and the little children were left there; in the fields the ripe corn stood waiting to be cut; in the farmyards the beasts were standing idle; all the hinds were gone to Ilchester to see the Duke. And I began to fear lest when we got to Ilchester we should be too late. At Marston we left the main road and entered upon a road (call it a track rather than a road) across the country, which is here flat and open. In winter it is miry and boggy, but it was now dry and hard. This path brought us again to the main road in two miles, or thereabouts, and here we were but a mile or so from Ilchester. Now, such a glorious sight as awaited us here I never expected to see. Once again, after five years, I was to see a welcome still more splendid; but nothing can ever efface from my memory that day. For first, the roads, as I have said, were thronged with rustics, and next, when we rode into the town we found it filled with gentlemen most richly dressed, and ladies so beautiful, and with such splendid attire that it dazzled my eyes to look upon them. It was a grand thing to see the gentlemen take off their hats and cry, "Huzza for brave Sir Christopher!" Everybody knew his opinions and on what side he had fought in the Civil War. The old man bent his head, and I think that he was pleased with this mark of honour.

The town which, though ancient, is now decayed and hath but few good houses in it, was made glorious with bright-coloured cloths, carpets, flags, and ribbons. There were bands of music; the bells of the church were ringing; the main street was like a fair with booths and stalls, and in the market-place there were benches set up with white canvas covering, where sat ladies in their fine dresses, some of them with naked necks, unseemly to behold. Yet it was pretty to see the long curls lying on their white shoulders. Some of them sat with half-closed eyes, which, I have since learned, is the fashion at Court. Mostly, they wore satin petticoats, and demi-gowns also of satin, furnished with a long train. Our place was beside the old Cross with its gilt ball and vane. The people who filled the streets came from Sherborne, from Bruton, from Shepton, from Glastonbury, from Langport, and from Somerton, and from all the villages round. It was computed that there were twenty thousand of them. Two thousand at least rode out to meet the Duke, and followed after him when he rode through the town. And, oh! the shouting as he drew near, the clashing of the bells, the beating of the drums, the blowing of the horns, the firing of the guns, as if the more noise they made the greater would be the Duke.

Since that day I have not wondered at the power which a Prince hath of drawing men after him, even to the death. Never was heir to the Crown received with such joy and welcome as was this young man, who had no title to the Crown, and was base-born. Yet, because he was a brave young man, and comely above all other young men, gracious of speech, and ready with a laugh and a joke, and because he was the son of the King, and the reputed champion of the Protestant faith, the people could not shout too loud for him.

The Duke was at this time in the prime of manhood, being thirty-five years of age. "At that age," Mr. Boscawel used to say, "one would desire to remain if the body of clay were immortal. For then the volatile humours of youth have been dissipated. The time of follies has passed; love is regarded with the sober eyes of experience; knowledge has been acquired; skill of eye and hand has been gained, if one is so happy as to be a follower of art and music; wisdom hath been reached, if wisdom is ever to be attained. But wisdom," he would add, "is a quality generally lacking at every period of life."

"When last I saw the Duke," he told us while we waited, "was fifteen years ago, in St. James's Park. He was walking with the King, his father, who had his arm about his son's shoulders, and regarded him fondly. At that time he was, indeed, a very David for beauty. I suppose that he hath not kept that singular loveliness which made him the darling of the Court. That, indeed, were not a thing to be desired or expected. He is now the hero of Maestricht, and the Chancellor of Cambridge University."

And then all hats were pulled off, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the men shouted, and you would have thought the bells would have pulled the old tower down with the vehemence of their ringing; for the Duke was riding into the town.

He was no longer a beautiful boy, but a man at whose aspect every heart was softened. His enemies, in his presence, could not blame him; his friends, at sight of him, could not praise him, of such singular beauty was he possessed. Softness, gentleness, kindness, and goodwill reigned in his large soft eyes; graciousness sat upon his lips, and all his face seemed to smile as he rode slowly between the lane formed by the crowd on either hand.

What said the Poet Dryden in that same poem of his from which I have already quoted?—

> Early in foreign fields he won renown
> With Kings and States allied to Israel's crown;
> In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
> And seemed as he were only born for love.
> Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
> In him alone 'twas natural to please;
> His motions all accompanied with grace,
> And Paradise was opened in his face.

Now I have to tell of what happened to me—the most insignificant person in the whole crowd. It chanced that as the Duke came near the spot beside the cross where we were standing, the press in front obliged him to stop. He looked about him while he waited, smiling still and bowing to the people. Presently his eyes fell upon me, and he whispered a gentleman who rode beside him, yet a little in the rear. This gentleman laughed, and dismounted. What was my confusion when he advanced towards me and spoke to me!

"Madam," he said, calling me "Madam!". "His Grace would say one word to you, with permission of your friends."

"Go with this gentleman, child," said Sir Christopher, laughing. Everybody laughs—I know not why—when a girl is led out to be kissed.

"Fair White Rose of Somerset," said his Grace—'twas the most musical voice in the world, and the softest. "Fair White Rose"—he repeated the words—"let me be assured of the welcome of Ilchester by a kiss from your sweet lips, which I will return in token of my gratitude."

All the people who heard these words shouted as if they would burst themselves asunder. And the gentleman who had led me forth lifted me so that my foot rested on the Duke's boot, while his Grace laid his arm tenderly round my waist and kissed me twice.

"Sweet child," he said, "what is thy name?"

"By your Grace's leave," I said, the words being very strange, "My name is Alice. I am the daughter of Dr. Comfort Erskin, an ejected minister. I have come with Sir Christopher Chullis, who stands yonder."

"Sir Christopher!" said the Duke, as if surprised. "Let me shake hands with Sir Christopher. I take it kindly, Sir Christopher, that you have so far honoured me." So he gave the old man, who stepped forward bareheaded, his hand, still holding me by the waist. "I pray that we may meet again, Sir Christopher, and that before long." Then he drew a gold ring, set with an emerald, from his forefinger, and placed it upon mine, "God grant it bring thee luck, sweet child," he said, and kissed me again, and then suffered me to be lifted down. And you may be sure that it was with red cheeks that I took my place among my friends. Yet Sir Christopher was pleased at the notice taken of him by the Duke, and my father was not displeased at the part I had been made to play.

When the Duke had ridden through the town, many of the people followed after, as far as White Lackington, which is close to Ilminster. So many were they that they took down a great piece of the park paling to admit them all; and there, under a Spanish chestnut-tree, the Duke drank to the health of all the people.

At Ilminster, whither he rode a few days later; at Chard, at Ford Abbey, at Colyton, and at Exeter—wherever he went, he was received with the same shouts and acclamations. It is no wonder, therefore, that he should believe, a few years later, that those people would follow him when he drew the sword for the Protestant religion.

One thing is certain—that in the West of England, from the progress of Monmouth to the Rebellion, there was uneasiness, with an anxious looking forward to troubled times. The people of Taunton kept as a day of holiday and thanksgiving the anniversary of the raising of Charles's siege. When the Mayor, in 1683, tried to stop the celebration they nearly stoned him to death. After this, Sir George Jeffreys, afterwards Lord Jeffreys, who took the spring circuit in 1684, was called upon to report on the loyalty of the West country. He reported that the gentry were loyal and well disposed. But he knew not the mind of the weavers and spinners of the country.

It was this progress; the sight of the Duke's sweet face; his flattery of me, and his soft words, and the ring he gave me, which made me from that moment such a partisan of his cause as only a woman can be. Women cannot fight, but they can encourage those who do; and they can not only ardently desire, but they can despise and contemn those who think otherwise. I cannot say that it was I who persuaded our boys five years later to join the Duke; but I can truly say that I did and said all that a woman can; that I rejoiced when they did so; and that I should never have forgiven Robin had he joined the forces of the Papist King.

(To be continued.)

INTERNATIONAL GEOLOGICAL CONGRESS.

The following arrangements have been made for the London meeting of the International Geological Congress, which will be held from Sept. 17 to 22. The meetings will be held in the rooms of the University of London, Burlington-gardens, where accommodation for the council, committees, exhibition, &c., has been granted by the Senate of the University.

The opening meeting of the congress will take place on Monday evening, Sept. 17, at eight p.m., when the council will be appointed, and the general order of business for the session will be determined. The ordinary meetings of the congress will be held on the mornings of Tuesday, the 18th, and succeeding days, commencing at ten a.m. In the afternoons there will be visits to museums, or to places of interest in the neighbourhood of London. Arrangements for the evenings will be made at a later date.

The ordinary business of the congress will include the discussion of questions not considered at Berlin, or adjourned thence for fuller discussion at the London meeting. Amongst these are:—The Geological Map of Europe; the Classification of the Cambrian and Silurian Rocks and of the Tertiary Strata; and some points of Nomenclature, &c., referred to the congress by the International Commission. Miscellaneous business will also be considered. A special sitting will be devoted to a discussion on the "Crystalline Schists." Contributions on this subject are expected from several foreign authorities; these will be printed in advance, and will be distributed at the opening meeting of the congress. The memoirs may therefore be taken as "read" at the meeting, and the discussion be proceeded with at once. At one of the evening meetings arrangements will be made for the exhibition of lantern-slides, illustrating the discussion of the Crystalline Schists.

Excursions will take place in the week after the meeting (Sept. 24 to 30). The number of these will depend upon the number of members desirous of attending; those at present suggested are:—1. The Isle of Wight (visiting the Ordnance Survey Office at Southampton on the way). 2. North Wales. 3. East Yorkshire. 4. Norfolk and Suffolk. 5. Central England (Jurassic Rocks). 6. West Yorkshire.

CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

D. of M.	D. of W.	ANNIVERSARIES, FESTIVALS, OCCURRENCES, HISTORICAL NOTES, ETC.	SUN. Rises.	SUN. South. after Noon.	SUN. Sets.	MOON. Rises.	MOON. Morn.	MOON. Sets Aftern.	DURATION OF MOONLIGHT. Before Sunrise.	DURATION OF MOONLIGHT. After Sunset.	HIGH WATER AT London Bridge. Morn.	HIGH WATER AT London Bridge. Aftern.	HIGH WATER AT Liverpool Dock. Morn.	HIGH WATER AT Liverpool Dock. Aftern.	Day of Year.
									O'Clock.	O'Clock.					
									0 1 2 3 4	8 9 10 11 12					
			H. M.	M. S.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.			H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	
1	W	*Lammas Day*	4 26	6 2 7 45		Morn.	2 26				8 1	8 29	5 1	5 26	214
2	Th	Battle of Blenheim, 1704	4 27	5 58 7 43		0 1	3 29				9 2	9 38	5 54	6 27	215
3	F	Sir R. Arkwright died, 1792	4 28	5 53 7 42		0 33	4 30				10 15	10 51	7 3	7 40	216
4	S	G. Canning died, 1827	4 30	5 48 7 40		1 11	5 26				11 26	11 56	8 16	8 51	217
5	S	10TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	4 32	5 42 7 39		1 59	6 17				—	0 24	9 21	9 49	218
6	M	Bank Holiday in England and Scotland	4 33	5 35 7 38		2 54	7 1				0 48	1 11	10 13	10 36	219
7	Tu	*Name of Jesus*	4 35	5 28 7 37		3 58	7 40				1 34	1 55	10 59	11 20	220
8	W	Thumberg died, 1828	4 36	5 20 7 36		5 8	8 10				2 15	2 34	11 40	11 59	221
9	Th	Greenwich Observatory commenced, 1675	4 38	5 12 7 34		6 22	8 38				2 52	3 12	—	0 17	222
10	F	*St. Laurence*	4 39	5 3 7 31		7 39	9 2				3 30	3 50	0 37	0 55	223
11	S	Dog Days end Half-Quarter Day	4 41	4 51 7 28		8 55	9 26				4 9	4 30	1 15	1 34	224
12	S	11TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	4 42	4 44 7 26		10 14	9 50				4 50	5 11	1 55	2 15	225
13	M	*Old Lammas Day*	4 44	4 33 7 24		11 34	10 16				5 31	5 54	2 36	2 56	226
14	Tu	Trinity Law Sittings end	4 45	4 22 7 22		Aftern.	10 44				6 17	6 43	3 19	4 42	227
15	W	Sir Walter Scott born, 1771	4 47	4 10 7 20		2 10	11 19				7 9	7 37	4 8	4 34	228
16	Th	Severe storms in the Midlands, 1877	4 48	3 58 7 18		3 24	Morn.				8 8	8 44	5 2	5 33	229
17	F	Frederick the Great died, 1786	4 50	3 45 7 16		4 32	0 1				9 22	10 3	6 9	6 47	230
18	S	Battle of Gravelotte, 1870	4 51	3 32 7 14		5 31	0 53				10 44	11 25	7 28	8 9	231
19	S	12TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	4 53	3 18 7 12		6 18	1 53				—	0 1	8 50	9 26	232
20	M	Black Game Shooting begins	4 55	3 4 7 10		6 57	3 2				0 31	1 1	9 59	10 26	233
21	Tu	The fifth Duke of Northumberland died, 1867	4 56	2 49 7 8		7 28	4 14				1 28	1 52	10 53	11 17	234
22	W	Battle of Bosworth Field, 1485	4 58	2 34 7 6		7 52	5 26				2 13	2 34	11 38	11 59	235
23	Th	Sir W. Herschel died, 1822	4 59	2 18 7 4		8 15	6 38				2 53	3 13	—	0 18	236
24	F	*St. Bartholomew*	5 1	2 2 7 2		8 35	7 49				3 32	3 50	0 38	0 57	237
25	S	James Watt died, 1819	5 3	1 46 7 0		8 51	8 57				4 9	4 26	1 15	1 34	238
26	S	13TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	5 4	1 29 6 58		9 15	10 2				4 43	4 58	1 51	2 8	239
27	M	Algiers bombarded, 1816	5 6	1 12 6 56		9 36	11 8				5 14	5 30	2 23	2 39	240
28	Tu	*St. Augustine.* Battle of Kassassin, 1882	5 8	0 54 6 54		10 1	Aftern.				5 46	6 5	2 55	3 11	241
29	W	Battle of Aspromonte, 1862	5 9	0 36 6 52		10 30	1 16				6 25	6 46	3 30	3 50	242
30	Th	Admiral Sir John Ross died, 1856	5 10	0 18 6 49		11 5	2 17				7 9	7 31	4 11	4 34	243
31	F	John Bunyan died, 1688	5 12	0 0 6 47		11 49	3 16				8 4	8 38	4 59	5 29	244

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES FOR AUGUST.

The MOON will be near Mercury on the morning of the 8th; she will be near Saturn on the 7th; and near Venus on the morning of the 8th; she will be very near Mars during the evening hours of the 13th, the nearest approach will be at 9h p.m.; and she will be near, and a little to the right of, Jupiter on the 14th. Her phases or times of change are:—

New Moon on the	7th at 21 minutes after	6	in the	afternoon.
First Quarter	„	14th	„	44	„	4	„	„
Full Moon	„	21st	„	20	„	3	„	„
Last Quarter	„	29th	„	18	„	2	„	„

She is nearest the Earth on the 14th, and most distant from it on the 28th.

MERCURY is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 2h 49m a.m., or 1h 37m before the Sun rises; on the 4th at 2h 52m a.m., or 1h 38m before sunrise; on the 9th at 3h 13m a.m., or 1h 23m before the Sun rises; on the 14th at 3h 44m a.m., or 1h 1m before sunrise; on the 19th at 4h 20m a.m., or 33 minutes before the Sun rises; on the 24th at 4h 58m a.m., or 3 minutes before sunrise. He sets on the 19th at 7h 14m p.m., or 2 minutes after sunset; on the 24th at 7h 14m p.m., or 12 minutes after the Sun sets; and on the 30th at 7h 9m p.m., or 20 minutes after sunset. He is near the Moon on the 6th, and in ascending node on the same day. He is at least distance from the Sun on the 9th; is near Saturn on the 14th; and in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 24th.

VENUS is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 8h 8m p.m., or 23 minutes after sunset; on the 10th at 7h 56m p.m., or 25 minutes after the Sun sets; on the 20th at 7h 41m p.m., or 31 minutes after sunset; on the 30th at 7h 21m p.m., or 32 minutes after the Sun sets. She is near the Moon on the 8th.

MARS sets on the 1st at 10h 17m p.m., on the 10th at 9h 52m p.m., on the 20th at 9h 24m p.m., and on the 30th at 9h 0m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 13th.

JUPITER sets on the 1st at 11h 18m p.m., on the 8th at 10h 51m p.m., on the 18th at 10h 14m p.m., and on the 28th at 9h 37m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 14th, and in quadrature with the Sun on the 20th.

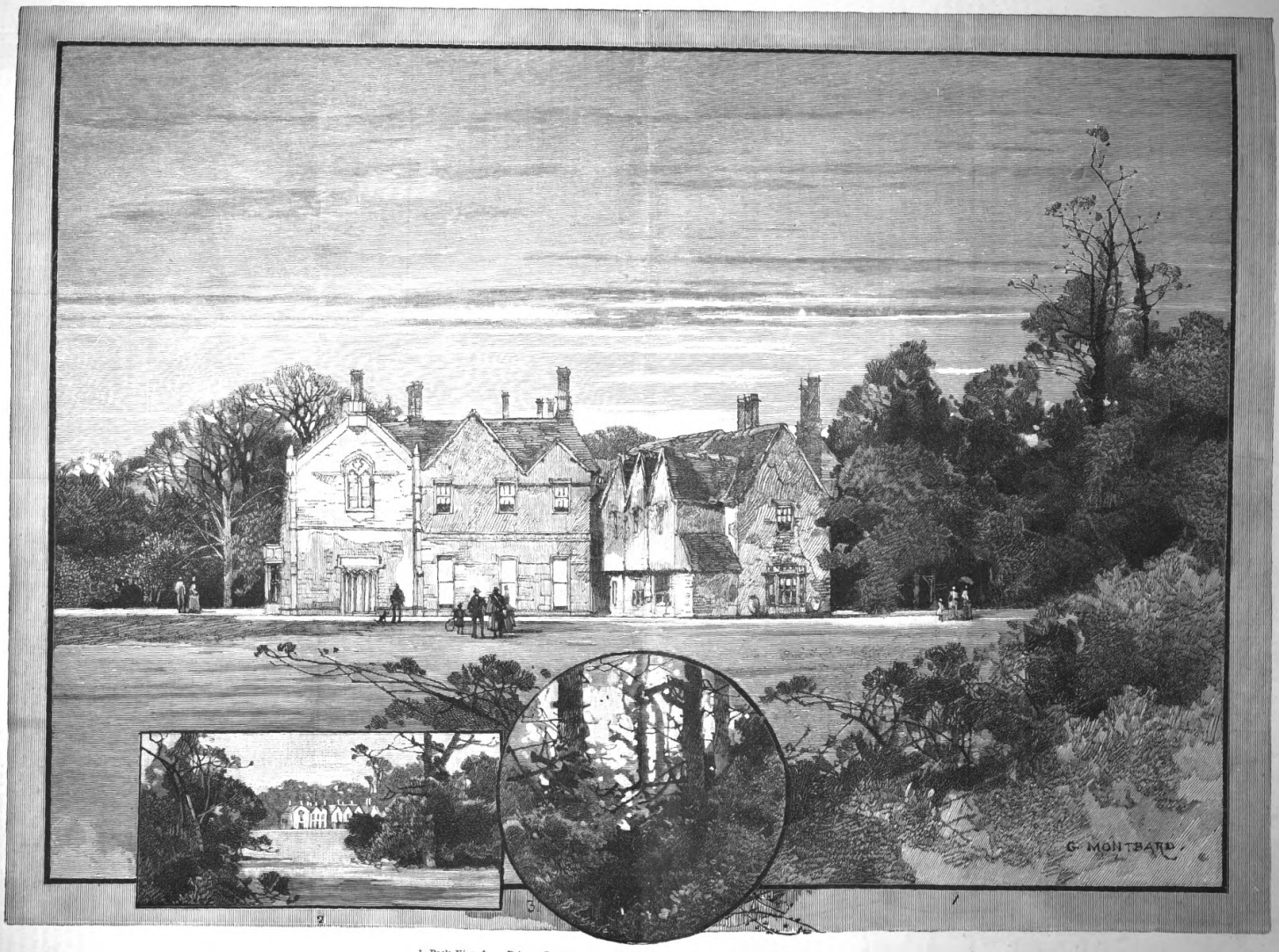
SATURN sets on the 1st at 7h 51m p.m., or 6 minutes after the Sun sets; on the 4th at 7h 44m p.m., or 2 minutes after sunset. He rises on the 9th at 4h 0m a.m., on the 19th at 3h 28m a.m., and on the 29th at 2h 56m a.m. He is in conjunction with the Sun on the 2nd, and is near the Moon on the 7th.



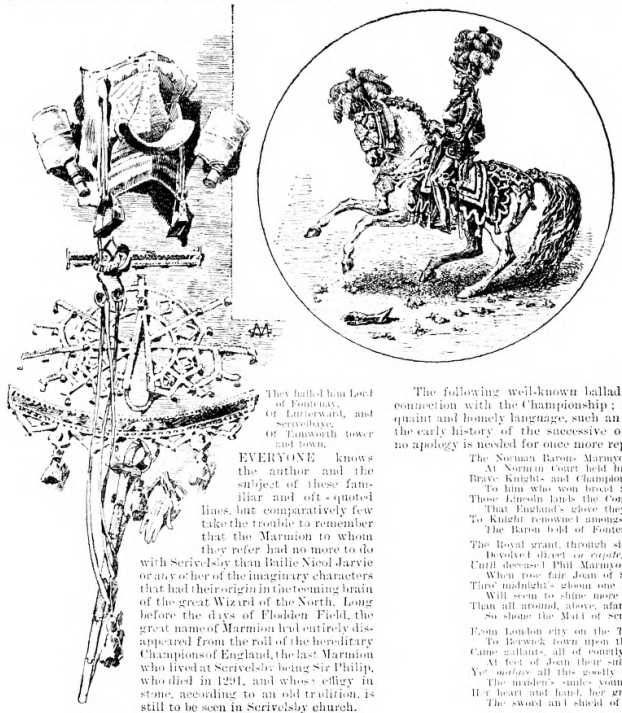
"LA PETTINIERA."—BY CONRAD KIESEL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC UNION, MUNICH.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No XIV. SCRIVELSBY COURT.



1. Back View from Private Garden. 2. Distant View from the Road. 3. The Wilderness.



ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XIV.

Scrivelsby Court,

HOME OF THE DYMOKES,

HEREDITARY Cchampions OF ENGLAND.

They hailed him Lord of Fontenay,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelsbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town.

EVERYONE knows the author and the subject of these familiar and oft-quoted lines, but comparatively few take the trouble to remember that the Marmion to whom they refer had no more to do with Scrivelsby than Bailie Nicol Jarvie or any other of the imaginary characters that had their origin in the teeming brain of the great Wizard of the North. Long before the days of Flodden Field, the great name of Marmion had entirely disappeared from the roll of the hereditary Champions of England, the last Marmion who lived at Scrivelsby being Sir Philip, who died in 1291, and whose effigy in stone, according to an old tradition, is still to be seen in Scrivelsby church.

According to the generally received account, the Manor of Scrivelsby was given by William the Conqueror to his favourite Knight, Robert De Marmyon, who had accompanied him to England, and whose ancestors at Fontenoy had long performed the office of Champion to the Dukes of Normandy. A similar duty was now attached to the holder of the Manor of Scrivelsby, which was to be held by grand Sergeantry, to perform the office of Champion at the King's Coronation. The Championship has never since been formally detached from the ownership of Scrivelsby, although the ceremony was performed for the last time at the coronation of George IV., and although, as we shall presently see, an unsuccessful attempt was made in 1377 to transfer this particular duty to the Manor of Tamworth, which had also been assigned to Robert De Marmyon under apparently similar conditions.

The Marmions were a proud and powerful race, of vast possessions in money, and land situated in different parts of the country; but they only continued to hold Scrivelsby, in direct male succession, to the year 1291, when Philip De Marmyon, the last, but by no means the least distinguished, of a highly distinguished race, died without male issue, after having acquired great fame in the Baronial wars under Simon De Montfort, in the time of Henry III. As he was seised of estates, at the time of his death, in Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and Lincolnshire, his two surviving daughters shared between them their father's inheritance, Scrivelsby falling to Joan, the younger, who was only eight years old when her father died, and was subsequently married to Sir Thomas De Ludlow; while the elder sister, who was already married to Sir Alexander De Freville, succeeded to the more extensive estates of Tamworth. Brief, however, was the reign of the Ludlows at Scrivelsby, for, on the death, without male issue, of the grandson of Sir Philip De Marmyon, Margaret, the only child of the second Thomas De Ludlow, succeeded to the Scrivelsby estate, and was shortly afterwards married to a Knight of Gloucestershire, Sir John Dymoke—a name destined to live long in connection with the Manor of Scrivelsby and the Championship of the Sovereigns of Great Britain.

Upon the death of Edward III. in 1377, Sir John Dymoke claimed, on behalf of his wife, to act as Champion at the coronation of Richard II.; but Sir Baldwin De Freville put in a similar claim, as the lineal descendant of Sir Philip De Marmyon's eldest daughter, who had inherited the Tamworth estates. The Lord Steward of England held a solemn inquisition to investigate the claims of the rival petitioners; but as there was great room for doubt, the duties of the Championship being apparently attached to the tenure of both estates, the preponderance, however, of oral rather than of written testimony being in favour of the Scrivelsby claim, it was adjudged that for this particular occasion Sir John Dymoke, in right of his wife, should do the service at Richard's coronation, but without prejudice to any future claim that might be advanced by Sir Baldwin De Freville. A limit, however, and that a brief one, was assigned for advancing this claim, for it was decided that "if within three weeks after Hilary next, Sir Baldwin would come and show his reasons and evidences, he should have full justice, and if he did not do so he should be for ever excluded; and the said John should do the aforesaid service, in the right of his said wife, according to the tenor of the petition in that behalf." Sir Baldwin failed to make good his claim within the appointed time, and as Margaret was still living at the date of the next coronation, and enjoying by-the-way the reputation of being a lady of very resolute will and indomitable determination, she again claimed to perform the service of the Championship, in the person of her son, Sir Thomas Dymoke, who afterwards succeeded her. Again did a Sir Baldwin Freville, of Tamworth, the son of old Sir Baldwin, put in a counter claim, pleading that on the last occasion his father was prevented by sickness from producing his "reasons and evidences" within the stipulated time, and again was the claim of the Dymokes allowed for the occasion only, a stipulation being added that the case should not be considered finally settled if Sir Baldwin could, within a stated time, produce evidence of his father's alleged sickness. This Sir Baldwin either could not or did not do, and consequently to the Dymokes was adjudged the right of performing the feudal service of the Championship, which was now definitely attached to the ownership of Scrivelsby Manor.

The following well-known ballad has oft been quoted in connection with the Championship; but it gives, in its own quaint and homely language, such an accurate description of the early history of the successive owners of Scrivelsby that no apology is needed for once more reproducing it:—

The Norman Baron, Marmyon
At Norman Court held high degree:
Brave Knights and Champions every one,
To him who won broad Scrivelsby.
These Lincoln lands the Conqueror gave,
That England's glove they should convey
To Knight renowned amongst the brave,
The Baron bold of Fontency.

The Royal grant, through sire to son,
Devolved direct on equity,
Until deceased Phil Marmyon,
When rose fair Joan of Scrivelsby.
Thro' midnight's gloom one sparkling star
Will seem to shine more brilliantly
Than all around, above, afar:
So shone the Maid of Scrivelsby.

From London city on the Thames,
To Berwick town upon the Tweed,
Came gallants, all of courtly names,
At feet of Joan their suit to plead.
Yet *mutiny* all this goodly band,
The maiden's smile, young Ludlow won,
Her heart and hand, her grant and land,
The sword and shield of Marmyon.

Out upon Time! the scurvy knave,
Spoiler of youth, hard-hearted churl,
Fast hurrying to one common grave
Goodwife and ladie, thrall and earl.
Out upon Time!—since world began
No Sabbath hath his greyhound limb,
In coursing man, devoted man,
To age and death—out, out on him!

In Lincoln's chancel, side by side,
Their effigies from marble hewn,
The *aunt* written when they died,
Repose De Ludlow and Dame Joan.

One daughter fair survived alone,
One son deceased in infancy;
De Ludlow and De Marmyon
United thus in Margery.
And she was wooed as maids have been,
And won as maids are sure to be,
When gallant youths, in Lincoln green,
Do suit, like Dymoke, fervently.

Sir John De Dymoke claim'd, of right,
The Championship through Margery,
And 'gainst Sir Baldwin Freville, Knight,
Prevail'd as Lord of Scrivelsby.
And ever since, when England's Kings
Are dialed—no matter where—
The Champion Dymoke boldly flings
His glove, should treason venture there.

On gallant steed in armour bright,
His vizor closed, and couch'd his lance,
Proclaimeth he the Monarch's right
To England, Ireland, Wales and France.
Then bravely cry with Dymoke bold,
"Long may the King triumphant reign!"
And when fair hands the sceptre hold,
More bravely still—"Long live the Queen!"

From 1370 to the present time, a Dymoke of Scrivelsby has always been available for performing the office of Champion at each successive coronation. It is generally supposed that at the conclusion of the ceremony it was the invariable custom to present a gold cup to the Champion; but as there are only seven of these cups now in the possession of the family, although it is highly probable that some have been lost or otherwise disposed of, it is still more probable that in earlier times a guerdon in money was given instead of the golden cup. However this may be, the following incident, in connection with these coronation cups, is an apt illustration of the old adage—*Homme propose, Dieu dispose*. By the last will of Mr. H. Lionel Dymoke, in 1875, all the cups in hand were bequeathed to the "reigning Sovereign;" but her Majesty, Queen Victoria, with that gracious consideration for others which is such a conspicuous feature in her character, reconveyed them, by special gift, to her new Champion, the present owner of the estates and title. These cups, therefore, instead of being at Windsor and in danger of losing their individuality amidst the other contents of the Royal plate-closet, are now, through the thoughtful liberality of the Queen, to be seen once more in their natural home at Scrivelsby, where, amongst other records, they serve to keep up the continuity of the family history by exhibiting, in material shape, one of the most interesting and characteristic distinctions of the House of Dymoke.

The name of "Dymoke," as might have been expected, was usually found on the roll of Sheriffs, and occasionally some member of the family has represented the county in Parliament. Most of the Champions have led peaceful and uneventful lives; but, as was almost sure to happen in the turbulent period of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a member of this family is found, from time to time, taking a prominent part in the political disturbances of the time, and once, at least, a Champion was beheaded. This fate befel Sir Thomas Dymoke, who had sided with the Lancastrians in the Wars of the Roses, and was, under somewhat harsh circumstances, put to death by Edward IV. in 1471. Another Dymoke was Sheriff of Lincolnshire, in his father's lifetime, at the rising in the North, which afterwards expanded into the "Pilgrimage of Grace," under Robert Aske, and took an active part on the side of the insurrectionists, much to the indignation and disgust of the King, who vented his spleen against the commons of Lincolnshire in a highly offensive, but characteristic fashion. "How presumptuous," said the irate Monarch, forgetting his good manners in the unseemly expression of his wrath, "How presumptuous are ye, the rude commons of one shire, and that one of the most brute and beastly of the whole realm, and of least experience, to take upon you, contrary to God's law and man's law, to rule your Prince whom ye are bound to obey and serve, and for no worldly cause to withstand." Luckily for our Sheriff, a general amnesty was shortly afterwards proclaimed, so that he escaped with his head, which, considering the temper of Henry VIII. at the time, must have been in considerable peril. This same Dymoke, who afterwards became Champion, and acted as such at the coronation of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, was present at the barbarous murder of the Chancellor of the Bishop of Lincoln on Roughton-heath, near Horncastle, in 1536, and he even distributed the clothing and the money taken from the murdered man amongst the rabble who had committed the murder.

The recent history of the family is interesting and remarkable. In the year 1875 Henry Lionel Dymoke died without issue; and an end, to all appearance, had at last come to the family of the Champion Dymokes. But even in this, which seemed to be the darkest hour of the Dymoke family, the true light was all the while unmistakeably shining in the immediate neighbourhood, though somewhat obscured by extraneous surroundings. At the village of Tetford, near Horncastle, a Dymoke was living, around whom had always centred a tradition that in his person was represented the descendant of an elder branch of the family, with even stronger hereditary claims to the Championship than were to be found in the line which for more than three generations had inherited the family honours at Scrivelsby. The old entail, however, had long been broken off; and the Tetford Dymokes had no more chance of establishing a legal claim to the succession at Scrivelsby than any other of her Majesty's subjects. And yet, in spite of all probability, the hereditary claim was acknowledged, and the succession of the Tetford branch was secured, by one of those unexpected turns of Fortune's wheel which serves from time to time to break the dull monotony of ordinary life, and to give an additional zest to the interest which is so generally taken in the vicissitudes of our chief county families. When, after the death of Mr. H. Lionel Dymoke, in 1875, his last will was opened, it was found that the Scrivelsby estate was bequeathed after the death of the widow of the deceased Champion, not, indeed, to the Tetford Dymoke by special designation, but to "the heir-at-law of John Dymoke, who had died at Tetford in the year 1782." No one—not even the testator himself—doubted that the Dymoke resident at the time at Tetford was the lineal descendant of the Dymoke named in the will; but it would seem as if the dying Champion wished in this emphatic manner to signify his intention not so much to benefit the individual as to redress a supposed wrong which had been done to the elder branch of the family about a hundred years ago. In accordance, however, with the provisions of the will, Mr. Francis S. Dymoke, of Tetford, in 1884 succeeded in establishing his title to the Lordship of Scrivelsby, though not without much trouble and expense. It might not seem a very difficult matter for a gentleman to prove that he was the lineal descendant of his great-grandfather, especially when, as in



ENTRANCE TO THE PARK.

this case, he was himself a landed proprietor, and had inherited property which had come to him by direct succession from his grandfather and great-grandfather. But a hundred years ago, registers were carelessly kept—never perhaps more so than at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century—and members of the Tetford branch of the Dymoke family had an inconvenient habit of dying abroad, without leaving any distinct trace behind them. At last, however, every missing member was duly accounted for, every necessary document was produced, and the Court of Chancery announced with all solemnity that Mr. Francis Scaman Dymoke fully answered the description in Henry Lionel's will, and that he was consequently entitled to take possession of the Scrivelsby Manor as the heir-at-law of the John Dymoke who died and was buried at Scrivelsby in the year 1782.

To understand aright this testamentary disposition, it will be necessary to go back to the year 1760, when the Hon. Lewis Dymoke died a bachelor, at the ripe age of ninety-one, after having officiated as Champion at the Coronation of George I. and George II., and having lived to the year when George III. came to the throne, but not to the year of his coronation, which did not take place before 1761. This Lewis Dymoke, whose monument is a striking object in Scrivelsby church, seems to have outlived all his natural heirs, and striving, we may well believe, to act fairly by his kinsfolk, he instituted an inquiry into the respective claims of the various members of the family; but presently, losing himself in the bewildering mazes of remote cousinhood, he bequeathed the Scrivelsby estates to Edward, the grandson of John Dymoke, the *third* son of Sir Edward, who died in 1664, whereas a descendant of Edward Dymoke, the *second* son of the same Sir Edward, was then living at Tetford, in the person of John Dymoke, the very man to whose heir-at-law the Scrivelsby Manor was bequeathed by Henry Lionel in 1875. Edward Dymoke, however, who at the time was engaged in business in London, succeeded to the Championship on the death of Lewis, in February, 1760, and, dying himself in September of the same year, he was succeeded by his son, John, who acted as Champion at the coronation of George III. Thus, after the protracted life and Championship of the nonagenarian Lewis, no less than three Champions appeared on the scene in the single year 1760. This John Dymoke was followed in succession by his two sons—Lewis, who died a bachelor in 1820, and the Rev. John, who was Champion at the time when George IV. was crowned; but who, being in holy orders, was represented on the occasion by his son Henry, afterwards well known as Sir Henry Dymoke, who, succeeding his father in 1828, died, without male issue, in 1865, and was succeeded by his brother, John, also in holy orders, whose only son, Henry Lionel, bequeathed



THE CHURCH.

the family estates, as above mentioned, to the present proprietor.

The coronation of George IV. was the last occasion when the ceremony of the Championship was performed. Most people have read the account of this ceremony as given by Sir Walter Scott, but it may be worth while to repeat it here. The service was, "on the day of coronation, to ride, completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any who would gainsay the King's title. At the coronation of George IV. the duty of Champion was performed (as of right) by young Dymoke, a fine-looking youth, but bearing, perhaps, a little too much the appearance of a maiden Knight to be the challenger of the world in the King's behalf. He threw down the gauntlet, however, with becoming manhood, and showed as much horsemanship as the crowd of knights and squires around him would permit to be exhibited. On the whole, this striking part of the exhibition somewhat disappointed me, for I would have had the Champion less embarrassed by his assistants, and at liberty to put his horse on the *grand pas*; and yet the young Lord of Scrivelsby looked and behaved extremely well."

The county of Lincoln does not challenge comparison with such counties as Derbyshire, Kent, or Devon for romantic views or mountain scenery; but it has its own special charms and attractions for those who are strong enough to enjoy the bracing air, and sufficiently appreciative of the beauties of Nature to revel in the glorious sunsets and the wide prospects which can only be seen to advantage in a comparatively flat country.

Indeed, we have heard of a bold assertion made by an enthusiastic native that Lincolnshire is the healthiest county in England, and his own particular village the most charming village in Lincolnshire. That village must surely have been Scrivelsby, for, though on a small scale, it is a very oasis in a somewhat uninteresting neighbourhood. It is well wooded, and the park, which is abundantly studded with deer, is so ingeniously laid out as to give the appearance of being much larger than it really is; and we can easily understand the tradition that comes down to us from old coaching days—that the drive through Scrivelsby was looked forward to as a special treat, and that many a weary traveller has ofttimes been refreshed by the sight of the charming glades and beautiful timber which still attract everyone who has the capacity for enjoying tranquil sylvan scenery.

Scrivelsby Court is a mansion of the Tudor order of architecture, not very large or imposing in appearance, but prettily situated, and quite sufficient for the ordinary requirements of a country gentleman. It has more than once suffered from fire, and the consequent repairs and rebuildings give it an irregular appearance. Part of the house is very old, and part comparatively modern, the greater portion consisting of the house that was built after the great fire that occurred towards the end of the last century. It is much to be regretted that on that occasion one of the special features of the residence of the old Champions was entirely consumed. This was a large hall, ornamented with panels, each one of which had its own special tale to tell of the former glories of the house. In these panels could be traced, we are told, in heraldic emblazonment the various arms and alliances of the family, and great and irretrievable was the loss to the antiquary by the destruction of this series of historical representations. A few years ago might be seen in the corridor leading to the principal apartments a series of figures in complete armour, supposed to represent the different Champions that had taken part in successive coronations. Some of these coats of armour were of great value, being plentifully embellished with gold and ornamental devices of exquisite workmanship; but these, unhappily, have entirely disappeared, and their place is now occupied by one or two figures in armour of no great value or interest.

The Armoury, one of the most characteristic features of Scrivelsby Court, stands at the right hand of the principal entrance, and bristles with warlike implements of every kind. Here are to be seen, on a small scale, all the paraphernalia of a mediæval knight, horse accoutrements in every variety, richly-embroidered saddles and tasselated bridles, stirrups and bits with pendant ornaments, trappings and frontlets for the steed with greaves and gauntlets for the rider, massive swords for the battle-field and dainty little swords for the drawing-room, pikes and halberds and lances of every size and description, the ponderous mace to stun the foe and the light dagger to give him the *coup de grace*, swinging instruments for crushing at a distance and sharp poignards for use at close quarters, bucklers and breastplates and cuirasses—the whole array constituting an apparatus sufficiently extensive to satisfy the personal requirements of the most bellicose warrior of ancient times, while it forms a very remarkable contrast to the weapons in use at the present day. There is also a leathern flagon or black-jack of huge capacity, which, when filled with beer or wine, no Champion, however stalwart, could easily raise to his lips, and which no thirsty soul, however anxious to distinguish himself, could possibly empty at a draught, even after the heavy fatigue of a coronation day in Westminster Hall!

A few family portraits by old masters, and of different degrees of excellence, are to be seen in the dining-room, where is also a life-size portrait of young Henry Dymoke, as he appeared at Westminster in 1828, mounted on his charger, fully armed and accoutred for the bloodless duties of the Championship, which, as the representative of his father, he performed at the coronation of George IV.

The village of Scrivelsby is situated some two miles and a half from Horncastle, the central town of Lincolnshire, and famous all the world over for its great horse-fair. Taking the Southern-road—the old coach road to Boston and London—we reach Scrivelsby by a gentle rise, which, though in the parish of Horncastle, is generally called "Scrivelsby Hill." As we pass the boundary line which separates Scrivelsby from Horncastle we are at once conscious of passing into a different atmosphere, and into different surroundings. No longer a bare prospect, with only an occasional tree to relieve the monotony of the view, but a sudden plunge into small copses at the extreme edge of a deer park, a distant sight of pleasant coverts giving hopes of abundance of game, the cheery appearance of a cock pheasant hurrying across the road to join his mates on the other side, an occasional hare or two, and, as we go forward, troops of rabbits scampering to their burrows at the roots of many an aged tree, all betoken the approach to a gentleman's seat. As we reach the park itself, and catch sight of the deer scudding away at the sound of approaching wheels, we pause a moment to admire the view, and to take stock of the beautiful timber. A few steps bring us to the gardener's ivy-clad cottage, and to the chief entrance to Scrivelsby Court, up a slight winding incline, hemmed in close with trees on either side, forming a natural archway overhead, and affording a subject for a telling sketch, which at different times has been taken by many an artist and amateur. Here, at the entrance to the park, a little to the left, and facing the road leading to the Rectory, stands the famous Lion Gate, so-called from the lion which stands on a stone archway, which is covered with ivy, and gives abundant evidence of old age. The careful observer will not fail to notice on the right-hand side of the arch a rude, but curious, cutting, giving a rough delineation of the etymology of the name of Dymoke. An oak-tree is plainly visible, the stem of which divides into two equal portions the letters R D Y M O K, which in all probability may be taken to signify that the arch was built by Sir Robert Dymoke, who was Champion at the coronations of Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII., and that the name of Dymoke is derived from an oak-tree. To this derivation agrees the description which is found in ancient charters of the family name, which is represented as Dimoak, *de umbrosâ quercu*, Dimok, Dimmock, and so on through various changes to Demok, Dimock, Dymok, till we come at last to Dymoke, which is new, and has been for a long time, the descriptive title of this ancient family. It has sometimes been gravely asserted that the punning motto of the house, *Pro rege dimico*, contains the germ from which the family name is derived; but it is evident that the name was cleverly adapted to give point to the motto, not that the motto suggested the name. The Dymokes can trace their history further back than to their connection with Scrivelsby and the Championship. They came originally from Gloucestershire; but by the marriage of Sir John Dymoke to Margaret Ludlow, in the fourteenth century, the name of the original Champions, Marmyon and Ludlow, disappears, and is merged in that of Dymoke, which "holds the field" to the present day.



SOME OF THE CORONATION CUPS.



THE GARDENER'S HOUSE IN THE PARK.

Scrivelsby church is a rather disappointing building. It stands in an unusually large churchyard of nearly two acres, and is very prettily situated, but it has no pretensions to architectural beauty, and until quite a recent period it had no spire to relieve the appearance, which it used to present, of a long nave attached to a steep-roofed chancel. In the year 1860, however, the Champion of the time, Sir Henry Dymoke, who was always foremost in every good work, took advantage of a general restoration which was being carried out by the parishioners, to erect a spire, which is exactly identical with the spire of the neighbouring church at Wood Enderby, which was built at the same time, and at the sole charge of Sir Henry Dymoke. The interior of Scrivelsby church has been fitted up with new woodwork, in the time of the present Rector, and though the building is, apparently, too large for the scanty population, it is well adapted for the orderly and reverent celebration of Divine service. A handsome screen separates the chancel from the nave, and just without the screen on the north side is a tomb, with a beautifully-preserved brass plate, which bears the following inscription:—

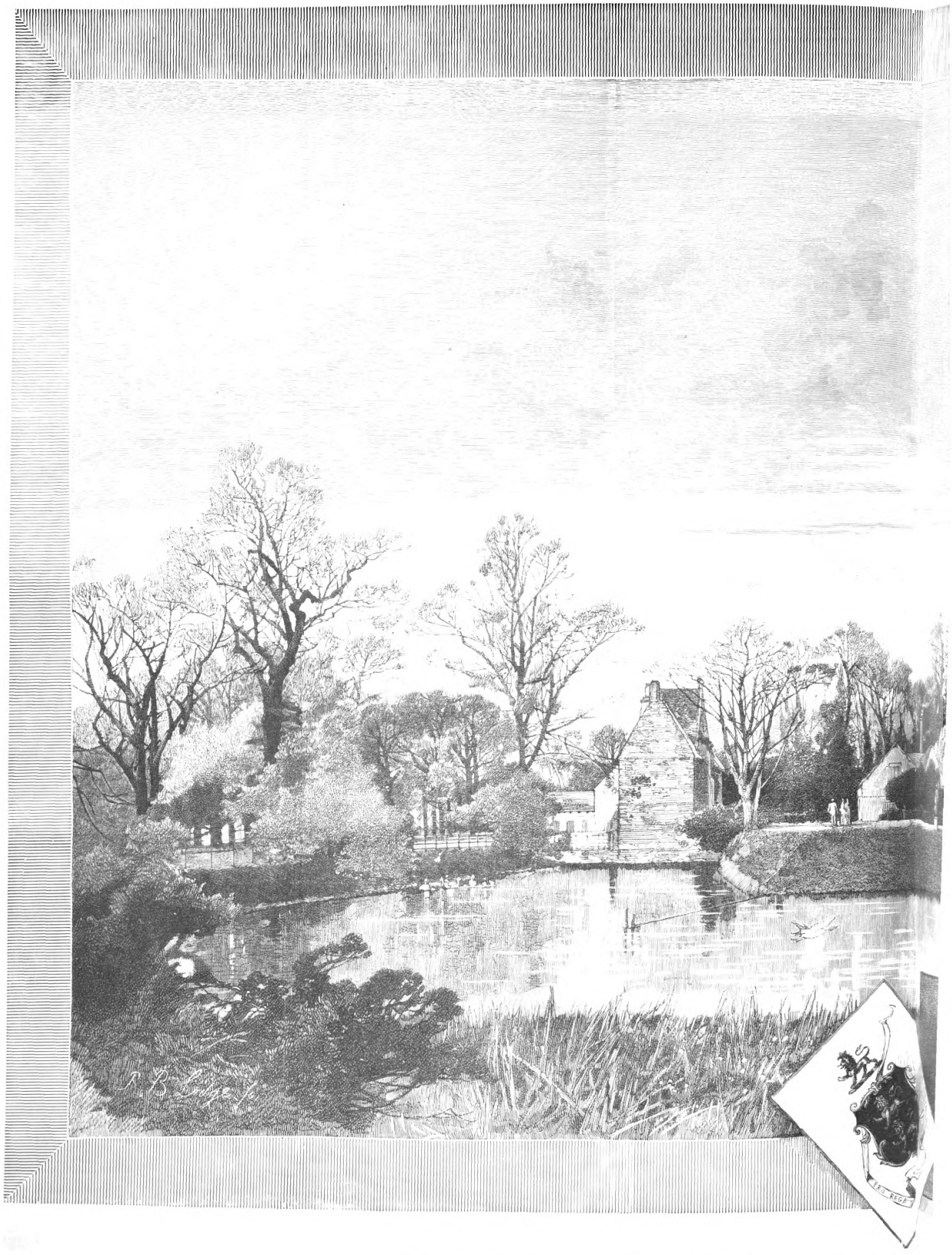
Here liethe the Body of sir Robert Demoke of Screbelsby knight baronet who departed owt of this present lyfe the xb day of Aprll in ye yere of our lord god mdlxb upon whose sowle almighte god habe m'ci Amen.

This inscription is remarkable as describing the Champion, who died in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by the title of *Baronet*, a title which, as every schoolboy knows, was first introduced into England by King James I. The probable explanation is that the tomb was not erected till many years after Sir Robert's death, and that the sculptor, who was becoming familiar with the new title of Baronet, substituted that word for *Banneret*, the word which was probably contained in the instructions given to him by some member of the Dymoke family. The church also contains two recumbent effigies in stone, on raised platforms, representing a knight in chain-armour of the thirteenth century, and his dame, with the wimple on her head and the favourite dog at her feet, which, as has been mentioned above, are supposed to be the figures of Sir Philip Marmyon and his wife, who were the last of the Marmyons who lived at Scrivelsby. In different parts of the church may be seen the marble monument to old Lewis Dymoke, and mural tablets to the Hon. John and his two sons, Lewis and the Rev. John Dymoke the elder, both of whom succeeded to the Championship. There is also a tablet to the memory of Sir Henry Dymoke, who died in 1865, and over whose grave in the adjoining churchyard has been erected a handsome canopied marble monument which bears a suitable inscription to the memory of himself and also of his dame, who died in London and was buried at Scrivelsby in the year 1884. A memorial window to the same lady, in rich painted glass, has been recently placed in Scrivelsby church by Captain Hartwell and his wife, who was the only child of the late Sir Henry and Lady Dymoke. Outside the church, at its north-western extremity, is a handsome and conspicuous churchyard cross to the memory of Henry Lionel Dymoke, the last of that branch of the family which for little more than half a century enjoyed the Scrivelsby inheritance. Near this cross is a stone recording the death and interment at Paris, together with the re-interment at Scrivelsby after an interval of five years, of Mary Anne, widow of the Hon. and Rev. John Dymoke, the younger, who was Champion from the time of his brother Henry's death, in 1865, to his own death, in 1873, when he was succeeded by his son Henry Lionel, who only survived his father for the short space of two years.

In concluding this brief account of the interesting associations which cluster thick around the historical records of Scrivelsby Court, it is impossible to forbear a passing sigh of regret at the discontinuance of the ancient ceremony of the Championship at the coronation of our Kings and Queens, which, though possibly unsuited to this prosaic and utilitarian age, was, at least, a connecting link with our past history, and was not without its own special interest to the lovers of tranquil and orderly government. But although the appearance of an armed Champion in Westminster Hall may be no longer necessary to symbolise the readiness of a loyal people to rally round the Sovereign in the hour of need, the rôle of the Champion Dymokes is, happily, not yet played out. There are other and more peaceful duties besides those connected with the Championship—duties which are inseparable from the position of a country gentleman, resident on an estate which has been in the occupation of his ancestors for more than 500 years. And now that this ancient family is beginning a new chapter in its eventful history, we may be permitted to echo the general wish that, like the sapling from which it takes its name, it may strike deep its roots, and crown with many a well-earned wreath in years to come the bearers of the time-honoured title—the Champion Dymokes of Scrivelsby.

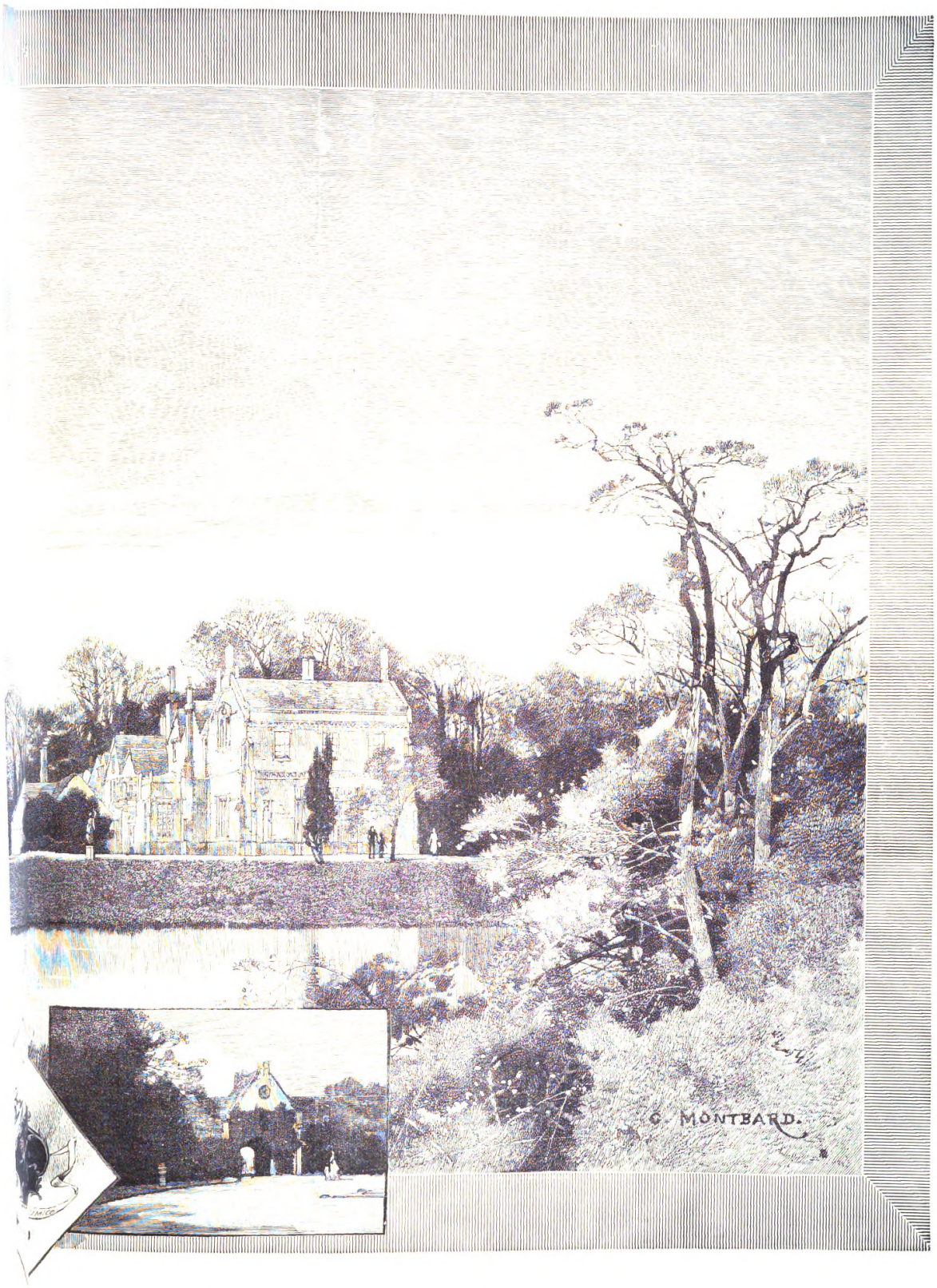
SAMUEL LODGE.

ENGLISH HOM



SCRIVELSBY COURT, THE HOME OF THE DYMO H

M E S.—No. XIV.



DUKES, HEREDITARY CHAMPIONS OF ENGLAND.

NEW BOOKS.

The Fighting Veres. Lives of Sir Francis Vere and Sir Horace Vere, Lord Vere of Tilbury. By Clements R. Markham, C.B. (Sampson Low and Co.).—The tercentenary commemoration of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, which was the turning-point of English intervention to aid the people of the Netherlands in their heroic struggle for freedom, gives a special interest to this valuable historical work. The author has long since gained public esteem by his labours as secretary to the Hakluyt Society and to the Royal Geographical Society, by his learned researches, his personal surveys, and his share in different explorations in the Arctic Regions, in South America, in India, and in Abyssinia, and by literary productions of an instructive kind. He is intimately conversant with the naval and military history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and has made diligent study of local antiquities and biographical documents concerning the worthy Englishmen whose deeds are recorded in this volume. Its title, though sufficiently promising of tales of warlike adventure, does not, we think, at all do justice to its real importance as a contribution to general history. The lack of a full and accurate narrative, in English, of the actions of our countrymen, during more than half-a-century, in the great conflict for political and religious liberty on the shores of Holland and Flanders, and in Brabant and Gelderland, has often been felt. Neither Mr. Motley nor Mr. Froude has supplied this deficiency; Mr. Froude's history of the reign of Elizabeth tells us very little, and with extraordinary mistakes, of the incidents that took place in the Netherlands from 1585 to 1589, beyond which date it is silent. We are much indebted, therefore, to Mr. Clements Markham for supplying, in the guise of mere biographical memoirs, a very complete and comprehensive special account of this memorable series of transactions, which redound to the honour of the English nation. Of the two distinguished brothers, Francis Vere, born about 1560, and Horace Vere, born in 1565, grandsons of the Vere who was fifteenth Earl of Oxford, at one of the family residences near Colchester, the first joined the military force under the Earl of Leicester, sent to aid the Dutch at the end of 1585, and was from August, 1589, when Lord Willoughby, the successor to Leicester, had retired, actually in command of the English troops. Sir Francis Vere was chiefly employed in that service until 1606, with the exception of sharing in the expeditions of the Earl of Essex to Cadiz, in 1596, and next year to the Azores. Horace Vere, who began serving under his brother in 1590, remained in the Netherlands, performing brave actions and holding important offices, till 1619; he commanded the English troops in the Palatinate during three or four years, and in 1624 was again in Holland, making a skilful but unsuccessful effort to relieve the besieged garrison of Breda. Nearly forty years of English action in "the Low Countries" will thus be found comprised in their united biography; and it is not so much for the personal interest of the career of these "Fighting Veres," as for the popular and national character of the cause in which they fought, that we care to learn how it was conducted. Queen Elizabeth herself deserves no praise whatever for the help willingly given by her subjects, mostly volunteers serving at their private cost, to the oppressed Dutch and Flemings. She was neither a true Protestant, or at all friendly to the rights of conscience, nor was she favourably disposed to claims of civil freedom; but she complied with an irresistible movement of public opinion, while often dealing perfidiously with those whom she pretended to assist. Before the excention of Mary Stuart, Elizabeth secretly betrayed the Flemings The whole war against Spanish tyranny and Popish persecution was never so much the Queen's war as the English people's war. Mr. Markham's suggestion, that it had the effect of originating, at least of developing, those ideas and sentiments to which are owing the English Revolution of the seventeenth century, the progress of constitutional liberty in this country, and the rise of the United States of America, does not appear to us much overstrained. They were English and Dutch ideas, in the Elizabethan period, but were not Elizabeth's ideas, and she would rather have extinguished them if she could. As for her favourite, Leicester, a personage grossly maligned by romance, and not guilty of the heinous crimes imputed to him, we believe, with Mr. Markham, that he was zealous, like his nephew, Sir Philip Sidney, who repelled the calumnies against him, in his devotion to the Protestant cause. The misconducted action of Zutphen, in which Sidney lost his life, was just such a military blunder as that of Balaklava in the Crimea. Leicester was not a skilful general, but he did his best with his moderate ability; and his successor, Lord Willoughby, whom Mr. Froude ignores, did excellent service. Though Mr. Markham refrains from exposing Mr. Froude's careless superficiality, it is worth while, for instance, to compare the correct and minute account of the defence of Bergen-op-Zoom, and the stratagem by which the Spaniards were defeated there, with the slighting mention of it by Mr. Froude, who speaks of a "Colonel Grimstone" as being in command when the Duke of Parma was deceived by allowing him to approach the North Fort, relying on the pretended consent of some officers to let him in. The fact is that Grimstone was an obscure underling of no rank, who had detected the offers of treachery, and that Lord Willoughby, in personal command of the garrison, aided by Francis Vere, adroitly took advantage of them, inflicting a severe repulse on the enemy. Mr. Froude is seldom to be relied upon for the truth respecting military actions, and his statements of diplomatic and political negotiations are coloured to suit his partial views. We find much ground, on the contrary, to trust Mr. Markham, whose very instructive book, containing precise details of every notable incident, an exact topographical and picturesque description of every notable place, with abundance of good maps and plans, and a particular account of the organisation, equipment, and methods of operation of the Spanish army, will supersede all other English historical writings on this subject. It is a narrative of great interest, temperately and clearly related with a justifiable modest pride in English valour; and we should like, if our space permitted, to follow it through many campaigns and sieges, from Flushing, Sluys, and Bergen-op-Zoom to Breda, to the Westphalian frontier, to Gertruydenberg and to Gröningen, to the Bommelwaart, to Nieuport and Ostend, and to Bois-le-Duc and Maestricht in 1632, where "the Fighting Veres," with hundreds of gallant English volunteers, fought again and again for the rights of free nations and for religious liberty. The independence of the Netherlands has ever been regarded as essential to the safety of England; and, if the neutrality of Belgium or Holland were hereafter invaded by any great Continental Power, we earnestly trust that our countrymen, who defended those lands against Philip II., against Louis XIV., and against Napoleon, would once more rise to the emergency, however indifferent they may be to any other territorial changes in Europe.

The Prima Donna: Her History and Surroundings from the Seventeenth to the Nineteenth Century. By H. Sutherland Edwards. Two vols. (Remington and Co.).—A well-chosen collection of anecdotes and testimonies concerning the famous and charming persons who have won public favour as female performers of dramatic music cannot fail to be entertaining. Mr. Sutherland Edwards, as a learned and experienced musical critic and a skilful compiler of anecdotal literature, was excellently qualified for this task; and his recent work has an especial interest just now, in view of the uncertain prospects of Italian Opera. In the progress of the fine arts, one may say, the only notable advance of modern times, besides landscape-painting, has been the combination of elaborate singing with stage acting. The female sex have gained more celebrity than male singers, through the superior flexibility of voice, which, in some cases, for instance in that of Madame Catalani, has vied with the utmost effects of single instrumentation. At the same time, though mere prettiness is no special qualification for an actress striving at powerful expression, a graceful womanly figure, with a face capable of representing the passions, is a needful agent to produce the romantic and emotional effects of the lyrical drama. Women successful in this line of art must be endowed with physical vigour, but can dispense with the gift of regular beauty, and are not, by any necessary demand of their work, highly intellectual women. Their lives are nevertheless apt to be interesting, while it is but just to say of them, as a class, that, considering the temptations of celebrity, their private characters, in a long list, bear comparison with those of most other ladies living within reach of luxury and fashion. This is certainly true of some who have attained the highest eminence; and the "chronique scandaleuse," relating to a few less important artists who were in vogue on account of their feminine attractiveness, and two or three of whom finally married Englishmen of rank, is but very little touched in these volumes. The besetting sins of the prima donna were rather, in the last century, a furious jealousy of her professional rivals; and, in later times, a pecuniary greediness for which her vast opportunities might afford sufficient excuse. But it is disagreeable to dwell on the faults of persons who have given so much pleasure to mankind, and several of whom, in our own day, have been esteemed for their generosity, amiability, and domestic virtues, as well as their good sense and discretion. We of this generation can take up Mr. Sutherland Edwards' gallery of first-rate opera-singers, in the middle of his first volume, with almost contemporary interest, having perhaps heard our parents speak of their hearing Catalani, who sang in London or Dublin so lately as 1828. The visit here, soon afterwards, of the great composer Rossini, with his wife, who had been Mademoiselle Colbran, a native of Spain, and a fine interpreter of his music, was an event to be remembered. Madame Pasta, till her retirement in 1839; Fräulein Sontag (Countess Rossi), who died in 1854, having returned to the stage after eighteen years' retirement; and Madame Malibran, whose husband was the Belgian violinist, De Beriot, and whose career was unhappily stopped by an untimely death in 1836, were admired by our elders. Their personal characters, and the incidents of their history, as well as their noble gifts of song and of telling expression, merit the place here allotted to them. Sontag, the wonder and the darling of Germany, and Malibran (born Marietta Garcia), whose versatile cleverness and delightful vivacity, shown in various ways among her private acquaintance, are described by Moscheles in delightful passages of his journal, are singularly attractive subjects. But there is a yet stronger interest, to our mind, in the life of Grisi and Mario, a happily wedded couple who, for nearly thirty years, mutually aided each other's studies and performances, in beautiful companionship, and of whose true-hearted frankness and kindliness, the warmth of their family affections, and their simple tastes and habits at home, this book gives a very pleasing account. The great era of Italian opera is past; those compositions of Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, and Verdi, which once had power to stir the sympathetic imagination, as well as to gratify the senses, have had all other entertainments, may hereafter be cast aside; but no one who ever heard Grisi in "Norma," or the prison duet in "Il Trovatore," sung by Grisi and Mario, can lose the impression of that dramatic music. Of their genial manners, and of their pure and refined enjoyments in private life, we learn a good deal from Mr. Willert Beale, and from Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, one of the daughters of Madame Grisi and Signor Mario, in some notes supplied by them to Mr. Sutherland Edwards. His second volume begins with a short memoir of Jenny Lind, the late Madame Goldschmidt, whose career on the opera stage was indeed very brief, and who soon relinquished even singing at public concerts; but whose exquisite natural gifts of voice, feeling, and artistic capacity have scarcely been excelled, and whose sweetness of nature made her the object of enthusiastic popular affection forty years ago. Madame Bosio, removed from an admiring world, like Malibran, by an early death, occupies the next chapter; in which also the author, who was at Moscow in 1856 at the coronation of Alexander II., minutely describes Glinka's celebrated Russian national opera, "Life for the Czar." The successor to Grisi, as we may consider Titiens was, seems to have had no adequate successor in the classic characters of grand Italian opera; and Mr. Sutherland Edwards has not, apparently, a very sanguine hope of its restoration to its former importance. In the remaining chapters of his work, as might be anticipated, the principal figures are those of Adelina Patti, Pauline Lucca, and Christine Nilsson, three distinguished contemporaries whose success has been most conspicuous; and Madame Albani, the wife of Mr. Ernest Gye, a lady of French Canadian birth, whose original name was Lajeunesse. Her most remarkable performances in England being associated with Wagner's compositions, we have some critical and historical notice of these in the chapter devoted to Madame Albani. Public interest being still fresh and lively, at the present day, in what regards Madame Patti and Madame Nilsson, we need only refer to Mr. Sutherland Edwards as a competent recorder of matters within the recollection of all who care for the opera, and for its leading performers of recent date. Many other ladies of some note are disposed of by him in "A Flight of Prime Donne"; and his candid remarks on their position, and on the management of London opera theatres, are worthy of due attention. It would seem that the "prima donna," by her inordinate demands, has killed and devoured the opera as a remunerative enterprise, and as a satisfactory artistic representation of grand works. Paying one lady at the rate of £500 a night makes it impossible to employ good singers and actors in the accompanying parts; and there is an end of dramatic combination.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

JULY 28, 1888.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Very Irish is much of the management of the Irish Exhibition. The grounds are, up to this moment, in a state of squalid-looking dirt and disorder, the grand stand is yet in process of building, and the special attractions—feats of horsemanship and the like—can hardly be presentable till the time comes for the whole affair to end. The Fancy Fair held there from July 17 to 20 was, however, quite properly prepared—no doubt because a committee of ladies managed it! All drawbacks arose from the narrow and dark condition of the wood and cardboard structure called the "Irish Village-street," in which the fancy fair was held. The pushing was the most appalling that I ever experienced at such an event, and the darkness of the stalls, necessitating artificial light, raised the temperature so high that really the ladies who remained there for hours displayed downright heroism. A great many titled women gave their services as sellers: the object being to recoup the expenses of bringing to the Exhibition for sale the work of Irish peasant women. There were ten stalls, covered with the usual fancy goods, and a special display of Irish products.

Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, opened the fair. Her Royal Highness, of course, wore black; her gown being of plain and moiré silk stripes, and her bonnet of tulle with feather aigrette. To the general regret, the pretty, bright Princess Victoria Mary was absent from the scene, but there were dozens of lovely maidens helping their mammas or friends at most of the stalls; nearly all the girls were dressed in white muslin or lace with sashes of various colours. Foulard dresses were most popular with the married ladies, and, indeed, no material can make better fête-gowns, elegant, simple, and unrushable all at once.

Amongst the group of patronesses awaiting the arrival of the Princess at the door of Olympia, Lady Aberdeen, with her three sweet little children, attracted great attention. The ex-Vicereine of Ireland wore a gown of white Irish poplin, made with a round body, and a narrow belt and hanging reticule of green poplin. Limerick lace formed a short drapery at the top of the tablier; Irish moss composed the foundation and the coronet of the bonnet, the green ribbon strings of which were fixed by three little shamrock brooches of Irish spar, while a necklace of shamrocks in the green Connemara marble finished a costume carefully and kindly thought out to compliment the country concerned. The little Lord Haddo and his tiny brother were dressed like Irish peasants, in grey frieze coat and knee-breeches and green knitted stockings, the get-up being carried out even to the extent of a short pipe and a few half-burnt matches stuck in the hat-band of the soft low round cap: while small Lady Marge Hamilton-Gordon, a pretty child of eight, had on a blue check cotton peasant's gown turned up over a green frieze petticoat. There was a very charming gracious intention in all this, and Lady Aberdeen can lack only one qualification for being an acceptable Vicereine to the Irish—that she is not Irish, but Scotch. Another ex-Viceroy's wife there was Countess Spencer, in black silk, with a grey net bonnet embroidered in steel beads and trimmed with grey ribbon. The reigning Vice-Queen, the Marchioness of Londonderry, was one of the chief ornaments of the occasion, her vivacious and airy style making her a model mistress of the flower-stall, where susceptible gentlemen from the wilds of the provinces gladly paid her a shilling each for her roses provided she placed the flowers in their buttonholes. Lady Londonderry looked charming in a foulard dress with a white ground and a pattern of blue wheat-ears over it, and a love of a bonnet in white tulle, trimmed up the back and high in front with white "traveller's joy" or wild jessamine and white moiré ribbon.

Lady Salisbury, in black-striped foulé, with a triangular vest of black moiré back and front and jet epaulettes, also sold at the flower-stall. The Duchess of Manchester was there also, wearing a superb white poplin dress, trimmed gold passementerie. Countess Delawarr, in a pretty gown of transparent lace and heliotrope silk ribbon alternate stripes, sold books and photographs. The Countess of Caledon, wearing white Ottoman silk with a full waistcoat of pleated muslin and white lace and moiré ribbon bonnet, was with Lady Leitrim at a fancy stall. Lady Fanny Fitzwygram had a tan-coloured foulard, prettily embroidered with many-coloured silks and panelled with brown velvet. The Countess of Kilmorey's gown was black and white check foulard with a full and folded white silk front, and a black chip bonnet with white feathers. The Marchioness of Waterford, tall and beautiful, wore white mousseline-de-soie, with tablier of embroidered lisse and a full vest of the same gathered at the bottom; green and gold straw bonnet trimmed with green ribbon bows and narcissi. Lady Jane Taylour wore black frisé velvet. Lady Charles Beresford had a smart trimming of gold passementerie on a black dress. The Dowager Lady Westbury was in a black and white foulard, with a white vest. Mrs. J. S. Wood was with "the greatest of the great ladies" at the flower-stall, and looked as nice as anybody, in a heliotrope foulard dress and big-brimmed Leghorn hat; while Mrs. Oscar Wilde had an Empire dress of black silk and lace, with sash high up under the arms. Mrs. Gladstone, at Lady Aberdeen's stall, looked extraordinary with a big square of white Irish point reaching to near the bottom of her black gown.

Everybody who has followed through its course the case of the Indian child-wife, Rukmabhai, who was married in her earliest infancy and refused to fulfil the contract when she came to years of discretion, will be glad to hear the final result. The English court of law, before which the case first came, ordered Rukmabhai to go to live with her husband, and sentenced her to six months' imprisonment in case of her refusal to obey the order. She would not, of course, have been freed from the order by the punishment, but might have been sent to prison again and again till she consented to submit to receive as her husband the man to whom she had so great an aversion, and to whom she had been united in her helpless infancy. I pointed out, when this judgment was given, that it was iniquitous for our courts of law, our prisons, and our police to be used in this way to fix the yoke of a cruel custom on our Indian sisters. It may not be possible for England to take a decisive step and prohibit baby marriage, though such interference with native evil customs was successfully ventured upon in the case of Suttee. When the priests sent a message to Lord W. Bentinck that their law and religion compelled them to burn widows alive, the robust Governor replied that if they did so English law and English religion would have them one and all hanged; and that put an end to Suttee. If this much cannot be done with regard to child marriage, at the very least the English law should not sanction it and compel by its force the Hindoo women to submit to the practice. This, most happily, is the view taken by the Supreme Court of Appeal. Infant marriages are not declared illegal, but English courts and prisons will never be used to enforce their claims. At the same time, an important meeting of great Indian Princes has just been held, and has declared that no girl shall be married till she is twelve years of age. If this be generally adopted, the sorrows of Indian womanhood will be greatly diminished.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

As previously stated, the fortnight's extra performances at this establishment terminated on July 21. Since the production of Verdi's "Aïda" (already noticed), the proceedings have included Boïto's "Mefistofele," which, like "Aïda," was given but once this season. The production of the last-named work could, owing to pressure on space, only be noticed now. The libretto, as well as the music, is the work of Signor Arrigo Boïto, who resembles, in the combination of the poet with the composer, the late Richard Wagner, whose later music has undoubtedly influenced the style of the living Italian master. "Mefistofele" was originally produced at La Scala, Milan, in 1868, and obtained great success there and elsewhere in Italy. It was first given in England by Mr. Mapleson, at her Majesty's Theatre, in 1880, and has since been repeatedly performed there and at the Royal Italian Opera. The characteristics of the opera, and the individuality of the treatment of Goethe's "Faust," which distinguish it from Gounod's opera founded on the same subject, have before been dwelt on, and need not here be further discussed. In the recent performance now alluded to, the characters of Margherita in the first part, and of Elena in the second (classical) part, were sustained, respectively, by Miss Macintyre and Miss Ella Russell, instead of being assigned to the same artist, as heretofore. Each lady sang with special grace and refinement. The secondary, but still important, character of Marta in the first part, and that of Pantalis in the subsequent classical part, were, as previously, sustained by the same representative; who, on this occasion was Madame Scalchi, whose vocal excellence was admirably manifested in each portion of the opera. A special feature was the fine performance of M. E. De Reszké as Mefistofele, both in its dramatic and its musical aspect. The declamatory passages which so largely prevail were grandly delivered. As Faust, Signor Ravelli sang in genuine cantabile style. With four such artists as Miss Macintyre, Madame Scalchi, Signor Ravelli, and M. E. De Reszké, the beautiful music of the garden-scene could not fail to be adequately rendered; this fine scene having, as usual, formed an admirable contrast to the weird style of other portions of the opera. The subordinate characters of Wagner and Nereus were sufficiently well filled by Signor Rinaldini. The stage effects were worthy of the occasion, orchestra and (augmented) chorus were excellent, and the performance was skilfully directed by Signor Mancinelli. The closing performance, on July 21, consisted of a repetition of "Les Huguenots," with a strong cast, nearly as before. Mr. Harris made a short address to the audience, expressive of a hope to render the season of 1889 equally successful with that which has just ended.

The season just closed opened on May 14, and has comprised many performances, classical and popular operas having been given with a general efficiency, and, in many instances, with an exceptionally strong cast, that have rendered Mr. Augustus Harris's first occupancy of the Royal Italian Opera-House a memorable event in the history of that establishment, and a worthy pendant to his first venture in Italian opera at Drury-Lane Theatre last year. On that occasion the excellence of the musical arrangements, and the exceptional splendour of the scenic and stage accessories, were such as to elicit general acknowledgment; very noticeable was the attention paid to accuracy of costume and the consequent avoidance of the absurd anachronisms in that respect which have so often before characterised performances of Italian opera. The results obtained last year have, in every respect, been fully equalled in Mr. Harris's first season at the Royal Italian Opera-House. Artists of high excellence have appeared—including several who were associated with last year's Drury-Lane performances. Mesdames Albani, Nordica, Minnie Hauk, Fürsch-Madi, Hastreiter, Scalchi, and Trebelli; Mdlles. Sigrid Arnoldson, Ella Russell, Bauermeister, L. Lablache, and C. Desvignes; MM. J. and E. De Reszké, Lassalle, and Prévost; Signori Ravelli, Rinaldini, Del Puente, Cotogni, Ciampi, Navarrini, Novara, De Vaschetti, and Miranda have appeared in the season of 1888; not to specify others who contributed in their several degrees to the general efficiency: besides which several new appearances have been made, the most important of which was that of Miss Macintyre, who achieved a special success; one, indeed, that was remarkable, considering her youth and previous inexperience of the stage. As said in previous notices, such a commencement so young should lead to a distinguished career. Mdlle. Rolla claims particular mention for her excellent performance as Donna Elvira, in sudden replacement of Miss Macintyre in consequence of illness. The effect then made was sustained by Mdlle. Rolla on subsequent occasions. First appearances were also more or less successfully made by Mdlles. Zepilli-Villani, Melba, Martini, Columbia, and De Lussan—other débuts not having been sufficiently important to call for specific mention. The chorus manifested marked improvement on performances of previous seasons, the effects, in grand opera, having been greatly enhanced by large reinforcements of fresh voices. The orchestra was not, at first, so satisfactory as afterwards, owing to the importation of many new members, the result having been much improved after the first few nights. The office of conductor-in-chief was zealously and skilfully fulfilled by Signor Mancinelli, similar praise being due to Mr. Randegger for his occasional direction of performances.

There has been a judicious avoidance of the usual struggle after the production of novelties, these in recent years having been generally, more or less, failures. The policy has been the wise one of giving classical and popular operas of proved power of attraction, thoroughly well rendered, and mounted with scenic splendour.

The artistic result of the past season has been such as to induce a desire for the continuance of Mr. Augustus Harris in his new position as director of Italian opera, and we believe the financial results are such as also to justify the expectation.

With the termination of Mr. Augustus Harris's first lesseeship of the Royal Italian Opera, and the approaching end of the London season, comes the subsidence of musical performances which is naturally consequent thereon. The lull, however, is but comparative. Covent-Garden Theatre will be reopened for promenade concerts on Aug. 11, again under the lesseeship of Mr. W. Freeman Thomas, and with Mr. Gwyllym Crowe as conductor.

Recent miscellaneous concerts have included those of M. Hollman, the esteemed violoncellist; Señor Manjon, the blind guitarist; Mr. and Miss Asher, and Miss M. De Grey; concerts at Stafford House and the Kensington Townhall—in the former case in aid of the funds of the National Physical Recreation Society, in the latter instance in aid of the London Anti-Vivisection Society; by Signor Bottesini, the incomparable contrabassist; by Mr. Templer Saxe; performances by the students of the Royal Academy of Music, and distribution of prizes to pupils of the institution; and a concert of Dr. Wylde's London Academy of Music and distribution of medals to students thereof.

Mr. Jerome Hopkins, who announces himself as "the American Musical Radical Composer and Pianist," gave an invitation-concert lately at St. James's Hall (in one of the small rooms). As the occasion was of a quasi-private nature, all that need be said is that Mr. Hopkins's executive skill was displayed in various pieces of his own composition, in some of which he had the co-operation of Mdlle. Jeanne Douste (pianiste), Mr. G. Frank (violinist), Mr. Whitehouse (violoncellist), and Mr. B. Grove, who was announced as "the distinguished basso." Mr. Hopkins has composed a large number of works (he says between seven and eight hundred) in nearly all styles, and has received congratulatory letters from Liszt, Berlioz, and other celebrities, besides many laudatory notices in American newspapers.

In advance of the longer-established autumn provincial festivals—at Birmingham, Hereford, and Bristol—was that (of more recent institution) at Chester, on July 25, 26, and 27. Having already given details of the arrangements and the scheme of performances, brief notice may now suffice. The special Sunday services of July 22 were followed by the opening performance of "Elijah" in the cathedral on July 25. The only absolute novelty was the symphonic cantata, "Oh, sing unto the Lord," composed for the festival by Mr. Oliver King This formed part of the programme for Thursday, July 26.

Performances of Wagner's "Parsifal" (nine), and of his "Die Meistersinger" (eight), were announced to begin at Bayreuth, on July 22, and to conclude on Aug. 19.

ROSE-LEAVES.

"I have been in Corisande's garden;" says Lothair, in Lord Beaconsfield's novel, "and she has given me a rose." What rose—besides herself—she selected on that interesting occasion one would have liked to know. Was it the grand old Provence (or cabbage) rose, which made such a figure in our gardens some half a century ago? Or the Portland rose, than which, by-the-by, none is better for the composition of *pot-pourri*? Or was it the Maiden-blush, or that delicate sweet China rose, with pale pink petals, which (like a true friend) is among the first to come and the last to go? Or that York and Lancaster, which reconciles the rival colours of the two Kingly houses, as did Henry Tudor and Elizabeth Woodville, "in the days of old"? In the modern rose-garden there is, at all events, no lack of choice; new varieties, indeed, being brought forward every year; so that one is tempted to wonder when this development of rose culture will reach exhaustion-point. *Tempora mutantur*, and with them the roses! One might as well ask what has become of last year's snows as of one's childhood's roses, or of those which Shakspeare and Herrick celebrated! I am Goth enough to think that the newcomers have not always as much charm as those dear old friends, with all their sweet memories and fond traditions. There is just a doubt whether, in the passion for huge symmetrical blooms, and that thirst for something new which possesses the Englishman of to-day, as it possessed the Athenian in the time of St. Paul, the ancestral roses that bloomed in the parterres, and scattered odours from the vases, of our great-grandmothers, have not unjustly been set aside and discredited. At all events, they were rich in a magic of association which their successors have not. It was of no Gloire-de-Dijon or Sénateur Vaisse that Herrick was thinking, when he sang, in his semi-Pagan way, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, Old Time is still a-flying!" And the "lovely rose" that Waller sent to his Sacharissa was, we may be sure, of none of the varieties that bloom with so much forwardness at our annual rose-shows and are duly entered in the catalogues of our florists.

In the sixth century, as Dean Hole reminds us, St. Mildred instituted the custom of giving a wreath of white roses as an annual prize to the most modest and duteous of the maidens of Salency. What a delightful harmony between the prize and its recipient, between the pure white flower and the maiden with the white purity of soul! It is not often that gifts are appropriated with such a sense of fitness. There seems a certain degree of violence, however, in the expression—"a *white* rose," but it is sanctioned by the usage of generations; and I find it difficult to think of anything more beautiful in itself, whatever may be one's fancy about the name, than the snowy Niphetos or Alba, or the exquisite moss-rose known as White Bath. In white roses this island of ours was at a very early date so rich that the fame thereof reached the naturalist Pliny in his villa on the bright Parthenopean shore; and he sat down and calmly wrote that "Albion" was so-called either from its white, sea-washed cliffs or from the white roses with which it abounded. There is a pretty story that, in the fifteenth century, the Duke of Clarence, a Yorkist, having become enamoured of the Lady Eliza Beauchamp, a Lancastrian, he sent to her a white rose, and with it a right princely and poetical compliment, which, long afterwards, was versified by Congreve and Somerville in the manner following:—

If the pale rose offend your sight,
It in your bosom wear:
'T will blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lips it spy—
To kiss it shouldst thou deign—
With envy pale 't will lose its dye,
And Yorkist turn again.

In a previous paper I referred to Sir John Maundeville's legend of the Hebrew maiden, unjustly burned to death at Bethlehem. He tells how the stake to which the pure and innocent victim was bound became a budding rose-tree. As the legend—which, by-the-way, Southey has put into verse—professes to explain the origin of white roses, I will quote it in Maundeville's own words:—"Betweene the cityee and the chirche of Bethelem is the felde Floridus, that is to seyee, the feld floriched (or flowery); for als moche as a fayre mayden was blamed with wrong and sclaundered, for which cause sche was domed to the dethe, and to be brout to that place, to the whiche sche was ladd. And as the fyre began to burne aboute hire, sche made hire prayeres to oure Lord, that als wissely as sche was not gylty of that synne, that He wolde helpe hire, and make it to be knowen to alle men, of His mercyfulle grace; and whanne sche hadde thus seyd, sche entred into the fuyer, and anon was the fayr quenched, and oute; and the brandes that weren burnynge becommen *white rosers, fulle of roses*; and theise weren the first roseres and roses, bothe white and rede, that ever any man saughe." But, for myself, I do not accept this fanciful story, having no doubt at all that white roses (and red) bloomed in the Garden of Eden, which, indeed, without them would have been no Earthly Paradise.

One is surprised that the English poets have had so little to say in praise of the white rose. It is true that Burns has the grace and good taste to exclaim, "Here's the flower that I love most. The rose that's like the snow"; and Bryan Waller Proctor talks ungallantly of "the pale rose that hangs her head like a love-sick girl"; and Beddoes speaks of "a white rose, fitting for a wedding gift"; and Mrs. Browning of "a white rose delicate, On a tall bough and straight . . . Uplifting its white head"; and Tennyson plants a white rose in Maud's rose-garden:—but, generally speaking, our English minstrelsy is devoted to its blushing sister. Half a hundred instances rise to one's memory:—"Whatso'er of beauty Yearns and yet reposes," says Leigh Hunt, "Blush and bosom and sweet breath, Took a shape in roses." Byron alludes to "the odorous purple of a new-blown rose." Shelley is in love with "the depth of her glowing breast." Mrs. Hemans speaks of "that fervid hue of love which to its heart-leaf glows," just as L. E. L. reads within its petals "the crimson annals of true love." Mrs. Browning has a poet's eye for "The red roses, used to praises long, Contented with the poet's song." Lewis Morris apostrophises, "Oh, vermeil rose and sweet, Rose with the golden heart of hidden fire." Roden Noel inquires whether we most love those which "lie full blown with a delicate flush," or those which open "coy with a crimson blush"; to which I, for one, answer that I love both equally! Tennyson has a charming phrase about "the spirit of a crimson rose"; and Augusta Webster is in love with her rose, "A very child of June, Spreading its crimson coronet of leaves."

In mediæval France a romantic custom obtained in connection with the flower of flowers. It was called the "Baillée aux Roses," or "Tribute of Roses," and, appropriately enough, was instituted by a woman in compliment to a woman—by Blanche of Castille, widow of Louis VIII. of France, and Regent in 1227, for Marie, the fair daughter of Dabuisson, first President of the Parliament. The Regent and her Court, together with the Peers of Parliament, assembled at Poitiers, in May, to make and administer the laws. Various causes awaited their decision, one of which had been entrusted to the advocacy of a gallant, but pleasure-loving, young noble, the Comte de la Marche, who, however, showed but little inclination to examine into its merits, being deeply in love with Marie Dabuisson. He had previously pressed his suit upon her, and been rejected; but his love burned all the more fervently, and after their arrival at Poitiers, he ventured by night into a rose-garden which bloomed near the maiden's window, and serenaded her, according to the custom of the time. Marie opened her lattice. "Are you not ashamed, fair sir," she said, "to employ the hours of thought and study in idle gallantry? 'T will be your task to-morrow to defend before the Parliament the honour and fortune of the orphans, and you are wasting your time in idle pleasures. If you would win my favour, go and prepare to do your duty worthily!" The young Count took his mistress's reproach to heart; went home and mastered the details of the case; on the following day pleaded it with brilliant success—with such success that the Queen-Regent, with a smile, asked him whence he had derived his inspiration. "From the voice of an angel!" was his impassioned reply. The sequel is easy to guess; Marie became the Comtesse de la Marche; and in memory of the incident, the Queen ordered that every year, on the first of May, the youngest noble should pay to Parliament "a tribute of roses." The practice survived until 1589.

During the imprisonment of Charles I. in the Isle of Wight, he was being conducted—one day in November, 1648—through the streets of Newport, when a loyal gentlewoman, named Frances Prattle, respectfully presented her Royal master with a damask rose—the last which had lingered in her garden. It was all she could give, except her prayers. The King was much affected, no doubt, by this proof of her devotion.

In "The Song of Solomon" we read of "The Rose of Sharon"; and the Prophet Isaiah, when he speaks of the blessings that shall attend the coming of the Messiah, predicts that "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Some authorities believe, however, that the Hebrew word indicates the narcissus; while Gesenius asserts that the autumnal crocus is intended. If we must give up the rose, I prefer the narcissus as a substitute. But it is to the rose that allusion is made, in Ecclus. xxiv. 14, where Wisdom is said to be exalted as a "rose-plant in Jericho." It is needless to say that roses were greatly valued in the East, and that the rose-water distilled from their petals is an adjunct of every boudoir. The hundred-leaved rose (*Rosa centifolia*) and the Damascus or damask rose (*Rosa damascena*) are everywhere cultivated.

So much for some of the poetical and historical associations of our regal flower. Let us now take a hurried glance at the curiosities of its nomenclature, which does not appear to be constructed upon any definite or intelligible principle. Sometimes the name of a rose-grower, or of his sister, his cousin, or his aunt, is called into requisition; sometimes it is the name of a warrior, statesman, or other popular personage; sometimes it is entirely fanciful. I do not find that it is often found to indicate any characteristic of form, structure, or colouring. To some small extent, our roses are made to chronicle passing moods of popular feeling: as is the case with the Lord Clyde, Lord Herbert, Lord Raglan, Prince Albert, Charles Darwin, and Christine Nilsson. Among the few which boast a poetical savour are La Perle des Jardins, Coupe d'Hébé, Boule-d'Or, and Boule-de-Neige. Apparently, these represent the highest flights of fancy to which the rosarian has attained—which is, surely, remarkable when the flower should have served, one would think, as a stimulus to the imaginative faculty. Why not link the names of our poets and their airy creations with the beautiful flower which poetry has done so much to consecrate? Why should we not have among the roses a Perdita, an Imogen, a Rosalind, a Castara, a Lucasta, or an Elaine!

But the readers who would know more about rose-lore, and dip into rose-culture, should turn—as I have done—to Dean Hole's delightful "Book about Roses," Mr. Shirley Hibberd's monograph on "The Rose," and Mr. H. Bright's "A Year in a Lancashire Garden." There is an excellent practical treatise, by Mr. William Paul, which any rose-grower would do well to study.

W. H. D.-A.

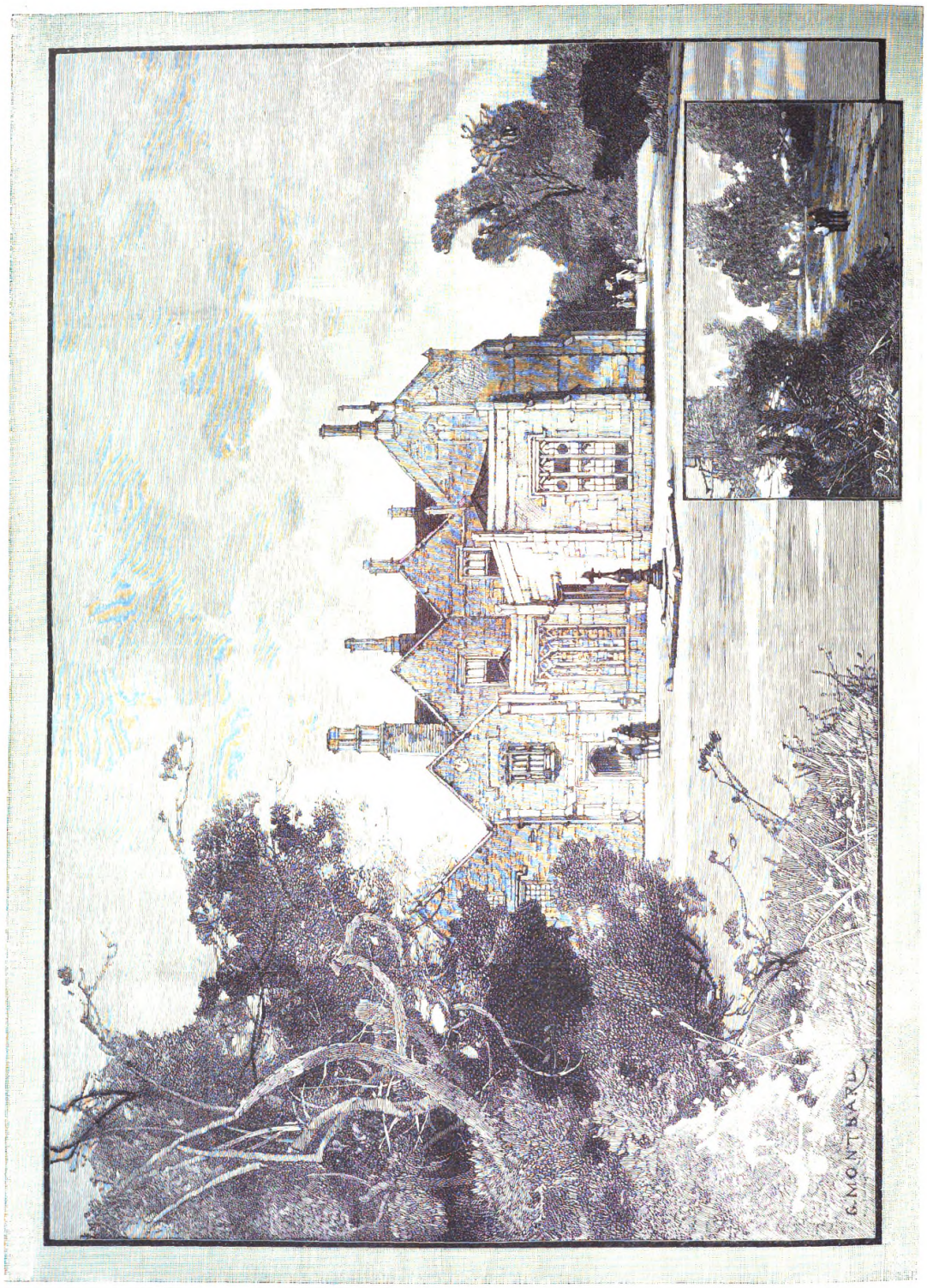
In the Oxford examination for Women the following class-list has been issued:—French and German Honours.—Class I. W. Hogg and W. Holinden, Somerville Hall. Class II. A. M. Partridge and M. S. Tait, Somerville Hall. Class IV. M. A. Moger, Gay-street, Bath.

Lord Mostyn has intimated to his tenants in Cheshire his intention of returning 10 per cent on the tithe-rent charge due to him. Sir A. Rivers Bulkeley, Bart., of Baron-hill, Beaumaris, also intends returning 10 per cent on the rents due by his agricultural tenants in Anglesea.

Earl Cadogan presided on July 18 at a meeting held in Chelsea House in support of a scheme for establishing a Polytechnic Institute for south-west London, for which £50,000 has been promised by the Charity Commissioners, if a similar amount be raised by voluntary effort. The scheme was supported by Lord Knutsford, Lord Monkswell, Sir A. Borthwick, M.P., Mr. Goschen, M.P., Sir A. Hayter, and others, and resolutions approving it were adopted.

It is purposed, as soon as £2000 shall have been specially contributed, to open a home in connection with the Royal Military Benevolent Fund. As is doubtless known to the majority of our readers, this fund grants annuities, up to £40 each, to distressed ladies, being (exclusively) widows or daughters of officers of the army, inclusive of the Royal Marines. To show the need that exists for its operations, it may be mentioned that for every person awarded there are between thirty and forty applicants. These ladies are all the relatives of officers whose services had been long and meritorious, and in many instances of a highly distinguished nature; they are all in circumstances of great need, and many are absolutely destitute. Contributions, either for the home or for the fund, are received by Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Ransom, Bouverie and Co., bankers, 1, Pall-mall East, S.W., by Messrs. Cox and Co., Army agents, 17, Charing-Cross, S.W., and by the hon. treasurer, Mrs. Ellis-Williams, 40, Bedford-square, W.C.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XIV. SCRIVELSBY COURT.



Scrivelsby Court, Front View.

On the Road to Scrivelsby.



SEASIDE IDYLLS: MUSSEL-GATHERERS.



SEASIDE IDYLLS: LISTENING TO THE WAVES.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 31, 1877), with a codicil (dated April 9, 1878), of Dame Laura Buchan, widow of the late Lieutenant-General Sir John Buchan, K.C.B., late of No. 5, Sussex-square, Hyde Park, who died on May 10 last, was proved on July 14 by Sir Walter Buchanan Riddell, Bart., Sir Mark Wilks Collett, Bart., and Francis Joseph Coltman, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £132,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to the Isle of Man General Hospital, the House of Industry (Douglas, Isle of Man), the Middlesex Hospital, and the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond-street); £500 each to the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Brompton), and the National Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Ventnor); her leasehold residence in Sussex-square, with the furniture and effects (except certain plate and jewellery specifically bequeathed), horses and carriages, to her cousin, the said Sir Mark Wilks Collett; and numerous and considerable legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. She recites that by a separate disposition she has settled certain lands, teinds, and pertinents in the Sheriffdom of Berwick. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves one third to the said Sir Mark Wilks Collett; one third to her late husband's nephew, General Charles Francis Fordyce, C.B.; and one third, upon trust, to pay an annuity of £200 to her cousin, Eliza Eleanor Newton, and subject thereto for such one or more of the three surviving children of George William Fordyce Buchan, who shall, under his will, become possessed of the mansion of Kelloe, in the county of Berwick.

The will (dated April 16, 1888) with two codicils (dated May 4 and 28 following), of Mr. William Howard, late of Ersham House, Canterbury, who died on June 1, was proved on July 10 by John Howard, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £229,000. The testator states that his wife, Mrs. Julia Howard, is already possessed of property at Nice, and of various investments, and he leaves her £2000, all his furniture, plate, pictures, jewellery, effects, horses, carriages, and stock; £1500 per annum for life, and the personal use, if she desires to have it, of Ersham House, with the lands and cottages. His freehold paper-mill at Chartham, his freehold rag-house at Canterbury, with the goodwill of the business and all the machinery, stock, and book debts, he leaves to his son John; and there are a few legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his children, Helen, Elizabeth, Agnes, and William; but if their respective shares exceed £60,000, which is to be taken as the value of the paper-mill estates, then his son John is to participate in the residue, after his sisters and brother have each received £60,000 thereout.

The will (dated April 17, 1883), with five codicils (dated June 20, 1883; Oct. 27, 1884; and March 12, April 22, and Oct. 6, 1886), of Mr. Edwin Knight, late of Palmeira Mansions, Brighton, who died on April 22 last, was proved on July 11 by Mrs. Alice Knight, the widow, and Thomas Moy, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £91,000. The testator bequeaths £400, and all his household furniture and effects, to his wife; and a complimentary legacy to his executor, Mr. Moy. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £1000 per annum to his wife, she maintaining and educating his children under twenty-one, to be reduced to £800 per annum on his youngest child attaining twenty-one, or to £250 on her marrying again. The ultimate residue he leaves, upon further trust, for all his children, in equal shares, excepting his son Arthur Edwin Kilvington, whose share is not to exceed £5000.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariot of Renfrew, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated June 17, 1881), with a codicil (dated April 7, 1886), of Mr. Alexander Cattanach, of Auchentorlie, distiller in Paisley, who died on May 3 last, granted to William Thomson, Andrew Millar, jun., Robert Binnie, James Dickie, Mrs. Mary Lorimer Millar, the sister, and John Stewart, the surviving executors nominate, was rescaled in London on July 7, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £84,000.

The will (dated March 17, 1883), with a codicil (dated Sept. 23, 1886), of Mr. Jonathan William Battley, late of Sussex House, Amhurst-park, Stamford-hill, who died on June 6, has just been proved by Mrs. Jane Eleanor Battley, the widow, William Ernest Battley, the son, Clement Dukes, M.D., Percy Pedley Hasluck, and John Bernard Portway, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £62,000. The testator bequeaths the jewellery, plate, pictures, books, furniture, effects, horses and carriages at his residence to his wife; and some annuities to relatives. The share of the capital, stock-in-trade, and goodwill of his partnership business of lamplback manufacturers and tar distillers, carried on at Edith-street, Haggerston, and Bow-common, he gives to his said son, William Ernest, conditionally on his paying interest at 5 per cent on the capital so given to him, to his (testator's) wife, for life. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children except William Ernest; but certain sums settled on his daughters, Mrs. Dukes, Mrs. Hasluck, and Mrs. Portway, are to be brought into account in the division.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated June 16, 1887) of Mr. Denis Crofton, late of No. 8, Mountjoy-square, Dublin, who died on Dec. 2 last, to Lord James Butler, Frederick Villiers Clarendon, and William Oliver Barker, M.D., the executors, was rescaled in London on July 11, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £52,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to the Representative Body of the Church of Ireland for the spiritual use and benefit of poor parishes and districts thoughout Ireland; £15,000 to the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, to endow a mission to be designated the "Denis Crofton" Mission; £1000 to the Religious Tract Society (London); £500 each to the Adelaide Hospital (Peter-street, Dublin), the Fever Hospital and House of Recovery (Cork-street, Dublin), the Société Evangélique de France, and the Société Centrale d'Evangélisation; and legacies to relatives, executors, servants, and others. If he has any curiosities or works of art on view at the time of his death at the Museum of Science and Art, Dublin, or the National Gallery, Dublin, he gives them to the said institutions. The residue of his property he devises and bequeaths to the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The Polytechnic Institute has received the munificent gift of £1500 from "G. L."

The visitation of the Brewers' Company's (Lady Owen's) School, Islington, was held on July 18, at Brewers' Hall, the Master of the Brewers' Company, Mr. W. Hoare, presiding. Numerous prizes and scholarships were awarded, and in the course of the proceedings it was announced that during the past year the first places on the list in the London University matriculation, the University of Cambridge junior local examination, and the Civil Service examination for boys had been taken by boys from this school.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

SIGNOR ASPA.—We take note of your request, and look for the improved position later on.

G HEWITT (Middle Colaba).—The main play is sufficient.

SPHINX (Alexandria).—The manager of the *British Chess Magazine*, 19, Bagby-street, Leeds, will receive your order. The price, if subscriber's name is sent in before publication, is 6s.; afterwards, 7s. 6d. We do not think it is published yet.

W R PHIDMORE (Rugby).—Jacques, Hatton-garden, are the most likely for your purpose.

A NEWMAN (Camden Town).—We cannot undertake to answer by post. The problem shall appear if it is up to our standard.

MRS KELLY.—If you will look at the solution of No. 2307 you will probably find wherein your own failed. No. 2309 is characteristic of the author, and we hope No. 2311 will fulfil your anticipations. Solution of No. 2310 is not Kt to K B 8th.

GUSTAV MORSCH.—Your problems want strategy. They are neat, but too simple for publication.

HEREWARD.—Your problem is capable of much improvement: White has at least four superfluous pieces, and can play, for its second move, Kt to either K 2nd or Kt 5th. At best, however, the position is weak.

A G SUTER (Halleybury).—The idea is so hackneyed that, although your problem is well constructed, we could not publish it. The baffling of Black's check by a discovered check has been done to death in two-move problems.

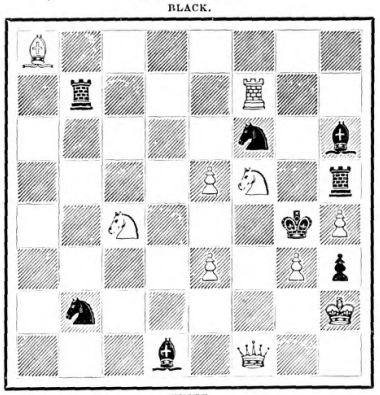
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2308 received from B H Cochrane, A W Hamilton Gell, C W H Glover, C Etherington, and C Byng; of No. 2309 from E G Boys, Alpha, C B, Hereward, W S (Sheffield), and W L.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2310 received from Dr F St. T Roberts, Jupiter Junior, H Lucas, A Newman, Percy Ewen, Thomas Chown, R H Brooks, Blair H Cochrane, R Worters (Canterbury), J Hepworth Shaw, E Casella (Paris), J R N (East Sheen), J D Tucker (Leeds), *Shadforth*, Major Prichard, Julia Short, A Wheeler (also of 2307), James Sage, Sergeant, Columbus, W R Raillem, E E H, T G (Ware), Dr G Waltz, Hereward, Alpha, G J Veale, W S (Sheffield), T Hall, L Smith, L Cond, E Phillips, Howard A, and Dawn.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2308.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to K R 7th	Any move
2. Mates.	

PROBLEM No. 2312.
By M. BLACKLIDGE.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game in the Fraser International Tourney between Mr. J. C. BREMNER, Bronghty Ferry, the well-known problem composer, and Captain M. S. WOOLLETT, of Dublin. Notes by Mr. Fraser.

(King's Bishop Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd
3. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd
4. P to Q 3rd	Kt to Q R 4th
5. B to Kt 5th	

The King's Bishop is an almost indispensable piece in this opening, and White wisely preserves it, even at the loss of a move or two.

5.	P to Q R 3rd
6. B to R 4th	P to Q Kt 4th
7. B to R 2nd	B to Kt 2nd
8. P to Q 4th	P takes P
9. P takes P	Q to K 2nd
10. P to K B 3rd	P to K R 3rd
11. P to Q R 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd
12. Kt to R 3rd	B to Kt 2nd
13. Castles	Kt to R 2nd
14. Q to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd
15. P to Q Kt 4th	Kt to Q B 5th
16. R to R 2nd	P to Q B 4th

A good move.

17. Kt P takes P	Q P takes P
18. P to Q 5th	B to Q 5th (ch)
19. K to K sq	K to Kt 4th
20. Kt to B 4th	Q R to Q sq
21. Kt to K 2nd	B to Kt 2nd
22. P to B 4th	Kt to K 3rd
23. Q to K Kt 3rd	Kt to Q 5th

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
24. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
25. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Q Kt 3rd
26. R to K sq	Kt to Q 2nd
27. Q R to K 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd
28. B to Q 2nd	Castles
29. P to B 5th	Kt to R 4th
30. Q to R 3rd	B to K 4th
31. B takes R P	Q to Q B 2nd
32. Kt to Q 2nd	

White would obviously gain nothing by capturing B at this juncture.

32.	Kt to K B 5th
33. B takes Kt	B takes B
34. Kt to B 3rd	K to Kt 2nd
35. P to B 6th (ch)	

Played with great judgment. The King is evidently compelled to capture the Pawn.

35.	K takes P
36. Q to R 4th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
37. P to K 5th	K B takes K P
38. R takes B	R takes Q P
39. B takes K Kt P	

Forcing the game. Black apparently is now at his opponent's mercy.

39.	B takes R
40. Q to R 7th (ch)	K to B 3rd
41. Kt takes R	B to B sq
42. B takes B P,	and wins.

Game between Mr. W. JAY, London, and Mr. F. DOWNEY, South Shields.
(Bishops' Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P
3. B to B 4th	Q to R 5th (ch)
4. K to B sq	P to Q 4th
5. B takes P	Kt to K 2nd

A transposition of moves which leads to difficulties. He should proceed, 5. P to K Kt 4th, followed by 6. B to Kt 2nd, and 7. Kt to K 2nd.

6. Kt to K B 3rd	Q to R 4th
7. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th
8. P to K Kt 4th	P to K R 3rd
9. B takes P (ch)	

Perfectly sound, and the key-note of the attack.

9.	Q takes B
10. Kt to K 5th	Q to Kt 2nd
11. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to Q sq
12. Kt to B 7th (ch)	K to Q 2nd
13. Kt takes P	P takes P

Black's position is seriously compromised, and the only chance here was to preserve a numerical superiority, by Q takes Kt; even then, however, White maintains a distinct advantage by 14. P takes P.

14. Kt to B 7th	Kt to B 3rd
15. P to Q 4th	

White presses the attack with great vigour. If this P be captured the Q file will be cleared for the action of Q R.

15.	Kt to Kt 3rd

WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
16. Kt to K 5th (ch)	Q Kt takes Kt
17. P takes Kt	B to K 2nd
18. P to K 6th (ch)	

Capitally played; mate in two moves would follow the capture of this adventurous P.

18.	K to Q sq
19. B takes P	Kt takes B
20. R to Q sq (ch)	B to Q 3rd
21. R takes B (ch)	P takes R
22. Q takes P (ch)	Q to Kt 4th
23. Q takes Q (ch)	P takes Q
24. R to R 8th (ch)	K to K 2nd
25. Kt to Q 5th (ch)	

The climax of some very brilliant play on White's part. Black must exchange Knights, and White's Pawns are then established, completely blocking the whole of Black's forces, and winning easily.

25.	Kt takes Kt
26. P takes Kt	P to Kt 3rd
27. P to B 4th	K to B 3rd
28. R to B 8th (ch)	K to K 2nd
29. R to B 7th (ch)	K to K sq
30. R to R 7th	P to R 3rd
31. P to Q Kt 4th	K to B sq
32. R to R 8th (ch)	K to K 2nd
33. K to B 2nd	K to B 3rd
34. R to B 8th (ch)	K to K 2nd,
35. R to B 7th (ch),	and wins.

The British Chess Club Handicap resulted in Messrs. Blackburne and Gunsberg, with eleven wins apiece, dividing the first and second prizes. Messrs. Bird and Wainwright, with ten each, the third and fourth. It will be remembered that Mr. Gunsberg won the first prize and Mr. Bird the third in the late Divan contest, and their similar success on this occasion points to the high and consistent quality of their play. Mr. Blackburne, however, would probably have won outright but for the adverse decision of the committee in the disputed game with Mr. Gattle.

"The Apposition" at St. Paul's School took place on July 25, and in the evening the High Master held a reception in the great school.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent)

BRUNSWICK.

Next, after Nuremberg, Brunswick is noted as the finest mediæval town in Germany. This reputation is not undeserved; for, although it possesses few monuments worth speaking of, except the old Townhall in the Altmarkt and some fountains of the usual slender, wire-drawn old German style, Brunswick is composed entirely of narrow, tortuous streets, lined with old houses with overhanging gables and irregular red-tiled roofs, such as you see in the background of Albert Durer's pictures. And, curiously enough, these houses have been repaired and rebuilt for the most part in the old style, the only liberty taken being to put in some modern plate-glass shop-fronts. In this maze of narrow streets several lines of tramways run, with an occasional tinkling of bells as they round the corners; there are gas-lamps, too, and even electric lights and swaggering cavalry soldiers, and other modern improvements: still, the town retains its mediæval aspect. Every step we take brings us face to face with something picturesque.

So much for the old town, with its Cathedral, its Castle, its Burg Platz, its Altmarkt; but the kernel of the town is all that remains, the shell has been transformed entirely. The moat is navigable for pleasure-boats and even little steamers; the ramparts have become fine promenades, laid out as parks and gardens, in which has sprung up a girdle of modern detached or semi-detached villa residences, with bow-windows and conservatories, where you see the worthy tenants sitting in solemn state, like mannikins in a waxwork show, watching the people pass and repass. On Sunday afternoon and evening all Brunswick is out on the ramparts—on foot, in carriages, or on bicycles and tricycles; for cycling is in high favour in northern Germany, and I even saw some young ladies with divided skirts riding tricycles, and tearing along in the most ungraceful manner.

But in spite of this apparent animation, Brunswick is a terribly dull place for the visitor: in a couple of hours you can walk all round the town and through almost all the streets. Then what remains to be done? Try the cafés? They are about three in number, and all equally solemn. Sample cigars? This would be too terrible an operation, seeing that there are no less than fifty-nine varieties of cigars at six a penny, all equally deadly! Hunt the streets for a pretty face? This would be chimerical, for everybody knows that, except in Berlin, pretty German faces are rare. Besides, one must be serious, and looking for pretty faces, in the flesh, is not generally considered a serious occupation; at any rate, one does not travel hundreds of miles to some out-of-the-way provincial town on such a frivolous errand. The great attraction at Brunswick is the Museum and Picture Gallery, which are now lodged in a magnificent new building—a model of commodious arrangement, like all the new German museums.

The antiquities and objects of art in the Brunswick Museum are not of the first importance, although some of the objects are of historical interest. On the other hand, there is a very admirable collection of Limoges enamels, and a very complete series of Italian painted pottery of the Urbino and Faenza marks. These objects, however, appeal mostly to specialists; while the average visitor will pay more attention to the Picture Gallery, which is peculiarly rich in works of the secondary masters of the Dutch school. The pearl of the Brunswick Gallery is a life-size, half-length family group, by Rembrandt, which alone repays the journey. Against a background of dark-green foliage the father stands on the left; on the right the mother dances a baby girl on her knee, while in the foreground are two other children, one carrying a basket of flowers. The mother is dressed in deep red, and the baby-girl in rose-red. A rich golden light strikes across the faces, and touches the drapery in luminous masses. In this picture, so charming in its simplicity and *intimité*, Rembrandt has indulged in a veritable painter's feast of colour. Technically, it is a most amusing and prodigious piece of work. But to give an idea of a picture in words is impossible. All I can say is, that I do not regret my stay at Brunswick; the vision of this wonderful Rembrandt stored in my memory consoles me for all the minor inconveniences I endured in a twenty-four hours' stay in the town.

T. C.

THE BISHOPS OF THE ANGLICAN COMMUNION AT CAMBRIDGE. The Senate House of the University of Cambridge was on July 18 the scene of an interesting ceremony. Taking advantage of the assembly of the Bishops of the Anglican Communion from all parts of the world at the Lambeth Conference, the University decided to offer them her hospitality, and, at the same time, to confer upon some of their number honorary degrees in Divinity. Those who received these marks of distinction were the Archbishops of York, Armagh, and Dublin; and the Bishops of Guiana, Fredericton, Capetown—who, however, was kept away by illness—Calcutta, Minnesota, and New York, several of whom are *alumni* of the University.

Such of them as were not already staying in Cambridge or at Ely, as guests of the Bishop, left King's-cross by special train at ten minutes to ten o'clock, arriving at Cambridge a few minutes after eleven. Carriages were in waiting to convey the visitors to the Senate House, where they were received by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, Vice-Chancellor and Master of St. John's. The visitors were formed into groups, each of which was conducted by one or more of the Professors round the colleges. The best use possible was made of the brief time at disposal, under the guidance of the Rev. Professor Browne, the Rev. F. Wallis, the Rev. T. H. Orpen, Mr. W. M. Fawcett, and other gentlemen. Before the conclusion of the tour of inspection, rain began to fall, and later on it came down in torrents, spoiling the enjoyment of the garden-party which the Master of Trinity had arranged to give. The guests were entertained at luncheon by the heads of the various colleges, and at half-past two assembled in the Senate House. Every part of the floor was filled. Nearly eighty Bishops, most of whom wore their scarlet robes, occupied the front places, and around them were members of the University and a large number of gaily-dressed ladies.

The guests adjourned for service in the chapel of King's College; after which further visits were made to places of interest, including Trinity College, at the lodge of which the Master entertained all the guests to tea.

In the evening several dinner-parties were given by prominent members of the University, the principal one being that given by the Vice-Chancellor, who entertained the recipients of honorary degrees and other distinguished persons.

The sixth annual report of the Fishery Board for Scotland for the year 1887 states that 26,907 boxes of salmon were sent to Billingsgate in that year, or about 3500 boxes more than in 1886. At £5 5s. per box, this represented a value of £141,261 15s., and if there is added as much more as the value of the salmon consumed in Scotland, and sent out of Scotland and elsewhere than to London, there is obtained £282,523 as the estimated value of the Scotch salmon fisheries in 1887.

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THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The Lord Mayor entertained the members of the Executive Council of the British Section of the Paris Exhibition at a banquet at the Mansion House on July 21. M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, was the principal speaker. Responding to the toast of his health, he said that as the representative of France in this country he should always strive to be on the best possible footing with England. He thought that the possibility of wars in Europe was not so great as a hundred or even fifty years ago, owing to the growth of public opinion, the introduction of universal service on the Continent, and the invention of deadly instruments. The Lord Mayor next proposed "Success to the Paris Exhibition of 1889," and M. Georges Berger, Director-General of the Exhibition, acknowledged the toast. Sir Lyon Playfair gave "The Executive Council of the British Section," for whom Sir Henry Roscoe replied; Mr. E. H. Carbutt proposed "Science and Literature," and W. H. M. Christie, Astronomer Royal, responded for Science, Mr. George Augustus Sala replying for Literature.

In London 2385 births and 1297 deaths were registered in the week ending July 21. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 374, and the deaths 539, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 1 from smallpox, 25 from measles, 14 from scarlet fever, 16 from diphtheria, 33 from whooping-cough, 8 from enteric fever, 62 from diarrhœa and dysentery, 2 from choleraic diarrhœa, and not one either from typhus or ill-defined forms of continued fever. Different forms of violence caused 54 deaths; 49 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 13 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 10 from drowning, 3 from poison, and 11 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Five cases of suicide were registered.

The Speaker gave his annual dinner to the Officers of the House of Commons on July 25.

General Sir Edwin Johnson, G.C.B., late Director of Military Education, has been elected a member of the council of the Oxford Military College.

The Lambeth Flower Show, for promoting window-gardening among the working classes, was held in the Lambeth Palace ground on July 24.

A fine flower show of the Royal Horticultural Society, with which was combined a show of carnations and picotees, was held on July 24 in the drill-hall of the London Scottish Volunteers, Buckingham-gate.

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THE HIGHLAND AND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND. For the tenth time the annual show of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland has been held on the Green, at Glasgow. The shorthorns were well represented, the interest being divided between the Royal winner, Mario, and Mr. Thomson's exhibits. The former has also been awarded the Tweeddale gold medal as the best bull in the yard; Royal Ingram, hitherto considered almost invincible, be ing second; and Master Shapeley third. In the two-year-old class Self-Conceit, first at the Royal, has repeated her victory. Viewed as beef producers, the Aberdeen polled cattle are, perhaps, the great attractions of the show; still they are not numerous. Lord Tweedmouth's Cash and Mr. Mackenzie's Esquire are superb specimens of the breed. The Dowager Countess of Leafield has taken the first prize for two-year-old heifers with Pride of Cullen, an animal possessing immense substance. The Duke of Buccleuch is first in the aged bull class with Kinsman II.; and in the yearlings Sir. R. Jardine, M.P., with Jubilee. A great feature of the exhibition is the Clydesdale horses. The first prize in the three-year-old class falls to the Duke of Portland; but the best Clydesdale shown is considered to be Prince Albion, bred by the late Mr. Campbell, M.P. for the Ayr Burghs.

The Wesleyan Methodist Conference was opened at Camborne on July 24, when the Rev. Joseph Bush, chairman of the First London District, was chosen president for the ensuing year; and the Rev. D. J. Waller re-elected secretary.

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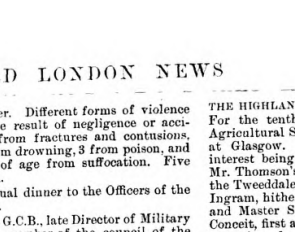


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THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.

The last annual meeting of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon was brought to a close on Saturday, July 21. We present, as is our custom, a portrait of the winner of the Queen's Prize in the final stage of the contest on Tuesday, July 17. This prize of £250, with the gold medal of the Association and the Championship Badge for the year, was won by Private Fulton, of the 13th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, who made a total score of 280—namely, 86 at the first stage, 110 at the second, 43 at the range of 800 yards, and 41 at the 900 yards' range. After his victory at Wimbledon, Private Fulton was promoted to the rank of Sergeant. Mr. Fulton, the first member of his battalion who has won the Queen's Prize, brings the prize back to London for the second time since 1884, before which it had long been absent. He has been six years in the Queen's Westminsters, is thirty years of age, and had the honour of making a tie for the St. George's this year. He is a wood engraver, residing at Battersea.

The results of the shooting since our last issue was put to press have now to be recorded.

The principal events on the 18th were team-matches for the United Service Challenge Cup between eights of the Volunteers, Royal Marines, Regulars, the Navy, Yeomanry, and Militia; the Kolapore Cup, shot for by representatives of the mother country and the Colonies; and the Chancellor's Plate. The Volunteers won the United Service match, the Kolapore Cup was taken by the Home team, and the Chancellor's Plate was gained by the Cambridge team. The Albert Jewel, being the second stage-prize of the great Any Rifle Competition, was won by Quartermaster Arrowsmith, of Bristol.

On the 19th the Elcho Challenge Shield was won by Ireland with a score of 1652, England having made 1642, and Scotland 1568. The Ashburton Challenge Shield, shot for by the public schools, was taken by Clifton College with 455, Cheltenham being 433, and Eton 432. Lieutenant Wall, of Bradfield, won the Spencer Cup. During the day Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne paid a visit to the Canadian Camp.

The Comte de Paris was among the visitors on the 20th to witness the Loyd-Lindsay cavalry competition, a combination of hurdle-racing and shooting, the prize for which was taken by the Dorset Yeomanry; the second by the West Somerset team. In the Mappin, a similar contest on foot, the winners were the Hon. Artillery Company's team, with a score of 103; the first squad of the 1st London coming in second with 186; the Queen's Westminster squad also making 186. In many of the individual competitions there were more highest possible scores than have been recorded in previous years. The Dudley prize was won with ten successive bull's-eyes at 1000 yards by Major McKerrell, who also took the Bass prize.

The business of Saturday, the 21st, comprised but two events. The first was the new Cyclists' Competition. Ten teams, each of four men, were entered. The conditions were, that the teams should ride about seven-eighths of a mile, and should fire, during the ride, each man ten rounds, at a second-class target, the range being about 450 yards. The course was along the road running parallel to the butts. The cyclists rode half the distance, then dismounted, and fired the forty rounds allowed for each team of four men, lying on the grass close to their machines, and just off the road; then they rode back to the starting point. All kinds of cycles were allowed; bicycles, tricycles, and the ingenious multicycle, carrying four men, of the winning team, which was the 1st Company of the 2nd Warwickshire Volunteer Battalion. Eight minutes were allowed, in all, to ride the distance and to complete the firing; and points were deducted from those teams who took more than that time. The first prize, of £20, was awarded to the team of the 2nd Warwickshire, as stated; and the second prize, of £10, to that of the London Rifle Brigade. The men carried their rifles either slung over the back or attached to the machine. This was the first appearance of the military cyclists at Wimbledon.



SERGEANT FULTON, 13TH MIDDLESEX,
WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT WIMBLEDON.

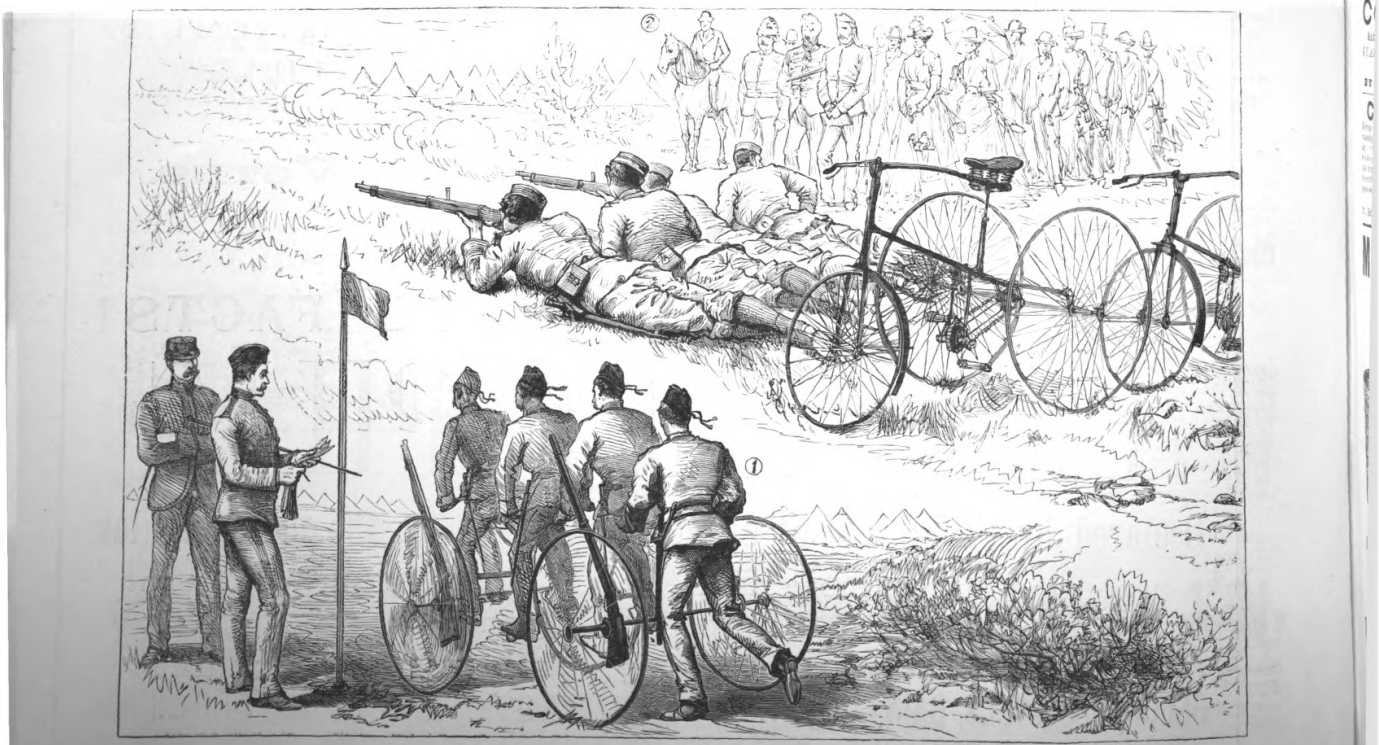
The contest for the Royal Cambridge Challenge Shield did not begin till late in the afternoon. It is a competition restricted to sections of four men from the regular cavalry, but under similar conditions to those which govern the Loyd-Lindsay competition for yeomanry and mounted rifles. The two Hussar teams made the best time, but the lowest scores. The Royals not only rode well, but shot well, and won the first prize by 97, one point over the 16th Lancers. While the last competition was in progress, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with whom were Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, drove into the Council enclosure amid hearty cheers from an assembled crowd of Volunteers and their friends. The Queen's Westminster, to whose ranks the Gold Medallist of this year belongs, furnished a guard of honour under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P. The Clifton boys, as winners of the Ashburton Shield; the Irish Eight, who came to bear away the Elcho Shield; and the Canadians were loudly cheered; but individual prize-winners evoked little excitement until Private Fulton advanced to take the Queen's Prize for 1888. "See the conquering hero comes" announced his approach, and gave the signal for loud plaudits; and then the strains, changing to "God Save the Queen," betokened that the last of the Wimbledon meetings was at an end.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

To write a successful Adelphi melodrama seems, to the dramatic student, as easy a task as shelling peas. There are certain obvious rules and conditions to be studied. In the first place your heroine must be as innocent as new milk. She must be pure and without reproach. The virtuous cream of her existence must not be disturbed by even a suspicion of adulterating water. She must have fed on the roses and lain on the lilies of life. Then again, your hero must be brave and beautiful, with a bronzed face and a biceps big enough to knock down an ox or to floor half-a-dozen marines who oppose his reckless course. He must be sufficiently athletic to jump through a port-hole into the sea, and lucky enough to escape being shot as he swims to shore, the target for innumerable bullets. Put your Adelphi hero into uniform and all will be well. Let him have enlisted into the army or navy and risen in the services by pluck and gallantry, or passed into either service after a spirited competition at Woolwich, Sandhurst, or on board the Britannia. The policeman-hero has yet to engage the attention of Mr. Henry Pettitt and Mr. Sidney Grundy. And then the villain or villains. In proportion as the heroes or heroines are spotless in conduct and honour so must the scoundrels be unspeakably vile. Mr. Beveridge was ordinarily considered bad and base enough to oppose the virtuous tradition of the Adelphi; but now-a-days it is considered necessary to supplement him with Mr. Cartwright, who outdoes in the Strand the direful deeds that were once associated with Mr. E. S. Willard in Oxford-street.

Joking apart, however, the new play, called "The Union Jack," is an excellent specimen of honest, wholesome work. It is a stirring play, well acted, well mounted, full of picturesque scenes, and there is not a sentiment in it that could be cavilled at by a Sunday-school teacher. It teaches men to be brave and chivalrous, and women to be honest and self-reliant and pure; the wicked who repent are forgiven, and the evil who glory in their misdeeds are promptly punished; and it would be difficult to recommend to the ordinary sight-seer a bolder, more creditable or comprehensive piece of work. It is quite true that the *raison d'être* of dramatic performance is to amuse and not to instruct, to please the people and not to preach to them; but if, in arranging for harmless pleasure, a manager can contrive to suggest healthy sentiment, so much the better, and so much the more creditable the task. The Messrs. Gatti have conducted their theatre on excellent principles, and hence the enviable popularity of their playhouse.

Mr. William Terriss has once more been invested with a character that exactly suits his temperament. He has a fine voice, and here he has an opportunity of showing it. He has a pleasant smile, and it proves grateful to his audience. He has a buoyant, frank, self-reliant style, and he animates the whole audience with his own enthusiasm. The hero of the new play, of course, does wonderful things. In order to avenge the honour of his ruined sister he pursues her betrayer, is falsely accused, degraded, ruined, and suffers both humiliation and scorn before he is re-established in the favour of his superior officers and in the eyes of society. The strong popularity of Mr. Terriss will not suffer from his present performance, that is as gay, as heroic, and as animated as ever. The best scene in the play, where the sad, ruined little sister confesses her shame to the brother she loves, is acted by Mr. Terriss with great charm and unaffected pathos, and it is almost to be regretted that the play does not afford more chance for the deliberative and thoughtful side of the actor's art. The sister in question, who would be the heroine of the play were it permissible for an Adelphi heroine to ever have made a mistake, is played by Miss Olga Nethersole with great earnestness, simplicity, and charm. She is certainly the most interesting female character in the play; and, comparatively unknown in London, Miss Nethersole has made a



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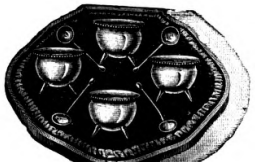
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distinct success. Miss Millward, though she is not connected with the strong vein of dramatic interest that runs through the play, acts with admirable force and intensity. She is becoming a powerful and very valuable actress in strongly emotional characters. All the last acts depend upon her nervous strength, and she is not found wanting when she is called upon. In an artistic sense the prize for good acting should, however, be awarded to Mr. Charles Cartwright, who, out of very small material, gives a picture of a modern villain of a very unconventional pattern. His is not the ordinary villain of the "Vic," who shows his temperament by scowls and gestures. We see the man's heart as well as his face; his nature as well as his manner. It is no easy task for an actor to evolve such a character out of the ordinary dialogue presented to him to study. Only artists can do this, and Mr. Cartwright can claim that distinction. Of course it is a repulsive character, one with which no one can sympathise; but it is a type. The actor does not flinch from his work, but goes boldly at it, winning his way by subtlety and thought. Mr. Cartwright is an actor of brains, as opposed to the ordinary actor of beauty. Mr. J. L. Shine has done nothing so well on the stage as his rollicking tar, the very soul of good-nature; and he has to assist him in the comic scenes Miss Clara Jecks, one of the cleverest little actresses on the stage, who makes the most of every line that is given to her. Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Dalton Somers, Miss Sallie Turner, and many more, are very usefully employed, and in few recent Adelphi dramas has the acting been so even and good. The play is mounted in the very best style, and the electric light has already done wonders at the Adelphi. The theatre, always well ventilated, is delightfully cool, and the stage looks far prettier and brighter with the new light than with the old gas. There is not the slightest trouble or difficulty in adapting electricity to revolving scenes, and doubtless, in a short time we shall see it at every theatre in London, whereby heat will be lessened and danger minimised. Messrs. Gatti thoroughly deserve the success that has attended careful management and liberal enterprise. All the country cousins will be flocking to see "The Union Jack," and it will be waving over the new and improved Adelphi long after the hard-worked world has returned from rest and summer holidays.

For the very first time in the memory of man the month of August is to be given up almost wholly to the theatre. Hitherto there has been a pause in theatrical excitement after July. The dramatic critic has been allowed one brief month's holiday. But it is not so this year. Mr. Daniel Bandmann has come forward to destroy our peace. It was all comfortably arranged that Mr. Richard Mansfield should open at the Lyceum with his version of Louis Stevenson's story, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," early in September. The play and the performance having made a great hit in America, Mr. Mansfield was naturally anxious to try his fortune in England. All was arranged. The American company brought over by the clever young actor had actually landed in England, when up starts Mr. Bandmann with a new "Jekyll and Hyde" that had received no American *cachet*, and the Opera Comique Theatre is promptly taken, in order to anticipate his comrade and brother in art. But Mansfield happens to be as sharp as Bandmann, so, without a moment's consideration, he decided to start work at the Lyceum in the month of August, originally marked out as a holiday. Mr. Mansfield will accordingly be first in the field on Saturday, Aug. 4, anticipating by a few hours the Bandmann play on Bank Holiday, Aug. 6. This is as it should be, although a double dose of "Jekyll and Hyde" in the month of August may be trying to the dramatic constitution.

There will be an important change at the Princess's Theatre on Thursday, Aug. 2, when will be produced an American sensation fire-engine drama, called "The Still Alarm," one of the examples of highly-coloured realism that obtain favour at certain seasons of the year.

Meanwhile Miss Sophie Eyre is preparing for her autumn campaign at the Gaiety, and she proposes to open the doors of that theatre under her temporary management either on Friday or Saturday, Aug. 3 or 4. The first venture will be a new version of "Mr. Barnes of New York," called "Marita," by John Coleman, an earnest actor and a capable dramatist. Miss Sophie Eyre will, of course, be the Corsican beauty. At the end of August, the promised version of Rider Haggard's "She" will be ready, a play that has occupied the combined intellects of four dramatists. Mr. Haggard, Mr. Edward Rose, Mr. W. Sidney, and that clever young lady, Miss Clo. Graves, have all had a share in "She"; and it may be hoped that, in this instance, too many cooks may not spoil the dramatic broth. Miss Sophie Eyre has, however, a third iron in the fire. A new play, written by Mr. and Mrs. John Aylmer, and founded on a pathetic story by Ouida, will "follow on" if there be time. Here are, surely, novelties enough for the month of August, and possibly in the year 1888 the wretched dramatic critics will get a fortnight's holiday. Let us hope so; for what with matinées and night performances it has been a desperately trying and exhausting year.

In a letter to the *Morning Post* the Duke of Newcastle contradicts the report that he was about to join the Roman Church.

Sir George Pringle will retire from the office of secretary to the Ecclesiastical Commission at the close of the present session, after a service of about forty-five years, and will be succeeded by Mr. Alfred De Bock Porter, who has held the position of financial secretary for seven years.

Mrs. Fawcett puts forward an irresistible plea for help for the "humble little organisation" called the Travellers' Aid Society. This institution devotes itself to securing the safety and comfort of girls who arrive in London friendless or otherwise in distress. It rescues them from the dangers which would naturally beset them, and, whenever possible, sees that they arrive happily at their destination. Much of the society's work is done gratuitously, but it must needs have expenses, and these the public is asked to assist in defraying.

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OBITUARY.

ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR E. HARRIS.

Admiral the Hon. Sir Edward Alfred John Harris, K.C.B., whose death we briefly referred to in our last Number as having taken place at his seat, Sandling Park, near Hythe, on July 17, was the second son of James Edward, second Earl of Malmesbury, by Harriet Susan, his wife, daughter of Mr. Francis Bateman Dashwood, of Well Vale, Lincolnshire; was born May 29, 1808, and received his education at Eton and at the Royal Naval College. His commission as Lieutenant bore date February, 1828 and that of Admiral on the Reserve list, 1877. From 1844 to 1852 he represented, as a Conservative, Christ Church in Parliament. In 1852 he was Chargé d'Affaires and Consul-General at Lima; from 1858 to 1867, Ambassador at Berne; and from 1867 to 1877, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Hague. He married, Aug. 4, 1841, Emma Wyly, youngest daughter of Captain Samuel Chambers, by whom he leaves a son, Lieut.-Colonel Edward James Harris, and other issue.

MR. SERGISON, OF CUCKFIELD PARK.

Mr. Warden Sergison, of Cuckfield Park, Sussex, J.P. and D.L., Hon. Major 2nd Sussex R.V., late Captain 4th Queen's Own Hussars, died on July 16. He was only son of the late Mr. Warden George Sergison, of Cuckfield, by Editha, his wife, daughter of Sir Jacob Henry Astley, Bart., of Melton Constable.

MR. BROWNE, OF BROWNE'S HILL.

Mr. Robert Clayton Browne, M.A., of Browne's Hill, in the county of Carlow, J.P. and D.L., died on July 22, aged eighty-nine. He was eldest son of the late Mr. William Browne, of Browne's Hill, Custos Rotulorum county Carlow, and M.P. for Portarlington, by Lady Charlotte Bourke, his wife, daughter of Joseph Deane, Earl of Mayo, Archbishop of Tuam. He served as High Sheriff in 1831; and married, Oct. 28, 1834, Hariette Augusta, daughter of Mr. Hans Hamilton, M.P. for the county of Dublin, and had three sons and one daughter. The Brownes of Browne's Hill have long held a leading position in the county of Carlow.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lady Wilson (Caroline), wife of Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, K.C.M.G., C.B., and daughter of Mr. R. Cooke, on July 13.

Lieutenant-General Fitzroy Millar Mundy, formerly of the Bengal Staff Corps, on July 12, aged seventy-three.

Julia Maria Frances, only daughter of Mr. Henry Hallam, F.R.S., and second wife of Sir John Farnaby Lennard, Bart., of Wickham Court, Kent, on July 15.

Etheldreda Julia, wife of Sir Astley Paston Cooper, Bart., of Gadesbridge, on July 17, aged fifty-three. She was daughter of Mr. George Newton, of Croxton Park, Cambridgeshire, and leaves three sons and two daughters.

Lady Archibald Campbell's pastoral play was given on July 25 at Cannizaro Wood, Wimbledon.

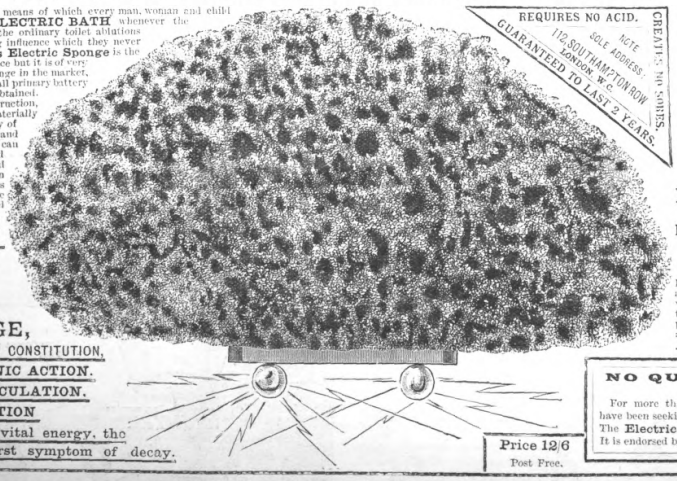
The Portraits and Memoirs of ten eminent contemporary Belgian painters, which appeared in our Journal on July 21, were much appreciated in artistic and amateur society at Antwerp; but the lamented death of one of them, M. Henri De Braekeleer, on the preceding day, gave a melancholy interest to that which concerned him. At the Exhibition of the Belgian Academy of Fine Arts, this year, several young Englishmen have distinguished themselves, gaining prizes for painting and drawing.

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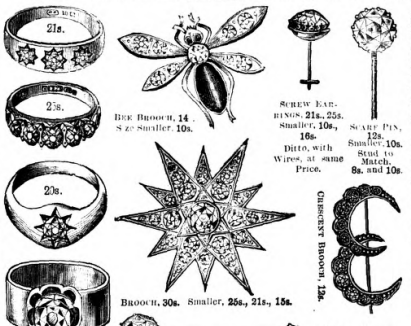
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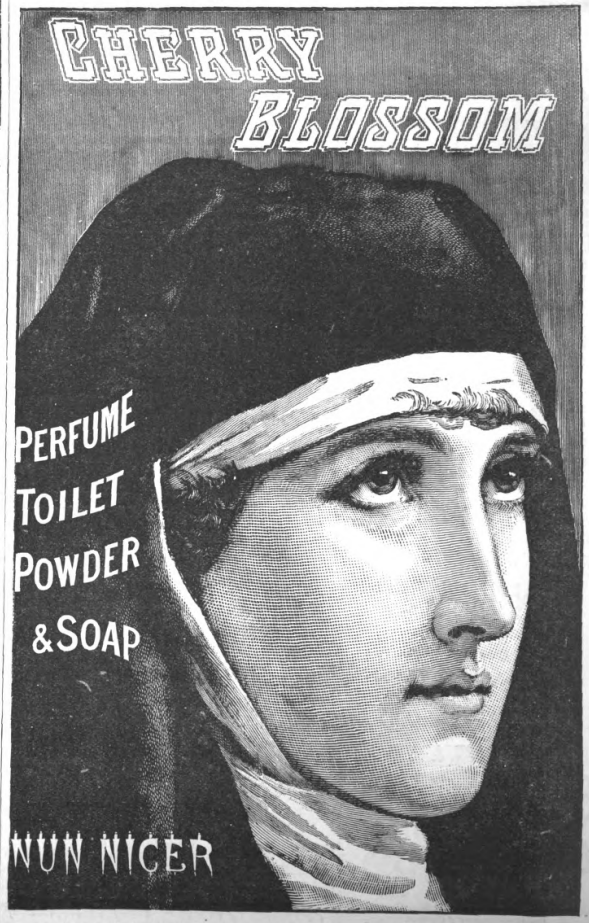
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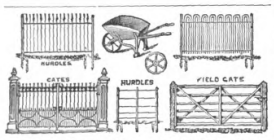
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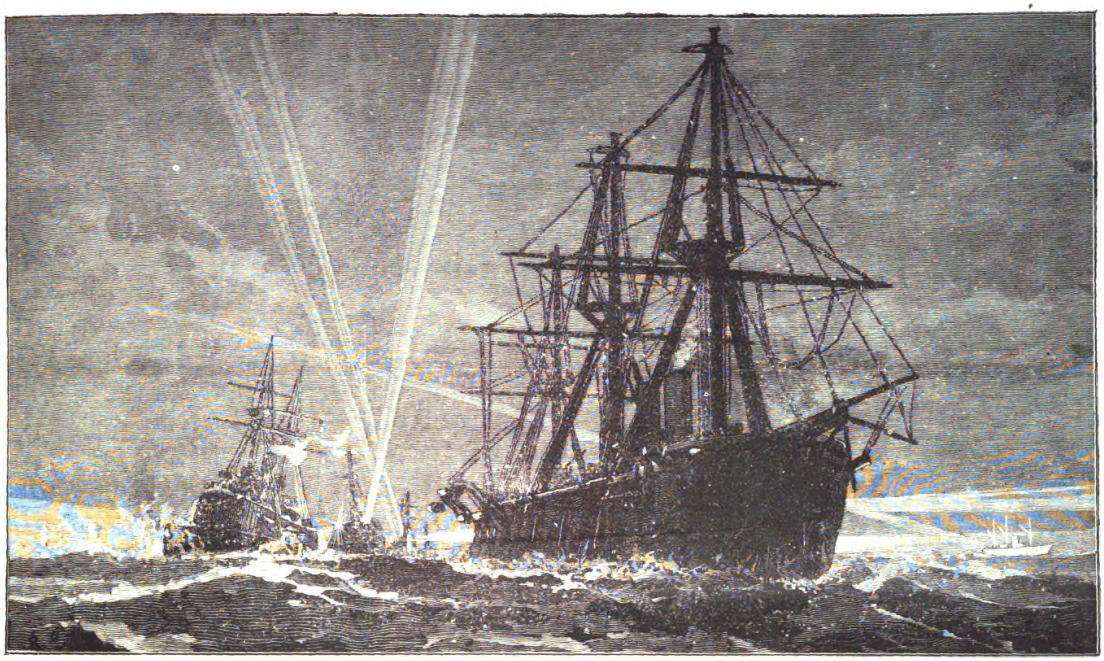
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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A writer in the *Spectator* justly points out that a way which seldom fails in cases of sleeplessness is to recall the incidents of a dream. This is a much better plan than the counting-up to a thousand, making a picture in the mind of sheep following one another through a gap, or reciting Gray's Elegy—all of which have been much recommended. It is, however, essential to the success of this plan that the dream should be the one from which one has last awakened; it must still have something of the vagueness natural to dreams about it, or it will not be effectual: an old crusted dream is of no more use for the purpose than any actual incident of life; and it is not so easy to catch your dream while he is young and fresh. For my part, I find the calling-up of a familiar landscape (always the same), very far-stretching and in the horizon blurred by distance, is—in default of a dream—the next best thing to be done. Wittenham Clump seen from the Ilsley Downs is a good place. Next to that, try a railway train: picture yourself travelling by the night express to Scotland over some exposed spot such as Shap Fell; let it be very cold outside, with the wind howling to get at you, while you are snugly ensconced in your railway rugs. If you let the fancy stray, on no account permit it to concern itself with the future; for imagination, which is fatal to sleep, is sure to be thereby set to work. Think of the past, which only summons memory and presents nothing new.

There is a notion abroad that the older one grows the less one has need of sleep, but for my part every year I like it in larger and larger quantities:

> The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upwards in the night,

is a verse that has led a good many people astray. The poet does not tell us how those great men felt in the morning. I don't believe in this night-work. Arsenius used to say that one hour's sleep a night was enough for a monk; but I am not aware that even as a monk he greatly distinguished himself. Caligula never slept above three hours, and no wonder. The best advice, I am persuaded, that can be given to a brain-worker is "go to bed early, and sleep for ten hours"; it is true that doctors are addicted to working at night, but they have the honesty to tell their patients, both in this matter and in feasting (for there is nobody so "imprudent" as your doctor), "Do as I tell you, not do as I do." This cutting short of sleep is one of the snares in which we poor literary folk are so often caught and slain. What terrible examples have I not seen of it in the noblest and best of us! Shakspeare understood the value of sleep thoroughly, and has written the noblest praise of it. The worst punishment even his imagination could devise for a criminal was that he should "sleep no more." This, be it noted, was not because he had murdered his king and guest (though that, of course, was reprehensible), but because he had murdered Sleep itself, a very much more serious matter.

That was a very cruel, though not an uncommon trick to play upon the editor of an American magazine—to send him a short poem of John Keats', saying the author was only thirteen years old, and hoping it would find admittance. If, as reputed, it was played by his own proprietor, I know no more remorseless act, save that, perhaps, of seething a kid in its mother's milk. "How could he, *could* he do so?" What can that editor think of his proprietor? and what can that proprietor think of his editor—*as* an editor? I don't remember one's literary feelings ever being so shocked! I don't think the editor ought to have shown such ignorance of his Keats, or made such a mistake—if he *was* ignorant—about poems every one of which is exceptionally beautiful; but it must not be supposed if, as is probable, this practical joke comes to be imitated by humourists on this side of the water that every rejection of an extract from an established author is to score as a success. There are many things in the British classics, and especially in the blank verse ones, that have not deserved to be printed once, and much less twice. I remember an "able editor" shutting the gates of his magazine in the face of a young gentleman who had fraudulently sent him some lines out of Thomson's "Seasons" as his own, with what he considered the happiest result—rejection. Some good man took up the cudgels for my friend. "You didn't print them because, of course, you knew they were Thomson's," he said, "though you didn't think it worth while to say so!" "No, Sir," observed the editor, blandly, "they were not rejected on that account: I did not know they were Thomson's, but I knew they were dull." This was taking the bull by the horns—or, rather, the young ass by the ears—indeed.

The Czar and his Imperial family have been delighting the civilised world of late by having a picnic, "just like anybody else, you know," on one of the picturesque little islands off Helsingfors. "Orders were given for a hamper, with all the requirements, to be placed in a boat, and their Majesties got into it." If they had got into the hamper the circumstance could hardly have excited more delight and surprise. Having landed, the attendants were sent back, and the Czar, "with the assistance of other members of the Imperial family, arranged an excellent luncheon." As the luncheon was provided and he had "assistance," I don't think so much of this feat; but the Emperor of all the Russias, we are told, then actually "chopped the necessary fuel, to which, after considerable difficulty, he at length set light." Of course, therefore, he did not use a match, none of your Bryant and May's (which once more I am glad to see "strike" only on the box), but doubtless evoked sparks by the rapid rotation of a stick of hard wood applied to a soft one. I should like to have seen him at it: the Imperial family shielding the budding flame with their parasols, and offering strips of the *Incendiary* (the last Nihilist organ) as most likely to take light. The meal, we are assured, was much relished, and "the Samovar enabled the Imperial picnickers to turn out a delicious cup of tea." This Samovar has puzzled a good many people: she is generally supposed to be a lady who answers to the personage who, at our seaside resorts, supplies hot water to tea-parties at twopence a head. Even in that case, the success of the experiment would have seemed nothing surprising; but I am informed by a gentleman who has a wife who says she can speak Russian (which is as near to a Russian scholar as I have ever got) that the Samovar is a tea-urn, which renders the result still less miraculous. Still, it is not the thing done, don't you know, but the person who does it, that gives such a charm to social life.

Fact has been once more trespassing on the domains of Fiction, with certain alterations in the circumstances which it invariably adopts in hopes to conceal its breach of copyright. A happy couple in Scotland—or a couple who would have been happy but for the airs which the lady seems to have given herself—were engaged to be married. The young person, poisoned, perhaps, by the literature of some anti-tobacco society, suddenly set her face against smoking, and declined to set it against that of the beloved object unless he renounced this pernicious habit. She would not marry him, she said, unless he gave up his pipe. Instead of replying like a wise man, "Then don't," or like a cunning one, "All right," with a mental reservation of doing as he pleased when the knot was tied, in a moment of weakness he submitted. The prohibition, however, proved intolerable, and in another moment of weakness he began to smoke again, taking such precautions doubtless as would occur to anybody to conceal the evidences of his crime. Unhappily, however, through circumstances over which he had no control (or hardly any) the lady found it out. "You have been smoking!" she exclaimed; "I smell it; I will bring an action for breach of promise of marriage against you." Which she actually did. As the Judge observed, if she had made her objection to smoking before the engagement commenced, there would have been something (though to my mind very little) in her contention; but that a young person after she has promised to marry you should indulge in all sorts of prohibitory "fads" and absurd conditions is a little too much even for a jury in a breach-of-promise case. "Edwin," this exacting Angelina might one day say, "I love you to distraction, as you know; but I have made up my mind to marry no one who is not fond of peppermint"; and on another, "Edwin, you are all in all to me; but if you would call me yours you must become a vegetarian." I confess the gentleman seems to me to have had a very fortunate escape. I daresay he is not aware, however, that he had a predecessor in fiction in the person of Mr. George Savage Fitz-Boodle. He, too, was engaged to be married to a young person who objected to tobacco; he, too, did his level best to give up Nicotina for her sake and failed; he, too, was detected by the olfactory nerves of his beloved object. The whole story, in short, of this Scotch couple (except their appearance in a law court) has been already told in the "Fitz-Boodle Papers."

Another case of plagiarism from literature has also occurred of late, but lies at the door not of Law but of Science. A poor woman was dying of starvation through her incapacity to take any nourishment. All the ordinary remedies and appliances had failed with her, when it suddenly struck her medical attendants that since digestible matter is emitted through the pores of the skin it might also be introduced that way. "A mixture of oil and grease was therefore composed and applied externally, whereupon the heat of the skin rapidly absorbed the nutriment and the patient showed signs of renewed vigour." It is all very well to ascribe this remedy to medical skill, but those who have read "No Thoroughfare," and remember what Joe Ladle took in "through the pores," will know that it is no novelty.

Those victims of the competitive examination at Sandhurst who were set a question that couldn't be answered are likely to be very popular martyrs. There is nothing so hateful to the youth of Britain as "exams.," even when the papers are capable of solution; and when they are not, the case seems hard indeed. It is not the first time, however, that young gentlemen have got into trouble from the same cause. I remember a certain cramming-school where time was of such importance to the elder pupils that they brought books with them even to their meals, and read until their turns came to be helped to the not very recherché viands; and where everybody else was, more or less, sacrificed to the Moloch of mathematics for their sakes. Misery so sharpened our wits that the ordinary school-books had no power to torment us; we procured cribs to all their problems. But the head-master had a manuscript book of his own, from which issued the most hateful questions: it cost infinite pains and trouble—besides involving us in the serious offence of burglary—to get the crib to *that*, but at last we effected it. The improvement in the work of the school became henceforth very marked, and gave great satisfaction to everybody; the master, our parents and guardians, and ourselves were all equally gratified. There was a little too much quickness, perhaps, consistent with prudence in producing our results, but their accuracy was unimpeachable. On one unhappy day, however, when every boy as usual had brought his sum to a correct conclusion, the pedagogue was suddenly seized with an insane desire to see it worked out on the board: he had no suspicion, or he would not have pitched upon the head of the class to exhibit his skill. This young gentleman had "fudged" the answer, to save himself trouble, like the rest; but he was now compelled to stoop to details, and they brought him to a different result. "There must be a mistake somewhere," observed the master, frowning: and we began to be very much afraid there was. The second boy tried it, and with only too great success: he made it the same as the first. Then the master himself tried it, and arrived at the same terminus. "The answer in my book," he said, in an awful voice, "is *wrong*: and yet you have all got that answer!" I refrain from saying what subsequently took place, because I respect the feelings of those who "like a story to end well"; and this incident had a very sad termination for us all.

THE COURT.

The Queen drove out on Saturday afternoon, July 28, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. The Duchess of Buccleuch, Mistress of the Robes, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, and the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, arrived at Osborne in the afternoon. Her Majesty's dinner-party included the Empress Eugénie, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Dowager Duchess of Athole, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Marquis de Bassano, the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, and General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, G.C.B. The Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting had the honour of joining the Royal circle in the drawing-room. Her Majesty and the Royal family attended Divine service on Sunday morning, July 29. The Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., officiated. The Queen went out on Monday morning, July 30, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne visited the Queen in the afternoon, and drove out with her Majesty. The Duchess of Buccleuch, on behalf of the Women of Great Britain and Ireland, presented to her Majesty a diamond and pearl necklace and earrings, as a token of love and sympathy, in remembrance of the Jubilee, June 21, 1887. Captain Fullerton, A.D.C., her Majesty's yacht Victoria and Albert, had the honour of dining with the Royal family in the evening.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Duke Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was present at the inspection of the 1st Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards (the Blues), and a battery of Horse Artillery by the Duke of Cambridge at Wormwood Scrubbs on Saturday morning, July 28; the Princess and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud were likewise present. On Sunday morning, July 29, the Prince and Princess of Wales and their three daughters were present at Divine service. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by the three Princesses, left Marlborough House on Monday afternoon, July 30, for Portsmouth, where they embarked on board the Royal yacht Osborne. Next morning the Prince arrived on a visit to the Queen at Cowes. On entering the roadstead the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which his Royal Highness is Commodore, and also H.M.S. Valorous, guard-ship, saluted. The various yachts dipped colours as the Osborne steamed to her moorings.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales arrived at Bristol on July 25, where he was most heartily welcomed, and unveiled the Jubilee statue of the Queen. He afterwards lunched with the Mayor, and distributed prizes to the Royal Naval Volunteers. On the 27th Prince Albert Victor was presented with the freedom of the city of York and a loyal address, which were contained in a golden casket. His Royal Highness subsequently opened a new lock at Naburn, on the river Ouse, the journey from York being made in a steam-boat.

July 24 was the anniversary of the birthday of the Duchess of Cambridge, who completed her ninety-first year. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, were early visitors to offer their congratulations to the venerable Duchess. The Duke of Cambridge, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Princess Mary Adelaide (Duchess), the Duke of Teck, and their sons and daughter, visited the Duchess at an early hour. During the day the Duchess's residence in the Ambassadors' Court was thronged with visitors. In the evening the Duchess of Cambridge received at dinner the Duke of Cambridge, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Princess Mary Adelaide (Duchess of Teck), the Duke of Teck, Princess Victoria, and Princes Adolphus, Francis, and Alexander of Teck, Lady Geraldine Somerset, Hon. Mrs. Percy Mitford, General Greville, Colonel George FitzGeorge, Captain Adolphus FitzGeorge, Colonel Augustus FitzGeorge, the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, and Signor Tosti.

The Duchess of Teck, who was accompanied by Princess Victoria of Teck, attended at the High School for Girls at Richmond-green, on July 31, for the purpose of distributing the prizes.

Princess Louise, who was accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, opened a Polytechnic Institute on July 25 in Ferndale-road, South Lambeth, which has been converted to its new use principally by the efforts of the Rev. Freeman Wills.

The Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Alix of Hesse arrived on July 30 at Queenborough from Flushing, and came to London by the boat-express. In the evening the Grand Duke witnessed the performance of "David Garrick" at the Criterion Theatre.

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz have returned to Germany.

Prince Malcom Khan has left town for the Continent.

Inspector-General D. L. Morgan, C.B., has been appointed honorary physician to the Queen, in succession to the late Inspector-General Domville.

A new grammar school, erected at the cost of £10,000 from the Frances Ashton fund, was opened at Dunstable, on July 30, by Mr. Mundella, M.P.

Mr. O'Kelly, M.P. for North Roscommon, was arrested in the City on July 25 on a warrant charging him with an offence under the Crimes Act, and was removed to Ireland for examination.

Twelve students of the London School of Medicine for Women presented themselves recently for the first and second examinations of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh, and all passed. Miss Waterston, M.D., formerly a student of the same school, has passed the examinations of the Psychological Society for a certificate in mental diseases, and is the first lady who has done this.

The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet Alexander Pope was celebrated on July 30 at Twickenham, in the presence of a large gathering of spectators. The proceedings began with a water pageant, which started from Pope's Villa, and rowed past Eel-Pie Island to Orleans House, representing the costumes and manners of Pope's time. Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., the present tenant of Pope's Villa, threw open the house and grounds, and many persons took advantage of the opportunity to visit the place. The grounds were illuminated, as were the principal streets and the embankment. A museum containing many relics of Pope was opened next day at the Townhall. Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff occupied the chair; and an address on the life, character, and works of the poet was given by Professor Henry Morley.

The preachers in Westminster Abbey for August will be as follows:—Sunday, 5th, at ten a.m., in choir, the Bishop of Colorado, U.S.A. (Dr. Spalding); at three p.m., in choir, Dr. Westcott, Canon in Residence. Sunday, 12th, at ten a.m., in choir, the Bishop of North Dakota, U.S.A.; at three p.m., in choir, Dr. Westcott, Canon in Residence. Sunday, 19th, at ten a.m., in choir, the Bishop of Springfield, U.S.A. (Dr. Seymour); at three p.m., in choir, Dr. Westcott, Canon in Residence. Sunday, 26th, at ten a.m., in choir, the Bishop of Minnesota (Dr. Whipple); at three p.m., in choir, Dr. Westcott, Canon in Residence.—Dr. Westcott proposes to continue his short lectures in the Abbey on the Saturdays in August, after the close of the afternoon service, on "The Confessions of Christ in the Gospel of St. John."

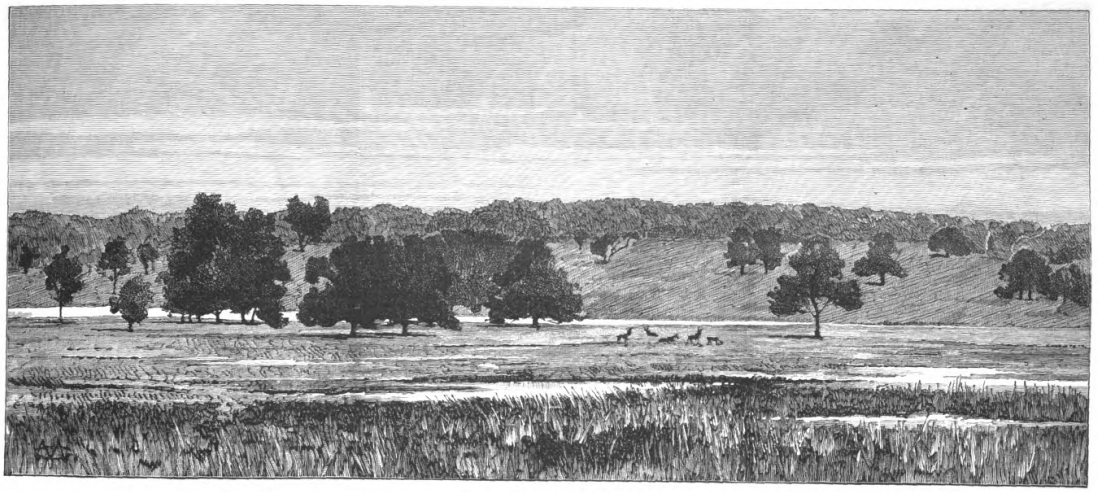
THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The two opposed fleets of the Royal Navy engaged in a series of conflicting manœuvres around the west and north coasts of Ireland are the A Fleet, under command of Admiral Baird, with a division to the northward under Admiral Rowley, operating for the defence of Great Britain, the one from Milford Haven, the other from Lamlash Bay, Isle of Arran, off the mouth of the Firth of Clyde; and the B Fleet, commanded by Admiral Sir George Tryon, at Berehaven, Bantry Bay, with a division under Admiral Fitzroy at Lough Swilly, on the shores of Donegal. War having been declared, each commander has begun his endeavours, without inflicting any real damage, to capture vessels or forts belonging to his supposed enemy, including coastguard stations on the Irish coast which have surrendered to H.M.S. Northumberland; and the hostile fleets at Berehaven and Lough Swilly have been closely blockaded by the powerful ironclad ships of Admirals Baird and Rowley; while the fast cruisers and torpedo-boats attached to each fleet have been actively employed in trying to draw off the attention of their opponents, or to intercept their communications and to disturb them in their positions. But the general plan of these manœuvres is too complex for easy description until they shall have arrived at some combat between the main forces employed on each side. Our Special Artists, who accompanied the fleet of Sir George Tryon from Portland to Bantry Bay, send us a number of Sketches—one being an illustration of the trying of the electric light on that voyage; another, that of rigging out the network guards, humorously called "crinoline," around the hulls of the ships lying at anchor, for their protection against torpedoes. The latter operation took place at Berehaven on July 21, when the flag-ship made the signal, "Out torpedo-boats, prepare defences against torpedo attack." The Ajax, Warspite, and Hero are the only ships of the B Fleet that carry torpedo-boats, and these are second-class ones; but all the ironclads and the Volage have torpedo-nets. The Iris has the necessary fittings, but has not been supplied with either booms or nets. The Ajax took about an hour to get her crinoline into proper order; but this time would probably be shortened by half were she fitted with steel instead of timber booms. It is remarkable that while steel has been substituted for wood in the case of nearly every spar on board a ship, torpedo-net booms, where, above all things, lightness, portability, and strength are required, should continue to be made of timber. The steam winches with which the ships are supplied made short work of hoisting out the torpedo-boats, a job that without them would have required the services of every available able member of the ship's company and have taken three or four times as long.

The various methods of signalling practised in the fleet require some explanation. Our page of Illustrations shows the different means employed at sea, some of which are used in the mercantile marine as well as in the Royal Navy, to transmit messages from one vessel to others. Signalling by flags is done at ordinary times, where no private cipher is wanted to conceal the meaning of the message, in accordance with an international code, which has been adopted by all the maritime Powers, and which is used by signal-stations on the British coasts, as well as by all ships of war and merchant-ships. The signal-flags are of three shapes: the square flag; the pendant or pennon, a narrow-pointed triangular flag; and the burgee, with an indented or notched outer side, displaying two triangular points. Each flag, by its colour, or by a pattern of combined colours, blue, red, white, and yellow, denotes a letter of the alphabet; but certain combinations of flags are understood to mean phrases of several words: "What ship is that?" "Where are you from?" "Where are you bound to?" "In distress, want assistance." "Engine broken down." "Send a boat." "Can you tow me?" "Can I have a tug?" "I want a pilot." "Short of provisions;" and many of the orders and reports of information peculiar to the naval service; besides the points of the compass, the names of ports, the names of ships of war, and the names of merchant-ships. Not more than four flags are hoisted on one mast or spar, and placing either the burgee, the pendant, or the square flag uppermost indicates the nature of the signal—for instance, geographical, or reporting some danger or distress, or an ordinary inquiry, or the direction of the ship's course. But as the colours of flags cannot be distinguished at a distance, or in hazy atmosphere, while their position and shape may still be discerned, there is a method of using square flags and pendants combined with balls hung above or below them on the mast, to represent various important communications. When a ship hoists a number of signals on different masts and yards, to tell a long story, it must be read by taking them in a certain order, the signal at the main-truck first, then the fore-truck, the mizen-truck, the peak, the starboard main-topsail yard-arm, and so on. The semaphore, which exhibits signals perceptible and intelligible at a still greater distance, is a post, set up at the bulwarks on deck, with arms to be raised or lowered, or to be set pointing up or down at different angles, by which the letters of the alphabet, or numbers, or messages conventionally understood, are indicated where flags could not be distinctly visible.

Morse signalling is, of course, done with the Morse alphabet, so commonly used for electric telegraph messages on shore. This alphabet is entirely composed of combinations of long dashes and short dashes, the short dashes being only square dots. In applying it to signals made at a distance, whether by flashes of a lamp, or of an electric light, or of reflected sunshine in the heliograph, or of a flag or any other visible object, it is only needful to exhibit the single light or the single flag intermittently, during longer and shorter precise spaces of time, which are interpreted as long or short dashes in the Morse alphabet. A short dash followed by a long dash signifies the letter A; a long dash followed by three short ones is B; and so with all the other letters. There is a sign for a full stop at the end of a sentence. In our Artist's Sketches on board ship, one man is using a hand-flag, which he raises and lowers at the officer's bidding, to speak a message in Morse; another man, at night, similarly carries on a Morse conversation with a hand-lamp; in a third instance, when the electric light is displayed at the masthead, its alternate exhibition and eclipse, for the moment, are regulated by the man below, and it speaks very good Morse. Besides the ordinary Morse alphabet, the Royal Navy has "Colomb's flashing signals," by which orders are communicated, at night, from the Admiral's flag-ship to each division or squadron and every ship of a sailing fleet. The powerful apparatus for signalling with the beam of electric light, which sweeps over a vast area of the sea, and which also serves to discover every vessel within its range, is shown in another Illustration.

In foggy weather at sea, by day or night, every steam-ship



PROPOSED SITE IN RICHMOND PARK FOR THE FIRING POINTS OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

under weigh is bound to sound a steam-whistle, and every sailing ship a fog-horn, which ought to be done every five minutes, under the Board of Trade regulations. The "steam siren," the most powerful kind of whistle, needs no particular comment, for we are all familiar with that of a railway locomotive engine.

The *Times'* correspondent with the fleet in Bantry Bay remarks that "there is no branch of the naval service more important, no department from the failure of which greater calamity might result in the hour of need, than that of the signals, and yet in the Hercules, our flag-ship, there are only five men who can take in signals made on the elementary Morse system, and the other ships are no better off. As to the efficiency of the present system of signalling I shall have more to say by-and-by; but that we ought to have a more numerous staff trained to carry it out there cannot be two opinions. When I say that in the Hercules there are only five men able to read the Morse, I refer to the signal staff proper, for there are probably more than that number among the marines, and it would seem a desirable innovation that they should be employed as signalmen." The signalling from the coastguard stations is so good that more than 400 signals have been received by the fleet at Berehaven, without any mistake or ambiguity.

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RICHMOND PARK AND RIFLE MEETING.

The debate in the House of Lords, on July 27, concerning the proposal of the Council of the National Rifle Association to hold its future annual meetings and shootings in Richmond Park, has revived a controversy which is of great importance to the inhabitants of that town and neighbourhood, and to many Londoners who enjoy the use of that beautiful demesne as a place of recreation. The objections to this proposal, and the absence of any necessity for its adoption, since many sites equally suitable for rifle-ranges can be found within a short distance of London, seem to be quite evident; and we trust that the strong disapproval of it expressed by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who is President of the National Rifle Association, as well as Ranger of Richmond Park, also by the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Meath, the Earl of Feversham, and other Peers, with the unanimous feeling of the influential residents at Richmond, will induce her Majesty's Government to give it a decided negative. One of our Artists has made a Sketch of the ground where it is proposed to place the firing-points, which is in the present deer-paddock, a portion of Richmond Park not hitherto open to the public, fronting Spanker's Hill and the Isabella Plantation. Those apparent woods, seen in the background of our View, are mere circular fringes of trees with wide open spaces inside; they do not afford the protection which they appear to give. Bullets may pass through them, or, more dangerous still, may glance from the trees at an angle, thus greatly widening the dangerous zone behind the ranges. The ground rises not more than 42 ft. behind the 1100 yards range; the line of fire is clear for about 3500 yards, dropping at about 4000 yards (which is about the range of the new rifles) by a sudden descent to the inhabited district of Ham and the valley of the Thames. Ricochets or bullets glancing from the trees dotted along this plateau will carry danger beyond the immediate zone. The nearest part of the town of Richmond lies about a mile and a half to the right of the line of fire; but the distance to Kingston Vale is considerably less. Within a few yards of the ranges, and running nearly parallel to them, is the main road from London through Kingston to Portsmouth, generally full of traffic, and with villas and houses dotted along its sides. These remarks, which can be verified by reference to the map of the district, with the consideration of the rapid extension of dwelling-houses in the neighbourhood of Richmond and Kingston, should be admitted as proving that the public safety is concerned in the question. The deprivation of quiet people—ordinary visitors to the park in summer—of their enjoyment of its pleasant scenery during a whole fortnight in July would also be felt as a serious grievance. The ground to be devoted to the rifle-ranges would have to be despoiled of trees. As a matter of fact, there are at the present moment no less than seventy-five oak, elm, and ash trees, and fourteen thorns marked for felling, besides hedges and bushes marked for removal from the park, to clear the enclosures for the rifle-ranges demanded by the National Rifle Association. Most of the oaks are of centuries' growth, and may not be of any value commercially; but their value for ornament is far beyond their worth for timber. We earnestly hope that this rash and barbarous scheme will not be carried into execution.

The libel action brought by Mr. O'Brien, M.P., against the *Cork Constitution* was concluded on July 30, when the jury found for the plaintiff, damages, £100.—On the same day the Mayor of Sligo, Mr. P. A. McHugh, was sentenced by Messrs. Turner and Henn, Resident Magistrates, to four months' imprisonment, on a charge of having published intimidating notices in his newspaper, the *Sligo Champion*. Notice of appeal was given.

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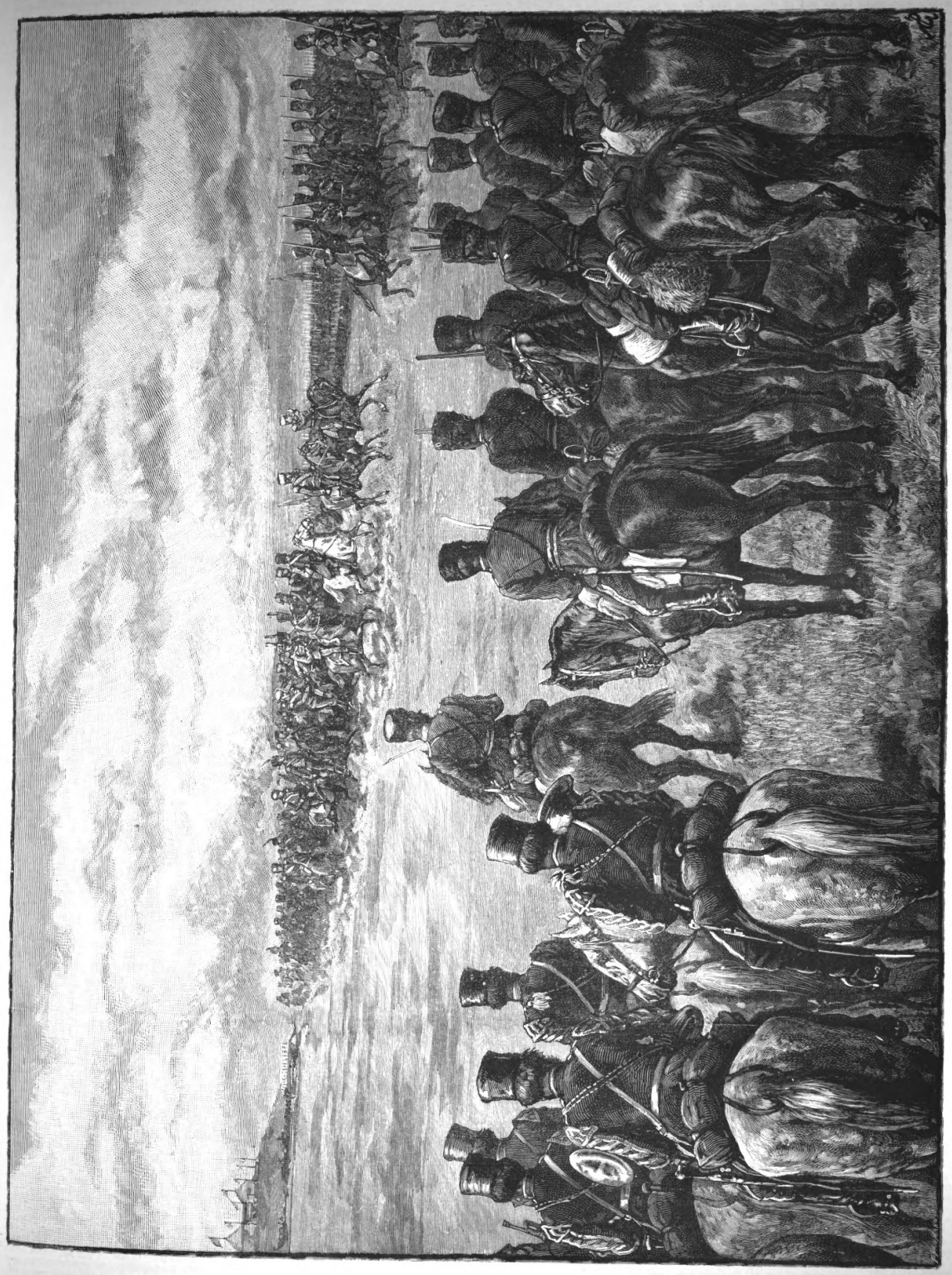
AUGUST 4, 1888.

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SKETCHES AT BRYANT AND MAY'S MATCH MANUFACTORY.

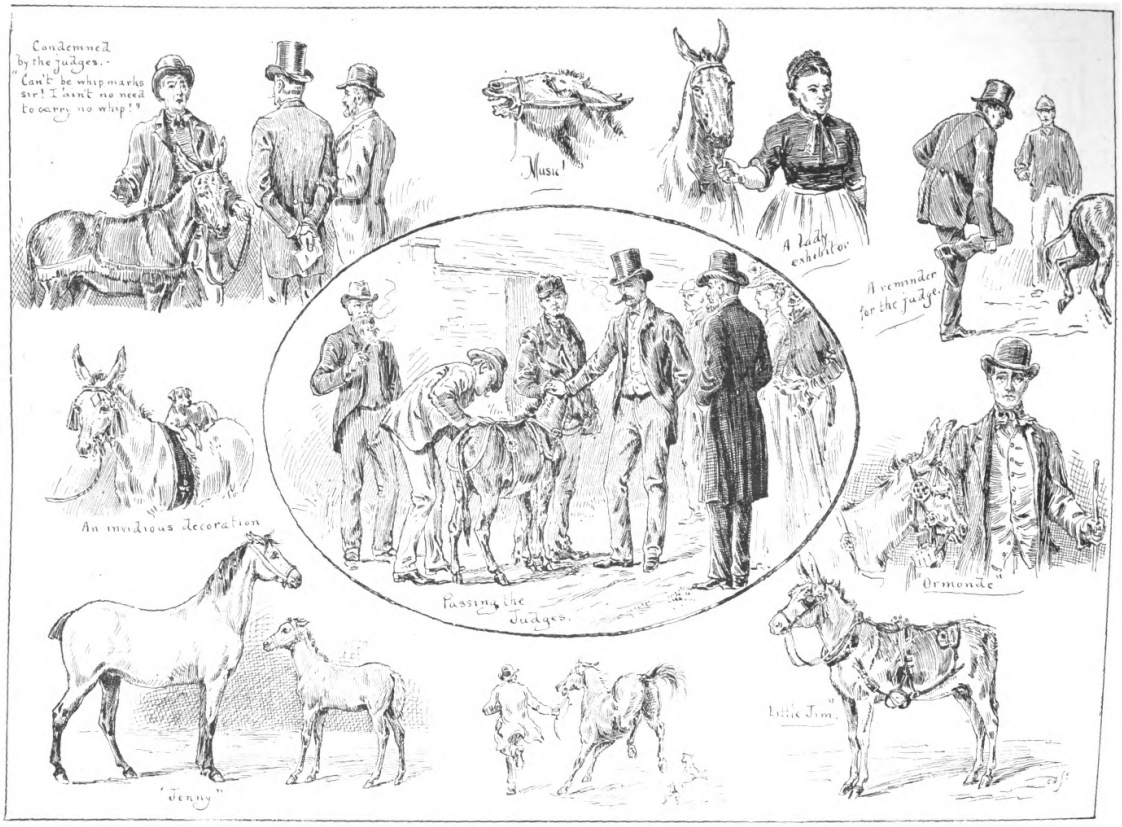


THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS: THE REVIEW AT KRASNOE SELO, NEAR ST. PETERSBURG.

MESSRS. BRYANT AND MAY'S MATCH FACTORY.

The strike by which, on July 5, about one thousand girls and others, at the four large factories of matches belonging to Messrs. Bryant and May (limited liability company) at the Fairfield Works, Bow, and elsewhere, were thrown out of employment, came to an end in three or four days by an amicable settlement. This was assisted by a deputation from the executive of the London Trades' Council, which had accompanied a deputation of the girls or young women to confer with Messrs. W. and F. C. Bryant and other managers or directors of the company. The deputation consisted of Messrs. B. Cooper, Cigar-Makers' Society; E. Coulson, Operative Bricklayers; C. Drummond, secretary of the London Society of Compositors; W. Steadman, Bargebuilders; George Shipton, Decorators and Painters; and T. J. Davis, Philanthropic Coopers. There were eight young women, representing the four factories—viz., one from Victoria, two from the centre factory, two from the wax vesta factory, and three from the safety-match factory. The deputation had been courteously received by the directors, who showed a disposition to meet them on fair terms. It would seem that the girls employed in making ordinary matches are divided into three classes—the fillers, the cutters-down, and the packers. The fillers place the strips of wood in the coil. This apparatus has replaced the frame, because it can be filled faster. After the matches have been placed in the coil, they go through the various processes of dipping and drying. They are then removed from the coils by the rackers-out, and the cutters-down take them, cut them in two, and place them in the boxes. The packers next wrap the boxes in paper, and pack into dozens and larger parcels. When the old "frames" were used the girls carried them to their bench, emptied them, cut the matches in half, and filled the boxes for 3d. per three gross. The directors put 2½d. of this down for cutting the matches and filling the boxes and ¾d. for the carrying and emptying of the frames. Since the "coils" have replaced the "frames," the girl carries the "coil" to a machine which empties out the matches, waits while the matches are being emptied out, carries the matches to her bench, and cuts them in half and fills the boxes as before. For all this she receives 2¾d. per three gross. The directors regard this as an increase of wage, comparing it with the 2½d. mentioned above; but the girls said that, owing to the time spent in carrying and in waiting for their turn to have their "coils" emptied, they could not earn as much money as when they used the "frames" and emptied them for themselves. They therefore asked for 3d. instead of 2¾d. per three gross—*i.e.*, for the "penny in the shilling." The directors replied, in the conference during the strike, that if the girls preferred working at the old price of 3d. and providing their own rackers-out, there would be no objection to their doing so. The principal spokeswoman of the girls' deputation said she decidedly preferred the present plan and should recommend it to the other girls, and asked that the rackers-out should be paid by the piece instead of by the day as now. To this the directors agreed, and the girls decided to continue the system. This spokeswoman stated that when in full work she could earn 3s. 9d. per day; but there are practical hindrances to working at this rate, and it is estimated by Mr. Frederick Bryant that an average hand in full work can earn 2s. 3d. per day. The average rate of wages is 11s. 2d. per week, as shown by a careful examination of two periods, each of thirteen weeks, in last year. The directors further say that there are not six girls at present working the new machines who ever worked the old machines, and that steadily-working girls can earn, and do earn, more money on the new machines than their predecessors earned on the old. Several minor grievances, relating to fines for disobeying orders, or for destroying property, and to charges for brushes, paint, and stamps, have been willingly removed by the directors. It has also been arranged that the "packers" may fetch their own paper, if they choose, instead of having threepence weekly deducted from their wages to pay children for doing so. The directors have further undertaken to provide a room in which the girls may eat their meals.

At the meeting of the council of the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund, held at the Mansion House on July 31, it was stated that the amount collected was £39,536, with a prospect of an additional £1500 being received from congregations which had not sent in their returns, so that the total amount would be £41,306.



PONY AND DONKEY SHOW AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE, WHITECHAPEL.

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.

A Parliamentary return shows that in the year ended June 30 last, Civil List pensions were granted to the amount of £12,000. The following is the list:—

Mrs. Mary L. Neild, in consideration of the death of her husband, Major Neild, R.M., from the effects of a wound received while on duty at Charleston, £100.

Miss Frances, Miss Blanche, and Miss Amy Tulloch, in consideration of the distinguished services of their late father, Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrew's University, in connection with theology, philosophy, and literature, £25 each.

Mrs. Jessie Jefferies, in consideration of the literary attainments of her late husband, Mr. Richard Jefferies, £100.

Sir John Steell, in consideration of his merits as a sculptor, £100.

Mrs. Mary Hutchinson, in consideration of the services of her late husband, Mr. Thomas J. Hutchinson, M.D., of her Majesty's Consular Service—in this case there is no mention of destitute condition—£20.

Miss Mary, Miss Rose Jane, and Miss Amy Leech, in consideration of the eminence of their brother, the late Mr. John Leech, as an artist, £10 each.

Mrs. Kate Pinkett, in recognition of the services of her late husband as Crown Solicitor, Chief Justice, and Acting Governor of Sierra Leone, £50.

Mrs. Isabella Sarah M'Clatchie, in consideration of the long and valuable services of her late brother, Sir Henry Parkes, £75.

The Rev. F. O. Morris, in recognition of his merits as a naturalist, £100.

Miss Constance Frederica Gordon Cumming, in consideration of her merits as an author, £50.

Mrs. Eugenia Moira, in recognition of the eminence of her late husband as a miniature-painter, £25.

Mrs. Ceiriog Hughes, in recognition of the merits of her late husband, Mr. J. C. Hughes, as a Welsh poet, £50.

Miss Laura Liebe Barnes, in consideration of the merits of her late father, the Rev. W. Barnes, as an author and linguist, £50.

Mrs. Spencer Baynes, in consideration of the eminence of her late husband, Professor T. S. Baynes, as an author and scholar, £75.

Mr. William Kitchen Parker, F.R.S., in recognition of his services to science as an investigator, £100.

Mrs. Barbara Seldon, in consideration of the services of her late husband, Mr. Samuel Seldon, Principal of the Statistical Department of her Majesty's Customs, £100.

Mrs. Balfour Stewart, in recognition of the services rendered to science by her late husband, Professor Balfour Stewart, £50.

Mr. John Bell, in recognition of his merits as a sculptor, £50.

Messrs. Stephens and Solomon's annual soirée took place on July 25 at the Prince's Hall; Miss Florence Menk-Meyer gave a concert at the Marlborough Rooms on July 26; and Mdlle. Cornélie D'Anka's benefit-concert was given at Prince's Hall on July 28.

The opening meeting of the annual gathering of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers was held in Dublin on July 31, in Examination Hall, Trinity College. There was a very large attendance. The Earl of Rosse, the president of the Reception Committee, extended a hearty welcome to the members. Mr. Carbutt, the president of the institution, gave the opening address, dealing with the statistics of Ireland as regards population, industries, and wealth as compared with those of England and Scotland. On the motion of the Earl of Rosse, seconded by the Rev. Dr. Houghton, a vote of thanks was passed to the president. Papers were read by Lord Rosse on an improved sluice weir; and by Sir Howard Grubb on new clock-driving apparatus for astronomical telescopes. The members of the institution were afterwards taken on an excursion round Dublin Bay, for the inspection of lighthouse apparatus and dredging operations.

PONY AND DONKEY SHOW.

The annual show of donkeys and ponies belonging to costermongers and other street-traders was opened on July 23, in the grounds of the People's Palace, Mile-End. This show originated with the late Earl of Shaftesbury, who was presented with a prize animal by the costermongers, in recognition of his sympathy for their class. The show was first held in some ground near the Goswell-road, but has been transferred to the East-End. Mr. W. J. Orsman, of the Costers' Hall, Hoxton, and Mr. H. Boulton have been active in getting up the show, with the cordial co-operation of the Beanmont Trustees, Sir Edmund Currie at their head, and the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. Last year there were 190 entries; the number of exhibits this year was 217, the classes—ponies and donkeys—being about equally divided. No prizes were awarded, but certificates were given to the owners of all animals which, in the opinion of the judges, showed evidences of good grooming, careful attention, and being in sound condition for work. The object of the promoters is not so much to encourage the breeding of prize animals as to put a premium upon their kind treatment. In addition to these certificates, all those adjudged worthy to receive them obtain 7s. 6d. per day, subsistence money, while the show remains open, in compensation for any loss of trade. The animals, on the whole, were a good-looking lot, and the show attracted several thousand visitors, who were especially interested in the march-past. The certificates were presented next day by the Countess of Aberdeen. Our Sketches show a few incidents of this amusing exhibition, with two or three of the best animals: the pony mare Jenny and her foal, the noble donkey Ormonde, and Little Jem, aged two years and a half. One donkey was thirty years old; another was registered as ninety-nine, and priced at £100, but that must be a joke. It is certainly profitable, as well as commendable, to bestow sufficient care on the donkey, which may for some purposes be more serviceable than the horse.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It is one of the penalties of greatness that, at some time or other, a sense of disappointment should steal upon us to destroy the charms of illusion. It cannot be denied that Sara Bernhardt is not the actress she was. It is not that she has merely lost the grace, the movement, and the willowy elegance of a young woman; it is not merely that the golden tones in her voice have become blurred by incessant travelling and overwork. That the actress is more matronly and less pliable most people will admit. But the actress is not responsible for these things. She alone is not able to stop the hands on Time's dial. But she is a different actress in another respect. Her method is less artistic; and these long tours, this incessant starring, these desperate journeys here, there, and everywhere, have had the usual result. They have induced a careless and indifferent tone—a scrambling, hurried method of delivery, and evident signs of weariness that are much to be deplored. Even in her best days, at the Théâtre Français, refinement was not one of Sara Bernhardt's strong points. She was ever inclined to emphasise the shrewish part of a woman's temperament; but the discipline and surroundings of the Comédie-Française held her in some sort of bondage. Left to herself, alone and uninfluenced, she is more inclined than ever to forget the refinement and dignity that are amongst the essentials of her art. It was noticed, in the second act of "La Tosca," the other day, that Sara Bernhardt adopted an unnecessarily familiar tone, suggesting that the presence of so very ill-bred a person was wholly out of place in a Queen's presence. For this there was no authority in the play. The Tosca was not supposed to be a bad specimen of a public singer, and it is certain that if she did not know how to behave she would not be admitted to the salon of so highly-bred a lady as the Queen of Naples. But, on further study of the art of the actress, it will be observed that the reading of this act—which might have been put down merely as a mistaken one—is, in reality, part and parcel of the new and vulgarised method deliberately adopted by the actress.

"Francillon," by Alexandre Dumas—clever, cynical, and epigrammatic as the book may be—is, unquestionably, a vulgar piece of art-work. The author of this extraordinary work shows considerable tact, but no taste whatever. The subject is one which no gentleman or well-bred man would discuss in a mixed assembly, and is therefore, we hold, unfit for discussion on the public stage. The nineteenth century is, no doubt, ripe in social surprises; but are we really to take M. Alexandre Dumas at his word? Zola the realist has told us how peasants talk and what French middle-class people do. He has taken us behind the scenes of the theatre, into the boudoirs of the half-world, into the sitting-rooms of the milliner and artisan, and has considered he was doing society a service by photographing for our edification all that was deplorable and nasty in life. Zola poses as a truthful historian, and we are bound to believe him. But is Dumas the realist equally to be believed when, from the stage, he photographs the vices of the upper classes of French society? It is not only that he tells us that the aristocracy of modern France is abnormally vicious—that may or may not be—but he declares, without hesitation, that the gentlemen of France are wanting in respect for the women of their own set, and that the women have ceased to care to be treated with ordinary respect. If this is not so, how does a dramatist dare to give us scenes where subjects are discussed before women which jeopardise their self-respect? And how does he care, in the guise of philosophy, to approach a thesis as unnecessary as it is coarse and suggestive? France must, indeed, have altered for the worst if the cynicism of its first gentlemen has made them brutal, and if the carelessness of its best-bred women has made them indifferent to womanly modesty! "Francillon" may be art, but it is a very vulgar form of art; and the acting in it of Sara Bernhardt does not make it any the more palatable. It may be true that such conversations take place in the presence of women as are recorded in the first act of "Francillon," by Alexandre Dumas. This may be an accurate, though satirical, picture of modern French life; but surely it is unnecessary to make the heroine, Francillon, even more vulgar than she is represented to be by the author. The whole point of the story, revolting and unnecessary as it is, seems lost when Francillon acts at the outset with a defiant disregard of modesty and good-taste. If Francillon shows no sign whatever of refinement or nobility of temperament, if her love be not pure and spotless, of what value is the homily of Alexandre Dumas? But the subject is scarcely worth discussing. The play, heralded forth and trumpeted abroad as a work of genius, fell flat in this country from the outset. It afforded pleasure to nobody; and, luckily, good acting was not found as an excuse to bolster up a wholly unrefined and essentially vulgar play. The man or woman who introduces certain forbidden subjects into general conversation—such, for instance, as religion, or certain details of social ethics—is held to be a vulgarian. He does what no man of taste or breeding would dream of doing. So M. Alexandre Dumas, by the English code of social rule, must be held to be guilty of very bad taste when he allows such a subject as that contained in Francillon to be discussed on the stage. And what are we to think of the audiences that encourage such discussions? Happily, in England, they did exactly what would be done in the best society: they turned their backs on the author who had made, in their estimate, a grave social blunder.

It is not easy to see on what ground Mr. Henry Irving, or Mr. Richard Mansfield, or any of his advisers, can be held to be guilty of any breach of good-feeling or comradeship when they collectively, or individually, decided to be first in the field with the authorised version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Unquestionably, Mr. Bandmann made a bold attempt to forestall Mr. Mansfield in the production of a play taken from Louis Stevenson's story. Mr. Bandmann knew that Mr. Mansfield had made success and reputation with a Jekyll and Hyde play; he knew that Mr. Mansfield's version had received the authority of the author; he knew that Mr. Mansfield had taken the Lyceum, and had brought over an American company to open early in September; he knew that his version would in all probability never have appeared had not Mr. Mansfield succeeded;—and, knowing all these things, he elected to take the Opéra Comique in order to forestall Mr. Mansfield. In all this, Mr. Bandmann was perfectly within his rights. It is an age of competition; and the best man wins. If the public like Mr. Bandmann and his play better than Mr. Mansfield and his play, they will assuredly say so. But, on the other hand, Mr. Mansfield is equally within his rights when he endeavours to stop Mr. Bandmann's performance at all costs and at all hazards until he has produced his own play. It was a sharp bit of business to take the Opéra Comique whilst it was empty, but no sharper than Mr. Bandmann in taking it at all. And if the Opéra Comique was taken in order to stop the Bandmann performance prior to Aug. 6, what a farce it would have been to permit rehearsals or anything else in connection with the Bandmann play! It was sharp practice all round; but Mr. Mansfield has won, that is all. There is no sentiment in the matter that need be advanced. What would Mr. Bandmann expect under the circumstances? Great interest is taken in the play and the performers, who will be seen on Saturday night, Aug. 4, at the Lyceum.



THE RACE FOR THE ECLIPSE STAKES AT SANDOWN: A HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE CHAIR.

SANDOWN RACES: THE ECLIPSE STAKES.

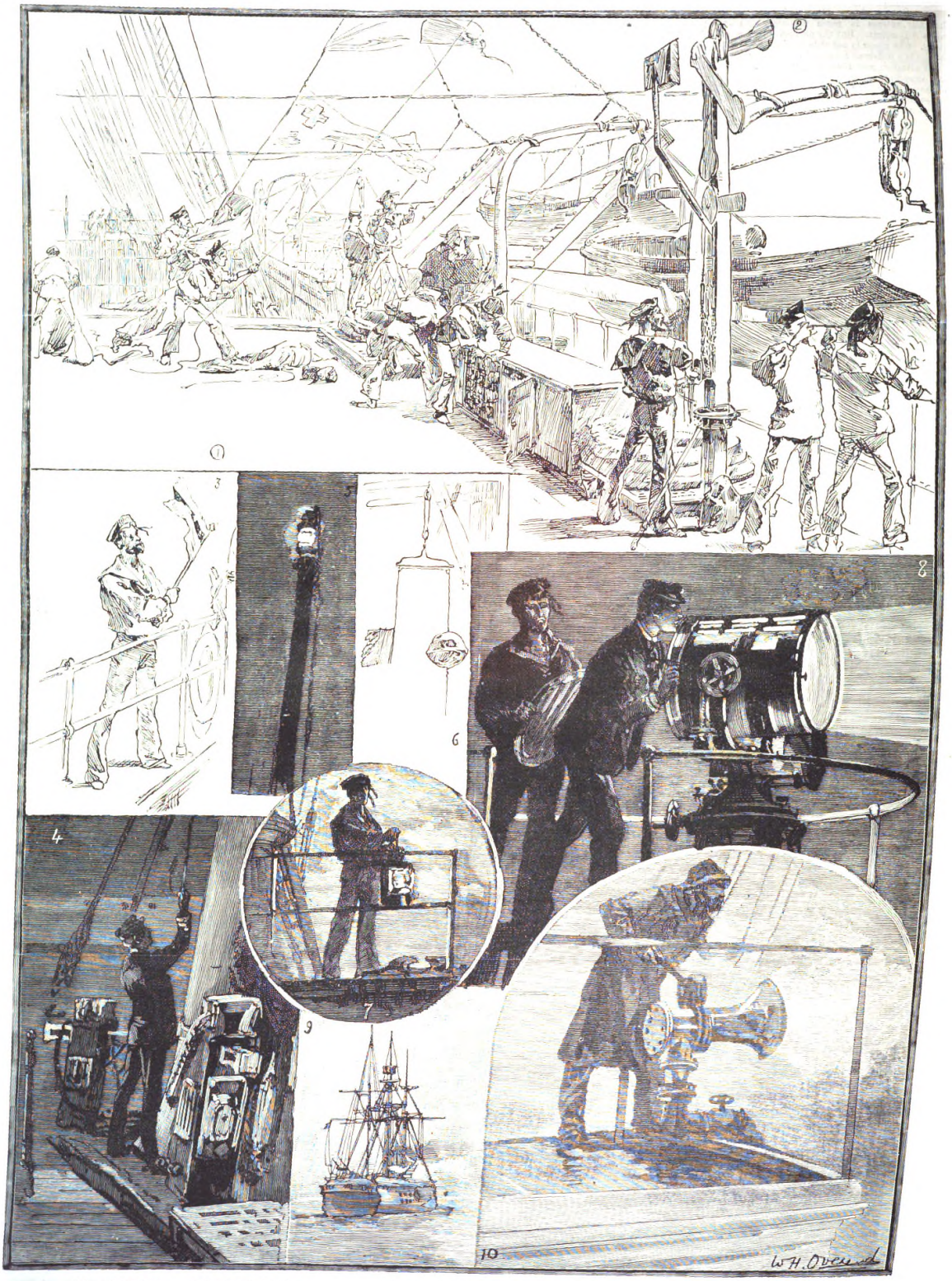
The Sandown Park summer races this year were unfortunately not favoured by fine weather; but on Friday, July 27, when the running for the Eclipse Stakes of £10,000 took place the second time since it was instituted, the rain held off till the proceedings of the day were finished. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Prince Christian, and two young Princesses, were among the spectators, with some of the nobility, and members of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs. The great race was run by thirteen horses; the winner was the Duke of Westminster's Orbit, three years old, by Bend Or — Fair Alice, carrying 8 st. 12 lb., and ridden by T. Cannon. The second horse in, which took a prize of £500 apart from the stakes, belongs also to the Duke of Westminster; being Ossory, three years old, weighted at 9 st. 11 lb., and ridden by T. Cannon, junior. There was only a length between these two at the finish; while Mr. F. Douglas's Martley, which took the third place, and Lord Ellesmere's Estafette, were very close up. We give an Illustration of this well-contested race.

The portrait of the late Mr. Clarence Stewart Lindsay is from a photograph by Mr. Paul Stabler, of Sunderland; and that of the late Rev. Charles Rhind, from one by Messrs. Russell and Sons, of South Kensington.

We have received from Mr. Edmund Lionel Wells Dymoke, of Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells, son of Mr. Dymoke Wells, of Grebby Hall, Lincoln, a copy of the pedigree of his family descent from Robert, first Baron Marmyon, who died in 1142. Mr. Dymoke Wells claimed to be heir-general to the Baronies of Marmion and Kyle, and Hereditary Champion of England, being descended from Sir Edward Dymoke, who was Champion to Charles II., and who devised the Grebby estate to his second son, Edward; but, on the death of Robert Dymoke, of Lincoln, in 1735, there was no male successor, and the Grebby inheritance passed in the female line to the children of the Rev. Thomas Wells, who had married Robert Dymoke's sister. Mr. Henry Lionel Dymoke, of Scrivelsby, is descended from John Dymoke, who was the fourth son of Sir Edward Dymoke above mentioned.

THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

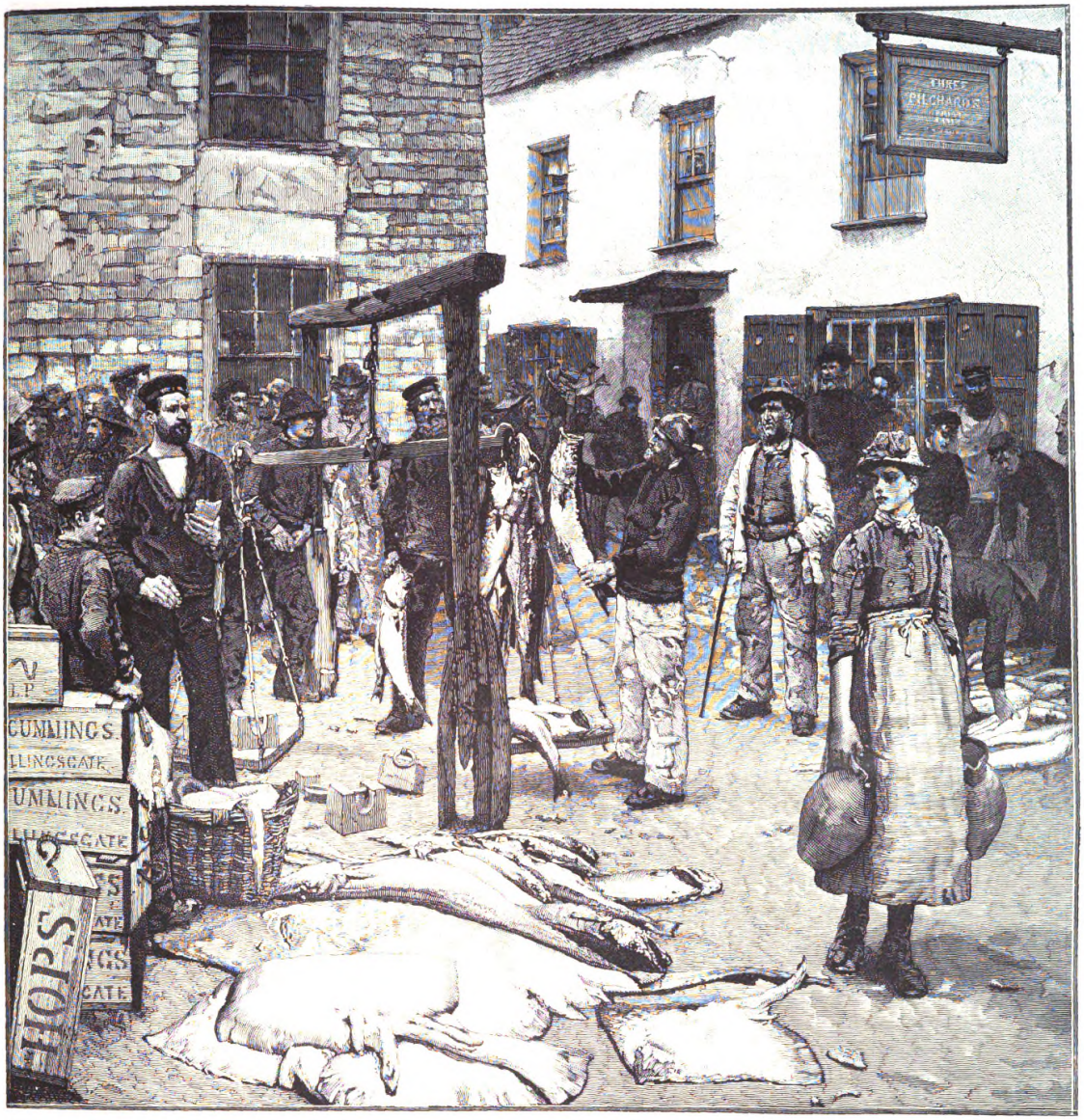
The visit of the German Emperor William II. to the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia, with his sojourn of three days at Peterhof, the Russian Imperial palace on the shore of the Gulf of Finland, was described in our last. We now give an Illustration of the grand review of Russian troops, on July 23, in the permanent camp at Krasnoe Selo, near the Tsarskoe Selo palace, a short distance from St. Petersburg. It consisted of some cavalry evolutions and a sham fight. In all there were fifty-two squadrons, including one heavy cavalry division (sixteen squadrons), two Cossack regiments of the Guard (eight squadrons), one light cavalry division (twenty-four squadrons), one mixed regiment of cadets of the Nicholas cavalry school and of officers of the cavalry school, one squadron of Kuban and one of Ural Cossacks. The Imperial party came on the ground in the usual order, the two Emperors on horseback, followed by the Empress in her carriage. After the inspection of the line, a series of exercises was performed, during which the German Emperor took command of his Viborg regiment of foot, posted on the border of the review ground, and gave his orders in Russian. His Majesty appears to speak that language fairly well. Then the whole of the cavalry in line of squadrons dismounted, and advanced as infantry. A sham fight began as soon as the Imperial party had repaired to the tents, which were surrounded by some invited German naval officers. A squadron of the Kuban Cossacks and cadets first advanced across the plain in open order towards the Kavelakht heights, firing their rifles at an imaginary enemy. They soon retired in the same order, still firing, to make room for the reserve Guard and Cossacks in close order, who took up the attack, and dashed forward with loud yells and whoops. The artillery was then brought into play, as the Cossacks again retired, twirling their long lances above their heads in sign of contempt and defiance. Finally the whole of the heavy cavalry were hurled at the enemy, on all sides, and he was held to have been vanquished. The Grand Duke Nicholas commanded and arranged the spectacle. After the ceremonial march past, which concluded the performance, the Imperial party lunched in the palace, and returned to Peterhof by train.



1. Signalling by Flags. 2. Signalling by Semaphore. 3. Morse Signalling by Hand-Flag. 4. and 5. Morse Signalling with Electric Lamp at the Masthead.
6. Helm Signal. 7. Morse Signalling with Hand-Lamp. 8. Signalling with Electric Beam. 9. and 10. Steam Siren Fog Signal.

METHODS OF SIGNALLING IN USE IN THE FLEET.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



FISH SALE AT POLPERRO, CORNWALL.

FROM THE PICTURE BY MR. W. M. LOUDAN, IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

LEGAL BUSINESS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The report of the Committee appointed by the Treasury to inquire into the system of conducting the legal business of the Government has been issued. It shows that the salary list of the staff, numbering forty-nine members, of the Treasury Solicitor's office amounts to £21,702. The office hours of the staff are nominally from eleven to five, and those of the messengers from ten to five; all contentious business of a civil character is conducted by agents, whose average profits during the last ten years amounted to £3899 11s.; that out of the total amount for salaries a yearly sum of £2000 is paid to ten copyists, besides which a quantity of copying has been done at the Civil Service Commission. No fewer than seven messengers are employed, at a cost of £726; no shorthand writers are employed; and the telephone has not been introduced into the office. The Committee have come to the conclusion that the staff of the solicitor's department is decidedly in excess of what is necessary in order to perform the professional duties discharged by it, and that many of the members are paid higher salaries than are necessary. They are also of opinion that injurious effects arise from the persons employed under the Solicitor of the Treasury being members of the Civil Service, and from their being entitled to pensions on the termination of their service. The principal injurious effects to which the Committee refer are that if the persons so employed are possessed of vested interests or claims, the Solicitor of the Treasury has no immediate control over them: he cannot procure their dismissal without the commission by them of acts of gross misconduct, and he is hampered in securing from time to time the assistance of persons of ability and industrious habits. The Committee further report that the office hours should not be less than seven hours per day, and that the staff should be in attendance at ten a.m.; that economy in labour and time can and should be effected by the employment of shorthand-writers, by the use of telephones, and by the delegation of small matters of detail by the solicitor to his subordinates; that a large expenditure now takes place in relation to copying documents—an expenditure which, in the opinion of the Committee, might be decreased by causing the copying of all documents not of a secret or confidential character to be executed by law stationers. The Committee are further of opinion that as soon as there are members of the staff capable of conducting causes of a contentious character, the business now performed by the Treasury agents, Messrs. Hare and Co., should be carried on within the department, under the direct supervision of the Treasury Solicitor. The Committee recommend that no new appointment shall be made to the staff of the Treasury Solicitor's department, except with the view of its thorough reorganisation. It is difficult to define the exact number of persons required to discharge the duties of the department; but, as far as they can judge, the Committee are of opinion that if the department were now to be established for the first time it should consist of a solicitor, who should perform the duties now discharged by Sir A. K. Stephenson, three assistant solicitors, five clerks possessing qualifications similar to those possessed by managing clerks in a London solicitor's office, and such number of other clerks as may be found necessary to discharge the labours of the office. The Committee are of opinion that upon any new appointment being made the person appointed should not be a member of the Civil Service, but should be liable to be discharged, as in cases of ordinary employment, and should not be entitled upon the termination of his service to any pension or compensation. If this recommendation be carried into effect the appointments to the department shall be made by the Solicitor to the Treasury, subject to the approval of the Lords of the Treasury.

A FISH-SALE AT POLPERRO.

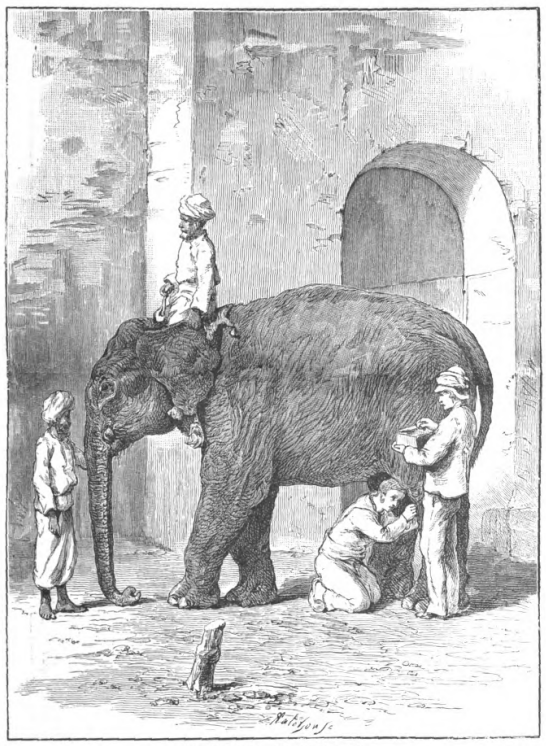
In this season's exhibition of the Royal Academy, Mr. W. M. Loudan's picture, of which we present an Engraving, was deservedly admired and commended. Much interest is always felt in the Cornish fisheries, the toilsome and perilous life of the hardy, bold, and skilful race of men who brave the stormy western ocean on that rocky coast in pursuit of the various kinds of fish, admirably depicted by this artist; the manner in which their "harvest of the sea" is secured and brought to market, and the welfare of their wives and families, too often left destitute by the accidents of an employment liable to frequent and unexpected dangers. This scene in the village market-place, where a rude pair of scales is used to ascertain the weight of the fish before they are sold, is full of animation and of characteristic expression. Polperro—a quaint outlandish name said to be a corruption of "Porthpyre," which in the ancient Celtic language means "the Sand Port"—is situated on the south coast of Cornwall, halfway between East Looe and Fowey, and about fifteen miles to the west of Plymouth. It was just opposite this part of the coast that the first conflict took place between the English fleet and the Spanish Armada, the day after news of the approach of the enemy was received at Plymouth; and it is very likely that the forefathers of some of the Cornishmen who figure in Mr. Loudan's painting were on board the numerous local craft of privateers that sallied forth to fight with the Dons.

Lord Wolseley on July 27 unveiled in St. Paul's a memorial to the late Sir Herbert Stewart, who was killed at Abu-Klea three years since. Appropriately enough, the memorial has been placed in one of the bays in the north aisle, above the monument of General Gordon, in attempting to rescue whom the gallant officer met with his death.

IN THE DOMAIN.

A rounded, rocky wood. Tangled briars and lichens hang from every slope, and in the holes and dark recesses dwell our semi-domesticated badgers. We used to sit up in the trees at night and watch them dig for roots, or eat the dried fruits which we placed at the mouth of their burrow. Whilst the badgers sought for the small wild fruits of the bushes, the wood-owls hooted and the herons screamed. Sometimes in the moonlight we could see the water-voles feeding, and the night-jars "churred" in the glades. Jays screeched in the darkness, and the lapwings, disturbed by the poachers, flew and screamed in the night. But when the light summer mornings came the gay carpetings of the "domain" were revealed. And such a floral paradise never existed before.

For years one who had loved them brought specimens of rare plants, until we had within our limited area almost the complete botany of the district. Creepers festooned the rocks, and wild thyme covered the slopes. Trailing periwinkles and bluebells hung over the nests of the ground birds, and the warblers all came there in spring. In the "domain" they built their nests and reared their young; nor did they depart until they felt the migratory instinct strong within them. Whitethroats came there, and warblers of every kind. But the most plentiful of all were the wood-wrens—the wood-warblers. They came to us at the close of April or the beginning of May; the males arriving a week or ten days before the females, and immediately treating us to their apology of a song. The long-drawn "chu-chu-chu" generally came from the branches of an oak. When the bird flew from one tree to another, the flight was preceded by a quivering, tremulous motion of the wings. The form of the pretty wood-wren can never be mistaken, with its yellow-green back, green breast, and pure white under-plumage. Its dome-shaped nest is a marvellously beautiful structure, deep buried in summer wood-



INOCULATING AN ELEPHANT.

flowers. We have found the wild hyacinth, anemone, rock-rose, and plumy grasses all airily waving above the nest, yet not a blade disturbed. The little green birds drop down from the boughs and enter by a small hole in the side. Difficult to find is this if the parent birds do not betray its whereabouts. But so small is the hole that when we have known the precise locality of the nest visited we have missed it, the entrance being occupied by the head of the bird, its bright eyes looking timidly out upon us. Of very varied material is the nest—such as the spot in which it may happen to be affords—compactly constructed, and lined with delicate grasses and hair; feathers are never used. Five or six white eggs are laid, with reddish purple spots. Whether or no the fact plays any part in the bird's economy we do not know, but certain it is that a few dead leaves are invariably found on the exterior of the nest. Where districts are well-timbered and the woods old, this warbler loves best to breed, and there, probably, it finds food most abundant, for insect-life more abounds in old-wooded districts than where plantations of trees are younger. Age begets decay, and decay is productive of a host of species of insects. Hard-bodied beetles, the wood-louse, and winged life simply swarm in such congenial spots. The wood and willow warblers and the chiff-chaff differ from their congeners in not being fruit-eaters. They live entirely upon insect-life, and the benefit they confer on the garden during the earlier months of their stay in this country is simply incalculable. Every species of summer fly is taken, both at rest and on the wing, in the latter case the bird darting after its prey. Yet, although flies and aphides constitute the staple of its food, the bird is omnivorous in its range of insect-food, and this is taken both in the larval and matured state. This characteristic, then, of abstaining from fruit and being solely an insect feeder is common to the wood-warbler and its *confrères*, the willow-warbler and the chiff-chaff. The general colour of the plumage, too, of these birds differs from that of the rest of the warblers. But the third and best characteristic is in the nests of the three species, which are invariably dome-shaped. For a long time the wood-warbler was confounded with the willow-warbler, and, in general, it pretty much resembles it, the chief points of difference being (in the wood-warbler) the bright yellow streak over the eye, the brighter green of the upper plumage, the yellowish breast, and the purely white abdominal parts. In the haunts of the birds this difference may not appear to be well marked, but when closely examined they are at once obvious, and so as to make it impossible to confound the two species.

The wood-warbler was one of the birds which Kingsley "set" in his "Charm of Birds." In the delightfully fresh "Prose Idylls" he asks, combating the words of the poet, "In Nature there is nothing melancholy," "Is it true that in Nature there is nothing melancholy?" and bids us "mark that slender, graceful, yellow-warbler, running along the high oak boughs like a perturbed spirit, seeking, restlessly, anxiously, something which he seems never to find; and uttering every now and then a long anxious cry, four or five times repeated, which would be a squeal were it not so sweet. Suddenly he flies away and flutters round the pendant tips of the beech sprays like a great yellow butterfly, picking the insects from the leaves; then flies back to a bare bough, and sings, with heaving breast and quivering wings, a short, shrill, feeble, tremulous song, and then returns to his old sadness, wandering and complaining all day long. Is there no melancholy in that cry? It sounds sad; why should it not be meant to be sad? We recognise joyful notes, angry notes, fearful notes. They are very similar, strangely enough, in all birds. They are very similar, more strangely still, to the cries of human beings, especially children, when influenced by the same passions. And when we hear a note which to us expresses sadness, why should not the bird be sad? Yon wood-wren has had enough to make him sad, if only he recollects it; and if he can recollect his road from Morocco hither, he, maybe, recollects likewise what happened on the road—the long, weary journey up the Portuguese coast, and through the gap between the Pyrenees and the Jaysquivel, and up the Landes of Bordeaux and across Brittany, flitting by night and hiding and feeding as he could by day; and how his mates flew against the lighthouses and were killed by hundreds, and how he essayed the British Channel, and was blown back, shrivelled up by bitter blasts; and how he felt, nevertheless, that that 'wan water he must cross,' he knew not why; but something told him his mother had done it before him, and that he was flesh of her flesh, life of her life, and had inherited her 'instinct,' as we call hereditary memory, in order to avoid the trouble of finding out what it is, and how it comes. A duty was laid on him to go back to the place where he was bred, and he must do it, and now it is done; and he is weary, sad, and lonely; and, for aught we know, thinking already that when the leaves begin to turn yellow he must go back again, over the channels, over the Landes, over the Pyrenees, to Morocco once more. Why should he not be sad?"

In great contrast to the delicate, soft-billed wood-birds, the warblers, are other of the summer migrants to this country. One of these is the hobby. This beautiful little hawk—a "peregrine in miniature" it has been styled—comes in the wake of the migratory hosts in spring, and stays with us till late autumn. Fascinating it is to watch the hobby performing its wonderful aerial evolutions, or lark-hawking far up against the blue. It destroys numerous small birds, and in summer adroitly captures, on the wing, many of the large flying insects and beetles. Its two or three bright red eggs are laid in a nest in some high tree—a nest not always made by the hobbies themselves. Then, another of our interesting summer visitants belongs to the family of butcher-birds — the redbacked shrike. These sprightly birds are bright in colouring, the male having a bright chestnut back, and it has also many pretty airs. The chief point of interest which attaches to the bird is that it hangs up the little carcases of its prey in a regular shambles. Cockchafers, small birds, beetles, frogs, and butterflies are all transfixed on thorns as provision for the bird's wants. It comes and breeds with us, and, on account of its curious habits, we have called it murdering-pie, and the lesser butcher-bird.

J. W.

INOCULATING AN ELEPHANT.

Among the recent valuable discoveries of the famous French physician, M. Pasteur, is that of the vaccination of domestic animals for the prevention of the dire disease known as anthrax, or splenic fever. The marked success attending his system, in combating the Rinderpest in Europe, encouraged Mr. J. H. Lamprey to bring the subject under the notice of the Government of India, where no efficient remedy was known for this rapidly fatal illness, which annually carries off a large percentage of cattle of every kind. An Order in Council has been issued, after the most careful investigation of the merits of the system, and of the probability of securing its favourable reception by native proprietors. In order to carry out this object, some native Indian students, who have received their education at the Cirencester Agricultural College, are now undergoing a course of instruction at the Paris Laboratory of M. Pasteur, and will shortly proceed to stations in India, to dispense the vaccine, which is applied to elephants as well as to oxen and other beasts. It is confidently expected that their labours will be attended with the same success that followed the introduction of the system into those countries where it is now in full operation; with an ultimate prospect of the total extermination of the most serious maladies, working great havoc amongst flocks and herds throughout the world. The elephant, in a domesticated state, is liable, as well as other animals in the service of man, to certain epidemic diseases.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Goodwood week, marking the end of the London season, is here, and all the fashionable and would-be fashionable world is departing to seek the restorative influences of ozone and silence. Gowns for Goodwood, which are always smart, are this time being generally composed of foulard silks, large patterns being most in favour. The modest spots or tiny designs of two seasons ago are "selling off." The fashionable dressmaker knows now only of startling and striking patterns, such as a large brown pine-cone figured on a heliotrope ground; bunches of natural-coloured lilac on a white ground; lightning flashes of white meandering over a sky of blackness; or dark blue cornflowers tied together in large clusters on a pale green ground. White vests generally relieve these startling designs, which are almost impossible for the entire front of a bodice; the vests are folded prettily and somewhat irregularly, rarely being plain.

For country gowns for the "going away" season, there is quite a mania for separate skirts and bodices, the latter being made loose and comfortable. Smocked yoke silk, pongee or merveilleux, loose bodices, with waistbelts and full sleeves, are most worn with cotton or even beige or tennis flannel skirts. The actual jersey, made of the original elastic stockingette cloth, is decidedly *passée*, but will be quite à la mode at Margate. The hats for the seaside are all very broad in the brims, which are bent in all manner of ways, but usually are turned sharply up at the back, while they stand out straight just above the brow, so as to shield the face from the sun—if by chance any sun should appear. The crowns are low and trimmed profusely on the top with big bows or loops of muslin, crêpe, or lace, with a cluster of flowers, or a spray of fruit and leaves as if cut from a cherry or plum tree, laid lightly amidst the diaphanous cloud, and falling down towards the front of the hat. Sailor styles of make are popular in serge gowns, the loose bodice, with its broad collar, opening from a white or red flannel vest, and sagging over a trifle at the waist, being most becoming to slight figures. Children's sea-side frocks are very generally made sailor-fashion, too. Zephyr or cotton frocks are made with simple loose blouse tops, confined by a sash not much higher than the knee, or else hanging straight from a yoke to which they are gathered.

Comparatively rarely does a female plaintiff in a breach-of-promise case fail to recover some portion of the damages she asks, because, as a rule, only the most gross cases of hardship and ill-usage are brought forward. A young lady has failed this week, however, under circumstances which were certain to preclude her from the sympathy of most of the jury-sitting sex. She was decidedly an unreasonable young person, for she offered her sweetheart the choice between his cigar and her fair self; and when the ungallant wretch declared that, if he must choose, he elected for the smoke, she sought to punish him in his pocket for the bad taste of his decision. Now, had the contract included, at the first, a provision to give up cigars for her sake, and had this been deliberately violated in order to cause the rupture of the engagement, it would justly have gone hard with the faithless swain; but, surely, when the damsel deliberately elected to place herself in one scale and a cigar in the other, and found herself the lighter of the two in the graceless man's estimation, she was bound to silently accept the judgment that she had challenged; and so thought the Sheriff who tried the case. But oh! that smoke! how selfish, how heartless, how incapable of self-denial it makes its devotees! The man, it is to be presumed, once loved the woman; but he loved the passing amusement of puffing out smoke better than he loved his lady. The age of chivalry was a pre-tobacco era!

No doubt he thought that the woman who objected to tobacco must be a selfish, unkind creature, to want to rob him of his pleasure. Men have no notion of its being their duty to give up anything to women. "Serve him and obey him" are in the wife's vow in the wedding service, and not in the husband's. In a brilliant book of social essays lately published by Mrs. Frank Leslie, that distinguished American woman proposes the formation of a "Woman's Co-operative Union" for the education of man up to the feminine standpoint, "to teach him that he is as much bound to self-denial and self-control as he expects us to be. Man likes to smoke," she observes, "and we all vow that we enjoy smoke, and beg our male friends to favour us with a little of it, and sit smiling amid a blue fog. But suppose a woman likes to have her nursery about her, or keeps the thermometer at 80 deg., or prefers walking slowly to walking fast—or, in short, cultivates any taste opposed to masculine habits. Does the man good-humouredly conform, and pretend to like what he does not, and to enjoy what he abhors? I trow not." And so Mrs. Frank Leslie proposes to form a woman's union in order to educate man to the pitch of common feminine self-denial that makes most women pretend that tobacco is not offensive to them.

Well, perhaps the American women may succeed in such an attempt; the United States have not yet, like this effete old land, produced such a numerical surplus of our sex as to destroy the balance of power. Dear me, how can we be valued at our proper rate when there are a million too many of us! If the case were only the precise opposite we might have a chance. As it is, so little hope of success in a ladies' anti-tobacco crusade does Canon Shuttleworth give us that, being too upright and straightforward to pretend to suppose that non-smokers can really be comfortable in the midst of smoke, he takes refuge in advising us to smoke also. Whereupon that typical "man's man," Professor Blackie, produces a sonnet in which he exclaims, in effect: Ah, no! It is a woman's duty towards man to keep a sweet breath and nice teeth, and therefore smoking would be too vile a habit for her: but from a man a woman has no right to expect such refinements! The noisy Professor does not perceive that when he talks thus he advocates selfishness, and, as Mrs. Leslie says, a lower standard of self-control for men than women.

Alas! smoking in the streets, in public places, and even in resorts where people go especially to breathe pure air, grows more common every day—and every day girls become more numerous. For some years past, according to the Registrar-General's report, the proportion of female to male births has been gradually increasing with each year. There are already a million too many of us: and year by year the surplus grows! I see no help for it; we shall only be strong enough to re-seize our natural empire, and become powerful enough to diminish smoking, by a well-directed and discreet application of the Chinese method of settling this problem. A little while ago an edict was issued in China pointing out that too many girl-babies were being drowned; and that in consequence "many good young men are unable to find wives." When many good young men here are in that position, the successors of the Scotch heroine will be able to make terms. Their weight in the scale of a man's estimation as against a cigar will be vastly increased. Meantime, tobacco is the stronger force, alas!

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Mr. Hugh Fraser, barrister-at-law, has been appointed Lecturer in Equity to the Incorporated Law Society.

BY THE LOCHSIDE.

A dozen or so of white cottages, mixed with some houses of a better class, at the foot and on the lower slopes of a ridge of purple upland, and separated from the loch only by a narrow road and a strip of pebbly shore—such is the village: if, indeed, that may be called a village which is really little more than the summer quarters of a few families who make money (and spend it) in a spacious manufacturing city some thirty miles or so "up the water." The clachan, or village proper, lies nearly a mile away, on the threshold of a great noble's finely-wooded grounds; and there, or thereabouts, you will find the parish kirk, and the parish school-house, and the post-office, and the joiner's, and the baker's, and such other necessaries as go to make up a well-conducted village, which has escaped the cold shade of pauperism, and, like Dogberry, has everything handsome about it. For what with the regular employment given, by the great noble aforesaid (or by his factor), and the provisioning of summer visitors and permanent residents, and a little fishing, and the small trading affairs connected with the steam-boat traffic, the villagers in this happy nook are able to put a decent face upon things, and to face the chance and change of life with considerable composure. They are "verra prood" of their sequestered and picturesque home; and well they may be, not only on account of its position, which is beautiful exceedingly, but because the genius of Scotland's greatest son has associated it with the pathos and passion of one of his finest novels. Moreover, its parish minister is known all over the land as a broad-minded theologian, an effective platform orator, and an accomplished man of letters. Item: it is included within the ample estates of one of Scotland's oldest ducal houses. Item: it has been visited by a daughter of the Royal family of England; and in its neighbourhood a deservedly popular novelist has located the deep and painful interest of one of the most successful of those of her fictions which deal with Scottish manners and Scottish scenery. 'Tis not every little village which has such good reasons for the pride that, I have observed, little villages always have a good deal of.

This thrice-favoured clachan clusters near the extremity of a narrow, hilly peninsula, formed on one side by the broad estuary of Scotland's great western river, and on the other by an arm or loch which that estuary throws off to rest among the brown hills and take into its bosom the cool shadows of huge jagged peaks of granite. Above the long sandy spit, which, at low water, contracts its mouth into a channel scarcely wide enough for the passage of a man-of-war, this loch spreads out into an oval basin, its green shore fringed with long lines of birch and rowan, which, on tiny capes and headlands, approach the very margin of the ooze, and droop their branches into the flowing tide. Little timber-built piers, here and there, provide for the convenience of those dwellers "by the lochside," for whom the daily steamer supplies the readiest means of access to the outer world. In sunny open spaces mansions of stately aspect and spacious proportions have been erected by wealthy citizens; and with their trim lawns and shrubberies, their terraced gardens and their thick hedges of fuchsias, make a striking contrast to the bold brown hills rising so steeply in their rear, with no other ornament than wide patches of heather on their acclivities. At the loch-head, where another little clachan snugly nestles among dwarf oaks and birken shaws, the hills make a sudden dip, and there the road finds its way across them, descending to the side of another and much larger loch, which penetrates several miles inland, and washes with deep rolling waves the feet of a range of gloomy, precipitous heights, smitten by the thunders of the ages. But in this romantic country lochs and mountains are as plentiful as green lanes and fields in the pastoral South. Some of the most majestic, though not the loftiest, of the Scottish "bens" are visible from the crest of the range of hills; and, as for lochs, from "the dip" I have spoken of, three of these salt-water basins, with gleaming curves and crescents, are visible—as glorious a spectacle on a radiant day as the seer of Patmos ever saw in Apocalyptic vision. Untravelled Southrons can have no idea of the infinite varieties of life and colour which this weird combination of mountain and water develops. Each height has an individuality of its own; each loch is distinct in character from all other lochs. On this side is the gentler grace; on the other, the fuller majesty. Here the landscape melts into an almost Arcadian softness; there, it is darkened with the sombre gloom of despair. If, on the one hand, the rugged precipices start sheer from the water's edge, like a wall of iron; on the other you see a gracious heathery slope, with a bright burn leaping and shining down its undulating side. Then, again, the aspect of each scene, like the expression of an eloquent face, changes every half-hour—nay, every minute—on one of those joyous days when sunshine and shadow follow each other—over hill and glen, over stream and rock—with all the arrowy quickness of a lover's thoughts; and swift scurries of rain and mist come up from the south-west, to be succeeded by sudden slants of golden glory; and flecks of white cirrus shoot athwart the sapphire-blue sky, deepening with their transient reflections the broad bulk of the great mountains, and the rippled bosom of the copious lochs.

But I have wandered away from the little village by the lochside. For artist, or poet, or jaded man of letters, I know of few plesanter seclusions. There you may study at your leisure the ways of Nature, and all her charming magical changes. In the soft summer-time there is no end to the beautiful things she has to show you—tall clumps of fuchsia, sparkling with tiny crimson petals; the graceful lady-birch, in the sweet delicacy of her cool foliage; fairy-like ferns, with all their fronds unfolded; and spikes of digitalis, with hanging bells so curiously spotted. The morning dawns upon you with the blandness of the later summer; and, looking across the loch you feel for a moment as if you had unwittingly stepped out of the world in which men live and move and have their being, into a strange, ideal world of inconceivable splendour; for lo! a broad band of shining mist is stretched along the opposite shore, which, beneath it, is reflected in the glassy wave with a startling distinctness—hills and trees and turreted mansions, and patches of bright garden-ground—all inverted in that wide and noble mirror—the reality of it above and the image of it below so combined that, as you gaze and wonder as you gaze, and the mist creeps quickly upward, the reality seems to become an image also, and all its details are subdued into a tremulous, vague dream; and then the mist glides away, and the inverted landscape disappears, and before you is the Real once again, shining with a thousand elysian lights as the mounting sun touches it with its fingers of fire.

At sunset, by the lochside, you will often be moved by the deep sweet silence that prevails—a silence which seems to hush every impetuous feeling, every surging thought. The breeze is not yet astir; the birds have ceased their songs and folded their wings in slumber; a calm lies upon the far-off mountains, on the surrounding hills, on the curving shore. The whole loch is possessed by the glory of the setting sun; and such a wonderful radiance fills it and adorns it, such a dream and mystery of colour, that all things seem stilled and subdued into a voiceless adoration by the very immensity of its beauty! The lights come and go—purple, green, and gold—merging at last into a deep crimson lustre, which floods all the western sky, and sinks with a warm glow into the bosom of the loch, until you see, as it were, a double sunset—one in the loch below and one in the heaven above. Silently, this rich, rare glory fades and fades; from loch and sky, like a vision with noiseless feet, the celestial splendour passes; and out into the blue serene comes the moon, with her company of stars; and still the hush is unbroken, except by the low plash of the waves on the "umbered strand," which, indeed, does not so much interrupt the solemn silence as serve to confirm and enhance it. And now the moonlight folds the loch in its embrace; here, ploughing the tranquil surface, as with a silver share, in one broad, unbroken furrow; there, dropping little silvery gleams and pearly lines; touching the wooded shores with streaks of soft pale light, and illuminating the distant peaks of granite till they shine against the intense depths of the firmament like towers of silver.

But a change comes over the spirit of the scene. A little cloud rises in the north, not bigger than a man's hand, and barely visible across the distant summits. All at once, this cloud expands in every direction, deepening and widening until the sky is overcast with mirky gloom, impenetrable and oppressive. There is a pattering on the leaves around you, and you can see the face of the loch troubled with thick-coming raindrops. Rain, rain! And now, flash after flash of lightning—the dark heavens open and shut with sudden bursts of lurid flame, as from a furnace-fire; and the thunder rolls among the mountains with a hoarse reverberation like the echoes of distant battle; and the waters dash in white breakers against the shore, as the wind, let loose from northern heights, sweeps down the loch on shrieking wings. The storm, however, soon spends its fury: the lightnings cease, and the wind subsides—but with muttering, growling noises, like a creature whose wrath is still unsatisfied; and the blackness vanishes; and soon, over the eastern hills, breaks the first dawn of the coming day, and morning, with all its joyous voices and hopeful promises, comes once again to those of the "sons of men" whose lot is cast—not unhappily, I think—"by the lochside."

SPEECH DAY, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

Additional interest was lent to speech day at the ancient Blue-coat foundation, on July 25, by the new scheme of the Charity Commissioners, which would practically abolish the old school. After the very effective singing of the 100th Psalm by the boys, followed a series of recitations, all of them delivered with unusually good elocution. H. S. Whiteside gave Lord Beaconsfield's "Accession of Queen Victoria"; E. C. Pearce, "Civis Romanus sum" (Cicero); C. Hipwood, part of a speech of Macaulay's on the China War; A. B. Ward, in French, an extract from a discourse of M. Gambetta; R. B. K. Christian, Froude's account of the destruction of the Armada, and also a Greek excerpt from Thucydides; E. A. Rolfe a portion of his prize Latin poem on "Columbus," and H. B. Dickin, "Der Glockenguss zu Breslau."

But the special feature of the gathering was the English Oration by E. A. Rolfe, in which the new scheme of the Charity Commissioners was referred to in a manner which showed unmistakably how it is regarded by the governors, the head master (Rev. R. Lee), the teaching staff, and by the present and old Blues. There would, said the speaker, if this scheme received the assent of Parliament, as it has of the Education Department, still be a Christ's Hospital, but it would be no longer the school of the past. Between the Christ's Hospital founded by good Edward VI. and that of the Commissioners there would be nothing but the name. The applause which greeted this declaration was emphatic and unanimous. Among the events of the year, Mr Rolfe referred to the loss which the great German nation had suffered by the death of two Emperors, one of whom had showed how simply a hero could live, and the other how bravely a hero could die.

After a hearty rendering of the favourite "Dulce Domum," the prizes were distributed by the Lord Mayor. The exhibitioners for 1888 are:—Charles Hipwood, scholar (classical) of Wadham College, Oxford; Arthur Lyon Bowley, major scholar (mathematical) of Trinity College, Cambridge; Eugène Alfred Rolfe, scholar (classical) of University College, Oxford; Joseph William Philipson, scholar (classical) of Selwyn College, Cambridge; and Henry Caldwell Lipsett, scholar (classical) of Lincoln College, Oxford.

The steam-ship Copeland, of Leith, went ashore on the island of Stroma on July 25. She had 200 emigrants on board, who were all landed on the island.

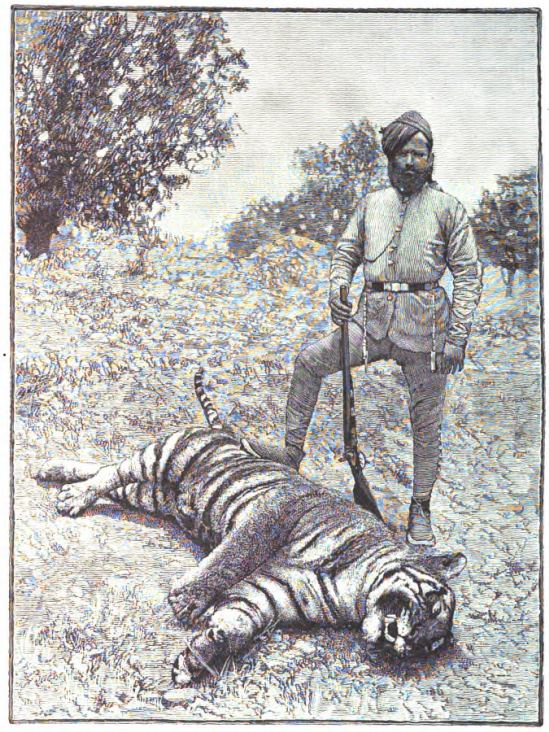
Nearly 40,000 persons were attracted to the Alexandra Palace on July 28 to witness the ascent and descent of Mr. Baldwin, who had promised to drop from a balloon at the height of about 1000 ft. When at a height of about 1500 ft. he detached the parachute, and descended in safety.

The final ceremonial with regard to the Pan Anglican Conference at Lambeth was a special service celebrated on July 28 in St. Paul's Cathedral, and attended by the Archbishops of Canterbury, York, Dublin, and Armagh, the Bishop of London, and about 140 other Bishops, home and Colonial. The sermon was preached by the Archbishop of York.

The following steamers arrived at Liverpool recently with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports:—The Montreal, with 315 cattle and 854 sheep; the Iowa, with 639 cattle and 692 quarters of beef; the Barrowmore, with 700 cattle; the Lake Huron, with 408 cattle and 670 sheep; the Catalonia, with 960 quarters of beef; the Arizona, with 2920 quarters of beef; and the Germanic, with 760 quarters of beef: the total arrivals being 2062 cattle, 1524 sheep, and 5332 quarters of beef.

THE MAHARAJAH OF TIKUMGURH AND HIS TIGER.

Tikumgurh is one of the Native States in the territory known as Bundelcund; its chief, the Maharajah Pertab Singh, is an ardent sportsman. He visited the Lalitpur district the other day, where he was entertained by the Deputy Commissioner. While he was there, information was brought in that a tiger had appeared near Deogurh, a few miles out; and a shooting-party was at once organised. Beaters were sent into the jungle, and a tigress appeared about thirty yards from where the Maharajah was posted. With a single shot, his Highness killed her. The shooting-party had scarcely been back twenty-four hours, when news arrived of another tiger having been seen; and the Maharajah, with a small party, went out again. He had not long to wait when the tiger appeared, and on seeing the Maharajah, made straight for him, bounding along, and growling savagely. His Highness, with characteristic pluck and presence of mind, waited till the animal was within about fifty yards and then fired. The shell entered the tiger's chest and burst, shattering his lungs and heart. A photograph was taken a few hours after the kill, at the spot where the tiger fell, by Mr. John Gordon, of the Indian Midland Railway. The tiger measured ten feet, and the tigress six inches shorter, immediately after being killed. In addition to the tiger and tigress, the Maharajah was fortunate in catching two young cubs, which he has taken for his menagerie at Tehri.



THE MAHARAJAH OF TIKUMGURH, AND A TIGER KILLED BY HIM.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Mr. E. Henry Loyd, of Langleybury, Herts, with the Hon. Clementina Brownlow, fifth daughter of the late and sister of the present Lord Lurgan, took place on July 26 in St. Stephen's Church, Gloucester-road. The eight bridesmaids were the Hon. Isabella and the Hon. Emmeline Brownlow, sisters of the bride; Miss Gwendoline and Miss Beatrice Loyd, sisters of the bridegroom; Lady Ottoline Bentinck, Lady Mary Pepys, and Miss Burne, cousins of the bride; and Miss Heneage, cousin of the bridegroom. The Bishop of St. Albans officiated, assisted by the Rev. E. T. Vaughan, Vicar of St. Paul's, Langleybury; the Rev. J. P. Waldo, Vicar of St. Stephen's; and the Rev. Walter Brownlow, cousin of the bride.

Mr. Marcus Henry Milner was married to Caroline Agnes, Duchess Dowager of Montrose, on July 26, at St. Andrew's, Fulham. The Duchess is the youngest daughter of the second Lord Decies, and the widow of the fourth Duke of Montrose, who died in 1874. Her Grace's second husband was Mr. W. S. Stirling-Crawfurd, to whom she was married in 1876 and who died in 1883. The Duchess is well known in racing circles as "Mr. Manton." The bridegroom is the youngest son of the late Mr. Henry Milner, of West Retford House, Notts, and the Old Bank, Leeds, and brother of Lady Gerard and Lady Durham.

The marriage of Lord Beaumont with Violet, only daughter of Mr. Wootton Isaacson, M.P., and Mrs. Wootton Isaacson, was solemnised on July 28, at the Oratory, Brompton, before a large and distinguished congregation. The bridesmaids were—Miss Margaret Peake, Donna Margherita Chigi, Miss Morell Mackenzie, and Miss Riddell and Miss Stapleton, cousins of the bridegroom. The bride was accompanied by her father, who gave her away.

The marriage of Mr. Donald Campbell, eldest son of the Hon. and Rev. Archibald Campbell, of Marchfield House, Berks, late Rector of Knipton, Leicestershire, with Edith Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Smith Wright, M.P., took place in St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, on July 26. In attendance on the bride were three pages—Master J. H. Smith Wright, youngest brother of the bride; Masters E. J. Wright and C. Howard. The Hon. and Rev. A. Campbell, father of the bridegroom, officiated, assisted by the Rev. H. F. Howard, Rector of Bright Waltham, Berks, uncle of the bridegroom, and the Rev. George Howard Wright, uncle of the bride: Mr. Smith Wright giving his daughter away.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

WITH THE ELDERS.



OWE went home again, all well pleased, and I holding the Duke's ring tight, I promise you. It was a most beautiful ring when I came to look at it: a great emerald was in the midst of it, with little pearls and emeralds set alternately around it. Never was such a grand gift to so humble a person. I tied it to a black ribbon and put it in the box which held my clothes. But sometimes I could not forbear the pleasure of wearing it round my neck, secretly; not for the joy of possessing the ring so much as for remembering the lovely face and the gracious words of the giver.

At that time I was in my sixteenth year, but well grown for my age. Like my father, I am above the common stature of women. We continued for more than four years longer to live without the company of the boys, which caused me to be much in the society of my elders, and as much at the Manor House and the Rectory as at home. At the former place Sir Christopher loved to have me with him all day long, if my mother would suffer it; when he walked abroad I must walk with him; when he walked in his garden I must be at his side. When he awoke after his afternoon sleep he liked to see me sitting ready to talk to him. I must play to him and sing to him; or I must bring out the backgammon board; or I must read the last letters from Robin and Humphrey. Life is dull for an old man whose friends are mostly dead, unless he have the company of the young. So David in his old age took to himself a young wife. I have sometimes thought that he would have done better to have comforted his heart with the play and prattle of his grandchildren—of whom, I suppose, there must have been many families.

Now, as I was so much with his Honour, I had much talk with him upon things on which wise and ancient men do not often converse with girls, and I was often present when he discoursed with my father or with his son-in-law, the Rector, on high and serious matters. It was a time of great anxiety and uncertainty. There were great Pope burnings in the country; and when some were put in pillory for riot at these bonfires not a hand was lifted against them. They had one at Sherborne on Nov. 17, the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's Coronation day, instead of Nov. 5, Guy Faux Day. Boys went about the streets asking for halfpence and singing—

> Up with the ladder,
> And down with the rope;
> Give us a penny
> To burn the old Pope.

There were riots in Taunton, where the High Church party burned the pulpit of a meeting-house; people went about openly saying that the Roundheads would soon come back again. From Robin we heard of the Popish plots and the flight of the Duke of York, and afterwards of Monmouth's disgrace and exile. At all the market towns where men gathered together they talked of these things, and many whispered together: a thing which Sir Christopher loved not, because it spoke of conspiracies and secret plots, whereas he was all for bold declaration of conscience.

In short, it was an anxious time, and everybody understood that serious things would happen should the King die. There were not wanting, besides, omens of coming ills—if you accept such things as omens or warnings. To Taunton (afterwards the town most affected by the Rebellion) a plain warning was vouchsafed by the rumbling and thundering and shaking of the earth itself, so that dishes were knocked down and cups broken, and plaster shaken off the walls of houses. And once (this did I myself see with my own eyes) the sun rose with four other suns for companions—a most terrifying sight, though Mr. Boscorel, who spoke learnedly on omens, had an explanation of this miracle, which he said was due to natural causes alone. And at De Brewers there was a monstrous birth of two girls with but one body from the breast downwards; their names were Aquila and Priscilla; but I believe they lived but a short time.

I needs must tell of Mr. Boscorel because he was a man the like of whom I have never since beheld. I believe there can be few men such as he was, who could so readily exchange the world of heat and argument for the calm and dispassionate air of art and music. Even religion (if I may venture to say so) seemed of less importance to him than painting and sculpture. I have said that he taught me to play upon the spinnet. Now that Humphrey was gone, he desired my company every day, in order, he pretended, that I might grow perfect in my performance, but in reality because he was lonely at the Rectory, and found pleasure in my company. We played together—he upon the violoncello and I upon the spinnet—such music as he chose. It was sometimes grave and solemn music, such as Lulli's "Miserere" or his "De Profundis"; sometimes it was some part of a Roman Catholic Mass: then was my soul uplifted and wafted heavenwards by the chords, which seemed prayer and praise fit for the angels to harp before the throne. Sometimes it was music which spoke of human passions, when I would be, in like manner, carried out of myself. My master would watch not only my execution, commending or correcting, but he would also watch the effect of the music upon my mind.

"We are ourselves," he said, "like unto the instruments upon which we play. For as one kind of instrument, as the drum, produces but one note; and another, as the cymbals, but a clashing which is in itself discordant, but made effective in a band; so others are, like the most delicate and sensitive violins—those of Cremona—capable of producing the finest music that the soul of man hath ever devised. It is by such music, child, that some of us mount unto heaven. As for me, indeed, I daily feel more and more that music leadeth the soul upward, and that, as regards the disputations on the Word of God, the letter indeed killeth, but the spirit which music helpeth us to feel—the spirit, I say, giveth life." He sighed, and drew his bow gently across the first string of his violoncello. "'Tis a time of angry argument. The Word of God is thrown from one to the other as a pebble is shot from a sling. It wearies me. In this room, among these books of music, my soul finds rest, and the spiritual part of me is lifted heavenwards. Humphrey and you, my dear, alone can comprehend this saying. Thou hast a mind like his, to feel and understand what music means. Listen!" Here he executed a piece of music at which the tears rose to my eyes. "That is from the Romish Mass which we are taught ignorantly to despise. My child, I am, indeed, no Catholic, and I hold that ours is the purer Church; yet, in losing the Mass we have lost the great music with which the Catholics sustain their souls. Some of our anthems, truly, are good; but what is a single anthem, finished in ten minutes, compared with a grand Mass which lasts three hours?"

Then he had portfolios filled with engravings, which he would bring forth and contemplate with a kind of rapture, discoursing upon the engraver's art and its difficulties, so that I should not, as is the case with ignorant persons, suppose that these things were produced without much training and skill. He had also boxes full of coins, medals, and transparent gems carved most delicately with heathen gods and goddesses, shepherds and swains, after the ancient fashion, unclothed and unashamed. On these things he would gaze with admiration which he tried to teach me, but could not succeed, because I cannot believe that we may without blame look upon such figures. Nevertheless, they were most beautiful, the hands and faces and the very hair so delicately and exquisitely carved that you could hardly believe it possible. And he talked solemnly and scholarly of these gauds, as if they were things which peculiarly deserved the attention of wise and learned men. Nay, he would be even lifted out of himself in considering them.

"Child," he said, "we know not, and we cannot even guess, the wonders of art that in heaven we shall learn to accomplish"—as if carving and painting were the occupation of angels!—"or the miracles of beauty and of dexterity that we shall be able to design and execute. Here, the hand is clumsy and the brain is dull; we cannot rise above ourselves; we are blind to the beauty with which the Lord hath filled the earth for the solace of human creatures. Nay; we are not even tender with the beauty that we see and love. We suffer maidens sweet as the dreams of poets to waste their beauty unpraised and unsung. I am old, child, or I would praise thee in immortal verse. Much I fear that thou wilt grow old without the praise of sweet numbers. Well; there is no doubt more lasting beauty of face and figure hereafter to joy the souls of the elect. And thou wilt make his happiness for one man on earth. Pray Heaven, sweet child, that he look also to thine!"

He would say such things with so grand an air, speaking as if his words should command respect, and with so kindly an eye and a soft smile, while he gently stroked the side of his nose, which was long, that I was always carried away with the authority of it, and not till after I left him did I begin to perceive that my father would certainly never allow that the elect should occupy themselves with the frivolous pursuits of painting and the fine arts, but only with the playing of their harps and the singing of praises. It was this consideration which caused him to consent that his daughter should learn the spinnet. I did not tell him (God forgive me for the deceit, if there was any!) that we sometimes played music written for the Mass; nor did I repeat what Mr. Boscorel said concerning art and the flinging about of the Word of God, because my father was wholly occupied in controversy, and his principal, if not his only, weapon was the Word of God.

Another pleasure which we had was to follow Humphrey in his travels by the aid of his letters and a mappa mundi, or atlas, which the Rector possessed. Then I remember when we heard that the boys were about to ride together through France from Montpellier to Leyden in Holland, we had on the table the great map of France. There were many drawings, coats-of-arms, and other pretty things on the map.

"It is now," said Mr. Boscorel, finding out the place he wanted, and keeping his forefinger upon it, "nearly thirty years since I made the grand tour, being then governor to the young Lord Silchester, who afterwards died of the Plague in London. Else had I been now a Bishop, who am forgotten in this little place. The boys will ride, I take it, by the same road which we took: first, because it is the high road and the safest; next, because it is the best provided with inns and resting places; and, lastly, because it passes through the best part of his most Christian Majesty's dominions, and carries the traveller through his finest and most stately cities. From Montpellier they will ride—follow my finger, child!—to Nismes. Before the Revocation it was a great place for those of the Reformed Religion, and a populous town. Here they will not fail to visit the Roman temple which still stands. It is not, indeed, such a noble monument as one may see in Rome; but it is in good preservation, and a fair example of the later style. They will also visit the great amphitheatre, which should be cleared of the mean houses which are now built up within it, and so exposed in all its vastness to the admiration of the world. After seeing these things they will direct their way across a desolate piece of country to Avignon, passing on the way the ancient Roman aqueduct called the Pont de Gard. At Avignon they will admire the many churches and the walls, and will not fail to visit the palace of the Popes during the Great Schism. Thence they will ride northwards, unless they wish first to see the Roman remains at Arles. Thence will they proceed up the Valley of the Rhone, through many stately towns, till they come to Lyons, where, doubtless, they will sojourn for a few days. Next, they will journey through the rich country of Burgundy, and from the ancient town of Dijon will reach Paris through the city of Fontainebleau. On the way they will see many noble houses and castles, with rich towns and splendid churches. In no country are there more splendid churches, built in the Gothic style, which we have now forgotten. Some of them, alas! have been defaced in the wars (so-called of Religion), where, as happened also to us, the delicate carved work, the scrolls and flowers and statues were destroyed, and the painted windows broken. Alas! that men should refuse to suffer Art to become the minister and handmaid of Religion! Yet in the first and most glorious temple in which the glory of the Lord was visibly present, there were carved and graven lilies, with lions, oxen, chariots, cherubim, palm-trees, and pomegranates."

He closed his atlas and sat down.

"Child," he said, meditating. "For a scholar, in his youth, there is no pleasure comparable with the pleasure of travelling in strange countries, among the monuments of ancient days. My own son did never, to my sorrow, desire the pleasant paths of learning, and did never show any love for the arts, in which I have always taken so great delight. He desireth rather the companionship of men; he loveth to drink and sing; and his nourishuth a huge ambition. 'Tis best that we are not all alike. Humphrey should have been my son. Forget not, my child, that he hath desired to be remembered to thee in every letter which he hath written."

If the Rector spoke much of Humphrey, Madam made amends by talking continually of Robin, and of the great things that he would do when he returned home. Justice of the Peace, that he would certainly be made; Captain first and afterwards Colonel in the Somerset Militia, that also should he be; Knight of the Shire, if he were ambitious—but that I knew he would never be; High Sheriff of the County, if his slender means permitted—for the estate was not worth more than five or six hundred pounds a year. Perhaps he would marry an heiress: it would be greatly to the advantage of the family if an heiress were to come into it with broad acres of her own; but she was not a woman who would seek to control her son in the matter of his affections, and if he chose a girl with no fortune to her back, if she was a good girl and pious, Madam would never say him nay. And he would soon return. The boy had been at Oxford and next in London, learning law, such as Justices require. He was now with Humphrey at the University of Leyden, doubtless learning more law.

"My dear," said Madam, "we want him home. His grandfather groweth old, though still, thank God, in the full possession of his faculties. Yet a young man's presence is needed. I trust and pray that he will return as he went, innocent, in spite of the many temptations of the wicked city. And, oh! child—what if he should have lost his heart to some designing city hussy!"

He came—as you shall hear immediately—Robin came home. Would to God that he had waited, if only for a single month! Had he not come all our afflictions would have been spared us! Had he not come that good old man, Sir Christopher——but it is vain to imagine what might have been. We are in the hands of the Lord; nothing that happens to us is permitted but by him, and for some wise purpose was Sir Christopher in his old age—alas! why should I anticipate what I have to narrate?

CHAPTER X.

LE ROY EST MORT.

In February of the year 1685, King Charles II. died.

Sir Christopher himself brought us the news from Sherborne, whither he had gone, as was his wont, to the weekly ordinary. He clattered up the lane on his cob, and halted at our gate.

"Call thy father, child. Give you good-day, Madam Eykin. Will your husband leave his books and come forth for a moment? Tell him I have news."

My father rose and obeyed. His gown was in rags; his feet were clad in cloth shoon, which I worked for him; his cheek was wasted; but his eye was keen. He was lean and tall; his hair was as white as Sir Christopher's, though he was full twenty years younger.

"Friend and gossip," said Sir Christopher, "the King is dead."

"Is Charles Stewart dead?" my father replied. "He cumbered the earth too long. For five-and-twenty years hath he persecuted the saints. Also he hath burnt incense after the abomination of the heathen. Let his lot be as the lot of Ahaz."

"Nay; he is buried by this time. His brother the Duke of York hath been proclaimed King."

"James the Papist. It is as though Manasseh should succeed to Ahaz. And after him Jehoiakim."

"Yet the bells will ring and we shall pray for the King; and wise men, friend Eykin, will do well to keep silence."

"There is a time to speak and a time to keep silence. It may be that the time is at hand when a godly man must stretch forth his hand to tear down the Scarlet Woman, though she slay him in the attempt."

"It may be so, my friend; yet stretch not forth thine hand until thou art well assured of the Divine Command. The King is dead. Now will my son-in-law ring out the bells for the new King, and we shall pray for him, as we prayed for his brother. It is our duty to pray for all in authority, though to the prayers of a whole nation there seemeth, so far as human reason can perceive, no answer."

"I for one will pray no more for a King who is a Papist. Rather will I pray daily for his overthrow."

"King Charles is said to have received a priest before he died. Yet it is worse that the King should be an open than a secret Catholic. Let us be patient, my friend, and await the time."

So he rode up the village, and presently the bells were set a-ringing, and they clashed as joyously, echoing around the Corton Hills, as if the accession of King James II. was the only thing wanted to make the nation prosperous, happy, and religious.

My father stood at the gate after Sir Christopher left him. The wind was cold, and the twilight was falling, and his cassock was thin, but he remained there motionless, until my mother went out and drew him back to the house by the arm. He went into his own room, but he read no more that day.

In the evening he came forth and sat with us, and while I sat sewing, my mother spinning by the light of the fire, he discoursed, which was unusual with him, upon things and peoples and the best form of Government, which he held to be a Commonwealth, with a strong man for President. But he was to hold his power from the people, and was to lay it down frequently, lest he should in his turn be tempted to become a King. And if he were to fall away from righteousness, or to live in open sin, or to be a merrymaker, or to suffer his country to fall from a high place among the nations, he was to be displaced, and be forced to retire. As for the man Charles, now dead, he would become, my father said, an example to all future ages, and a warning of what may happen when the doctrine of Divine Right is generally accepted and acted upon; the King himself being not so much blamed by him as the practice of hereditary rule which caused him to be seated upon the throne, when his true place, my father said, was among the lacqueys and varlets of the palace. "His brother James," he added, "hath now an opportunity such as is given to few—for he may become another Josiah. But I think he will neglect that opportunity," he concluded; "yea, even if Hilkiah the Priest were to bring him a message from Huldah the Prophetess; for he doth belong to a family which, by the Divine displeasure, can never perceive the truth. Let us now read the Word, and wrestle with the Lord in prayer."

Next we heard that loyal addresses were poured in from all quarters congratulating the King, and promising most submissive obedience. One would have thought that the people were rejoiced at the succession of a Roman Catholic; it was said that the King had promised liberty of conscience unto all; that he claimed that liberty for himself, and that he went to Mass daily and openly.

But many there were who foresaw trouble. Unfortunately, one of them was Sir Christopher, who spoke his mind at all times too fiercely for his safety. Mr. Boscorel, also, was of opinion that civil war would speedily ensue.

"The King's friends," he said, "may for a time buy the support of the Nonconformists, and make a show of religious liberty. Thus may they govern for a while. But it is not in the nature of the Roman Catholic priest to countenance religious liberty, or ever to sit down contented with less than all the pie. They must for ever scheme and intrigue for more power. Religious liberty? It means to them the eternal damnation of those who hold themselves free to think for themselves. They would be less than human if they did not

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

We played together—he upon the violoncello and I upon the spinnet—such music as he chose.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

try to save the souls of the people by docking their freedom. They must make this country even as Spain or Italy. Is it to be believed that they will suffer the Church to retain her revenues, or the universities to remain out of their control? Nay, will they allow the grammar schools to be in the hands of Protestants? Never! The next generation will be wholly Catholic, unless the present generation send King and priests packing."

These were treasonable words, but they were uttered in the hall of the Manor House with no other listeners than Sir Christopher and the Rector.

"Seeing these things, son-in-law," said Sir Christopher, "what becomes of Right Divine? Where is the duty of non-resistance?"

"The doctrine of Right Divine," said Mr. Boscorel, rubbing his nose, "includes the Divine institution of a Monarchy, which, I confess, is manifestly untenable, because the Lord granted a King to the people only because they clamoured for one. Also, had the institution been of Divine foundation, the Jews would never have been allowed to live under the rule of Judges, Tetrarchs, and Roman Governors."

"You have not always spoken so plainly," said Sir Christopher.

"Nay: why be always proclaiming to the world your thoughts and opinions? Besides, even if the doctrine of non-resistance were sound, there may be cases in which just laws may be justly set aside. I say not that this is one, as yet. But if there were danger of the ancient superstitions being thrust upon us to the destruction of our souls, I say not that we should meekly sit down. Nay; if a starving man take a loaf of bread, there being no other way possible to save his life, one would not, therefore, hold him a thief. Yet the law remains."

"Shall the blood which hath been poured out for the cause of liberty prove to be shed in vain?" asked Sir Christopher.

"Why, Sir," said the Rector, "the same question might be asked in France, where the Protestants fought longer and against greater odds than we in this country. Yet the blood of those martyrs hath been shed, so far as man can see, in vain: the Church of Rome is there the conqueror indeed. It is laid upon the Protestants, even upon us, who hold that we are a true branch of the ancient Apostolic Church, to defend ourselves continually against an enemy who is always at unity, always guided by one man, always knows what he wants, and is always working to get it. We, on the other hand, do not know our own minds, and must for ever be quarrelling among ourselves. Nevertheless, the heart of the country is Protestant: and sooner or later the case of conscience may arise whether—the law remaining unchanged—we may not blamelessly break the law?"

That case of conscience was not yet ripe for consideration. There needed first many things—including the martyrdom of saints and innocent men and poor, ignorant rustics—before the country roused herself once more to seize her liberties. Then as to that poor doctrine of Divine Right, they all made a mouthful of it, except only a small and harmless band of nonjurors.

At the outset, whatever the opinions of the people—who could have been made to rise as one man—the gentry remained loyal. Above all things, they dreaded another civil war.

"We must fain accept the King's professions," said the Rector. "If we have misgivings, let us disguise them. Let us rather nourish the hope that they are honestly meant: and let us wait. England will not become another Spain in a single day. Let us wait. The stake is not yet set up in Smithfield, and the Inquisition is not yet established in the country."

It was in this temper that the King's accession found Sir Christopher. Afterwards he was accused of having harboured designs against the King from the beginning. That, indeed, was not the case. He had no thought of entering into any such enterprise. Yet he never doubted that in the end there would be an uprising against the rule of the priests. Nor did he doubt that the King would be pushed on by his advisers to one pretension after another for the advancement of his own prerogative and the displacement of the Protestant Church. Nay, he openly predicted that there would be such attempts; and he maintained—such was his wisdom!—that, in the long run, the Protestant faith would be established upon a surer foundation than ever. But as for conspiring or being cognisant of any conspiracy, that was untrue. Why, he was at this time seventy-five years of age—a time when such men as Sir Christopher have continually before their eyes Death and the Judgment.

As for my father, perhaps I am wrong, but in the daily prayers of night and morning, and in the grace before meat, he seemed to find a freer utterance, and to wrestle more vehemently than was his wont on the subject of the Scarlet Woman, offering himself as a willing martyr and confessor, if by the shedding of his blood the great day of her final overthrow might be advanced; yet always humble, not daring to think of himself as anything but an instrument to do the will of his Master. In the end, his death truly helped, with others, to bring a Protestant King to the Throne of these isles. And since we knew him to be so deep a scholar, always reading and learning, and in no sense a man of activity, the thing which he presently did amazed us all. Yet we ought to have known that one who is under the Divine command to preach the Word of God and hath been silenced by man for more than twenty years, so that the strength of his manhood hath run to waste and is lost—it is a most terrible and grievous thing for a man to be condemned to idleness!—may become like unto one of those burning mountains of which we sometimes read in books of voyages. In him, as in them, the inner fires rage and burn, growing ever stronger and fiercer, until presently they rend asunder the sides of the mountain and burst forth, pouring down liquid fire over the unhappy valleys beneath, with showers of red-hot ashes to destroy and cover up the smiling homesteads and the fertile meadows.

It is true that my father chafed continually at the inaction forced upon him, but his impatience was never so strong as at this time, namely, after the accession of King James. It drove him from his books and out into the fields and lanes, where he walked to and fro, waving his long arms, and sometimes crying aloud and shouting in the woods, as if compelled to cry out in order to quench some raging fever or heat of his mind.

About this time, too, I remember, they began to talk of the exiles in Holland. The Duke of Monmouth was there with the Earl of Argyle, and with them a company of firebrands eager to get back to England and their property.

I am certain now that my father (and perhaps through his information, Sir Christopher also) was kept acquainted with the plots and designs that were carried on in the Low Countries. Nay; I am also certain that his informant was none other than Humphrey, who was still in Leyden. I have seen a letter from him, written, as I now understand, in a kind of allegory or parable, in which one thing was said and another meant. Thus, he pretends to speak of Dutch gardening:—"The gardeners," he says, "take infinite pains that their secrets shall not be learned or disclosed. I know, however, that a certain blue tulip much desired by many gardeners in England, will be taken across the water this year, and I hope that by next year the precious bulb may be fully planted in English soil. The preparation of the soil necessary for the favourable reception of the bulb is well known to you, and you will understand how to mix your soil and to add manure and so forth. I myself expect to finish what I have to do in a few weeks, when I shall cross to London, and so ride westwards, and hope to pay my respects to my revered tutor in the month of June next. It may be that I shall come with the tulip, but that is not certain. Many messages have been received offering large sums of money for the bulb, so that it is hoped that the Dutch gardeners will let it go.

"From H. C."

The tulip, in a word, was the Duke of Monmouth, and the Dutch gardeners were the Scotch and English exiles then in Holland, and the English gardeners were the Duke's friends, and H. C. was Humphrey Challis.

I think that Sir Christopher must have known of this correspondence, because I now remember that my father would sit with him for many hours looking at a map of England, conversing long and earnestly, and making notes in a book. These notes he made in the Arabic character, which no one but himself could read. I therefore suppose that he was estimating the number of Nonconformists who might be disposed to aid in such an enterprise as Humphrey's "gardeners" were contemplating.

Robin, who certainly was no conspirator, also wrote a letter from Leyden about this time saying that something was expected, nobody knew what; but that the exiles were meeting constantly, as if something was brewing.

It was about the first week of June that the news came to us of Lord Argyle's landing. This was the beginning. After that, as you will hear, the news came thick and fast; every day something fresh, and something to quicken the most sluggish pulse. To me, at least, it seemed as if the breath of God Himself was poured out upon the country, and that the people were everywhere resolved to banish the accursed thing from their midst. Alas! I was but a simple country maid and I was deceived! The accursed thing was to be driven forth, but not yet. The country party hated the Pope, but they dreaded civil war; and indeed, there is hardly any excuse for that most dreadful scourge, except the salvation of the soul and the safeguarding of liberties. They would gladly welcome a rising, but it must be general and universal. They had for five-and-twenty years been taught the wickedness of rebellion, and now there was no way to secure the Protestant Faith except by rebellion. Unhappily, the rebellion began before the country gentlemen were ready to begin.

(To be continued.)

MR. GLADSTONE'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

A reception was held by Earl and Countess Spencer at Spencer House, St. James's, on July 25, at which Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were, in honour of their golden-wedding year, presented with their portraits, painted respectively by Mr. Frank Holl and Mr. Herkomer. On entering the room Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who were accompanied by Miss Gladstone, were received with a hearty welcome.

Earl Granville, on the part of the donors of the portraits, came forward and formally presented them, and also a set of silver vases. He then read a congratulatory address, signed by 116 subscribers, old colleagues or personal friends of Mr. Gladstone, expressing a desire that Mr. Gladstone might long be spared.

Mrs. Gladstone, in a few words, expressed her thanks for and admiration of the beautiful gifts which had been presented to her with so many kindly expressions of regard.

Mr. Gladstone thanked the donors for their beautiful gifts. It was difficult, he said, for him to give any adequate idea of the domestic happiness which he had enjoyed during the fifty years of his married life. To this extent he concurred entirely in the terms of the address. When it came to the allusions to himself a difficulty arose, for he could not help but feel that many of the words used were of too flattering a character. Referring to the long time during which he had been in public life, he said that his conduct had often been criticised—sometimes, perhaps, unjustly criticised—but he could not help feeling that, on the whole, these criticisms had been more to his benefit than the reverse. At all events, he could fairly say that, in the whole of that long retrospect, he could hardly recall in his public life any incident that was in any way painful to his recollection. He thanked them very warmly for their kind presentation.

During the day Mr. Gladstone received addresses of congratulation from a number of political bodies. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were married on July 25, 1839.

Princess Christian has sent a third present to the Bethnal-green Free Library; and has become patroness of the institution.

The Leicestershire and Mid-England Agricultural Show was opened at Leicester on July 25. The exhibition contained large classes of young hunters and cart-horses, and a fine collection of dogs. Among the prize-takers were the Earl of Ellesmere, the Duke of Portland, the Hon. E. Coke, Mr. Muntz, M.P., and Lord Belper.

An important addition has been made to the Royal Navy by the delivery from the contractors of the new first-class battle-ship Sans Pareil, which has been built for the Royal Navy by the Thames Ironworks Company. She will be at once completed for sea. She is ordered to be equipped with two 110-ton, one 30-ton, and twelve 6-in. 5-ton breechloaders; twenty-one quick-firing 3- and 6-pounders, eighteen Whitehead torpedoes, and an equipment of machine-guns. The San Pareil has a displacement of 10,470 tons, and is fitted with engines of 12,000-horse power. She and her sister-ship, the Victoria, are the most powerful vessels ever built for the Royal Navy, with the exception of the Nile and Trafalgar. The total cost of the Sans Pareil, when fully equipped and ready for sea, is estimated at £814,000.

The availability by the Brighton and South Coast Railway of ordinary return tickets to and from the seaside, &c., will be extended as usual over the August Bank Holiday, and this will also include the special cheap Saturday to Monday tickets. On Saturday a fourteen-day excursion to Paris, by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by a special day service, and also by the ordinary night service. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Brighton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight; and on Bank Holiday, Monday, Aug. 6, day excursions will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Newhaven, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic. The Brighton Company announce that their West-End offices—28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square—will remain open until ten p.m. on the evenings of Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3 and 4, for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

MR. LOWELL ON INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

A dinner in honour of the American men and women of letters now in this country was given on July 25 at the Criterion Restaurant. The President of the Society of Authors, Professor James Bryce, M.P., presided, and there was a very distinguished literary company.

The toast of "The Queen and the President of the United States" having been proposed and duly honoured, after a reply by Mr. Waller, the president proposed "Literature." He said this was the first time that American *littérateurs* had been entertained in this way. He hoped, however, it was only the precursor of many similar gatherings at which literary people from both sides of the Atlantic would meet together. There had never been a time since 1776 when there was so much cordiality between the two countries as at present, and he trusted and believed that that cordiality would long exist. The toast, which was received with much enthusiasm, was coupled with the name of Mr. James Russell Lowell.

Mr. Lowell said he could not resist an occasion like this, when the good feeling that existed between the two countries was so strongly emphasised, and seemed so likely to deepen and to increase. If he looked back to anything in his life with satisfaction, it was that he had contributed to that good feeling. He must confess that, having first appeared in print some fifty years ago, he would hardly like to be answerable for his own literature, much less for that of other people. Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper were the first two American authors who were known in Europe, and particularly in England. And it was noticeable that they were the only American authors at that time who were capable of earning their bread by their pens. Another singular thing was suggested to him as he looked back. It was no longer with the *littérateur* a case of "toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail," but where once forty dined for one, now one dined for forty. Mr. Lowell protested that the chairman had done him more than justice in attributing to him so much influence in respect to international copyright. All American authors had long been in favour of it, on the ground of simple justice to English writers. He thought, however, a little injustice had been done to their side—the American side of the question; and he was not so sure that the American publishers were so much more wicked than their English brethren would have been had they had the chance. He could not accept the proposition that there was anything in the American form of government that produced a lower form of morality than existed in other countries. He thought it was the stupidity of our ancestors in making a difference between literary and other property that had been the cause of all the difficulty. Books had always been looked upon as *feræ naturæ*. His friend and neighbour, Longfellow, once asked him to come and eat a game-pie with him. That game-pie was the only honorarium that he had ever received from this country for reprinting his works. He could not help feeling that there was something monumentally interesting in a meeting like this—the first time that English and American authors had come together in anything like numbers to fraternise, and, if he might be allowed to say so, to *sororise*. He sympathised with the remarks of the chairman in regard to the greater love of his countrymen for the old country, and contrasted the state of things existing now with those in the days of De Tocqueville, sixty years ago.

The other toasts were "The Incorporated Society of Authors"; "American Men and Women of Letters"; "Historians and the Chairman."

Signor G. Focardi, the sculptor of "You Dirty Boy," has executed a bust of Mr. John R. Whitley, the Director-General of the Italian Exhibition. It is a speaking likeness and is now on view in the vestibule of the main building, having been cast in plaster-of-Paris. Signor Focardi's other pieces on view in the Italian Exhibition include "Happy Age," "You Ragamuffins!" "Daddy's Clothes," "Sweet Rest," and "Allegro." There are more than 500 pieces of sculpture in the Exhibition.

The Academical Board of Trinity College, London, has awarded the following exhibitions and prizes, which have been competed for:—The Benedict Pianoforte Exhibition to Maud Carter; the Sims Reeves' Vocal Exhibition to Florence Verey; the College Organ Exhibition to James Shaw-Ford; the College Violin Exhibition to Herbert Goom; the Gabriel prize to William Packham, A. Mus.; and the National Practical prize to Mary Boothroyd (Bedford centre).

Many large landowners, including the Duke of Northumberland, Sir T. Grove, Bart., Mr. G. P. Fuller, M.P., and Mr. Floyd Kinnear, M.P., have saved their hay again this season by the use of hay-dryers. As the loss to the country from a wet hay harvest ranges from six to twenty millions, Mr. Gibbs, of Gillwell Park, Chingford, states that in order to help in averting such losses in future, he will arrange to have for next season these machines supplied on the three years' purchase system, so as to place them within reach of tenant-farmers and of the men who loan steam-engines. It has been publicly stated by those who possess these machines that their first cost is recouped in from one to three seasons, hence with such an arrangement they will have repaid the investment before the last payment falls due. It appears that when grass is once partly made it is unfit for conversion into ensilage, hence there seems need for some other resource in wet harvests.

A correspondent (R. F.) writes from Douglas, Isle of Man, as follows:—At a time when public feeling is once more awakened to the great historic event which saved England from one of the most terrible efforts ever made to crush her, the following item may prove interesting. On July 25, while one of the trawlers belonging to Mr. J. Coole, of Douglas, Isle of Man, was coasting the southern part of the island known as the Calf, the fishermen secured, at the almost total sacrifice of one of their largest deep-sea nets, an old anchor, which unquestionably belonged to one of the ships of the unfortunate Armada. There is strong evidence that one of the vessels foundered here. Many traces of the wrecks of two great vessels of the Armada have been found close to this—whence the name Spanish Head which is given to the adjoining headland to this day. The anchor now lies at the Tongue, in Douglas Harbour, and is an object of considerable curiosity to the visitors crowding the island at this time.

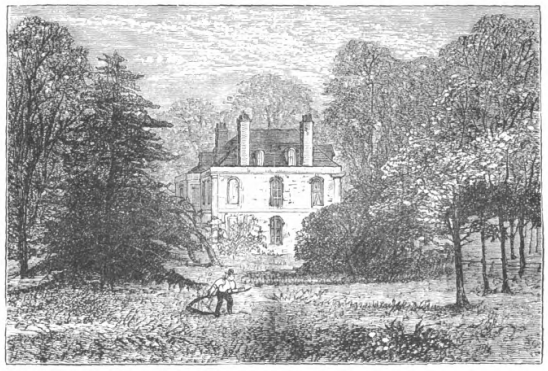
The Board of Trade have awarded a piece of plate to Captain H. M. Hayward, master; a gold shipwreck medal to Mr. Frank William Hart, first officer; and a silver shipwreck medal and a sum of £2 each to Johan Barpark, Harry Erving, William Allen, and Thomas Driscoll, seamen, of the American steam-ship Mariposa, of San Francisco, in recognition of their services in rescuing the crew and passengers of the barque Henry James, of Glasgow, which was wrecked off Palmyra Island, an uninhabited islet in the South Pacific, on April 16 last. The Mariposa was off Tululia, Samoa, bound for San Francisco with mails and passengers, when news arrived there of the wreck of the Henry James. Captain Hayward, without any hesitation, proceeded to the assistance of the castaways, taking upon himself the risk of a heavy fine in the event of breach of contract, and successfully effected the rescue in one of their boats and one of the Mariposa's, manned by the first officer and the seamen above named

NOVELS.

The Mystery of Mirbridge. By James Payn. Three vols. (Chatto and Windus).—A long series of novels by Mr. Payn attests his faculty, which is again shown in this story, of conceiving an original plot, and his grasp of a dramatic situation. The exercise of these talents cannot fail to produce an interesting work of fiction; but little sympathy is excited by the chief characters in this rather uncomfortable story of elaborate dissimulation and selfish domestic intrigue. Lady Trevor, who comes back, after nearly twenty-five years' absence, with her invalid husband and two sons, pretending to be a stranger and a Frenchwoman, in the neighbourhood from which she had disappeared as Letty Beeton, the disgraced daughter of a rustic, and mother of an illegitimate child, is the most important person in the story. Who and what she is, the reader is allowed to know almost from the time of her arrival. The tenderness and fidelity of the mutual affection between her and poor Sir Richard, who had married her as soon as he could, and had lived with her quietly in France, might seem amply to make amends for the indiscretion or sin of their youth. As neither of them ever cared for the dull society of English county gentry, which is here depicted in a very unflattering light, Sir Richard and Lady Trevor had no obvious reason for exposing themselves to the danger of her identification with the erring girl who was believed to have died. The only motive that could have induced her to enter on such a miserable course of deception is the design she entertained of getting her favourite elder son, Hugh, instead of Charles, her second son, born in lawful wedlock, to be acknowledged as the lawful heir to the baronetcy and the Mirbridge estates. A lady of imperfect education might, perhaps, be ignorant, but the knowing novelist, a man of the world, must surely be aware that Hugh could hardly, in any case, enter into possession of a large entailed property and an hereditary title, at his father's death, without producing the certificates of his own birth and of his parents' marriage previous to his birth. The disregard of this legal condition is a signal flaw in Mr. Payn's delineation of the central position in the story. Nobody thinks of tampering with registers or forging certificates, and Lady Trevor's conduct, though unjust and fraudulent, is not absolutely criminal; but such deceit would evidently be futile. Passing over this manifest defect in the plot, we are much interested in her ladyship's severe ordeal of bitter reminiscences, her feelings of shame and continual fear of discovery, the difficulty of maintaining false appearances, in the household and in the village, among her old neighbours, and of eluding the curiosity of other ladies, such as Mrs. Westrop and Lady Jodrell, who have long memories and a keen appetite for scandal. These scenes of her victorious conflict with embarrassing social acquaintance, and that of a bold encounter with Morris, the dishonest land-steward, who suspects her and threatens to expose her, are highly dramatic; while the struggles and sufferings of a clever woman in that situation, who is really not very wicked, demand our compassion, if not deserving of admiration for the fortitude with which they are borne. Her principal antagonist, however, Miss Clara Thorne, the beautiful, cold-hearted, selfish, ambitious daughter of the Rector of Mirbridge, is a thoroughly detestable character, incapable of the softer passions, austerely dignified in her behaviour, despising love and contemning the male sex as fools, cowards, and liars for the most part, yet willing to sell herself in marriage for worldly rank and fortune. Hugh Trevor, the supposed heir to such advantages, is soon fascinated by her charms, and the opposition raised by his mother to this unequal match brings about a fierce contention between the strong wills of the two unscrupulous women, hastening the crisis of the story. There is some ingenuity in the device of enabling Clara to identify Lady Trevor with Letty Beeton through the corresponding date in the parish register of births and the inscription on a locket recording her Ladyship's birthday. Having thus gained possession of half Lady Trevor's secret, but still not knowing that her elder son is illegitimate, Clara proceeds relentlessly, by a menace of its disclosure, to vanquish the mother's repugnance to Hugh's marrying herself; the illness of Sir Richard, who is slowly dying, leaves the matter in Lady Trevor's hands. The wedding takes place, but Hugh, a surly vicious brute, makes Clara desperately wretched during the honeymoon; and she presently discovers the other half of the secret—that her odious husband is base-born, and has no right to the Mirbridge estate. Sir Richard, however, dies without making any valid sign or testimony of the true state of affairs. Hereupon, the reader is asked to believe that Clara and her mother-in-law, now acting in co-operation with each other, manage to keep possession of the property, sending its nominal inheritor, now entitled Sir Hugh Trevor, Bart., out of the way, and to bestow a large portion of its revenue on Charles Trevor, his amiable brother, who takes Clara's sweet sister, Lucy, for his wife. When Hugh has died of drinking brandy, the baronetcy and the broad acres of Mirbridge at length come into the undisputed possession of his brother Charles, who has never had an inkling of the secret in which his father and mother and himself were so deeply concerned. It is only the two ladies who survive in conscious private knowledge of "the Mirbridge mystery"; but Mr. Payn's readers, as they participate in its public exposition, will know as much about it as they can desire.

The Reverberator. By Henry James. Two vols. (Macmillan and Co.).—The experiences of an American family party travelling on the European Continent have often been portrayed by this agreeable novelist. Characters and manners, rather than stirring adventures, make the writings of Mr. Henry James worth reading; and this tale is a good example, though its plot is very slight. Mr. Dosson, an old gentleman from Boston, quiet and simple in his habits, is staying in Paris with his two daughters, Miss Delia and Miss Francie. They have plenty of money, and know little of the world. A young American connected with the newspaper press, named George Flack, makes their acquaintance and gets into their confidence, with an eye to the hand of Francie, who is a sweet, engaging girl. He is the Paris correspondent of the *Reverberator*, an American "society journal," dealing much in personal gossip. A worthier suitor for the innocent young lady's affections is Gaston Probert, half French, half Carolinian, an amateur artist, a gentleman, a man of honour. Flack is a snob, an adventurer, a sneak; he abuses their favour by prying into the domestic affairs of persons in society with whom they are intimate, and by employing them as material for his published letters of scandal. There is an outburst of just and proper indignation, and Flack is dismissed, while Francie is engaged to Gaston. They wish to go and dwell where they would never see any newspapers so long as they live. But the *Reverberator* does not stand for all journalism in America, France, or in England; and Flacks are not everywhere to be met with. There is, however, nothing unlikely in the incidents of this amusing story.

A Cloud on St. Angelo. By Cyril Bennett. Two vols. (T. Fisher Unwin).—The author of "The Massage Case," which was forcible, but harsh and crude, pleases us very much better with this more genial story. Its heroine, in a moderate degree, is Helen Rivette, who was residing with her parents on the shores of Naples, when she saw, during an eruption of Vesuvius, a fateful cloud over the neighbouring mountain of St. Angelo: her father died by an accident in the same hour. She comes to England, is engaged as teacher of foreign languages in a girls' high school, and is soon afterwards engaged, in a different sense, to Mr. Evelyn Pierson, heir to a baronetcy and a large estate, with a mansion called Brackmoor Abbey, haunted by the ghost of an uneasy old Abbot. There is another fine estate, Wyckhams, owned by Mr. Alfred Temple, a gentleman in feeble health, addicted to opium, which presently kills him, when the property goes apparently to Dr. Willoughby, an elderly student living with his daughter, Madie, on the Welsh seacoast. Madie, a delightful merry girl of robust and active habits, and of free-hearted, playful disposition, loves Mr. Howard Daly, the manager of Mr. Temple's estate and his cousin. Mrs. Rivette, being a near relation of Dr. Willoughby and of Alfred Temple, gets a bequest of £10,000 at the death of the latter; but a written statement left by him reveals the shocking fact that his wife, Adelaide Temple, was guilty of putting an end to the existence of his elder brother, Ernest, some years before this time, by tampering with his medicine during a long illness. Mrs. Temple, indeed, is no longer living; and the disclosure of her crime has no other serious effect than to clear Dr. Willoughby's mind of dark suspicions that he had entertained with regard to Alfred Temple. He is, however, with an amusing bluntness and rudeness of manner, the most unworldly and generous of men; he dislikes getting wealth, and feels it a great relief to find a codicil, or a second will, making Daly the heir to Wyckhams, instead of himself. Meantime, his daughter, Madie, having gone to stay with Helen at Ivilsham, is seen by Evelyn Pierson, who weakly and dishonourably transfers his affections to her. But Madie is true to Daly, and true to her friend Helen, who is broken-hearted at the inconstancy of her lover. The two girls are upset in a boat on the river, and Helen is drowned,



RAVENSCOURT PARK, HAMMERSMITH.

leaving the memory of a noble character and of a pathetic end.

In Hot Haste. By Mary E. Hullah. Two vols. (Bentley).—Germany and England, with people of both nations, alternately present the scenes and figures of this novel, which has much interest of emotion and action. Sabine von Vogelheim, an orphan, the granddaughter of a Baron with small property at Rothenfels, in Nassau, being left poor, and having had an English mother, takes a situation as German governess in our own country. She has a cousin, Georg von Vogelheim, an officer serving with the German Army in France, a man of wild and extravagant courses and of ungovernable temper. Declining to become his wife, she marries, somewhat hastily, Kurt von Weide, of Berlin, who had followed her to England, and who has a solid position and character. On their return to Germany, they meet Georg von Vogelheim and the two men quarrel; Sabine is led to believe that Kurt has treated her cousin with harshness and unfairness. The married couple are painfully estranged from each other by the indiscretion of interfering friends. Georg, ruined by gambling and borrowing money, loses his inheritance and his rank in the army; he then forges Kurt's name to a bill on which he obtains a loan; the fraud is detected, and he flies from the police, Sabine aiding his escape out of a garret-window of Rothenfels Castle. He is in hiding in the woods; Kurt, who had been absent, comes home and learns what his wife has done. There is a scene in which the desperate outlaw encounters Kurt, who has gone out to save him, accompanied by Sabine. Maddened with anger, regarding Kurt as the author of his misfortunes, Georg fires a pistol at him, and Sabine is wounded. She happily recovers, and the husband and wife are reconciled, while Kurt generously pays the debts of her cousin. A wicked old usurer, Jacob Lilienthal, who had tempted Georg to commit the forgery, is punished by falling into a well.

The council of the Society of Accountants and Auditors have unanimously re-elected Mr. Reginald E. Emson president, and Mr. Jacob Earnshaw vice-president, for the ensuing year.

By permission of the Benchers, the gardens of Lincoln's Inn are open every evening from 6.30 until eight o'clock, and will continue so up to Sept. 21, after which they will be open from five o'clock until dusk during the Long Vacation. The privilege thus granted is intended for the benefit of the poor children inhabiting the densely-populated neighbourhoods.

The Duke of Sutherland has opened a public park at Longton, North Staffordshire, for which he had given forty acres of land, and which has since been laid out, at a cost of £5000, by public subscriptions headed by Mr. J. Aynsley, the Mayor, who gave £2000. The park, which is named the Queen's Park, is in commemoration of the Jubilee.

RAVENSCOURT PARK, HAMMERSMITH.

By the energy and public spirit of the inhabitants of Hammersmith, one of the most beautiful inclosed parks in the neighbourhood of London has been rescued from the speculative builder, and secured in perpetuity to the public as a place of recreation and enjoyment. Such places, once numerous, are every year becoming rarer, amidst the ever-advancing ranks of new houses. But the people have here obtained a park ready made, containing magnificent trees and open verdant spaces. Ravenscourt Park, having an area of about thirty-two acres, is situated at the western end of Hammersmith, at a short distance from Turnham-green and Chiswick, whose inhabitants will now equally enjoy its sylvan beauties. The house, which is destined to be the home of the new Public Library recently voted by the borough, occupies the site of what was formerly the residence of the celebrated Alice Perrers, of the Court of Edward III. It is a plain brick building, erected about the middle of the last century, in the style of the French architect Mansart. The property has been acquired at a cost of £58,000, half contributed by the borough of Hammersmith, half by the Metropolitan Board of Works. It was opened, without any ceremony, for the enjoyment of the public, and on the last Bank Holiday was thronged by thousands of visitors.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Lord Coleridge distributed the awards to the successful students of the Royal Academy of Music at St. James's Hall on July 25. The Charles Lucas medal, from a design by T. Woolner, R.A., in memory of Charles Lucas, for the composition of an air and variations for string quartet, was awarded to Dora Bright. The Parepa Rosa gold medal, for the singing of pieces selected by the committee, was awarded to Kate Norman. The Sterndale Bennett prize, for the playing of a pianoforte composition by Sir W. S. Bennett selected by the committee, was awarded to Edith L. Young. The Llewellyn-Thomas gold medal, for declamatory English singing, exemplified in pieces chosen by the committee, was awarded to Kate Norman. A number of other medals and certificates were also distributed.

Previous to the distribution, Schubert's setting of the 23rd Psalm was beautifully sung by certain of the female students; and Dr. A. C. Mackenzie (the principal) made an address pointing out to the prize-winners and others the necessity of earnest and continued study for the furtherance of the art rather than for the object of winning medals and rewards.

Lord Coleridge observed that if he had had the slightest idea of the audience he was to meet and the ceremony he was to take part in, he would have been tempted to decline the honour which was offered to him, and he would, if possible, now take refuge in a well-known formula, and desire that his speech might be taken as read. Before entering the hall, he had been reminded of what he had entirely forgotten—that sixteen years ago, on the same spot where he was then standing, he had had to make a short speech on a most interesting occasion, when a testimonial was presented to the great English master of those days, Sir William Sterndale Bennett. That was a name which no Englishman, whether he knew much about music or not, could hear without a glow of gratitude and pride, because, although the last sixteen years had undoubtedly made a difference in that respect, yet sixteen years ago he was able to say that Sir William Sterndale Bennett had almost this unique distinction—that, although we had had great musicians, men in whose works English men took great delight, yet no one since the days of Purcell to those of Sterndale Bennett had crossed the seas and had acquired not only an English, but a European reputation. He was happy to think that that statement could not now be made with truth; but it was a comfort to think that in the sixteen years that had elapsed, which had turned the middle-aged advocate into an old Judge, one thing at least remained the same—delight in music, and honour to the great masters of it. He urged those students who had not succeeded in obtaining awards not to be discouraged. They could not all succeed. He hoped at the same time that they all rejoiced in the success of their friends. There was very often, in every profession—certainly in the profession he knew most of—a hand-to-hand and personal conflict, which made it extremely difficult to maintain perfect good-fellowship, perfect absence of jealousy, perfect true goodfeeling one with the other; but which, nevertheless, he maintained, was the highest triumph, he was going to say of religious, but, at all events, of moral training; and it was one of the objects which every man engaged in a profession which implied competition should set before himself steadily to pursue. The advantage of those who cultivated their profession in harmony could hardly be overestimated.

The Scriveners' Company have promised £100 to the Endowment Fund of the Polytechnic in Regent-street.

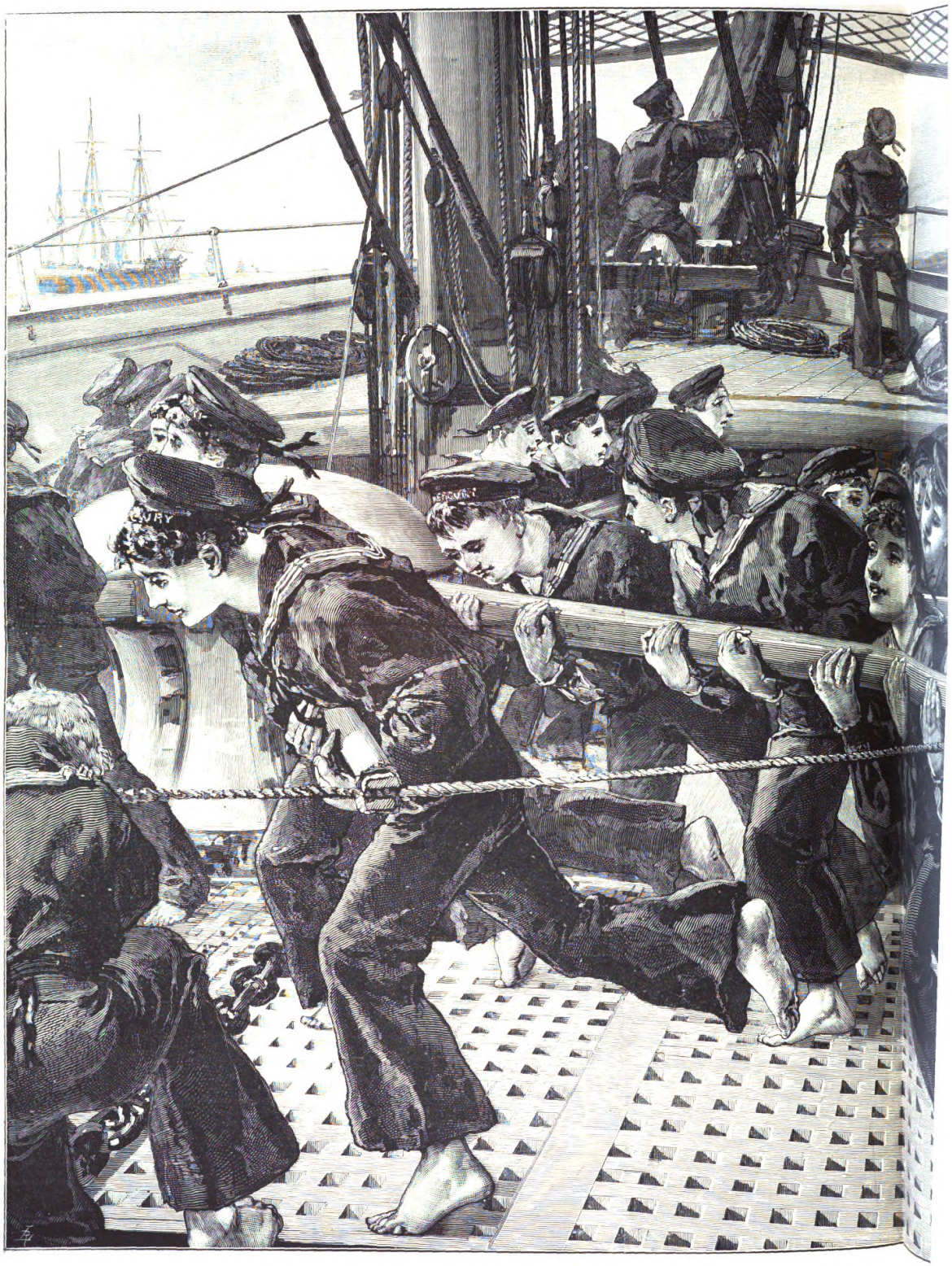
The Earl of Shrewsbury has intimated to his Cheshire tenantry his intention of returning them 10 per cent on their rentals.

The production of the pastoral play, "Le Baiser," by Lady Archibald Campbell and her friends, at Cannizaro Wood, Wimbledon, has been postponed to Tuesday, Aug. 7, owing to the inclement weather.

Mr. H. Cozens Hardy, Q.C., M.P., distributed on July 27 the prizes gained by the students at the University College School, Gower-street. Professor Erichsen, principal of the college, presided, and was supported by several members of the council.

A memorial tablet bearing a medallion of the late Mr. Forster was unveiled in Westminster Abbey on July 27, in the presence of many friends of the deceased statesman. At a meeting held in the Jerusalem Chamber tributes to Mr. Forster's high character were paid by the Dean of Westminster and Lord Knutsford.

The fifty-sixth annual report of the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland has been issued. During the past year the Commissioners made 1321 loans for public works, amounting to £829,766, showing a diminution in number of thirty-seven, with an increase in the money allocation of £206,366, which is entirely due to increased operations under the Labourers' Acts; 444 loans for an aggregate sum of £36,575 were made to tenants to purchase their holdings, against 736 loans for £60,955 in the previous year, the falling off being due partly to the unsettled state of the land question, and more searching inquiry into the security offered by the tenant. The amounts sanctioned under the Labourers' Acts have been on a much larger scale than in any former year.



OUR FUTURE BLUEJACKETS: A SCENE ON B[illegible]
FROM A SKETCH



ON BOARD THE TRAINING-SHIP MERCURY, AT RYDE.
FROM A SKETCH BY LOUIS WAIN.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1886), with two codicils (dated Oct. 8, 1887, and March 29, 1888), of Mr. Joseph Allen Piggot, late of Bedford, who died on May 30 last, was proved at the Northampton District Registry on June 26 by Mrs. Mary Jane Houlton Piggot, the widow, and Horatio Piggot, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £140,000. The testator gives £2000 and all his household furniture, pictures, plate, books, and effects to his wife; his residence and the dividends and interest of £20,000 railway debenture stock to her, for life; and legacies to his nephews and nieces, and to his executors. As to the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves one fourth to his said brother Horatio; one fourth, upon trust, for Jane, the wife of his brother John Sampson Piggot, for life, and then for Emily, the only daughter of his said brother; one fourth, upon trust, for Sarah, the wife of his brother James Algernon Piggot, for life, and then for all the children of his said brother; and one fourth, upon trust, for the children of his brother Adolphus.

The will (dated April 26, 1888) of Miss Georgiana Johanna Austin, late of No. 77, Oxford-terrace, Hyde Park, who died on June 2 last, was proved on July 20 by the Hon. Henry Arnold Lawrence, the Hon. Charles Napier Lawrence, and Hugh McPherson Cumming, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £112,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to the Bishop of London's Fund, the National Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children, and St. Alphege Mission (Southwark); £600 for promoting the objects of the Church Extension Mission (Kilburn Park-road); £500 each to the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and the Hospital for Consumption (Brompton); £250 to the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond-street); £200 to the Society for the Relief of Destitution in the Metropolis; £150 to St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington); £125 to the Royal National Sea-Bathing Infirmary (Margate); £60 to the Bible and Domestic Mission; £5000 to the said Hon. Henry Arnold Lawrence; her plate and plated articles to Constance Charlotte Lawrence and Gwendoline Anne Bryans; her furniture, pictures, books, household effects, and wines to Mrs. Elizabeth Pauline Davies; and other bequests. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves one third, upon trust, for George Herbert Davies; one third, upon trust, for the said Constance Charlotte Lawrence; and one third, upon trust, for the said Gwendoline Anne Bryans.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated April 7, 1885) of the Hon. Bowes Daly, late of Killough Castle, Tipperary, who died on May 20 last, to the Hon. Skeffington Daly and the Hon. Robert Daly, the brothers, the executors, was resealed in London on July 19, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £96,000. The testator leaves Killough Castle and the estate adjoining, with all the furniture, plate, pictures, books, effects, live and dead stock, and implements, to his nephew, James Frederick Daly; £5000 each to his nieces, Florence Daly and Elinor Daly; £250 each to the Irish Society and the Church Education Society for Ireland; and £200 each to the City of Dublin Hospital (Upper Baggot-street), St. Mark's Ophthalmic Hospital (Lincoln's-place, Dublin), the Convalescent Home (Stillorgan, Dublin), and the Hospital for Incurables (Donnybrook-road, Dublin). The residue of his property he gives to his said two brothers, Skeffington and Robert.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1887), with a codicil (dated March 1, 1888) of Mr. Julius Levis, late of No. 21, Mincing-lane, and of No. 6, Lower Berkeley-street, Portman-square, who died on June 25 last, at St. Leonards-on-Sea, was proved on July 14 by Carl Meyer, Albert Kahn, and Ernest Joseph Cassel, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £72,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his daughter Cecile Minna; and £200 to his daughter who shall have charge of his household at the time of his death. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 4, 1886), with a codicil (dated June 29, 1887), of General Frederick Darley George, C.B., Colonel of the Cheshire Regiment, late of No. 67, Brunswick-place, Hove, Sussex, who died on June 2 last, was proved on July 24 by Mrs. Mary Ann George, the widow, John Fox George, the nephew, Frederick Willis Farrer, and William Joseph Jarrett, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £68,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, the balances at his bankers and army agents, all his furniture and effects (except certain plate and books of which she is to have the use only for life), and an annuity of £900 to his wife, in addition to what is secured to her by their marriage settlement; an annuity of £200 to his said nephew, John Fox George; and legacies to servants and others. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for the four children of his late nephew, Thomas Barry George.

The will (dated May 4, 1883) of Mr. Frederick Duke, late of The Woodleighs, Warningcamp, near Arundel, Sussex, who died on June 18 last, was proved on July 18 by Richard Holmes, Richard Holmes, jun., and George Cosens, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £60,000. The testator gives his freehold house and lands at Warningcamp, with the furniture, plate, pictures, effects, carriages, live and dead stock, and £5000, to his wife, Mrs. Ruth Duke; and £50 to each of his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £1000 per annum to his wife, for life, and subject thereto for his three daughters, Laura Graburn, Annie Duke, and Marion Cosens, in equal shares.

The will and four codicils of Mr. Frederick Champion Robinson, late of No. 25, Mark-lane, who died on May 30 last, at No. 30, Wyndham-street, Bryanston-square, were proved, on July 11, by Henry Mapleton Chapman, and Edward Thirkettle, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £29,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to the London Hospital (Whitechapel); £2000 each to the Commercial Travellers' School (Pinner), the Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Institution, St. Thomas's Hospital (Lambeth), and the Bishop of London's Fund; £1500 each to the Convalescent Hospital (Walton-on-Thames), and the Hospital for Women (Soho-square); £1000 each to the Boys' Refuge (Commercial-road, Whitechapel), St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and Guy's Hospital (Southwark); £500 each to the Little Boys' Home (Farningham) and the Children's Hospital (Paddington); £500 to Christ's Hospital, to found a scholarship to be called the Rokeby Bequest, in grateful remembrance of the benefits conferred on his father, George Robinson, and his uncle, Joseph Robinson, who were both scholars at the Blue-Coat School; he also bequeaths to Christ's Hospital a further sum of £50, and fifteen memorial addresses of the old Patriotic Fund, written by his father, who was a scholar from 1796 to 1802, and the prizes won by his father at the said school, and he wishes them to be exhibited together in some room of the said Hospital as specimens of high-class penmanship.

The will (dated March 8, 1888) of Mr. Leone Levi, of No. 5, Crown Office-row, Temple, barrister-at-law, and of No. 31, Highbury-grove, who died on May 7 last, was proved on July 17 by Adam Young, John Neill Lloyd, and James Ritchie, M.D., the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £10,000. The testator directs that the gold medal presented to him by the Emperor of Austria, the gold medal presented to him by the late King of Prussia, the gold, silver, and bronze medals presented to him by the late Emperor of the French, the insignia of the order of Cavaliere of the Crown of Italy and St. Mauritius and Lazzarus, his book entitled "Honours, Diplomas, &c.," and three volumes presented to him by her Majesty Queen Victoria, with her autograph, be delivered to the Italian Ambassador in London, to be transmitted to the Sindaco of Ancona, he undertaking, on behalf of the Municipality, to preserve them and keep them on view in the Library founded by him in Ancona for promoting technical education. He leaves his household furniture and effects to his wife; and the residue of his property, upon trust, for her, for life; then, as to one half, for her nephews and nieces, and the other half for his nephews and nieces.

OUR FUTURE BLUEJACKETS.

The British Navy, in all branches of its administration, designing and constructing ships of different classes, equipment, repairs, and armament, is the topic most anxiously discussed just now by persons competent to understand those details; and we believe that no subject more urgently demands public attention. Lord Brassey's volume of "The Naval Annual," published this year, has been noticed by us as an invaluable repertory of authentic information on all such matters to the date of official reports for 1887, and we expect again to have to refer to it shortly for particulars of much practical importance. The manning of the Royal Navy, for which 44,850 officers, seamen, and boys are required—not including the Marines, the Royal Naval Reserve, the Marine Pensioners, and the Naval Artillery Volunteers—is discussed in a chapter of Lord Brassey's work. It appears that ours is the only Navy in which the ships are manned with a body of men all of whom have been specially trained to the service from boyhood, and it costs £300 to train the boy entered for the fleet into the finished seaman. The system of instruction for boys in the stationary training-ships, of which there are many at various ports, "has been brought to ideal perfection;" and the sea-going squadron of training-ships, in two or three cruises made by each ship every year, continues this instruction; but much injury is too often done to the morals and discipline of young seamen by keeping them in "receiving-ships," in the home ports, exposed to the bad influences of the shore. For the supply of good material of youthful manhood, such an institution as the training-ship Mercury, which is maintained at Ryde by the voluntary efforts of a philanthropic and patriotic association of subscribers, seems to be of real service. There are now about eighty boys on board. A large number have already been entered into the Royal Navy, and others are ready to join either the Navy or the Mercantile Marine. We have no doubt that the scheme is susceptible of development, and we hope it will be liberally supported. Our large Engraving, from a sketch taken by our Artist, Mr. Louis Wain, on board the Mercury, represents the exercise of working at the capstan connected with the anchor. It may be noticed by persons acquainted with seamanship that the boys nearest the capstan are pushing with their hands only; this is because they are not able to stoop to it without risk of being thrown on deck, and for these boys it would be too dangerous to attempt it when the anchor is away. As shown in this drawing, the boys are running round, and two boys are hauling in the slack cable; the anchor is away, and in that case two boys alone could send the capstan going, so that there is no need for any of the boys to push with the chest. Only those boys on the outer circle, therefore, get into the proper position. In going over the hatchway and cable, some of the boys swing over on the bars when they are not looked after. These circumstances will be considered in reference to our Illustration of the scene.

Lord Wolseley has unveiled the memorial to the late Major General Sir Herbert Stewart, K.C.B., in St. Paul's.

Mr. Edward Benn, barrister, has been appointed Lecturer in Conveyancing to the Liverpool Board of Legal Studies, in succession to Mr. T. Cyprian Williams.

Mr. A. J. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, have been presented with the freedom of the Grocers' Company.

At a meeting of the Royal Botanic Society, held on July 28, Mr. J. P. Gassiot in the chair, Mr. H. E. Hunt was elected a Fellow. The chairman announced that the anniversary meeting would take place on Friday, Aug. 10.

The annual exhibition of works of art, for which medals and prizes have been awarded at the National Competition in connection with the Science and Art Department, are open to the public at the South Kensington Museum.

Lieutenant-General Newdigate has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Bermuda, in succession to Lieutenant-General Goldwèy and in place of Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham, who has been permitted to decline the post.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has announced his wish to subscribe £100 towards the South London Polytechnic Institutes, his subscription to be appropriated to the "Vic.," which is part of the general scheme. Messrs. Wigans and Cosier have also promised £500 towards the general fund.

A memorial-window to the late Sir Robert Phillimore, late Dean of Arches, has been placed in Shiplake Church, Berkshire, depicting Moses the Lawgiver and Solomon the just judge. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Sir W. and Lady Phillimore, and the Dowager Lady Phillimore were present at the unveiling.

Chief-Inspector Walker has retired from the police, after a service of fifty-one years. He was attached to her Majesty's household for fifteen years, and on the marriage of the Prince of Wales was appointed to Marlborough House, and has continued in that office up to the present time.

Mr. E. Brodie Hoare, M.P., presided at the annual meeting, on July 25, of the Sailors' Orphan Girls' School and Home at Hampstead; and Mrs. Brodie Hoare distributed the prizes and rewards to the pupils and to former scholars now in service. The home has now eighty-two inmates, orphans of merchant seamen, fishermen, and Royal Navy men; and more could be received if funds permitted.

A general court of the governors of the Orphan Working School was held on July 25, at the Cannon-street Hotel, under the presidency of Mr. W. S. Gard (chairman of the election committee), when ten girls and twenty-two boys were elected to the benefits of the senior school, and three girls and five boys to the junior school. This institution, which is under the patronage of the Queen, has now in the school at Haverstock-hill 316 boys and 152 girls; and at the Alexandra Orphanage there are 108 boys and 54 girls: bringing the total number of children supported by the charity up to 630.

MUSIC.

The musical activity of London will be well maintained by the series of Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre, which will begin on Saturday, Aug. 11; again under the lesseeship of Mr. W. Freeman Thomas, and with Mr. Gwyllym Crowe as conductor. The opening night has been postponed for a week in consequence of the prolongation of Mr. Augustus Harris's season at the Royal Italian Opera, which (as already recorded) was continued until July 21—a fortnight beyond the original intention—in consequence of the success of the performances. Mr. Thomas's arrangements for his new series (the seventh) of the Covent-Garden Promenade Concerts include the re-engagement of Mr. J. T. Carrodus as leading and solo violinist—this and the conductorship being thoroughly satisfactory appointments. The arrangements altogether are of a kind that promise an unusually brilliant season, and one that will provide amply and worthily for musical tastes of various kinds during the interval between the close of the opera season and the commencement of the autumn and winter serial concerts. Mr. W. F. Thomas's list of solo vocalists includes the names of Mesdames Valleria, Scalchi, Patey, and Stirling; Mdlle. Nikita; Misses Anna Williams and A. Whitacre, Mesdames Rose Hersee and C. Samuell, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. H. Piercy, Mr. C. Banks, Mr. O. Harley, Mr. Santley, Signori Foli and Novara, Mr. B. Foote, Mr. Ludwig, and others. A grand orchestra of about one hundred and fifty performers will occasionally be reinforced by the band of the Coldstream Guards.

Signor Bottesini's concert, which took place recently at St. James's Hall, deserves some further recognition than it has already received. The concert-giver's unrivalled mastery of the double-bass was displayed in several pieces of his own composition, including an effective duet for contra-bass and violin, the latter instrument skilfully sustained by Signor Passini, who also contributed solo pieces, as did Signor T. Mattei, the eminent pianist. Vocal performances were features of the concert, Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Stirling, Miss A. Marriott, Mr. F. King, Mr. De Lara, Mr. Maybrick and others having appeared, among them having been Miss Erni, a new-comer, who displayed a voice of agreeable quality, sufficient power, and extensive upper compass, and was favourably received in her execution of Rode's air with variations.

The Royal Academy of Music gave a students' orchestral concert recently at St. James's Hall. In instrumental performances and in composition especially good proofs were afforded of the excellent results arrived at by the system of tuition pursued at the institution. A manuscript pianoforte concerto, composed and performed by Miss Dora Bright, was a prominent feature of the programme, both as to the merits of the work and the excellence of its rendering. Other commendable pianoforte performances were contributed, and special effect was produced by Mr. G. Walenn's skilful execution of the first portion of Beethoven's violin concerto, and skill as a flautist was evidenced by Mr. F. W. Griffiths in two movements from Molique's concerto. Among the vocalists, Miss Martha Davies and Mr. M. Humphreys are entitled to commendation. The concert was conducted by Dr. Mackenzie, Principal of the Academy. The institution now referred to held, on the following day, its annual award of prizes, which were distributed by Lord Coleridge, by whom and by the Principal appropriate addresses were delivered.

The recent orchestral concert by students of the Royal College of Music, at Alexandra House, also showed good results from the course of instruction pursued by the Kensington establishment. Schubert's great symphony in C and other orchestral pieces, Schumann's concertstück with Miss M. Osborn as pianist, and vocal pieces, testified to the efficiency of the institution. Professor Villiers Stanford conducted.

The annual prize festival of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, at Upper Norwood, was recently held at the Crystal Palace, Viscount Middleton having presided. The awards were made by Lady Playfair. An excellent concert included the co-operation of the Crystal Palace orchestra, conducted by Mr. Manns and Mr. W. H. Cummings; the programme having included effective performances by students of the college.

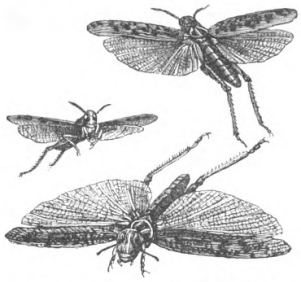
The concert of Signor Tito Mattei, which recently took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Sassoon, Belgrave-square, included skilful pianoforte performances of the concert-giver, some of his own compositions having been included in a programme that was contributed to by several eminent vocalists and instrumentalists.

The Irish concerts, given under the direction of Mr. Ludwig, in the new concert-hall adjoining the Irish Exhibition, have proved so successful that they are being continued. Popular vocalists (including Mr. Ludwig) contribute to attractive programmes of a distinctly national character, and the performances are such as must be welcome to large numbers in the surrounding neighbourhood.

Our previous notice of the Chester Festival was necessarily incomplete, most of the performances having taken place too late for record until now. The only novelty occurred in the Thursday's programme, July 26, on the morning of which day was produced Mr. Oliver King's setting of the Psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon," a composition of somewhat mixed character and unequal merit; the later portions of which are by far the best, particularly the very effective concluding chorus, "Remember the children of Edom." The incidental soprano solo passages were well sung by Miss Anna Williams; some of the choral singing (owing, perhaps, to the forced harmonic treatment) having been less satisfactory than in other works during the festival. Verdi's "Requiem" was a specialty at the morning performance now referred to, the soloists having been Madame Nordica, Miss Damian, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Brereton. The performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend," at the first of the two miscellaneous concerts in the Music-Hall (on July 25) needs merely a recognition of the repeated success of a work that has been received with deserved favour in numerous localities since its first production at Leeds, in 1886. The soloists at Chester were Madame Nordica, Miss Damian, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Grice—the last named a young baritone of much promise. The other evening concert (on July 26) consisted of miscellaneous items requiring no comment. The closing day (July 27) included Beethoven's oratorio—or, rather, cantata—"The Mount of Olives," as adapted and Englished, under the title of "Engedi"; the solo vocalists having been Miss Anna Williams, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Grice. The work was preceded by Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor; and the remainder of the day's programme was devoted to Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," with Miss Williams, Madame Belle Cole, and Mr. Lloyd as solo vocalists. The evening of the date just referred to closed the festival with a performance of Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," in which the principal solo vocalists were Madame Nordica, Miss Damian, Mr. W. Nicholl, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. Santley. The festival performances have been generally efficient, the orchestra having been Sir Charles Hallé's celebrated band led by Herr Strauss; and the chorus of proportionate strength and importance. Dr. J. C. Bridge, organist of Chester Cathedral fulfilled the office of conductor with care and zeal.

THE PLAGUE OF CRICKETS IN ALGERIA.

The lamentable visitation of destructive insects by which the whole province of Constantine, in the French dominion of Algeria, has this year suffered enormous damage to its crops of every kind of grain, was at first attributed to locusts, supposed to resemble those of ill-fame, ancient and modern, in the countries of Western Asia and the Levant. It has since



ADULT WINGED CRICKET (STAURONOTUS MAROCCANUS), MALE AND FEMALE.

been ascertained that the present enemy is neither the locust nor the migratory grasshopper, but a native species of cricket, known to scientific entomologists as the *Stauronotus Maroccanus*, which is bred on the dry and bare highlands above the Tell of Algeria, and elsewhere on the slopes of the Atlas mountain range, and which has been observed, during the past three years, descending into the cultivated region of Algeria, towards the shores of the Mediterranean. Its ravages have been experienced in Morocco, it is said, on several former occasions.

The locust, the cricket, and the grasshopper belong to different families of the Saltatoria, or leapers, a section of the order of orthopterous insects. The famous or infamous migratory locust of Asia and Africa is a big insect, two inches or two inches and a half long, with strong hind legs of nearly the same length, making prodigious jumps, and is therefore a rapid traveller. Woe to the country over which it travels! "They consume as a fire, and the land is utterly burned up." The prophet Joel gives a terrible, but exact, description of the locusts in Judea. When in the wingless condition, in May and June, their arrival is more to be dreaded than after they begin to fly; because, in the latter state, vast clouds of them may be driven aside by the wind. Through such a cloud in the sky overhead, the sunlight is yellow, as through a smoky fog. Where they have descended, every blade of grass, every leaf of a tree—the very bark, if tender, of many trees—with all fruit and grain, will presently disappear. They are not stopped by the water of a shallow pool or stream, for the bodies of those who first enter it soon form a bridge, over which the mighty

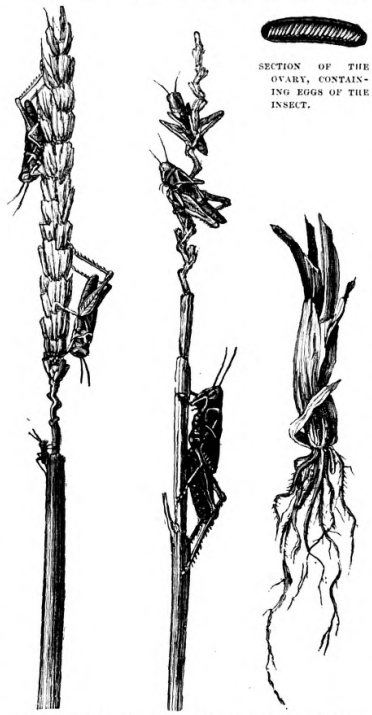


EAR OF BARLEY, INTACT.



CRICKET ATTACKING THE CORN.

host can pass. Cold rainy weather may kill them, but human effort can do comparatively little; though in Cyprus, seven years ago, by order of the British Government, and by the digging of ditches, with the sides lined so that they could not climb out, 250 tons of dead locusts were obtained, and their weight is above ninety million insects to the ton. Where huge heaps and banks of their rotting bodies have remained on the ground, the pestilential stench has been smelt a hundred miles away. They supply, however, an inexhaustible store of food to many

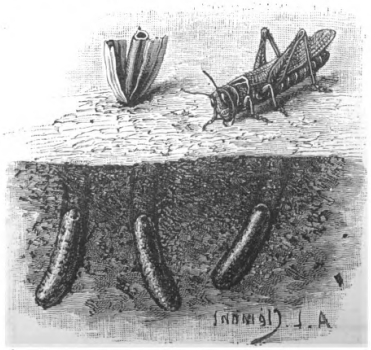


CORN HALF-EATEN BY CRICKETS. CORN-STALK ENTIRELY STRIPPED. RELIC OF HUSKS.

SECTION OF THE OVARY, CONTAINING EGGS OF THE INSECT.

kinds of birds, to some beasts, and to all sorts of worms and reptiles.

The *Stauronotus Maroccanus* is a very noxious creature. The female, which is the larger, measures three-quarters of an inch to an inch and a quarter in length, and the male commonly about three-quarters of an inch. Its colour is russet or reddish brown; the corselet on the back is marked with an oblique cross, and there are vertical bands of alternate light and dark hues along the lower part of the body. The pair of adult insects, male and female, furnished with powerful wings, of which we give an Illustration, are parents of this pernicious race. The female seeks to lay her eggs about the end of June, or at the beginning of July. She chooses dry and sterile ground, in a situation not likely to be disturbed; and uses a natural apparatus, a valvular sucking tube, at the extremity of her abdomen, to lift and remove the grains of sand, boring a hole in the earth, about an inch deep. In this hole she deposits the ovary, a cylindrical case or shell of hardened mucilage, three-quarters of an inch long, containing all her eggs, some forty in number, very neatly packed together; then she covers them by filling up the hole. They are slowly hatched by the heat of the sun in the earth, where they remain nine months, until the new-born insect emerges, in the spring of next year, a little white caterpillar, which speedily becomes a cricket, and is then quite ready to attack and devour the graminaceous plants for which it has a predilection. They swarm in millions all over the land, and by a mysterious instinct are guided to distant corn-fields, advancing in vast and dense columns with a wide front, keeping the closest possible array, to conquer and despoil the agricultural industry of mankind. While on the road through the wilderness, or in a pastoral region, they will eat grass or any green herb; but, as soon as they enter a field of wheat or barley, it is a wonderful sight to observe their passionate alacrity. They rush at every cornstalk, five or six of them climbing up it at once, and presently gain the top, which bends under their weight. Then, with the sharp-edged shears of their upper-jaw mandibles, two strong horny hooks moving horizontally, crossing each other like the blades of a pair of scissors, they quickly cut the ear of grain to pieces, feeding on its farinaceous part, while they disdain the husks and the stalk. In attacking an ear of barley, they of course begin operations by stripping off the spikelets of its beard, which they do not eat; the husk of every grain is also torn off and thrown away. The business-like precision and skill with which these insects go to work, in their foraging among the corn, may be appreciated by the aid of our Illustrations showing the different stages in their treatment of the unfortunate plant. Any crumbs of farina that the busy plunderers aloft may let fall to the ground will be eagerly seized by the vast multitude below, which cannot find an unoccupied stalk to ascend; but, unless they happen to be famished by a very long march over bare ground, they despise the husks and straw. The insect army, gorged with a plenteous repast, and perhaps exulting in its victorious prosperity, marches on to fresh fields and pastures new. The agriculturists of the neighbouring village are ruined. It is all over in a few hours. The *Stauronotus Maroccanus*—a tremendous name for a terrible tiny foe—has conquered and devastated the country in a very brief campaign more effectually than would have been done by a barbarous human invader.



CRICKET, WITH ITS OVARIES BURIED IN THE EARTH.

These ravages, in the part of Algeria where they have most prevailed, already extend over a territory three or four hundred miles in length, and the estimate of the damage at six or seven million francs, which was made some weeks ago, has probably been much exceeded. The aspect of the country this summer is dismal and distressing; the cultivators are in despair, and the attempts to kill or drive away the insects have been quite unsuccessful. It seems impossible to stop them on the march, or to do anything with them afterwards, when they have taken wings to themselves; the only plan to be recommended is that of searching, in the autumn and winter, for the places where they have laid their eggs, and either destroying the vitality of these by some chemical application, or watching for the appearance of the caterpillars, in March or April, and killing them before they can do any mischief.

Locusts, in most parts of the north of Africa, have always been dreaded as the most formidable natural enemy. The Arabs, however, eat locusts, as John the Baptist did; and one would not object to them boiled, with wild honey, or stewed in butter. Among the numerous accounts of them, in different countries, is that of Mr. Barrow, who visited a territory where, he says, they covered an area of 2000 square miles. They had reached a broad river; and, in endeavouring to get at the reeds growing along its banks, such enormous quantities of the insects had been drowned that the whole river was filled with their dead, so that its water remained scarcely visible when he was there. On the sea-shore, when the winged insects came there, a strong wind drove them into the sea, which afterwards cast their bodies up on the beach, forming a bank 3 ft. or 4 ft. high, for a length of fifty miles along the coast. It is a mercy to southern Europe that they cannot travel across the Mediterranean.

PUBLIC ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

The report of the Committee of Council on Education for the year 1887 has been issued. It states that on Aug. 21, 1887, there were 19,267 day schools under separate management on the list for inspection and claiming annual grants, and these schools had accommodation for 5,311,662 scholars. The number of scholars on the register was 4,660,301, and the average attendance was 3,544,564. 19,154 schools were inspected in 1887, while the increase of the population during the year was estimated at 1·35 per cent, the accommodation had increased by 133,700 school places, or 2·6 per cent. The local effort which has resulted in this improvement might be measured by the continued support derived from voluntary contributions, these reaching the sum of £743,727, against £742,597 last year, and by an advance in the contributions from rates to the maintenance of Board schools from £1,169,150 to £1,194,900. The Committee were sorry to find that the education of so many children of ten years of age and upwards was discontinued as soon as by passing the presented standard they were freed from the obligation to attend schools and became entitled to go to work.

The Duke of Cambridge presented the prizes and commissions on July 26 to the cadets at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. It was stated that none of the competitors had failed in qualifying for a commission.

The annual exhibition of the Surrey Floricultural Society was opened on July 25 by Mr. J. Blundell Maple, M.P., in the grounds of Casino House, Herne-hill, lent for the purpose by Mr. Sutton Gover. The exhibits were of an exceptionally high order of merit, but the bad weather was greatly against the success of the show. The exhibition remained open next day.

Lord Herschell presided on July 26 at the annual distribution of prizes at the hall of the Middle Class Schools Corporation, Cowper-street, City-road. He was supported by several members of the Council and Governors of the Corporation, and a large company attended the ceremony. The report of the examiner, Mr. Arthur Gray, was of a congratulatory character.

A deputation from North London waited on July 26 upon Mr. Austie, one of the Charity Commissioners, and asked for assistance in the establishment of technical and recreative institutes in that district. The Commissioner said he regretted that in North London public opinion was not so unanimous as it was in the South. They should first decide upon suitable sites, and then see what assistance could be obtained locally.

Lord Lansdowne was, on July 26, entertained by Lord Northbrook at dinner, previous to his departure to assume the Viceroyalty of India. An address from Indian residents in this country was afterwards presented to the Marquis, who, in reply, alluded to the material progress made in India during the Queen's reign, and rejoiced that they had come to rely more on the sympathy and goodwill of the people, and less upon physical force.

For the August Bank Holiday the Great Eastern Railway Company announce cheap excursion bookings on Saturday, Aug. 4, from London (Liverpool-street), viâ their new line and the cathedral cities of Ely and Lincoln, to Huddersfield, Ashton, Manchester, &c. A special booking-office will be opened at the Liverpool-street Station to Aug. 4 for the issue of ordinary tickets, and of fortnightly and Friday or Saturday to Tuesday cheap tickets to the seaside, for use on forward dates. A special midnight train will leave Liverpool-street on Sunday night, Aug. 4, for Norwich, Yarmouth, and Lowestoft, viâ Ipswich, calling at the principal intermediate stations. On Bank Holiday, excursion-trains will leave St. Pancras and Liverpool-street for Yarmouth, Cambridge, and Ely, and Liverpool-street for Clacton, Walton, and Harwich. Excursion tickets will be issued by all trains to Epping Forest, Broxbourne, and Rye House.—Cheap tickets will also be issued by this company viâ the Harwich route, enabling passengers to visit the Brussels Exhibition, the Ardennes, and Holland. Passengers leaving London and the North on Friday or Saturday can reach Brussels the next morning and return on Monday, arriving in London and the North on Tuesday. The company has arranged, in conjunction with the General Steam Navigation Company, a special excursion to Hamburg at single fares for the return journey.

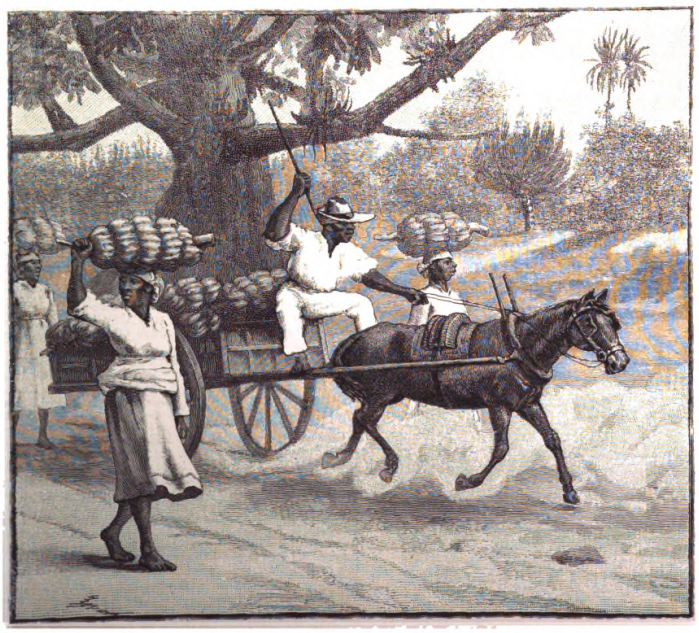


COLLECTING AND COUNTING BUNCHES OF BANANAS IN JAMAICA.

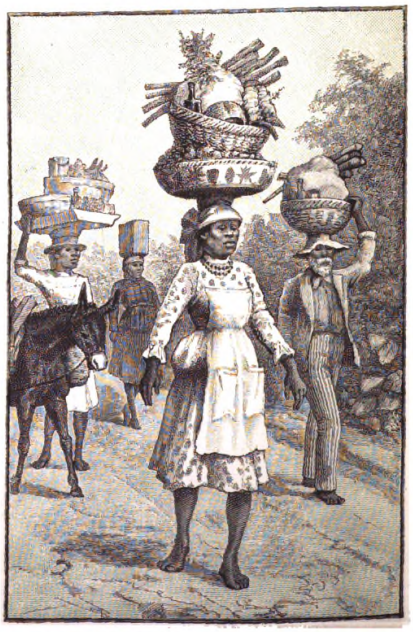
Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, whose sketching mission "Across Two Oceans" has already contributed much that we hope was acceptable to the readers of this Journal, visited other islands of the British West Indies besides those which have supplied the subjects of Illustrations hitherto published. Jamaica, the largest of them, and not the least interesting, though not the most prosperous, was, of course, included in his route. As a field of sugar-planting industry, from various causes it has been obliged to yield the repute of superiority to Trinidad and Demerara; but few countries in those latitudes are endowed by Nature with such a variety of soils and climates, and capable of such diversity of marketable products; and in the upland districts, where the temperature is moderate at all seasons, Englishmen could live and work as happily as in the south of Europe. Fruit-growing, of almost every kind, with a good market in the United States of America, may be recommended to settlers in Jamaica as a promising enterprise; and the following notes on that subject give correct information:—

"The export of bananas from Jamaica to America has of late years become important. The Atlas Steam-ship Company, trading between Jamaica and New York, carries at least 50,000 bunches of bananas every month, besides other steamers trading with Kingston. The Atlas steamers call for this favourite fruit at Kingston, Port Morant, Morant Bay, and Annatto Bay. The other companies' vessels carry from 8000 to 10,000 bunches per month. Besides this large quantity of bananas, there are from 10,000 to 15,000 barrels of oranges exported from the island to New York, Baltimore, Boston, Philadelphia, and other ports.

"The banana-tree bears but one bunch in its life; and when this is cut, the tree dies, leaving, however, numerous suckers, which soon come up, and thus replace the old tree. The growth is very fast; it is going on all the year round. Some bunches weigh as much as 150 lb., the average being from 80 lb. to 90 lb. The average number of bananas on each bunch is about 200.

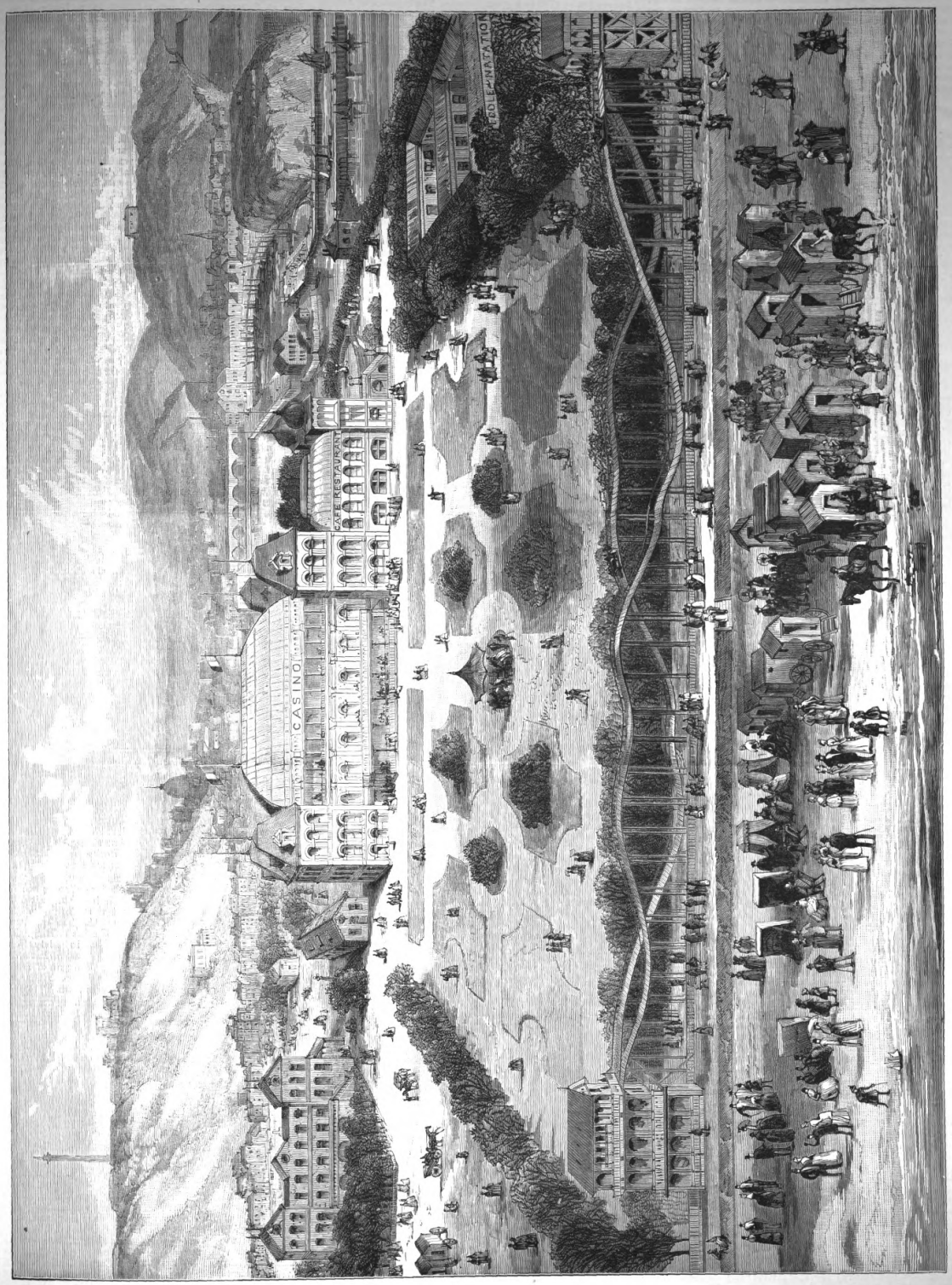


CARRIAGE OF BANANAS FROM THE FIELD TO THE WHARF, ANNATTO BAY, JAMAICA.



ON THE WAY TO MARKET, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

ACROSS TWO OCEANS: THE WEST INDIES.—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



THE CASINO, BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, WITH THE SWITCHBACK RAILWAY, THE TOWN, QUAY, FLOATING DOCK, AND SWIMMING BATHS.

The fruit is very delicate, and requires much care in cutting, transit, and shipping. Too much heat in the hold of the ships will ripen it too quickly, so that often a whole shipload may arrive in New York worthless and rotten. On the other hand, an excess of cold will chill the fruit, so as to make it unfit for the market. The proper temperature should be from 50 deg. to 60 deg. in the hold. The best fruit-steamers trading in the West Indies are especially ventilated for the purpose.

"In the first Sketch, women, who are the principal workers in the field, are to be seen carrying the bunches on their heads, from the tree to an open spot, where they are packed in carts, to be taken down to the store at the seacoast. In their working dress, as in most parts of the West Indies, the women tie a string round themselves, and then, drawing the dress up through it, succeed in arranging the dress short enough, so that they may not be prevented from walking freely.

"The carriage of the fruit to the shore is undertaken by both sexes, the men driving mule and pony carts (and many quiet races take place on the road), and the women carrying bunches on the head—young girls coming in for their share of the work. The fruit is then carefully packed in large sheds to await the arrival of the steamer, which has, of course, either been telegraphed, or is known to be due on a certain day. On board the Ailsa steam-ship, the bananas arrived quite green, but in five days they were ripening in quite an alarming manner. This shows what judgment is necessary for the proper picking and packing to insure the arrival of the fruit in America in good condition.

"Immediately on the arrival of the vessel in the port or bay the process of loading small boats is begun. This is done, of course, again by women; the only men to be seen about are the overseers and contractors. The boats, when full, are rowed alongside the steamers, and the fruit is carefully packed away in the hold. The steamer I was on actually took on board 15,000 bunches, which seemed to change but very little on the voyage. It is a favourite fruit in America, and is continually advancing in public taste.

"There is a market in Kingston, Jamaica, every day; but Tuesdays and Saturdays are the busy days. The Gordon Town road, from a very early hour, presents a curious sight, with the native villagers coming into town to sell their produce. They bring innumerable baskets, full of yams, bananas, peppers, beans, and home-made cakes, piled up one on top of the other, each basket on a woman's head. They come a great distance, many of them twenty or twenty-five miles, and return the same day or night, most of them preferring to do the walk home at night when it is cool. One cannot go far in the West Indies without seeing a rum-shop, and I send a sketch of one with the market people halting there and refreshing; bread is also to be bought at the same shop. I have no doubt that the poor donkeys, which, I think, are badly used, are very glad of the rest."

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

Our Illustration presents a general view of this agreeable and very accessible watering-place on the shore of France, a visit to which will be a very pleasant change for holiday seekers who crowd the Kentish coast. Almost within sight, and to be reached in a hundred minutes by steam-boat, they will find a picturesque foreign city with an animated port and pier, and one of the finest bathing-stations and Casinos in France. At Boulogne, too, there is inexhaustible accommodation for visitors. A stay in Boulogne is now rendered more attractive by the Grand Casino, in which Mr. Hirschler, the spirited proprietor, has done more in four years than did the previous administrators in forty. At the Casino will be found a newly-arranged hydropathic establishment; swimming-baths, continually renewed with fresh sea-water, and professors to teach the art of swimming; and several hundred bathing-machines, the most commodious and best administered in Europe.

On these sands, free from shingle or rock, families can bathe, and children can paddle the livelong day, while the boats of the Humane Society are constant in their attendance for the prevention of accidents. The bathing here is considered healthy and safe at any time of the tide or day, provided that a couple of hours be allowed for digestion; whereas bathing in England finishes at noon or at one o'clock, after which time it is either contrary to the "bye-laws" of the town or declared by the faculty to be injurious to health.

There is no lack of social and intellectual amusement at Boulogne. At the Casino there is a band of sixty musicians, performing twice daily, in the delightful garden. The theatrical entertainments are either comedy, vaudeville, or opéra comique by some of the leading Paris artists. There are children's balls and balls for adults at frequent intervals. The ball-rooms, theatre, and drawing and reading rooms, the restaurant, café, and billiard-rooms, are lighted by electricity, and thousands of fête and illumination lamps in the gardens are furnished in like manner.

A new feature has been added to the Casino: the old skating-rink and lawn-tennis grounds have been abolished, and in their place have sprung up flower-beds, parterres, and shrubberies. A music kiosque has been erected, with a fountain, tents, lounging-seats, and tables, and an outdoor café service. A continual source of amusement is the switchback railway, which has been erected on the grounds during the recess. On the same premises will be found a fencing-saloon and a shooting-gallery, and the swimming-school; the hot and cold baths are close by. The Casino is well and worthily recommended, as is also the first-class restaurant, with a celebrated chef from Paris, at which Government and other public official banquets are frequently held. The subscription to the Casino is very moderate, and its diverse entertainments can be shared at an outlay not exceeding that paid for inferior entertainments elsewhere.

Within a short distance of the town are the falaises or cliffs with the Napoleon monument. It was on these cliffs that Napoleon III., in 1855, assembled an army, a grand review of which took place on the east sands, in the presence of Queen Victoria. The cathedral, in the Haute-ville, with its interesting crypt, is worth a visit. In the Basseville is the Municipal College: on the quay a handsome monument has been erected to the memory of Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination; another statue is that of Frédéric Sauvage, a Frenchman, said to be the inventor of the screw propeller.

There is an excellent "Guide to Boulogne and its Environs," published by Merridew, of the English Library. The view from the sea, shown in our Engraving, displays the grounds and buildings of the Casino, with the town behind, the cathedral, the cliffs, and the Napoleon monument; as also the quay and floating-dock and railway for the arrival and departure of passengers viâ Folkestone, Boulogne, and Paris. The journey to Paris is within four hours, as the trains of the Chemin du Nord are about as fleet as the express-trains on our own lines. When in Paris, we would remind our countrymen that the Palace and Forest of Fontainebleau invite one of the most beautiful and delightful excursions. The journey occupies little more than an hour, and is accomplished by the trains of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Company, the directors of which have brought Rome within two days' reach of London.

MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

National Review.—The political philosophy of Mr. Goldwin Smith has a singularly refined standpoint: while looking to the extinction of hereditary monarchy and aristocracy, he disapproves of French and American democracy, and contemns the Revolution of 1789 as a great disaster. The infusion of Asiatic spiritual despair and moral apathy into European thought, by the influence of German metaphysical pessimism, and of Neo-Buddhist speculations, is deplored by Mr. H. G. Keene, who points to a remedy in the encouragement of cheerful popular poetry. Some unpublished letters, from 1677 to 1680, in which the Duke of York, afterwards King James II., and his Duchess, Mary of Modena, comment on the attempts to exclude him, as a Roman Catholic, from the succession to Royalty, are brought to light by Mr. Francis Radcliffe, having remained in the keeping of his family. Mr. H. R. Farquharson, M.P., earnestly advocates "More Tillage" for the benefit of "farm labourers"; but would it be to the profit of the farmers? Mr. W. J. Courthope's idyll of "the Chancellor's Garden," in Spenserian stanzas and in the archaic language affected by Spenser, is rather pleasing. A vigorous and very opportune appeal to Unionists to abolish the Irish Lord-Lieutenancy, with a view to the consolidation of the United Kingdom, by Mr. St. Loe Strachey, deserves the attention of practical politicians. The Rev. J. Hudson, following another clergyman who wrote last month in *Blackwood*, exposes the bad taste, the morbid sentimentality, and the questionable theology of certain Church hymns. Mr. J. Theodore Bent's notices of various incidents in the existing domestic life of the rural population of the Greek islands have some interest derived from comparison with instances mentioned by Homer. The educational and sanitary benefits of learning a handicraft, which is good both for mind and body, are exhibited by Sir James Crichton Browne, M.D., a high authority on the prevention, as well as the treatment, of mental disease.

Universal Review.—The third monthly number of this new periodical, edited by Mr. Harry Quilter, and adorned with many fine engravings, sustains its pretensions as an important vehicle of original criticism on matters of art. But it seems injudicious to give the leading place to such a piece of mere political squabbling as Mr. T. P. O'Connor's reply to Mr. Frank Hill's remarks on the alliance of the Gladstonians with the Parnellites—a controversy most uncongenial to the devotees of taste and culture. The editor continues his review of pictures in the Paris Salon, and Mr. J. Raymond Solly gives an account of the teaching of young men and women to be actors and actresses at the Paris Conservatoire. "The Lesson of the Master" is the first part of a short story by Mr. Henry James. A student, thinker, and humourist of original character, Mr. Samuel Butler, author of "Erewhon," complains in the "Quis Desiderio" tone of missing a favourite volume in the British Museum Library. The Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies offers a few wise suggestions on the relief of poverty, and Mr. T. A. Welton shows the utility of well-conducted statistical inquiries. "On a Certain Deficiency in Women"—that of the faculty of coherent impersonal thought—"George Fleming" has a good deal to say. Mr. H. Arthur Smith, in answer to Mr. Grant Allen, upholds the mental endowments of the Teuton, compared with the Celt. The translation of Alphonse Daudet's "One of the Forty," which describes the French Academy, proceeds along with its publication in French. There are two short poems; one, by Mr. Wyke Bayliss, accompanying a view of St. Mark's at Venice.

Macmillan's Magazine.—This is a very good number. The "Ballad of the Armada," by Mr. Rennell Rodd, whose name we have not before met with, comes up more nearly to the ideal style and tone of an English narrative poem, on a glorious martial exploit of our nation, than any other composition in verse on this subject. It is written in those rhymed couplets of long fourteen-syllable lines, often adding one or two unaccented syllables in the changes of a lilting movement, with a varying incidence of rhythmic beats in each line, which are peculiarly congenial to the English language, and are most suitable, we think, to the telling of such an animated story. Mr. Harold A. Perry contributes a valuable article on Gibraltar, concisely describing the singular position of that fortress, narrating the transactions which concerned its acquisition and retention by our own Government, and refuting a Spanish writer, Don Antonio Fernandez y Garcia, who complains of England on this account. It is clearly shown that Gibraltar was taken, and has been held by us, in no spirit of hostility to the Spanish nation, but as an instrument for the protection of Spain against France; and, though some opinions have been expressed in favour of our exchanging Gibraltar for Ceuta, a harbour on the opposite African coast, there is much force in Mr. Harold Perry's view of the importance of keeping the former, as the best means of preserving the shores of Morocco, especially Tangiers, from becoming a prey to foreign ambition, by which the interests both of England and of Spain would be seriously injured. If his remarks on this question should chance to be read by any Spaniard, we trust they will be received in the same friendly and candid spirit in which they are presented. Meanwhile, the defence of Ceuta, which belongs to Spain, appears to be the needful complement of British preparations to make use of Gibraltar for commanding the Straits, and for securing the safety of our traffic in the Mediterranean during any war with a great naval Power. The real interests of Spain and of Great Britain are so far identical, and they might probably be allies, finding our custody of Gibraltar advantageous both to the one and to the other. Among the remaining contents of this magazine are Mr. Goldwin Smith's argumentative strictures on the vague project of "Imperial Confederation"; Lord Coleridge's personal reminiscences of the late Principal Shairp; the continuation of Mr. Walter Pater's biographical romance of the French Renaissance, "Gaston de Latour"; the commencement of "Cressy," a Californian story, by Bret Harte; articles on gardening, on the late Sir Francis Doyle's poetry, and some hitherto unpublished letters of Keats.

Murray's Magazine.—A plan for the organisation of a naval volunteer force to protect our commercial shipping at each of the British mercantile ports, is ably set forth by Admiral Colomb, who urges that it is not sufficient to fortify and defend the ports, but that the vessels approaching or leaving them, to the aggregate number of about 1700 daily, valued with their cargoes at many millions sterling, will require active defence near at hand. The value of those entering the Thames and going out of it, for instance, every twenty-four hours, is estimated at nearly two millions; and the Mersey, the Clyde, the Tyne, the Humber, the Bristol Channel, and many other ports, have masses of floating wealth always within a short distance at sea. Admiral Colomb shows how, in every port, seafaring men could be trained and drilled as volunteers, and suitable steam-vessels could be hired, on board of which, at very small cost, light quick-firing guns for shell practice might be placed, which would enable them to run out and engage the enemy's armed cruisers. We recommend this suggestion to the Admiralty and the Board of Trade, and to British shipowners and merchants, who might contribute a share of the expense. The South-Eastern Railway, and the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, are described in their turn by Mr. W. M. Acworth, giving precise details of the working traffic arrangements, and of the conveyance of mails and passengers to or from the Continent. Turkish administrative corruption, and the intrigues of European contractors or speculators seeking lucrative official jobs at Constantinople, are satirised in a lively piece of historical fiction. The past history of English music is being related, and this chapter is devoted to Purcell. Mr. Morley Roberts tells a thrilling tale of suffering from thirst and want of food in a solitary journey in Australia. The method of training pupils of the dramatic art in the Paris Conservatoire is described by A. Strobell, whose account may be compared with that of another writer, in the *Universal Review*. The story of "The Reproach of Annesley," is continued, and Paul Cushing's "Just for the Fun of it," comes to an end.

Blackwood's Magazine.—Two sonnets by the Earl of Rosslyn, on the death of the German Emperor Frederick III., are here published by the Queen's command. The various collections in the British Museum, and its library and reading-room, constitute a suggestive theme of observation and reflection, which is thoughtfully and agreeably treated. Mr. W. W. Story, the American sculptor of Rome, presents a fine study of the character and genius and works of Michel Angelo, which claims and rewards attentive perusal. There is a pleasant article on John Evelyn's country life at Wotton, and on his knowledge and skill in laying out gardens and planting trees. "A Night in a Scotch Swamp" is the tale of a tourist's adventure in the Isle of Arran. "Wanderings and Wild Sport beyond the Himalayas" is a title that speaks for itself. Several chapters of "A Stiffnecked Generation" are added.

The Woman's World.—Mr. Oscar Wilde's editorship of this handsome magazine for ladies is conducted with tact and taste. The frontispiece is an engraving of Gerard's portrait of the Empress Josephine, of whom Miss Mabel Robinson writes a memoir. "Social Scares," by Miss Mabel Sharman Crawford, refers to the old prejudiced onteries against innovations, such as coaches, umbrellas, and railways, in former times, and now the admission of women to the higher studies and professions. Miss Fanny Currey describes the quaint Irish seaport town of Youghal. Useful hints on cookery are supplied by Mrs. Lebour-Fawssett. There is another chapter of "George Fleming's" tale, "The Truth about Clement Ker." The finding of a dead little mermaiden on the seashore, by two little human girls, is the subject of a drawing by Miss Dorothy Tennant, and of a poem by "Violet Fane." A Russian lady painter, Marie Bashkirtseff, lately deceased, has an interesting memoir of her written by Miss Mathilde Blind. Those who approve of Girton, Newnham, and Somerville will like the account of Vassar College for ladies, in America, established twenty-six years ago. Miss Louise Bevington presents her observations on the position of women in Germany, while Mrs. Conyers Morrell discourses of wedding presents. The fashions for August are described.

English Illustrated Magazine.—A Boston story by Mr. Henry James, called "The Patagonia," which is the name of a steam-ship going to Liverpool, is commenced this month. There is a pleasant description, with sketches, of Rugby, the town, school, and neighbourhood; a short story, entitled "Family Portraits"; an account of the Post-Office telegraphs and parcels' departments; further chapters of "The Wanderings of Ralph Hardelot," Professor W. Minto's historical romance; and two short pieces of verse.

Other reviews and magazines for August remain to be noticed. Mr. Clement Scott's *The Theatre*, containing much that specially concerns the class of actors and actresses, and the amateurs and admirers of their performances, is adorned with good photographs of Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. F. H. Macklin. Ladies will find many things useful and agreeable to them in *Myra's Journal*, in "Myra's" threepenny *Journal of Dress and Fashion*, and the *Lady's Magazine*, including the *Moniteur de la Mode*, and *The Season*, with patterns for articles of dress and fancy work.

Surgeon George Ridley has been appointed to take charge of the troops at Tullamore, in succession to his brother, the late Dr. James Ridley.

In Rochester Cathedral, on July 28, the Dean, Dr. Hole, held a short service in the nave. Over 500 members of the Church of England Working Men's Society attended with their banners, and, preceded by a cross, formed a procession round the edifice. Prior to and after the service public processions were made through the streets of Rochester and Chatham. About 600 persons sat down to tea, under the presidency of the Dean, in the Corn Exchange.

The annual distribution of medals for gallantry and good-conduct on the part of the men of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade took place on July 28, when the members of the Metropolitan Board of Works visited the head-quarters in Southwark Bridge-road, and inspected the fine building. After drills, in which engines were turned out in thirty seconds after receiving the calls, the members assembled in the drill-ground, and Mr. Wetenhall, as the late Chairman of the Fire Brigade Committee, presented silver and bronze medals to those men who had been selected to receive them.

The Lord Mayor has received the following among other donations towards the Mansion-House Fund which has been recently opened in connection with the holding of the National Agricultural Show in Windsor Home Park next year in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Royal Agricultural Society of England—viz., the Queen £100 (in addition to £200 already contributed by her Majesty to the Windsor Town Fund), the Prince of Wales £50 (in addition to £100 given to the latter fund), Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons £250, Mr. F. Shoolbred £105, Messrs. W. and A. Gilbey £105, Mr. Walter Gilbey £105, the Nitrates Railway Company (Limited) £105, Lord Revelstoke £100, Lord Hillingdon £100, and Mr. J. Stewart Hodgson £100.

The Royal Humane Society has conferred its rewards upon the undermentioned persons for gallantry in saving or endeavouring to save life:—Silver medals to Lieutenant J. W. Pochin, her Majesty's ship Garnet; John Robinson, assistant engineer to the Bengal and North-Western Railway, India; and W. Bradley, pier-keeper, at Southend. Bradley has altogether saved nineteen persons from drowning, and, besides the National Life-Boat Institution's silver medal, has also the bronze medal and clasp of the Humane Society. Bronze medals have also been conferred upon Colour-Sergeant T. Tierney, 3rd Inniskilling Fusiliers; Lance-Corporal Done, Royal Lancaster Regiment; John Geddes, ferryman, of Glasgow; James Fursland, Patrick Durkan, Alfred D. Burton, Christopher Ward, G. Endicott (signalman in the Royal Navy), Maurice Murphy, W. Howell (a lad of fifteen), Llewellyn Bowen (dock pilot at Cardiff), Frederick T. Joyce (journalist), and Police-Constable Lucas (Metropolitan Police). Testimonials have also been awarded to W. Herling, Private Harding, R.M.L.I., T. Englefield, J. J. Devereux, George B. H. Hirst, Police-Constable D. M'Intosh, S. Holden, W. Williams, E. Johns, J. Louis, E. Coco, L. Detort, J. Parker, G. Brereton, W. T. Lee, and J. Shirtcliffe.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

BERLIN.

The Berliners call their city with pride the "Kaiserstadt"; their greatest pleasure is a military parade; their chief and almost only amusement is drinking a peculiar white beer of local manufacture. There are, therefore, three features of Berlin which particularly strike the foreigner: the innumerable beer-shops and beer-gardens, the omnipresent military element, and the infinite variety of the portraits of the Imperial family. In most cities you will find in the photograph-shops views of the monuments and sights of the town conspicuously displayed: in the Berlin photograph-shops you see nothing but Kings, Emperors, Princes, and Princesses of the Hohenzollern family, beginning with Queen Louisa, the great beauty of the house, who is photographed, from a painting, in the act of teaching the future Kaiser Wilhelm how to play with a wooden cannon. Then we see the first Kaiser in civilian dress, wearing an open waistcoat and a gaudy striped cravat, and looking for all the world like some dandified old banker; Kaiser Friedrich in health, in sickness, on his death-bed, and, finally, lying in state; the new Kaiser Wilhelm, surrounded by his family; also portraits of the Crown Prince, a dot of a boy of five years of age, dressed in military uniform, and saluting with his sword. Here are scores of portraits of Moltke and Bismarck and other military notabilities, portrait-groups of officers, instantaneous photographs of military manœuvres. "But where are the photographs of Berlin itself? Have you no views of the city?" one asks the shopman. "Ja, mein Herr, ja wohl!" And he brings forth from the drawer a bundle of views. "Here is the front view of the Kaiser's palace, showing the historical window where Kaiser Wilhelm used to come to show himself daily to the crowd gathered on Unter den Linden; here is the palace of the Crown Prince; the monument of Frederick the Great; the cannons on the Castanien Platz brought from Mont Valerian; the Imperial Guard House, showing the arrival of the new guards; the Arsenal; the inside of the Arsenal, showing the flags captured from the French in 1870; the Sieges Denkmal, in commemoration of the defeat of the French in 1870-71." "But have you no views of other sights of Berlin besides these military and imperial subjects?" "Ja wohl, mein Herr, ja wohl!" and the ponderous shopman brings forth in triumph a photograph of Kroll's beer-garden!

Kaiser, war, and beer—such are the preoccupations of the modern Berliners, and such are the features that strike the visitor with a force and frequency that end by disgusting him with this vast and monotonous city of stucco decoration, outside show, military glory, and beer-gardens. The Kaiserstadt has all the disagreeable points of the parvenu: it has not yet become accustomed to its greatness; it is like a pretentious provincial man who, suddenly transported into a metropolitan sphere, puts on knowing airs, and would appear more courtly than the courtliest. Like the towns of America and Australia, Berlin has nothing really old in it. Its growth, again, has been too rapid for reasoned development, and so we find splendour and paltriness side by side, no uniform plan of street pavement, no system of drainage, mere scattered efforts after grandeur and true civilisation.

As I was leaving Berlin I bought at the station a book by Julius Rodenberg, a distinguished German writer, "Bilder aus dem Berliner Leben," in which there are many pages that confirm my impression of Berlin, notably one in which the author revels in the splendour of the Belle Alliance Platz—yet another military monument in commemoration of the victories of 1814. Fifteen years ago he saw this Platz all neglected and buried in sand, and a poor wooden bridge hard by. Now he sees there marble and granite, a handsome stone bridge bedecked with statues, and a park with marble images of War, Bravery, Glory, and of heroes who died for the fatherland. "Were we not the modern Spartans before we sought to win the renown of being the modern Athenians?" asks Julius Rodenberg. "From the column of the Belle Alliance Platz to the Königs Platz (where is the Sieges Denkmal column in memory of the Franco-German war) is a long way. But we have made that way, and it is one long war-street. Military laurels lighten, or darken, everything here: the race that grows up between these two points must be warlike, and a race of soldiers. And are there not trophies on all sides? It is through war that we have become what we have become. We used to be a society of humble folks; we used to live in old-fashioned, uncomfortable, ugly houses, whereas now we have stylish, mighty, colossal houses with marble steps, satin wall-hangings, electric-bells and telephones. . . . And what is the source and origin of all these things? War! The war of 1864, 1866, and 1870."

Herr Julius Rodenberg chuckles with truly German heaviness over the electric-bells and satin wall-hangings; but what he says is doubtless quite true, and it explains, at any rate, the conceit of the Berliners and the domineering "swagger" of the officers who swarm in the streets and cafés on Sundays, and promenade up and down Unter den Linden, leaving no room for ordinary mortals.

I quitted Berlin leaving two enigmas unsolved. One is: Where do the German officers get the money to buy their dress uniforms, which always look quite new? The second is: Can Unter den Linden be compared in length, breadth, magnificence of architecture, and general splendour of aspect with Euclid-avenue, Cleveland, U.S.A.?

T. C.

A young whale, measuring twenty feet in length, has been captured at Bennington, near Boston.

At Liverpool the annual meeting of the Royal Liver Friendly Society has been held. The premium income for the year 1887 amounted to £382,606, or an increase of £13,336 over 1886, and the claims paid to £216,393. The report was adopted, and a committee was appointed to revise the rules.

Dr. Thomas Wilkinson was on July 25, at the College of Ushaw, Durham, consecrated Roman Catholic Bishop-Auxiliary of the See of Hexham and Newcastle. The ceremony, which lasted nearly four hours, was chiefly performed by Bishop Hedley, who also preached the sermon. The head of the new Bishop was anointed by assistants, and the consecrating Bishop presented him with the ring and pastoral staff.

The Duke of Cambridge, who was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, made his annual inspection of the Brigade of Guards in Hyde Park on July 25. The troops inspected were the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards from Wellington Barracks, the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, and the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards from Chelsea Barracks. The three bands of the brigade were in attendance, and the evolutions were witnessed by a large and fashionable company. The troops presented a fine appearance, being in full dress, whilst the officers wore their gold sashes. During the absence of the Foot Guards, the guard duty at the West-End was performed by men of the Northamptonshire regiment from the Tower. Their Royal Highnesses were loudly cheered on leaving the ground.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

T MAN (New York).—Your inquiry about the "Bohemian Collection" and the solutions referred to have not reached us. Solution of No. 2308 acknowledged below.

DELTA.—Your game with Falkbeer shall appear next week. The Sicilian is not forgotten either.

R F N BANKS.—Why is the Pawn required at K Kt 2nd?

A SCHLECHTER (Zeestraat, The Hague).—If Black play as you suggest, Q to K 5th mates. We cannot answer by post.

P DALY (Clapham).—Problem shall be reported on in due course. De la Rue can supply your wants in adhesive characters.

T B ROWLAND (Dublin).—Your forthcoming work shall be noticed shortly. Thanks for Mrs Rowland's problems, which, owing to a large supply of two-movers, cannot appear immediately, but shall not be overlooked.

PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from B G Laws, J Daly, Mrs Rowland, L Cond, and E Crane.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2308 received from J W Shaw (Montreal), J Mann, Isonomy, and M Uphill; of No. 2309 from Fairholme, C E P, and J Dunn; of No. 2310 from C E P, Fairholme, J A Schmucke, Columbus, and J D.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2311 received from L Desanges, Sergeant James Sage, G J Veale, W Hillier, Jupiter Junior, Howard A E Phillips, Fairholme, E Casella (Paris), J Ross, Dr F St. J Dyson, Shadforth, E E H, Alpha, C E P, F Lucas, J Hepworth Shaw, J A Schmucke, Thomas Chown, W R Baillien, Dr G Waltz, Dame John, Bernard Reynolds, R F N Banks, Dawn, T G (Ware), R H Brooks, Rev. Winfield Cooper, J D Tucker (Leeds), Mermite, Julia Short, T Roberts, J R N (East Sheen), G T Addison (York), Major Prichard, Lillie Harris, R Worters (Canterbury), and F Ryder.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2309.

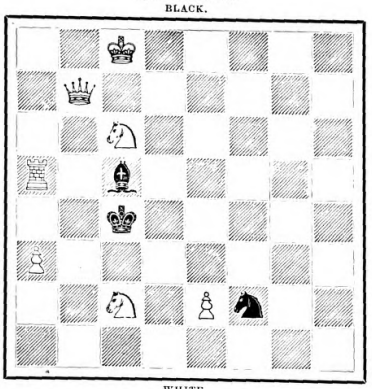
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to Kt 8th	P to Q 4th
2. Kt to R 8th	P takes Kt
3. Q mates.	

If Black play 1. K takes P, then 2. Q takes P; if 1. K to Q 6th, then 2. Kt to K B 4th (double ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2313.

By J. PIERCE, M.A.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

GAMES BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game in the Fraser International Tourney between Mr. W. H. GUNSTON, of Cambridge, and H. F. CHESHIRE, of Hastings; notes by Mr. Fraser.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (W. H. G.)	BLACK (H. F. C.)	WHITE (W. H. G.)	BLACK (H. F. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Black evidently cannot retreat to K 2nd without getting into difficulties.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. Q takes K P	B to Q 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	18. R to Q sq	P to K Kt 4th
4. Castles	Kt takes P	19. B to K 3rd	Q to R 4th
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q B 3rd	20. Q to Q 4th	Q takes R P
6. B takes Kt	Q P takes B	21. P to Q B 4th	K to B sq
7. Q to K 2nd	B to K B 4th	22. Q takes P	R to Q sq
8. P to K Kt 4th		23. B takes P	Q to Kt 6th
A somewhat novel manner of proceeding with the attack. Though the loss of a Pawn follow, White has ample compensation in the fine position obtained within the next few moves.		24. R takes B	
		White plays very cleverly throughout.	
8.	B to Kt 3rd	24.	P takes R
9. Kt takes P	Q takes P	25. B takes R	K takes B
10. Kt takes B	R P takes Kt	26. Q to Q 4th	P to B 4th
11. Kt to B 3rd	P to K B 4th	27. Q takes P (ch)	K to K sq
12. B to B 4th	Castles	28. Q to K 6th (ch)	K to B sq
13. Q R to Q sq	Q to Kt 5th	29. Q to K 2nd	P to Kt 4th
14. R takes R (ch)	K takes R	Black obviously has no resource left.	
15. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	30. P takes P	P takes P
16. P to Q B 3rd	Q to B 4th	31. K to Kt 2nd, and wins.	

Game played between Mr. W. T. PIERCE and Mr. F. S. PILLEAU.

(Pierce Gambit.)

WHITE (F. S. Pilleau.)	BLACK (W. T. Pierce.)	WHITE (F. S. Pilleau.)	BLACK (W. T. Pierce.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Q takes P	K Kt to K 2nd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	He is now pretty safe from all danger.	
3. P to B 4th	P takes P	20. Q to B 4th	B to Q 5th (ch)
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	21. K to R sq	Kt to B 4th
5. P to Q 4th		22. R to B 4th	
These moves constitute the gambit.		To prevent Kt to Kt 6th (ch), &c.	
5.	P to Kt 5th	22.	Q takes P (ch)
6. B to B 4th	P takes Kt	A finishing stroke.	
7. Castles	P to Q 3rd	23. K takes Q	Kt to K 8th (ch)
8. Q takes P	B to K 3rd	24. K to R sq	Kt takes Q
9. B takes B	P takes B	25. R takes P	B takes Kt P
10. B takes P	Q to B 3rd	26. R to K Kt sq	
11. P to K 5th	Q to Kt 3rd	If R to Q Kt sq, Kt to Q 5th wins the exchange.	
This is, probably, Black's best move.		26.	Kt to Q 3rd
12. P takes P	P takes P	27. K R to K Kt 4th	Kt to K 2nd
13. Q to K 5th		28. P to B 4th	K to Q 2nd
P to Q 5th is a stronger move.		An error by which he loses his chance of winning the game; he should have played K to Kt sq, ensuring the gain of the Kt.	
13.	B to Kt 2nd		
14. Kt to Kt 5th	P takes B		
White scarcely can afford to sacrifice two more pieces for the sake of the Rook.		29. P to B 5th	Q Kt to B 4th
		30. R to Q Kt sq	R takes Kt
15. Kt to B 7th (ch)	K to Q 2nd	31. R takes B	P to Kt 3rd
16. Kt takes R	P to K 5th	32. P takes P	P takes P
17. Q to Q Kt 3rd	K to B sq	33. R takes P	R takes P
Black still had to exercise considerable care to avoid complications.		34. R to K Kt 2nd, and the game was drawn.	
18. P to Q 5th	P takes P		

Pierce Gambit, Chess Papers and Problems. By James Pierce, M.A., and W. Timperley. Pierce Trübner and Co.—The authors of this volume have already made a name for themselves in chess literature, and they have but for something more lasting by standing sponsors to a new opening. Without attempting in our limited space any examination of the analysis they submit for criticism, we may say it is a variation of the Vienna Opening, one form of which has already given us the Steinitz Gambit and another the Hampe Allgaier. Like the last named, the Pierce Gambit is a combination of two forms of attack, the Muzio being, as the authors phrase it, "grafted to the Vienna stem." It undoubtedly leads to a powerful onslaught in the hands of a player familiar with its pitfalls for the defence; but the inherent unsoundness of the sacrifice remains, and it will probably never come in high-class play. Messrs. Pierce fully justify, however, their claim to have introduced a most interesting addition to the attacking openings. The other contents of the book comprise papers—mainly critical—on chess questions, such as the relative value of pieces, the element of chance in the game, the standard of merit for problems, &c., all of which are discussed with much clearness of thought and expression. Some poems of real merit, with, as might be expected from the dedicatee, a marked Tennysonian ring, follow, and 134 problems complete the work. Altogether, it is one upon which the authors are to be complimented, for it may be safely said that so much talent and versatility are rarely seen in a work exclusively relating to chess. We select for publication above a problem by Mr. J. Pierce, and a game illustrative of the opening, with the author's own notes.

PIN-PRICKS.

It may safely be asserted that half the wretchedness in the world is caused by trifles; or, rather, not so much by the trifles themselves as by the exaggerated dimensions we persist in attributing to them. In things that concern our interests, our ambition, our self-love, or our vanity, we are morbidly sensitive; we look at them through magnifying-glasses, until the merest pin-prick expands into a wound as "wide as a church-door." Some small annoyance, some petty vexation, ruffles our self-esteem or disturbs our confidence; and immediately we proceed to make the most of this accidental or fugitive pin-prick—to aggravate and irritate it until it becomes a permanent sore. Then we go out into the highway, complaining of our troubles and demanding sympathy; not infrequently quarrelling with our best friends because they will not yield to the deception we have imposed upon ourselves. And when we have the grace to forbear this exposure to the world, and neither invite the condolence of our friends nor provoke the ridicule of our enemies, we nurse our grievances all the more zealously in secret, and caress them and make much of them, and vow that we are bleeding inly, when, in truth, we have received only a scratch or two on the epidermis. And so the evil process goes on, till our peace of mind is poisoned, the temper grows soured and suspicious, the better feelings of the heart are kept under, our capacity for good is weakened, and the higher life shut out from us by a hypochondriacal delusion. That is the mischief of these petty anxieties: they develop all that is meanest in our nature. A great sorrow, on the contrary, elevates and purifies; in passing through the furnace, whatever is coarse and worldly is burnt off from us. But these pin-pricks! How humiliating and debasing becomes their influence, if we suffer our minds to rest upon them, until, like the Afreet in the tiny vase, they grow with startling rapidity into gigantic figures which seem to defy control!

When you come to think of it, Byron's misshapen foot was but a pin-prick, compared with all the rare physical and mental endowments he had received; yet he contrived to exaggerate it into so great a grievance, that it threw a dark shadow over his whole life. Napoleon, at St. Helena, seems to have felt much less the heavy pressure and burden of captivity than the denial of certain forms and ceremonies which he considered due to his Imperial dignity. His sensitiveness under these pin-pricks I have always considered a clinching proof that, at bottom, he was not a great man. The revelations of the domestic economy of Carlyle and his wife show, in a very striking manner, the immense unhappiness that may spring from microscopic worries if we insist on representing them to ourselves as colossal evils. There is Oliver Goldsmith, with that happy genius of his, that fine talent for humour, that bland ripe wisdom, and the fame of having written one of the best poems, one of the best plays, and one of the best fictions in our literature—and yet how he suffered from the pin-pricks which his vanity felt so keenly! But in many cases the pin-pricks are even more superficial. A glance at the pages of Horace Walpole or Charles Greville discovers the paltriness of the trials which humanity sometimes sighs over. One man is plunged into an abyss of despair because his rival obtains the Garter which he has calculated upon for his own knee; another reviles the gods because he has been put off with an Earl's coronet when he hoped for the strawberry-leaves. Lady Blank sulks for weeks because Lady Dash wore more diamonds than she did at the Drawing-room; and it is only too obvious that of pin-pricks so slight as these come envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. As one reads, one is lost in wonder at the littleness of that humanity which has all earth and sea and heaven for its enjoyment, and, beyond these, eternal life, and yet narrows and confines its vision to so low a level and so limited a sphere!

How ridiculous some of these pin-pricks are! How strange it is to see sensible men and women—who would probably bear real, and even terrible, anguish with heroic fortitude—permitting themselves to be depressed and sore at heart at some passing slight or disappointment! But a grain of sand in the eye may blind us to a flash of lightning. That Smith should have a larger house than ours, and sit higher in the synagogue; that Brown should figure in public subscription-lists for double your own modest offering; that Jones should turn out with a carriage and pair, when you are limited to a chaise and a pony; that Robinson should be elected to the Criterion when we are "pilled"; that, in a word, your neighbours should enjoy a little more of the world's sunshine than you do—what sources are these of daily, nay, hourly, heart-burning, anger, jealousy, and spite! The smaller the pin-pricks, the greater seems the pain. Do not let it be supposed that their effect is transitory. The worry which they involve wears out the higher and better energies of the soul; so that a man becomes incapable of impartial judgment—incapable of sincerity, of frank and honest dealing with his fellows—incapable of sympathy, of a generous appreciation of motives, of that tender allowance for the faults and failings of others, of which he himself will not fail to stand in need. It is in this way that cynics are made, and satirists, and selfish pseudo philosophers, who are always railing at the life which is much too large and beautiful a thing for them to understand.

A man bravely silent under a heavy sorrow—ah! that is a sight to command our admiration! But a man whining and pulling at the smart of a pin-prick—how can we look upon such an one except with contempt and disgust! What a pother he makes about his little troubles—calling upon heaven and earth to bear witness to them—and protesting that they are not as the troubles of other men, but something forged by Fate for his particular detriment and hurt! After all, one is sometimes tempted to believe that the alleged affliction is, in reality, a joy and a boon; for see how he hugs it, and makes much of it, and rubs the wound carefully, so as to keep it open! Some people do not seem happy unless they have a pin-prick to talk about; it feeds their vanity and nourishes their sense of self-importance; just as you may see a person with a physical ailment regarding it as a distinction, and impressing upon his neighbour that he is not, like him, a commonplace individual in rude health, but that grand character, a Man with a Malady! The more mysterious it is, the greater is his satisfaction. But these pin-pricks, these small trials of ours, what are they when compared with the larger anxieties of life? How they dwindle away into nothingness when we look around and see the victims of civilisation perishing in the sweating-dens and starving in the byways of our cities! One feels ashamed of the prominence one has given to them, when one sees the agony of the poor woman standing, pale and breathless, at the brink of the coal-mine just shattered by explosion, and waiting in dreary helplessness until the dead body of the father of her children is brought to the surface. In the presence of a sorrow like *that*, let us be silent—let us carry our pain and irritation into the solitude of our chamber, and seek consolation where alone, our heart tells us, at such times, is consolation to be found; let us not go out into the market-place and heap dust and ashes on our heads before an unsympathising crowd. It is only when men are smarting under their pin-pricks, as I have said, that they seek to take the world into their confidence; but the world smiles and passes on.

W. H. D.-A.



THE LATE REV. CHARLES RHIND,
MISSIONARY TO THE DEAF AND DUMB.



THE LATE MR. CLARENCE STEWART LINDSAY,
KILLED IN THE EXPLOSION OF THE DE BEERS MINE, KIMBERLEY.

THE LATE REV. CHARLES RHIND.

The Rev. Charles Rhind, who died on July 7, at the age of seventy-four, had devoted no less than fifty-eight years to the service of the deaf and dumb. As a young man, he was appointed Principal of the Ulster Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Belfast; and, on resigning that post, set to work to found a Cambrian Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Aberystwith—since removed to Swansea—of which he became the first Principal. Scotland next benefited by Mr. Rhind's labours, as he accepted the position of Principal of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Edinburgh; and, on leaving Edinburgh, in 1860, he became a missionary of the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, in London. In ministering to the deaf-mutes of the metropolis, Mr. Rhind was very successful; and so highly were his services valued by the committee of the Association, that, with the object of rendering them of still more value, they applied to the late Bishop of London to ordain him. The Bishop, having satisfied himself of the importance of the work done by Mr. Rhind, complied with the committee's request, and ordained Mr. Rhind deacon in 1878, admitting him to priest's orders in the following year. On the death of the Rev. Samuel Smith, in January, 1883, Mr. Rhind was appointed chaplain of St. Saviour's, Oxford-street; and there he laboured, until within three months of his death, with honour to himself, and greatly to the advantage of that class, so much to be pitied, in whom he had all his life evinced an active and unceasing interest.

The Duke of Norfolk opened the fourth wing of the Jaffray Hospital at Gravelly-hill, Birmingham, on July 25.

LATE MR. CLARENCE STEWART LINDSAY.

The untimely death of this gentleman, among those who perished in the disastrous conflagration at the De Beers diamond mine, near Kimberley, in South Africa, on July 11, has excited deep regret in Sunderland and Newcastle, and in all the mining districts of Durham and Northumberland, where he was widely known and highly esteemed. He was son of Mr. James Lindsay, superintendent registrar of births, deaths, and marriages at Sunderland, and was twenty-eight years of age. Having been educated for the profession of mining engineer, as a pupil of Mr. John Daglish, of Tynemouth, he was first employed at the Marsden Colliery, where he distinguished himself in some remarkable operations; and five or six years ago he was appointed by Sir Charles Mark Palmer manager of the Usworth Colliery. The feat he performed on the occasion



BAKE-HOUSE IN A CORNISH VILLAGE.—BY ADRIAN STOKES.

SEE PAGE 146.

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PLATO MEDITATING BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND TOPPY.
(The Portrait of Plato is copied from an exquisite gem of high antiquity in the British Museum.)

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of the explosion there, in 1885, was a gallant attempt to save the lives of a couple of miners, who, along with himself, formed a rescue party, and who succumbed to the after-damp. He preserved his own life by chewing rusty nails, which counteracted the effect of the deadly gas which he had inhaled. In a half unconscious condition he dragged these men a considerable distance through the workings, and the act of heroism which he performed, though unavailing, attracted the attention of the whole country at the time. Mr. Lindsay could not, at the time of his death, have been more than a full week at the mine, since he had not long arrived in South Africa, being appointed manager of four great diamond mines, of which the De Beers is one. As proof of the estimation in which he was held by the profession, on the occasion of the visit of the Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers to Newcastle, he was appointed to inspect and report upon the various methods of ventilation in mines in this country and on the Continent.

SKETCHES IN CORNWALL.

A county so remote and sequestered, by its geographical position, from the rest of England, as is the extreme western peninsula—Cornwall exhibits few or no traces of Roman, Saxon, or distinctly Norman influences, but had an ancient civilisation of its own, and was, probably, long before the Roman invasion, frequently visited by foreign commerce. The inhabitants of some districts are still of a comparatively unmixed Celtic race, who received Christianity at a much earlier period than its introduction among the Anglo-Saxons, and others. The native language, which was nearly allied to the Cymric of Wales, ceased to be commonly spoken about one hundred years ago, but among the peasantry, miners, and fishing-folk, there are curious traditions and customs peculiar to Cornwall. Their household management, furniture, cookery, and some fashions of wearing apparel, may attract the notice of an observant visitor; and the odd aspect of the interior of a bake-house, represented in one of our Sketches, is an instance of this condition in the nooks and corners of the most westerly part of Great Britain.

FOREIGN NEWS.

M Floquet on July 29 unveiled the statue of General Meusnier at Tours. A banquet was given in the evening.—July 30 was the annual prize-day of the Paris *lycées*, and a large and fashionable company assembled in the afternoon at the Sorbonne. The event of the proceedings was an excellent address from M. Lockroy, the Minister of Public Instruction, on the relative merits of the ancient and modern classics.—The progress of the Exhibition works in the Champ de Mars has met with an unexpected check, a large number of navvies engaged on the works having struck work for higher wages. In a conflict with the police, who drew their swords, ten men have been wounded. Recent storms in France have done great damage. The Department of the Lozère has been visited by a terrific cyclone, which has uprooted gigantic oaks of ancient renown, as well as any number of chestnut-trees and poplars. The mother of the Curé of Pin-Mories was struck by lightning in the rectory, death being instantaneous.

Signor Crispi has issued a circular to the Powers, notifying the occupation of Massowah by Italy.

The King and Queen of Portugal left Lisbon on July 30 on their foreign tour. A proclamation of the Crown Prince announces the assumption by him of the Regency of the country during the King's absence.

A salute of seventy-two guns at Berlin, on July 27, announced that the German Empress had given birth to a son. Her Majesty and the child are doing well.—The Emperor has ordered that the anniversaries of the birthdays of the Emperors William and Frederick, as also of the days on which they died, shall be celebrated in all Prussian schools as memorable days in German history.—The Emperor William arrived at Stockholm on July 26. He was received on landing by King Oscar, the Crown Prince and Princess, and the principal officials. An enormous crowd loudly cheered his Majesty. In the evening a banquet was given at the castle, covers being laid for 150 guests. His Majesty, accompanied by Prince Henry, spent the next day in visiting several places of interest in and around Stockholm; and on Saturday, July 28, his Majesty sailed from Stockholm in the Hohenzollern for Copenhagen. The Emperor William and Prince Henry were met at sea on the morning of July 30 by the King and Crown Prince of Denmark. The German Emperor afterwards landed at Copenhagen, where the whole of the Danish Royal family welcomed him. The King and the Emperor visited the Exhibition, and were well received. In the evening a State banquet was given in the Emperor's honour at the palace, and shortly after midnight his Imperial Majesty left; arriving late on Aug. 1 at Friedrichsruh, where he was received by Prince Bismarck.



THE LATE MR. FRANK HOLL, R.A.

REPRINTED FROM THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JULY 20, 1878.

The centenary celebration of the birth of King Ludwig I. of Bavaria was inaugurated at Munich on the morning of July 30 by the ringing of bells and the playing of bands stationed on the towers of the churches, in all of which there was an early morning service. The principal service, held in the basilica of St. Boniface, was attended by the Prince Regent, all the members of the Royal family, the deputations from the different cities, the Papal Nuncio, and the Diplomatic Body. Several wreaths were placed on King Ludwig's tomb in the basilica. In the evening a marble bust of Ludwig I. was unveiled in the Hall of Heroes, in the presence of all the members of the Royal house, the Diet, and a vast concourse of visitors, the total number of spectators being estimated at 100,000. Subsequently there was a firework display, at the conclusion of which the crowd sang "Die Wacht am Rhein" and the National Anthem. During the celebration on July 31 some elephants in the procession were frightened by the noise of a steam-car and broke away. Many people whom they trampled upon were seriously injured.

Prince Gregory Ghika of Roumania died on July 30, at Klausenburg, in Transylvania.

The King of Greece has arrived at St. Petersburg.

The ninth centenary of the introduction of Christianity into Russia has been celebrated throughout the Empire, but especially at Kieff.

The Cape Parliament has passed a resolution declaring that the separation of the offices of High Commissioner and Governor of Cape Colony would be fraught with danger to the interests of South Africa.

The opening of the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition took place on Aug. 1. All the colonies sent large contingents of visitors and the city was crowded, the gathering of leading Australians being immense and never before equalled. The whole city was en fête.

The marriage of M. de Geyer, Secretary to the Swedish Legation, Constantinople, with Miss White, the daughter of the British Ambassador, took place on July 31. The ceremony was celebrated by Monsignor Bonetti, the Apostolic Archbishop, in the Cathedral of the Holy Spirit. The bride received numerous costly presents, among which was a splendid tiara of diamonds sent by the Sultan.

THE LATE MR. FRANK HOLL, R.A.

The death of this eminent artist, at the early age of forty-three, and at the height of his professional success, is deeply regretted. It took place on Tuesday, July 31, at the well-known house which he had built for himself, called "The Three Gables," in Fitzjohn's-avenue, Hampstead. He had been unwell since last May, and had gone to Spain for a holiday; but returned after a fortnight in rather worse health. Mr. Frank Holl was a son of the engraver Francis Holl, A.R.A., and was born on July 4, 1845, at St. James's-terrace, Kentish-town. He went to University College School, but at the age of fifteen was entered as a probationer in the Royal Academy Schools. There he soon made his mark, obtaining a silver medal in 1862, and the gold medal and a scholarship in the following year. In 1864 he began to exhibit, and from that time contributed regularly to the exhibitions. In 1868 he gained the Two Years' Travelling Studentship. He devoted himself to subject pictures, generally of a pathetic cast, such as "No Tidings from the Sea" (1871), "Leaving Home" (1873), "Deserted" (1874), "Want," and "The Emigrant's Departure." In 1878 he was elected an A.R.A. Nine or ten years ago, however, he painted his first portrait, that of the veteran engraver Samuel Cousins. It proved the great talent of Mr. Holl as a portrait painter. Mr. Holl was at once overwhelmed with commissions, so that from that time till the day of his death he may be said to have scarcely had a single day, except during his annual holiday, free from sitters. A list of them would include a number of the most eminent contemporary Englishmen, while not a few Americans took advantage of a visit to London to have themselves painted by Mr. Holl. His very last work, completed since the opening of the Academy Exhibition, was a portrait of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Among the most successful, we may mention portraits of Signor Piatti; Dr. Graham; the late Registrar-General; Captain Sim, a naval veteran of ninety years old; Dr. Cradock, the late principal of Brasenose; Dr. Bellamy, President of St. John's; Sir Henry Rawlinson; Sir Frederick Roberts; Vice-Chancellor Bacon; Lord Wolseley; Mr. Chamberlain; Lord Overstone; Mr. Bright; the Duke of Cleveland; the picture of Lord Spencer, which will probably be reckoned the painter's masterpiece; and that of Mr. Gladstone, which was given to its subject as a golden-wedding present. Besides these half-lengths, there are the two full-lengths of the Prince of Wales, painted for the Middle Temple and for the Trinity House, and that of the Duke of Cambridge in the uniform of a Field-Marshal. Mr. Holl was made a R.A. in 1884, and his rank among the very best of modern English portrait-painters is beyond dispute.

Mr. Frank Holl had a seizure soon after his return from Madrid, and Sir William Jenner forbade him to undertake more than one sitter a day. This moderate amount of work seemed not too great for his strength, but while staying with a friend, he had a second seizure, and since that time his doctors—Dr. Broadbent and Mr. William Adams—regarded his case as anxious, though they by no means despaired of curing him. But he was again seized with cardiac disease, and died in a moment.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Fradelle, of Regent-street, which we engraved ten years ago.

The inaugural meeting in connection with the visit of the University Extension students to Oxford was held at the new Examination Schools on July 31, when about 1000 persons were present. Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P., presided, and heartily welcomed the visitors. The inaugural address was given by Mr. A. H. Dyke-Acland, M.P.

By the will of Mr. Henry Edward Southouse, late of Clifton-terrace, Brighton (dated May, 1861), with codicils (of recent dates), of which probate has been granted, the Pope is left residuary legatee of the testator's property, real and personal. The personalty is declared at £36,116. There are several bequests to relatives and others; but their amount will not probably exceed £7000 or £8000.

On the opening day of the Goodwood Meeting Mr. J. Gretton won the Craven Stakes with Apollo, Lord Dudley the Charlton Welter Handicap Plate with Monsieur de Paris, the Duke of Portland the Ham Stakes with Donovan, Mr. T. Cannon the Stewards' Cup with Tib, Mr. T. Jennings, jun. the March Stakes with Corbeille, Mr. Rose the Richmond Stakes with Gulliver, Mr. W. M. Redfern the Halnaker Stakes with Yard Arm, and Lord Ellesmere the Gratwicke Stakes with Estafette. On the second day Prince Soltykoff's Love-in-Idleness won the Bognor Plate of 500 sovs., Lord Calthorpe's Beadroll being second; the Drayton High Weight Handicap was won by Mr. M'Calmont's Castlenock, Mr. Kenyon's Binfield coming in second, and Mr. R. Crest's Edlington third. Mr. Manton's Zanzibar came in first for the Sussex Stakes, Lord Ellesmere's Estafette being second, and Prince Soltykoff's Sheen third.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON BOARD A CUNARDER FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK.

Of all the great Atlantic steamship lines the Cunard still stands without a rival in popularity. Its steamers are not only the fastest, but excel all in comfort and general attendance. Life on board one of these floating palaces is not, as some may suppose, one of dull routine, but full of incidents; acquaintances are quickly made, friendships are established of which many interesting tales are told in after years. A late United States Consul at one of the English ports relates the following:—"On my last voyage from England, on one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few days out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and no little pain. He was well dressed and of exceedingly handsome countenance, but his limbs were emaciated and his face sallow, which bore traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail looking out on the foaming track which the steamer was making. 'Excuse me, my young friend,' I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, 'you appear to be hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage, but if you require any assistance I shall be glad to help you.' 'You are very kind,' he replied, in a weak voice, 'but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my state-room up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze.' 'You have been a great sufferer, no doubt,' I said, 'as I judge that you have been afflicted with rheumatism, whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America.' 'You are right,' he answered; 'I have been its victim for two years, and after failing to find relief from medical skill, have lately tried the springs of Carlsbad and Vichy; but they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die, I suppose. I shall be content if life is spared me to reach my mother's presence. She is a widow, and I am her only child.' There was a pathos in this speech which affected me profoundly, and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silently beside him, watching the snowy wake of the ship. While thus standing, my thoughts reverted to a child—a ten-year-old boy—of a neighbour of mine, residing near my consulate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and I remembered the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured himself of a very severe attack of the gout in New York, just before his last voyage, by the use of the remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation, and, hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After doing so, I covered him up snugly in bed, and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his state-room, and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him, and inquired how he felt. 'Like a new man,' he answered, with a grateful smile. 'I feel no pain, and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty. I think I'll get up.' 'No, don't get up to-night,' I said, 'but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be much better able to go above.' I then applied the Oil, again rubbing his knees, ankles, and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning when I went up on deck, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, *and without his crutches.* I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of our voyage—some four days—applying the Oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp spring breezes; and on landing at New York he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting for his home that evening. With a grateful smile he welcomed me, and, pointing to a box carefully done up in thick brown paper, he said:—'That is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Hudnut, the chemist across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her in health. If you should ever visit Sedalia, in Missouri, I will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enshrined in a silver and gold casket, which we shall keep as an ornament, as well as a memento of our meeting on the Cunard steamer.' We parted, after an hour's pleasant chat, with mutual good-will and esteem, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health, and containing many grateful expressions of his affectionate regards." The curative powers of St. Jacobs Oil are simply marvellous. It is wholly an outward application. It conquers pain quickly and surely. It acts like magic. It penetrates to the seat of the disease. It cures, even when everything else has failed. A single trial will convince the most incredulous. It has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism and neuralgia, which had resisted treatment for the greater part of a lifetime. It has cured people who have been crippled with pain for more than twenty years. After the most thorough and practical test, St. Jacobs Oil has received Six Gold Medals at different International Exhibitions, for its marvellous power to conquer pain. It is used extensively in the leading Hospitals and Dispensaries of the Metropolis and provincial cities, and also on board her Majesty's Troop-ships, and on all the ships of the Cunard Steam-ship Company's magnificent fleet. Put up in white wrappers for human use, and in yellow wrappers for veterinary purposes.

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By TITO MATTEI.
This enormously popular Song
Published in three keys.

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Sung by Madame Enriquez.
Thirty-second Edition now ready.

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By JOSEPH ROBINSON.
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CHAPPELL and CO.'S PIANOFORTES, HARMONIUMS, and AMERICAN ORGANS, for Hire, Sale, or on the Three-Years' System. New or Second-hand.

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GOLD MEDAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.
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PIANOFORTES for SALE at from 25 to 250 guineas.
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JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PIANOFORTES are the perfection of Touch, Tone, and Durability.
18, 20, and 22, Wigmore-street, London, W.
Illustrated Lists post-free.

ERARDS' PIANOS.—Messrs. ERARD, of 18, Great Marlborough-street, London, and 13, Rue de Mail, Paris, Makers to her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of Wales, CAUTION the Public that Pianofortes are being Sold bearing the name of "Erard" which are not of their manufacture. For information as to authenticity apply at 18, Great Marlborough-st., where new Pianos can be obtained from 50gs.

ERARDS' PIANOS. — COTTAGES, from 50 guineas.
OBLIQUES, from 85 guineas.
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Founded, 1838; Rebuilt, 1887.

MOORE and MOORE.—Pianos from 16½ gs. to 108 gs. Organs from 7 gs. to 80 gs.; Three-Years' System, from 2s. 6d. per Month, or Cash. Lists free.
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J. B. CRAMER and CO., 207 and 209, Regent-street, London, W., have a choice selection of upwards of 100 SECONDHAND Grand, Oblique, Cottage, and Square PIANOFORTES and PIANETTES, by the great makers, at exceptionally low prices; also Fifty Church, Chamber, Chancel, and Cabinet Organs, Harmoniums, and American Organs, either for cash, by easy payments, or on their Three-Years' System.

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D'ALMAINE and CO.'S PIANOS AND ORGANS.—By Senior Partner deceased.—Absolute Sale previous to new Partnership. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms. Good Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 12 guineas, 15 guineas; Class 0, 14 guineas; Class 3, 23 guineas; Class 6, 35 guineas; Class 1, 17 guineas; Class 4, 26 guineas; Class 7, 40 guineas; Class 2, 20 guineas; Class 5, 30 guineas; Class 8, 45 guineas. American Organs, by the best Makers, from 4 guineas up to 100 guineas. N.B. The railway return fare will be refunded to any purchaser of an Instrument exceeding 16 guineas whose residence is within 200 miles of London.—91, Finsbury-pavement, E.C. (Established 160 Years).

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO. desire it to be most distinctly understood that they are Pianoforte Manufacturers only, and that their only address is 27, Baker-street, Portman-square.

£20.—WALNUT COTTAGE PIANOFORTE, fullest compass of seven octaves, check action, iron plate, panel front; warranted for any amount of years; drawings free.—THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, London, W., exactly opposite the Baker-street Bazaar.

£35.—Upright Iron GRAND PIANO, Seven octaves, with brass pin-plate, especially constructed for extreme climates, being bolted and screwed throughout. Powerful tone. Exceptionally good and cheap. Designs sent free.—THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street.

WEDDING and BIRTHDAY PRESENTS at HENRY RODRIGUES', 42, Piccadilly, London.
TRAVELLING DRESSING BAGS, Morocco, with Hall-marked Silver Fittings, £5 5s., £10 10s., £15, £20, and £30.
WRITING-TABLE SETS, IN OXIDIZED SILVER, CHINA, and POLISHED BRASS, from 21s. to £10.
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PORTRAIT ALBUMS, best make, 10s. 6d. to £5.
PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES and SCREENS, to hold 2 to 24 Portraits.
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COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR LIVER.

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FLORILINE. For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best Liquid Dentifrice in the world: it thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living animalcule, leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. The Fragrant Florilline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke; being partly composed of honey, acids, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants, it is perfectly delicious to the taste, and as harmless as sherry. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills bugs, moths, flies, and all insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but insects. Tins, 6d. and 1s.
WORMS IN CHILDREN are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Tins, 1s. 15d. each

AUGUST.—BANK HOLIDAY.
GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.
LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
Returning from Paris on any day up to Aug. 17 inclusive.
Fares—First Class, 38s.; Second Class, 29s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.
SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, Aug. 4, from Victoria 8.55 a.m. and 2 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison-road) 9.10 a.m. and 1.30 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge 8.30 a.m. and 2.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon.
Returning Tuesday, Aug. 7, by any Train after 6 p.m. Fare—Third Class, 5s.

PORTSMOUTH AND ISLE OF WIGHT.
SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, Aug. 4, from Victoria 1 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison-road) 12.55 p.m.; from London Bridge 2.40 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon. Returning the following Tuesday, Portsmouth and Southsea Fare, 7s.
Through Tickets at Cheap Fares are also issued by these Trains to Ryde and all stations in the Isle of Wight.

BANK HOLIDAY, AUG. 6.—CHEAP DAY Excursions from London to Brighton, Lewes, Newhaven, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Havant, Portsmouth, Southsea, Isle of Wight, &c.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT TRAINS DIRECT to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New-Cross, Victoria, Kensington (Addison-road), Clapham Junction, &c., as required by the Traffic.

BRIGHTON RACES, AUG. 7, 8, and 9.
LEWES RACES, AUG. 10 and 11.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS.—From London Bridge and Victoria. Cheap Day Return Tickets. From Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, and intermediate stations, to Brighton and Lewes Races, also from Portsmouth, Chichester, Horsham, &c., to Brighton Races only.
Frequent Cheap Trains from Brighton to Lewes Races.

FOR Full Particulars see Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End Terminal Office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays's Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office.
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

GLASGOW EXHIBITION.
SUMMER SERVICE OF TRAINS BY THE WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.—The following ADDITIONAL and ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE is now in operation; 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class by all Trains:—

	A	B
Leave London (Euston)	a.m. 10.30	p.m. 8.0
Arrive Edinburgh	5.15	7.12
Glasgow (Central)	5.45	7.40
Arrive Greenock	6.30	8.25
Perth	7.35	9.30
Dundee	7.45	9.40
Aberdeen	10.20	12.15
Inverness	12.40	2.35

The 7.35 p.m. Express from Euston to Perth will run from July 26 to Aug. 30, inclusive, Saturday and Sunday nights excepted. The Train will be composed of Sleeping Saloons, first and second class, for Perth and the Highlands, and sleeping and ordinary carriages for Perth and Inverness, but will not pick up passengers for Perth. By this means an undisturbed journey will be secured, and the earlier arrival at Perth will secure ample time for breakfast, &c., before going forward to the Highlands.
The Highland Railway Co. have agreed to run the 7.35 p.m. Express through to the district Stations in advance, shall advise of the same, and postal trains.
The 10 a.m. Express from the 12 night train will run every night except Saturdays.
A—Will run every night, but on Sunday mornings its arrival at Dundee will be 9.5 a.m.; Inverness, 1.30 p.m., and it will have no connection to Oban (Saturday nights from London). It will run every night, but will have no connection to the North on Saturday night.
On Saturday's passengers by the 10 a.m. Train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.
Carriages with lavatory rooms are run on the principal express trains between London and Scotland, without extra charges.
Improved sleeping-saloons, accompanied by an attendant, are run on the night trains between London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Stranraer, and Perth. Extra charge, 5s. for each berth.
A special train will leave Euston (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) at 8.55 p.m. from July 11 to Aug. 30, inclusive, for the conveyance of horses and private carriages only to all parts of Scotland.
Additional trains from Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other towns will connect with the above trains.
For particulars of improved train service from Scotland to London see the Companies' timetables.
G. FINDLAY, General Manager; L. & N. W. Railway.
A. THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.
August, 1888.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.
AN ACCELERATED and IMPROVED SERVICE of FAST TRAINS is now running to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Cromer, Sheringham, Hunstanton, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Harwich, and Cromer.
TOURIST, HOLIDAY, and WEEK-END or SATURDAY to TUESDAY TICKETS are issued by all trains.
On SATURDAY, AUG. 4, additional Fast Trains will run from London to Yarmouth, &c.
WM. BIRT, General Manager.

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND.
GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.
(Royal Route via Caledonian Canal.)
The Royal Mail Steamer COLUMBA or IONA, with Passengers only, sails from GLASGOW Daily at 7 a.m., from GREENOCK at 9 a.m., in connection with Express Trains from London and the South, conveying passengers for Oban, Fort William, Inverness, Lochawe, Skye, Gairloch, Lochmaree, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Islay, Stornoway, Thurso, &c. Official Guide, 3d.; Illustrated, 6d.; Cloth Gilt, 1s.; by post, or at Railway Stalls throughout England. Time Bill with Map and Fares, free from the owner—DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119, Hope-street, Glasgow.

CRUISES TO THE BALTIC AND THE MEDITERRANEAN.—The steam-yacht VICTORIA, 1,801 tons register, 1,200-horse power, R. LUNHAM, Commander, will be dispatched from Tilbury Dock Aug. 30, for 30 days' cruise to the Baltic, and Oct. 13 for six weeks' cruise to the Mediterranean. The VICTORIA is always on view between her cruises, has the Electric Light, bells, and all modern improvements. Apply to MANAGER, Steam-Yacht Victoria Office, Carlton-chambers, 4, Regent-st., London, S.W.

STEAMERS to NORWAY, the BALTIC, the ORKNEY and SHETLAND ISLANDS. Delightful and popular 12 days' trips to the West Coast and Fiords of Norway from Leith and Aberdeen, EVERY SATURDAY during the month of AUGUST, by the magnificent Steamships St. Sunniva and St. Rognvald. Both vessels are lighted by electricity, are provided with all modern requisites for the comfort of Passengers, and make the passage between Aberdeen and Norway in 36 hours. The Sunniva makes a three-weeks' trip to the Baltic, calling at Christiania, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and St. Petersburg. Direct Steamers to the Orkney and Shetland Islands from Aberdeen and Leith five times a week. To Shetland in 12 hours; to Orkney in 9 hours, by the fast and comfortable Steamers St. Magnus, St. Clair, St. Nicholas, and Queen. Particulars of Sailings and Handbook of Norway Trips, price 2d.; may be had from John A. Chuck-hill, 107, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.; Sewell and Crowther, 18, Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, W.C.; Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate-circus, and 74, Branch Office, Cornhill; C. Tyser, Buildings, Water-street, Liverpool; Weddle and Co., 46, West Nile-street, Glasgow; Thomas Hourston, 16, Waterloo-place, Edinburgh, and 64, Constitution-street, Leith; Charles Merrylees, Northern Wharf, Aberdeen.

FRESH AIR for POOR LONDON CHILDREN.—For the small sum of 10s., subscribed, a poor, pale-faced London child can be boarded out for 14 days in the country (431 last year; and 907 during the last three seasons).—A. STYLEMAS HERRING, Vicar of St. Paul's, Clerkenwell, 45, Colebrooke-row, N.

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Patron—Her Most Gracious MAJESTY the QUEEN.
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The Best Holiday Programme; a Trip to Bonnie Scotland—A Visit to Glasgow's Great World's Fair, The Exhibition.
The Only International Exhibition in United Kingdom in 1888. The Press of the World unanimously accord this Exhibition the Highest Place in Exhibitions held in Great Britain since 1862.

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The importance of this Great International Exhibition may be realised from the fact that since it was opened on May 3 by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, over 2,000,000 persons have passed the Turnstiles.

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Admission, One Shilling.
Special Cheap Excursions (including Admission) from all parts of the Kingdom. See Railway Time Bills.
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ITALIAN SCULPTURE, PAINTINGS, and INDUSTRIES.
At 9 and 9.30 p.m., daily, War or Peace.
ROME UNDER THE EMPEROR TITUS,
On the "WILD WEST" ARENA.
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ILLUMINATED GARDEN FETE EVERY EVENING.
Neapolitan Mandolinists and Sorrento Singers, daily.

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Admission to the Exhibition, 1s. Open 11 to 11.
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PRODUCTS and MANUFACTURES of IRELAND.
IRISH ARTS and ANTIQUITIES.
Open 9 a.m. to 10.30 p.m. Admission, ONE SHILLING, Wednesdays, 2s. 6d., Sundays, 2s. Excursions from all parts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1, "Jephthah's Return," 2, "On the Mountains," 3, "The Marriage."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zenana at Fredabad," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before his death, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to six daily. One Shilling.

THE NEW GALLERY,
Regent-street.
The SUMMER EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Admission, One Shilling. Will close Tuesday, Aug. 7.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Mr. HENRY IRVING.
SATURDAY NEXT, AUG. 11, at 7.45, and Every Evening, Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD in
DR. JEKYLL and MR. HYDE
Sole Authorised Version of Mr. Mansfield's Original Creation, by Mr. Richard Mansfield and Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson.
Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) now Open Daily from 10 till 5. TEN o'CLOCK.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.
AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION, 1883.
GRAND DIPLOMA OF HONOUR.
Awarded to the

CHOCOLAT MENIER in ½ lb. and ¼ lb. PACKETS.
For BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.—Awarded Twenty-Eight PRIZE MEDALS.
Consumption annually exceeds 20,000,000 lb.

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HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

SHIRTS.—Patterns of new French Printed Shirtings and Oxford Matsent to select from. Six Shirts and One Dozen of Collars to measure, carriage paid.
R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS, Special to Measure,
38s., 40s., 42s., the half-dozen.
Illustrated Self-measure post-free.
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SHIRTS.—OLD SHIRTS Refronted. Wrist and Collar Banded, fine Linen, Three for 6s.; Superior, 7s. 6d.; Extra Fine, 9s. Patterns and Self-measure post, to your door.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child, suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately; it is perfectly harmless; it produces natural, quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain; and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." Be sure and ask for Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. Sold by "Curtis and Perkins, New York and London," upon the outside wrapper. No mother should be without it. Sold by all Medicine Dealers, at 1s. 1½d.

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LETTER-WRITING.

The art of letter-writing is most successful when the writer forgets that it is an art. A number of fine qualities, intellectual and moral, are needed in order to compose a good letter, but they should be exercised unconsciously. Any laborious effort to say fine things in correspondence will inevitably destroy its charm. This was Pope's blunder. So proud was he of the sentiments expressed in his letters, and of his literary craft as a letter-writer, that in the effort to win fame in this direction he missed the mark altogether, and lost his character to boot. So elaborate were the artifices to which he resorted in order to publish his letters that if his little plots had not been unravelled it would be difficult to credit them. And the result of all his trickery was failure. His letters belong to the history of the time, and will therefore be read by the student; but how gladly will he turn from them to those of Swift, who says in the simplest language what he has to say! This was the great Dean's force in all his writings, and it is the special charm of his racy correspondence, in which there is no visible sign of effort. He was quite aware of his friend Pope's "schemes of epistolary fame," and observes that when a letter is written with a view to publication, it ceases to be a letter, and becomes a *jeu d'esprit*. Swift was too sensible to sin in this way, and there is no portion of the nineteen volumes which form his works that can be read with such unmixed pleasure as the letters known as the "Journal to Stella."

It is the custom to praise the poet Gray as a letter-writer, and, in some respects, with justice. "His letters," said Rogers, "have for me an inexpressible charm; they are as witty as Walpole's, and have, what his want, true wisdom." After lately reading again the whole series of these letters, one hundred and eighty-six in number (what did Mr. Matthew Arnold mean by saying that Gray "never spoke out"?), we confess we cannot quite agree with Rogers's criticism. Some passages, no doubt, are exquisitely tender; some show, as all readers know, a passion for Nature unusual at that period. And yet Gray seldom lets you forget that he is a scholar first, and a man afterwards. He does not unbend sufficiently.

Walpole's correspondence is more amusing than Gray's, from its variety. It is far fuller of matter, but without the poet's refinement and grace. Any idle moments may be filled up agreeably with Walpole, himself the greatest of literary idlers; but we do not turn to Gray's letters for pastime—a word, by-the-way, about which Bishop Butler has something serious to say in one of his famous sermons. Lord Macaulay has hit the mark when he says that the charm of Walpole's writings consists in the art of amusing without exciting, and that he keeps the mind of the reader constantly attentive and constantly entertained.

Of all the letter-writers of the last century Cowper stands in the first place. The shyest and most retiring of men, living in a rural village, and cut off from society by his painful malady, when he takes the pen in hand and writes to "Sister Anne" or to his "dearest Cox," Lady Hesketh, he becomes the liveliest of companions. The humour of these letters is only exceeded by their tenderness; his "divine chit-chat," as it has been called, makes us familiar with the man at once. He has no reserve now, and comes out bravely into the sunshine as if ready to face the world. Never was poet more blessed in his "womankind." Mrs. Unwin possessed the solid virtues and the most faithful affection. Lady Austen had the vivacity of a Frenchwoman. "She laughs and makes laugh," the poet wrote, "and keeps up a conversation without seeming to labour at it"; and Lady Hesketh, his "pride and his joy," who is said to have been a brilliant beauty in her prime, had a true woman's heart for the poet, sympathising alike in his sorrows and in his gayer moments. Writing to her on one occasion he says, "When I read your letters I hear you talk, and I love talking letters dearly." It was just such letters that Cowper wrote in his happiest moments, with his heart in every line of them. They are full of a delightful humour, reminding us that the writer was the author of "John Gilpin," and are occasionally shadowed by the pathos that has its deepest expression in "The Castaway."

It will be remembered that Cowper and Burns were contemporaries. The classical scholar, when he wrote in prose, used far simpler language than the immortal ploughman. In pure English verse Burns is rarely seen at his best, but in letter-writing he appears to labour at every line. Thus, in one of his amatory epistles to Mrs. Maclehose, he writes:—

"O, Clarinda, shall we not meet in a state, some yet unknown state, of being where the lavish hand of plenty shall minister to the highest wish of benevolence, and where the chill north-wind of prudence shall never blow over the flowery field of enjoyment!" And many a passage might be quoted from the poet's letters equally high-flown and ridiculous.

Charles Lamb stands first among the letter-writers of our century. The greatest essayist of the age, his correspondence is very nearly as delightful as his essays. His humour is broader and richer than Cowper's, and he gives way at times to the wildest extravagances and "fibs" to an extent that would have shocked the recluse of Olney. There is a Christmas-Day letter to his friend Manning that is quite a masterpiece in this way. To Manning, indeed, a man of learning and mathematics, and sober as such a man should be, Lamb writes in a madcap spirit of mirth. There is something in contrariety. Even undertakers have their jokes. Elia cannot restrain his when he is writing to Wordsworth, who, if he had been blessed with humour, would have been better able to distinguish simplicity from childishness. Wordsworth's letters, though weighty, are just a little dull; not so Southey's, who writes his character upon every page of his immense correspondence, and relates, far better than his biographers can, the story of his life.

In literature, as in life, women, when they do not claim equality with men, often show that they are superior. They are generally better letter-writers from their playfulness and ease and truth to Nature. We can believe, too—though, unfortunately, one's personal experience in this way is limited—that their love-letters are delightful. This assuredly is not too high praise to give to the charming letters written by Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple two centuries ago. We are inclined to doubt a little whether Sir William was quite worthy of such love; but perhaps no man is altogether worthy of a good woman's affection, and it is to his credit that he appears to have loved Dorothy as much after the ravages of the smallpox as when she was in the pride of her beauty. Between Dorothy Osborne and Jane Carlyle there is no point of semblance, save that both women were good letter-writers, and in those hours—infrequent it is to be hoped—when one feels inclined to kick at life, and even to satirise friends, what better book can be taken up than "Mrs. Carlyle's Letters." They make one believe that, with the pen as with the voice, she was a match for her husband. To print such letters, written to a confidential friend, was a crying outrage. The public blamed the naughty act, but they read the letters, and, considering now frail human nature is, are hardly to be blamed for doing so. Is it wrong to profit just a little by a neighbour's faults?

J. D.

ART MAGAZINES.

The *Magazine of Art* for the current month opens with another paper on the "Language of Line," by Mr. Walter Crane, illustrated with many beautiful examples of the work of that eminent designer, who has always done so much to raise the handicraftsman to the level of an artist. Miss Mabel Robinson contributes an account of that munificent art-patron and brilliant Roman Emperor, Hadrian, whose many and remarkable gifts have won him a conspicuous place in the pages of history, and who must always be an interesting personality to artists as the friend of Antinous, the deified type of young male beauty. Mr. Henry Herman has written an interesting paper on "Art in the Theatre," in which he criticises in most emphatic terms the sacrifices of archæological truth to spectacular effect, to be seen at our best-managed theatres. Contemporary art is represented by Mr. Claude Phillips's article on the Paris Salon, illustrated by engravings after Bouguereau, Collin, Dagnan-Bouveret, and Adam; and the frontispiece to the magazine is a photogravure of a particularly beautiful picture by Gustave Courtois, one of the most successful of M. Gérôme's pupils, representing the Virgin with the Infant in her arms, the strong grave face of the mother contrasting wonderfully with the childish happy one pressed close to hers.

In the *Art Journal* of August Mr. Prideaux carries the reader with him and his camera up the Thames, from Lechlade to Oxford, pointing out on the way the many beauties of the lovely river. Mr. Lewis Hind introduces us to a very different—though, in its way, equally picturesque—neighbourhood, Christ's Hospital, in Newgate-street, where, a hundred years ago, Coleridge, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt wore the curious coat and yellow stockings of the Blue-Coat boys. Notes on "Japan and its Art Wares" are continued from last month by Mr. Marcus B. Huish; and Mr. P. Villars continues his "Tour of a Foreign Artist and Author in England," the friends having now reached the historic and picturesque city of York.

The Lord Mayor opened the Fire Rescue Exhibition, Portman Rooms, Baker-street, on July 30.

Sir John W. Reid has been awarded the good-service pension of one hundred pounds a year for Inspector-General, in the room of the late Inspector-General Domville.

Prize-day on H.M.S. Worcester, on July 27, proved an exceptionally interesting occasion. The cadets were honoured by the presence of Captain J. S. Webb, the Deputy-Master of the Trinity House, and from his hand received the valuable prizes which had been awarded them, and, at the same time, words of counsel and encouragement, which, it is hoped, they will not willingly let die. Sir G. H. Chambers presided. Cadet Adley received the Queen's Gold Medal annually awarded to the Worcester cadet likely to make the finest sailor, and he also received the valuable sextant presented by the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House to the winner of the Queen's prize. The gold watch annually presented by the P. and O. Company to the cadet standing second in the gold-medal competition, was awarded to H. C. Robinson. Cadet Metcalfe received the Naval Cadetship given by the Admiralty, and he also was presented with a handsome binocular-glass awarded by the Queen, and £35. A second Naval Cadetship was specially granted this year to Percival Jones. Lady Florence Dixie presented her own prize of £10 to Cadet Mead for general smartness. It was enclosed in a silver case in the form of a medal. Congratulatory addresses were given by several of the visitors.

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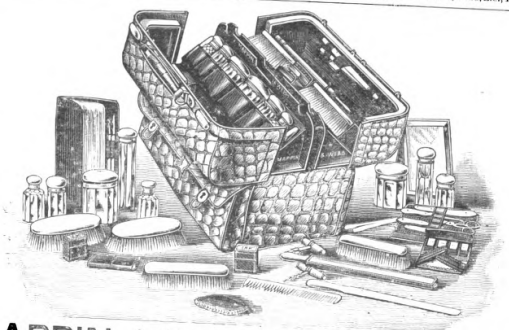
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THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Prince of Wales entered the House of Lords on the Twenty-seventh of July in time to hear the lively debate on a matter which has caused much vexation of spirit. The difficulty of finding a substitute for Wimbledon Common as the site of our national rifle meeting is essentially a question, for the impartial consideration of which a "cross-bench mind" is indispensable. Yet it so happened that next the Prince on the front cross-bench sat the Duke of Cambridge, the personage principally interested; whilst that devoted champion of the Volunteers, the Earl of Wemyss, was in a white heat on the bench behind the Commander-in-Chief. Hence so much of the "cross-bench mind" as found expression on this occasion was manifestly prejudiced.

Our crack-shots are quitting Wimbledon with extreme regret. There is no doubt on that point. To allay the irritation occasioned by the order to "move on," the Government would do well to incur no delay in deciding upon the fresh site. Residents in or near Richmond, and the comparatively few who delight in the picturesqueness of Richmond Park, are naturally up in arms against the proposal of Lord Wantage and the National Rifle Association to set up targets even in the most secluded portion of the park near Roehampton. I have enjoyed many a pleasant ramble in the corner of the park it is desired to set apart for the Volunteers for a very few weeks in the year, and I must confess, much though I might regret being deprived even for a short interval of a favourite walk, the part reaching from the Robin Hood gate to Roehampton gate is so little used that the public would suffer next to no loss by its temporary occupation by the National Rifle Association in July, together with the private enclosure Lord Wantage referred to. The Duke of Cambridge resolutely set his face against the retention of Wimbledon and the removal to Richmond Park, on the score of public danger; but frankly added, with regard to Wimbledon, he did not see why he should not look after his own interests. In view of the rapid growth of the suburbs, he recommended the riflemen to go further a-field. Lord Wemyss dwelt on the desirability of choosing a ground near London. The Marquis of Salisbury, in his reply, seemed to discountenance the Richmond project; but said it was for the Government, not the noble Duke, to settle the point at issue. It is earnestly to be hoped the matter will be decided promptly, and with a due regard to the manifest desire of the majority of our marksmen as conveyed through the medium of the National Rifle Association, whose valuable services were deservedly recognised by the Prime Minister.

The chief Ministerial measure of the Session, a monument of Mr. Ritchie's skill as an administrator and a legislator, has reached the House of Lords, and met, save for one remarkable exception, with general approval. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, in moving the second reading on the Thirty-first of July, gave a lucid explanation of its scope. As the noble Lord remarked, it is to be hoped the functions of the new County Councils will be recognised by everyone as duties which the ablest men in the community may be proud to perform. It was in the diligent performance of such public functions, be it remembered, that Mr. Chamberlain acquired those high administrative and debating faculties which distinguish him. To the Earl of Carnarvon, of all persons in the world—to the ex-Viceroy who lent a not unfavourable ear unto Mr. Parnell's views on Irish local self-government—was it left to carp at this liberal measure of the Government for granting County Councils to England and Wales. Lord Carnarvon's petty objections, however, were easily removed by Lord Salisbury, who would not for a moment acknowledge they were rolling in a vehicle downhill, with the reins hanging about the heels of the horses. The noble Marquis believed the gentry would maintain their legitimate high standing in the councils, and that an improvement in the management of local affairs might be reasonably anticipated. The Bill was read the second time. Its progress through the remaining stages will, doubtless, be proportionately quick. The Prime Minister and the Lords believe in dispatch. Would that the Commons did likewise!

The harassed and careworn Leader of the Lower House needs a period of rest and recreation more than many members. Mr. W. H. Smith has reason to complain of personal worry and pertinacious baiting. To him the proposed adjournment at the close of the week ending the Eleventh of August must be particularly welcome. Whether by rigid economy of time at the commencement of the Session the reassembling in November for an Autumn Session might not have been avoided is best known to the right hon. gentleman.

Personalities in abundance have cropped up in the course of the heated debates on the Commission to inquire into the accuracy or inaccuracy of the momentous charges of connivance at murder contained in the *Times*' pamphlet on "Parnellism and Crime." Mr. Sexton's motion, on the Thirtieth of July, that the number of Judges should be increased from three to five, was negatived, but only by a narrow majority. The names of Sir James Hannen and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith were accepted without a dissentient voice. But strong exception was taken to Mr. Justice Day's appointment on the Commission; Mr. John Morley barbing his shaft by a passage from a letter sent him by a Mr. Adams to the effect that, "Mr. Justice Day is a man of the seventeenth century, a Catholic strong as Torquemada, a Tory of the old high-flyer and non-juror type. . . . He nightly railed against Parnell and his friends. He regards them as infidels and 'Reds' who have led astray the Catholic nation," &c. Discussion on this point waxed very hot. Mr. Gladstone strongly objected to the appointment, as did Mr. Parnell; but the Government defended it, and the name of Mr. Justice Day was retained by a majority of 89. Mr. Parnell, later in the evening, accused Mr. Chamberlain of making use of the Irish Party on his entrance into the House to serve his own ends, and of betraying Cabinet secrets when he became a Minister. Mr. T. P. O'Connor capped this by calling the right hon. gentleman, "Judas Chamberlain," a term which he withdrew by direction of the Chairman. From the answer Mr. Chamberlain made to Mr. Parnell the following evening—the right hon. member for West Birmingham preserving his characteristic calmness throughout—it was clear that Mr. Chamberlain had an interview with Mr. Parnell on the morrow of the lamentable Phœnix Park assassinations, and also held communications with him in 1885 concerning the projected National Council in Dublin. But there appeared to be nothing at all underhand, as alleged, in these communications. As for the determined contention of Mr. Parnell that the allegations against him and his colleagues should be clearly defined and restricted to criminal charges, and not be allowed to ramble over the political question, the Ministry firmly resisted the limitation, as being likely to hinder the elicitation of the full truth. But the Judges on the Royal Commission will, no doubt, exercise their own common-sense on this debateable point.

BIRTH.

On July 26, at Mount Felix, Walton-on-Thames, the wife of the late Walter Herbert Ingram, of 11, St. George's-place, S.W., of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On July 25, at St. Michael's parish church, Arlecdon, Cumberland, by the Rev. W. F. Ives, Vicar, assisted by the Rev. Richard Taylor, Vicar of Bromfield, Joseph Hugh, second son of Henry Jefferson, of Springfield, J.P. and D.L. Cumberland, to Elizabeth Ann, only daughter of the late Thomas Dixon, of Rheda, J.P. Cumberland.

DEATHS.

On July 23, at Vienna, Margaret Turner (*née* Rolland), widow of Thomas Marriott Tatlock, aged 75 years. Friends please accept this intimation.

On July 27, suddenly, at Bushey, Herts, Lorenz Herkomer, beloved father of Professor Hubert Herkomer, in his 74th year. Friends please accept this, the only intimation.

On Friday, July 27, 1888, at 25, Argyll-road, Kensington, London, W., Ann, wife of Alexander John Ellis, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., of Brooklands, Alcombury, Huntingdon, and second daughter of the late John Clervaux Chaytor, Esq., of Spennithorne Hall, Bedale, Yorkshire.

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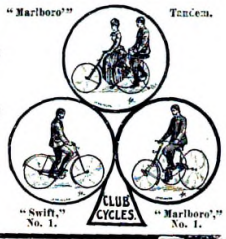
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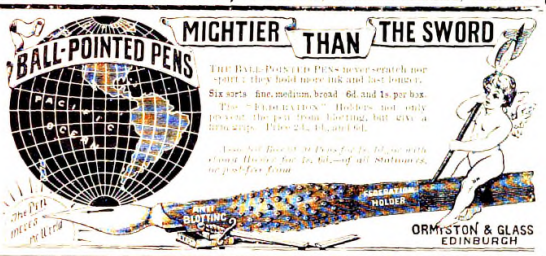
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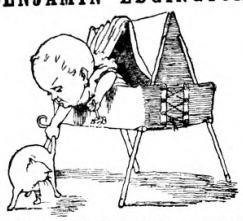
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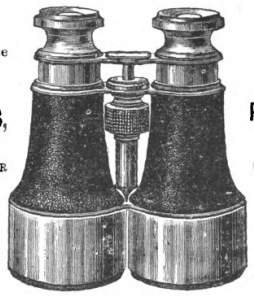
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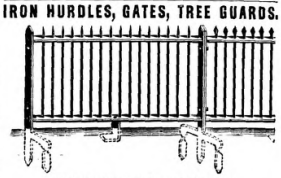
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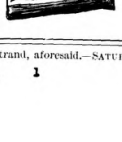
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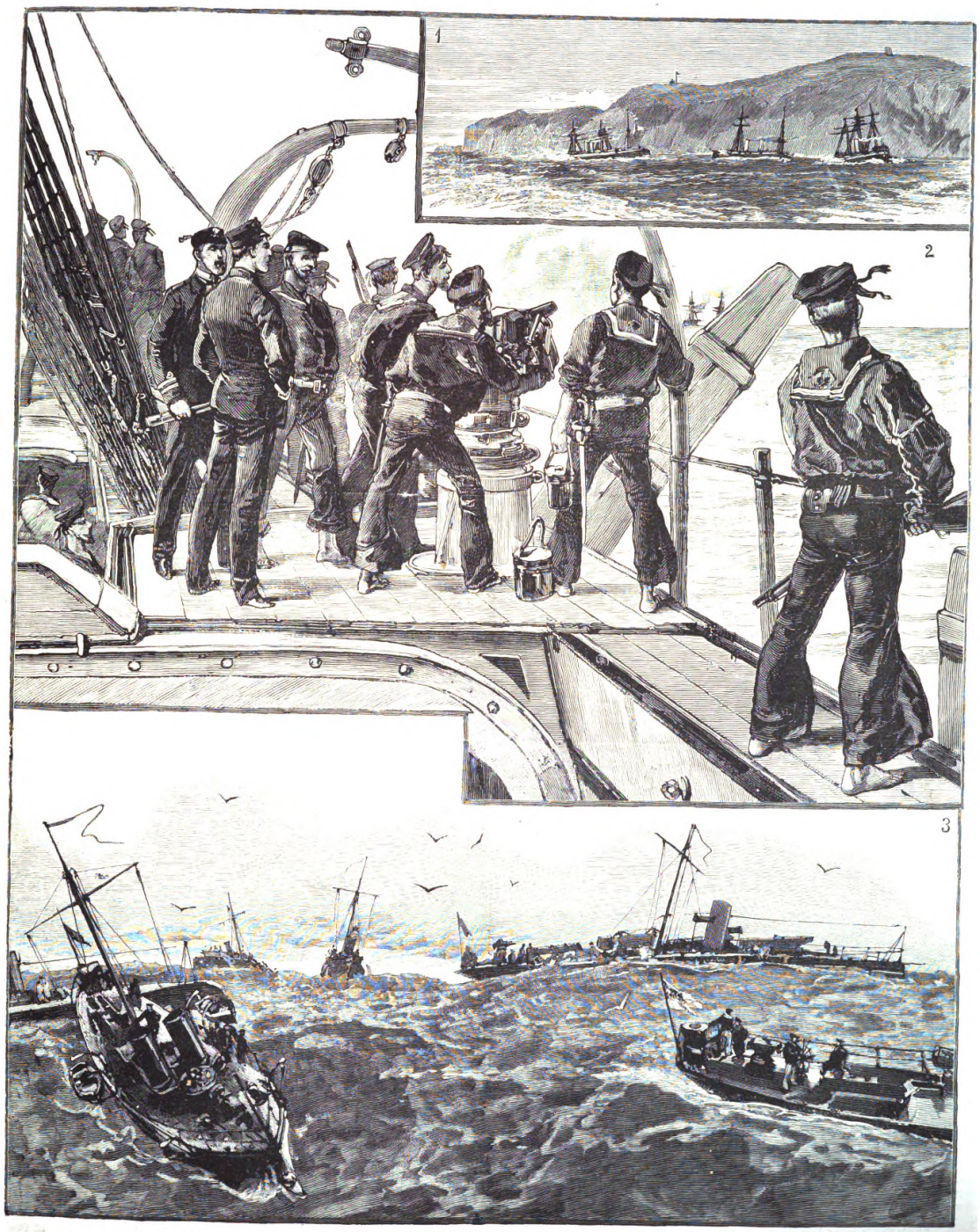
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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BY JAMES PAYN.

It is a sad thing to contemplate, but it is almost certain that novelists who write their stories for serial publication will not live to finish their last one. A very few indeed conclude their work before the publication is begun, and are so far independent of fate; but the common practice is the other way. The hands of the popular author are too full of work to allow him to take such a precaution. I knew a magazine publisher of prudent habits who would never permit his editor to accept a serial that was not finished; "I dinna care how beautifully it is written," he used to say; "the man may dee." His remark has been only too well justified by results. Thackeray, Dickens, Mrs. Gaskell, all died leaving their last serial unfinished. This is one of the things, one would imagine, that not only can't be helped, but can't be remedied. The resources of civilisation, however, in literature, as in everything else, are greater than they used to be. Attempts to finish what another hand has begun have, indeed, been often made and failed. "Christabel," for example, is not supposed to have been so satisfactorily terminated by a living poet as it was commenced by a dead one; but there are signs that this difficulty may eventually be surmounted. At all events the plot of a famous novelist, which his hand was not permitted to evolve, has been of late discovered and disclosed by another author. "The True History of Edwin Drood," by Mr. Proctor, is the first satisfactory attempt with which I am acquainted, to rescue a literary secret, as it were, from the very tomb. It is a very commendable little work, this "loving study of Dickens' half-told tale," and written in a very different spirit from that which generally belongs to such productions; and from the success that will no doubt attend its publication there is much to be hoped—and also feared. To the sensitive author it will certainly add a terror to death to reflect that his last book is going—in however workmanlike a style—to be finished for him; but, on the other hand, his readers will be released from the tenterhooks of expectation, to which they would otherwise have been condemned for ever; and (since his "deeing" will not now be of such importance) his publisher will be gratified. I foresee the advent of a new industry: there will be literary persons who will not go "beyond their lasts" by pretending to be novelists proper, but (as in the regular boot trade) will be "finishers" only. Just at first they may take a little more time than is quite convenient—we can't expect to see "novels finished while you wait," as heels and soles are promised in the shoe-shops—but the inconveniences now resulting from the demise of a novelist "in harness," with his plot only half disclosed and his characters undeveloped, we may reasonably hope will be remedied.

The attempt to conciliate bullies and scoundrels is a great folly, and arises from our ignorance of human nature. They never attribute it to any other cause than our own weakness, and every fresh indulgence only convinces them we are more and more afraid of them. Yet in these modern times we are always falling into this error. The last example of it has occurred in Finland, where the representative of a "County family," after a life (to put it mildly) of great laxity, has left all his property to the Devil. The "intention of the testator" was only too obvious (he wanted to make friends with the person he feared), but the bequest is objected to by his relatives. Among all the queer records in our Doctor's-commons there is nothing so strange as this. What legends in years to come will not this will give rise to! How very much haunted that otherwise "eligible" landed property is sure to be! It is not very likely that the sayings of Douglas Jerrold were familiar to this Finnish (but far from finished) gentleman, yet one of them may well have suggested this eccentric disposition of his property. A spendthrift was boasting to the wit, of the property he had once possessed, but which he had so magnificently dissipated. "I had thirty thousand pounds at one time," he said, "but it 's all gone to the Devil." "Ah, then you 'll get it again," was the dry reply.

Not content with establishing a Home for the Ugly, the Great Republic, in the person of one of its female citizens, has taken it in hand to do away with ugliness in her own sex altogether. Ladies go to her to be made plump or slim; to obtain rounded charms; to get rid of rounded shoulders; and when their eyes, or the surroundings of their eyes, are (like young Bailey's) "a leetle redder than they could wish," to get that little matter remedied. She asserts that there is no excuse for a woman being ugly if she will only follow her regimen. This is all very well, but why has she not a word of advice for us poor men? Madame De Staël, indeed, said of a very plain gentleman, "that he abused man's privilege of being ugly" as if, as a general rule, it didn't signify how we looked: but this is surely not so. Beauty even in a male has been found to be of considerable value. Parthenopæus was so charming to look upon that if his helmet was up in battle no man (worthy of the name) would strike at him: a considerable "pull" in an age when everybody was fighting. Antinous had such an agreeable expression that the Emperor Adrian (who himself was wanting in that respect) caused the current coin to be stamped with his effigy instead of his own—a financial advantage which can hardly be over-estimated. Spurina was so very much "run after" by the fair sex that he destroyed his beauty on account of the endless "rows" that it got him into with husbands and fathers; and everyone knows how Edward IV., at fourteen years of age, got a double subsidy out of a rich widow for his wars in France, on account of his promising personal appearance. Under these circumstances—which could be corroborated, no doubt, by modern instances—I don't see why plain and "weedy" men should not have something done for *them*. What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander; the same remedies could surely be used for both sexes. The ladies, it seems, have to wear braces instead of corsets, so we have something in our favour to start with; the too pale lady has a bottle of claret per diem, which would also suit us very well. "Sassafras tea" and "Iceland-moss lilies" do not seem quite so much in our line; but I don't see why some of us should not be made at least more presentable than at present. What a sensation we should make at the club after a week or two with a "beauty-doctor"!

Of the advantages of the type-writer, no one who has tried it can have any doubt; it is gradually taking its proper place in business houses, and will eventually cheapen even law. It seems strange, indeed—if we did not know that Government was a milch cow which no one thinks of sparing—that in the office of the Solicitor to the Treasury there are maintained at a considerable charge no less than ten copyists. The very best type-writing machine costs but £20, and can produce any amount of copies, infinitely more legible than any lawyer's clerk can make them. I would also respectfully call the attention of literary aspirants to the fact that writing difficult to read is not a passport to the favour of editors, and that MSS. (always "invaluable" when lost) can be duplicated by this simple process at a very small expense. The intelligence of those concerned in the production of the type-writer has discovered a single line wherein every letter of the alphabet occurs save one (and none twice), which is of great use to them in detecting anything amiss in the working of the machine—"A quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog." The leaving out the h is probably a pretty compliment to the Londoner.

Lord Wolseley's admirable article on "Courage" has set people talking of that virtue. There have been as many disquisitions about what constitutes it as about what makes a true gentleman, and the difficulty in each case arises from



THE LATE SIR FRANK SOUTER, C.S.I., COMMISSIONER OF POLICE, BOMBAY.

moral considerations. The courage with which a man defends his own life cannot, for example, be compared with that with which he defends that of a woman or a child. The greatest villains on earth have "sold their lives dearly," and, indeed, quite at a fancy price. That we should find something to admire in their so doing is a proof perhaps (as Thackeray ventures to put it) that all men have something of the coward in them. It is difficult otherwise to explain the approbation that is bestowed upon some brutal ruffian for "dying game." We do not appreciate it in animals; the tiger is careless of danger, and difficult to kill, but the Hindoo villager (who knows most about him) does not applaud him on that account. Still, there is a natural tendency in us all to admire the man who holds lightly what is dearest to most of us, his life, and risks it, even if it be for no higher motive than his own gain. Only, he must be quite sure that he is conscious of his danger; if he were drunk, or mad, the spectators would feel no admiration for him. The Irish gentleman who sat on the very branch he was sawing from the tree, fell, we are all conscious (no matter what was the height) very far short of the hero. Only a few people, let us hope, of the thousands who throng to see the aeronaut at the Alexandra Palace drop a thousand feet from his parachute are actuated (like the Englishman in "The Wandering Jew," who attended the wild-beast tamer wherever he went) by the hope of a catastrophe. For courage of the baser sort, there has certainly been no public exhibition to compare with it; for the man is fully aware of his peril, and his peril is extreme. No ordinary danger is to be mentioned in the same breath. The risk of belonging to a forlorn hope is slight in comparison with it, and even the taking up a live bombshell and throwing it into somebody else's neighbourhood—a favourite amusement during sieges—mere child's play. If the motive were not "gate money," but some unselfish object (such as the endowment of a hospital) the feat would be almost heroic. It is deplorable, of course, from all moral points of view; but the attempts to belittle it are discreditable. Think of the man coming down the first hundred feet like a stone, because his umbrella wouldn't open! This has happened to many people in heavy rain, and given them a moment of supreme excitement; but there was not, in their case, a drop fall of nine hundred feet to come. Gracious goodness!

It is interesting to get at the back of the mind of a fellow creature, be it ever so dull: and I should like to know why the man killed the Bell-bird in the Zoological Gardens. This kind of mischievous idiot is rather rare, though not so rare (nor so valuable) as the Bell-bird. My impression is that fame—or notoriety, which is its substitute in such cases—was the motive, and not that mere idle brutality which caused the Ancient Mariner (old enough to know better) to kill the albatross. He had read (for he could read) that the bird was the only specimen in England, and in killing it, he thought he should be associated with its rarity, and get into the papers. The man who smashed the Portland Vase was actuated by the same feeling. In both cases, only a fine could, apparently, be inflicted; in the former one, most curiously—for from an artistic point of view the loss was little short of a national one—we are told, "A gentleman who was present in the police-court paid the fine." It seems, therefore, that there are not only "destructives" of this amazing kind, but sympathisers with them.

In Dr. Burgon, Dean of Chichester, we lose one of the most vehement of controversialists, and one of the kindest of men. If there needed an example to show that the *odium theologicum* is something quite extraneous to a man's nature, and can exist side-by-side in it with the tenderest feelings, his was a case in point. Though a celibate himself, his love of children was excessive, and was, of course, returned; and to see the little ones playing about that gigantic ecclesiastic was a spectacle at once pathetic and ludicrous. One of the last stories told of him was of his lying in wait—in full vestments, and on his way to the cathedral—to "jump out" upon some juvenile playmate whom he had seen coming, but who somehow got exchanged, on the way, for quite another person, with the most embarrassing results. Never was a good man more full of fun, nor dignitary more careless of convention. He had almost as large and humorous a collection of ecclesiastical anecdotes (for I have had the pleasure of hearing both narrators) as Dean Ramsey himself. One of the pleasantest—and an incident, I believe, which happened to himself—was in connection with the christening of an agricultural male child which its sponsors wished to be called "Vanus." "Venus!" he exclaimed, indignantly. "How dare you ask me to call it any such name? In the first place, it is not a man's name at all, but that of a most wicked and abandoned female." "Please, Sir, the child's grandfather was christened 'Vanus,'" exclaimed the godmother, very much alarmed. "What! do you mean to say he's got a grandfather called 'Venus'? Where *is* his grandfather?" The christening was suspended till he came—a poor old fellow bent double with rheumatism, years, and toil, and looking as little like Venus as can possibly be imagined. "Do you mean to tell me, my good man, that you were christened 'Venus'?" "Well, no, Sir," he coughed and stammered; "I was christened '*Syl*vanus,' but folks always *called* me 'Vanus.'"

THE LATE SIR FRANK SOUTER, C.S.I., C.I.E.

A meeting was recently held at the Northbrook Indian Club under the presidency of the Right Hon. Sir James Fergusson, M.P., for the purpose of raising a memorial fund in recognition of the services of the late Sir Frank Souter, Commissioner of Police, Bombay. A committee was appointed, with Sir Richard Temple, M.P. as chairman, to co-operate with the committee already founded in India for the same purpose; and at the close of the meeting about £350 were subscribed. Sir Frank Souter, who died at Ootacamund, Madras Presidency, on June 4, had gained a deservedly high reputation for his police administration in Bombay during twenty-four years, and was popular both among Europeans and natives. To persons from this country who visited India, his courtesy and hospitality were well known. In November, 1875, he received the honour of knighthood at the hands of the Prince of Wales. He repeatedly received the commendations of the Bombay Government for his services; and was specially thanked by the Government of India for his able conduct in investigating the charges against Mulhar Rao, Gaikwar of Baroda, in 1874, when that Prince was accused of instigating an attempt to poison the Resident, Colonel Phayre. Before coming to Bombay, Sir Frank Souter had greatly distinguished himself during the Mutiny, particularly in the capture of the Chief of Nurgoond, and of the notorious outlaw, Bhagoji Naik. On the latter occasion, he was officially reported to have been "first in and last out of the fight, and his escape was almost miraculous. His horse fell, pierced almost simultaneously with three bullets, and his tunic was also cut through with a sword, while engaged in one of the hand-to-hand combats." Sir Hugh Rose stated that his bravery fully entitled him to the distinction of the Victoria Cross. It may be said to have been hereditary, as his father, Captain Souter, of the 44th Regiment, saved the colours of that regiment in the first Afghan War. Sir Frank Souter died suddenly of heart disease at Ootacamund, where he had gone on short leave to recruit his health. The Governor of Madras, Lord Connemara, attended his funeral as chief mourner, accompanied by his staff and the principal members of Government. All classes in Bombay united in mourning for his death.

The lugger Seagull, of Lowestoft, went down on Aug. 4 off Scarborough in a gale, and her crew, nine in number, were all lost, although vigorous efforts to save them were made by the captain of a smack who witnessed the catastrophe.

The fifty-fourth High Court meeting of the Ancient Order of Foresters—the largest friendly society in the world—commenced, on Aug. 7, its week's deliberations, in the Townhall, Reading. There was a procession of friendly societies through the principal streets on Aug. 6, and in the evening a fête took place in honour of the High Court meeting.

Miss Letitia A. Walkington, Master of Arts of the Royal University, Ireland, has the distinction not only of being the first lady graduate in arts, but also the first to take a degree in laws, having passed most creditably, after private study, the examination for LL.B. just held at Dublin. About a dozen Irish ladies have passed the examinations for the degree of B.A.

The heavy rain of Aug. 1 greatly increased the floods in the low-lying parts of London and the Lower Thames Valley. The Great Eastern Railway suffered greatly, and traffic was much interfered with. The floods were especially severe at Romford.—The Lord Mayor has opened a fund for the relief of the distress in the Isle of Dogs and Poplar caused by the floods. About £5000 is required. The Court of Common Council has subscribed 100 guineas.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Her Majesty's Ministers, in crossing the Solent to attend the Queen's Council at Osborne, will, in refreshing their sight with glimpses of the rich woodland verdure of the Isle of Wight, have a pleasant foretaste of holiday relaxation. The Recess is necessary to soften political asperities, and regain health and vigour. Envied by members of the Government was Mr. Gladstone, who anticipated the adjournment of Parliament by a week, and renewed his youth by breathing the pure air of Hawarden Park on the August Bank Holiday.

The Marquis of Salisbury, jaded more by Foreign Office interviews with the Ambassadors of the Great Powers than by lounges on the Ministerial bench in the House of Lords, is to seek the waters of recuperation, if not of Lethe, at Royat. And it is to be hoped that the hue of health will presently be restored to the worn and blanched faces of Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. John Morley, Sir Richard Webster, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, by rest and recreation.

It is a notable fact that, whilst "the masses" and their eloquent advocate were revelling to their hearts' content in Bank Holiday fashion on the Sixth of August, "the classes" represented in the House of Lords were immersed in public business of the highest importance. Their Lordships were engrossed in the Local Government Bill, in the Committee stage of which Lord Salisbury exercised his powers with accustomed lucidity and emphatic force. Once again, let it be said, this admirable County Councils Bill of the Government is, though far from perfect, a measure the Ministry may well feel proud of, and be particularly thankful to Mr. Ritchie for having so skilfully steered it through the shoals of the Lower House. It will not only be of incalculable service to England and Wales and Parliament, which it will relieve of much local work which should be done in the localities concerned; but it paves the way for a reasonable settlement of the Home Rule grievances of Ireland, and likewise of Scotland, for Scotland also calls for Home Rule, if the drily, very drily, humorous Dr. Wallace may be accepted as the Parnell of North Britain.

The Members of Parliament Commission Bill—the measure to inquire into the charges brought by the *Times* newspaper against Mr. Parnell and his colleagues in the "Parnellism and Crime" pamphlet—has mainly occupied the time, and tried the patience, of the Lower House during the opening days of August. The Irish Nationalist members made a tough fight of it to restrict the investigation by the three Judges to the allegations directly laid at their doors; and on more than one occasion prolonged the sitting to close upon dawn. These protracted all-night sittings, revival of a custom that the Closure was supposed to have extinguished, will make the holiday interval that is to elapse between now and the autumn Session all the more welcome to the fagged Ministers of the Lower House, of whom Mr. Arthur Balfour continues to be the most serenely phlegmatic and philosophic, having a firm belief in the efficacy of his policy of restraint in Ireland.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on Aug. 1, the marriage of Lieutenant Horace Francis Kays, of the 74th Highlanders, with Miss Emily Colvin, youngest daughter of Sir Auckland Colvin, was solemnised in the presence of a large assembly. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Tufnell, Canon of Chichester, assisted by the Rev. Simon Fraser, uncle of the bride, and the Rev. Prebendary Moore, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Owing to the absence of Sir Auckland Colvin in India, the bride was conducted to the altar by her uncle, Mr. Bazett Colvin, late of the Indian Civil Service, and was given away by her sister, Mrs. Wollaston Groome. The bridesmaids were—Miss Colvin and Miss Ethel Colvin (cousins of the bride), Miss K. Elin, and Miss G. Oakes. The bride was also attended by two smart pages—Master Auckland Wollaston Groome (nephew of the bride) and Master John Crosbie (nephew of the bridegroom). Captain Frank Maxwell, of the 74th Highlanders, officiated as best man.

The marriage of Mr. David Dale to Miss Alice Milbank, daughter of Sir Frederick Milbank, took place on Aug. 2, at the parish church of Well, near Bedale, Yorkshire. The Bishop of Ripon officiated, and the bride was given away by her father.

The marriage of Mr. Adrian C. F. Hope, eldest son of Colonel Hope, V.C., and Miss Laura Troubridge, second daughter of the late Colonel Sir Thomas St. V. Hope Troubridge, Bart., C.B., A.D.C., took place on Aug. 2, at Hopton, Great Yarmouth. The bride was attended by six bridesmaids—Misses Amy, Violet, and Helen Troubridge, her sisters; Misses Evelyn and Olive Orde, her cousins; and Miss Laura Hope, sister of the bridegroom; and was given away by her brother, Captain Sir T. Troubridge, 60th Rifles. The bridegroom's best man was the Hon. Spencer Hylton-Jolliffe.

We are informed that a marriage has been arranged between Lord Robert Cecil, third son of the Marquis of Salisbury, and Lady Eleanor Lambton, third daughter of the late Earl of Durham, and sister of the present Peer.

Mr. Frederick William Maitland, M.A., has been elected Down Professor of Law at Cambridge University, in succession to the late Professor Birkbeck, Master of Downing College.

The Queen has conferred the appointment of Companion to the Order of the Bath on Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel (having the local and temporary rank of Brigadier-General) Alexander Temple Cox, Madras Staff Corps.

The Elcho Challenge Shield, won by the Irish Eight at the late Wimbledon meeting, was handed over, on Aug. 4, at Olympia, to the executive of the Irish Exhibition, as its custodians, preliminary to its transfer to Dublin.

Under the presidency of Professor Gairdner, the fifty-sixth meeting of the British Medical Association, which now numbers upwards of 12,600 members, and has forty-five branches in the United Kingdom, India, and the Colonies, began in Glasgow on Aug. 7.

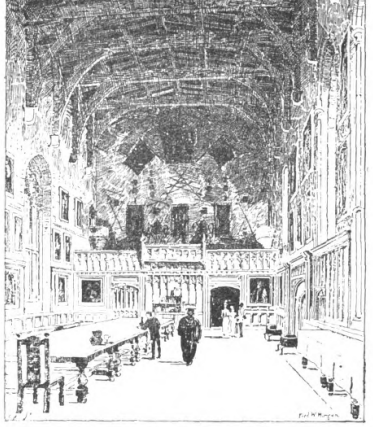
It was announced at the Wesleyan Conference at Camborne that the denomination had issued 7,507,337 publications during the year, from the profits of which the following grants were made:—The Annuitant Society, £3000; Home Missions, £500; Ireland, £100; Auxiliary Fund, £100; additional to Ireland, £100; and Auxiliary Fund, £100. The representative sessions for financial business began on Aug. 6.

Although the weather was not by any means favourable for out-door amusements on Aug. 6, very large numbers of Londoners turned out to enjoy the Bank Holiday. The places of resort outside London had numerous visitors, those close to town being to a large extent driven homewards early in the afternoon by rain. The various museums and exhibitions in town were well filled during the day, and in the evening the theatres were thronged.—About midnight on Bank Holiday a disastrous collision occurred at Hampton Wick Station, on the London and South-Western Railway, by which four persons were killed and many others more or less severely injured, of whom two have since died.

THE COURT.

The Queen drove out on Aug. 3 accompanied by the Hereditary Grand Duke and Princess Alice of Hesse. Fräulein Von Fabrice, General Gardiner, C.B., and Major-General Dennehy, C.I.E., had the honour of being included in her Majesty's dinner-party. Her Majesty went out on the 4th with Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse. The Queen drove out on the 4th accompanied by Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and Princess Beatrice. Viscountess Melgund, Earl Cadogan, General the Right Hon. and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby, and Commander Poore (of her Majesty's yacht Victoria and Albert), had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. On Sunday morning, the 5th, her Majesty and the Royal family, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service. The Hon. and Rev. F. Byng, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty, officiated. In the afternoon the Queen drove out accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse. Earl Cadogan and the Hon. and Rev. F. Byng had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, the Hereditary Grand Duke and Princess Alice of Hesse, drove to Kent House on Aug. 6 to congratulate the Marquis of Lorne upon his birthday. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, and Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and the Marquis of Lorne, visited the Queen and remained to luncheon. Her Majesty drove out in the afternoon accompanied by the Hereditary Grand Duke and Princess Alice of Hesse. Lieutenant-General Sir George Willis, K.C.B., arrived at Osborne, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Captain the Hon. North and Mrs. Dalrymple had also the honour of being invited. Her Majesty went out on the 7th accompanied by her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice. Lieutenant King-Harman and Sub-Lieutenant Lees (of her Majesty's yacht Victoria and Albert) dined at Osborne, and had the honour of being received by the Queen in the evening.

Prince Albert Victor, who promised to visit Huddersfield on Aug. 7, on the occasion of the Yorkshire Agricultural Show, was unable to go, being confined to his room with a bad foot and forbidden to travel.



THE DINING-HALL OF DURHAM CASTLE, WHERE THE BISHOP OF DURHAM ENTERTAINED THE AMERICAN, COLONIAL, AND MISSIONARY BISHOPS.

The forty-fourth birthday of the Duke of Edinburgh was observed at Windsor on Aug. 6 by the ringing of the bells of St. George's Chapel and the firing of Royal salutes in the Long Walk.

Princess Mary Adelaide and the Duke of Teck, and Princess Victoria and Prince Francis, have returned from visiting the Marquis and Marchioness of Abergavenny at Bridge Castle, Sussex.

The Duchess of Albany visited the People's Palace in the Mile-end-road, on Aug. 4, to open a loan exhibition of paintings and to inaugurate an extensive autumn fête. Her Royal Highness presented the prizes awarded at the late competition of members of the People's Palace gymnasium.

The Duke of Cambridge left Gloucester House, Park-lane, on Aug. 7, for Kissingen, where he will stay for a few weeks.

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MUSIC.

At present there is scarcely anything to record of London musical performances; the close of the season, and the termination of Mr. Augustus Harris's first lesseeship of the Royal Italian Opera, having left a comparative vacuum in London music—one, however, of brief duration, Covent-Garden Theatre reopening (as previously recorded) on Saturday evening, Aug. 11. We have already given an outline of the extensive arrangements made by Mr. W. Freeman Thomas, the lessee, for his seventh annual series of Promenade Concerts, the opening of which must be noticed by us hereafter.

The Irish Ballad Concerts (in the new Concert Hall adjoining the Irish Exhibition, Olympia) have been successfully continued under the direction of Mr. Ludwig.

The Alexandra Palace directors announced the first Baden-Baden concert for Aug. 2; the Crystal Palace having arranged a grand promenade concert for the Bank Holiday, the orchestra of the institution, conducted by Mr. Manns, and three military bands co-operating in the programme. Concerts were also announced, on the afternoon and evening of the same date, in association with the Anglo-Danish Exhibition, at the Royal Albert Hall.

The next important specialty to claim attention will be provincial, not metropolitan—the Birmingham Triennial Festival, which will open on Aug. 28, Dr. Hans Richter being (as at the celebration of 1885) the conductor. Further details of the arrangements may be more accurately given on the nearer approach of the festival, some changes having already been made from previous announcements.

The 165th festival of the Cathedral Choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester will open on Sept. 11, the special services taking place on Sept. 9. Here also we reserve details until the nearer approach of the celebration, and the issue of the latest programmes.

At the opening of the Centennial Exhibition at Melbourne, on Aug. 1, Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Song of Thanksgiving" was produced, conducted by himself. The work, which was composed specially for the occasion, is to be given on the third day of the forthcoming Hereford Festival, Sept. 13.

The distribution of prizes to students of the London Academy of Music took place recently, at St. George's Hall, Langham-place. The presentation was made by Signor Bevignani, the eminent conductor. Dr. Wylde, Principal of the institution, delivered an appropriate address to the students, and drew special attention to the successes obtained by former pupils of the Academy—Miss M. Macintyre, on the stage of the Royal Italian Opera; and Miss Maggie Okey (now Madame De Pachmann), as a pianist of the first rank. The proceedings of the day included a concert of vocal and instrumental music, in which pupils of the Academy contributed effective performances.

Mr. Henry Baumer, who died recently at the age of fifty-three, gained distinction at the Royal Academy of Music, and became favourably known as a pianist and teacher of his instrument, for which he produced some successful compositions.

AMERICAN AND COLONIAL BISHOPS AT DURHAM.

After the late Pan-Anglican ecclesiastical Congress at Lambeth, Durham, by an invitation from the Bishop of the diocese (Dr. Lightfoot), was visited by about sixty of the American, Colonial, and Missionary Bishops. They attended a special service at the Cathedral; and, at a Convocation of the Northern University, a number of distinguished prelates received the honorary degree of D.D. One was Dr. Austin, Bishop of Guiana and "Metropolitan of the West Indies," who has laboured in that colony forty-six years. Another was Dr. Crowther, Bishop of the Niger, the first Bishop of the Negro race. Rescued, when a youth, from the grip of the slave-trader by a British man-of-war, he became the earliest student in the College of Fourah Bay, and a clergyman of the Church of England. The right reverend prelate, who is above four-score years of age, was very cordially welcomed by the whole assembly. In the evening, the American and Colonial visitors, and many of the clergy of the diocese, dined in the hall connected with University College, Durham, where Convocations are usually held. Our View of this fine room, which is 101 ft. long and 36 ft. wide, is from a drawing made by Mr. Fred. W. Morgan.

At a meeting of the Sheffield Cutlers' Company, on Aug. 7, Mr. S. E. Howell, of the firm of Howell and Co., Brook Steel Works, Sheffield, was elected Master Cutler.

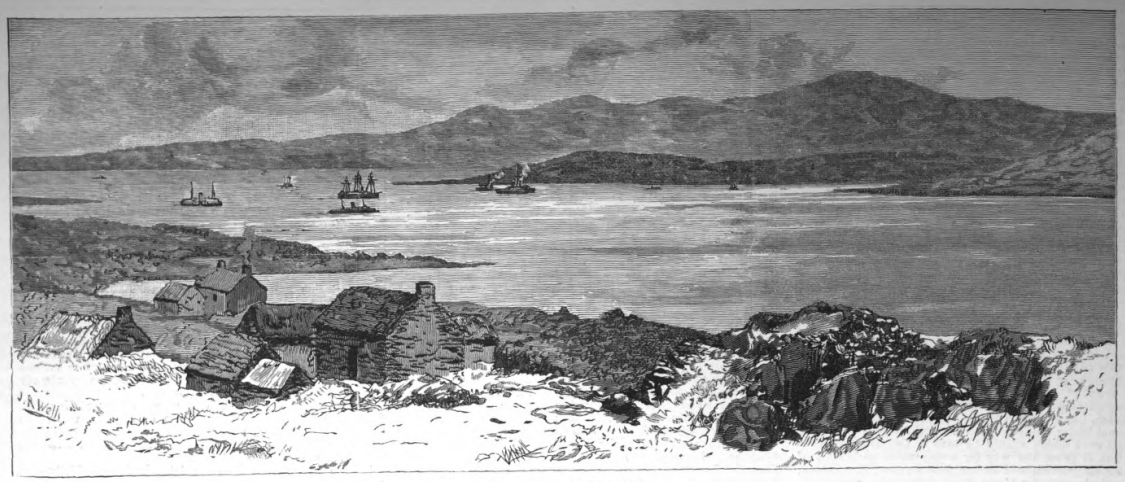
The Rev. R. P. Browne, second master of King William's College, Isle of Man, has been elected head-master of Kendal New Grammar School, in place of the Rev. W. J. Constable, who has obtained a mastership at Uppingham.

The Queen's swankeeper and the officials of the Vintners' and Dyers' Companies finished on Aug. 4 their annual voyage up the Thames for the purpose of marking the swans between London Bridge and Henley. The trip occupied several days, and resulted in the capture and "nicking" of 343 old and young birds, 178 of which are claimed by her Majesty, 94 by the Vintners' Company, and 71 by the Dyers' Company.

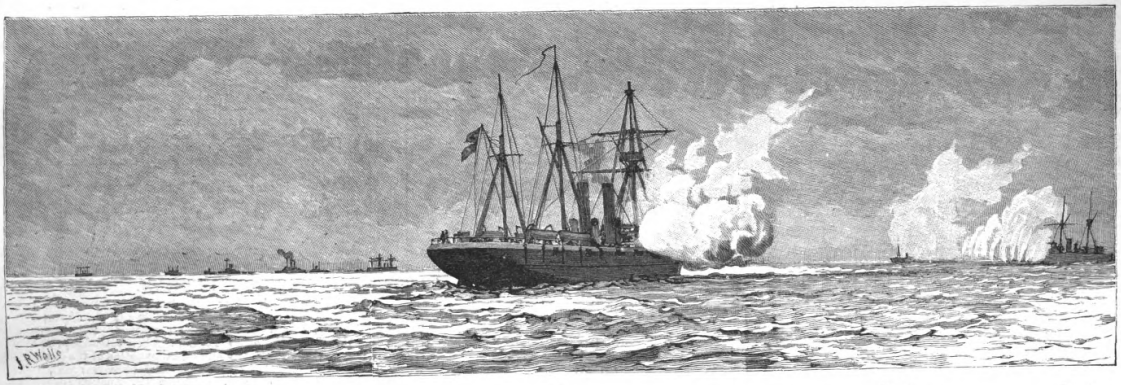
The trial of eight youths, named Gellatly, Elves, Cole, Lee, Graefe, Henshaw, Govier, and Duling, charged with the wilful murder of Joseph Rumbold, in Regent's Park, was continued at the Central Criminal Court, before Mr. Justice Hawkins, on Aug. 2. Gellatly, who is but eighteen years of age, was found guilty, with a recommendation to mercy, and was sentenced to death. The other prisoners, who had pleaded guilty to riot and assault in connection with the murder, were brought up on Aug. 4 and sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from fifteen to six months.

It is announced in the *Gazette* that the Queen has appointed Lieutenant-General Sir Henry D'Oyley Torrens, K.C.B., to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Malta and its Dependencies. The appointments of Mr. Henry Dudley Barnham, now British Vice-Consul at Smyrna, to be her Majesty's Consul for Eastern Soudan, to reside at Souakim, and of Mr. George Pollard Devey, now British Vice-Consul at the Dardanelles, to be her Majesty's Vice-Consul at Van, are gazetted.

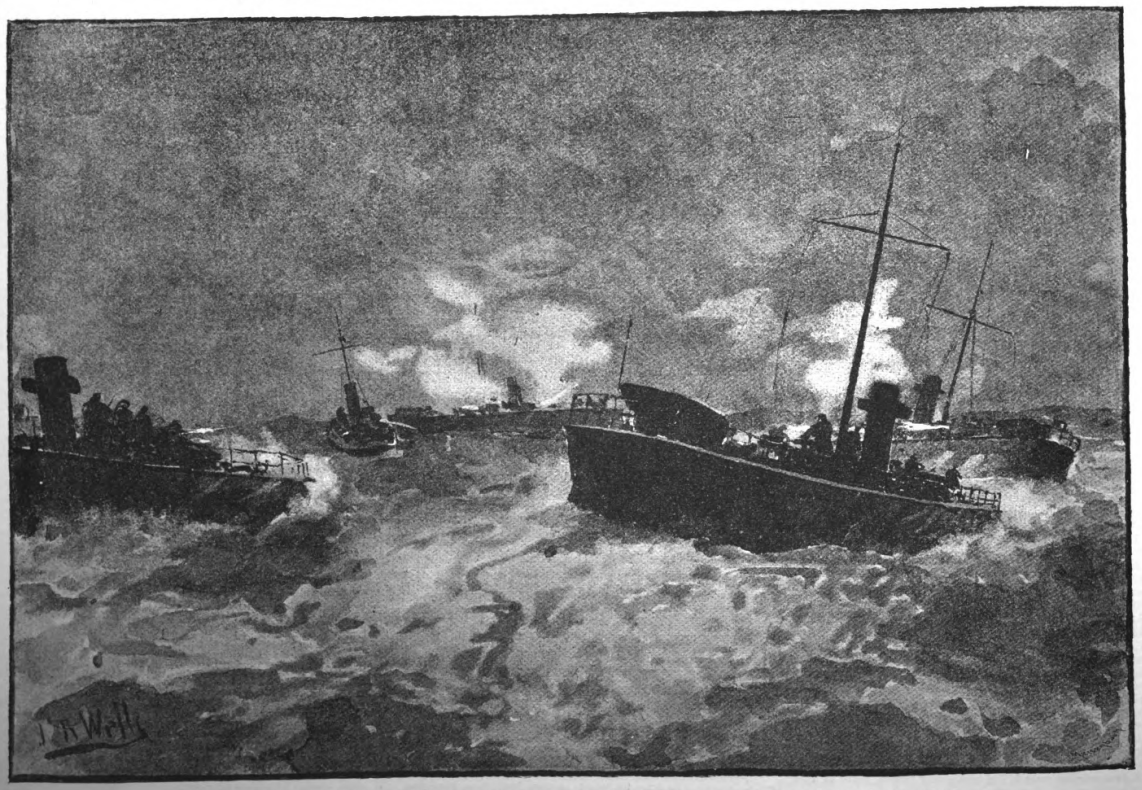
A Memorandum issued by Lord Wolseley from the War Office states that the Commander-in-Chief has recently had before him reports on field-firing at home, in India, and the Colonies, "and is satisfied with the improvement manifested, particularly in India, in carrying out these practices. His Royal Highness is of opinion, however, that with the facilities that at present exist in many stations and commands (this applies more especially to the United Kingdom) much more may still be done by introducing into the field-firing certain features incidental to the attack and defence of positions, in order to give greater air of reality to the practice than has hitherto been the case." The general ideas for future guidance are indicated in detail, and it is pointed out that, when possible, the three arms should be employed, the Artillery firing blank if shell cannot be used with safety.



BEREHAVEN, BANTRY BAY.



THE IRIS AND SEVERN, OF THE "B SQUADRON," ENGAGING A BLOCKADING SCOUT OUTSIDE BEREHAVEN.



TORPEDO-BOATS OF THE "B SQUADRON" CAPTURING TWO "A SQUADRON" TORPEDO-BOATS OFF BLACK BALL HEAD.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES ON THE COAST OF IRELAND: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



SCHLOSS BRAUNFELS, THE ANCESTRAL RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCES SOLMS, GERMANY.

FESTIVITIES AT MUNICH.

The Munich Centenary Jubilee Festival, celebrating the birth of King Ludwig I. of Bavaria, has recently taken place. The ceremonies and sights extended from the display of fireworks, on the evening of July 30, to the illumination of the city, on the evening of July 31; they culminated in the grand procession on the morning of the second day. Numerous extra trains had brought in a great many strangers from distant parts. The fireworks were arranged by the Roman pyrotechnist, Cavaliere Luigi Papi, and by the architects Cavaliere Gioachino Ersoch and Virgilio Ribacchi. They were very splendid, and interesting by the luminous illustrations of the architectural creations of King Ludwig II., especially the Walhalla and the Hall of Fame, near Ratisbon or Regensburg. One of the sights of the evening was also the multitude parading the streets with Chinese lanterns. The procession on the 31st continued from nine o'clock till half-past one. It presented two features of interest—the progress of the arts of peace from early times to our own, with illustrations from various countries, especially Oriental; and illustrations of the architectural and other designs of King Ludwig I.

It would be impossible in a few words to convey an idea of this vast procession, as seen from a window at the Bureau of the Gendarmerie in the Odeon's-platz. Of course, the art-element predominated. The triumphant cars, some of great beauty, had been designed by Munich artists; also the costumes, primitive, rococo, and Oriental. Another feature was the absence of militarism and the large representation of the industrial and agricultural elements. The soldiers were only represented by their bands, and there was a large sprinkling of dress-coats, white neckties, and cylinder hats, that showed the civilian element. There was, however, a great variety of tasteful costumes, in the students' uniforms of different corps, the wild attire of Huns and ancient Germans, the graceful maidens in tasteful fancy dresses, and the Orientals, adding a Mikado effect to the scene.

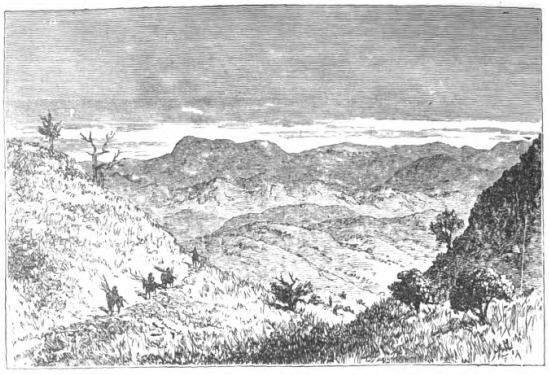
One of the most interesting features was the car bearing the golden cradle of King Ludwig I., heralded by one hundred singing children in white, mounted and escorted by a number of blooming maidens, many draped in the elegant attire of the time of Louis XVI. of France. This car was the real Jubilee Car of the procession; but many others, representing the Arts and Sciences and the Art-creations of the King, were highly poetical in conception and finished in execution.

Another very striking adjunct of the procession was the representation of mechanical art and iron-working, with a monstrous dragon covered with many-coloured scales and ejecting smoke and steam from its mouth. Unfortunately, this really clever device was the cause of a catastrophe that marred the peaceful course of this day's pageantry. The procession marched from the Karl's-Thor, by the Residenz, to the Ludwig's-strasse, down which it doubled back into the Odeon's-platz, and went by the Brienner-strasse to the Maximilian's-platz. Eight elephants, some recently arrived from Ceylon, belonging to Hagenbeck's menagerie, were enlisted and marched with their keepers in the Oriental department. In doubling back in the Ludwig's-strasse, these elephants unfortunately came opposite the steam-dragon, and, taking alarm, broke their chain bindings, and under the impression of terror dashed through the panic-stricken crowd, which increased the mischief by striking and throwing at the elephants thus driven into uncontrollable fright. The animals backed into the Wittelsbacker-platz, rushed down the Brienner-strasse, on to the Hof Theater, and to the Mint, upsetting people and cabs, breaking through doors, and dashing into all manner of strange places. One boy of sixteen was seized by the trunk of an elephant, and hurled into the river Isar, with no further injury. An old gentleman in a small house, hearing the elephants breaking into his premises, got on the roof and kept shouting "Help! help! the elephants are at me!" At length, about five o'clock, most of the beasts, having got into a cellar, being perhaps keen after beer, like their Bavarian pursuers, were eventually secured. It is said that if the people had kept cool, and had not driven the animals wild by an onslaught on them, little misfortune would have occurred. As it was, thirteen persons were seriously injured and four are dead, including a circus-rider, a young lady named Wagner, who was thrown from the palanquin of an elephant and broke her neck.

The first international chess tournament ever held in the provinces began on Aug. 6, at Bradford, under the auspices of the British Chess Association, in co-operation with the amateurs of Yorkshire. The eighteen competitors in the Masters' Tournament were received by Alderman Morley, the Mayor of Bradford, at the Alexandra Hotel.

THE BRITISH TROOPS IN ZULULAND.

The necessity for again sending military reinforcements to South Africa, at the disposal of the High Commissioner of the British Government, has arisen from a civil war among the Zulu nation, formerly ruled by King Cetewayo. The native feudal chiefs, or petty Kings, between whom that portion of the country was divided which was not annexed to the immediate British dominion, soon lost their authority, except one, named Usibepu, who professed loyalty to the British protectorate, and with whom Dinizulu, the son of Cetewayo, obtaining the assistance of certain Dutch Boers by ceding to them land for a pretended new Dutch Republic, waged a war costing many lives and much distress to the people. Usibepu has latterly been worsted, and the British Government—not that of Natal but the Imperial High Commissioner—has ordered General Leicester Smythe, commanding her Majesty's forces, to put down the usurper Dinizulu, treating him as a rebel. The British camp, on June 19, was established at a place called Entonjaneni, overlooking the plain of Ulundi, the scene of Cetewayo's final defeat by Lord Chelmsford's army in 1879, and the valley of the White Umvolosi river. A correspondent, Major C. H. Atchison, R.A., has favoured us with a Sketch of the view from near the camp, which will remind our readers of some other views of Zululand published during the memorable Zulu war nine years ago. Entonjaneni is distant fifty-four miles from Etshowe, near the eastern seacoast, which place was held at that time, with great fortitude, by a small garrison of British soldiers and sailors under Colonel Pearson (now General Sir Edward Pearson), closely beleaguered by an immense force of the enemy, and suffering from want of provisions and ammunition. It is now the basis of military operations in Zululand. The troops first assembled at Entonjaneni were drawn from the garrison of Pietermaritzburg, in the adjacent colony of Natal; and the detachment of Royal Artillery, commanded by Major Atchison, performed the distance, 195 miles, in eleven marches. There is an advanced post of the British force at Nkonjani, twenty-two miles further to the north-east. It is said that Dinizulu is now at Cesa, on the northern frontier of Zululand, with only two thousand followers, mostly belonging to alien tribes. He certainly does not command the general support of the Zulu nation, and may either take flight or surrender, instead of putting the British expedition to the trouble of pursuing him.

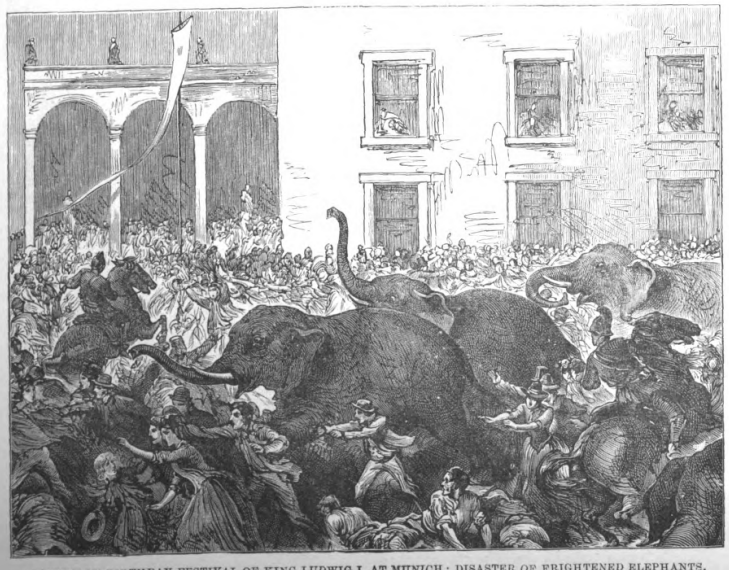


VIEW FROM BRITISH CAMP AT ENTONJANENI, ZULULAND.

The match at Hastings between the Australians and an Eleven of England terminated on Aug. 4 in a victory for the colonists by an innings and 27 runs.—At Lord's a match was played by the M.C.C. and Ground, who scored 71 and 66, against a Scarborough Eleven, who made but 29 and 50 in their two innings.

In commemoration of the freedom of the Scheldt, fêtes will be held at Antwerp from Saturday, Aug. 11, throughout the following week. On the night of Tuesday, Aug. 14, a Venetian water-fête upon the Scheldt has been organised by the Chamber of Commerce of Antwerp, comprising a naval procession and general illumination of the river. In connection with these celebrations return tickets have been arranged by the Great Eastern Railway at reduced rates, via the Harwich route, available from the opening to the close of the festival.

The annual meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron was held on Aug. 6, at the Castle, Cowes. The Prince of Wales, the Commodore, presided, and there were over sixty other members present.—The Cowes week opened with a couple of races in connection with the Royal London Yacht Club, whose Solent station is on the Cowes Parade. The roadstead was studded with a magnificent fleet of sailing and steam yachts, which were dressed from stem to stern in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh's forty-fourth birthday.—The Royal Yacht Squadron race for her Majesty's cup took place on the 7th off Cowes, when Moina (Captain Bainbridge's cutter) won.



CENTENARY BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL OF KING LUDWIG I. AT MUNICH: DISASTER OF FRIGHTENED ELEPHANTS.

SCHLOSS BRAUNFELS.

Braunfels, the seat of the Princes Solms, is one of the most ancient and picturesque castles in Germany. It is scarcely two hours' journey by rail from either Coblenz, Ems, or Frankfurt. Tourists in the Rhineland may take the Lahn Valley route, by Ems, Braunfels, and Giessen, to Frankfurt, and may return by the Rhine.

The residence of the ancient family of Solms has much historical interest, especially to English people. So far back as 1269 we find the English Earl of Cornwall, elected King of Germany in 1257, connected with this house by his marriage with the beautiful Countess Beatrix of Falkenstein. The talented Countess Amalia Solms, daughter of Count John Albert, was grandmother of King William III. of England, being the wife of Prince Henry of Orange. But it is to the deeds of Count Henry Solms that the family can refer with pardonable pride. He landed with Prince William of Orange at Torbay, in 1688, and was among the Prince's trusted captains for many years. He was present at the relief of Derry; and, at the head of his famous regiment of infantry—Solms' Blues, 2000 strong—was the first to attack the enemy at the battle of the Boyne, on the morning of July 1, 1690. Although repeatedly requested by William to take service in the English Army, he steadfastly refused, and was killed in action, as General in the Dutch service, at the battle of Neerwinden, on July 19, 1693.

The almost total destruction of the castle by fire in 1679, and of its ancestral archives, was a serious loss to the family; but copies of these documents had been preserved. The rebuilding was commenced immediately, and was continued at intervals between the feudal wars of those times; but it was left for the present head of the house, Prince George Solms, to restore the Schloss to its former grandeur. The completion of this task only took place in 1885. The original plan of Schloss Braunfels was adhered to; and it now stands, on its foundation of "brown rock" (the origin of the name), a faithful copy of the castle before its destruction in the seventeenth century.

The view of the castle, as seen from the beautiful road leading through the deer-park from the station, is most effective. It is beheld at a distance, standing out against the skyline, with the gabled roofs of a small part of the old town, beech and oak forests surrounding them. Arrived at the castle, and standing on the old ramparts, the visitor sees beneath him and close around him woods of gnarled oak, beech, and waving pine-trees; and, in the distance to the north, the Westerwold; to the south, the Taunus mountains, with their peaks ranging one above the other, which make a background such as Nature alone, in her wild grandeur, can supply. Within the building, however, a visitor to Braunfels, or one merely passing through, will find more to interest him. The numerous rooms and halls are arranged in exquisite taste, showing the styles of different periods, with fine old delicately carved oak, china, many-coloured tapestries, antique silver, curiously patterned laces and embroideries; amongst the latter is the wedding-dress of St. Elizabeth of Thüringen, made at the nunnery of Altenburg, a few miles distant from Braunfels, and the property of the Solms family. The Baronial Hall, with its weird arched roof, and the collection of the old armour adorning its walls, demands a careful inspection. The picture galleries are worth much attention, containing, besides many other portraits, those more intimately connected with the history of England, such as the picture of Count Henry Solms and his twelve trusty Captains. There are various modern works of art, among which are the realistic paintings of wild animal life by Deiker.

One of the reasons, perhaps, why Braunfels is, or, rather, was, so little known to travellers was the want of good accommodation in the town. But now a first-class establishment, the Schloss Hotel, with every modern comfort for a lengthened sojourn, has been erected. This place is recommended for its bracing air, calculated to restore one's health; while the beautiful walks through the woods, and excursions to the interesting places in the neighbourhood within pleasant driving distance, will occupy the time, with some excellent fishing on a stream many miles in length, and other sport, which can easily be obtained. Prince Albert Solms's kennels are within walking-distance, and people interested in dogs should not fail to visit them. They are probably the largest on the Continent, and contain as fine a collection of sporting and other dogs of the purest strains, nearly all noted prize winners, as can be seen anywhere in England. Braunfels, with all these attractions, should have many English visitors in the present and future seasons.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen entertained on Aug. 6, at Dollis Hill, 350 residents of the Homes for Working-Girls in London. Dr. George Macdonald, Mr. John Shrimpton, and Captain Sinclair were also present.

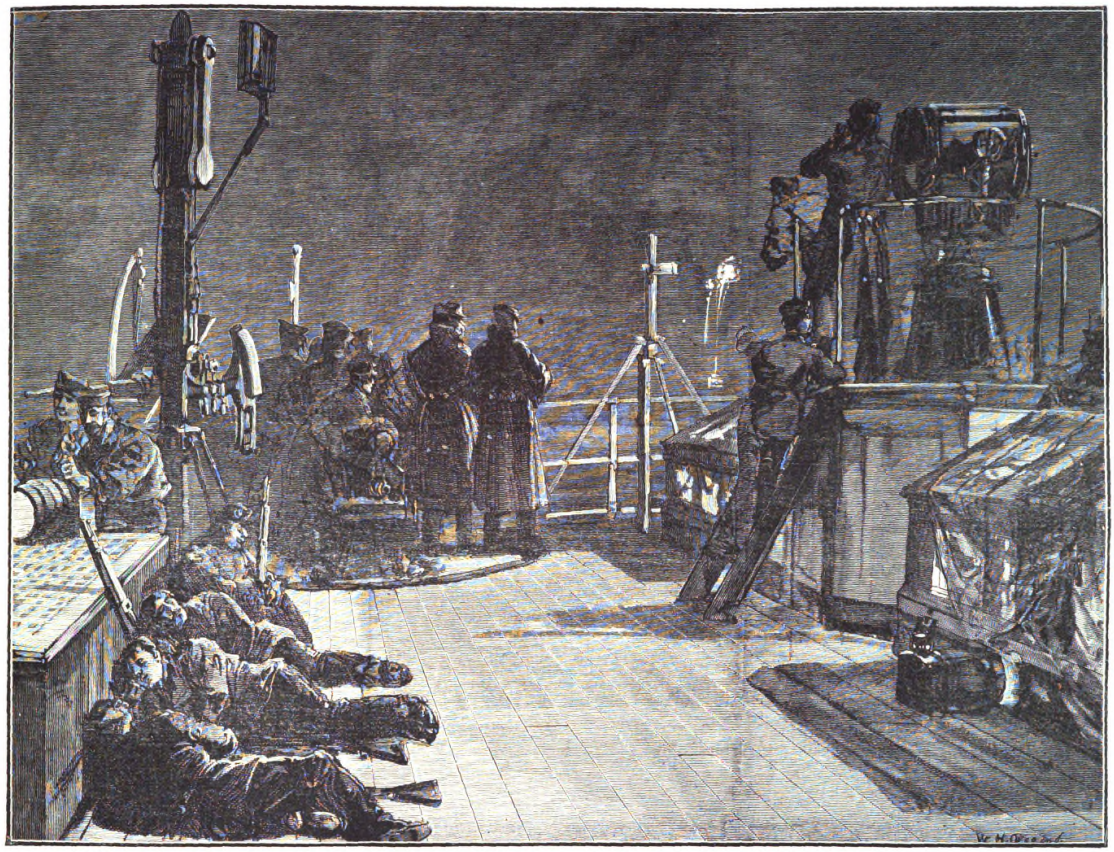
During the past seven months 173,961 emigrants of British origin left the kingdom, of whom 124,182 went to the United States, 25,353 to British North America, and 16,123 to Australasia. In the first seven months of 1887 the number was 169,555, of whom 124,311 were for the United States, 21,141 for British North America, and 17,922 for Australasia. During the past month the number was 19,134, as compared with 29,938 in July, 1887, 2,524 of this decrease being in the emigration to the United States.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

Our Special Artists, Mr. W. H. Overend and Mr. J. R. Wells, respectively accompanying, on board H.M.S. Northumberland and H.M.S. Hercules, the "A squadron," under command of Vice-Admiral Baird, and the "B squadron," commanded by Rear-Admiral Sir George Tryon, have supplied us with many sketches of the contest in manœuvres and tactics of naval warfare, on the south-west coast of Ireland. It has been explained to our readers that the "B squadron" represents an enemy's fleet which has occupied the western and northern ports of that island, especially Bantry Bay, in the county of Cork, and Lough Swilly, in Donegal, with the intention of attacking Great Britain, and of destroying British vessels at sea. The "A squadron," at the beginning of hostilities on July 24, blockaded the enemy's ships in both these harbours; the operations on the north coast being conducted by Rear-Admiral Rowley, with his division of the "A squadron" from the Isle of Arran, Firth of Clyde, investing the position of Rear-Admiral Fitzroy, who was in Lough Swilly with his division of the "B squadron." Our present Illustrations, however, are confined to the blockade of Bantry Bay by the main division of the "A squadron," immediately commanded by Admiral Baird, and Sir George Tryon's defence of his position with the "B squadron," first division, stationed at Berehaven, where it is sheltered by a small island near the north shore of Bantry Bay, called Bear Island. That shore extends to a promontory fifteen miles further westward, opposite Dursey Island, in the open Atlantic; its most southerly point is Black Ball Head, well outside of Bantry Bay. The mainland shores of Cork, again deeply penetrated by Dunmanus Bay, terminate to the south at Brow Head, near the little fishing-port of Crookhaven, and within sight of Cape Clear, which is not part of the mainland, but another small island, well known to American mail steam-ships on their way to Cork Harbour. An enemy's fleet, once permitted to get out of Berehaven with impunity, might cover the whole south-western coast of Ireland, secure the harbours of Kinsale, Cork, and Queenstown, and possibly Waterford, to place troops where they would be available for an invasion of the West of England and South Wales, or to force an entrance up the Severn. The blockade of Berehaven is, therefore, in the case supposed, a necessary part of British defensive operations.

War was declared at noon on July 24. At that time the "A squadron," first division, was off the entrance to Bantry Bay. Several of the enemy's positions of observation had been seen at various points along the coast, as at Brow Head, between Bantry Bay and Cape Clear. The Admiral gave orders to the Active, Commodore Markham, to form an inner blockading squadron at the outbreak of hostilities, consisting of the Active, Rover, Mersey, Archer, and Collingwood. This squadron was reconnoitring the western entrance to Berehaven, when, as soon as war was declared, the ironclads steamed at full speed into Bantry Bay. Two of the enemy's cruisers, the Iris and the Cossack, were soon discerned on the look-out. As the squadron advanced in column of divisions, line ahead, the Admiral leading, the port line fire was opened with quick-firing guns on the enemy, who held his ground, but did not return the fire. After a brief cannonade the squadron reversed its course, forming columns of divisions in quarter line. The Iris and her consort proceeded to follow at a respectful distance. In the afternoon the ironclad squadron again stood inwards to reconnoitre, the enemy's cruisers still remaining on the watch. The flag-ship advanced far enough to see the mastheads of several of the enemy's ships over the low ground of Bear Island. The Iris and Cossack then retired within the protected anchorage, having advanced as far as was considered prudent. Admiral Baird now made a signal to alter the course to seaward. As this manœuvre was being performed, two second-class torpedo-boats were observed making towards the fleet from the east. Fire was opened upon them with rifles and quick-firing guns from the whole squadron, and in less than two minutes they retired out of range.

The conditions of warfare laid down by the Admiralty



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: BLOCKADE OF BEREHAVEN.—SIGNAL BY TWO ROCKETS FROM THE INSHORE SQUADRON TO THE ADMIRAL OUTSIDE.
FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

seem to place the blockading squadron at a great disadvantage. The Iris and Cossack could not in actual war have remained for so long as they did within range of the ironclad squadron without being destroyed; yet Admiral Baird was powerless to put them out of action, because the rules require that, in order to do this, he must remain for one hour continuously within 3000 yards of an enemy's ship. In the evening Admiral Baird's fleet was divided into two squadrons; the inner squadron, under Commodore Markham, taking up a position as near as was prudent to the enemy's anchorage, while the ironclad squadron remained some miles outside, both squadrons steaming slowly backwards and forwards across the mouth of Bantry Bay.

Next day, at eleven in the forenoon, the enemy—the "B squadron"—was observed steaming out with four battle-ships, the Hercules, Warspite, Ajax, and Hero; and three cruisers, the Severn, Iris, and Volage. The blockading squadron immediately began to manœuvre for the purpose of preventing his escape. As he steamed along outside Bear Island, the enemy opened fire from his broadside guns at a distance estimated on board the Northumberland as at least 7000 yards, but as this was 3000 yards beyond the limit fixed by regulations for the conduct of an action, his fire was not returned. Simultaneously with this somewhat futile display the Volage, supported by the Severn and Iris, was observed near the western entrance to the strait of Berehaven, evidently endeavouring to slip out if she could. The Mersey was at once sent to prevent her escape, and, if possible, to cut off her retreat. The former object was soon accomplished, as the Mersey opened fire as soon as she got within range, and the Volage was forthwith recalled by Admiral Tryon, who by this time was steaming back with his whole fleet to his anchorage at Berehaven. This position is in the narrow strait between Bear Island and the north shore of Bantry Bay. The eastern entrance was protected by a boom within which the Rupert, with torpedo-nets in position, was anchored head and stern. Outside the boom was an extensive mine-field. At the western entrance, but slightly eastward of Castletown, another line of mines was laid down, but there appeared to be no boom. The main body of the enemy's fleet was stationed in two lines about midway between the two mine-fields, the Hercules, Ajax, and Severn being next the mainland, and the Hero, Warspite, and Iris under Bear Island. The Volage, with the Cossack, Sandfly, and several torpedo-boats, occupied a position under Bear Island, near the western mine-field, and the Rupert was also supported by torpedo-boats stationed near the boom.

One of our Sketches is that of the officers on board Admiral Baird's flag-ship, on the night of July 24, observing a signal of two rockets apparently made from Commodore Markham's inshore squadron, to warn the Admiral that two of the enemy's torpedo-boats and one ironclad were coming out. This signal was afterwards believed to have been a feint made by the enemy, to harass and disturb the blockading fleet; as no ironclad did come out, but one torpedo-boat furtively approached H.M. Collingwood, of the inshore squadron. On being challenged, the reply from this torpedo-boat was "A friend," giving a false number, but without the pass-word; the Collingwood then opened fire, and the nocturnal intruder made off very quickly.

The torpedo-boats on both sides have been very active during the blockade. We have not space to relate all their achievements and encounters with each other; but our Artist with Sir George Tryon's "B Squadron," Mr. Wells, furnishes a sketch of the capture of two of Admiral Baird's torpedo-boats, on Friday night, July 27, off Black Ball Head, by four torpedo-boats running out from Berehaven. It seems, however, that Admiral Baird has denied the reality of this capture.

At length, on Saturday, Aug. 5, after various movements and counter-movements, the account of which may be deferred to form an explanatory narrative with the Sketches to appear in a future publication, the blockade of Bantry Bay suddenly came to end. It was broken through, on the preceding night, by Sir George Tryon's squadron, which was thereupon free, and might attempt either to enter St. George's Channel, the Severn, or the British Channel or to join Admiral Fitzroy to the north.

In the north of Ireland, also, the blockade maintained by Admiral Rowley at Lough Swilly has not been so effective as to prevent the ships from the squadron of Admiral Fitzroy escaping his vigilance, and running over to attack the Scottish coast. It seems that one of the "B Squadron," H.M.S. Calypso, which had eluded the blockade at Lough Swilly, captured Oban on Friday night, Aug. 3, and laid the town under contribution, destroying the telegraph, or rather giving all concerned notice that they were to consider themselves unable to resist pillage and destruction. On Sunday, Aug. 5, another of Admiral Fitzroy's squadron, the Spider, came up the Clyde and bombarded Greenock sufficiently to destroy the town and captured the coastguard cutter. She afterwards paid a similar compliment to Ardrossan, where Captain Hegarth, in command of the battery, claims to have beaten her off. A bombardment of several towns on the British coasts was to be expected. On Monday, four of Admiral Fitzroy's ironclads, H.M.S. Devastation, H.M.S. Rodney, and two others, which had passed from Lough Swilly round the north of Scotland into the German Ocean, bombarded Aberdeen early in the morning, captured two forts, and proceeded to the Firth of Forth, where they engaged and silenced the Inchkeith batteries, and went up to the Forth Bridge, but did not molest Leith and Edinburgh. Berwick-on-Tweed was visited by the enemy on the same evening.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

BEFORE THE STORM.



BEFORE the storm breaks there sometimes falls upon the earth a brief time when the sun shines in splendour from a clear sky, the air is balmy and delightsome, the birds sing in the coppice, and the innocent lambs leap in the meadows. Then, suddenly, dark clouds gather from the north; the wind blows cold; in a minute the sky is black; the lightnings flash, the thunders roll, the wind roars, the hail beats down and strips the orchard of its promise, and silences the birds cowering in the branches and drives the trembling sheep to take shelter in the hedges. This was to be my case. You shall understand how for a single day—it was no more—I was the happiest girl in all the world.

I may now without any shame confess that I have always loved Robin, from my earliest childhood. That was no great wonder seeing what manner of boy he was, and how he was always kind and thoughtful for me. We were at first only brother and sister together, which is natural and reasonable when children grow up together; nor can I tell when or how we ceased to be brother and sister, save that it may have been when Robin kissed me so tenderly at parting, and told me that he should always love me. I do not think that brothers do generally protest love and promise continual affection. Barnaby certainly never declared his love for me, nor did he ever promise to love me all his life. Perhaps, had he remained longer, he might have become as tender as he was good-hearted; but I think that tenderness towards a sister is not in the nature of a boy. I loved Robin, and I loved Humphrey, both as if they were brothers; but one of them ceased to be my brother, while the other, in consequence, remained my brother always.

A girl may be ignorant of the world as I was, and of lovers and their ways as I was, and yet she cannot grow from a child to a woman without knowing that when a young man who hath promised to love her always, speaks of her in every letter, he means more than common brotherly love. Nor can any woman be indifferent to a man who thus regards her; nor can she think upon love without the desire of being herself loved. Truly, I had always before my eyes the spectacle of that holy love which consecrates every part of life. I mean, in the case of my mother, whose waking and sleeping thoughts were all for her husband, who worked continually and cheerfully with her hands that he might be enabled to study without other work, and gave up her whole life, without grudging—even reckoning it her happiness and her privilege—in order to provide food and shelter for him. It was enough reward for her that he should sometimes lay his hand lovingly upon her head, or turn his eyes with affection to meet hers.

It was in the night of June 12, as I lay in bed, not yet asleep, though it was already past nine o'clock, that I heard the trampling of hoofs crossing the stream and passing our cottage. Had I known who were riding those horses there would have been but little sleep for me that night. But I knew not, and did not suspect, and so, supposing that it was only one of the farmers belated, I closed my eyes, and presently slept until the morning.

About five o'clock, or a little before that time, I awoke, the sun having already arisen, and being now well up above the hills. I therefore arose softly, leaving my mother asleep still, and, having dressed quickly, and prayed a little, I crept down the stairs. In the house there was such a stillness that I could even hear the regular breathing of my father as he slept upon his pallet among his books; it was chill and damp (as is the custom in the early morning) in the room where we lived and worked. Yet, when I threw open door and shutter and looked outside, the air was full of warmth and refreshment; as for the birds, they had long since left their nests, and now were busy looking for their breakfast; the larks were singing overhead, and the bees already humming and droning. Who would lie abed when he could get up and enjoy the beauty of the morning? When I had breathed a while, with pleasure and satisfaction, the soft air, which was laden with the scent of flowers and of hay, I went indoors again, and swept and dusted the room. Then I opened the cupboard, and considered the provision for breakfast. For my father there would be a slice of cold bacon with a good crust of home-made bread (better bread or sweeter was nowhere to be had) and a cup of cider, warming to the spirits and good, for one who is no longer young, against any rawness of the morning air. For my mother and myself there would be, as soon as our neighbours' cows were milked, a cup of warm milk and bread soaked in it. 'Tis a breakfast good for a grown person as well as for a child, and it cost us nothing but the trouble of going to take it.

When I had swept the room and laid everything in its place I went into the garden, hoe in hand, to weed the beds and trim the borders. The garden was not very big, it is true, but it produced many things useful for us; notably onions and sallet, besides many herbs good for the house, for it was a fertile strip of ground and planted in every part of it. Now, such was the beauty of the morning and the softness of the air that I presently forgot the work about which I had come into the garden, and sat down in the shade upon a bench, suffering my thoughts to wander hither and thither. Much have I always pitied those poor folk in towns who can never escape from the noise and clatter of tongues and sit somewhere in the sunshine or the shade, while the cattle low in the meadows and the summer air makes the leaves to rustle, and thus alone suffer their thoughts to wander here and there. Every morning when I arose was this spectacle of Nature's gladness presented to my eyes, but not every morning could my spirit (which sometimes crawls, as if fearing the light of day and the face of the sun) rise to meet and greet it, and to feel it calling aloud for a hymn of praise and thanksgiving. For, indeed, this is a beautiful world, if we could always (which we cannot for the earthliness of our natures) suffer its loveliness to sink into our hearts. I know not what I thought this morning; but I remember, while I considered the birds, which neither reap nor sow, nor take any thought of to-morrow, yet are daily fed by Heaven, that the words were whispered in mine ear: "Are ye not much better than they?" And this, without doubt, prepared my heart for what should follow.

While I sat thinking of I know not what, there came footsteps—quick footsteps—along the road; and I knew those footsteps, and sprang to my feet, and ran to the garden-gate, crying, "Robin!—it is Robin!"

Yes; it was Robin.

He seized me by both hands, looking in my face curiously and eagerly.

"Alice!" he said, drawing a deep breath, "Oh! but what hath happened to thee?"

"What should happen, Robin?"

"Oh! Thou art changed, Alice! I left thee almost a child, and now—now—I thought to catch thee in my arms—a sweet rustic nymph—and now—fain must I go upon my knees to a goddess."

"Robin!" Who, indeed, would have expected such language from Robin?

"Alice," he said, still gazing upon me with a kind of wonder which made me blush, "do you remember when we parted four years ago—the words we said? As for me, I have never forgotten them. I was to think of thee always; I was to love thee always. Truly I may say that there is never a day but thou hast been in my mind. But not like this"—— He continued to look upon me as upon some strange creature, so that I began to be frightened and turned away.

"Nay, Alice, forgive me. I am one who is dazzled by the splendour of the sun. Forgive me; I cannot speak. I thought of a village beauty, rosy-checked, sweet and wholesome as an August quarander, and I find"——

"Robin—not a goddess."

"Well, then, a woman tall and stately, and more beautiful than words can say."

"Nay, Robin, you do but flatter. That is not like the old Robin I remember and"—— I should have added "loved," but the word stuck.

"I swear, sweet saint—if I may swear—nay, then I do affirm, that I do not flatter. Hear me tell a plain tale. I have travelled far since last I saw thee; I have seen the great ladies of the Court both of St. James's and of the Louvre; I have seen the famous beauties of Provence, and the black-eyed witches of Italy; but nowhere have I seen a woman half so fair."

"Robin—you must not! Nay, Robin—you shame me!"

Then he knelt at my feet and seized my hand and kissed it. Oh, the foolishness of a man in love! And yet it pleases us. No woman is worth it. No woman can understand it; nor can she comprehend the power and might of man's love, nor why he singles out her alone from all the rest and fills his heart wholly with her, so that all other women are henceforward as his sisters. It is wonderful; it is most wonderful. Yet it pleases us. Nay, we cannot choose but thank God for it with all our heart and with all our soul.

I would not, if I could, set down all the things which Robin said. First, because the words of love are sacred; next, because I would not that other women should know the extravagance of his praise. It was in broken words, because love can never be eloquent.

As for me, what could I do, what could I say? For I had loved him from my very childhood, and now all my heart went out from me and became his. I was all his. I was his slave to command. That is the quality of earthly love by which it most closely resembles the heavenly love, so that just as the godly man is wholly devoted to the will of the Lord in all things great and small, resigned to His chastisements, and always anxious to live and die in His service, so in earthly love one must be wholly devoted to the person whom one loves.

And Robin was come home again, and I was lying in his arms and he was kissing me and calling me all the sweet and tender things that he could invent, and laughing and sighing together as if too happy to be quiet. Oh! sweetest moments of my life! Why did they pass so quickly? Oh! sacrament of love, which can be taken only once, and yet changes the whole of life and fills it with memory which is wholly sweet! In all other earthly things there is something of bitterness. In this holy joy of pure and sacred love there is no bitterness—no; not any. It leaves behind nothing of reproach or of repentance, of shame or of sorrow. It is altogether holy.

Now, when my boy had somewhat recovered from his first rapture, and I had assured him very earnestly that I was not, indeed, an angel, but a most sinful woman, daily offending in my inner thoughts (an assurance which he received, indeed, with an appearance of disbelief and scorn) I was able to consider his appearance, which was now very fine, though always, as I learned when I saw him among other gentlemen, with some soberness as became one whose upbringing inclined him to plainness of dress as well as of speech and manner. He wore a long wig of brown hair, which might have been his own but for its length; his hat was laced and cocked, which gave him a gallant and martial appearance; his neckcloth was long and of fine lace; beside him in my russet gown I must have looked truly plain and rustic; but Robin was pleased not to think so, and love is a great magician to cheat the eyes.

He was home again; he told me he should travel no more (yet you shall hear how far he afterwards travelled against his will); his only desire now was to stay at home and live as his grandfather had lived, in his native village; he had nothing to pray for but the continuance of my love—of which, indeed, there was no doubt possible.

It was now close upon six o'clock, and I begged him to go away for the present, and if my father and Sir Christopher should agree, and if it should seem to his Honour a fit and proper thing that Robin should marry a girl so penniless as myself, why—then—we might meet again after breakfast, or after dinner; or, indeed, at any other time, and so discourse more upon the matter. So he left me, being very reluctant to go; and I, forgetting my garden and what I had come forth to do, returned to the house.

You must understand that all these things passed in the garden divided from the lane by a thick hedge and that passers-by—but there were none—could not, very well, have seen what was done, though they might have heard what was said. But if my father had looked out of his window he could have seen, and if my mother had come down-stairs she also might have seen through the window, or through the open door. Of this I thought not upon, nor was there anything to hide—though one would not willingly suffer anyone, even one's own mother—to see and listen at such a moment. Yet mother has since told me that she saw Robin on his knees kissing my hands, but she withdrew and would not look again.

When I stepped within the door she was at work with her wheel, and looked up with a smile upon her lips, but tears were lying in her eyes. Had I known what she had seen, I should have been ashamed.

"Daughter," she said softly, "thy cheek is burning red. Hast thou, perchance, been too long in the sun?"

"No, mother, the sun is not too hot."

"Daughter," she went on, still smiling through her tears, "thine eyes are bright and glowing. Hast thou a touch of fever by ill chance?"

"No, mother, I have no fever."

"Child, thy lips are trembling and thy hands are shaking. My dear, my dear, what is it? Tell thy mother all."

She held out her arms to me, and I threw myself at her feet and buried my head in her lap as if I had been again a child.

"Mother! mother!" I cried, "Robin hath come home again, and he says he loves me, and nothing will do but he must marry me."

"My dear," she said, kissing and fondling me, "Robin hath always been a good lad, and I doubt not that he hath returned unspotted from the world; but, nay, do not let us be too sure. For, first, his Honour must consent, and then Madam; and thy father must be asked—and he would never, for any worldly honour—no, never—suffer thee to marry an ungodly man. As for thy lack of fortune, I know not if that will not also stand in the way; and as for family, thy father, though he was born in New England, cometh of a good stock, and I myself am a gentlewoman, and on both sides we bear an ancient coat-of-arms. And as for thyself, my dear, thou art—I thank God for it!—of a sweet temper and an obedient disposition. From the earliest thou hast never given thy mother any uneasiness, and I think thy heart hath been mercifully disposed towards goodness from thy childhood upwards. It is a special grace in this our long poverty and oppression; and it consoles me partly for the loss of my son Barnaby." Here she was silent for a space, and her eyes filled and brimmed over. "Daughter," she said earnestly, "thou art comely in the eyes of men; that have I known for long. It is partly for thy sweet looks that Sir Christopher loves thee; Mr. Boscorel plays music with thee partly because his eyes love to behold the beauty of woman. Nay, I mean no reproach, because it is the nature of men to love all things beautiful, whether it be the plumage of a bird or the shape of a woman's head. Yes; thou art beautiful, my dear. Beauty passes, but love remains. Thy husband will perchance never cease to think thee lovely if he still proves daily thy goodness and the loveliness of thy heart. My dear, thou hast long comforted thy mother; now shalt thou go, with the blessing of the Lord, to be the solace and the joy of thy husband."

CHAPTER XII.

HUMPHREY.

Presently my father came in, the Bible in his hand. By his countenance it was plain that he had been already engaged in meditation, and that his mind was charged as with a message.

Alas! to think of the many great discourses that he pronounced (being as a dog who must be muzzled should he leave the farm-yard) to us women alone. If they were written down the world would lift up its hands with wonder, and ask if a prophet indeed had been vouchsafed to this unhappy country. The Roman Church will have that the time of Saints did not end with the last of the Apostles; that may be, and yet a Saint has no more power after death than remains in his written words and in the memory of his life. Shall we not, however, grant that there may still be Prophets, who see and apprehend the meaning of words and of things more fully than others even as spiritually minded as themselves? Now, I say, considering what was immediately to befall us, the passage which my father read and expounded that morning, was in a manner truly prophetic. It was the Vision of the Basket of Summer Fruit which was vouchsafed to the Prophet Amos. He read to us that terrible chapter—everybody knows it, though it hath but fourteen verses:

"I will turn your feasts into mourning and all your songs into lamentation. . . . I will send a famine in the land; not a famine of bread or a thirst of water, but of hearing the words of the Lord."

He then applied the chapter to these times, saying that the Scriptures and the prophecies apply not only to the Israel of the time when Amos or any other prophet lived, but to the people of God in all ages, yet so that sometimes one prophet seems to deliver the message that befits the time and sometimes another. All these things prophesied by Amos had come to pass in this country of Great Britain, so that there was, and had now been for twenty-five years, a grievous famine and a sore thirst for the words of the Lord. He continued to explain and to enlarge upon this topic for nearly an hour, when he concluded with a fervent prayer that the famine would pass away and the sealed springs be open again for the children of grace to drink and be refreshed.

This done, he took his breakfast in silence, as was his wont, loving not to be disturbed by any earthly matters when his mind was full of his morning discourse. When he had eaten the bread and meat and taken the cup of cider, he arose and went back to his own room, and shut the door. We should have no more speech of him until dinner-time.

"I will speak with him, my dear," said my mother. "But not yet. Let us wait till we hear from Sir Christopher."

"I would that my father had read us a passage of encouragement and promise on this morning of all mornings," I said.

My mother turned over the leaves of the Bible. "I will read you a verse of encouragement," she said. "It is the word of God as much as the Book of the Prophet Amos." So she found and read for my comfort words which had a new meaning to me:—

"My beloved spake and said unto me, 'Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land! The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.'"

And again, these that follow:—

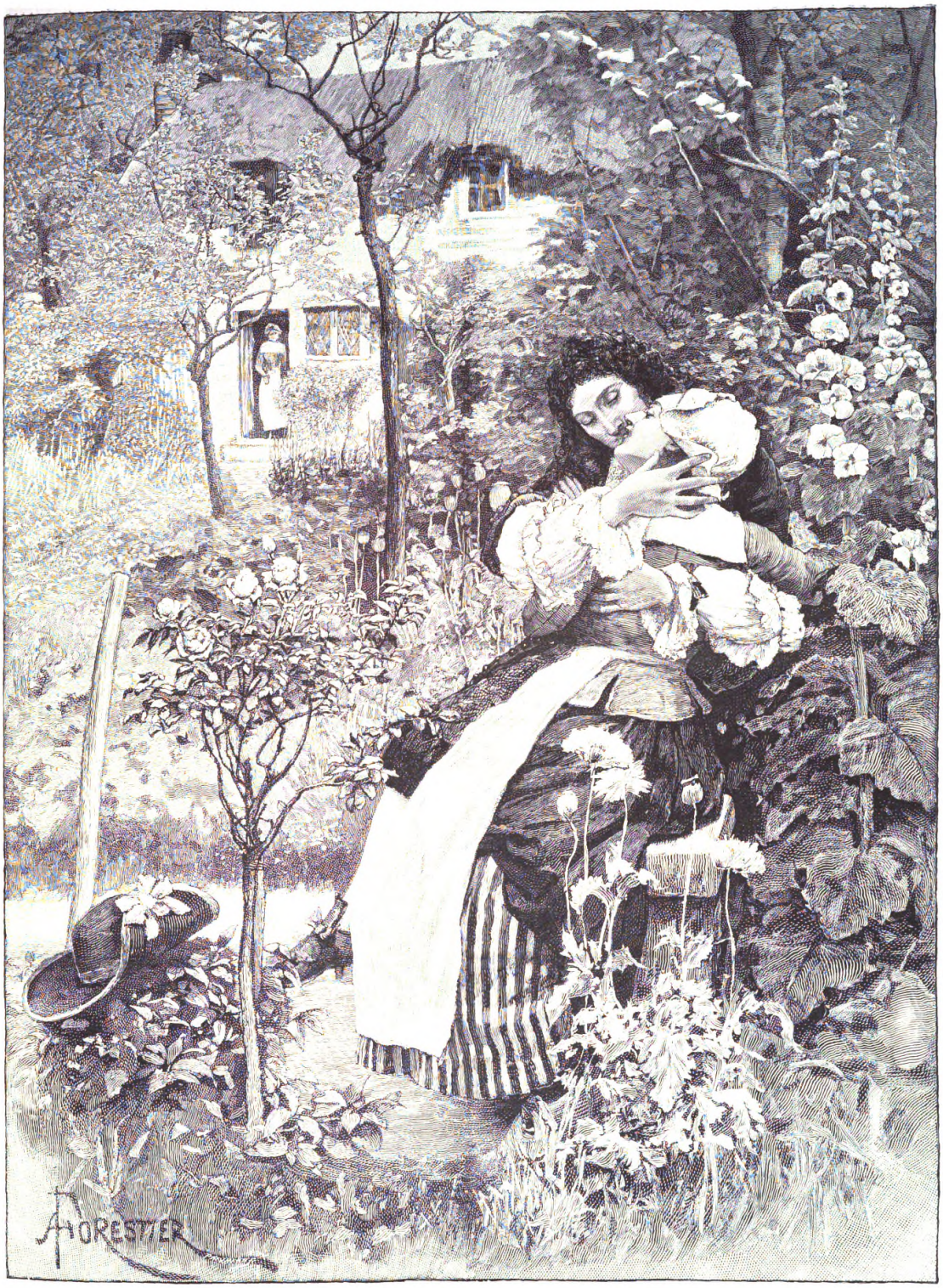
"Set me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thine arm; for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. If a man would give all the substance of his house for love it would utterly be contemned."

In these gracious, nay, these enraptured, words, doth the Bible speak of love; and though I am not so ignorant as not to know that it is the love of the Church for Christ, yet I am persuaded by my own spiritual experience—whatever Doctors of Divinity may argue—that the earthly love of husband and wife may be spoken of in these very words as being the type of that other and higher love. And in this matter I know that my mother would also confirm my judgment.

It might have been between nine and ten that Humphrey came. Surely he was changed more than Robin; for the great white periwig which he wore (being now a physician) falling upon his shoulders did partly hide the deformity of his wry shape, and the black velvet coat did also become him mightily. As for his face, that was not changed at all. It had been grave and serious in youth; it was now more grave and more serious in manhood. He stood in the doorway, not seeing me—I was making a pudding for dinner, with my sleeves rolled up and my arms white with flour.

"Mistress Eykin," he said, "are old friends passed out of mind?"

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

And Robin was come home again, and I was lying in his arms and he was kissing me.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

"Why," my mother left her wheel and gave him her hand, "'tis Humphrey! I knew that we should see thee this morning, Humphrey. Is thy health good, my son, and is all well with thee?"

"All is well, Madam, and my health is good. How is my master—thy husband?"

"He is always well, and—but thou knowest what manner of life he leads. Of late he hath been much disquieted; he is restless—his mind runs much upon the prophecies of war and pestilence. It is the news from London and the return of the Mass which keep him uneasy. Go in and see him, Humphrey. He will willingly suffer thee to disturb him, though we must not go near him in his hours of study."

"Presently; but where is my old playfellow—where is Alice?"

"She is behind you, Humphrey.'

He turned, and his pale face flushed when he saw me.

"Alice?" he cried. "Is this truly Alice? Nay, she is changed indeed! I knew not—I could not expect—may, how could one expect"——

"There is no change," said my mother, sharply. "Alice was a child, and is now a woman; that is all."

"Humphrey expects," I said, "that we should all stop still while Time went on. You were to become a Bachelor of Medicine, Sir, and a Fellow of All Souls' College, and to travel in Italy and France, and to come back in a velvet coat, and a long sword and a periwig over your shoulders; and I was to be a little girl still."

Humphrey shook his head.

"It is not only that," he said; "though I confess that one did not make due allowance for the flight of Time. It is that the sweet-faced child has become"——

"No, Humphrey," I said. "I want no compliments. Go now, Sir, and speak with my father. Afterwards you shall tell me all that you have been doing."

He obeyed, and opened my father's door.

"Humphrey!" My father sprang to his feet. "Welcome, my pupil! Thou bringest good news? Nay; I have received thy letters: I read the good news in thy face—I see it in thine eyes. Welcome home!"

"Sir, I have, indeed, great news," said Humphrey.

Then the door was closed.

He stayed there for half an hour and more; and we heard from within earnest talk—my father's voice sometimes uplifted, loud and angry, but Humphrey's always low, as if he did not wish us to overhear them. So, not to seem unto each other as if we were listening, mother and I talked of other things, such as the lightness of the pudding and the quantity of suet which should be put into it, and the time it should boil in the pot, and other things as women can whose hearts are full, yet they must needs be talking.

"Father hath much to say to Humphrey," I said, after a time; "he doth not use to like such interruption?"

"Humphrey's conversation is no interruption, my dear. They think the same thoughts and talk the same language. Your father may teach and admonish us, but he can only converse with a scholar such as himself. It is not the least evil of our oppression that he hath been cut off from the society of learned men, in which he used to take so much delight. If Humphrey remains here a little while you shall see your father lose the eager and anxious look which hath of late possessed him. He will talk to Humphrey, and will clear his mind. Then he will be contented again for a while, or, at least, resigned."

Presently Humphrey came forth. His face was grave and serious. My father came out of the room after him.

"Let us talk more," he said—"let us resume our talk. Join me on the hill-side, where none can hear us. It is, indeed, the Vision of the Basket of Summer Fruit that we read this morning." His face was working with some inward excitement, and his eyes were full of a strange light as of a glad conqueror, or of one—forbid the thought!—who was taking a dire revenge. He strode down the garden and out into the lanes.

"Thus," said my mother, "will he walk out and sometimes remain in the woods, walking, preaching to the winds, and swinging his arms the whole day long. Art thou a physician, and canst thou heal him, Humphrey?"

"If the cause be removed, the disease will be cured. Perhaps before long the cause will be removed."

"The cause—oh! the cause—what is the cause but the tyranny of the Law? He who was ordered by Heaven itself to preach hath been, perforce, silent for five-and-twenty years. His very life hath been taken from him. And you talk of removing the cause!"

"Madam, if the Law suffer him once more to preach freely, would that satisfy him—and you?"

My mother shook her head. "The Law," she said, "now we have a Papist on the throne, it is far more likely to lead my husband to the stake than to set him free."

"That shall we shortly see," said Humphrey.

My mother bent her head over her wheel as one who wishes to talk no more upon the subject. She loved not to speak concerning her husband to any except to me.

I went out into the garden with Humphrey. I was foolish. I laughed at nothing. I talked nonsense. Oh! I was so happy that if a pipe and tabor had been heard in the village I should have danced to the music, like poor Barnaby the night before he ran away. I regarded not the grave and serious face of my companion.

"You are merry, Alice," said Humphrey.

"It is because you are come back again—you and Robin. Oh! the time has been long and dull—and now you have come back we shall all be happy again. Yes; my father will cease to fret and rage; he will talk Latin and Greek with you; Sir Christopher will be happy only in looking upon you; Madam will have her son home again; and Mr. Boscorel will bring out all the old music for you. Humphrey, it is a happy day that brings you home again."

"It may be a happy day also for me," he said; "but there is much to be done. When the business we have in hand is accomplished"——

"What business, Humphrey?" For he spoke so gravely that it startled me.

"'Tis business of which thy father knows, child. Nay; let us not talk of it. I think and hope that it is as good as accomplished now before it is well taken in hand. It is not of that business that I would speak. Alice, thou art so beautiful and so tall"——

"Nay, Humphrey. I must not be flattered."

"And I so crooked."

"Humphrey, I will not hear this talk. You, so great a scholar, thus to speak of yourself!"

"Let me speak of myself, my dear. Hear me for a moment." I declare that I had not the least thought of what he was going to say, my mind being wholly occupied with the idea of Robin.

"I am a physician, as you doubtless know. I am Medicinæ Doctor of Oxford, of Padua, Montpellier, and Leyden. I know all I may fairly say, and without boasting that may be learned by one of my age from schools of medicine and from books on the science and practice of healing. I believe, in short, that I am as good a physician as can be found within these seas. I am minded, as soon as tranquillity is restored, to set up as a physician in London, where I have already many friends, and am assured of some support. I think, humbly speaking, that reasonable success awaits me. Alice—you know that I have loved you all my life—will you marry me, crooked as I am? Oh! you cannot but know that I have loved you all my life. Oh! child," he stretched forth his hands, and in his eyes there was a world of longing and of sadness which moved my heart. "My dear, the crooked in body have no friends among men; they cannot join in their rough sports, nor drink with them, nor fight with them. They have no chance of happiness but in love, my dear. My dear, give me that chance. I love thee. Oh! my dear, give me that chance?"

Never had I seen Humphrey so moved before. I felt guilty and ashamed in the presence of this passion of which I was the most unworthy cause.

"Oh! Humphrey, stop—for Heaven's sake stop!—because I am but this very morning promised to Robin, who loves me, too—and I love Robin, Humphrey." He sank back, pale and disordered, and I thought that he would swoon, but he recovered. "Humphrey, never doubt that I love you, too. But oh! I love Robin, and Robin loves me."

"Yes, dear—yes, child—yes, Alice," he said in broken accents. "I understand. Everything is for Robin—everything for Robin. Why, I might have guessed it! For Robin, the straight and comely figure; for Robin, the strength; for Robin, the inheritance; for Robin, happy love. For me, a crooked body; for me, a feeble frame; for me, the loss of fortune; for me, contempt and poverty; for me, the loss of love—all for Robin—all for Robin!"

"Humphrey—surely thou wouldst not envy or be jealous of Robin!" Never had I seen him thus moved, or heard him thus speak.

He made no answer for a while. Then he said slowly and painfully,

"Alice, I am ashamed. Why should not Robin have all? Who am I that I should have anything? Forgive me, child. I have lived in a paradise which fools create for themselves. I have suffered myself to dream that what I ardently desired was possible and even probable. Forgive me. Let me be as before—your brother. Will you forgive me, dear?"

"Oh, Humphrey! there is nothing for me to forgive."

"Nay, there is much for me to repent of. Forget it, then, if there is nothing to forgive."

"I have forgotten it already, Humphrey."

"So"—he turned upon me his grave, sweet face (to think of it makes me yearn with tenderness and pity)—"So, farewell, fond dream! Do not think, my dear, that I envy Robin. 'Twas a sweet dream! Yet, I pray that Heaven in wrath may forget me if ever I suffer this passion of envy to hurt my cousin Robin or thyself!"

So saying, he burst from me with distraction in his face. Poor Humphrey! Alas! when I look back and consider this day, there is a doubt which haunts me. Always had I loved Robin: that is most true. But I had always loved Humphrey: that is most true. What if it had been Humphrey instead of Robin who had arisen in the early morning to find his sweetheart in the garden when the dew was yet upon the grass?

(To be continued.)

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution, held on Thursday, Aug. 2, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, rewards amounting to £101 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month. The Portrush life-boat rendered assistance to the distressed brigantine Sunshine, of St. John, N.B.; the Dunwich life-boat assisted to save the schooner Leeds, of Goole, her crew of five persons, and the master's wife, after the vessel had been seriously damaged by collision with another ship; and the Barmouth life-boat saved the yacht Petrel, of Barmouth, with two men on board, which was in danger during a strong north-east gale. A reward was also granted to the crew of a shore-boat for saving three persons whose boat had been capsized in Carlingford Lough. Payments amounting to £217 were ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £1000 from Mrs. Stoker, of Hull, towards the cost of the Littlehampton and Blyth new life-boats; £700 from the Huddersfield branch to meet the expense of the Huddersfield new life-boat, recently placed at Hasborough; £75 annual subscription from E. F. White, Esq., and Miss White; and £13, proceeds of concert, per Newbiggin branch.

The annual contest for Doggett's Coat and Badge took place from London Bridge to Chelsea on Aug. 1, and resulted as follows:—C. R. Harding, of Chelsea, 1; Frederick Bryant, of Shadwell, 2; F. W. Robinson, of Putney, 3.

Lady Bandon on Aug. 1 presented the 3rd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, at present stationed at Kinsale undergoing their annual training, with new colours, at the Kinsale Barracks. The Rev. Canon Patterson, Protestant Chaplain of the Cork district, assisted by the Rev. W. Darling, Rector of Kinsale, consecrated the new colours. In the evening the officers of the regiment gave a ball, for which upwards of 600 invitations were sent out.

At a meeting of the Leeds Town Council on Aug. 1, a committee was appointed to report on the feasibility of holding an international exhibition at Leeds in 1890. The Mayor stated that Mr. Lee Bapty, manager of the International Exhibition at Brussels, had been in communication with him on the subject. It was stated that the only exhibition ever held in Leeds of any great importance was in 1875. That exhibition realised £32,000, the profits on which were over £7000. Since the year 1875, the population of the borough had increased by 60,000 or 70,000, and there had been a corresponding increase in the population of the surrounding districts.

The Earl of Aberdeen presided on Aug. 1 at a special conference on the subject of co-operation, held at the Irish Exhibition, Olympia. In his opening address he said he thought it would be beneficial to keep in view the question of how far members of working-men's co-operative societies were prepared to share losses as well as profits in their undertakings. Mr. Benjamin Jones (hon. sec. to the southern section of the Central Co-operative Board) read a paper on "Co-operation as a means of improving the condition of Irish Industries." He expressed his conviction that the peculiar circumstances surrounding the Irish people made the application of co-operative principles a more likely means of improving their condition than the ordinary commercial methods. It would interfere less with their present habits and ideas, and better utilise their energies than by the establishment of private works or factories. The co-operative method, also, would ensure that surplus labour should be organised for its exclusive and mutual benefit. A paper on "Irish Co-operative Woollen Industries" was read by Mr. B. O'Callaghan, and a general discussion ensued, in which Mr. G. J. Holyoake and other speakers took part. The delegates were afterwards conducted over the Exhibition and shown the principal objects.

DIRGES.

With Dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn,
With all the mournful voices of the Dirges pour'd around the coffin.
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs. . . .

So journeys a hero to his grave, in the great death-song of the last of our poets: and the "tolling, tolling bells' perpetual clang" makes music to the chant.

It is no wonder that in our wild and deep-delving English poetry there is scarcely anything finer than the dirges: the funeral hymns that the gloomy Northern nations have always loved to sing. Behind all our great poems is the reality of Life and Death ever close at hand. This is the essence of our humour as of our gloom. It is in Merry England that Hood the punster sings of the Bridge of Sighs; and that Lamb amid his quaint conceits comes back ever and again to the old theme of mortality—sees through the green and the daisies to the mould and its worms beneath.

Dirges—"the very word is like a knell": a solemn, sullen-swinging word, with a heavy toll of sadness that well befits its meaning. How it hangs over Poe's line—

'Till the Dirges of his hope the melancholy burden bore
Of "Never—never more!"

And in our poetry we have them of all natures: touched with a gracious sadness that has more of beauty than of gloom, or ringing with a hollow agony; heavy as with the falling earth, or echoing from a sea-burial across the water—like those two by Webster and Shakspeare of which Charles Lamb so finely speaks. In his earth song Webster sings—

Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that 's foe to men,
For with his nails he 'll dig them up again.

"I never," says Lamb, "saw anything like this funeral dirge, except the ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in 'The Tempest.' As that is of the water, watery; so this is of earth, earthy. Both have that intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the element which it contemplates."

Strangely enough, this sea-dirge is the brightest and most fanciful in English poetry. Strangely, because a funeral-song by our Northern ocean brings up thoughts of shipwreck, of dark mourners by a rocky coast, with howling winds and winter raging in the waves. But, you must remember it was by a fairy Southern sea that Ariel sang to the Prince of his lost father, who was not lost indeed—

Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange;
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them—
Ding, dong, bell.

Scarcely more of gloom, only as it were a sweet and sunny sorrow, is in the famous hymn which keeps "Cymbeline" fresh in the minds of readers who read little: the song of the shepherd-princes over the fair boy who lies at rest by the leaf-strown mountain cave—

Fear no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

I have always felt that one song of death in Shakspeare—not strictly a dirge—stood out amid all his writings with, as it were, a simpler, a more homely air: a beauty more personal and peculiar than one generally gets in impersonal, dramatic Shakspeare. There is something of this touch, no doubt, in several of his country-songs; but it is most keenly felt in that sweet, antique ditty, of an exquisite sadness, that the Clown sings in "Twelfth Night" (Perhaps it got this special, indescribable ring from being written to a melody that was running in the poet's head, as from the beat of the rhythm you feel that it must have been.)—

Come away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair, cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

And in the second verse there is even more of this strange personality, and of this marked, wild rhythm.

Enough, however, of Shakspeare the much-quoted; for right through English poetry, as one follows it down to our own day, there runs this dirge-element, as a philosophic German might call it. In the stately procession of Lycidas it is a classic chant, "after the high Roman fashion"; later, the sad, natural voice of Cowper speaks; then the wild, aerial lament of Shelley, Byron's passion, bitter even in grief, and the sensuous singing of Keats—almost in love with death, it is so full of poetry. And in our own time the melodies of death ring from the clear harp of Tennyson, whose tender chords accompany such eager questioning, to the rolling organ of a wild humanity, Walt Whitman.

A book might be written on those strange poets of ours in whose work there is a strain of madness—Blake, Poe, even, as some would say, Shelley; and in this book there must needs be special mention made of the fascination that death has for such minds. Poe and his wild fantasies we know, Shelley everyone knows; but there is a wonderful little dirge of Blake's, unknown, perhaps, to many—it is, I think, the most perfectly Shaksperian thing out of Shakspeare in the language. Here is one verse—

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding-sheet;
When I my grave have made
Let winds and tempests beat:
Then down I 'll lie, as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away!

It takes us, of course, to the Gravedigger, in "Hamlet"; and so, as I said, we get humour with our melancholy, cheek by jowl.

This is a thing that puzzles critics of the Latin races: how, here in the North, we make friends with Death, and play with him, like Constance the Queen. We do not try to wreathe his head with flowers, but sit and chat face to face, our hand on the bony knees, our sad smile answering his vacant grin. It is not so in the South, where they flee from thought or speech of him: not so in France, where they dwell only on the absence of the one that is gone away, as if on an endless journey—and sometimes grieve rather over the quick forgetfulness that follows less than over the loss itself. This, indeed, is the first theme of a poem as beautiful, surely, as any hymn of mourning in any language: De Musset's immortal stanzas to the memory of Malibran. "Dead a fortnight," he cries, "and already what remains?"—

Une croix! et l'oubli, la nuit et le silence!
Écoutez! c'est le vent, c'est l'Océan immense;
C'est un pêcheur qui chante au bord du grand écueil.
Et de tant de beauté, de gloire et d'espérance,
De tant d'accords si doux d'un instrument divin,
Pas un faible soupir, pas un écho lointain!

E. R.

MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

SECOND NOTICE.

Nineteenth Century.—"Who owns the Churches?" is an historical question, raised but not answered by the Rev. Dr. Jessopp; who denies, at any rate, the right of clergymen, amateurs, and architects to alter or rebuild the ancient sacred buildings at their own caprice. Miss Beatrice Potter enters into the discussion of industrial conditions at the East-End of London, with reference to labour contractors, middlemen, and "sweaters." The statistics of different intellectual faculties, represented by distinguished natives of the various districts of Great Britain and Ireland, are an interesting topic of inquiry, superficially treated by Dr. Conan Boyle. Proposed cures for excessive corpulency are examined by Dr. Burney Yeo. The life of Madame De Pompadour, the heartless and grasping mistress of Louis XV., is reviewed by Mademoiselle Blaze De Bury. Mr. T. Kebbel shows cause for his opinion that the English system of party government cannot be maintained with a democratic constitution of Parliament. Popular songs among rural peasantry, Gaelic and foreign, are compared by Miss Laura Smith. The description, by Mr. W. Maitland, of a mountain vineyard in Southern California is bright and pleasant. Mr. Goldwin Smith, continuing his portraits of American statesmen, presents those of Daniel Webster, Calhoun, and President Jackson. On the personal conditions of our Government Civil Service, with reference to the rules of retirement and the non-effective list, Sir Arthur Stevenson Blackwood speaks from official experience. Mr. W. S. Lilly contemplates with regret the advance of Agnosticism and other scepticism, but relies on the spiritual efficacy of Christianity to hold its own.

Contemporary Review.—The progress of Presbyterian Churches all over the world is reviewed by Dr. De Pressensé, of Paris. Mr. Justin M'Carthy, M.P., as an Irish Home Ruler, states his view of the position of the late Mr. W. E. Forster in the office of Chief Secretary. The sea-birds of the Farne Isles, on the coast of Northumberland, afford to Mr. T. Digby Pigott a pleasing subject of study for a naturalist. "The New Dogmatism" of physical science, as opposed to theology, meets an opponent in Mr. Lewis Wright. Colonel F. Maurice further expounds his ideas of military and naval policy for our nation. Mr. John Rae examines the bearing of doctrines of political economy on the projects of State Socialism rife in our time. The defective working of the Church parochial system, and the growth of virtual Congregationalism within the Establishment, engage the attention of Mr. Augustus Buckland. Dr. Francis Underwood's historical sketch of the growing social, educational, religious, and literary activity of the New England States is gratifying to friends of America. An account, by Mr. H. W. Felkin, of the comprehensive and elaborate system of Government insurance, lately established in Northern Germany, may be set against the scruples of the old school of political economists. Professor Sayce notices recent explorations and discoveries of Oriental history. General Sir John Adye exposes the chaotic administration of the War Department.

Fortnightly Review.—Mr. Algernon Swinburne's ambitious poem on the defeat of the Spanish Armada is framed in varying forms of versification; but the predominating type is that of triplets, sometimes interwoven, but not in "terza rima," of long rolling lines, with seven or more strong accents to each line, to read which properly demands a skilful ear and tongue. The sentiments and style are too high-flown, the language is too violent and bombastic, for English taste; and we prefer Mr. Rennell Rodd's spirited and straightforward poetical narrative in *Macmillan's Magazine*. Mr. L. Jennings, M.P., brings into a disagreeable array the numerous examples of jobbery and other flagrant abuses in our public offices. The recent death of President Brand, head of the Orange Free State in South Africa, gives a special interest to Mr. J. C. Bodley's personal reminiscences of that able and upright statesman. Sir Samuel Baker's observations after revisiting India this year are likely to be regarded with attention. The completion of Baron Hirsch's lines of railway connecting Stamboul with Europe by the route through Eastern Roumelia, Bulgaria, and Servia, is a promising event, and Mr. Theodore Bent's description of the railway is instructive. Mr. Grant Allen discourses of "Genius and Talent." Three or four pages of exquisite French, by Pierre Loti, relate a mystic dream, with the vision of an unknown Creole maiden and her mother, only appearing and vanishing he knew not whence or whither. Mr. R. A. Proctor's estimate of the increase of wealth and the decline of culture in America seems rather unfavourable; but it is not based on an intimate knowledge of the social life of the United States. Typographical resources, by giving extra space between the lines, impart to Lord Wolseley's essay on "Courage" a more conspicuous appearance than it would have seemed worth if written by a civilian.

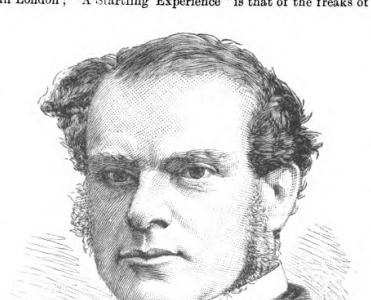
Scottish Review.—A series of private letters written in 1803 by James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," describing his tour in the Western Highlands and Hebrides, and probably addressed to Sir Walter Scott, are characteristic of the man and the times. The rationalist philosopher Giordano Bruno, who was burnt at Rome for heresy in the last year of the sixteenth century, was examined by the Inquisition at Venice in 1591; here is an account of his examination, to be followed by a narrative of the close of his life. The social and economic changes in the Scottish Highlands during the past half-century are the subject of an instructive article. An interesting narrative, translated from the French, relates the adventures of the Chevalier De Feuquerolles at the battle of Ramillies. The ancient legend of Dr. Faustus, the supposed sorcerer and dealer with evil spirits, which is the groundwork of Marlowe's tragedy and of Lessing's and Goethe's profound dramatic poems, is critically scrutinised. Mr. William Wallace discusses the questionable notion of Home Rule for Scotland, and shows that better management of Scottish affairs can readily be obtained by other means.

Cornhill.—A clever and amusing parody on the Bacon-Shakspeare Cryptogram of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly is presented in the mocking exposition of a similar system of proofs that Mr. Gladstone wrote all Dickens's novels. The pilgrimages of large parties of Catholic visitors to Lindisfarne, a twelvemonth ago, and this year to Iona, are described by one who was there. An interesting narrative of the ascent of the Peak of Teneriffe, a meteorological essay on hot winds, and a lively account of Cavalla, a small town of European Turkey, with its population of Greeks and gipsies, its tobacco plantations, and the site of Philippi, are not bad reading. "A Life's Morning," by Mr. G. Gissing, is continued; there is a short story, "Baldwin's Mistake"; and the "Ballad of the Cleopatra" is a short sea-story in verse.

Longman's Magazine.—The exposure, by Mr. J. H. Yoxall, of the faulty methods of instruction in our Board schools, and the erroneous principles of teaching favoured by the Education Department, demands attention. Dr. B. W. Richardson's lecture on the saving and "storage" of vital power, by a wholesome rule of living, is profitable as a sanitary study. An exciting story, by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, of Norwegian sledge-travellers being pursued by a pack of wolves, and two enemies being reconciled by mutual help in a common danger, will not escape the reader's notice. "Eve" and "Orthodox" are continued.

Temple Bar.—Miss Jessie Fothergill's story, "From Moor Isles," makes further progress: there is a young lady in it who is devoted to studying the Sanscrit and Persian languages. A memoir of the late Professor Bonamy Price does justice to his character and intellectual powers. "The Second Armada" is a spirited imaginary narrative, by an old sailor in the year 1918, of a tremendous naval conflict between England and France to be fought in the British Channel; the British merchant steam-ships, assembled in great number, overcome the French ironclad war-ships by ramming. In "A Chapter on Proposals," a young lady describes the different form and style and manner of several "offers" she has received from gentlemen. The Bulgarians, of whom we have heard almost enough, occupy a brief article. Mr. W. E. Norris continues his tale of "The Rogue."

Time.—The series of papers called "Work and Workers" treats now of emigration. Lord Lymington compares past and present times with regard to opportunities of travelling. "Methody Jim," by Miss Blanche Mary Channing, is a capital ballad story of an heroic action of a humble collier. The French village of St. Georges de Didonne, between the forest and the sea, at the mouth of the Gironde, a favourite holiday haunt of Michelet, is described by Miss Matilda Betham Edwards. The queer sect of crazy fanatics at Chatham, calling themselves "Jezreelites," are portrayed by Mr. J. Horton Riley. Mr. W. B. Churchward relates his brief experience of a swindling gold-mining concern in Australia. "The Seven Ages" is an amusing satirical "snarl" at human vanity; "Sad Dogs" is an entertaining collection of canine anecdotes; "In Town" is a notice of antiquarian curiosities in London; "A Startling Experience" is that of the freaks of



SIR JOHN HASSARD,
PRINCIPAL REGISTRAR OF THE PROVINCE OF CANTERBURY.

a kleptomaniac baboon; "Penny Dreadfuls" is an examination of some cheap and silly popular fictions. Mr. Julian Corbett proceeds with his quaint romance of "Cophetua XIII."

Gentleman's Magazine.—"The Hundredth Victim," a rather ghastly story of an old sword with a fatal spell of accidental homicide laid upon it, has a thrilling effect. The French realistic novelist, Gustave Flaubert, the pleasures and difficulties of horticulture, the personal tastes and habits of famous great men, a holiday tour in Devon and Cornwall, the ferocious deeds of Ivan the Terrible, one of the Russian Czars, a night watch in a pheasant preserve with the gamekeeper, some curiosities of English manufactures, and the Irish Exhibition at Olympia, are the subjects of articles in this magazine.

Belgravia.—Short stories, besides the continuation of two long ones, "Under-Currents," and Miss Sarah Tytler's "Blackhall Ghosts," are here provided for amusement; "Lord Dunciman's Dilemma," "Foretold by the Cards," "John Everard's Difficulties," "Nat," "Bon Garçon," and "The Wild Record of Jabez Speed," which last is that of a mad engine-driver running away with a railway-train.

London Society.—As we have already noticed Miss Braddon's last novel, "The Fatal Three," complete in three volumes, the chapters halting so far behind cannot demand our attention. Mrs. Edward Kennard's "A Crack County" has reached its thirty-fourth chapter. "One of Two," "A Girl's Mistake," and "Stolen from a Post-bag," are brief pieces of entertaining fiction. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Travels in London" contemplate objects of architectural and historical interest. Miss Christabel Coleridge expounds the ethical meaning of Goethe's "Faust."

Tinsley's Magazine.—The Hon. Mrs. Armytage, describing some old London mansions and their former mistresses, treats of Mrs. Montague, the estimable and accomplished gentlewoman of the last century, who made her house a congenial resort for people of literary taste. "A Witch of the Hills," by Florence Warden, which is a Scottish Highland story, and "Millicent Phayre," an Australian story, are proceeded with; Mr. Jan Winn tells of an adventure with a raft on Lake Ogaga, somewhere in the United States; and "The Mad Count," a tale by Pauline Roose, has its scene laid in Italy. "The Home of the Vikings," described by Tom Markland, is Sole Bay, near Southwold, on the Suffolk coast.

Atalanta.—In this magazine for well-educated girls, the lady editors, L. T. Meade and Alicia A. Leith, provide a judicious mixture of the entertaining, the useful, the graceful, and the didactic, with many engravings of original design.

Illustrations.—Under the editorship of Mr. Francis George Heath, this magazine, which contains a variety of engravings and of suitable articles, presents tales by Mrs. Pender Cudlip and other writers, remarks on the opera, music, and painting, an account of the High School at Edinburgh, a biography of the late Hippolyte Carnot, sketches of Epping Forest, and notes concerning the nightingale, peafowl, and the care of a garden.

Colburn's United Service Magazine.—The naval manœuvres of our fleet this summer, and the methods of naval mobilisation, are discussed in one article; the effect of short service on army discipline, in another. Colonel Cooper King relates the strategy of General Washington's Yorktown Campaign in 1781. The Rev. P. H. Ditchfield notices some old songs and ballads of the Spanish Armada. Several writers contribute light sketches of the social life of military men.

Good Words.—The Editor, the Rev. Donald Macleod, D.D., discourses impressively of the lamented death of the late German Emperor. The Dean of Gloucester exhibits the interesting historical associations of his Cathedral, and of the tombs and monuments there. Mr. Rae's account of the late M. Jean Baptiste Godin, and of the great co-operative industrial establishment founded by him, the "Familistère" of the Guise ironworks, merits thoughtful attention. Mr. D. Christie Murray's story, "The Weaker Vessel," and the continuation of "Saved as by Fire," meet the reasonable appetite for fiction.

Leisure Hour.—"The Story of the Armada, told from the State Papers," of which Mr. W. J. Hardy furnishes a third instalment, is a good historical account. Professor Blackie contributes a tender little poem of a sweet little lady who once lived in the Isle of Mull. Windsor Castle and Virginia Water are described by Mr. C. Eyre Pascoe. Sir James Risdon Bennett, M.D., writes of Thomas Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians. Several recent Italian explorers in Africa, including Gessi, a brave officer under Gordon in the Soudan, are commemorated in an article by Signora Bompiani.

Harper's Monthly.—Any Londoners who happen to be unacquainted with Chiswick may learn much about it from this excellent New York magazine, the writer upon it being Mr. Moncure Conway. "Studies of the Great West," by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, tell us much about Cincinnati and Louisville, which are places even more important than Chiswick regarded apart from London. The French West Indian Islands, especially Martinique, are made the topic of bright description. Mr. Theodore Child, of Paris, a good art-critic, descants on the admirable Florentine painter, Sandro Botticelli. The Montagnais tribe of Indians, near the Saguenay River in Lower Canada, and the French Roman Catholic Missions among them, are the subject of an interesting paper. Another contributor gives a minute account of the breeding of cattle in Holstein and Friesland. These and other articles are illustrated with a great number of beautiful wood-engravings. There is a series of nine clever drawings to accompany the humorous old English song of "The Leather Bottèl." In the way of fiction, Mr. Rider Haggard's story, "Maiwa's Revenge," one by Mr. W. D. Howells, "Annie Kilburn," and Mr. William Black's "In Far Lochaber," seem to be a very sufficient allowance.

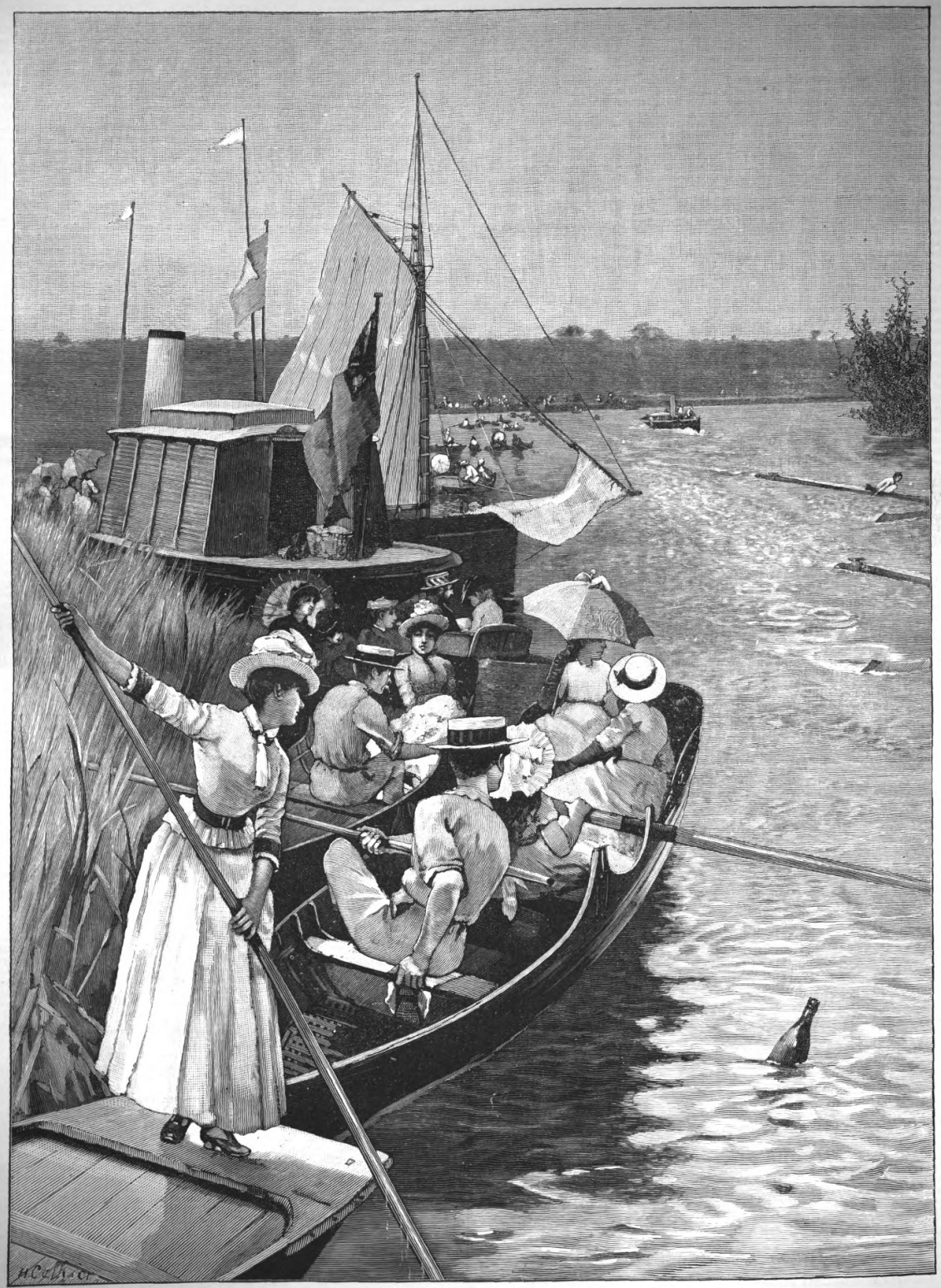
The Century—There is a Trappist monastery in Kentucky; and the life of that silent fraternity, who may scarcely ever speak, except in prayer or confession or worship, or by express permission in case of necessity, contrasts so much with the habits of the American people, that the account of it there is the more remarkable. Mr. George Kennan's ample reports of the situation and character of the Russian political exiles in Siberia, and his description of the scenery of the Altai mountains, add considerably to our knowledge of that region and of those unfortunate people. The authentic political history of President Lincoln's Government and the Civil War of Secession, by Messrs. J. G. Nicolay and Hay, is continued to the date of General Grant's capture of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862. English people who value the old Cathedrals of England are indebted to Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer for her writing, and to Mr. Joseph Pennell, an American artist, for his drawings, by which Lincoln Cathedral is set before the reader. This magazine also contains amusing and interesting stories by popular American writers.

Scribner's Magazine.—Professor Shaler contributes a very instructive study of physical geography and the allied sciences in his treatise on "Rivers and Valleys," finely illustrated by views of the Yellowstone and the Colorado, and of rocky glens in Switzerland and in Norway. The construction of American locomotive engines and railway cars is historically and statistically related, and mechanically explained, by Mr. M. N. Forney. "Otto the Knight" is not a romantic legend of Rhineland, but a tale of those recent quarrels between the artisans and the capitalist employers, in the Western States, from which has sprung an association styled the "Knights of Labour." "First Harvests" is likewise a story of American social life; and "The Fate of the Georgiana" is that of a perilous adventure on the seacoast near Newport. Mr. Henry James, on the contrary, has in hand "A London Life," in which ladies of fashion are concerned. Mr. R. L. Stevenson, in his "Epilogue to an Inland Journey," conducts a lively party of tourists to an interesting part of France.

SIR JOHN HASSARD.

The Queen has conferred the honour of knighthood on Mr. Hassard, Principal Registrar of the Province of Canterbury. He was born in Ireland, in December, 1830, son of Mr. John Hassard, High Sheriff of the county of Cavan; was educated at Clifton, and adopted the profession of solicitor, also reading with a conveyancing barrister. In 1857, Mr. Hassard became private secretary to the Right Rev. Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom he remained in close intimacy until his Grace's death in 1882. He was appointed Comptroller at her Majesty's Chapel Royal, Whitehall, in 1862; Registrar of the Diocese of Canterbury in 1872; and Principal Registrar of the Province in 1876. We may observe that Mr. Hassard had the honour of receiving the Prince and Princess of Wales at Whitehall in 1863, and again in 1888, first at the special service held there on their nuptials, and again at their Silver Wedding. The University of Durham conferred an honorary degree of M.A. on Mr. Hassard in 1884. It may be added that Mr. Hassard was private secretary to Baroness Burdett-Coutts from 1867 until 1874. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

The general report to the Board of Trade on the accidents which have occurred on the railways of the United Kingdom during 1887 has been issued. The total number of persons killed in the working of the railways was 919, and of injured 3590. Of these, 121 persons killed and 1297 injured were passengers; but of these only 25 were killed and 538 injured in consequence of accidents to or collisions between trains. The deaths of the remaining 96 passengers, and the injuries to 759, are returned as due to a variety of other causes, and especially to want of caution on the part of the individuals themselves. Of the remainder, 422 killed and 2075 injured were officers or servants of the railway companies or of the contractors. Of suicides there were 70; of trespassers, 203 were killed and 114 injured; of persons passing over the railway at level crossings, 63 were killed and 35 injured; and of other persons from miscellaneous causes, 40 were killed and 69 injured. In addition there were 58 persons killed and 4157 injured from accidents on their premises not connected with the movement of railway vehicles.



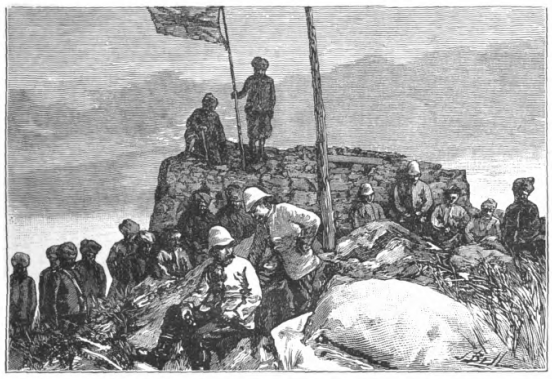
AT THE REGATTA: THE FINAL HEAT.



AT THE REGATTA: A CLOSE RACE.

THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION.

Sikkim is a small tract of mountainous country, lying to the north of Darjeeling between Bhootan and Nepaul and south of Thibet, and is under British protection. It is governed by a Rajah, assisted by the chief Lamas and headmen of the country. The present Rajah is a man of somewhat weak intellect, and of a shy, retiring disposition, owing partly to a hare lip, which greatly disfigures him, and of which he is painfully aware. He has married a Thibetan wife, and his sympathies are decidedly Thibetan. Of late years he has been in the habit of spending the rainy season in Chumbi, which, though only three days' march from his capital, Tumlong, has a dry Thibetan climate. He is bound by treaty with the English to spend half his year in Sikkim; but for the last few years he has lived altogether in Thibet, and, though repeatedly told to come back, has made excuse after excuse, with the result that his allowance from the British Government of 1500 rupees a month has been stopped, and the government of the country has been put into the hands of the Phedong Lama and his brother, the Ransa Dewan, backed by the British Government. At the same time, there is a very strong Thibetan faction, headed by the Pamianchi monks, who give much trouble, leading to many complications. In 1886 the Thibet Mission was organised, and its failure is the occasion of the present expedition. The Thibetans, strongly objecting to any Europeans entering their country, did all in their power to frustrate the mission; which eventually, owing to the representations of China, was recalled, having gone no further than Darjeeling. The Thibetans, who considered this a proof of our fear of them, then entered Sikkim, and erected the fort of Singtu across the high-road. It was to dislodge them from this fort that the present expedition was sent. The troops left India in March, and after two small skirmishes with the enemy, took possession of the fort, which is situated on the top of a mountain, 12,600 ft. above the sea-level, being probably the highest fort in the world. Our troops experienced great difficulty in reaching it, as the snow was very deep and the cold intense; and this, combined with the difficulty of breathing at that altitude, made the ascent extremely arduous. After the capture of the fort the troops marched to Gnatong, a more sheltered place, though still 12,000 ft. high; and there they are encamped. On May 22 they were attacked by a force of about 2400 Thibetans, who came over the Tokala Pass. They surrounded the camp, but after three hours and a half of fighting, were utterly routed, and fled back into Thibet. Since then, there has been no more fighting; but rumours are abroad that the enemy is again collecting in force across the passes. Meanwhile, our troops remain at Gnatong. A military correspondent favours us with Photographs of the camp at Singtu, and of the martello tower at the north end of the fort.



MARTELLO TOWER AT NORTH END OF FORT.



THE CAMP AT SINGTU.

THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION: FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN OFFICER.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain Z. Ameline, master of the French schooner Jacques Mathieu, of Cherbourg, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the British schooner Vine, of Hayle, which was wrecked off St. Ives on July 2.

The usual monthly meeting of the council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England was held on Aug. 1 at No. 12, Hanover-square. In the unavoidable absence of the Prince of Wales, representing her Majesty, the president, Colonel Kingscote, C.B., was called to the chair. The chief business of the meeting was to pass the accounts of the recent meeting at Nottingham and to fix the date of next year's meeting, which will be held in Windsor Great Park. It was moved by Prince Christian, seconded by Earl Cathcart, and carried unanimously, that the opening date for the meeting be fixed for Monday, June 24, 1889. It was resolved to offer prizes for hops in six classes, for cider and perry, and for jam, and preserved, bottled, and desiccated fruit of English growth. Professor Brown submitted a report showing that during the nineteen weeks ended July 21 there had been 421 attacks of pleuro-pneumonia in England and 340 in Scotland. There had been a considerable increase in the cases of swine fever, though the disease is not now so prevalent as it was during the second quarter of last year.

A quarterly court of the governors of the Consumption Hospital, Brompton, was held at the hospital on Aug. 2, Mr. T. P. Beckwith in the chair. The report of the committee of management, read by the secretary (Mr. Dobbin), stated that since the alterations the whole of the beds had become re-occupied. The plan of sending patients to convalescent homes at the seaside at the expense of the hospital (which was adopted during the alterations as a temporary expedient) having proved so beneficial, the committee propose to continue the arrangement provisionally, within certain limitations. The following legacies have been received since the last court: Sir Robert Loder, £2500; Mr. D. Milner, moiety of residue, contingent; Mrs. Anne Kirkup, £500, reversionary; Lady Buchan, £500; Miss G. Austin, £500, duty free. A donation of 100 guineas has been received from Mr. John Wilson Theobald in order to name a memorial bed. Considerable outlay will be required before the next court, in the cleaning and repair of the south wing, to effect which properly it will be necessary to close the out-patients' department for a week. The committee remind the public that their support is essential to the continued well-being of the charity and the maintenance of the 321 beds in the two buildings, the hospital being unendowed and almost entirely dependent upon voluntary help.

Princess Frederica on Aug. 2 distributed the medals and certificates to the successful students of the Polytechnic classes under the auspices of the St. John Ambulance Association. One hundred and sixty-one ladies and eighty-five gentlemen received certificates.

At the invitation of the Earl and Countess of Meath a meeting to consider the objects of the Incorporated Free and Open Church Association was held at 83, Lancaster-gate. Canon Trench, Vicar of All Saints', Notting-hill, read a paper on "How to Free a Pew-rented Church," in the course of which he expressed the opinion that all were agreed in theory that churches ought to be free, but one of the obstacles to be encountered was to be found in the fact that the question had not been really faced by the people themselves. It was necessary that they should be shown that it was fatal to all true religious progress that the public churches should be less free than the public-houses, or the parish highway to heaven less free than the highways of the parish. At his own parish the system of pew rents had been given up, with the result that the income of the church had been considerably increased, and the salaries of the clergy raised. The Rev. Dr. Patterson, vice-president of the American Free and Open Church Association, who opened the discussion, stated that 75 per cent of the churches in the United States were free, and their incomes in consequence had been increased by two thirds, if they were not actually doubled. The Dean of Devonport (Iowa), Commander Dawson, and others also spoke, and a vote of thanks to the Earl of Meath for presiding was carried, on the motion of General Lowry, seconded by Mr. Rooke. Lord Meath, in responding, expressed his entire concurrence with the objects of the association.

PRIZE DISTRIBUTIONS AT PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Lord Harris, the Under-Secretary of State for War, distributed the prizes at Dover College on Aug. 1 in the absence of Earl Granville, the president.

The annual exhibition of Beaumont College took place at Old Windsor, on Aug. 1, in the presence of a distinguished company. The Bishop of Portsmouth distributed the prizes, and the Rector afterwards entertained 300 guests in the vinery.

The tercentenary celebration of St. Bee's Grammar School took place on Aug. 1 in the presence of a large assemblage. The Archbishop of York preached in the parish church in the morning, and the Bishop of Carlisle afterwards distributed the prizes to the successful students.

Speech Day was observed on Aug. 2 at Bradfield College, Reading, and prizes were distributed by Mr. Murdoch, M.P. The annual report of the warden, the Rev. H. B. Gray, stated that the number of pupils attending the college had increased from seventy-one in 1883 to 144 this year, and the preparatory school has also increased its numbers from eight to twenty-three. A touching allusion was made to the recent death of the founder of the college, the Rev. Thomas Stevens.

Mr. T. J. Reeves, the Master of the Grocers' Company, presided on Aug. 2 at the distribution of prizes at the Company's school, Hackney-downs, the wardens and several members of the court being present. Mr. Reeves expressed the satisfaction with which the court had received the report of the school examiners, and characterised the results of the past year as splendid. Out of thirty-eight boys sent up for the Cambridge University examination thirty passed in honours, and only one failed.

Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P. for Oxford University gave away the prizes at Bruce Castle, Tottenham, in the presence of a numerous company of visitors, on Saturday, July 28. The head-master, the Rev. W. Almack, M.A., gave a good report of the work of the school during the past year, and read a satisfactory list of successes won by past and present Brucians during the year; this included a Whitworth scholarship, a Royal Academy scholarship, two gold medals at the London University, the Chesilden medal and the Treasurer's gold medal at St. Thomas's Hospital, and a sizarship at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam presided on Aug. 1 at the annual distribution of prizes at the Royal Naval School, Newcross. The head-master, the Rev. James White, in opening the proceedings, said the reports of the examiners, Professor Culley and Professor Moriarty, showed that the school was in a very satisfactory state. The Malcolm scholarship at Oxford had been gained by R. H. Donovan, the Clothworkers' scholarship at the same university by Hedley, and a scholarship at Cambridge by H. T. Dufton. Four naval cadetships annually given by the Lords of the Admiralty were awarded to Trousdale, Seymour, Harvey, and Case. The silver medal given by the Royal Humane Society for proficiency in swimming had been gained by H. E. Chapman.

Aug. 1 being Speech Day at Malvern College, a large and distinguished gathering of visitors was attracted to the school. The proceedings opened with a luncheon in a marquee, erected in the quadrangle, to which upwards of 150 guests sat down. After this, the company adjourned to the big school for the prize-giving and speeches. The head-master (the Rev. W. Grundy), in the course of his remarks, said he was happy to announce that five open scholarships and exhibitions at the universities had been gained in the past year, while an old Malvernian (J. M. George) had taken the fourth place in the Indian Civil Service final examination. Another old Malvernian (R. E. Cole) was tenth wrangler this year in the Cambridge mathematical tripos. Lord Beauchamp, who distributed the prizes, congratulated the head-master on the steady increase in the numbers of the school, and spoke in a most hopeful manner of its future prospects. The athletic prizes were given away by Lady Emily Foley.

Mr. Henry O. Forbes, the New Guinea explorer, author of "The Naturalist in the Malay Archipelago," has been selected by the London Commission to succeed the late Sir Julius Von Haast as Director of the Canterbury Museum, New Zealand.

At a meeting held at the Royal Forest Hotel, Chingford, Mr. C. N. Buxton, J.P. and High Sheriff of Essex, in the chair, it was resolved to form a golf club at Chingford, to be called the Epping Forest Golf Club. Particulars may be had from Mr. F. F. McKenzie, hon. secretary, The Warren, Loughton, Essex.

The restoration of St. Michael's Church, Coventry, was practically completed on Aug. 1 by the replacing of the top stone of the steeple, which is the tallest of the three tall spires. The ceremony was performed by Mr. G. Woodcock, a contributor of £10,000 to the fund, who, after fixing the stone, assisted Mr. Thompson, the contractor, in replacing the weathercock, at an altitude of 303 ft. A short religious service was gone through, and there were some brief congratulatory speeches; and when the weathercock swung round with the wind the crowds who had assembled at the various points to witness the ceremony cheered lustily.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress entertained the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House to dinner at the Mansion House on Aug. 1, and the Duke of Cambridge, replying for "The Army and Reserve Forces," said he looked upon the Army and Reserve Forces as more or less combined in one, and he trusted they were so in sentiment. He was glad to have the opportunity of saying that there was no man in the country who had always had, and especially at the present moment, so high an appreciation of the services of the Volunteers as himself. He could not understand any man who would not wish to develop and improve and increase the Volunteer force.

AT THE REGATTA.

The pleasant scenes on the river, which are shown in our pair of drawings entitled "A Close Race" and "The Final Heat," may be realised whenever—as *must* happen sometimes and somewhere—an exhibition of aquatic sports and rowing-matches is favoured with the fine weather that we naturally expect in summer. Under such propitious conditions, young ladies can enjoy sitting in a boat, or sauntering in the meadow or beneath the trees at the water's edge, to admire the manly prowess and skill of amateur crews, possibly feeling some kind of personal interest in one or another of the valiant oarsmen. As there is no more healthy exercise of strength for the young men, and no contest which more surely brings its reward, even to unsuccessful competitors, in the beneficial use and improvement of their natural powers, there is also no spectacle in which ladies can more gracefully and properly take the part of beholding and encouraging a friendly rivalry. In watching "a close race," in frankly manifesting a certain degree of excitement "at the finish," and in joining with signs of glad applause the general acclamation with which "the winner" is worthily greeted, the presence of these fair visitors at the regatta is the crowning glory of the day.

A new storage reservoir at Ealing, capable of containing more than fifty million gallons, established in connection with the Grand Junction Waterworks Company, was opened on Aug. 3.

The resignation is announced of Mr. T. C. S. Kynnersley, Stipendiary Magistrate of Birmingham since 1856. Mr. Kynnersley, who is eighty-six years of age, was one of the old Commissioners in Bankruptcy.

The Bishop of London writes as follows on behalf of the Children's Country Holiday Fund:—"This fund has been established to enable London children to spend two or three weeks in the country. Last year visitors in various parts of London working in connection with this fund sent over 14,000 children to spend their holidays by the sea or among the fields. The children were received as guests in the cottages of villagers, where they joined in the life of the family and where some lady or neighbour saw to their care and enjoyment. All came home, bringing not only a store of health, but also memories of country life to widen sympathy and enhance good-will. The cost was only 5s. a week, and in each case the parents gave a contribution according to their means. From thirty-three centres in the north, east, south, and west of London, visitors are now selecting pale and ailing children, asking no questions as to views or creeds. May I remind those who are now flying from the weariness of the fairest parts of London, that unless they give to our fund, thousands of children who need the change, and for whom country air and freedom are ready, must spend their holidays in narrow homes and close streets? Donations may be sent to the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, 10, Buckingham-street, Strand, W.C."

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Queen having been repeatedly and warmly pressed by the representative committee of the Women's Jubilee Offering to accept something personal to herself from the fund, the bulk of which her Majesty has presented to found a nursing institute, has at length consented to a portion of the money being expended in the purchase of jewellery for her Majesty's personal use. A diamond necklace, and earrings to match, in the design of which the emblems of the United Kingdom appear, have accordingly been made, and the *parure* was accepted by the Queen on Tuesday, July 31, the Duchess of Buccleuch making the offering on behalf of the subscribers.

One of the most obnoxious features of weeds is the way in which they flourish under circumstances that kill or injure more profitable and desirable growths. There is an irritating perversity about this which is very trying. Never was there a summer so wet and miserably cold as this, and never was there such a summer for poppies!—those most useless of weedy flowers. They are splendidly decorative in their public place of pride, but are unfit for private life by reason of their sickly odour; so that they may be counted as amongst the most worthless weeds that grow. Some other field and hedge flowers, however, are as suitable for country room and dining-table decoration as the cultivated ones that are so hard to come by sometimes in the rural places where they grow, but are not sold. When in straits, turn to hedgerows and the fields, and almost every wild flower but the poppy will be found available. A table decorated entirely with the rich blue of the corn-flower, the delicate star-like white and yellow of the wild marguerite, and the trailing green branches of the hop-bine, all placed gracefully and tastefully in white porcelain vases, was awarded an honourable mention at the recent botanic fête. The most refined effect can be produced with wild flowers by confining oneself to a few varieties. A great posy of every roadside flower that blows has a glory all its own; but it is the robust, unsubdued beauty of the rustic; while by being at the pains of selecting colours as sparingly and carefully in the field as one would do in the green-house, similarly tasteful effects can be obtained.

The fashion of the hour in table-dressing runs to spiky, somewhat straggling effects. No longer are firm, compact masses of bloom displayed. Even a flower like the rose, so firm and solid in the individual blossom that it is almost impossible to prevent a bunch having the like characters, must be carefully deprived of that aspect by commingling with long-stalked or irregularly shaped flowers, such as gladioli, narcissi, clematis, heliotrope, or orchids. Where the last named are available, nothing can equal them for effect. Orchids make themselves visible in the most extraordinary manner. Even when they are sparsely combined with a multitude of other blossoms of somewhat similar shape and tint to the particular orchids used, they yet do not fail to attract the eye; and half-a-dozen "slipper," or "dove," or "standard-bearer" orchids will give the necessary variety and distinction to a great mass of roses, provided the rare blooms are artfully placed so as to project a little above the close-set trusses of the rose.

But not everybody can have even half-a-dozen blossoms cut from orchids. Here, then, are notes of some more simply-dressed tables which have been seen lately. Down the centre of a snowy damask cloth was placed a broad strip of royal blue plush—so broad a strip, indeed, that it must have been imperceptibly joined in the middle. This was not laid all flat, but elevated at regular intervals over three blocks of wood, on each of which pedestals stood a beautiful candlestick of white porcelain, the shape that of a female figure bearing a three-branch light. The wax candles in these were shaded with crimson card on wire supports. The only flowers on the table were pink double-carnations, mixed with a little maiden-hair fern; these were placed in low bowls on the stands round the base of all the candle-bearing figures, and also in large shell-shaped holders at either end of the blue plush strip. Fruit-stands of the same porcelain, but a plain round shape, were placed towards the four corners. Another table, more simple still, had roses plucked from their stems laid on the table-cloth, so as to form half a square at the four corners of the table, exactly the right-angled corners of each design being wide and the points slanted off to a single rose. The other ornaments of the table were china fruit-dishes fitted into each angle of blossoms, and a central basket of wicker-work, with double handles, having something the effect of an Imperial crown in form; the handles were covered completely by being wreathed with roses, and the basket was filled with roses relieved with projecting spikes of Eucharis lilies. Unique decoration for a table was obtained in another case by the combination of water-lilies and forget-me-nots, with sprays of feathery asparagus in place of the more ordinary ferns. Water-lilies lay scattered on a mirror plateau in the centre of the table, and asparagus sprays and forget-me-nots, with one or two lilies, filled slender glass épergnes placed on the mirror; on which also was a large lamp with a drawn muslin and lace shade, lined with pink silk, which formed the centre-piece. Flowers floated in the finger-bowls. Upon yet another table fairy lamps having shades painted by hand with sprays of flowers, and the saucers partly filled with maidenhair and white stephanotis, formed the chief adornment, while the centre-piece was a small tray of sand, completely concealed with flowers all white in tint—stephanotis, Eucharis lilies, gardenia, narcissi, and clematis—and a few ferns, the tinted lamps giving all the colour, except such as came from strawberries, peaches, and Hamburg grapes, at the corners.

Judges constantly perform the traditional feat of driving the coach and four through Acts of Parliament. It is well, perhaps, that the ordinary citizen does not understand how few of the laws that govern him are the product of Acts of Parliament made by his representatives, and how many of them are simply the decisions of two or three old gentlemen, perhaps crotchety, or perhaps having personal feelings about social arrangements which they import into their decisions. How little reverence is really due to a Judge's reading of the law is apparent from the frequency with which judgments given in the lower courts are reversed by the higher ones. Yet when the Court of Appeal has at length spoken, no Judge will afterwards venture to exercise his own intelligence on the words of a statute; but the dictum of the majority of the three fallible and possibly peculiar Judges who sat on that occasion overrides for ever the plain terms of an Act of Parliament. No Act can ever have been drawn in broader terms than the Married Women's Property Act, which begins by declaring that in every respect a married woman and a single one are to be under identical circumstances as regards making contracts, suing and being sued, and property rights and powers generally. Month after month the Judges are introducing qualifications and modifications into that plain, straightforward law. A case just decided is in point. A married woman was sued to complete a contract which she had signed for purchasing a house. Her creditor lost his case, on the ground that he was unable to show that she had any separate property when she made the contract; and, according to a judgment of the Court of Appeal, "it is held that she can only bind herself to the extent of her separate estate, so that if she have no separate property she cannot enter into a contract at all." More than that, the plaintiff in such a case is required to prove that the married woman had separate property when she made the agreement, and not she to prove that she had not any. Now, this is very convenient for married women who may wish to repudiate their contracts; but it is a grave disadvantage to honest women who conduct any business on their own account. To such women, it is of the first consequence to be able to make valid contracts; if it is known that they can repudiate their contracts at will, nobody will wish to do business with them. Single women are not placed at such a disadvantage in their business arrangements, and the intention of the Legislature, which the Judges are over-riding, was to equalise married with single women in property matters.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

MANCHESTER, ARTHUR GIBSONIAN, J. N., and many others, are perplexed over the solution of No. 2308. If Black play, as they suggest, 1. Kt to R 3rd, White replies with 2. P to Kt 8th, becoming a Kt (ch), discovering check, and mating.

E. CRANE.—Letters received up to Friday morning are acknowledged the following week.

J. L. V. C.—Your anticipation is correct; the problem is hardly up to our standard. Captures on the first move are nearly always objectionable, especially with such simple play as follows in yours.

E. LOUDEN.—We are glad to welcome you back to the ranks of solvers.

J. P.—Too simple and too many checks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2305 received from W. A. Smith (Bellary, South India); of Problem No. 2306 from W. A. Smith; of No. 2307 from W. A. Smith, J. B, and F. R.; of No. 2308 from Bernard Reynolds and H. P. (Dudley); of No. 2309 from Janet Joseph Pullen, and J. Lister.

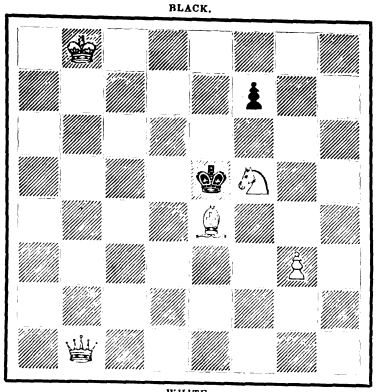
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2312 received from Thomas Chown, J. Desanges, Dr. F. St., J. D. Tucker (Leeds), J. G. Banken, G. J. Veale, E. Louden, R. Worters (Canterbury), Joseph T. Pullen, Dawn, Howard A. E. Phillips, Jupiter Club, C. E. P., J. M. Kelly, E. E. H., E. J. Gibbs, Percy R. Gibbs, A. M. V., T. Roberts, Rev. Rook, T. G. (Ware), John Short, Dane John, J. Hepworth Shaw, Bernard Reynolds, Sergeant James Sam, Shadforth, Percy Rees, G. T. Addison (York), (Shoulder's Hill), W. R. Hallam, J. Hall, Major Prichard, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), Heaward, E. Crane, and D. Partington.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2310.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to R 3rd	K to Q sq
2. Kt to Q 5th	P moves
3. R to R 8th. Mate.	

If Black play 1. K to Q 3rd, then 2. P to Q 8th (a Kt) and mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 2314.
By B. G. LAWS.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the British Chess Club handicap between Messrs. POLLOCK and BIRD.
(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P
3. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd
4. K Kt takes P	P to K Kt 3rd
5. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt
6. Q to Q 4th	P to K B 3rd
7. Kt to B 3rd	B to K Kt 2nd
8. B to B 4th	Q to Kt 3rd
9. Q to Q 3rd	Kt to R 3rd
10. Castles	Kt to Kt 5th

The advance of this Kt is too hazardous; Kt to B 2nd or P to Q 3rd is preferable.

11. Q to Kt 3rd	P to Q 3rd

Here again Kt to K 4th, with a view of playing P to Kt 3rd and Castling, seems to afford Black a more open position.

12. P to K R 3rd	Kt to K 4th
13. B to Kt 3rd	B to R 3rd
14. B to K 3rd	Q to Kt 2nd

Q to B 2nd is a better defensive move.

15. P to B 4th	

Very much played, as the full effects of the sacrifice are not immediately apparent.

15.	B takes R
16. P takes Kt	B to R 3rd
17. P takes Q P	R to Q sq
18. B to B 5th	P takes P
19. B takes Q P	B to B sq
20. P to K 5th	B takes B
21. P takes B	K to B sq

Necessary to prevent the check with R and R to K 7th.

22. Kt to K 4th	

R to K sq is sounder.

22.	Q to Kt 3rd (ch)
23. K to R sq	Q to Q 5th
24. R to K sq	K to Kt 2nd
25. P to B 3rd	Q to K 4th

After this White regains the exchange and the game is virtually over.

26. Q takes Q	P takes Q
27. Kt to B 5th	B to B sq
28. R to Q sq	B to Q 2nd
29. B to K 6th	B takes B
30. Kt takes B (ch)	K to B 3rd
31. Kt takes R	R takes Kt
32. P to B 4th	P to B 4th
33. R to Q 5th,	and wins.

The International Congress of the British Chess Association and Yorkshire County Chess Club commenced its operations at Bradford on Monday, Aug. 6. After a public reception of competitors and visitors, a start was made with the various items of the programme, particulars of which we have already published. Interest, of course, centered in the masters' tournament, in which many of the leading players of Europe and America are engaged. To judge from the list of entries, no new reputation is likely to be made on this occasion; but the old hands will give each other plenty of fight before the contest is over.

A new compilation by Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Rowland, entitled "The Chess-players' Annual and Club Directory," is announced for publication at the end of the year. It will contain a series of articles by various writers; 100 prize-problems of British tourneys during 1887-88; a directory to date of all European chess clubs, associations, and periodicals; a list of first-class players; and much other information of a useful character to chess-players. The price to subscribers is 2s. 6d. and their names may be sent to 9, Victoria-terrace, Clontarf, Dublin.

With Captain Mackenzie amongst the competitors the result of the contest for the championship of Scotland was this year a foregone conclusion. Mr. D. Y. Mills, last year's winner of the cup, made a creditable effort to maintain his position, and succeeded in drawing his game with the redoubtable Captain. He had, however, to share the honours of second place with Mr. G. E. Barbier, who is making steady progress as a match-player, and is now one of the strongest in Scotland.

Five Lords of the Council, assisted by five Bishops as assessors, heard on Aug. 3 an appeal from the refusal of the Archbishop of Canterbury to allow a prosecution to be instituted against the Bishop of Lincoln for illegal ritual. The Court ordered the matter to be remitted to the Archbishop.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1885), with two codicils (dated Jan. 7, 1886 and Nov. 8, 1887), of Mr. William Ewing, formerly of No. 95, Gloucester-place, Portman-square; but late of No. 26, Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, and of Bridley Manor, near Guildford, a retired Major of the Royal Tower Hamlets Militia, who died on April 22 last, at Paris, was proved on July 25, by Sir Archibald Orr Ewing, Bart., the brother, William Orr Ewing, the nephew, and Theodore Judkin Du Bois, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £246,000. The testator gives his town residence, with the furniture, plate, pictures, books, jewellery, household effects, horses and carriages, and £500 to his wife; he also gives her the interest and dividends of £60,000 for life; and there are legacies to his executors, butler, coachman, and valet. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children, but his daughters are not to receive more than £50,000 each. In default of children there are considerable bequests to nephews and nieces, brother, sisters, and sister-in-law; and the ultimate residue is to be divided between his nephews and nieces, the children of his said brother, Sir Archibald Orr Ewing.

The will (dated June 20, 1887), with a codicil (dated Oct. 22, 1887), of Mr. James Tabor, J.P., D.L., late of Earl's Hall, Prittlewell, Essex, who died on June 26 last, was proved on July 26 by Samuel George Savill and John English Tabor and Charles Albert Tabor, the nephews, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £165,000. The testator leaves an annuity of £400 to Catherine Agnes, the widow of his late son, James Albert Clement Tabor; annuities of £500 each to his daughters, Mrs. Mary Collison Tabor Green, Mrs. Susannah Hailey Tabor Wardrop, and Mrs. Emma Victoria Tabor Savill; annuities of £600 each to Albert Maitland Tabor and John Clement Tabor, the two youngest sons of his said late son; and annuities to his other grandchildren all charged upon parts of his real estate. He gives his books, pictures, and jewellery to his grandson, James Tabor, the eldest son of his said late son; and there are bequests to his executors, and to his housekeeper and cook. Subject as aforesaid, he settles all his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, upon his grandson, the said James Tabor; and on his coming into possession there is a special provision for his next eldest brother taking a further annuity.

The will (dated July 27, 1877), with a codicil (dated Nov. 9, 1886), of Mr. John Hibbert, J.P., late of Braywick Lodge, Maidenhead, Berks, who died on March 28 last, was proved on July 23 by Mrs. Charlotte Elizabeth Hibbert, the widow, Robert Lambert Turner Irton, and Samuel Ircham, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £70,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and all his personal estate and effects (except leasehold estate and chattels real, stocks, shares, credits, and securities), to his wife; £100 to the Windsor Infirmary; £500 to Frederick Mansel Turner: £300 to each of his executors; an annuity of £300 to his sister, Lydia Jane Hibbert; an annuity of £150 to Mary Watkins; annuities to his butler, coachman, and gardener; and £600, to be distributed by his executors, at their discretion, among his servants and labourers. He appoints certain real and personal estate, under his marriage settlement, on the death of his wife, to his cousin, Edgar Paul Tichborne Hibbert. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his said cousin.

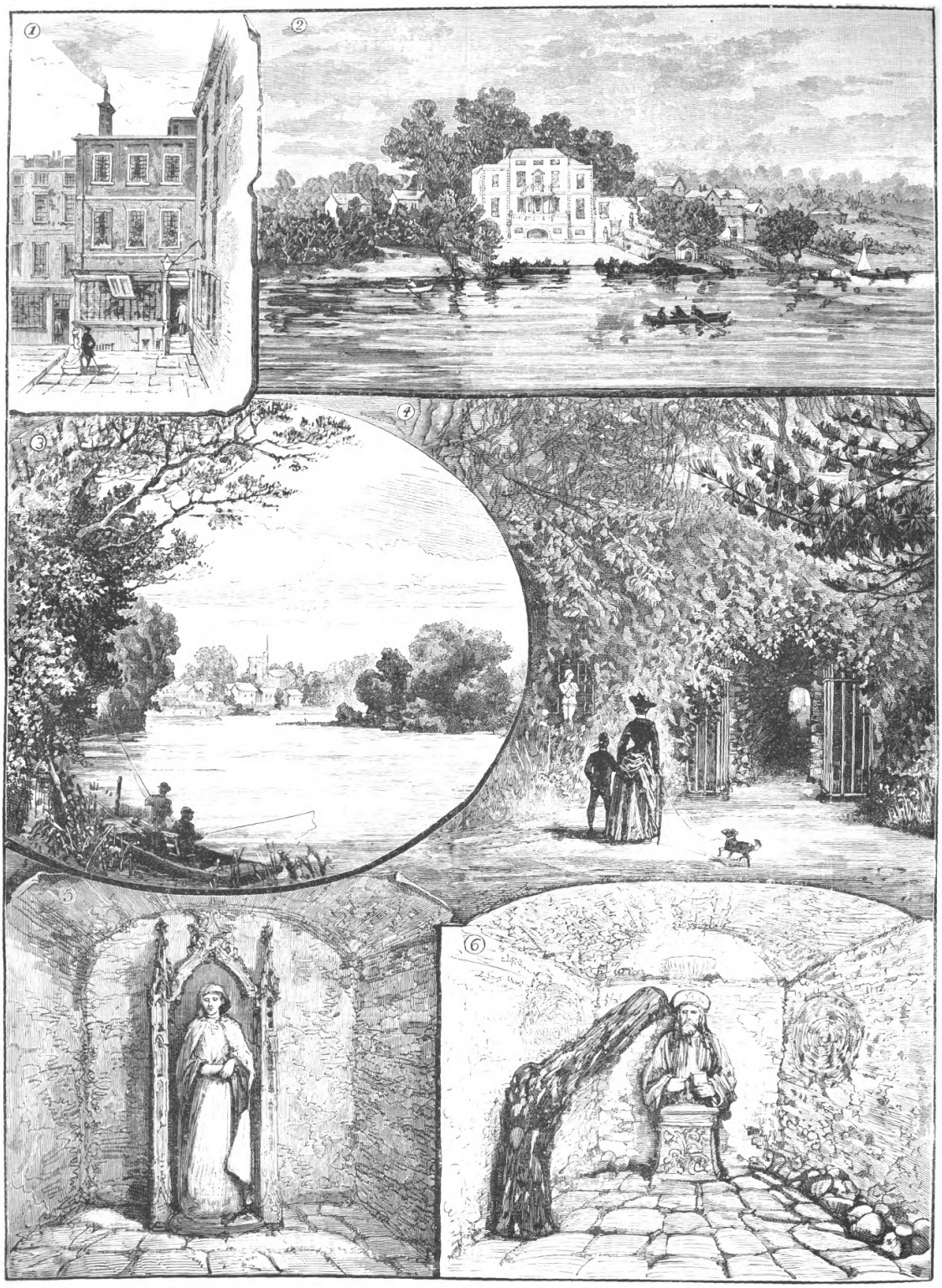
The will (dated Aug. 17, 1885) of Count Carlo Angiolini Clericetti, formerly of No. 39, Devonshire-street, Portland-place, but late of No. 58, Montpellier-road, Brighton, officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy, who died on May 2 last, was proved on July 27 by Henry Mann, Robert Ruthven Pym, and Henry Burnley Heath, the executors, the value of personal estate amounting to upwards of £46,000. The testator bequeaths legacies amounting to £11,500 to various charitable institutions at Milan, Rome, and Turin. He also bequeaths £1600 to the Italian Benevolent Society in London; £1000 to the Sussex County Hospital; £500 to the Sunday and Day School for Italians in London at Saffron-hill; £500, a painting on glass by Agneni, a mahogany book-case with books, a bronze statuette by Marochetti, and a pair of bronze candlesticks to the Brighton Free Library and Museum; £400 to the Asylum for the Blind, Eastern-road, Brighton; £300 to the Brighton, Hove, and Preston Provident Dispensary; £200 to the Sussex Eye Hospital, Queen's-road, Brighton; and legacies to servants and others. The residue of his property is to be realised and invested in Italian Rentes, and the revenue periodically distributed by the Municipality of Milan among the deserving poor of both sexes, natives of and domiciled in Milan.

The will (dated March 26, 1888) of Mr. Thomas Cox, late of Glanelly, Great Malvern, Worcestershire, who died on May 27 last, was proved on July 21 by Mrs. Elizabeth Cox, the widow, Thomas Edward Lucy, John Percival Balmer, and Shelston Kench, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator bequeaths £400, a certain sum of £1000 bequeathed to her by her father's will, and all the furniture, plate, pictures, and effects at his residence, to his wife; £100 to his sister, Emily Cox; £100 to each of his executors, Mr. Lucy, Mr. Balmer, and Mr. Kench; and £1000 to each of his children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated July 13, 1881), with two codicils (dated June 5, 1885, and Dec. 8, 1887), of Miss Florence Mary Georgina Cole, late of No. 66, Eaton-place, who died on May 21 last, was proved on July 12 by James Henry Cole, the brother, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testatrix bequeaths £3500 to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Frances Cole; £1000 to her niece and god-daughter, Florence Kate Lowry Cole; £1500 to her said brother, James Henry; and £1000 each to her two sisters, Frances Maria Frederica Virginia Cole and Henrietta Anne Pauline Cole. The residue of her money, stocks, funds, and securities she leaves, upon trust, for her said two sisters, for their lives, and on the death of the survivor to go with the personal estate of her late brother, Colonel Arthur Lowry Cole. The ultimate residue of her property she gives to her said two sisters.

The will (dated May 20, 1886) of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Beckwith Sawrey, late of Clairville, Reigate, who died on May 23 last, was proved on July 25 by Mrs. Gertrude Mary Sawrey, the widow, and Frederick Augustus Manley, the nephew, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £12,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and all his furniture, pictures, household effects (except silver plate), horses and carriages, to his wife; and £500 to Sarah Annie King. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children; and, in default of children, for his said nephew, Frederick Augustus Manley.

Daniel Wilson, LL.D., President of the University of Toronto, Canada, has been knighted.



1. Pope's Birthplace, Plough-court, Lombard-street.
2. Pope's House at Twickenham.
3. Twickenham Church and Eel-pie Island, from Pope's Villa.
4. Pope's Grotto.
5. Interior of Grotto, left side.
6. Interior of Grotto, right side.

THE POPE CENTENARY COMMEMORATION AT TWICKENHAM.

SEE PAGE 170.



RAMBLING SKETCHES: BALLANTRAE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

FROM SKETCHES BY LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

THE POPE COMMEMORATION.

Sir Mountstuart Elphinstone Grant-Duff, on Tuesday, July 31, opened, at the Twickenham Townhall, a collection of books, autographs, paintings, drawings, engravings, and personal relics connected with the poet Alexander Pope, now brought together in commemoration of the bi-centenary of the year of his birth. The committee, of which Sir M. E. Grant-Duff is president, includes Mr. W. J. Courthope, Mr. Austin Dobson, Professor Henry Morley, the Rev. L. M. D'Orsey (hon. local secretary), Mr. Henry Tedder (hon. secretary), Mr. Russell Lowell, Mr. Alfred Austin, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. W. Senior, Mr. John Murray, and other well-known persons. Mr. Edward King was the originator of the movement. The collection, to which the contributors number between seventy and eighty, includes the first, second, and several subsequent editions of Pope's works, a number of autograph letters and manuscripts, paintings, miniatures, drawings, and engravings of the poet, of his most prominent contemporaries, and of places with which his life and works were identified, and various articles which belonged to Pope. Amongst the books are the first edition of "The Rape of the Lock," and other scarce editions, lent by Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Austin Dobson, Lieutenant-Colonel F. Grant, Mr. James Montgomery, Mr. Alfred Austin, Mr. J. Dardis Blount, Mr. F. Walker, Mr. W. J. Courthope, and other collectors have placed the treasures of their libraries at the disposal of the committee. Pope's own copy of "The Dunciad," over one hundred pages of which are filled with corrections in the author's handwriting, is lent by Mr. Richard Tangye; and Mr. H. Saxe-Wyndham, Mr. A. Morrison, and Mrs. H. G. Bohn contribute manuscript letters of more or less interest. A very interesting contribution is that of Sir Theodore Martin, who has lent the original manuscript of the Life of Pope by Dr. Johnson, in the "Lives of the Poets"; autograph letters from Pope, Johnson, Mrs. Thrale; drawings of a number of Pope's contemporaries, and other relics—all bound in one superb folio volume. Mr. John Murray sends a bust of the poet by Roubiliac, the autograph of the preface to the first collection of the works, and other documents; and there is a large number of portraits of Pope in oil, water-colour, and line engraving, together with counterfeit presentments of Martha and Theresa Blount, Queen Anne, Lord Cobham, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Horace Walpole, Addison, Matthew Prior, Dr. Bentley, and other of Pope's contemporaries. Some score of views of Twickenham and its neighbourhood are included in the exhibition, and the personal relics include a cast of the poet's skull taken when the remains were disturbed some thirty or forty years ago; a Malacca cane with ivory head, which was Pope's walking-stick; a chair which Pope is said to have constantly used; a small china teapot with metal spout, which he gave to his cousin, J. Ward, of Reading; and a casket known as "the feather box," made from the wood of a willow planted by Pope, and with his full-length portrait on the inside of the lid.



BUST OF POPE, BY ROUBILIAC.



THE FEATHER-BOX CASKET, WITH POPE'S PORTRAIT IN LID.



POPE'S CHAIR.



POPE'S TEAPOT.

The opening of the exhibition, which was on view till Saturday, took place in the Townhall, the chair being taken by Sir M. E. Grant-Duff. Among the company were Lady Freake, Lady Grant-Duff, Mr. W. J. Courthope, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Colonel Thompson, Mr. C. J. Thrupp (chairman of the local board), Mr. Vincent Griffiths, Mr. E. King (originator of the commemoration), Mr. H. R. Tedder (hon. secretary, librarian of the Athenæum Club), the Rev. L. M. D'Orsey (local secretary), the Rev. Ashton Gwatkin, the Rev. E. English, and Mr. G. Mackintosh. Professor Henry Morley delivered an address on Pope, in the course of which he said it was surely a sign that there was depth and breadth in the man that there should be to this very day such various opinions held about him. After briefly narrating the leading facts of Pope's youth and progress in literature, Mr. Morley said that the poet was distinctly a product of the French school of criticism, which was prevalent in his youth, and which aimed especially at clearness and sense. The influence of that school was dominant when he began to write. Nevertheless, he was a true poet, and deserved a high place in the history of English literature.

RAMBLING SKETCHES: BALLANTRAE, AYRSHIRE.

The land of Robert Burns, Ayrshire, contains no lovelier valley than that of the Stinchar; and it won a tribute of verse from that poet, as he watched the stream flowing down to the Atlantic at Ballantrae. But in this poem, he changed the name to Lugar, so that a stranger would not know he referred to the district. It is no wonder that a group of well-known Scotch artists should make Ballantrae their favourite headquarters. One of the most successful of these has truly said that nowhere can fine effects of sea and sky be better studied than here. Ballantrae is famous for its glorious sunsets; and the colours of rock and sea are such as cannot be surpassed in beauty. The rocks at each headland flanking Ballantrae are of black, brown, and purple colour; they are "trap" rocks, with endless gigantic fissures and grand clefts and chasms, into whose mysterious depths the Atlantic waves enter foaming, to be stilled in the innermost recesses. But during a strong westerly gale, many spouting caves can here be observed; and such masses of foam lie on the cliffs as to astonish even those who have lived by the Atlantic all their days. Sea-weed, too, lies in the coves or bays, five feet in depth. Such a strange bed of solid seaweed exists between Ballantrae and the town of Girvan, in a small and beautiful bay.

The view from behind the village of Ballantrae is extensive and highly interesting. Loch Ryan lies behind a headland; the coast of Ireland is seen on the left front; between Ireland and Kintyre is the open Atlantic; on the right front towers Ailsa Craig, with the Isle of Arran behind; and the hills of Loch Fyne are well seen on any clear day. The old ruined castles in this neighbourhood are remarkable, perched on commanding crags, and well within bugle-call of each other. The finest of these is Craig Kiel, owned by Mr. MacConnel, who has stopped the barbarism of quarrying limestone, and so undermining the castle. Its aspect would strike even those who have seen all the castles of the Rhine and the Danube. In this castle, at times, dwelt Robert Bruce. The walls are of tremendous strength; even now, though one huge angle has fallen out, undermined by the quarrymen, it bids fair to last for centuries if it be left alone. The right time for visiting this castle is the sunset hour; then wait till the crimson and gold beat in at its windows and loopholes, and presently flood the interior, with its solemn arch and lofty hall of great height. The visitor will remember it as one of the most romantic scenes in Scotland. And Stinchar Castle is just behind Ballantrae; it was a grand castle once. The district is the land of the Kennedys, of whom Lord Ailsa is the head.

The village of Ballantrae is well supplied with delicious fish; and there is an excellent bakery, producing "baps," which are delicious, besides "scones" and many other things. There is also a good village butcher; and last, not least, this village is an abode of quiet and peace. Here, too, the golfer has a glorious bit of turf; while the lawn-tennis player has two courts for his pastime.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Emperor and Empress of Brazil embarked at Bordeaux on Aug. 5 for Pauillac, en route to Brazil.—M. Carnot unveiled a statue of Mirabeau at Montargis on Aug. 5; thirty thousand persons were present. M. Carnot afterwards held a reception.—Some encounters took place on the 6th between the police and the navvies on strike in Paris in consequence of the latter attempting to prevent men who have not struck from continuing their work. The hairdressers' assistants and the café waiters on strike, on leaving a meeting at the Bourse du Travail, proceeded—the former in the direction of the Place des Victoires and the latter towards the Café de la Paix, which they intended to ransack. The rioters were, however, promptly dispersed by the police. Great excitement prevailed among the men on strike at Amiens, who on the 6th paraded the streets with flags. A disturbance occurred in the afternoon, but order was ultimately restored by the mounted gendarmerie, who made three arrests.—A fatal conflict has occurred between Italian and French labourers at some railway works in France, one man being killed and several wounded. The quarrel arose from the discharge of the Italians, owing to the representations of the French.

Cavaliere Bonacina, President of the Italian Exhibition in London, was received in audience at Rome on Aug. 4 by the King of Italy, when his Majesty expressed his satisfaction at the success of the Exhibition.—The Italian Protectorate over Zula, to the south of Massowah, has been formally proclaimed. The French Foreign Minister has sent a Note to the Powers respecting the Massowah question.—A volcanic eruption occurred on Aug. 3 in the Lipari Isles, the group off Sicily in which the well-known volcano of Stromboli is situated. Immense damage is stated to have been caused.

The Emperor William II., having spent the night at Friedrichsruh, with Prince Bismarck, left shortly after noon on Aug. 1 for Potsdam, which he reached at half-past five, and drove at once to the Marble Palace. He was enthusiastically received.—The Emperor, on the 3rd, received at Potsdam, with all the pomp usual on such occasions, the Extraordinary Mission sent by the Sultan to congratulate his Majesty on his accession to the throne. The audience was followed by a dinner, the guests at which were Munir Pasha and his suite; the Turkish Ambassador, with the other members of the Turkish Embassy; Count Herbert Bismarck, and Prince Radolin. The Emperor continues to devote much attention to his army. On Aug. 6 there was a sham-fight, under the personal direction of his Majesty, near Potsdam, in which the entire garrison and two batteries of Field Artillery of the Guards took part. On the 7th the Emperor was present while the Fusilier Battalion of the 2nd Emperor Franz Regiment of Grenadier Guards went through the new drill on the Tempelhof field, under the command of Major Menges, of the War Office. At the close of the drill, the Emperor lunched with the officers of the regiment, at their barracks.

Terrible floods in Germany, Austria, and Russia are reported.

The First Chamber of the Netherlands States-General have ratified the North Sea Liquor Traffic Convention, and passed the Bill extending the Netherlands Bank Charter for fifteen years.

General Sheridan, so well known for his brave and skilful leadership of the cavalry of the United States during the Civil War, died on Sunday night, Aug. 5, aged fifty-seven, from a failure of the action of the heart. A Bill to provide a pension of 5000 dols. a year for his widow has been introduced in the United States Senate.—A fatal fire occurred on Aug. 3 at a tenement-house adjoining the rear of the People's Theatre, New York. The building was occupied mainly by Polish tailors.

Official advices state that the crop prospects throughout the Dominion of Canada are generally above the average. In Manitoba the prospects are unprecedented.—Sir George Stephen has resigned the presidency of the Canadian Pacific Railroad; the vice-president, Mr. Van Horne, will succeed him.

The Cape House of Assembly has passed the Railway Extension Bill.—The total loss of life, European and native, by the terrible accident at the De Beers Mine is estimated at 250.

The *Daily News* Calcutta Correspondent telegraphs that 1000 Thibetans have entered Sikkim, and threaten Pakyong. Colonel Graham is confident of his ability to resist any attack.

The British ship Star of Greece was wrecked in Aldinga Bay, near Adelaide, on July 13, and seventeen persons, including the captain, were drowned.

The revenue of New Zealand for the quarter ending June 30 last amounted to £768,000, being an increase of £41,000, as compared with the corresponding period of last year. The Customs receipts increased by £15,000.

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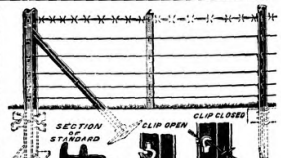
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OBITUARY.

REAR-ADMIRAL CODRINGTON.

Rear-Admiral William Codrington, C.B., died on July 29, at Shrublands, Tunbridge Wells, aged fifty-six. He became Sub-Lieutenant in July, 1853, and served as Mate of the Eurydice, in the White Sea, during the Russian War. His other appointments were—Lieutenant, October, 1855; Commander, July, 1864; Captain, June, 1869; and Rear-Admiral, April, 1886. He was Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, 1876 to 1880, and was made a C.B. (civil) in April, 1880. He was Aide-de-Camp to the Queen from 1883 to 1886; Captain-Superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard, 1883 to 1885; Director of Naval Ordnance, December, 1882, to April, 1883; on Parliamentary Committee on the Building and Repair of Ships, 1884; Junior Naval Lord of the Admiralty, June, 1885, to February, 1886; and Admiral-Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard, April, 1886, to November, 1887.

COLONEL RUCK-KEENE.

Colonel Edmond Ruck-Keene, of Swyncombe House, in the county of Oxford, J.P., formerly Major 2nd Dragoon Guards, and Colonel of the Oxfordshire Hussars, died on July 17, aged sixty-six. He was eldest son of the Rev. Charles Edmond Ruck-Keene, of Swyncombe, Fellow of All Souls, by Rebecca Frances, his wife, daughter of Sir George Shiffner, and was grandson of Mr. Benjamin Keene, M.P., by Mary, his wife, only daughter of Mr. George Ruck, of Swyncombe, in the county of Oxford, which Mr. Benjamin Keene was son of Dr. Edmond Keene, Bishop of Ely. Colonel Ruck-Keene was married twice, and leaves issue.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR A. NEED.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Need, Lieutenant of her Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard, died, at his residence, Fountain Dale, Blidworth, Notts, aged sixty-nine. He served with distinction with the 14th Hussars in the Punjaub Campaign of 1848-49; and took part in the Persian Expedition in 1857, and in the same year served with the Central India Field-Force. He was frequently mentioned in despatches. Sir A. Need was a Magistrate for the county of Notts.

MR. TYRWHITT DRAKE.

Mr. Thomas Tyrwhitt Drake, of Shardeloes, Amersham, Bucks, and St. Donat's Castle, Glamorganshire, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff of Bucks in 1859, died on July 24, aged seventy-one. The Drakes of Shardeloes, for centuries a very eminent family in the county of Buckingham, represented, for several generations, the borough of Agmondesham in Parliament. The gentleman whose death we record was born July 14, 1817. He married, Aug. 8, 1843, Elizabeth Julia, daughter of Mr. John Stratton, and widow of Colonel Wedderburn, and by her, who died July, 1885, leaves issue.

THE DEAN OF CHICHESTER.

The Very Rev. John William Burgon, Dean of Chichester, died at the Deanery on Aug. 4. Dr. Burgon was a Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, for thirty years, and was Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, from 1863 to 1876, when he became Dean of Chichester. The published works of the Dean make a very long list, and include "The Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham," a "Commentary on the Four Gospels," and the "Portrait of a Christian Gentleman."

We have also to record the deaths of—

Colonel Sowerby, of Putteridge Park, near Luton, on Aug. 2. He was attacked and killed by a stag that used to march at the head of the Durham Light Infantry, of which regiment the deceased was Lieutenant-Colonel.

Mr. G. L. Bassett, of Tehidy, Camborne, Cornwall, the principal mineral owner in the county, on July 25.

Colonel Charles Elliot, C.B., late Madras Artillery, on July 23, at 33, Cranley-gardens, aged sixty-four.

Lieutenant-General FitzRoy Miller Mundy, formerly of the Bengal Staff Corps, on July 12, aged seventy-three.

Lady Wilson (Caroline), wife of Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, K.C.M.G., C.B., and daughter of Mr. R. Cook, on July 13.

Mr. G. E. Skinner, the Deputy Assistant-Paymaster of the Supreme Court, suddenly, on Aug. 2.

Colonel William Scarlett, of Gigha, in the county of Argyll, suddenly, on July 31, aged forty-eight.

The Rev. William Fraine Fortescue, Vicar of Chesterton, Oxon, at Folkestone, on July 27, aged seventy-nine.

Lady Lennard (Julie Maria Frances), wife of Sir John Farnaby Lennard, Bart., and daughter of Mr. Henry Hallam, F.R.S., on July 15, at Wickham Court, Kent.

Harriet, Dowager Lady Gerard, widow of the late Lord Gerard, and daughter of Mr. Edward Clifton, brother of Mr. Clifton, of Lytham, on July 20, at Twyford Abbey, Middlesex.

Colonel Digby St. Vincent Hamilton, formerly of the 78th Highlanders, eldest son of Colonel J. P. Hamilton, K.H., Scots Guards, at Bath, on July 28, aged seventy-two.

Mr. John Edward Bartlett, of Peverel Court, Bucks, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff, 1882, at Buxton, on Aug. 1, aged sixty-four.

Mr. Robert St. John Cole Bowen, of Bowenscourt, county Cork, M.A., J.P., High Sheriff, 1865, on July 20, aged fifty-seven.

The Marchioness of Ailsa, at Culzean, Ayrshire, on July 26. Her Ladyship was the Hon. Evelyn Stuart, third daughter of Lord Blantyre, was born in 1848, and was married to the Marquis of Ailsa in 1871.

The Rev. Rowland Mosley, Rector of Egginton, Burton-on-Trent, fourth son of Mr. Ashton Nicholas Every Mosley, J.P. and D.L., of Burnaston House, in the county of Derby, on July 24, aged fifty-eight.

Mr. H. C. Rothery (who resigned the office of Wreck Commissioner two months ago, in consequence of failing health), on Aug. 2, at his residence at Bagshot, Surrey, from heart disease, in the seventy-first year of his age.

Dr. Lush, who represented Salisbury in the Liberal interest from 1868 to 1880, suddenly, on Aug. 4, at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, aged seventy-three. Dr. Lush was a Justice of the Peace for Salisbury, and formerly Mayor and an alderman of that city.

Colonel Arthur Wellington Cameron, late 92nd Gordon Highlanders, suddenly, at Dunain House, Inverness, on July 27, aged sixty-one. He was the youngest son of the late Sir Alexander Cameron, K.C.B., K.C.H. Rifle Brigade.

Mr. Algernon Charles Talbot, of Aston Hall, Cheshire, at Forest House, Bournemouth, on July 27, aged twenty-nine. He was the eldest son of Mr. Charles Arthur Talbot, of Aston Hall, nephew of Henry John, eighteenth Earl of Shrewsbury.

Rev. Thomas Edward Crallan, M.A., for seventeen years Chaplain at the Sussex County Asylum, Hayward's-heath, at his residence, Ivy House, Emsworth, suddenly, on July 30, aged sixty-one.

Colonel Reginald John Manningham Buller, late of the Grenadier Guards, at Dilhorn Hall, in the county of Stafford, on Aug. 2, aged fifty-seven. He was the fourth son of Sir Edward Manningham Buller, first Baronet, and was brother of the present Baronet.

Anne Charlotte, Lady Hay, wife of Sir Hector Maclean Hay, Bart., of Alderston, on July 24, in her seventy-eighth year. Lady Hay was daughter of Dr. J. White, 17th Light Dragoons. She married, first, Lieutenant-Colonel William Charles Bird, E.I.C.S.

The Hon. Mrs. Peel Dawson, at Folkestone, on July 30. She was the daughter of Charles, first Lord Lurgan, and widow of the late Colonel Robert Peel Dawson, M.P., of Moyola Park, Castledawson, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Londonderry. She leaves one daughter, May, married to Lord Spencer Churchill Chichester.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Smith, late 37th Regiment, at Forest-hill, S.E., on Aug. 2, aged seventy-eight. He served with his regiment at the siege of Sebastopol, receiving for his services a medal with clasp and the Turkish medal, and at the siege and capture of Lucknow, for which he received a medal with clasp.

Mr. Octavius Morgan, uncle of the present Lord Tredegar, at his residence in Newport, on Aug. 5, aged eighty-five. Deceased, who represented Monmouthshire in the Conservative interest from 1841 to 1874, was a well-known authority on antiquarian matters, and the author of many works relating to the history of his native country.

Mr. Robert Clayton Browne, at his residence, Browne's Hill, county Carlow, on July 22, having attained his ninetieth year. Mr. Clayton Browne served as High Sheriff, and was Deputy-Lieutenant of the county. He married, in 1834, Harriette Augusta, youngest daughter of Mr. Hans Hamilton, of Abbotstown, county Dublin, and he is succeeded by his eldest son, William, born 1835.

Sir William C. Sargeaunt, K.C.M.G., on July 31, in his fifty-ninth year. He had been Colonial Secretary in Natal, and for a short time Lieutenant-Governor of St. Vincent, and in 1877 was commissioned by Lord Carnarvon to inquire into and report on the financial condition of the Transvaal. Sir William, who was made a C.M.G. in 1875 and a K.C.M.G. in 1882, married, in 1853, a daughter of the Rev. George Gordon, Rector of Muston, Leicester.

Lord Douglas William Cope Gordon, fourth son of Charles, tenth Marquis of Huntly, at his residence in Green Park-chambers, Piccadilly, on Aug. 4. He was born in October, 1851. He was appointed Ensign in the Coldstream Guards in October, 1871, and became Lieutenant and Captain in 1874, but resigned his commission in May, 1880. Lord Douglas Gordon was for some years in the House of Commons. He represented West Aberdeenshire in the Liberal interest from May, 1876, to April, 1880, and was M.P. for Huntingdonshire from April, 1880, to November, 1885.

General Sir James Brind, R.A., G.C.B., on Aug. 3, after a short illness, at the age of eighty years. He obtained his first commission in 1827, and became Captain in 1842. His name was repeatedly favourably mentioned in despatches, and he received the thanks of the Government of India, was made a C.B., and received the brevet of Colonel for his distinguished services. He was promoted to the rank of Major-General in 1867, and General in 1877, and Colonel-Commandant in November following, and was placed on the retired list in 1879. In further recognition of his military services he was promoted to be a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath in 1869, and was made a Grand Cross of the Order in 1884.



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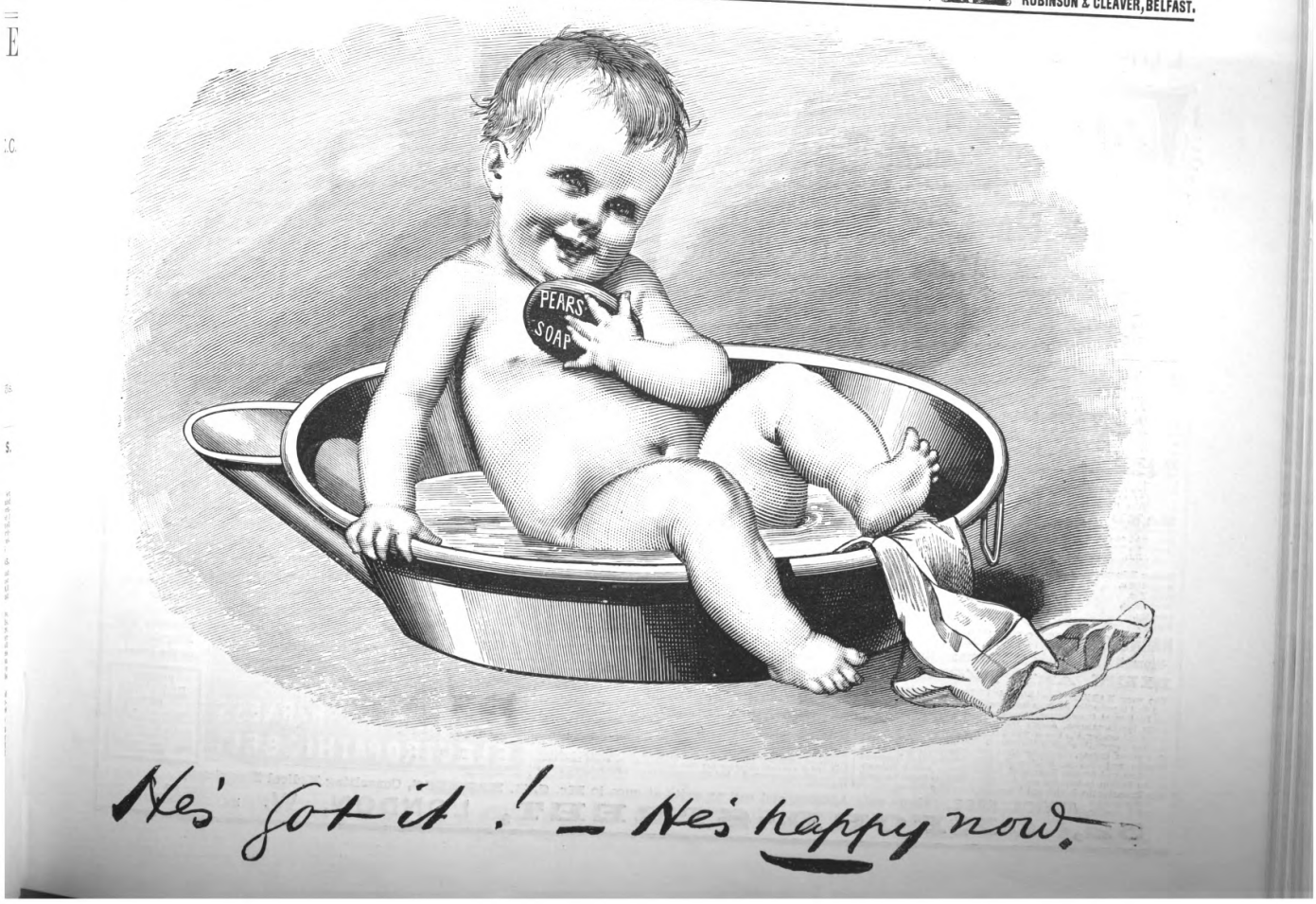
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

It is only necessary to consult the London hoardings in order to appraise the value of "The Still Alarm." He who runs may easily read. A stalwart young man who has smashed a double-cased window into atoms has flung himself upon the steps of the communicating-ladder provided as a safeguard for fire in New York houses, and is descending to the street in search of his enemy, the villain, in a blinding snowstorm; the comic young lady who has graduated in the American music-halls or variety shows is pouring a kettle of boiling water over the foot of an inebriate, who has caught fire in a drunken fit; a lover of dumb animals is feeding a couple of "milk-white steeds," worthy of Lord Lovell, with appetising morsels of white sugar, and alternately caressing a trained greyhound; an impetuous dare-devil fireman is driving to the rescue of an imprisoned family on an American fire-engine at full gallop, lashing his horses and looking eagerly into the distance. In other words, "The Still Alarm" is the kind of sensation play that suits the popular theatres down Brooklyn way, and is invariably popular in London during the dull and holiday seasons. Country cousins and excursionists and provincial playgoers like nothing so well as one of these realistic dramas that please the eye and do not call the brain into requisition. No one knew this better than Mr. Boucicault, who made a point of producing his "Streets of London" and "After Dark" and *id genus omne* in what once used to be called the "silly season." Mr. Arthur's new American play is a commonplace melodrama with one really admirable scene that attracts attention by its *vraisemblable*. Since "The Flying Scud" at the old Holborn, London has seen nothing so accurate or complete in the way of imitating on the stage scenes of actual life. We see the whole detail of a fireman's working life in New York, his duty, his dormitory, his harmless recreation, his social sing-song, and all the difficulties and dangers of his exciting career. Suddenly there is a call for fire. The wires have been smashed by the villain, but the "still alarm" is sounded through a handy telephone. In less time than it takes to write it, the men are aroused from their slumbers, they jerk themselves down from one floor to another, the horses are harnessed, the dog barks an exciting prelude, the gates fly open, and the engine is off in about a dozen seconds from the time that the alarm is sounded. The scene, such as it is, has the strong merit of accuracy and picturesque force. The start of a fire-engine is always a stirring moment, and it is difficult to see how it could be better done. The art called into question is not of a very elevated kind, but the scene would appear to be precisely the kind that suits a modern audience, careless of the higher duties of the drama and only anxious to be pleased at all hazards. The rest is but leather and prunella. A trite, commonplace story is told with no special point or felicity of language, and the acting is no better than would be found in the palmy days of the old Surrey in the Blackfriars-road. Mr. Lacy distinguishes himself more as a trainer of dogs and horses than as an actor, and it takes the audience some time to become accustomed to his American twang and his artificiality. His voice is good, his enunciation distinct, and in scenes of dramatic movement his quiet style is, no doubt, impressive; but the new-comer can only be considered "a star," because the dogs and horses and fire-engine could not get on very well without him. Miss Fanny Leslie and Mr. Harry Nicholls, both clever and vivacious artists, are thrown away on characters that contain no sparkle of humour or bare suggestion of fun, and Miss Mary Rorke, who is the heroine, has even a worse part than Miss Millward in "The Union Jack." The best bit of acting in the whole play comes from Mr. Harry Parker, who has proved himself to be a very competent and able character-actor. Time would be wasted in picking holes in such an obviously made-up drama as "The Still Alarm."

It was scarcely worth while to make so much stir about Mr. Louis Stevenson's curious little story, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," so far as any stage version of it was concerned. Much money appears to have been wasted, many jealousies aroused, no little bad blood stirred, and plenty of work given to the lawyers, over a work which from the first was considered by the experienced to be undramatic and foreign to the purpose of the stage. Mr. Richard Mansfield, at the Lyceum, has given us a grim and ghastly drama; Mr. Daniel Bandmann, at the Opéra Comique, has excited his audience to immoderate laughter. People will go, so long as the plays last, to one theatre in order to shudder, and to the other to chuckle over this silly travestie of the supernatural. It is Mr. Mansfield's clever and unquestionably powerful presentation of the hideous depravity of Hyde's nature that will be a fruitful subject for discussion; it will be Mr. Bandmann's astounding picture of the excellence of Jekyll's moral nature that will set the pencils of the caricaturists to work. Neither play can hold the stage for a very long period, except as a morbid sensation; for we do not believe that modern audiences seek recreation at the theatre in the contemplation of hideous nightmares and the wild speculations of the psychologist; nor do they care to laugh long at the kind of bogey that Mr. Bandmann has put up to frighten the curious and the lovers of morbid sensations. The clown of the village, who haunts churchyards dressed in a white sheet surmounted by a turnip illuminated by a candle, is never considered a commendable joker, and has been known to receive the reward of his ill-timed jest in the nearest horse-pond. During the silly season there may be a temporary stir of excitement caused by the hideous repulsiveness of the stage Hyde and by the sillier pantomime that surrounds the mouthy Jekyll; but it will all be a nine days' wonder and probably forgotten long before the London playgoer is back from his holiday and prepared to discuss and enjoy more serious work.

From his own point of view, perhaps, Mr. Mansfield was right when he elected to make his first reappearance in London as an actor of note and promise in the play that has caused so much excitement in America. Mr. Stevenson's genius is possibly appraised higher on the other side of the Atlantic than it is here, and it is the fashion to accept him and his wild theories as super-excellent even in a bad play. But in England our judgment is not so biassed, and we can see that the subject will read very well in a book often looks very badly in a play. At any rate, Mr. Mansfield has been fairly criticised and well advertised, and when he has done with his Jekylls and Hydes everyone will be prepared to study him and his art with attention when he appears—as he will, doubtless, do—in the character of the old Baron in the dramatised version of Octave Feuillet's "Roman Parisien"—the play, by-the-way, in which he first made his strong success before an American audience. He is also said to have an entirely new play, called "Nero," ready for production, and this will be seen on the stage lent him, during the holidays, by his friend Mr. Irving. It is to be feared that, like so many novelists, Mr. Louis Stevenson has not the slightest conception of dramatic effect. If he seriously believes that his views have been strictly carried out either at the Lyceum or the Opéra Comique, he can scarcely understand his own clever, but unsatisfactory, story. When read quietly, and without any stage accessories, it sets the brain and intelligence working; when witnessed on the stage it shocks one with its savagery, or makes one laugh with its ludicrous inadequacy and gratuitous misrepresentation. Mr. Mansfield's improvement as an actor is very marked. He is a young man of bright intelligence, and he has done what so few experienced actors could do—created interest in a play that was dead against the sympathies of his audience at every turn. There must be a measure of genius in a man who could excite a Lyceum audience as Mr. Mansfield managed to do. Mr. Bandmann has been round the world, but he has not returned a better actor than when he left England for a more congenial climate. He is the head professor of the old-fashioned, stagey, stilted, and unnatural school, and whilst he has been away we have learned a less tricky method and a truer art.

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Our Coloured Picture Supplement is a view of one of the beautiful river scenes that delight hundreds of summer visitors on the Thames above Reading, though less frequented or less celebrated than the part between Maidenhead and Great Marlow, with the noble hanging woods of Cliefden. The quiet little Berkshire village of Pangbourne, named from a "bourne" or stream, the "Pang," which there loses itself in the river, nine miles beyond Reading by the Great Western Railway, is a favourite resort of anglers, boating-men, and artists. In front of the Old Swan Inn—a rustic tavern where one is sure of a cheerful welcome and a wholesome luncheon, and where Mr. Ashley lets out trim boats, with the most obliging and intelligent of young boatmen, if required, to manage them—lies a piece of water that one might study for long hours with unfailing interest and pleasure. The weir, running obliquely across the river, with a series of powerful cascades, and with a lock having a fall of 4 ft. on the Oxfordshire side, commands a wide and deep pool, continually agitated, the surface of which reflects the endlessly varied movements of glancing light, in some places tinged with green by the foliage of willows and ash-trees overhanging the river. There are, suspended on the walls of a snug little room at the Swan, two or three small oil-paintings and other sketches, proving that artists who have enjoyed its hospitality found it a worthy occasion to depict, as our own Artist has done, the characteristic beauty of the Upper Thames. Similar evidence of the visits of well-known members of the artistic brotherhood, with certain graphic drolleries, will be found at the Elephant, an hotel in the village, nearly half a mile from the river, which affords pretty good accommodation for the night, with most civil attention, being now kept by the former landlord of the French Horn at Sonning. It has a pleasant garden, adjacent to the village church; and bachelor guests will find excellent sleeping-quarters, with good beds, in the zinc huts lately erected on the airy bowling-green. The field-paths near Pangbourne are inviting for a quiet stroll, where the expanse of meadow is bounded to the eye by a winding range of finely wooded hills, really on the other side of the Thames, which from this point is not seen. The old church, with its monuments of the Davises of Bere Court, an Elizabethan knightly family, is of some antiquarian interest. There is nothing of Cockney townish or suburban smartness about Pangbourne; long may it be so! A narrow wooden bridge over the Thames leads to the village of Whitchurch, in Oxfordshire.

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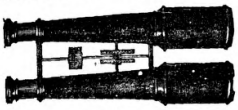
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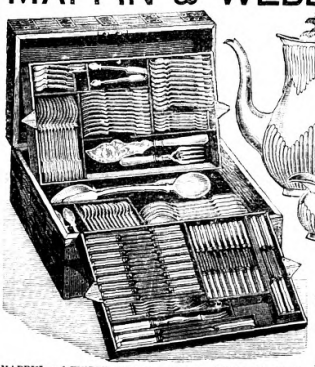
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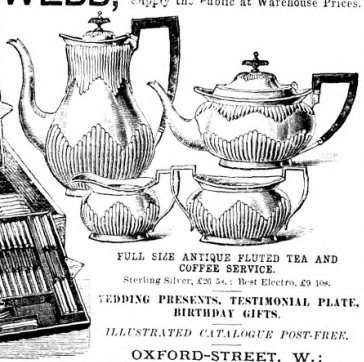
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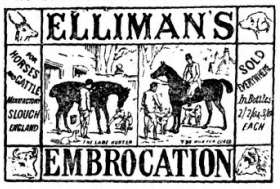


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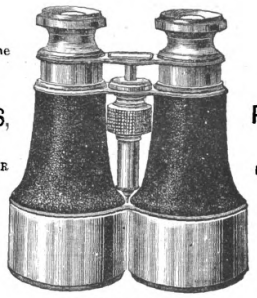
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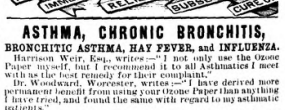
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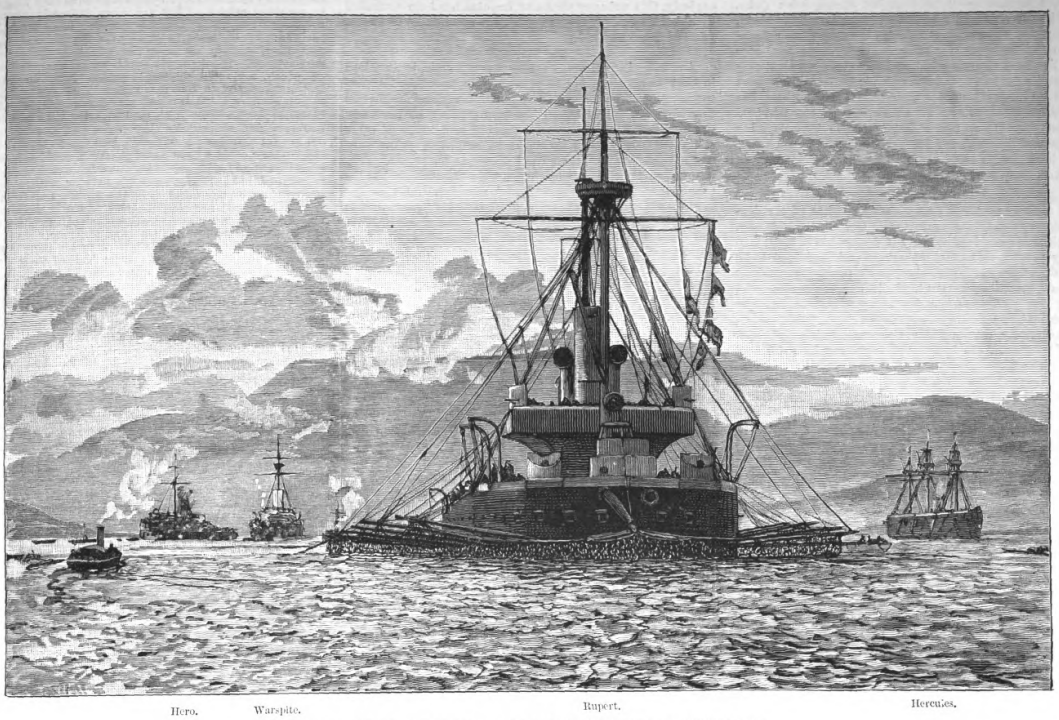
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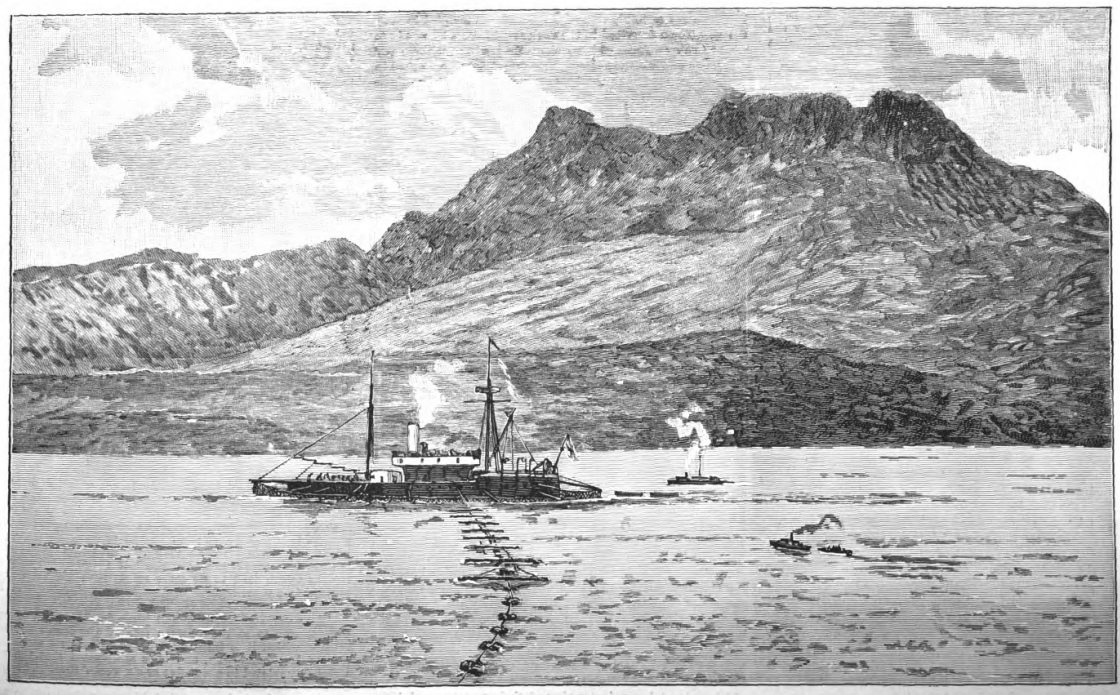
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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Mr. Grant Allen has had the audacity to state in the *Fortnightly Review* that there is no such thing as a born genius. This has, of course, brought down upon him from persons who are neither born geniuses nor made ones, the observation that Mr. Grant Allen is not in a position to decide that question. He has no doubt said not only a very bold thing, but one contrary to established opinion. It would have been safer to assert that the man of genius is not always up to his own high-water mark, and is often surpassed by the man of talent, who takes more pains. It is a curious mistake of the critics to conceive of a writer of the former class as always belonging to it. They talk of "Scott's works" as though "Count Robert of Paris" was on the same level with "Rob Roy." In the case of poets, I venture to think that Mr. Grant Allen (who, nevertheless, is a man who knows what he is talking about, which is not the case with everybody) is wrong; the "Tears, idle tears," of Tennyson, for example, could never have been written by a man of mere talent, or by one even who had only "the capacity for taking infinite pains"; but as regards prose writers I am inclined to agree with him that the distinction is somewhat fanciful. At all events, one cannot withhold one's admiration from a man of letters who in these days has the courage of his opinions: the point he insists upon has, it is true, been always ruled against him, but not by a Court from which there is no appeal.

Such analogy as can be drawn from the gifts of the dog-world seems to militate against Mr. Grant Allen's theory. The instinct of some dogs not only in degree, but in kind, is so infinitely greater than that of others—acknowledged to be "clever dogs" too—as to almost suggest a parallel superiority to that of genius over talent. It is noticeable that good sporting dogs rarely do tricks, just as a young gentleman who distinguishes himself in orthodox fashion at the public school, or the university, seldom "leaves the metals," or makes a groove for himself. It is not the high-born King Charles' spaniel, with all the advantages of aristocratic surroundings, that delights you with his intelligence and high spirits, but the half-breed from whom one expects nothing. The collie is a dog of great sagacity, and very distinguished in his profession, but for great (if somewhat eccentric) intelligence, we must go to the French poodle. He has also some of the drawbacks that are too often found in connection with genius: he is not a domestic dog (in the moral sense) and has a temper that is charitably called "uncertain," but which can, in fact, be relied upon as an exceedingly bad one.

The Continental Powers have, of late, been trying various breeds of dogs for military purposes: to "relieve sentinels"—not quite in the ordinary way, however, but to keep what at sea are called "dog watches"—to search for the wounded, &c. This novel branch of canine industry has caused several French naturalists to give their attention to the dog. The Russians, M. Jupin tells us, prefer the Caucasian breed for army use; the Austrians, the Dalmatian; and the German, the Pomeranian wolf-dog; but the preference in France is given to the smugglers' dogs, of whatever breed, in the frontier towns, because (*I am sorry to say*) of their immoral, or at all events illegal, antecedents, which give them habits of duplicity. They are quite capable of pretending to belong to the dog-contingent of the enemy, and will probably be shot as spies. M. Robert narrates some unpleasant stories about that "friend of man," the Newfoundland. He not only corroborates the view of his drowning more people than he saves, but adds that he is vindictive. He tells how Alphonse Karr was almost eaten up by one which he had, too, immortalised in fiction; and how another gentleman had his left eye torn out by a Newfoundland which he had awakened rather suddenly by dropping his newspaper on him. In this case the animal, however, is excused on the ground of being "highly nervous," which was also, I should think, the case with his master ever afterwards in respect to Newfoundlands.

The country that is credited with the invention of gunpowder (which it has never known how to use) and of printing (which no one can read) has ideas of the same intelligent class respecting the human form divine. It applies torture without stint, and delights in the spectacle, but it is very solicitous about keeping the limbs intact; decapitation is thought seriously of, not on account of its putting folk to death (which is a trifle to a Chinaman), but because of its mutilating the body. "Amputation is vexation" is the motto even of its mathematicians; and when an operation is performed upon a native of the Flowery Land he literally "keeps the piece," or, if possible, even devours it, under the impression that he has thereby restored it to its rightful owner. The *North China Herald* cites a case of a Chinese gentleman who lost his eye, and disposed of it in this manner, though it could be of no more use to him than "the Pope's eye" in a leg of mutton. When their teeth fall out, the Chinese grind them to powder and swallow them in water. They may be "The Nation of the Future" for all I know, as they have long been the most bepuffed people of the Past; but, judging of them by their "tricks and their manners," they are certainly, for the Present, the most idiotic race under the sun. There is one lesson, however, that the disciples of Confucius are in a position to teach us, and which it would be well for us to lay to heart—that it is quite possible to educate a nation, as well as an individual, beyond its wits.

A good instinct should always be indulged, because it may never occur again, but we should be quite sure of its being good. An Anarchist of Rheims (a professional description that somehow reminds one of those in Mr. Lear's "Book of Nonsense") was suddenly seized the other day with a desire (as Thomas Ingoldsby pleasantly expresses it) "to pink a bourgeois." He had not a small-sword by him, which ought to have given him an opportunity for reflection, but, rather than let the aspiration fade away, he loaded his revolver. The Anarchist has an advantage over the sportsman in not having to go into the country to find his game; what, according to his own account, this gentleman was in search of was "a young, plump, and overfed citizen," and this is to be found in every street. The first bourgeois he "flushed" was in some respects attractive; he was a Magistrate, in comfortable circumstances, but he was aged, and did not, perhaps, satisfy the conditions of "plumpness." "I drew back," said the Anarchist, with dignity, "on finding myself face to face with so venerable a mar." His forbearance was presently rewarded by meeting with a prosperous young wine-merchant, at whom he fired a couple of shots, but in his excitement missed him. For this venial offence, from which, too, no harm resulted to anybody, this unhappy victim of impulse has been sentenced by a bourgeois Judge, without a trace of humour, to twelve years of penal servitude.

A château in Spain may not be very valuable, but a prison in that country appears to possess quite unequalled advantages. A governor of a jail in Madrid (assisted by no less than fourteen subordinates) has been pushing philanthropy (though not, it is conjectured, without a mixture of other motives) almost beyond its limits in permitting prisoners in confinement for theft to go out o' nights on parole. They returned to their cells with honourable punctuality, but the chaplain seems to have neglected his duties, for in the meantime they pursued their professional vocations. One of them, while on leave of absence, murdered his mother, and divided her property with a servant-maid to whom he was tenderly attached. Never had criminal, apparently, so good an alibi; how *could* he have been guilty of even an indiscretion outside the walls of his prison cell? But, somehow or other (to use a Spanish idiom), "the gaff was blown." It is possible that one of the "fourteen officials," feeling that he was doing wrong (or that he was underpaid for it) "rounded" on the Governor, who is now himself in prison. The whole affair has a charming local colouring, and might very well form a new chapter in "Gil Blas."

Even in civilised countries, the language of courtesy in the mouth of Kings is, from a humorous point of view, exceedingly charming. They are "graciously pleased to accept" what, as a matter of fact, they are uncommonly glad to get, such as a present or a subsidy, and "deign" to do things which to the vulgar eye seem rather to involve an obligation than to leave it on the other side. But in the East this Imperial (and imperious) style is much more worthy of admiration. When a Monarch flies in the face of Nature, so far as to bestow something on his people instead of exacting it for himself, words absolutely fail him to express his sense of his own magnanimity. The last proclamation of the Shah of Persia, whatever may be its faults, has certainly no mock modesty about it. After stating that the Creator has "made his [the Shah's] holy person the source of justice and benevolence," he has decreed "in sign of the watchfulness, tempered with justice, of his Sovereign mind," that in future "all his subjects may exercise the right of proprietorship *over their own belongings*." The style of this announcement is unapproachable; but the principle of it reminds one of the cry of the fruit-sellers of Constantinople—"In the name of the Prophet, figs!"

Whatever is is right, and I suppose even teeth are no exception; but there are certainly occasions when one is tempted to envy the gentleman described in the ancient Classics who was born with "two semicircles of ivory above the jawbone, without any separation or division in them whatsoever." Whatever ached in that connection it was not his teeth; he knew nothing of the things that have been justly described as "a trouble in coming, a trouble when they have come, and a trouble in going." It has even been reckoned among the few advantages of extreme old age, that we have then done with our teeth and go to the rhinoceros (or whatever it is) for a fresh supply of quiet ivories warranted not to "jump" or "plunge," and to last for our little "ever." But now it seems even this poor blessing is fraught with danger. Within a very few weeks there have been two cases, and there was last week a third, of a gentleman's false teeth being very literally the death of him, through his swallowing them while asleep, and probably, in the "ivory gate" of dreams. There seems to be something almost demoniacal in the trouble these things give us. There is a Rabbinical legend that our first parents, before the Fall, were made of a smooth hard transparent substance, and that flesh and blood was substituted for it, for their sin, except in the places where we still see it—*videlicet*, the finger nails. Filbert nails, vulgarly supposed to be a mark of good breeding, are thus in reality a proof of a more than usually spiritual nature. For my part, however, I don't believe a word of it.

The novelists have been having (for *them*, poor souls!) quite a good time lately. It has been discovered by the playwrights who steal their plots that the theft is not very successful, since they have been forbidden to steal their dialogue. Though, it is true, only by an indirect action of the law, writers of fiction are placed on the same footing as the modern Persians, who, as we have just read, have actually been allowed the privilege of possessing their own property. They have also been patted on the back by a Bishop. This is rare indeed, for hitherto they have received at the hands of the Church, like the monkeys that are attached to hurdy-gurdies, "more kicks than halfpence." As a rule, there is nothing ecclesiastics resent so much as the discourses of the lay preacher; and the novelists, though they speak to the million, and, moreover, to an audience who can scarcely be got to listen to anybody else, have been hitherto held lower than the "uncovenanted" divines of the street corner. The Bishop of Ripon has taken a juster view of their position and influence, and held out the olive branch, instead of the birch, to his literary brother. If his Lordship had only mentioned names, what an advertisement it would have been for somebody! The dream of the popular novelist (though he never breathes it to anybody, because he wishes people to think he has no more realms to conquer) is to tap a new public.

"ROTTEN YESTERDAYS."

Writing to one of his daughters, Emerson said:—"Finish every day and be done with it. For manners and wise living it is a vice to remember. This day for all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the 'rotten yesterdays.'" There is much wisdom in this advice. A girl dreaming idly of the past when the day's work calls for action is not in a healthy state of mind; her regrets are often morbid, and to indulge in them is enervating. Young people, it is well known, are more prone to melancholy than men and women who have been long engaged in practical affairs. They are more intensely conscious of existence than their parents, and far more susceptible to emotion. They are apt to brood over the little span of their past lives, and to see even in slight errors a cause for despondency. The habit is insidious in the leisurely days of youth, and though less common later on in life, it is, unfortunately, by no means rare in these care-breeding days. Don't we all know people who fret themselves over spilt milk and small worries?—who dwell on every trifling mistake they make and wonder why they did not act differently? Why did I do this?—Why didn't I do that?—How could I have acted so like a fool?—these are the questions some people ask themselves again and again, and ask in vain. Life has burdens enough to bear without adding to their weight by mourning over the blunders of the past. It would be scarcely less reasonable to fret over the blunders of our ancestors. Regrets at small follies are altogether idle, and it may be truly said, in the words of Emerson, that it is a vice to remember them. And his advice to his daughter may be given also to people who, from slight fault of their own, have to some extent missed their way in life. The fact that a man failed to gain some desirable object ten years ago, even if that object were a wife or a seat in Parliament, is hardly a sufficient reason for making himself miserable to-day; if a girl was a little wayward with her lover, and lost him in consequence, it is a pity; but why spoil her young life by brooding over the fault? In such cases all energy and hopefulness are destroyed by going back to the rotten yesterdays. Everybody loses some chance; everybody, from Prime Ministers downward, makes blunders. The world, according to Carlyle, consists chiefly of fools. It may be hoped that this was one of the wild utterances in which he indulged so freely; but no doubt the wisest man is liable to act foolishly; and to allow the mistakes of the past to distress and hamper us to-day is the greatest folly of all.

Let us be grateful, then, for Emerson's sane and wholesome counsel, for it is of large application and of practical service. At the same time it is obvious that another view may be taken of our yesterdays, and that it cannot be just in all cases to say it is a vice to remember what we are often unable to forget. "It is impossible," a moralist may exclaim, "to get rid of our faults and follies in the easy fashion suggested by Emerson. The thoughts and aims of days long past are the forces that mould our present lives; how then is it possible to forget them? The ghosts of old sorrows and of aspirations unfulfilled cannot be wholly laid. The road we have travelled is not obliterated by time. We cannot help seeing much of the track still; and if a part of it lay beside green pastures and still waters, through woods gladdened by the song of birds, and over hills bright with sunshine and fragrant with heather, another and, perhaps, a longer part of the journey was through deserts and quagmires and across jagged rocks, over which we stumbled with bleeding feet."

The moralist is right. We cannot, if we would, forget our yesterdays, and we might almost say that every word spoken is an echo from the past. If our days have been spent unwisely they leave a scar behind, and vainly will the wrongdoer strive to escape from the pains of memory—from the sorrow of lost yesterdays. It is a sorrow, however, that has its uses. The recollection of falls and failures makes a man sympathetic and generous, and it is often through the direst error that he reaches a higher life.

There are people sometimes to be met with so joyously happy, so brilliant, and so prosperous, that poor mortals who live in the valley and cannot reach such heights are apt to feel they have little in common with them. Such people are, to quote Wordsworth's felicitous phrase, "men of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows." Looking back they recall nothing but successes, and looking forward anticipate only fresh triumphs. Often, indeed, the appearance of supreme good fortune is an illusion, and men in the full sunshine of fame and wealth shiver at the memory of the past. "I have ever been esteemed," said Goethe, "one of Fortune's chiefest favourites, nor can I complain of the course my life has taken. Yet, truly, there has been nothing but toil and care. In my seventy-fifth year, I may say that I have never had four weeks of genuine pleasure." You see that when the great poet spoke in this melancholy strain he was thinking, and could not help thinking of his "rotten yesterdays."

> O wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursel's as others see us

was a wish of Burns' which few men would like fully to satisfy. To some extent, and, perhaps, quite sufficiently, we have this power, since, by the help of our yesterdays, we do occasionally see, with a vividness as dazzling and terrible as forked lightning in the tropics, what we now are. Was it a vision like this that made Macbeth exclaim, in the supreme moment of his fate—

> To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
> To the last syllable of recorded time;
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death.

And now, to descend from tragedy to common life, it is time to draw our little moral from Emerson's text. It has, at least, the merit of brevity. By all means let us remember our yesterdays, if the recollection gives us strength, sympathy, and wisdom for daily action; but in the name of all that makes life worth living, let us take the American philosopher's advice, and account them "rotten" if they awaken only vain regrets which lead to no more result than the activity of a squirrel in a cage.

J. D.

The process of levelling and preparing the piece of waste ground situate at the western side of the Royal Courts of Justice, which it is intended to convert into an ornamental garden, has been begun, and it is anticipated that the work will be completed in about five or six weeks' time. The funds necessary for carrying out the alterations are being found by a gentleman who is desirous that his name shall not be made public.

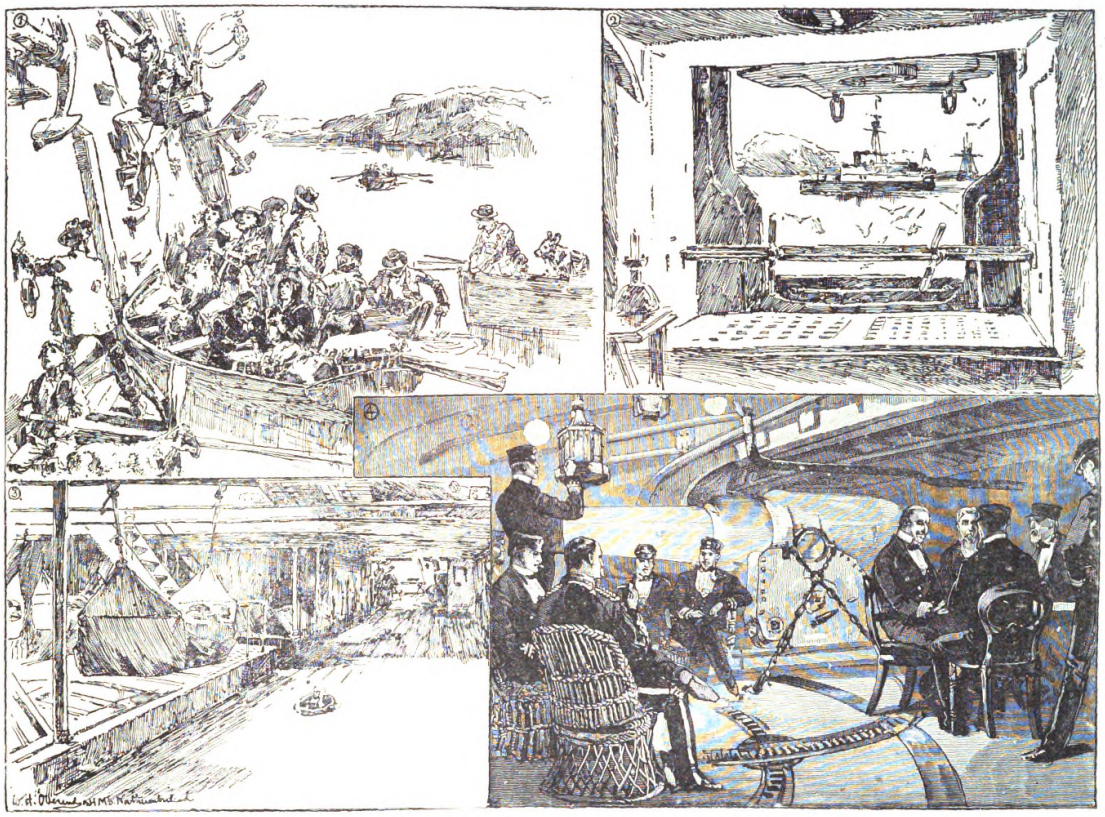
THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The sudden and startling termination of Admiral Baird's and Admiral Rowley's endeavours, with the two divisions of the "A Squadron," at the entrance to Bantry Bay and Lough Swilly, respectively, to blockade the "B Squadron," commanded by Admiral Sir George Tryon, in Bantry Bay, and Admiral Fitzroy, on the north coast of Ireland, was related last week. The "B Squadron," representing a naval enemy in the Irish harbours, eluded the blockade in both instances simultaneously on the night of Saturday, Aug. 4, and ships of the northern division passed all round the coasts of Scotland, making feigned attacks on Oban, Greenock, Aberdeen, and the Firth of Forth, on the Sunday and Monday. After proving that the shores of North Britain lay at Admiral Fitzroy's mercy, while Admiral Tryon captured the Achilles, the Inconstant, and another vessel of the "A Squadron," and bombarded the North Fort of the Mersey, and the port of Holyhead, the hostile fleet reassembled in Lough Swilly on Sunday, Aug. 12. The Etruria, one of the finest Cunard steam-ships, was also captured near Queenstown, on her way to Liverpool. In the meantime, Admiral Baird retired from the coast of Ireland, returned up the British Channel, was rejoined by Admiral Rowley in the Downs, and formed our defence on Saturday, Aug. 11, at the approach to the Thames.

Our two Special Artists, Mr. W. H. Overend with the "A Squadron," on board H.M.S. Northumberland, Admiral Baird's flag-ship, and Mr. J. R. Wells, on board H.M.S. Hercules, of the "B Squadron," the flag-ship of Admiral Tryon, had sufficient employment on the south-west coast of Ireland while the latter squadron was lying at Berehaven, its fortified anchorage in Bantry Bay. The Sketches of the former, in addition to those already published, include a scene in Dunmanus Bay, where the Northumberland lay to take in fresh provisions from the "bum-boats" of the Irish people alongshore; a View looking out through a port-hole, with H.M.S. Conqueror going forward to bear a flag of truce for a parley with the enemy; a party of gentlemen, after dinner on board, enjoying an hour of repose with cigars and a rubber of whist; and the place on the half-deck where cots were slung for the sleeping accommodation of such guests as the newspaper correspondents and artists of illustrated journals. Another Sketch is that of a reconnaissance in force, executed by the Northumberland, Benbow, Northampton, Hotspur, Archer, and Rattlesnake, in front of the enemy's secure position at Berehaven. The squadron of Admiral Tryon lay in the narrow strait behind Bear Island, under the north shore of Bantry Bay; there were booms and submarine mines closing both the western and the eastern entrance to this strait, and the gently-rising ground of the island protected the squadron from direct fire, as is shown in our Illustration. The Rattlesnake was sent to the eastern entrance, near the boom at that end of the strait, in order to look in behind the island, and to spy the enemy's position, and make signals to Admiral Baird's flag-ship. The enemy's ships, of course, opened fire on the Rattlesnake, and the smoke of their guns is seen rising above the island. The lighthouse of Roan Carrig, marking the channel to enter the strait, is just opposite the position of H.M.S. Archer. Another Illustration represents the attack by boats' crews on the coast-guard station of Crookhaven, which was mentioned in a preceding account. Our Special Artist with the "B Squadron" contributes a View of the boom which formed part of the fortifications of its harbour at Berehaven, and an Illustration of H.M.S. Rupert there defending the eastern entrance, supported by the Hercules, Warspite, and Hero, which could not be dislodged from their position by any direct attack. Another Sketch is that of Admiral Tryon's flag-ship, H.M.S. Hercules, forcing the blockade at night.

The more successful active performances of the supposed enemy in the Irish Sea, after breaking the blockade, now seem to be of greater interest. Sir George Tryon, with the Hercules and four other ironclads, on Thursday, Aug. 9, having passed round the north of Ireland, easily captured the feeble and obsolete "North Fort" on the Lancashire side of the entrance to the Mersey—we lately gave an Illustration of that fort, which is utterly useless—went up the harbour, threatened to bombard Liverpool and Birkenhead, and to destroy all the shipping in the docks and the river, but graciously accepted a ransom of one million sterling, with a merry pledge that the Mayor of Liverpool should dine on board the Admiral's ship, whenever invited, on all future occasions. If he had been a real foreign foe in the Mersey, he would have had, owing to the tide on the bar, several hours to spare for the execution of his dreadful threat.

Our Artist furnishes an Illustration of H.M.S. Invincible and H.M.S. Hercules engaging the North Fort of the Mersey.



1. Bum-boats with provisions alongside the ship in Dunmanus Bay.
2. View out of a port-hole: H.M.S. Conqueror going in with flag of truce.
3. Where the Special Correspondents sleep.
4. A Smoke and a Rubber after Dinner.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: SKETCHES ON BOARD H.M.S. NORTHUMBERLAND, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. H. OVEREND.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Oh, what a relief! Parliament is up. The Prime Minister's Mansion-House speech gave general satisfaction by showing we are on cordial terms with all the Great Powers. Soon, for the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. William Henry Smith, all recollections of wordy Westminster will be banished by luxurious lounging at Royat-les-Bains and Aix-les-Bains. Meanwhile, it is to be hoped Lord Salisbury's temporary retention in town will have been sweetened by contact with the Sugar Bounties' Conference.

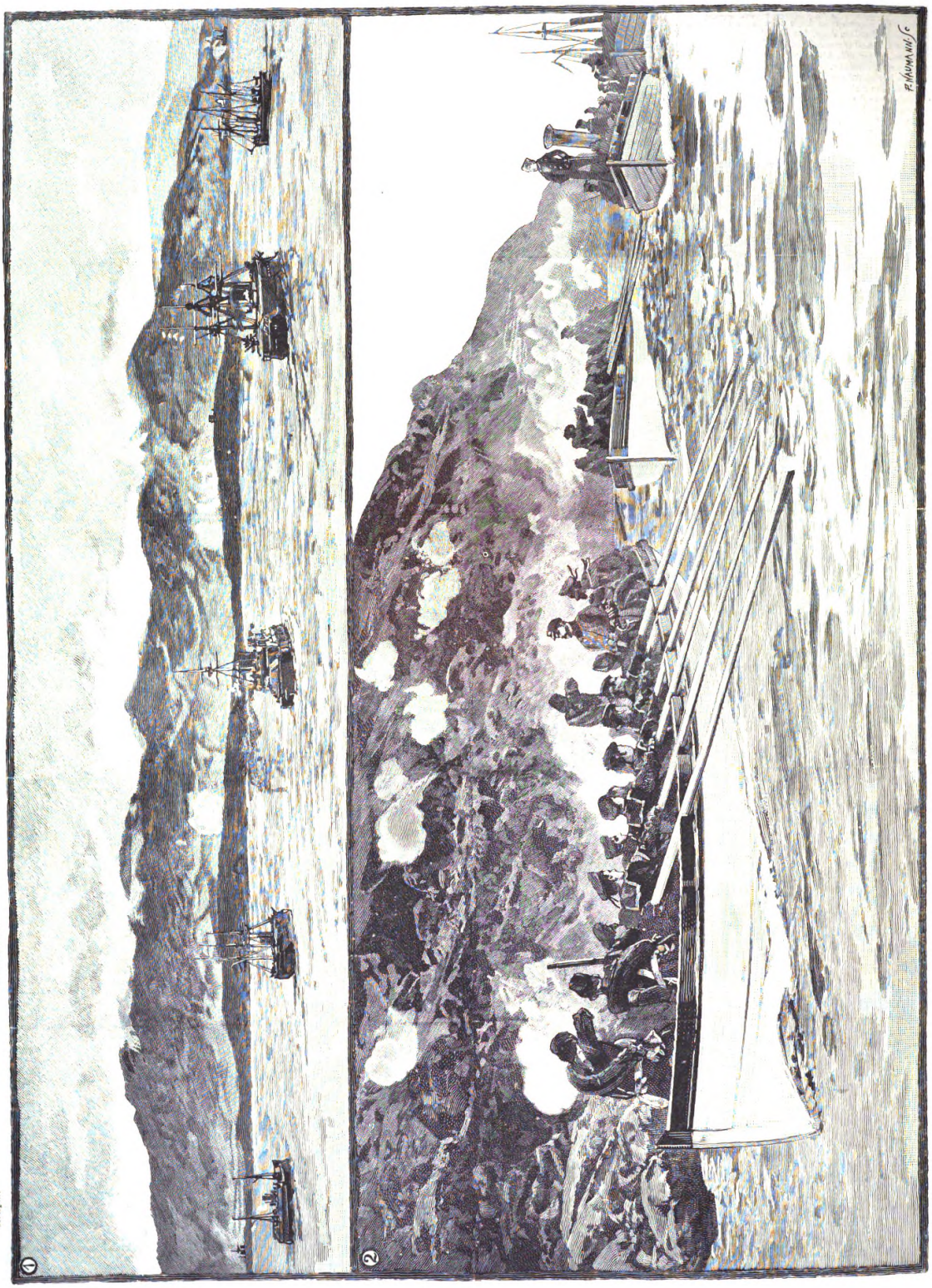
The salient features of the Session may be briefly summed up. The anomaly in the Commons bids fair to last as long as this Parliament. Buttresses of the Government, the Marquis of Hartington, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and Sir Henry James have yet continued to sit in the gangway corner of the front Opposition bench: the trio of Liberal Unionist leaders having often, however, found it most difficult to maintain their places, so squeezed have they been by the preponderant number of Gladstonian Home Rulers on the same bench. Physical discomfort has been borne by Lord Hartington and his colleagues with philosophic smiles; and has not caused them to diminish by one atom the thoroughness of their support to Ministers opposite them.

With respect to personal reputations in the Commons, there has been little to note. When Lord Randolph Churchill has desisted from his favourite pastime of curling the ends of his moustache, and has risen from his corner seat behind the Treasury bench, it has been generally to cast his shield before his late colleagues; but the noble Lord once showed Ministers he could, and would on occasion, smite them hip and thigh on account of their changes of front on the Irish question. I should not be surprised to see Lord Randolph Churchill back in office ere long. He is too powerful a debater to be left long out in the cold; and he has a readiness and sense of humour that are invaluable in the House. Mr. Arthur Balfour has developed into a very smart debater; and has with sublime serenity met the vitriolic attacks of the Parnellite members; but with regard to the right hon. gentleman's administration of Irish affairs, in view of a recent inquest it may be suggested that he should mitigate the severity with which the Crimes Act is being enforced in Ireland on Nationalist members. The Right Hon. Charles T. Ritchie, President of the Local Government Board, has richly merited the warm praise Lord Salisbury bestowed upon him at the Mansion House. Mr. Ritchie has greatly improved his Parliamentary position by the masterly and statesmanlike manner in which he introduced that complicated measure, the County Councils Bill for England and Wales, and by the patient and considerate way in which he carried it through Committee, dropping those clauses which were not generally acceptable, but preserving the essential backbone, and adding to the statute-book an Act which will be of immeasurable advantage to the country and to Imperial Parliament. Whilst the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Herschell, and the Earl of Dunraven have distinguished themselves in the Lords; the Prime Minister may be congratulated upon the conspicuous ability displayed by his junior colleagues, the Earl of Onslow and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who deserved the gracious compliments of Earl Granville for his tact in conducting the Local Government Bill through the Upper House.

The Tenth of August was memorable for the important debate in the House of Lords on the Parnell Commission Bill. This momentous measure for entrusting to three of her Majesty's Judges a State inquiry into the grave charges brought in the *Times* newspaper against the Irish Home Rule leader and his chief colleagues was recommended in a careful speech by the Marquis of Salisbury. The Premier was answered by Lord Herschell in a speech of remarkable cogency and force—one of the most eloquent and impressive the House has heard for some time. The noble and learned Lord, with all his acumen and lucidity of expression, repeated the objections Mr. Parnell had raised against the mode in which the Bill had been manipulated by the Government. Of course, the Bill passed. But the surprises in connection with the subject did not end there. On Saturday, the Eleventh of August, Mr. Parnell instituted proceedings against certain newsagents in Edinburgh for circulating the alleged *Times*' libels against him. Damages are laid at £50,000, it is said. Moreover, actions for libels against the *Times* have also been commenced by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., and Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P. Public opinion rules that it is time these terrible accusations of connivance at murder were made good or disproved.

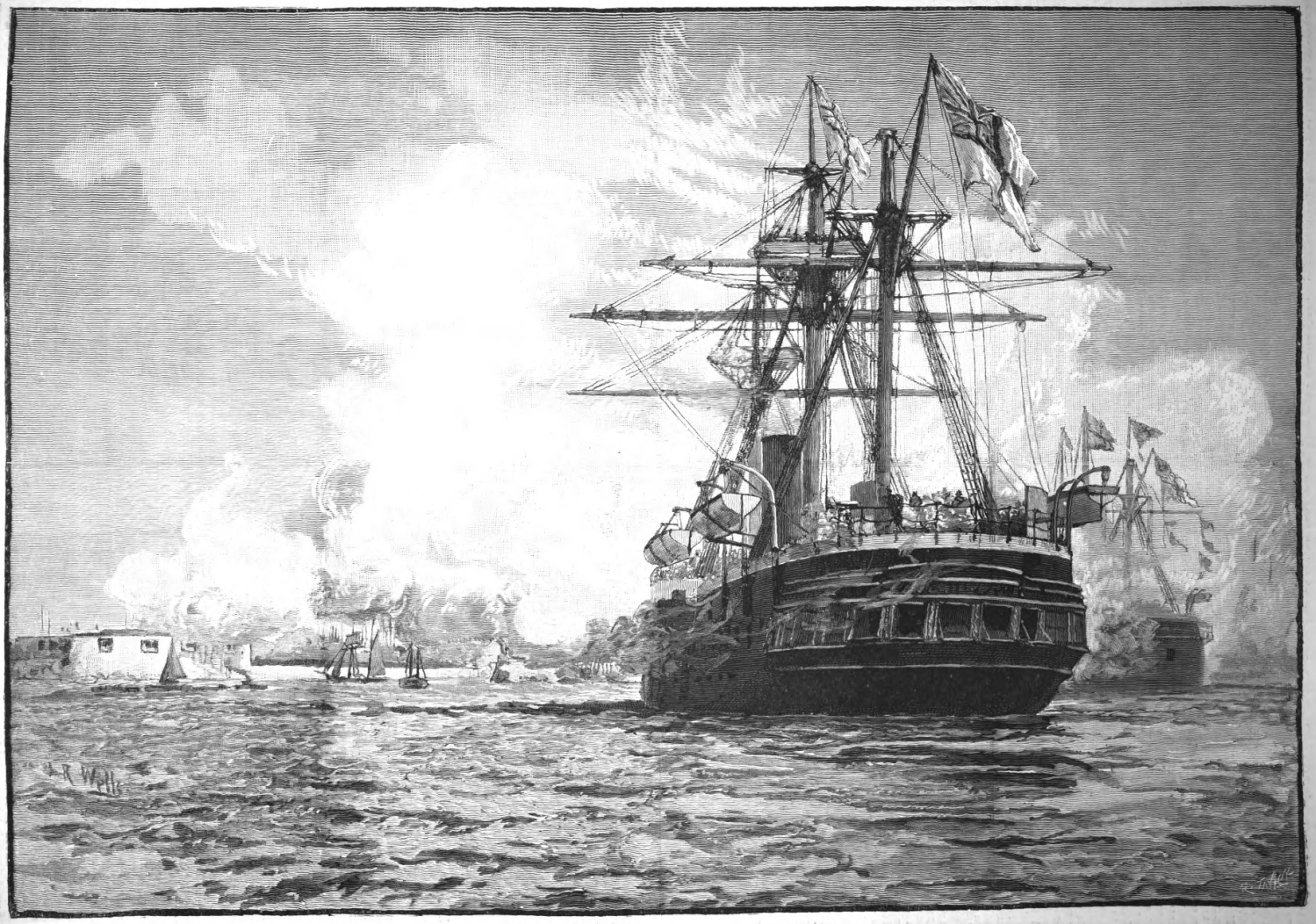
The scandal of bringing forward the Indian Budget so late in the Session as the Ninth of August was reasonably censured by Mr. Bradlaugh, who is securing quite a good position in the House now the prejudice against him is wearing off. It is to be hoped Sir John Gorst will make his financial statement early another year. The Under-Secretary for India had to admit a deficit in the past, and was not hopeful as to the future of Indian finances. But it is manifestly unsatisfactory that the consideration of so weighty a matter should be left till August, when the minds of hon. members are fuller of grouse than of rupees.

The happy day of release for the Speaker and Mr. Courtney, and the faithful members who clung to duty to the last, came on Monday, the Thirteenth of August. There was a parting flicker of loquacity. Then Mr. Peel shook hands with the hon. members who filed past him, and departed with glad alacrity. Lords and Commons have not to meet again till Tuesday, the Sixth of November, for the Autumn Session.



1. A Reconnaissance in Force at Berehaven, Bantry Bay. 2. Boat-Attack on Crookhaven Coast-Guard Station.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. H. OVEREND, WITH THE "A SQUADRON."



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.—CAPTURE OF LIVERPOOL: H.M.S. INVINCIBLE AND H.M.S. HERCULES ENGAGING THE NORTH FORT AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE MERSEY.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. R. WELLS, WITH THE "B SQUADRON."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen of Portugal left Paris on Aug. 11.—There were disturbances in Paris at the funeral of "General" Eudes on Aug. 8, but they were checked with a stern hand.—As General Boulanger was, on Aug. 12, driving in St. Jean d'Angely in an open carriage, five shots, it is said, were fired at him. The person who fired is M. Perrin, a professor at the Lycée. General Boulanger escaped unhurt, but other persons in the crowd were injured.—A memorial to the brothers Anthony and William Galignani was unveiled at Corbeil on Aug. 12, in the presence of the local authorities and of a throng of people from the town and neighbourhood.

The Emperor of Germany rose at half-past four on Saturday morning, Aug. 11, and, donning a field uniform, rode from barrack to barrack until he had alarmed the whole garrison of Potsdam, whence the regiments marched as rapidly as possible to besiege Spandau. The garrison of the latter fortress sent out troops to meet them, but after a fierce fight, lasting till about eleven o'clock, the Spandau force was beaten. The Emperor, after discussing the operations with the Generals and other high officers, entertained them at luncheon in his tent, while the troops of both parties cooked and ate their dinners on the scene of the sham-fight. The operations were resumed in the afternoon. The Emperor left Potsdam early on the 12th, in order to receive the King of Portugal, who arrived at Berlin soon after half-past seven. On the two Sovereigns meeting at the railway station they cordially embraced each other and then proceeded in an open carriage, surrounded by a guard of honour and loudly cheered by the populace, to the Old Palace, at which rooms had been prepared for the Royal guest. In the afternoon the King of Portugal went to Potsdam to visit the Empress Frederick, and then to the Palace of Potsdam, where the Emperor gave in his honour a dinner of twenty-six covers. This was followed by an excursion on the Havel lakes, on board the Emperor's steamer Alexandra, to the Peacock Island, where at seven o'clock supper was served. There was a review of the Potsdam garrison on the 13th by the Emperor, in honour of the visit of the King of Portugal. After the review the Emperor stayed a short time with the King, and then rode back to the Marble Palace with his suite, enthusiastically cheered by the crowd. At three o'clock there was a dinner of about one hundred covers, in honour of the King, at which all the Royal Princes now in Berlin or Potsdam and many Generals were present. On the 14th the Emperor and the King dined with Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern.—Field-Marshal Count Von Moltke has, by his desire, been relieved of his post as Chief of the Staff of the German Army, and has been appointed President of the National Defence Commission—a post occupied by the late Emperor Frederick while Crown Prince—Count Von Waldersee has been appointed Chief of the Staff.

The maritime fête at Antwerp on Aug. 14 equalled in splendour the Venetian celebrations of olden times. There was a general illumination, with fireworks, while cannon boomed from the fort, and the chimes of the cathedral sounded incessantly. The river was covered with illuminated vessels, and an allegorical procession took place comprising twenty-one groups of ships. The most noteworthy were the craft representing the commerce of Antwerp, Chinese and Egyptian vessels, and a floating-house of Borneo.

The celebration of the Austrian Emperor's birthday commenced on Aug. 14 with a great popular fête on the Kahlenberg, in the environs of Vienna. It was inaugurated by the firing of fifty artillery salutes; after which, there was open-air dancing, to the accompaniment of military bands from Vienna. In the evening, the Kahlenberg was brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and there was a display of fireworks.

Sir Francis Montefiore was married on Aug. 14, at Baden, near Vienna, to Mdlle. Marianne Von Gutmann, daughter of the wealthiest ironmaster in Austria. The elder sister of the bride is married to the Duc de Fitzjames.

The Queen of the Hellenes was safely delivered of a son on Aug. 10 at the Russian Imperial Castle of Pawlovsk; and Princess Waldemar of Denmark was safely delivered of a son on the 13th.

The *Odessa Gazette* reports the discovery of the remains of an ancient town on the right bank of the Volga. These remains are traceable over an area about two miles long by three-quarters of a mile in width. A considerable quantity of Arabian, Persian, and Tartar coins has been found there, besides a multitude of other objects which bear witness to the cultivated state of the inhabitants.

Among the ruins of the ancient Greek town of Chersonese, near Sebastopol, some workmen came across the workshop of a Greek sculptor, in which was an oven for baking clay models, and about fifty terra-cotta figures belonging to the third century B.C.

Prince Ferdinand, his Ministers, and a number of guests celebrated by a luncheon in the railway station at Sofia on Aug. 12, the completion of a railway which enables the unbroken journey to be made between Vienna and Constantinople. Prince Ferdinand's first anniversary as Ruler of Bulgaria was, on the 14th, celebrated by a special service in the cathedral at Sofia, and by festivities which concluded with a banquet in the evening.

The funeral services over the body of General Sheridan in St. Matthew's Church, Washington, on Aug. 11, were attended by the President, the Cabinet Ministers, the members of Congress, and many officers of the Army and Navy. Cardinal Gibbons was present at the Requiem Mass. Afterwards, under a military escort, the remains were conveyed for interment to Arlington Cemetery, where the last honours were paid. The President has appointed General Schofield Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army.—Brooks, alias Maxwell, whose case has been before the public for a long time, was executed on Aug. 10 at St. Louis for the murder of Mr. Preller in 1885.—The Catholic Convent of the Sacred Heart in New York, fronting the Hudson River below Riverside Park, was burnt down on Aug. 14. All the inmates escaped uninjured.

Owing to the bursting of a reservoir at Valparaiso, through heavy rains, nearly a hundred houses have been destroyed, and several hundred persons are said to have been drowned.

The Legislative Council of Cape Colony has rejected the Bill for establishing a South African Customs Union.—From Zululand an engagement is reported to have taken place between a British detachment and the rebels near Jouma, twelve of the latter being killed and sixteen wounded.

An Imperial decree has been issued announcing that the Empress Dowager of China will retire from her share of the government in March, when the Emperor will assume sole responsibility.

Grouse-shooting began on Monday, Aug. 13. The reports from the moors show that sport was, on the whole, good, the exception being certain districts in Scotland where there had been heavy rain, and where the birds were weak on the wing. On the English and Welsh moors the birds were strong. Reports concur as to the abundance of game.

THE COURT.

The Queen is at Osborne, and takes drives daily. Her Majesty held a Council at Osborne on Aug. 10 for the purpose of arranging State business before the adjournment of Parliament. The Royal dinner-party included the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, and her Grand Ducal Highness Princess Alice of Hesse, the Dowager Lady Waterpark, Prince de Poix, and Lord Rowton. The Ladies and Gentlemen-in-Waiting had the honour of joining the Royal circle in the drawing-room. The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., arrived at Osborne on Aug. 11, and had an audience of the Queen. Count Robilant also arrived, and was introduced to her Majesty's presence, and presented his credentials as Ambassador from the King of Italy. The Queen's dinner-party included Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Hereditary Grand Duke and her Grand Ducal Highness Princess Alice of Hesse, the Italian Ambassador, the Dowager Lady Waterpark, the Marquis of Salisbury, General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B., and Commander the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, of her Majesty's yacht Osborne. On Sunday morning, Aug. 12, the Queen and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne, the Dean of Windsor officiating. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, visited the Queen to take leave. The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., and the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Hereditary Grand Duke and Princess Alice of Hesse went to Hythe on Aug. 13, and thence drove into the New Forest, returning to Osborne in the evening. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) visited her Majesty and remained to luncheon. General Viscount Wolseley had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family; and Lord and Lady Colville of Culross were honoured with invitations. Her Majesty went out on Aug. 14, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse. The Queen will leave Osborne in a few days for Glasgow.

The Prince and Princess of Wales received the Italian Ambassador on Aug. 12, on board the Royal yacht Osborne,



STATUE OF LIEUTENANT WAGHORN,
THE PROJECTOR OF THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

on his appointment to the Court of St. James. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House on the 13th from Cowes. The King of the Belgians visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House on his way to Scotland. On Aug. 14 the Prince presented a gold watch and chain to Chief Inspector Charles Walker, who is retiring from the police after fifty-one years' service. He has been engaged at Marlborough House since the Prince's marriage, and was for fifteen years previously stationed at Buckingham Palace. The Princess added her congratulations and good wishes, and both cordially shook hands with the retiring officer. Prince Adolphus of Teck visited the Prince and Princess to take leave of them previous to his departure for India, where he joins his regiment, the 17th (Duke of Cambridge's Own) Lancers. In the evening the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, left for Germany. The Princess has sent the following letter to the children of the Victoria Hospital at Chelsea, who contributed to a Silver Wedding present:—"My dear Little Children,—I am most deeply touched by your kind thought of giving me such a beautiful Silver Wedding present, which I shall always keep and value more than I can express; and that God may bless you all, and soon restore you to health and happiness, is the most sincere wish and prayer of your friend, ALEXANDRA." The Princess has consented to become patroness of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, 10, Buckingham-street, Strand.—Prince Albert Victor has consented to act as president of the Great Northern Central Hospital, the new buildings of which were lately opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Duke of Cambridge arrived at Kissingen on Aug. 11, and has taken up his residence in the Kurhaus. His Royal Highness will stay for several weeks, in order to take the waters.

The Duke and Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin left England on Aug. 11 for Germany.

Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P., having served summonses in Scotland to found jurisdiction, has had the *Times* served with a writ in an action for libel, in which he claims £50,000 damages.

The paintings and other works of art selected by the prize-holders for 1888 of the Art Union of London are now on view at the new galleries, 122, Strand. There are forty-eight pictorial prizes, of which about one-half are oil paintings, the other water-colour drawings.

THE WAGHORN MONUMENT AT CHATHAM.

A handsome bronze statue of Lieutenant Waghorn, the opener up of the Overland route to India, has been erected at Chatham, the place of his birth. The statue stands about 8 ft. in height, and is stated to be an excellent likeness of the intrepid traveller, whose right hand points towards the East. Beneath the statue, on the pedestal, is the inscription: "Thomas Frederick Waghorn, Lieutenant R.N., pioneer and founder of the Overland route. Born at Chatham, 1800; died, Jan. 7, 1850." The statue was unveiled on Friday, Aug. 10, by Lord Northbrook.

OBITUARY.

THE HON. AND REV. CANON BAILLIE.

The Hon. and Rev. John Baillie, M.A., Canon Residentiary of York and Incumbent of St. James's, Cupar, died on Aug. 7. He was born on Jan. 3, 1810, the younger brother of George, tenth Earl of Haddington; was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and, taking holy orders, became Vicar of Lissington, in Lincolnshire. In 1852 he was appointed Canon of York, and was made a Residentiary in 1854, and in 1879 was appointed Incumbent of St. James's, Cupar. He married, in 1837, Cecilia Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Charles Hawkins, and leaves two sons and four daughters.

SIR W. BURTON.

Sir William Westbrooke Burton, Knt., late Judge of the Supreme Court at Madras, died at his residence, 54, Chepstow-villas, Notting-hill, on Aug. 6. He was born in 1794, the son of the late Mr. Edmund Burton, of Daventry, and served for some years in the Royal Navy. He became a barrister of the Inner Temple in 1824, was Recorder of Daventry from 1826 to 1827, Judge of the Supreme Court at the Cape of Good Hope from 1828 to 1833, at New South Wales from 1833 to 1844, and at Madras from 1844 to 1857, and was President of the Legislative Council of New South Wales from 1858 to 1862. Sir William Burton was twice married—first, in 1827, to Margaret, daughter of Mr. Levy Smith, which lady died in 1846; and secondly, in 1849, to Maria Alphonsine, daughter of the late Mr. John Beatty West, M.P. for Dublin. He received the honour of knighthood in 1844.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Thomas Woodward, J.P., of Hopton Court and Stepple Hall, Shropshire, on Aug. 4, aged fifty-two.

Mr. Stephen Burridge, of Shirle Hall, Sheffield, in London, on Aug. 10, aged sixty-five.

Lady Murray (Helen), wife of Sir Digby Murray, Bart., of Blackbarony, and daughter of Mr. Gerry Sanger, of Utica, U.S.A., at 34, Colville-road, W., on Aug. 9.

The Rev. William James Grundy, LL.D., formerly Incumbent of St. James-the-Less, Bethnal-green, at Richmond, on Aug. 6, aged seventy-six.

Mr. Samuel Theophilus Genn Downing, barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's Inn, and Deputy Warden of the Stannaries of Devon and Cornwall, at Kenegie, Cornwall, on Aug. 8, aged sixty-one.

Miss Margaret Campbell, of Dunmore, Argyllshire, on Aug. 7, aged seventy-five. She was the daughter of the late Mr. James Campbell of Dunmore, by Eliza Hope, his wife, fifth daughter of the Hon. William Baillie, Lord Polkemmet.

Major-General William Agnew, J.P. for the county of Middlesex, and one of the sitting Magistrates at the Hampstead Petty Sessions Court, on Aug. 12, from heart disease, at the age of sixty-seven years. He served in India for thirty-four years, and for the last eight or ten years of his residence there was Judicial Commissioner for Assam.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Campbell, late of H.M.'s Indian Army, sixth son of the late Mr. John Campbell, of Kilberry and Minard, Argyllshire, at Lausanne, on Aug. 4, aged sixty-nine. He served throughout the Indian Mutiny Campaign of 1857 (medal), in the Bhootan Campaign of 1864-65 (medal, with clasp), and in the Afghan War of 1879-80 with the Khyber Line Force (medal).

The Rev. Edward Burney, M.A., J.P., Head Master of the Royal Naval Academy at Gosport, on Aug. 9. He was born in 1816, and was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, graduating B.A. in 1838 and M.A. in 1841. For some time he was Curate of Holy Trinity, Gosport, and chaplain to the Duke of Cambridge. Mr. Burney, who directed the education of Prince Louis of Battenberg, had for many years been Head Master of the Royal Naval Academy.

The Rev. Henry Bristow Wilson, Vicar of Great Staughton, Huntingdonshire, on Aug. 10, at Lee, Kent, at the age of eighty-five after an illness of sixteen years. He was a son of the Rev. H. B. Wilson, Rector of St. Mary Aldermary, London, and was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and St. John's College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow and Tutor. He graduated B.A. with second-class classical honours, and in the course of about twenty-five years became successively a select preacher, public examiner, professor of Anglo-Saxon, and Bampton Lecturer. In 1850 he was preferred by his college to the Vicarage of Great Staughton. He was the author of several papers, the most important of which was that on "The National Church" in "Essays and Reviews." For this, in 1862, he was sentenced by the Judge of the Court of Arches to be suspended *one* year from his benefice; but on appeal to the Privy Council the judgment was reversed. Of the original seven Essayists the Bishop of London survives at the age of sixty-six, and Professor Jowett, who is seventy-one.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain G. Cocurullo, master of the Italian ship Ciampa Emilia, of Castellamare, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the British schooner Wenonah, of Swansea, which was abandoned at sea on Oct. 14, 1886.

An appeal was made to the public some time ago for aid for the purchase of the Victoria Hall as a memorial to the late Mr. Samuel Morley; and the Duke of Westminster states that the sum (£17,000) has been raised, and that the purchase will soon be effected.

The closing match of the Royal Yacht Squadron regatta was sailed on Aug. 10 for squadron prizes amounting to £150, and open to all yachts of not less than thirty tons belonging to any recognised yacht club. The May took the first prize, the Foxglove (the first to save her time among the yawls) the second, and the Cetonia the third, having beaten the Egeria.—The annual general meeting of the members of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club was held at the Club-house, Ryde, on Aug. 13, the Commodore (the Marquis of Exeter) presiding. The principal events of the past year, in connection with the club, were detailed in the report of the committee. The annual house-dinner was held in the evening. Next day the regatta began with the match for her Majesty's Cup, Mr. Birchell's Neptune winning easily.—There was some good racing on Aug. 13 in connection with the Royal Albert Yacht Club for the Albert Cup, which was contested over a forty-five miles course in the Solent, and the Irex eventually won the cup, after trying unsuccessfully in six successive years.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The acceptable appearance of genuine summer weather, better late than never, has occasioned a general rush out of town. Yet some few London managers, greatly daring, still keep their theatres open. Mr. Bandmann's grotesque burlesque of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" at the Opera Comique collapsed after a very few performances, avowedly by reason of the rigour of the law, but in reality, it is fair to presume, because of the superior attractiveness of the earlier version of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's grim story produced by Mr. Richard Mansfield at the Lyceum. When Mr. Lionel Brough comes to make fun of the dual representations of Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Bandmann in the parody of "Hide and Seekyl," by Mr. George Grossmith, a rich harvest of amusement may be looked for. In the mean time, Mr. Brough, compelled to quit Toole's in consequence of the "Pepita" rehearsals, transfers the lively farcical comedy of "The Paper Chase" to the Royalty, immediately. The sweetest comedy at present on the metropolitan stage, Mr. A. S. Pinero's "Sweet Lavender," in which Mr. Edward Terry's Dick Phenyl has become a prime favourite, was played at Terry's Theatre for the one hundred and fiftieth time on Aug. 14. Though the droll comedy Mr. Sydney Grundy skilfully adapted from the German—"The Arabian Nights"—has lost its original "Gutta Percha Girl," merry Mr. W. S. Penley is retained at the Comedy by Mr. C. H. Hawtrey, and the diverting piece causes as much mirth as ever.

Mr. Charles Wyndham appeared immensely relieved when, the marvellously successful run of "David Garrick" over at last, he enjoyed the rare experience of sitting in the stalls of his own theatre to witness a performance by his admirable Criterion company of comedians. It was the eve of Aug. 12. Yet the Criterion was crowded; and the admirers of Mr. F. C. Burnand's overflowing humour, and of this excellent dramatist's unrivalled power of creating grotesque types of character, were rewarded by a perfect performance of his exceedingly sprightly comedy of "Betsy." There can be no question that Mr. Burnand's "Betsy" is by far the most outrageously droll and genuinely comic play now being performed in London. The continual flow of high spirits, the ingenuity with which one natural misunderstanding is made to grow out of another, and the touch-and-go lightness with which the leading actors dash through their parts, combine to maintain for "Betsy" its pre-eminence as the masterpiece of its kind. Glance round the house as one facetious situation succeeds another, and admit that rows of smiling and laughing faces amply prove the triumph of the revival. After Mr. Herbert Standing and Miss Rose Saker had gaily tripped through the charming costume comedietta of "The Dowager," by Charles Mathews, "Betsy" was enacted with undimmed freshness. The unctuous and fleshy domestic politician of Mr. William Blakeley must have been an Alexander Birkett such as Mr. Burnand had in his mind's eye. A look at this genial comedian's play of feature sufficed to cause hearty laughter. The same remark applies to Mr. Alfred Maltby's Stiggins-like portrait of Mr. Samuel Dawson: the pliant, red-nosed tutor who is made by his scapegrace pupils to impart instruction to the tune of "Says Aaron to Moses," and the accidental visit of whose separated wife to Mr. Birkett's house makes confusion worse confounded, though it fills the pockets of that lucky "friend of the family," Mr. Samuel Dawson. The piquancy of Miss Lottie Venne as Betsy, the Hibernian gallantry of Mr. Herbert Standing as Captain M'Manus, the vivacity of pretty Miss Fanny Moore as Mrs. M'Manus and Miss Rose Saker as Madame Polenta, the amusing gravity of Miss Fanny Robertson as Mrs. Birkett, the youthful hilarity of Mr. George Giddens as Richard Talbot, and the perplexity of Mr. A. Boucicault as "Dolly" Birkett, with the grace and *chic* of Miss Ella Terriss and Miss Edith Penrose, all contributed to the remarkable success of this most diverting of comedies. Mr. Burnand's "Betsy" is certain of another long and prosperous run.

Whilst from across the seas comes news of Melbourne's cordial welcome to those recognised Gaiety burlesque favourites, Miss Farren and Mr. Fred Leslie, with Miss Marion Hood, Mr. George Edwardes is fortunate to find a good autumn tenant for the Gaiety in that exceptionally powerful actress, Miss Sophie Eyre. Pending the production of Miss Eyre's first daring novelty, Mr. Rider Haggard's "She," this accomplished *tragédienne* has successfully appeared as the Corsican heroine of a fresh dramatic edition of Mr. Archibald Gunter's bright novel, "Mr. Barnes of New York," adapted by Mr. J. Coleman. This version differs somewhat from Mr. Rutland Barrington's. The changes made are not for the better, however. The introduction of the Lady Charteris party into the opening duel scene hampers the first act of "Marina;" and Mr. Coleman's transformation of the English duellist and Marina's lover into twin-brothers is a decided mistake. But the dramatic elements of the novel and the play were too strong to suffer from these alterations. The intensity of Miss Sophie Eyre's acting as Marina, the native force with which she pursues the vendetta against the young English officer who slew her brother in the duel, and the softness of her clinging love for George Anstruther, with her powerful performance in the bridal-chamber scene, where the revengeful Count Dannella meets the death he had designed for the bridegroom, carried the audience away. Miss Sophie Eyre's Marina is a creation to be seen. She is well supported by Mr. Herbert Waring as Mr. Barnes, Mr. Fred Terry as George and Gerald Anstruther, Mr. E. D. Ward as Count Dannella, Mr. James East as the blithe and jovial naval officer, Charlie Phillips; and by Miss Carlotta Leclercq as Lady Charteris, Miss Edith Leslie as the tomboy Maude, Miss Lucy Buckstone as Enid Anstruther, and Mr. Julian Cross as the melodramatic Tommaso. "Marina," compressed judiciously, went better than ever a week after its production. The drama was preceded on Aug. 11 by a neatly-written, conventional domestic comedy in one act, "Polly's Venture," by Mr. Malcolm Watson. The heroine is a smart village milliner, who thaws the heart of a crusty old squire by making believe she has possession of certain papers which reflect on his integrity. By this device she unites a loving pair, the Squire's son and his gamekeeper's niece, and gains the hand and home of Reuben Gale for herself. Miss C. Elworthy made a lively Polly Prentice; Mr. J. East a manly gamekeeper; Miss Enid Leslie a winsome Chris Haseldene. The little piece would play better without the melodramatic musical accompaniment.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

In Glasgow University on Aug. 7 the fifty-sixth annual congress of the British Medical Association commenced, 2000 medical men and surgeons attending. Professor Banks, in retiring from the presidential chair, said that the membership had increased during the year from 1100 to 2000, the income being £28,000 and the expenditure £26,000. There were forty-five branches in all parts of the empire. Professor Gairdner, the newly-elected president, referred with regret to the death of Dr. Fergus. In the course of his address, he said, their whole experience was directed towards the demonstration of the enormous evils that had accrued to humanity and to the medical art from a blind reliance upon the tradition of the ages, and often upon the traditions wrongly interpreted. The abuses of blood-letting, of a senseless and obstructive polypharmacy, and of innumerable so-called remedies, either inert or positively mischievous, which have had to be cleared out of the way before medical science and practice could even begin to be reasonably simple and intelligible, have been a lesson to all of us as to the "dead hand of medical tradition." Dr. Gairdner, in referring to medical education, strongly urged the necessity of improved instruction in physics, quoting to this purpose the opinion of Faraday, who, in 1862, observed that the most highly educated minds in this country were often entirely undisciplined in the merest elements of the knowledge of natural things.

Twelve sections met on the 8th, some of them being crowded, and others but sparsely attended. In the Public Medicine Section a resolution was passed that an amended Public Health Act for Scotland was urgently required, the provisions to apply to both urban and rural districts.

The majority of the papers read on Aug. 9 were of a purely technical character. In the evening there was a conversazione in Bute Hall.

The business of the sections concluded on Aug. 10. Professor M'Kendrick giving the closing address, on the subject of "Physiology." Several of the leading members of the Association received the degree of Doctor of Laws. It is admitted the Association meetings have been remarkably successful, and professional knowledge has been distinctly advanced. There was a garden-party in the Botanical Gardens in the afternoon, and a conversazione in the Exhibition at night.

Excursions around Glasgow on Aug. 11 formed a pleasant termination to an important meeting.



MRS. H. M. BUTLER (MISS AGNATA FRANCES RAMSAY), BRIDE OF THE MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

EARLY MORNING IN VENICE.

Miss Clara Montalba, an artist often commended for her pictures of the fair city of the Adriatic, and its waters and skies, and its barges and gondolas that seem to hover between those waters and the lucid atmosphere, with picturesque edifices on shore in the background, has in this instance rendered the effect of early morning light on such a scene with much pictorial beauty. It is in the morning and in the evening, indeed, that Venice is most beautiful, at airy distance—

> Rising with her tiara of proud towers,
> A ruler of the waters and their powers;
> She was a fairy city of the heart,
> Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
> The pleasant place of all festivity,
> The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy;
> And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
> When Venice was a queen, with an unequalled dower.

The Very Rev. the Dean of St. Asaph, formerly head-master of Rossall School, has been unanimously elected Principal of Cheltenham College, in the room of Dr. Kynaston, resigned.

The Portraits of the Bishop of Oxford, the Right Rev. Dr. Stubbs, and of the late Dean of Chichester, the Very Rev. J. W. Burgon, are from photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, of 17, Baker-street.

MRS. H. M. BUTLER.

The marriage of Dr. Henry Montagu Butler, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, till recently Head Master of Harrow School, to Agnata Frances, third daughter of Sir James Henry Ramsay, Bart., of Bamff, Perthshire, was solemnised in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on August 9. The church was filled by the wedding party and personal friends from Cambridge and Harrow. The bridesmaids were the bride's four sisters, Miss Susan Ramsay, cousin of the bride, Miss Mary Scott Kerr, Miss Maud Butler, and Miss Stewart. Master Nigel Ramsay, the bride's brother, who acted as page, was in Highland costume. Sir James Ramsay gave his daughter away. This accomplished young lady, whose portrait we are permitted to publish, has achieved the highest academical distinction within reach of female students, having been "Senior Classic" in the Classical Tripos of the University of Cambridge last year. Her father, Sir J. H. Ramsay, who succeeded to the baronetcy in 1871, was educated at Rugby and at Christ Church College, Oxford; was a student of that College, and held the office of Public Examiner in Law and Modern History at that University. One of her uncles is Professor George Gilbert Ramsay, of Glasgow University.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Debenham, of Brighton.

FIRE IN THE DE BEERS DIAMOND MINE.

South Africa, rich in mines of diamonds, gold, and copper, experienced a shocking disaster at Kimberley on July 11, when one of the shafts of the De Beers Mine was on fire, and 700 workers in it, Europeans and natives, were apparently doomed to destruction, of whom above 200 perished.

The shares of the De Beers Company (Limited) have played an important part in the late active dealings for diamond stocks in London. It is not generally understood, however, that the four known diamond mines of South Africa are within a radius equal only to the extent of one of the suburbs of London, and almost within gun-shot of each other. The celebrated Kimberley mine is situated due west from the De Beers Mine about three-quarters of a mile; while those of Dutoitspan and Bultfontein are within a short walk. These mines have produced somewhat approaching £60,000,000 worth of diamonds since the year 1870, when they were discovered. In fact, there is no positive record, as so many have been stolen; but the estimate given may be fairly accepted as within the mark.

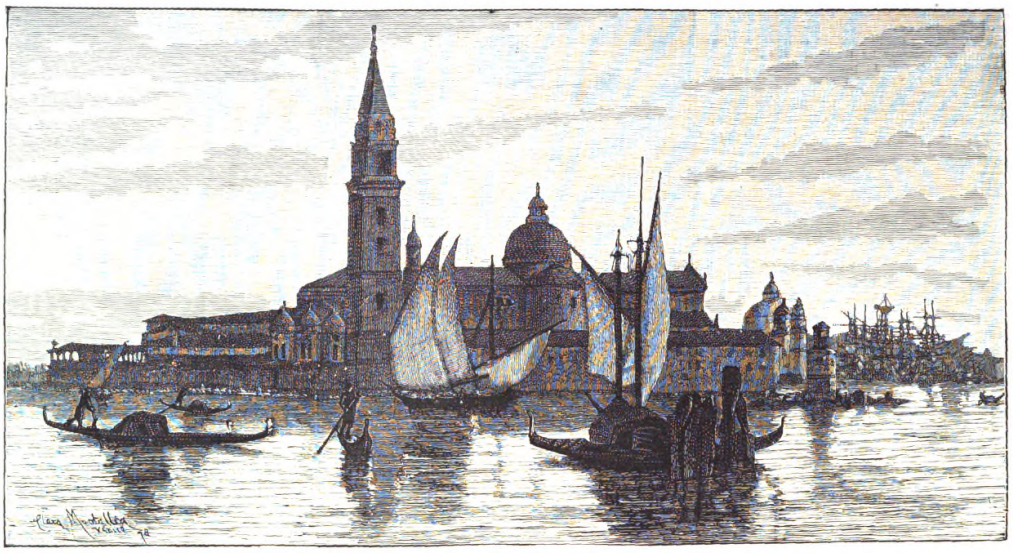
When diamonds were first found, what was known as "dry sorting" was the primitive method of "winning"; later, the hand rotary machine was introduced. This resembled the ordinary mortar-mill, with this difference—that, instead of rollers, it had arms, with spikes pivoted from the centre, to disintegrate the soil; and the diamond, by its greater specific gravity, would be found among the carbon, the garnets, the bastard rubies, and green stones, which carry weight. At that time, in the "early days of the Fields," only surface yellow soil was sorted and washed. Afterwards, when what was thought a "bed-rock" had been struck, individual claim-holders became chary; many sold out their claims, and are now "sadder and wiser men." This "bed-rock" eventually turned out to be the matrix of the diamond, and is locally known as "blue" ground.

Open working was resorted to, in the Kimberley and De Beers Mines, until heavy reef-falls blocked the diamondiferous claims. In the intervening years, new improvements had been introduced in the machinery, and hand-power was superseded by steam-power. At first, indeed, an engine of ten-horse power was regarded as a wonder. Other measures were proposed: one was the system of underground working, after the fashion of coal-mines in Lancashire and South Wales. Anxious as the directors were, both in the Kimberley and the De Beers Mine, to get at the "blue" ground, they accepted this suggestion. But it had unforeseen consequences. Unlike coal, diamondiferous ground is treacherous, by the "soapy seams" it contains. This is an objection to the underground system, compared with the open working on the "terrace system," as now carried out by the Bultfontein Mining Company.

The Central Company, therefore, the owners of the Kimberley Mine, have determined on spending nearly £13,000 per month in introducing the principle of open working; and the De Beers Mine will have to do the same. In our Illustration, overhanging ledges of stone will be seen, ready to slip away by the subsidence of the "crown" of the underground workings. When one chamber is cleared of "blue" or diamondiferous earth, the outside reef is allowed to fall in, and to fill the void space. These remarks are introductory to an account of the calamity which has befallen the De Beers Mine.

At 6.30 p.m. on July 11, the night "shift" was down the mine, and some of the day "shift" had yet to come up. By some means the woodwork of the shaft, which is seen in our Engraving, caught fire. There were no means of exit for the men, not even an ordinary air-shaft. A terrible death seemed imminent for seventy white men and above six hundred Kaffirs labouring in the mine. Of these, twenty-four white men and 160 natives actually lost their lives. The flames rapidly spread through the various workings. When the alarm was given a rush was made for the ladder ways and the "skep" (pulley car). The flames, however, mounted too rapidly to allow of an escape by the ladders and "skep." This started for the surface, but by the burning through of the wire rope was precipitated with its human freight into the blazing shaft. Many must have been crushed to death in the rush towards the shaft. The more experienced of the white men retreated in the other direction through the levels to the old workings of the Gem Company. The bulk of the natives followed the white men; and they remained until the morning, continually threatened by volumes of smoke drawn by the air-currents, and uncertain regarding the spread of the fire.

Finally, it was decided to endeavour to force a way to a higher level. The horrors of this journey through the length of the narrow ladder-ways and man-holes, choked with dead, and stifling with heat and the stench and smoke, are beyond description. The success of the attempt was mainly due to the courage and energy of Harry Paul and a few of his companions. One by one they reached the 380 ft. level, and thence



EARLY MORNING—VENICE.

FROM A DRAWING BY MISS CLARA MONTALBA.

made their way to the narrow crack, which is the only outlet from this part of the mine to the surface.

The discovery of this outlet—no thanks to the management—was made by a Kaffir. The whites and blacks wandered for hours hopelessly around the workings, from level to level, between the 700 ft. level and the 385 ft. level; but this native, like a cat, could see his way in the dark. By a subsidence of the "crown" of the mine, an old "sling gear" had fortunately left an opening; and the Kaffir boy, there getting a breath of fresh air, recovered from the stupor occasioned by the smoke which came from the blazing timbers of the shaft. He looked up and saw a star; he told his "brothers"; they watched till early morning, when the daylight showed them a way of escape. This gave a further lease of life to over forty white men and more than four hundred Kaffirs.

Among those unhappily lost was Mr. Clarence Stewart Lindsay, of Sunderland, a young engineer of great ability and merit, who had arrived at Kimberley a month before the disaster to take on the underground management. He bravely went down the No. 1 shaft to find out the extent of the fire, on its first becoming known; the wire-rope, hauling the ascending skep, then broke, and it is thought that he was hurled to the 700 ft. level. The portrait and memoir of Mr. Lindsay appeared in our last.

Rescue parties were energetically worked to attempt to save the others still below, under the direction of Mr. Gardner Williams, general manager. Mr. Armstrong, contractor, lost his life by returning to warn his men at the first outbreak. On July 13 the rescue parties were stopped by the inspector of the mines, to prevent useless sacrifice of life.

Much sympathy is shown in Kimberley, at Capetown, and generally in South Africa, for the widows and orphans, parents, and other relatives of those of our countrymen who have lost their lives in "winning" the gems which are so fashionable an ornament. The circumstances and cause of this disaster will occupy the Commission of Inquiry which is to be held by order of the Cape Colonial Government. Our Engraving is from one of the photographs supplied by Mr. B. Harvey, manager of the Kimberley Photographic Studio.



The mark + indicates the place of escape for the men during the disastrous fire of July 11.

THE DE BEERS DIAMOND MINE, SOUTH AFRICA: OPEN MINE AT 350 FT. LEVEL, WHERE UNDERGROUND WORKINGS COMMENCE.



A RIDE ON THE DONKEYS.





WELL KNOWN FACES.

"JUST OFF."



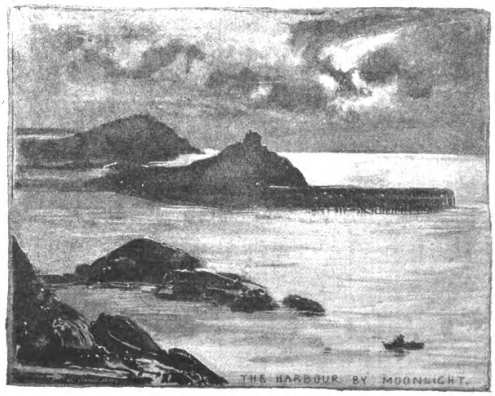
ON THE ROCKS READING "LORNA DOONE."



TWO LIFEBOATSMEN.



A FAVOURITE WALK.



THE HARBOUR BY MOONLIGHT.

SKETCHES AT ILFRACOMBE.

ILFRACOMBE.

The rocky coast of North Devon, overlooking the Bristol Channel and facing South Wales, the land of which, at a distance varying from ten to twenty miles, is clearly seen from many points on the Devon shore, has its peculiar attractions. There is very little sand or beach; one sits and strolls on heights above the waves, for the most part, though, by a steep and rugged descent, one may reach sequestered coves, and low shelves of smooth hard rock, permitting sport with the lively billows. The most charming feature of the country, seaward, is presented by the grassy "coombes," the hollows of meadow and woodland rapidly declining and opening to the sea, terminating either in a small cliff, or in a deep ravine, cut by some babbling stream, which eagerly fights its way through masses of stone to join the blue waters of the Channel. Ilfracombe, near the western extremity of the great range of hills that extends by Lynton, Minehead, and the Quantocks, along half the length of Somersetshire, rising behind those places to the romantic wilderness of Exmoor, is a good place to start from on a summer excursion through this interesting region. The town, indeed, does not look over the open sea, rather turning its back and sheltering itself on the inner slopes of the hills, beneath which, however, lies a pretty little harbour, with a fine promenade pier, and with access to the Capstone, a huge peninsular rock, or promontory, having a terrace road all round it, where the marine views and breezes are freely enjoyed. This is the favourite walk, and, with a fresh westerly or north-westerly wind, it is worth while to watch the sea battling the rocks directly below your standing-place. From the summit of the Capstone, especially at sunset on a fine evening, the prospect of sea, land, and sky, glowing in the ruddy splendours of that hour, is gorgeously beautiful. The height being about 200 ft., very extensive views are here obtained both up and down the Bristol Channel. Another eminence, called the Lantern Hill, of a picturesque conical shape, with an old turret lighthouse on its top, guards the entrance to the harbour. On the east side of the Bay rise the cliffs and great hill of Hillsborough, to the height of 440 ft., beyond which the uplands continue to Exmoor; and readers of "Lorna Doone," if they care to look for her haunts, should resolve not to be deterred by long and toilsome journeys over some miles of rather steep moorland. An Exmoor pony to ride—those clever animals know better than any horseman the way to get up hill easily by zigzag tracks across the path—is always to be recommended in preference to any sort of carriage. The party setting forth on a drag will find it necessary to spare their team by often getting down and walking, unless they mean only to drive to Barnstaple, or along the Combe Martin and Lynmouth road. Bathing at Ilfracombe is usually done in secure coves—one reserved for ladies, and one for gentlemen—to which there is a passage by a tunnel cut through a cliff; but there is also, in the grounds of the Ilfracombe Hotel, a large swimming-bath, constantly filled from the sea. In venturing out to sea from Ilfracombe and elsewhere on this coast, strangers ought to attend to the advice of the old boatmen, and to do nothing rash on their own account. What with strong currents, which are liable to sudden changes, with unexpected puffs of wind, that capsize a sailing-boat or a small yacht in half a minute, and with countless reefs of sharp rock, like fierce jaws full of teeth, ready to crunch a hapless vessel that is caught between them, or to imperil the life of a good swimmer, in the eddies and deep sucking-holes, this North Devon Sea is a dangerous playmate.

MUSIC.

COVENT-GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

On Aug. 11 (as already briefly intimated), Covent-Garden Theatre was re-opened for the usual series of Promenade Concerts, commencing three weeks after the termination of Mr. Augustus Harris's memorable season of the Royal Italian opera. Mr. W. Freeman Thomas's seventh annual series of these concerts bids fair to be one of the most successful of any. We have already drawn attention to the liberality of the arrangements made by the lessee, and have now to notice the opening performances. The programme on the first night was of very ample dimensions and infinite variety. The excellence of the orchestra, headed by Mr. J. T. Carrodus, was specially manifested in Rossini's overture to "Semiramide," ballet-music by Ambroise Thomas, a movement from Mr. Cowen's graceful series entitled "The Language of the Flowers," Gounod's "Saltarello," and other pieces too numerous for specification. In the march from Gounod's "La Reine de Saba," in a selection from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," and in other instances, the full effects were enhanced by the association of the band of the Coldstream Guards.

The orchestra comprises some of our most skilful solo instrumentalists. Mr. J. T. Carrodus gave a brilliant rendering of Ernst's "Otello" Fantasia (accompanied by Mr. Carrodus, jun.), and the programme included a flute solo by Mr. J. Radcliff, other eminent soloists having been announced for subsequent evenings.

The vocal performances on the opening night were also very successful. Mesdames C. Samuel and Antoinette Sterling, Mr. C. Banks, and Mr. B. Foote, contributed popular pieces, which were all enthusiastically applauded and mostly encored.

A special feature was Mr. Gwyllym Crowe's new vocal waltz, "The Rose Queen," in which Mr. Stedman's well-trained juvenile choristers were associated with the orchestra, the solo portions (for the Rose Queen) having been well sung by Miss A. Gruhn. The several movements of this piece are replete with genial melody, which bids fair to secure for it a popularity at least equal to that gained by its several predecessors of the same kind from the same hand.

The arrangements in the theatre give greater space for the promenade portion of the audience, by the removal of the orchestra nearer towards the back of the stage than heretofore, the surrounding decorations and paintings (in the Swiss style) being very tasteful and picturesque.

Mr. Gwyllym Crowe maintains his position as a careful and intelligent conductor; and Mr. F. Lewis Thomas contributes occasional valuable service as pianoforte accompanist.

A shock of earthquake was felt in Kilsyth, twelve miles from Glasgow, on the morning of Aug. 4.

The Irish Society of London, headed by Sir Whittaker Ellis, Bart., M.P., the Governor, visited their county Derry estates on Aug. 9. The society, with the Harbour Commissioners, inspected the navigation works of the river, and afterwards received several deputations, who solicited grants for various objects. The society next visited the schools in Beresford-place, where the pupils and their teachers were in readiness to receive them. At four o'clock Mr. Robert A. Taylor, the Chairman of the Town Commissioners, entertained the society, as well as the clergy, the gentry, and a number of the merchants of the town and neighbourhood, at luncheon in the Townhall. Mr. Taylor presided, having on his right Sir Whittaker Ellis and Sir Hervey Bruce, Bart.; and on his left Alderman Alexander and Mr. T. Layton, the Deputy Governor.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

B G Laws.—We have gladly availed ourselves of your contributions, and shall be pleased to receive a few more of your compositions equally clever and interesting.

E Holt (Rawtenstall).—We hope to be able to comply with your request at no distant date; in the meantime send a copy of "Free Press." Your problem admits of two solutions in two moves—by 1. R to B 5th or 1. Kt to Kt 3rd, &c.

J Dixon.—No. 1 is tolerably good, but too easy for publication; No. 2 has a second solution by 1. R to Q 5th. The diagrams just received are under examination.

J D Howard Taylor (Norwich).—The games are very welcome, and shall have early publicity.

Shiloh Area.—The last version is a decided improvement. It shall appear forthwith.

J Arvedalh (Trieste).—Your last contribution is not equal in merit to your former efforts. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

W M Pridgack.—Your problem is not forgotten. We hope to find room for it shortly.

J Breyley.—Many thanks; the position you refer to in "Abbott's Collection" is duly noted.

Manchester.—See notice in our last Number respecting Problem No. 2308.

L Desanges.—The problem shall have immediate attention.

W L T.—We cannot offer an opinion. We have no space at our disposal for such discussions.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2308 received from G H Hewitt (Middle Colaba), T Mann (New York), O Smith (Moosomin (Canada), and E R Ellaby; of No. 2309 from W M F and W Wright (Cairo); of No. 2310 from E Bohnstedt, Peterhouse, E R Ellaby, F Holt, and W Wright; of No. 2311 from Hereward, F Holt, Peterhouse, T Ryder, E Bohnstedt, and J Bryden; of No. 2312 from A B (Naples), E Bohnstedt, H S B (Chesterfield), S Parry, W S (Sheffield), F Holt, Peterhouse, W P Wood, W H D (Woburn), S Rover, and Rev Leonard Watson.

Correct Solution of Problem No. 2313 received from E Von Korganzki, F Holt, Shakforth, R Worters (Canterbury), Junior Junior, Howard A, C E P, E Phillips, E Cacella (Paris), W Hillier, E Lacy, Alpha, Mrs. Kelly, Julia Short, R F N Banks, Dawn, Peterhouse, T G (Ware), T Roberts, W H Hollam, G O P, Thomas Chown, L Desanges, Dan Anderson, C Cole (Exeter), M Sharp, J Moore (Manchester), Hereward, J D Tucker (Leeds), G T Addison (York), Major Prichard, Dr F St, E Louden, R H Brooks, and J Bryden.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2311.

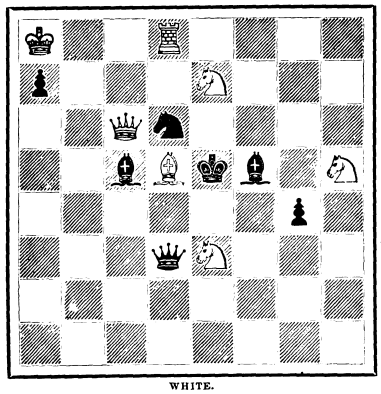
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to K 2nd	P takes Kt
2. Q to K 3rd (ch)	K moves
3. Kt to Kt 6th. Mate.	

If Black play 1. B takes Kt, then 2. Q B 4th (ch); if 1. K to B 6th, then 2. Q to R 5th (ch); if 1. K to Q 4th, then 2. Q takes P (ch); and if 1. P to B 5th, then 2. Q to Kt 6th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2315.

By G. C. Heywood.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

One of ten simultaneous games played by Mr. Blackburne at the Manchester Chess Club in 1883. It has not hitherto been published.

(*Kings' Gambit declined.*)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P takes K P
4. Kt takes P	Kt to Q 2nd
5. P to Q 4th	P takes P (en pass.)
6. B takes P	Kt takes Kt
7. P takes Kt	B to Q B 4th
8. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd

A weak move, leading, as Mr. Steinitz's phrase goes, to a big hole for White at Q 3rd.

9. Kt to K 4th	Q to K 2nd
10. Q to K 2nd	P to K R 3rd
11. B to K 3rd	B takes B
12. Q takes B	B to K 3rd

Black can do nothing offensive. If Q to Kt 3rd (ch), 13. P to B 3rd, Q takes KtP; 14. Castles with a winning position.

13. Castles (K R)	Q to B 2nd
14. Q B to Q sq	Q takes P
15. B to B 4th	K to B sq

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
	Black's resources are limited to bad moves, that in the text being, perhaps, one of the least harmful.
16. Q to R 3rd (ch)	Kt to K 2nd
17. Q takes P	

Taken in conjunction with his preceding move this is very fine blindfold play on the part of White. The game is now practically over.

17.	R to K sq
18. B take, B	Q takes R
19. Kt to Q 6th	R to Q sq
20. Q to R 5th	Q to K 6th (ch)

If R takes Kt, mate obviously follows in two moves by Q to Q 8th (ch), &c.

21. K to R sq	P to Q Kt 3rd
22. Q to R 7th	K to Kt sq
23. Q R to K sq	Q to B 4th
24. Kt takes P	R to K sq
25. Q to Q 7th,	

and wins.

Game played between Mr. Wyke Bayliss, P.R.S.B.A., and "F. A." (*Evans Gambit.*)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (F. A.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th	Kt takes P
5. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
6. Castles	Kt to B 3rd
7. P to Q 4th	P takes P
8. P takes Kt	B to Kt 3rd
9. B to K Kt 5th	P to Q 3rd
10. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 3rd
11. P to Q 5th	Kt to K 4th

Unnecessarily losing a piece.

12. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
13. P takes B	B to Q 5th
14. P takes P (ch)	K to K 2nd
15. Kt to Q 4th (ch)	K to Q 3rd
16. Q to B 3rd	

Serving a double purpose—to support the exchanges, and then be ready to check at R 3rd.

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (F. A.)
16.	B takes R
17. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
18. B takes P	Q to Q 2nd
19. Q to R 3rd (ch)	P to B 4th
20. R to Q sq (ch)	B to Q 5th
21. P to R 4th	

The key-move of the combination, which is very pretty. It should have set Black thinking of something more than saving his Rook.

21.	K R to K B sq
22. R takes B (ch)	P takes R
23. B to K 5th (ch)	K takes B

There is no escape: K to B 2nd or K to K 2nd is equally fatal.

24. Q takes P (ch)	P takes P
25. P to B 3rd (ch)	K to K 6th
26. Q to K 5th.	

Mate.

INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS.

Play in the various competitions at Bradford has made considerable progress, and indications are not wanting of probable results. This is pre-eminently so in the masters' tournament, where the chances of several are hopelessly gone, especially among the new aspirants for tourney honours. The games so far have not been distinguished by brilliant strategy, a carefulness bordering on timidity being the leading feature. Messrs. Bird and Blackburne have shown a little of their usual dash in some the endings, and Mr. Hall has clung to the Centre Counter Gambit with a fidelity worthy of a better fate. At the time of writing Messrs. Weiss, Blackburne, Gunsberg, Bardeleben, Mackenzie, and Tarrasch have the leaders, and amongst them the principal winners will doubtless be found.

Dramatic recitals on "British Homes" have been given at the Alexandra Palace by Miss Yates, the able honorary secretary of the Bread and Food Reform League, in aid of its funds.

A Parliamentary paper shows that in England there are 44 municipal boroughs with a population of 50,000 and upwards, 118 with populations between 50,000 and 10,000, and 121 with less than 10,000. There are 18 boroughs which are counties of cities or counties of towns, 216 which have separate commissions of the peace, 19 which appoint their own sheriffs, and 121 which have no separate police establishments.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 12, 1881), with a codicil (dated June 29, 1883), of the Rev. Charles William Giles, D.D., late of Milton Hall, near Cambridge, who died on May 12 last, was proved on July 3 by John Edward Giles, the brother, the Rev. Edward Giles, the nephew, and Samuel Knight, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £71,000. The testator gives, in addition to other gifts to her, an annuity of £1000 to Mrs. Catherine Amy Passingham; £1000 to her husband; £2000 upon certain trusts for the benefit of each of her three daughters; and legacies to servants and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said brother, John Edward Giles.

The will (dated March 12, 1886), with a codicil (dated May 10, 1888), of Mr. John Pitt-Taylor, formerly Judge of County Courts, late of No. 58, Eccleston-square, who died on July 17, was proved on July 31 by Charles Pitt-Taylor, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £61,000. The testator leaves all his real estate and £4500 to his eldest son, Charles: £2000 to his son Arthur William and £6000, upon trust, for him; £9000 to his son Francis Henry; £3900 to his daughter Mrs. Harriet Battye; £15,000, and all his furniture and effects not specifically bequeathed, to his daughter Hester Louisa; and there are various specific bequests to children (including the despatch-boxes of his great-uncle, William Pitt, to his son Charles) and to friends, an annuity to his sister-in-law, and pecuniary legacies to his butler and cook. He appoints his son Charles and his daughter Hester Louisa residuary legatees.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1881) of Mr. Capel Carter, formerly of Woodford, Essex, but late of No. 8, Vineyards, Bath, who died on May 24 last, was proved on Aug. 4 by Frank Crisp, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to ever £42,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 each to the London Hospital (Whitechapel-road) and the Charing-cross Hospital (Agar-street); £2000 each to the Dental Hospital of London (Leicester-square) and the Orphan Working School (Maitland-park, Haverstock-hill); £1000 to the Refuge for Homeless Boys (Great Queen-street); and he directs the duty on the said legacies to be paid out of his personal estate. There are a few other legacies, and the residue of his real and personal estate is to be equally divided between his nieces and nephew, Mary Anne Carter Simco, Charlotte Simco, and Samuel Sayer.

The will (dated April 8, 1879) of Mrs. Eliza Harriet Tudor, late of No. 26, Lansdown-place, Cheltenham, who died on July 3, was proved on Aug. 2 by the Rev. Charles John Martyn and Major-General William Bainbrigge Marshall, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £42,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution for the purpose of building and fitting out a life-boat to be called the "Elizabeth Mary," and a life-boat house on some dangerous part of the coast of Cornwall; and there are a good many other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for Langley Frederick Vernon Tudor, the son of her deceased husband, Colonel William Langley Tudor, for life, and then for his children, with a gift over in default of children.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of Office of the Commissariot of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated Jan. 18, 1881) of Mr. William Galbraith, residing at No. 3, Blythswood-square, Glasgow, who died on April 29 last, granted to Peter Galbraith, Mrs. Jessie Maclean or Galbraith, Mrs. Margaret Croom Galbraith or Tennant, Alexander Andrew Fergusson, and James Murray, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Aug. 1, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £37,000.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1878) of Mrs. Sophia Susanna Barnes, late of Upton Villa, Penge, who died on Jan. 23 last, was proved on Aug. 6 by John Adam and Arthur William Marriott, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £27,000. The testatrix, after giving a few legacies, leaves one moiety of the residue of her real and personal estate, upon trust, for her daughter Mrs. Ann Pollett Dickinson, for life, and then for her three daughters; and the other moiety, upon trust, for her daughter Mrs. Elizabeth Marriott, for life, and then for her children.

The will (dated June 13, 1885) of Captain Hobart George Anderdon, formerly of No. 17, Gay-street, Bath, and late of Fernleigh High Park, Ryde, Isle of Wight, who died on June 14 last, was proved on Aug. 6, by Mrs. Mary Anne Anderdon, the widow, and John Stone, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testator bequeaths £400 and his jewellery and consumable stores to his wife; £100 to his executor, Mr. Stone; and there are one or two other bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death he gives £300 to the Nathaniel Ragged School, Liverpool; and £500 each to the Railway Mission (186, Aldersgate-street) and the London City Mission. As to the ultimate residue, he gives one fourth to each of his nephew and nieces, Linton John Hughes, Frances Harriet Hughes, Mary Thornburgh Anderdon Hughes, and Catherine Eliza Hughes.

The will (dated March 29, 1888) of Miss Susan Elizabeth Burgess, late of No. 5, Burgess-hill, Finchley-road, Hampstead, who died on May 22 last, at Argelès, Hautes Pyrenées, was proved on Aug. 3 by Major William Henry Burgess and Major Ardwick Burgess, the brothers, and Edward Burgess Weatherall, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testatrix makes special gifts of ground rents, leasehold property, and money legacies, upon trusts, for several of her nephews and nieces; and bequeaths £100 each to her trustees and to two great-nephews. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her said nephew, Edward Burgess Weatherall.

A meeting of the council of the National Rifle Association was held on Aug. 9 at the rooms of the association in Pall-mall, Lord Wantage in the chair. Earlier in the day the chairman had an interview with Mr. Smith, in Downing-street, with reference to the petition for the allocation of a part of Richmond Park for the purposes of the annual meeting. A news agency says that, although Colonel Wheatley, of the Office of Works, and Mr. Burton, of the School of Musketry, Hythe, reported that the proposed site was safe for all practical purposes, the Government does not see its way to grant the use of the ground for the camp. The meeting having this decision before them inspected several plans of alternative sites, notably two from Brighton. One of these was presented by a deputation from Brighton, and the other was a ground selected by Sir Henry Fletcher, M.P. This latter site lies on Dyke-road, a mile and a half from West Brighton station and a mile from Patcham. It is called Bletchington. The firing points would be under the Red Hill, and the targets at the base of the Round Hill; on the right is Skeleton Hovel, on the left Toads' Hole. No actual decision was arrived at.

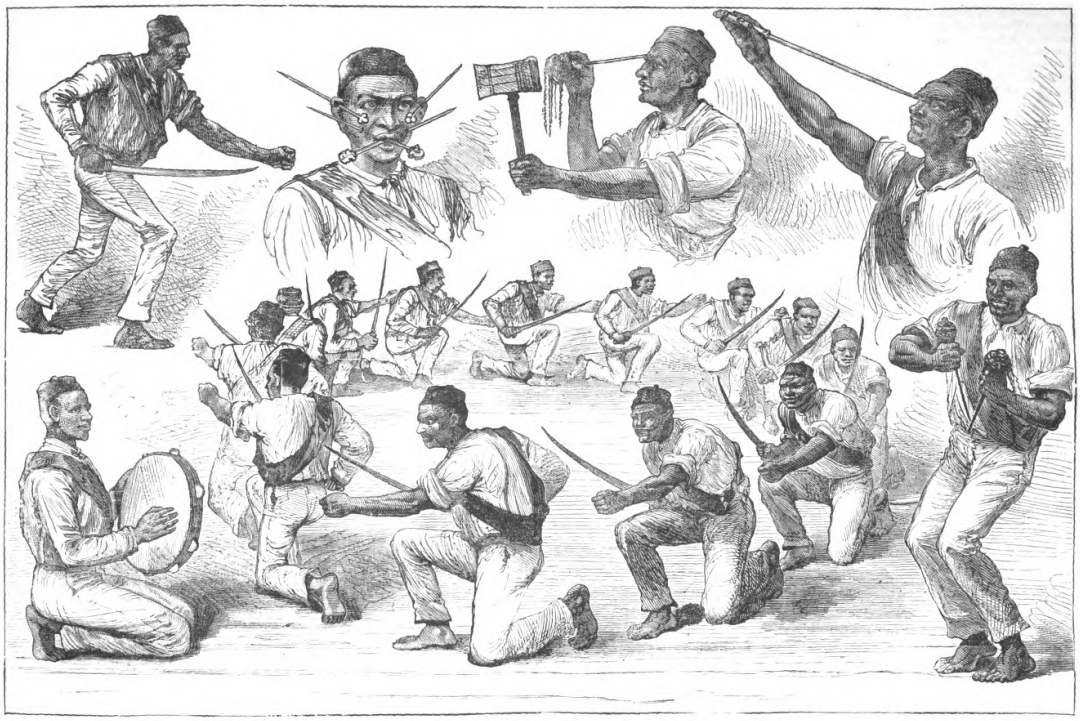
THE "KALIFA," A MALAY RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION.

A large number of Malays, descendants of those brought from the islands of the Dutch East Indies in former times, when the Dutch ruled at the Cape of Good Hope, form part of the population of Capetown. They are chiefly employed as boatmen in the harbour. On April 24, not for the first time, these people of an Asiatic race, in the chief city of the British South African Colony, exhibited a public performance of their extraordinary revels and orgies, sword-dances, knife-dances, and tricks with a variety of dangerous weapons, called the "Kalifa," and originally connected with a religious festival. It took place in the Exhibition Building at Capetown, where the stage of the large hall had been fitted up for the occasion. Palm-trees stood on either side of the proscenium, and the stage was fitted with Mohammedan symbols and a miniature mosque-like structure, behind which were a number of Malay singers; while seated round the stage were the drummers, who with the tom-tom kept up a continual boom, from which the actors took their time. All the performers in the Kalifa were dressed in white, with green sashes across the chest. The whole representation was under the charge of Hadji Saydien, who also presided at the celebration twenty-five years ago. The proceedings opened with exhibitions of agility with knives. The Malays, about twelve in number, ranged themselves in two rows up the stage, facing each other. In each hand was a dagger, and, at a given signal, the tom-toms beat, the choir sang a monotonous lay, and the acrobats commenced a circular dance, at given intervals, and quite in unison, carrying the knives close to their bodies, and wielding them with rapid motion, without actually stabbing themselves. A loud round of applause greeted this effort. The next item was a similar exhibition, but with curved swords, and to six-eight time. The gambols were all thoroughly in unison, and the men seemed to be attempting to hack off their hands. One or two were actually wounded, and they dropped out, being disqualified from taking any further part in the Kalifa. The number gradually diminished, and only seven were left when two swords each were served out. Then the actors slashed away, seemingly, in the most reckless manner, dancing all the time. The sword-points were placed into their eyes and ears, and the edges round their throats, but not a scratch was sustained. This performance gained the loudest plaudits from the audience. Some pretty Eastern dances were given by Malay women; and the men went through the wonderful fire-dance. The intervals were pleasantly enlivened by the band of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Our Illustrations are from sketches by Mr. F. B. Ross, of Capetown.

NOVELS.

Fraternity: a Romance. Two vols. (Macmillan and Co.).—An intimate knowledge of the Welsh temperament and genius, and of rural life in Merionethshire, where the characteristics of that interesting Celtic race are best preserved, enables the authoress of this sympathetic and graceful story, herself a Welshwoman, to give it true local colour. She is also inspired with the true spiritual enthusiasm for human brotherhood, which displays itself less in democratic political agitation than in zeal for social justice and charity, and in spreading high mental culture, and promoting good morals and refined manners among all classes of the people. An earnest but modest worker in this cause, at first made known to us as Edmund Haig, the village schoolmaster of Llanfairydd, near Pengwr, is the hero of the story. He has been reared in ignorance of his parentage, having been left alone in his infancy by the death of his mother, a poor nameless wanderer in Shropshire, who could speak no English, and having been educated by the Fathers of an Anglican convent and school, from which he went to Oxford. Declining to take orders in the Church, he became a teacher and writer for a provincial newspaper in Wales. At Llanfairydd he gave private lessons to a sweet young lady, Blodwen Trevor, whose Christian name, meaning "White Flower," is doubtless more agreeable to Welsh than to English ears. She is an orphan, poor but of good family, living with an elderly maiden aunt; her elder brother, Mr. John Trevor, is a rising solicitor at Pengwr, and agent to an Earl who is the principal landlord of that neighbourhood. A strong and pure mutual affection has arisen between this girl and Edmund; but he, being some ten years her senior, refrains from wooing her, out of his chivalrous delicacy, and suddenly departs to his mission of teaching the neglected children of rude quarrymen in another district, and diffusing the principles of Christian fraternity among mankind. In a holiday mountain ramble, he chances to meet a young gentleman, Harold Price, a pedestrian tourist coming from the Midland shires, whose face, though he is a much younger man, bears a striking resemblance to that of Edmund himself. They become fast friends, and facts are presently revealed which make it almost certain that the father of Harold, Mr. Price, of The Oaks, near Blackton, who returned from Australia with plenty of money, is also the father of Edmund. He had disappeared a quarter of a century before, and had left his first wife and child in destitution, she being a Welsh peasant girl, and he the disinherited son of a petty squire who drove him away in anger. Edmund, a child of three years at the time when his forsaken mother died in a country workhouse on her road to follow her husband, was taken care of by two old ladies named Haig, who allowed him to bear their name. The discovery of his parentage, however, does not alter Edmund's views of life and duty; he resolves not to deprive Harold of the fortune to be bequeathed by Mr. Price, but to continue the labours which he loves, content with earning a simple livelihood. Harold, an amiable and generous youth, accustomed to the society of the rich and fashionable, is attached to Lady Alice, one of the Earl's daughters at Pengwr Castle, and the contract of marriage between them would be broken if he ceased to be the heir to his father's wealth. In the meantime, at Llanfairydd, Blodwen is pining for Edmund, having never yet received an express avowal of his love for her, and there is much secret unhappiness all round. But the most miserable of men is old Mr. Price, whose conscience torments him for the death of the lost wife of his youth, though he had not intended to desert her; and he spends many days in solitary journeys and searches for her grave, while cherishing a passionate desire to learn what became of his little boy Edmund, whether living or dead. These feelings and thoughts of the sorrowful father are long concealed from Harold, who is so unkindly treated as to cause a temporary estrangement, until the old man, being very ill, weak, and distracted in mind, lets out the truth by confusing the names of his two sons. Harold then perceives that Edmund is his elder brother, sends for him to their father's sick-bed, and proposes, when his identity is proved, to renounce the inheritance in his favour. But Edmund still refuses to have it, and their noble contest of generosity ends with his accepting £200 a year. Finally, the one marries Blodwen, and the other gains the hand of Lady Alice; but the bond of brotherly love is sure to grow ever stronger between them in life; and they will do all they can, in the spirit of universal fraternity, to advance the welfare of mankind.

The Fat of the Land. By Mary Lester (Maria Soltera), author of "A Lady's Ride across Spanish Honduras." Three vols. (W. Blackwood and Sons).—In spite of laboured prolixity and formality of style, this novel is rather interesting, now and then, by its lively portraiture of manners and its fertility of incidents. Yet the prevalence of sordid motives among so many leading characters has a depressing effect, and there is a lack of consistency or probability in the fatal issues of their conduct. Why it should be called "The Fat of the Land" we fail to perceive; unless it be that the desire to get money, by catching well-endowed girls or rich men in the snare of matrimony, is represented as the mainspring of English social life. There are two good girls—Mary Leppell, daughter of the Hon. Colonel Leppell, a boisterous and reckless staff officer of pensioners, a younger son of Lord Hieover; and Willina Clavering, cousin and ward of Mr. Glascott, a retired Liverpool merchant or banker, living in Jersey. We like them so much that it is a sad disappointment, in the end, to leave the one extremely unhappy as a deserted wife; and the other, after losing her true lover, Stephen La Touche, by a dreadful death, married to a Peer fifty or sixty years of age, who is, though not unkind to her, none of Nature's noblemen. The best woman in the story, however, is Mrs. Leppell, an admirable lady severely tried by the faults of a rude and violent husband who is also dishonest, and by the misconduct of her eldest son; she lives to enjoy a brief gleam of domestic happiness, and then dies of a spasm of the heart. Tragedies do happen, but those of this tale are grievously ill-timed. Why should poor Stephen, the only good man of an odious family, some of whom are lunatics and idiots, others mean and spiteful rogues, perish by burning on the eve of his long-deferred union with Willina, for whom he has faithfully waited five years? As for the other men, though Mr. Glascott is magnanimous, it was very foolish of him, at his advanced time of life, to marry a heartless fortune-hunter like Miss Lillian Fanshawe; while Francis Clavering, an eminent professor of science, after marrying sweet Mary Leppell, and receiving from his guardian's bounty the gift of £2000 a year, perpetrates the vilest of crimes by running off with his guardian's wife; and Duke Leppell, who committed a forgery in his youth, being then an associate of blackguards, besides incurring a sentence of imprisonment for taking away a ward of the Court of Chancery, would not seem likely to become a man of principle. In these instances, one might think, the moral characteristics of individuals are not consistently maintained; persons do change, to be sure, in their sentiments and behaviour, yet not so abruptly and unaccountably, or without apparent cause in the effect of circumstances on their peculiar temperament. Francis Clavering and Lillian, though alike selfish, hard, and ambitious, are coldly prudent, and would scarcely be the slaves of a criminal passion excited by a common interest in scientific studies, and by the lady's ability to do service in classifying geological specimens. This is a singularly odd beginning of amorous mischief that ends in an intrigue not only involving their social ruin, but aggravated by the most hideous treachery and ingratitude towards their kind benefactor. On the other hand, we do not understand how Duke Leppell and his uncle Alexander, afterwards Lord Hieover, who had such cruel and wicked faces wonderfully alike, and the elder of whom had basely slandered Mr. Glascott, attain the respectable standard of virtue that is allowed them at a later period. And why should his Lordship obtain the hand of the noble Willina? Is it to reward him for saving her from being buried alive, by putting a redhot poker to the sole of her foot, when she has fallen into a trance and is supposed to be dead? The uncouth Scotch schoolmaster, Colin M'Taggart, might have done that just as well, and he at least is an honest man. The proceedings, moreover, by which the guilt of the Leppells is concealed from members of their family and their friends, are questionable in point of morality. It may be justifiable to prevent a criminal prosecution by paying a bill that somebody has forged, or making compensation for a pecuniary injury, and one may keep silence about it only so long as the offender has no further chance of swindling other people. But when Colonel Leppell has sold a case of diamonds entrusted to his care, substituting jewels of paste for the precious stones, the fraud being afterwards suspected, we cannot approve of shielding him from mere family disgrace by the trickery of replacing the real diamonds and falsely pretending that they had never been changed. This is not the action of a highly-conscientious person, or one that is justified by any degree of friendship. With all its confused and defective ethical conceptions, "The Fat of the Land" contains many scenes, both comic and pathetic, which have power to interest the ordinary reader; but its general effect is unsatisfactory, and it leaves a dismal impression that there are no longer any good men or women surviving in the world.



A MALAY RELIGIOUS CEREMONY, THE "KALIFA."

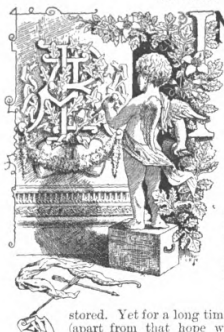
FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

ONE DAY.



IN TIMES of great sorrow the godly person ought to look forward to the never-ending joy and happiness that will follow this short life. Yet we still look backwards to the happy time that is past and can never come again. And then how happy does it seem to have been in comparison with present affliction!

It pleased Heaven after many trials to restore my earthly happiness—at least, in its principal part, which is earthly love. Some losses — grievous and lamentable—there were which could not be restored. Yet for a long time I had no other comfort (apart from that hope which I trust was never suffered to leave me) than the recollection of one single day in its course, too short, from dewy morn till dusky eve. I began that day with the sweetest joy that a girl can ever experience—namely, the return of her lover and the happiness of learning that he loves her more than ever, with the knowledge that her heart hath gone forth from her and is wholly his. To such a girl the woods and fields become the very Garden of Eden; the breath of the wind is as the voice of the Lord blessing another Eve; the very showers are the tears of gladness and gratitude; the birds sing hymns of praise; the leaves of the trees whisper words of love; the brook prattles of kisses; the flowers offer incense; the royal course of the sun in splendour, the glories of the sunrise and sunset, the twinkling stars of night, the shadows of the flying clouds, the pageant of the summer day—these are all prepared for that one happy girl and for her happy lover! Oh, Divine Gift of Love! which thus gives the whole world with its fruits in season to each pair in turn! Nay, doth it not create them anew? What was Adam without Eve? And Eve was created for no other purpose than to be a companion to the man.

I say, then, that the day when Robin took me in his arms and kissed me—not as he had done when we parted and I was still a child, but with the fervent kiss of a lover—was the happiest day in all my life. I say that I have never forgotten that day, but, by recalling any point of it, I remember all: how he held my hand and how he made me confess that I loved him; how we kissed and parted, to meet again. As for poor Humphrey, I hardly gave him so much as a thought of pity. Then, how we wandered along the brook hand in hand!

"Never to part again, my dear," said the fond lover. "Here will we love, and here we will die. Let Benjamin become, if he please, Lord Chancellor, and Humphrey a great physician: they will have to live among men in towns, where every other man is a rogue. We shall live in this sweet country place, where the people may be rude but they are not knaves. Why, in that great city of London, where the merchants congregate upon the Exchange and look so full of dignity and wisdom, each man is thinking all the time that, if he fail to overreach his neighbour, that neighbour will overreach him. Who would live such a life when he can pass it in the fields with such a companion as my Alice?"

The pleasures of London had only increased his thirst for the country life. Surely, never was seen a swain more truly rustic in all his thoughts! The fine ladies at the playhouse, with their painted fans, made him, he told me, think of one who wore a russet frock in Somersetshire, and did not paint her sweet face—this was the way he talked. The plays they acted could never even be read, much less witnessed, by that dear girl—so full of wickedness they were. At the assemblies the ladies were jealous of each other, and put on scornful looks when one seemed preferred; at the taverns the men drank and bellowed songs and quarrelled; in the streets they fought and took the wall and swaggered; there was nothing but fighting among the baser sort, with horrid imprecations; at the coffee-house the politicians argued and quarrelled. Nay, in the very churches the sermons were political arguments, and while the clergyman read his discourse the gallants ogled the ladies. All this and more he told me.

To hear my boy, one would think there was nothing in London but what was wicked and odious. No doubt it is a wicked place, where many men live together; those who are wicked easily find each other out, and are encouraged in their wickedness. Yet there must be many honest and God-fearing persons, otherwise the Judgment of Heaven would again fall upon that city as it did in the time of Plague and in the Great Fire.

"My pretty Puritan," said Robin, "I am now come away from that place, and I hope never to see it again. Oh! native hills, I salute you! Oh! woods and meadows, I have returned, to wander again in your delightful shade." Then, which was unusual in my boy and would have better become Mr. Boscorel or Humphrey, he began to repeat verses. I knew not that he had ever learned any:—

> "As I range these spacious fields,
> Feast on all that Nature yields;
> Everything inspires delight,
> Charms my smell, my taste, my sight;
> Every rural sound I hear
> Soothes my soul and tunes my ear."

I do not know where Robin found these verses, but as he repeated them, waving his arm around, I thought that Humphrey himself never made sweeter lines.

He then told me how Humphrey would certainly become the most learned physician of the time, and that he was already master of a polite and dignified manner which would procure him the patronage of the great and the confidence of all. It was pleasant to hear him praise his cousin without jealousy or envy. To be sure, he knew not then—though afterwards I told him—that Humphrey was his rival. Even had he known this, such was the candour of my Robin and the integrity of his soul that he would have praised him even more loudly.

One must not repeat more of the kind and lovely things that the dear boy said while we strolled together by the brook-side.

While thus abroad we walked—'t was in the forenoon, after Humphrey's visit—Sir Christopher, his grandfather, dressed in his best coat and his gold-laced hat, which he commonly kept for church, and accompanied by Madam, walked from the Manor House through the village till they came to our cottage. Then, with great ceremony, they entered, Sir Christopher bowing low and Madam dropping a deep courtesy to my mother, who sat humbly at her wheel.

"Madam," said Sir Christopher, "we would, with your permission, say a few words with the learned Dr. Eykin and yourself."

My father, who had now returned and was in his room, came forth when he was called. His face had recovered something of its serenity, but his eyes were still troubled. Madam sat down; but Sir Christopher and my father stood.

"Sir," said his Honour, "I will proceed straight to the point. My grandson desires to marry your daughter Alice. Robin is a good lad; not a scholar if you will; for his religion, the root of the matter is in him; for the goodness of his heart, I will answer; for his habit of life, he hath, so far as we can learn, acquired no vile vices of the city—he doth neither drink nor gamble, nor waste his health and strength in riotous living; and for his means, they are my own. All that I have will be his. 'T is no great estate, but 't will serve him as it hath served me. Sir, the boy's mother and I have come to ask your daughter in marriage. We know her worth, and we are right well satisfied that our boy hath made so good and wise a choice."

"They were marrying and giving in marriage when the Flood came; they will be marrying and giving in marriage in the great day of the Lord," said my father.

"Yes, gossip; but that is no reason why they should not now be marrying and giving in marriage."

"You ask my consent?" said my father. "This surprises me. The child is too young: she is not yet of marriageable age"——

"Husband, she is nigh upon her twentieth birthday!"

"I thought she had been but twelve or thereabouts! My consent? Why, Sir Christopher, in the eyes of the world this is great condescension on your part to take a penniless girl. I looked, I suppose, to the marriage of my daughter some time—perhaps to a farmer—yet—yet, we are told that a virtuous woman hath a price far above rubies; and that it is she who buildeth up the house, and we are nowhere told that she must bring her husband a purse of gold. Sir Christopher, it would be the blackest ingratitude in us to deny you, even if this thing were (which I say not) against the mind of our daughter."

"It is not—it is not," said my mother.

"Wherefore, seeing that the young man is a good man as youths go, though in the matter of the Latin syntax he hath yet much to learn; and that his heart is disposed towards religion, I am right glad that he should take our girl to wife."

"Bravely said!" cried Sir Christopher. "Hands upon it, man! And we will have a merry wedding. But to-day I bid you both to come and feast with us. We will have holiday and rejoicing."

"Yes," said my father, "we will feast; though to-morrow comes the Deluge." I know now what he meant, but at that time we knew not, and it seemed to his Honour a poor way of rejoicing at the return of the boys and the betrothal of his daughter thus to be foretelling woes. "The Vision of the Plumb-line is before mine eyes," my father went on. "Is the land able to bear all this? We talk of feasting and of marriages. Yet a few days, or perhaps already——But we will rejoice together, my old friend and benefactor—we will rejoice together." With these strange words he turned and went back to his room, and, after some tears with my mother, Madam went home and Sir Christopher with her. But in honour to the day he kept on his best coat.

Robin suffered me to go home, but only that I might put on my best frock (I had but two) and make my hair straight, which had been blown into curls, as was the way with my hair. And then, learning from my mother with the utmost satisfaction what had passed, he led me by the hand, as if I were already his bride, and so to the Manor House, where first Sir Christopher saluted me with great kindness, calling me his dear grand-daughter, and saying that next to Robin's safe return he asked for nothing more than to see me Robin's wife. And Madam kissed me, with tears in her eyes, and said that she could desire nothing better for her son, and that she was sure I should do my best endeavours to make the boy happy. Then Humphrey, as quietly as if he had not also asked me to be his wife, kissed my hand, and wished me joy; and Mr. Boscorel also kissed me, and declared that Robin ought to be the happiest dog on earth. And so we sat down to our feast.

The conversation at dinner was graver than the occasion demanded. For though our travellers continually answered questions about the foreign lands and peoples they had seen, yet the subject returned always to the condition of the country, and to what would happen.

After dinner we sat in the garden, and the gentlemen began to talk of Right Divine and of Non-Resistance, and here it seemed to me as if Mr. Boscorel was looking on as from an eminence apart. For when he had once stated the texts and arguments upon which the High Church party do most rely he retired and made no further objections, listening in silence while my father held forth upon the duty of rising against wicked Princes. At last, however, being challenged to reply by Humphrey, Mr. Boscorel thus made answer.

"The doctrine that subjects may or may not rebel against their Sovereign is one which I regard with interest so long as it remains a question of logic and argument only. Unfortunately, the times are such that we may be called upon to make a practical application of it: in which case there may follow once more civil war, with hard knocks on both sides, and much loss of things temporal. Wherefore to my learned brother's arguments, which I admit to be plausible, I will, for the present, offer no reply, except to pray Heaven that the occasion may not arise of converting a disputed doctrine into a rule of conduct."

Alas! even while he spoke the messenger was speeding swiftly towards us who was to call upon all present to take a side.

The question is now, I hope, decided for ever: but many men had first to die. It was not decided then, but three years later, when King William cut the knot, and, with the applause of the nation, pulled down his father-in-law and mounted the throne himself with his gracious consort. We are agreed, at last, that Kings, like judges, generals, and all great officers of State, are to hold their offices in good behaviour. If they enter into machinations against the liberty of the people and desert the national religion, they must descend, and let others take their place. But before that right could be established for the country, streams of blood must first flow.

While they talked, we—I mean Madam, my mother, and myself—sat and listened. But my mind was full of another subject, and I heard but little of what was said, noting chiefly the fiery ardour of my father and the careless grace of Mr. Boscorel.

Presently my father, who was never easy in the company of Mr. Boscorel—(so oil and water will not agree to fill a cup in friendship)—and, besides, being anxious to rejoin the society of his books, arose and went away, and with him my mother—he, in his ragged cassock, who was a learned scholar; she, in her plain home-spun, who was a gentlewoman by birth. Often had I thought of our poverty with bitterness. But now it was with a softened heart that I saw them walk side by side across the lawns. For now I understood plainly—and for the first time—how love can strengthen and console. My mother was poor, but she was not therefore unhappy.

Mr. Boscorel also rose and went away with Humphrey. They went to talk of things more interesting to the Rector than the doctrine of Non-Resistance: of painting, namely, and statuary and models. And when we presently walked from the Rectory gardens we heard a most gladsome scraping of fiddle-strings within, which showed that the worthy man was making the most of Humphrey's return.

When Sir Christopher had taken his pipe of tobacco he fell asleep. Robin and I walked in the garden and renewed our vows. Needs must that I should tell him all that I had done or thought since he went away. As if the simple thoughts of a country-maid should be of interest to a man! Yet he seemed pleased to question and to listen, and presently broke into a rapture, swearing that he was in love with an angel. Young lovers may, it is feared, fall into grievous sin by permitting themselves these extravagances of speech and thought; yet it is hard to keep them sober, and besides (because every sin in man meeteth with its correspondent in woman), if the lover be extravagant, the maiden takes pleasure in his extravagance. To call a mortal, full of imperfections, an angel, is little short of blasphemy. Yet I heard it with, I confess, a secret pleasure. We know ourselves and the truth concerning ourselves; we do not deceive ourselves as to our imperfections; yet we are pleased that our lovers should so speak and think of us as if we were angels indeed.

Robin told me, presently ceasing his extravagances for a while, that he was certain something violent was on foot. To be sure, everybody expected so much. He said, moreover, that he believed Humphrey had certain knowledge of what was going to happen; that before they left the Low Countries Humphrey had been present at a meeting of the exiles in Rotterdam, where it was well known that Lord Argyll's expedition was resolved upon; that he had been much engaged in London after their return, and had paid many visits, the nature of which he kept secret: and that on the road there was not a town and scarcely a village where Humphrey had not someone to visit.

"My dear," he said, "Humphrey is slight as to stature and strength, but he carries a stout heart. There is no man more bitter against the King than he, and none more able if his counsels were listened to. Monmouth, I am certain, purposes to head an expedition into England like that of Lord Argyll in Scotland. The history of England hath many instances of such successful attempts. King Stephen, King Henry IV., King Henry VII., are all examples. If Monmouth lands, Humphrey will join him, I am sure. And I, my dear"—— he paused.

"And you too, Robin? Oh! must you too go forth to fight? And yet, if the Duke doth head a rising all the world would follow. Oh! to drive away the Papist King and restore our liberty!"

"My dear, I will do what my grandfather approves. If it be my duty to go, he will send me forth."

I had almost forgotten to say that Madam took me to her own chamber, where she opened a box and pulled out a gold chain, very fine. This she hung about my neck and bade me sit down, and gave me some sound advice, reminding me that woman was the weaker vessel, and should look to her husband not only to love and cherish her, but also to prevent her from falling into certain grievous sins, as of temper, deceitfulness, vanity, and the like, to which the weaker nature is ever prone. Many other things she said, being a good and virtuous woman, but I pass them over.

After supper we went again into the garden, the weather being warm and fine. The sun went down, but the sky was full of light, though it was past nine o'clock and time for me to go home and to bed. Yet we lingered. The birds had gone to sleep; there was no whisper of the wind; the village was in silence. And Robin was whispering in my ear. I remember—I remember the very tones of his voice, which was low and sweet. I remember the words he said: "Sweet love! Sweet love! How could I live so long without thee?" I remember my swelling heart and my glowing cheeks. Oh! Robin—Robin! Oh! poor heart! poor maid! The memory of this one day was nearly all thou hadst to feed upon for so long—so long a time!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VISION OF THE BASKET.

Suddenly we heard footsteps, as of those who are running, and my father's voice speaking loud.

"Sing, O daughter of Zion! Shout, O Israel! Be glad and rejoice with all the heart!"——

"Now, in the name of Heaven," cried Sir Christopher, "what meaneth this?"

"The Arm of the Lord! The Deliverance of Israel!"

He burst upon us, dragging a man with him by the arm. In the twilight I could only see, at first, that it was a broad, thick-set man. But my father's slender form looked taller as he waved his arms and cried aloud. Had he been clad in a sheepskin, he would have resembled one of those ancient Prophets whose words were always in his mouth.

"Good friend," said Sir Christopher, "what meaneth these cries? Whom have we here?"

Then the man with my father stepped forward and took off his hat. Why, I knew him at once; though it was ten years since I had seen him last! 'T was my brother Barnaby—none other—come home again. He was now a great strong man—a stouter have I never seen, though he was somewhat under the middle height, broad in the shoulders, and thick of chest. Beside him Robin, though reasonable in breadth, showed like a slender sapling. But he had still the same good-natured face, though now much broader. It needed no more than the first look to know my brother Barnaby again.

"Barnaby," I cried, "Barnaby, hast thou forgotten me?" I caught one of his great hands—never, surely, were there bigger hands than Barnaby's! "Hast thou forgotten me?"

"Why," he said slowly—'t was ever a boy slow of speech and of understanding—"belike, 't is Sister." He kissed my forehead. "It is Sister," he said, as if he were tasting a cup of ale and was pronouncing on its quality. "How dost thou, Sister? Bravely, I hope. Thou art grown, Sister. I have seen my mother, and—and—she does bravely, too; though I left her crying. 'T is their way, the happier they be."

"Barnaby?" said Sir Christopher, "is it thou, scapegrace? Where hast thou—— But first tell us what has happened. Briefly, man."

"In two words, Sir: the Duke of Monmouth landed the day before yesterday at Lyme-Regis with my Lord Grey and a company of a hundred—of whom I was one."

The Duke had landed! Then what Robin expected had come to pass! and my brother Barnaby was with the insurgents! My heart beat fast.

"The Duke of Monmouth hath landed!" Sir Christopher repeated, and sat down again, as one who knows not what may be the meaning of the news.

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

Then, with great ceremony, they entered, Sir Christopher bowing low and Madam dropping a deep courtesy to my mother, who sat humbly at her wheel.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

"Ay, Sir, the Duke hath landed. We left Holland on the 24th of May, and we made the coast at Lyme at daybreak on Thursday the 11th. 'T is now, I take it, Saturday. The Duke had with him on board ship Lord Grey, Mr. Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, Mr. Heywood Dare of Taunton"——

"I know the man," said Sir Christopher, "for an impudent, loud-tongued fellow."

"Perhaps he was, Sir," said Barnaby, gravely. "Perhaps he was, but now"——

"How 'was'?"

"He was shot on Thursday evening by Mr. Fletcher for offering him violence with a cane, and is now dead."

"'T is a bad beginning. Go on, Barnaby."

"The Duke had also Mr. Ferguson, Colonel Venner, Mr. Chamberlain, and others whom I cannot remember. First we set Mr. Dare and Mr. Chamberlain ashore at Seatown, whence they were to carry intelligence of the rising to the Duke's friends. The Duke landed at seven o'clock with his company, in seven boats. First, he fell on his knees and prayed aloud. Then he drew his sword, and we all marched after to the market-place, where he raised his flag and caused the Declaration to be read. Here it is, your Honour." He lugged out a copy of the Declaration, which Sir Christopher put aside, saying that he would read it in the morning.

"Then we tossed our hats and shouted 'A Monmouth! A Monmouth!' Sixty stout young fellows listed on the spot. Then we divided our forces, and began to land the cannon—four pretty pieces as you could wish to see—and the arms, of which I doubt if we have enough, and the powder—two hundred and fifty barrels. The Duke lay on Thursday night at the George. Next day, before dawn, the country people began flocking in."

"What gentlemen have come in?"

"I know not, Sir—my duty was most of the day on board. In the evening I received leave to ride home, and indeed, Sir Christopher, had orders to carry the Duke's Declaration to yourself. And now we shall be well rid of the King, the Pope and the Devil!"

"Because," said my father, solemnly—"because with Lies ye have made the hearts of the righteous sad whom I have not made sad."

"And what doest thou among this goodly company, friend Barnaby?"

"I am to be a Captain in one of the regiments," said Barnaby, grinning with pride; "though a sailor, yet can I fight with the best. My Colonel is Mr. Holmes; and my Major, Mr. Parsons. On board the frigate I was master and navigated her."

"There will be knocks, Barnaby; knocks, I doubt."

"By your Honour's leave, I have been where knocks were flying for ten years, and I will take my share, remembering still the treatment of my father and the poverty of my mother."

"It is rebellion, Barnaby!—rebellion!"

"Why, Sir, Oliver Cromwell was a rebel. And your Honour fought in the army of the Earl of Essex—and what was he but a rebel?"

I wondered to hear my brother speak with so much boldness, who ten years before had bowed low and pulled his hair in presence of his Honour. Yet Sir Christopher seemed to take this boldness in good part.

"Barnaby," he said, "thou art a stout and proper lad, and I doubt not thy courage—nay, I see it in thy face, which hath resolution in it and yet is modest; no ruffler or boaster art thou, friend Barnaby. Yet—yet—if rebellion fail—even rebellion in a just cause—then those who rise lose their lives in vain, and the cause is lost, until better times." This he said as one who speaketh to himself. I saw him look upon his grandson. "The King is—a Papist," he said, "that is most true. A Papist should not be suffered to rule this country. Yet to rise in rebellion! Have a care, lad! What if the time be not yet ripe? How know we who will join the Duke?"

"The people are flocking to his standard by thousands," said Barnaby. "When I rode away last night the Duke's secretaries were writing down their names as fast as they could be entered; they were landing the arms and already exercising the recruits. And such a spirit they show, Sir, it would do your heart good only once to witness."

Now, as I looked at Barnaby, I became aware that he was not only changed in appearance, but that he was also very finely dressed—namely, in a scarlet coat and a sword with a silken sash, with laced ruffles, a gold-laced hat, a great wig, white breeches, and a flowered waistcoat. In the light of day, as I afterwards discovered, there were stains of wine visible upon the coat, and the ruffles were torn, and the waistcoat had marks upon it as of tar. One doth not, to be sure, expect in the sailing master of a frigate the same neatness as in a gallant of St. James's. Yet, our runaway lad must have prospered.

"What doth the Duke intend?" Sir Christopher asked him.

"Indeed, Sir, I know not. 'T is said by some that he will raise the West Country; and by some that he will march north into Cheshire, where he hath many friends; and by others that he will march upon London, and call upon all good Protestants to rise and join him. We look to have an army of twenty thousand within a week. As for the King, it is doubted whether he can raise a paltry five thousand to meet us. Courage, Dad"—he dared to call his father, the Rev. Comfort Eykin, Doctor of Divinity, "Dad"—and he clapped him lustily upon the shoulder; "thou shalt mount the pulpit yet, ay, of Westminster Abbey if it so please you!"

His father paid no heed to this conversation, being wrapt in his own thoughts.

"I know not," said Sir Christopher, "what to think. The news is sudden. And yet—and yet"——

"We waste time," cried my father, stamping his foot. "Oh! we waste the time talking. What helps it to talk? Every honest man must now be up and doing. Why, it is a plain duty laid upon us. The finger of Heaven is visible, I say, in this. Out of the very sins of Charles Stuart hath the instrument for the destruction of his race been forged. A plain duty, I say. As for me, I must preach and exhort. As for my son, who was dead and yet liveth"—he laid his hand upon Barnaby's shoulder—"time was when I prayed that he might become a godly minister of God's Word. Now I perceive clearly that the Lord hath ways of His own. My son shall fight and I shall preach. Perhaps he will rise and become another Cromwell?"—— Barnaby grinned.

"Sir," said my father, turning hotly upon his Honour, "I perceive that thou art lukewarm. If the cause be the Lord's, what matter for the chances? The issue is in the hands of the Lord. As for me and my household, we will serve the Lord. Yea, I freely offer myself, and my son, and my wife, and my daughter—even my tender daughter—to the cause of the Lord. Young men and maidens, old men and children, the Voice of the Lord calleth!"

Nobody made reply; my father looked before him, as if he saw in the twilight of the summer night a vision of what was to follow. His face, as he gazed, changed. His eyes, which were fierce and fiery, softened. His lips smiled. Then he turned his face and looked upon each of us in turn—upon his son and upon his wife and upon me, upon Robin and upon Sir Christopher. "It is, indeed," he said, "the Will of the Lord. Why, what though the end be violent death to me, and to all of us ruin and disaster? We do but share the afflictions foretold in the Vision of the Basket of Summer Fruit. What is death? What is the loss of earthly things compared with what shall follow to those who obey the Voice that calls? Children, let us up and be doing. As for me, I shall have a season of freedom before I die. For twenty-five years have I been muzzled or compelled to whisper and mutter in corners and hiding-places. I have been a dumb dog. I, whose heart was full and overflowing with the sweet and precious Word of God; I, to whom it is not life but death to sit in silence! Now, I shall deliver my soul before I die. Sirs, the Lord hath given to every man a weapon or two with which to fight. To me he hath given an eye and a tongue for discerning and proclaiming the word of sacred doctrine. I have been muzzled—a dumb dog, I say—though sometimes I have been forced to climb among the hills and speak to the bending tree-tops. Now I shall be free again, and I will speak, and all the ends of the earth shall hear."

His eyes gleamed, he panted and gasped, and waved his arms.

"As for sister, Dad," said Barnaby, "she and mother may bide at home."

"No; they shall go with me. I offer my wife, my son, my daughter, and myself to the cause of the Lord."

"A camp is but a rough place for a woman," said Barnaby.

"She is offered; she is dedicated; she shall go with us."

I know not what was in his mind, or why he wished that I should go with him, unless it was a desire to give everything that he had—to hold back nothing—to the Lord; therefore he would give his children as well as himself. As for me, my heart glowed to think that I was even worthy to join in such a cause. What could a woman do? But that I should find out.

"Robin," I whispered, "'tis Religion calls. If I am to be among the followers of the Duke, thou wilt not remain behind?"

"Child"—it was my mother who whispered to me; I had not seen her before—"Child, let us obey him. Perhaps it will be better for him if we are at his side. And there is Barnaby. But we must not be in their way. We shall find a place to sit aside and wait. Alas! that my son hath returned to us only to go fighting. We will go with them, daughter."

"We should be better without women," said Barnaby, grumbling; "I would as lief have a woman on shipboard as in a camp. To be sure, if Dad has set his heart upon it—and then he will not stay long in camp, where the cursing of the men is already loud enough to scare a preacher out of his cassock. Dad, I say"—— But my father was fallen again into a kind of rapture, and heard nothing.

"When doth the Duke begin his march?" he said suddenly.

"I know not. But we shall find him, never fear."

"I must have speech with him at the earliest possible time. Hours are precious, and we waste them—we waste them."

"Well, Sir, it is bedtime. To-morrow we can ride; unless, because it is the Sabbath, you would choose to wait till Monday. And as to the women, by your leave, it is madness to bring them to a camp."

"Wait till Monday? Art thou mad, Barnaby? Art thou mad? Why, I have things to tell the Duke. Shall we waste eight precious hours? Up! let us ride all night. To-morrow is the Sabbath, and I will preach. Yea—I will preach. My soul longeth—yea, even it fainteth, for the Courts of the Lord. Quick! quick! let us mount and ride all night!"

At this moment Humphrey joined us.

"Lads," said Sir Christopher, "you are fresh from Holland. Knew you aught of this?"

"Sir," said Humphrey, "I confess that I have already told Dr. Eykin what to expect. I knew that the Duke was coming. Robin did not know, because I would not drag him into the conspiracy. I knew that the Duke was coming, and that without delay. I have myself had speech in Amsterdam with his Grace, who comes to restore the Protestant religion and to give freedom of worship to all good Protestant people. His friends have promises of support everywhere. Indeed, Sir, I think that the expedition is well planned, and is certain of support. Success is in the hands of the Lord; but we do not expect that there will be any serious opposition. With submission, Sir, I am under promise to join the Duke. I came over in advance to warn his friends, as I rode from London, of his approach. Thousands are waiting in readiness for him. But, Sir, of all this, I repent, Robin knew nothing. I have been for three months in the councils of those who desire to drive forth the Popish King, but Robin have I kept in the dark."

"Humphrey," said Robin, reproachfully, "am not I, also, a Protestant?"

(To be continued.)

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The extraordinary weather of this summer has not been peculiar to our island, but has affected the whole Continent also. Lucerne flooded—the "Devil's Bridge," that Turner painted and that everybody knew, injured by continuous rain—and southern France itself cold and cheerless in July! We, with our proverbial bad climate, surely have to right to complain that Goodwood lawns were like a swamp, and that people had to walk about them on planks. For the Cowes yachting, however, the weather has improved; and at the French coast people have suddenly found it hot enough to spend their usual quantum of daily life in the sea. The Parisienne's bathing-gown is not the least carefully thought out of her toilettes. On the shingle in front of the Casino figures may be seen daintily descending from the bathing tents to the surf, clad in elaborate bifurcated garments of faille in light colours, with revers, parements, belts, &c., in contrasting tints, tennis flannels in bright stripes, or pretty cottons, fully trimmed with embroideries and laces. Shoes are a necessity on the stony shore; and Russian leather, or kid, or, at worst, canvas shoes, to precisely match the costume in colour, are necessary. Your true Parisienne, again, would never think of making her hair all rough and untidy by thoroughly wetting it in sea-water daily. Rumour says that the proper thing to do is to have a special coiffure to wear in the sea—a coiffure, that is, of course, that comes complete out of a hand-box. But whether this be so or not, certainly whatever splashes the tresses may receive are accidental, not intentional; for the heads are guarded by smart, big hats being worn in the water. The fashion is all (whether for bathing or walking hats) for the flat-crowned big-brimmed straw chapeaux called "La Tosca," after the costumes worn in her new play by the actress who fills the rôle of an Empress in the world of fashion for Paris. These Directoire hats are trimmed with much fine ribbon, silk gauze, and wreaths of the most natural-looking flowers; and a discreet wearer will bob about daily in the water here for the entire six weeks of her season without splashing one bow or one leaf!

They are so thorough, these Frenchwomen! It is in the same country where nearly every business establishment has its books kept and its finances managed by women, that the most amazing illustrations of feminine folly and frivolity are also found. The same vitality and eagerness that make Madame Bourgeoise so admirable a director of serious affairs make Madame Mondaine so perfect an illustration of waste and wild doings. A great lady wound up this season in Paris by giving a dogs' dinner-party and reception. Her invitations were sent out elaborately engraved in her own poodle's name: "Mdlle. Fanchette requested the honour of the company of Mdlle. Bébé at dinner at the house of Madame la Marquise de ——." The menu was printed on the card of invitation, and was, by way of being witty: "tripe à la mode, bœuf cheval sauté," and so on. This stupid prank was carried out to the end, the dogs being turned loose with quantities of food in a big hall, while their owners watched the proceedings from a high gallery; but a few free fights, as anybody will readily understand who has been in the kennels at feeding-time and seen the disciplinary precautions there found needful, soon put an end to the hilarity. Yet the women who are reduced to such depths as these in search of amusement are the fellow-countrywomen—I do not say of one of the greatest living painters, Rosa Bonheur, or of one of the greatest authors of the century, George Sand—I say merely, the countrywomen of thousands of most industrious and capable heads of businesses of their own sex!

The sad and early death of Mr. Frank Holl, removing one of the very best of our portrait-painters in the prime of his powers, reminds one of the curious fact that an artist so successful with men's portraits had never painted a strikingly fine likeness of a woman. This is, I think, fairly to be called a curious fact; but it is by no means a new one. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted many of the sterner sex, and some of these works are doubtless fine portraits; but in depicting women lay *his* special strength. When we hear of "a Sir Joshua," without further description, surely the image that comes before every mental eye is that of a fair dame with powdered hair and gracious face and flowing yet folded robes? With Romney, this is even more decidedly the case: who can recall a male portrait by Romney, and who cannot remember vividly the type of his female portraiture? There are other artists besides Frank Holl, too, who are essentially painters of men. For instance, there is Vandyke. He had female sitters, and made admirable pictures from them; but somehow they are not characteristic of the artist—"a Vandyke" is a man's portrait as surely as "a Sir Joshua" is a woman's.

It is so in literature, indeed, as well. Men's admired books are only in the rare cases of the masters of their art women's admired books also. All the world of taste is constrained to admit and delight in the truth of the portraiture of life and the perfect art of the workmanship in the writings of a Shakspeare or a Jane Austen—(I hold my breath as I make the daring conjunction, but still I dare; for have not Macaulay and Tennyson led the way for me?)—but, on the other hand, was not Fielding the man's novelist and Richardson the ladies'? Was not Thackeray the delight of clubs and critics, while Dickens made his fame and fortune out of the domestic circles where women give the tone? Doubtless many an author whose purse and whose pride flourished in his day under female approbation is forgotten; while Sterne and Swift and Smollett, disappointed in their lives, are remembered by posterity: for to an author the applause of women means to be in his own day bought, paid, and popularised; but it is men who have in all past times awarded permanent fame by their monopoly of criticism and their claim to superior judgment. Nay, at this very day there are men "written up" by other men in the columns of leading newspapers whom women can scarcely manage to read, and to whom, therefore, literature is but a poor profession, however they may hold their heads high and count themselves as the masters of their art—for it is mostly women who read, at all events, light literature. Yes; there are men's men and women, and women's men and women, in every art, as well as in that of portrait-painting!

People who are going out of town are respectfully admonished not to forget the domestic cat, but to put it on board wages. Few houses are simply shut up and left; but the caretaker, unless specially requested to look after pussy and provided with the meagre funds that mean everything to that poor dependant, may drive it out, and refuse to attend to the calls of its butcher. In those cases where the house is entirely closed, so that there is nobody to feed and shelter the humblest of the domestics of the house, then the only merciful course is to send the cat to the Dogs' Home at Battersea, to be either boarded or painlessly put to the last sleep in the lethal chamber. This latter service is performed for a payment of a shilling or two, and the animal, placed in a closet filled with slumberous vapours, simply sleeps away existence. The example of the Queen may be cited to those who are reckless about the fate of a cat. Her Majesty's fondness for dogs is well known; but cats share in the Royal regard. Whenever her Majesty moves the Court, all the animals of the household are taken also.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

NEW BOOKS.

Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt. Translated by Francis Hueffer. Two vols. (H. Grevel and Co., King-street, Covent-garden).—The personal acquaintance, begun in 1840, between the eminent Hungarian musician and the great German composer, who afterwards married the daughter of Liszt, was an interesting example of mutual benefits from the frank and cordial association of two men of genius. This is well explained in the translator's preface to these volumes, which are filled with their letters—above three hundred—written to each other during twenty years, and containing, besides an immense variety of details of professional business and of private life, having much biographical interest, many expressions of thought and feeling with regard to musical, dramatic, and poetic art, and to the ideal harmony of imaginative creations, by which the mind of Wagner was haunted. It is Wagner, undoubtedly, who appears the more leading and commanding spirit in such discussions; and his apostolic, heroic, enthusiastic zeal for the exhibition of principles which most persons of mature æsthetic culture will admit to be theoretically true, displays itself forcibly in correspondence with his intimate ally. Liszt, though not two years his senior, had already gained high worldly celebrity when the author of "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" was a disappointed exile; and his knowledge of the actual standard of taste and the prevailing mental habits of fashionable patrons and critics, especially in Paris and other European capitals, made him fear lest Wagner's genius, which he at once discerned, should be "super-ideal" in tendency, and should thereby fail of success. On the higher ground of seeking the "Wahre, Gute, Ganze," or the "Wahre, Gute, Schöne," whether or not it please the vulgar, these men could hardly differ; but their intellectual constitutions were so far dissimilar that Liszt cannot be supposed to have thoroughly penetrated into all Wagner's refined metaphysical conceptions, which he endeavoured to represent by artistic symbolism. The romantic impression, and also the religious significance, of some of Wagner's characteristic designs, appealed to the capacity of Liszt for enthusiastic adherence. He was earnest in the championship of a genuinely inspired, serious, and original kind of art, entirely German, which should be opposed to that of Meyerbeer's and Verdi's popular operas. He found this in Wagner, as he thought, and he became attached to the man, continuing frequent acts of kindness to him, and various friendly services in domestic affairs, while aiding the production of his works, and recommending them by occasional notices in the critical journals. The character of Liszt, as shown in these transactions, is really admirable: "How good, how prudent, how delicate and patient he is, that *I* know," says another of Wagner's correspondents. Wagner was duly grateful; and in his pecuniary straits, when living at Zurich, forbidden as an outlawed Republican of 1848 to re-enter Germany, and vexed by the bad performance and wretched money profits of his romantic operas, he accepted thankfully his friend's unwearied efforts on his behalf. The years 1854 and 1855, from the beginning of the second volume of these interesting letters, were a period of severe trial for Wagner; he was in the middle of his great work, the trilogy of the Nibelungen, having finished the "Rhinegold," and being engaged on the "Valkyrie." He felt that only for that work he cared at all to live; yet the chance of its ever being performed or published was very problematical; his "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" had been abandoned to mean and sordid jobbers; and he was sorely in want of a modest income to go on with for a little while. Liszt, who was an excellent man of business, and was conductor of the Grand Duke's Court music at Weimar, though not rich, helped Wagner as much as he could, managed his affairs at Berlin for him, and led Princess Caroline, whose letters to Wagner are noble, womanly, and sweetly sympathetic, to use her influence on his behalf. Amidst many details that now seem trivial, but which were very important to poor Wagner at the time, we find some gems of thought and sentiment like this—speaking of the difficulty of creating a new idea, that of an original poetical or artistic conception, a new moral or religious truth, or a social or political reform, in the public mind:—"When a sculptor wants to make a beautiful statue, he takes granite or marble and wearies his strength in cutting it; but granite and marble are less hard than the heart of man. The sculptor, unless he dies, finishes his statue; when a noble thing has to be done, men are less pliable material." It is not Liszt or Wagner, but a woman, who says this fine thing; while Wagner cries, "If you can help me, you will be doing God's work; am I not worth a few thousand thalers for half a year to some German enthusiast!" His prolonged exclusion from his native country was doubtless a great hindrance to obtaining some adequate remuneration for his past labours. Yet, when advised to sue directly for his King's pardon, Wagner had the fortitude to reply, "The letter to the King of Saxony I shall leave alone; I should not know how to utter any *truth* in it that he would comprehend; and I do not care to tell *lies;* that is the only sin I know of." The spirit of Dante may be recognised in this rude sentence. By the way, readers of Dante, and readers of Goethe no less, will peruse Wagner's thoughtful comments on their most famous poems with some attention. Neither "Faust" nor the "Divina Commedia" is a good work of art; but in both these poems, to which Liszt furnished musical symphonies, the imaginative rendering of profound ethical conceptions will always command the reverent admiration of minds of a certain order. The mind of Richard Wagner, however, was essentially Protestant, of the Renaissance and of the modern humanist philosophy, despite his artistic choice of mediæval forms. Yet he had little sensuous enjoyment of life, and music, as well as scenery, romantic actions, and all outward beauty, became to him the subject of an intellectual creative passion. "We are what we are," he says, "only while we create; all the other functions of life have no meaning for us, and are at bottom only concessions to the vulgarity of ordinary human existence, which can give us no satisfaction." This is not far from a true statement of the doctrine of the artist's mission; it was often in the mind of Goethe, but Goethe never expressed it so precisely. Wagner, indeed, whatever may be the value of his particular theories, or of the forms and styles of musical and dramatic composition that he invented, was a very prophet and apostle of the genuine spirit of Art, and one of the greatest men of the age. He was not a philosopher; and his superficial adoption of the shallow and gloomy views of Schopenhauer, at a time when he often thought of suicide, was deserving only of pity. But he lived and toiled and suffered for a grand idea—that of the harmonious combination of artistic means of expression, which may be attainable in some other way, if not just in his own way, and may be *the* Art of the Future. This translation of his letters, and of the letters to him, is very welcome. It ought, in the second edition, to be furnished with a copious index, not to every little circumstance, but to every theme or question of abiding importance mentioned by the correspondents. English readers, too, might willingly turn, if so directed, to Wagner's letters from London, between January and July, 1855, when he conducted the concerts of the Old Philharmonic Society, got some of his works represented here, and was introduced to the Queen and Prince Albert. The last of the correspondence here published leaves this German Dante of modern music at Paris, still an exile from the Fatherland, still far from the happy incident of an invitation from the late King of Bavaria,



THE RIGHT REV. W. STUBBS, D.D.,
THE NEW BISHOP OF OXFORD.

calling him to Munich and Bayreuth, and to theatres specially erected for the representation of his works.

Bridewell Royal Hospital, Past and Present, as a Palace, Hospital, Prison, and School. By Alfred James Copeland, F.S.A. (Wells, Gardner, Darton, and Co.).—The author of this volume holds the office of Treasurer of the Royal Hospitals of Bridewell and Bethlehem, two of the most important charitable foundations in London, the management of both having always been vested in one body of governors, among whom the City Court of Aldermen and the Common Council of the City are officially represented. While the fame of Bethlehem, a name more usually written "Bethlem" in these days, and in former days pronounced "Bedlam," has been widely extended by its identification with the great lunatic asylum, which is now one of the best-managed institutions of its kind, we suspect that the present destination of "Bridewell" is not so generally known. This name, indeed, was for many generations typically associated with the idea of a prison, or house of penal correction; and such it was, indeed, from the Elizabethan age, though at first used specially for disorderly apprentices, and latterly again for the reformatory discipline of juvenile offenders, until the middle of the nineteenth century. Bridewell is now the headquarters establishment of a valuable educational institution called "King Edward's Schools," having nothing of a penal character; the Boys' School is established at Witley, near Godalming, in Surrey; and the Girls' School is in Southwark,



THE LATE VERY REV. J. W. BURGON, B.D.,
DEAN OF CHICHESTER.

adjacent to Bethlem Royal Hospital. The handsome building in New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, containing the offices and residences of the Treasurer and the Receiver and other apartments, stands on part of the ancient site of Bridewell, which has various interesting historical associations. Major Alfred Copeland's small volume, well arranged, concisely written, and presenting many curious and characteristic anecdotes, will preserve these associations in remembrance, and is an acceptable contribution to the antiquarian lore of London. Of the original Royal Palace or Castle of Bridewell, or "St. Bride's Well," taking its name from the Danish Church of St. Bride and from a holy spring of water, or well, believed to have miraculous healing powers, we cannot learn so much as might be desired. It may probably have been founded earlier than the Norman Conquest, in times when the Fleet river, or its tidal estuary at Blackfriars, was a pleasant open piece of water, and its western bank, with all the ground adjacent up the Thames, was a verdant paradise of meadow and woodland. The King's Castle there is mentioned in the reign of William I., and again in that of Henry I., and King Henry III. and King John appear to have sometimes resided at Bridewell. Coming down to King Henry VIII., the palace seems to have been repaired by that monarch for occasional Royal use; as when the Emperor Charles V., visiting London in 1522, was lodged in the Blackfriars monastery, a covered gallery from Bridewell was constructed across the Fleet; and again, in 1528 and 1529, when the Papal Legate came to the conference on the lawfulness of the King's marriage with Queen Catherine, this palace was the abode of the King and Queen. A Parliament was held at Bridewell in 1525, and the King held his Court here to create several new Peers. His Majesty, not unnaturally, took a dislike to the place, after the affair of his divorce, and it ceased to be a Royal dwelling. The young King Edward VI., being moved to religious charity by the preaching of Bishop Ridley, consented, by the advice of Alderman Sir Richard Dobbs, Lord Mayor of London, to bestow the house of Bridewell for what we should now call an "industrial training-school" and "reformatory school," to the cost of which liberal contributions were made by the City. It was part of a grand series of measures for the remedy of ignorance, vagrancy, and vice, and for the relief of the diseased, the infirm, the destitute, and the orphan in London; the foundation of Christ's Hospital, St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, and Bethlehem, about the same time, went hand in hand with that of Bridewell. The readers of Mr. Copeland's book, which from this point gains in anecdotic interest, will observe that a complete perversion of the original design, with many abuses of prison administration, and especially with much cruel treatment of women, got into the management of Bridewell, prevailing in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to a shameful degree. Girls and women, for instance, were stripped partly naked to be flogged by a man, in the presence of the men and boys. The present state of things affords a gratifying contrast; and the ancient name of Bridewell is connected only with the efficient administration of an eminently philanthropic institution. This volume, which also contains an account of the Fleet river and the great changes in its condition, is adorned with several portraits and views of places and buildings.

THE NEW BISHOP OF OXFORD.

The Right Rev. William Stubbs, D.D., who has been translated from the See of Chester to that of Oxford, is the son of Mr. W. Morley Stubbs, of Knaresborough, and was born in that town on June 21, 1825. He graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, obtaining first-class classical honours in 1848, and was elected Fellow of Trinity in the same year. He obtained many other University distinctions, and the honorary degree of LL.D. of Cambridge in 1879, and of Edinburgh in 1880. In 1886 the University of Heidelberg gave him the honorary degree of Doctor *in utroque jure*. He was ordained deacon in 1848, priest in 1850, and consecrated Bishop of Chester in 1884. Dr. Stubbs was Vicar of Navestock from 1850 to 1867, and Rector of Cholderton, Wilts, from 1875 to 1879. He was a Canon residentiary of St. Paul's from 1879 to 1884, is a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, and a member of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts. Dr. Stubbs filled for several years with great distinction the office of Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and has published many valuable works, marked by great learning and research, illustrative of English constitutional history from the earliest times. Bishop Stubbs is honorary member of many foreign scientific and literary societies. He married, in 1859, Catharine, daughter of Mr. John Dellon, of Navestock.

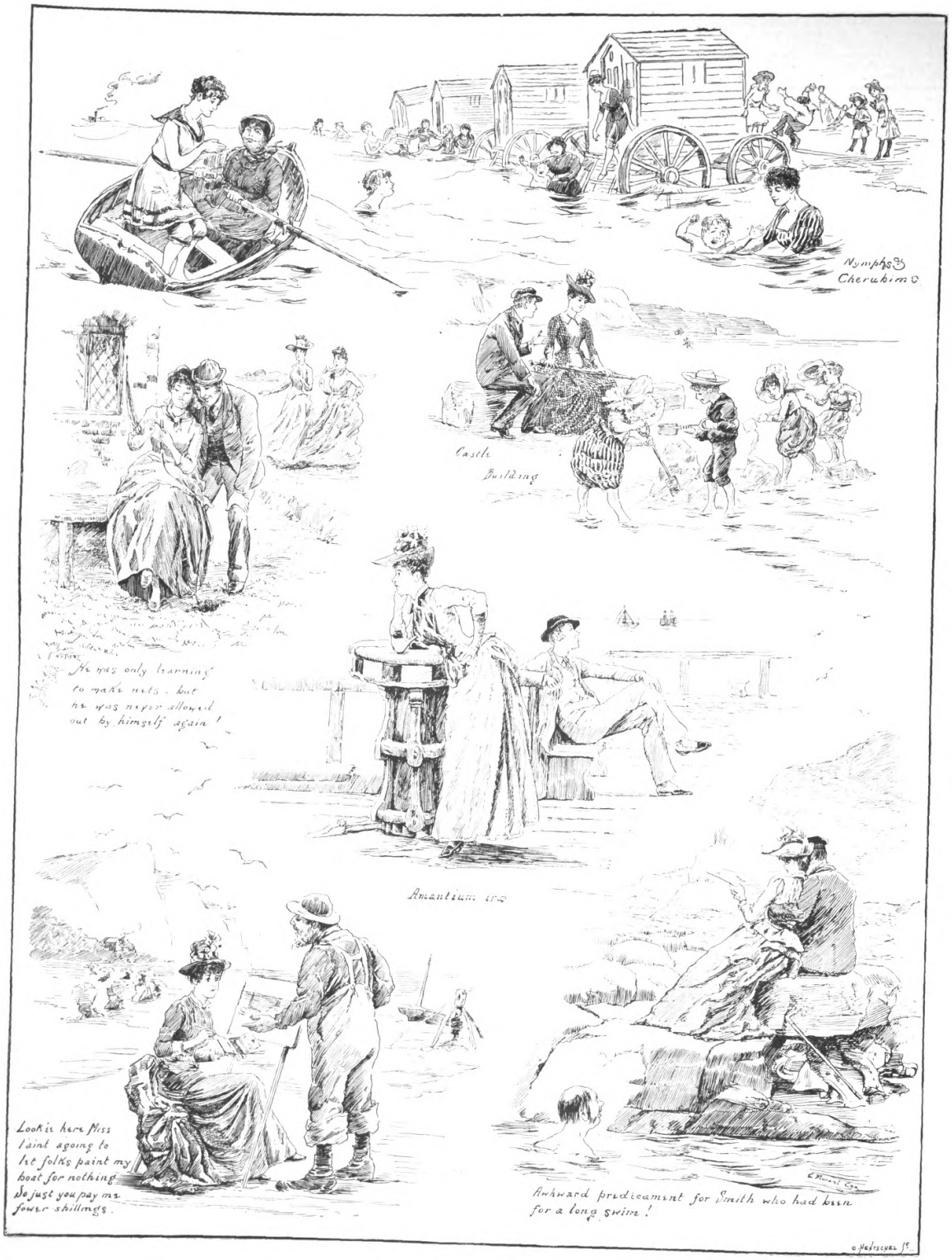
THE LATE DEAN OF CHICHESTER.

The Very Rev. John William Burgon, B.D., Dean of Chichester, who died on Aug. 5, was an able theological and ecclesiastical controversialist, and a learned scholar, whose career in those branches of study began later in life than is usual with clergymen. He was born in 1816, the son of a London City merchant having business at Smyrna, and early gained an acquaintance with the history of Greece, Syria, and the ancient Eastern Churches. He preferred literary to commercial pursuits, wrote several treatises, and a "Life of Sir Thomas Gresham," in 1839, and became a student of Worcester College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1845, with second-class honours; he gained also the Newdigate prize for a poem on the ruins of Petra, the Denyer Theological Essay prize and the Ellerton Theological prize, and was elected to a Fellowship of Oriel College. He was admitted into holy orders by Bishop Wilberforce in 1849 and the following year. He held one of the Select Preacherships in the University in 1860-61, and from 1863 down to 1875 he was Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. He also delivered lectures in Divinity at Gresham College, London. His activity in religious and political discussions, as a Conservative High Churchman not of the Tractarian or Ritualist school, and his literary productions, made him a man of mark; and in 1875, on the death of Dr. Hook, he was appointed Dean of Chichester. He was author of many pamphlets, reviews, and memoirs, written with much force and ability; also of volumes of sermons, an "Historical Account of the Colleges of Oxford," "Codices Sacri, at Home and Abroad," and "Evangelia Manuscripta in Foreign Libraries," these being works of high merit.

MESSRS. PHILIP'S MINIATURE ATLASES.

A Handy-Volume Atlas of Australasia has just been published by Messrs. George Philip and Son, of 32, Fleet-street, uniform with their admirable Atlases of the World and the British Empire. It contains thirty maps and plans of Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, West Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, British New Guinea, and Fiji. The same publishers have issued a Handy-Volume Atlas of British America, containing thirty maps and plans of Canada, Newfoundland, British West Indies, British Honduras, British Guiana, and the Falkland Islands. All these compact and clearly-printed miniature works, suitable for pocket or desk, and rightly named "Handy Volumes," are supplied with indexes, and geographical, statistical, and historical notes, carefully gathered by Mr. J. Francon Williams, F.R.G.S.

The Society of Arts offer prizes to art-workmen for the session 1888-89 in pottery, stone-carving, wrought-iron work, and goldsmiths' and silversmiths' work. The prizes in the last class are presented by the Goldsmiths' Company, and are offered for a cup or sugar-basin of beaten silver, chased or otherwise. Nineteen prizes are offered in the class of pottery, four in the class of stone-carving for the capital of a column, and three for a wrought-iron grille. All articles for competition must be sent in to the society's house on or before Tuesday, April 23, 1889. The conditions under which these prizes are offered can be obtained on application to the secretary of the society.



SEASIDE SKETCHES.



BIRTHDAY CONGRATULATIONS.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY TH. VON DER BEEK.

From a Photograph by A. Schönen, Düsseldorf.

THE WRECK OF THE COPELAND.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

The steamer Copeland, of about 1000 tons register, bound for Leith, sailed from Reykjavik, Iceland, on the morning of Friday, July 20, with a cargo of 480 ponies and eleven passengers—namely, Major-General Bevan Edwards, C.B., Captain Miles, Messrs. Williams (two), Ross, Warner, Rider Haggard, two servants, and an Icelandic lady and baby. The ponies, rough hardy creatures, averaging thirteen hands, were shipped from the beach in large boats, about ten to a boat, and then hoisted on board with the donkey engine. It may be doubted if any other breed of horses could have borne such rough-and-ready treatment as is meted out to these unfortunate animals without breaking their limbs or dashing themselves to pieces with fright. Once on board they were stowed in the holds, between decks, and, to the number of about fifty, on the deck itself—being packed as closely as herrings in a barrel.

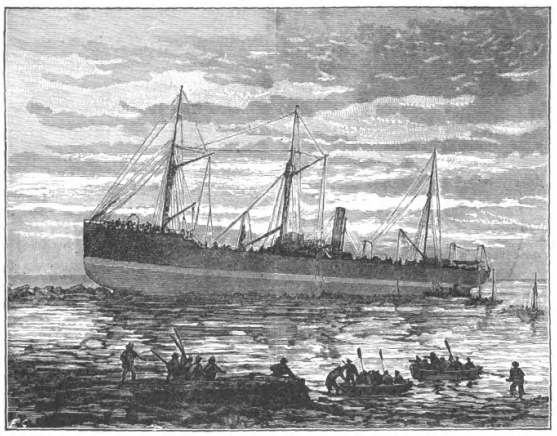
The Copeland left harbour in a dead calm, but by breakfast time she was labouring through a head sea and half a gale of wind from the north-east. This gale blew with ever-increasing strength, and with the steadiness of a monsoon, for four days. On July 23 it became so violent that the vessel could no longer plunge through it at half-speed, and Captain Thompson was forced to lay her head on to the seas, merely keeping enough way to hold her in that position. The situation now had the charm of uncertainty. Owing to the presence of the ponies it was impossible to batten down the holds, for to do so would have been to suffocate them. On the other hand, the risk of riding out such a gale in a ship of which the spar deck ceased forward at the bridge, with three yawning hatchways ready to receive the water, was obvious to the most inexperienced observer. So long as the vessel's head could be kept to the seas she was fairly safe; for although she shipped water, it did not reach the holds in any quantity. But in the event of anything happening to her steering gear—which, to judge from the precautions taken to strengthen the chain, did not appear to be in the soundest condition—or, worse still, to the machinery—and either event might well have happened in so severe and prolonged a gale—it would certainly seem that she must have come broadside on to the seas, to fill and sink before her hatches could have been closed. The truth is that if they can possibly avoid it, passengers should never travel in vessels laden with the most dangerous of cargoes, live stock, unless they are specially built and fitted for the trade.

During the afternoon and night of the 23rd the weather grew still worse than it had been, and the discomfort of the voyage, even to those who were not sea-sick, was a thing to be remembered. It is reported that Mr. Oscar Wilde does not think much of the Atlantic. Had he been on board the Copeland it is probable that he would have changed his opinion. It became impossible to stand upon the wet decks without support; and to cling to a rail or rope with the spray whipping one's face and watch the great grey seas rush down upon the ship in an endless succession, breaking over her bow with a cloud of foam, as one by one she climbed their mountainous steeps, is an occupation that in course of time affects the spirits even to the point of prolonged reflection upon one's testamentary arrangements. Below, matters were scarcely better. The only thing to do was to eat and drink, and everybody knows what that means in a heavy gale; and, when this became impossible, to lie upon the stern sofas and try to read. But who can read when every few minutes a black mass surges up over the screwed port-holes, through which, tight as they are, the water squirts, and then as the vessel settles falls upon the poop above with a heavy thud that shakes her from stem to stern, and rushes to and fro across the decks with a long dreary wash? I believe that when a ship goes through this performance, it is known in nautical language as "dipping her tail." Certainly the Copeland dipped hers with such vigour that we began almost to think it would fall off altogether.

But if the lot of the passengers was bad, and that of the unfortunate, overworked, and sodden crew worse, the ponies were, after all, the most to be pitied. For days those on the deck were soaked hour after hour by the seas, pierced by the wind, frightened by the turmoil, and dashed backwards and forwards by the violent unceasing motion. One by one the weaker animals succumbed, fell, and after some hours of misery, died. Anything more pitiful than the sight of these dead and dying ponies I never saw. It certainly does not seem right that the owners of vessels should be allowed to carry live-stock upon the upper deck without providing them with some shelter from the weather. Their terror alone must be very great. I saw one poor animal, when a big sea came among them, make a most determined effort to spring over the railing of the hatch down into the hold. It would have succeeded had not a sailor who was by caught it by the tail and dragged it back. We lost about fifteen ponies from exposure, and it speaks well for their constitutions that we did not lose many more.

About four o'clock on the morning of the 24th the gale lulled a little, and the Captain tried to drive ahead, with the result that we were all nearly shaken out of our berths. Very soon, however, he abandoned the attempt, the strain on the ship and machinery being too great. As it was, the man steering was, on two or three occasions, thrown right over the wheel. About eleven in the forenoon, however, the weather suddenly cleared, and we pursued our voyage without further interruption. Next morning at breakfast time we found ourselves slowly steaming through the Pentland Firth, and enveloped in a soft white mist. There are, as the reader may be aware, few more dangerous waters to navigate in foggy weather than this Firth, with its violent current running at twelve knots an hour. About ten o'clock we arrived off Thurso, every few minutes loudly blowing our steam fog-horn, which was answered by some invisible vessel in our vicinity. Here, as usual, a boat came off to take telegrams, its owner assuring us, as he departed, that the fog would lift with the turn of the tide.

It would have been well for us if we had stopped here, but the question of the ponies again came in. I understand that owing to the length of our voyage, which would in ordinary circumstances have been accomplished in three days and a half, only enough hay was left to provide the unfortunate animals with one more feed, whereas we could not, at the best, reach Leith in less than twenty hours. I believe it was this question of hay that forced the Captain to take the risk and push on. All went well for nearly an hour and a half. The mist was still thick, but the sea was quite calm, and the passengers, who had ceased to be sea-sick, were standing about the deck talking of Iceland and salmon rivers. Presently, glancing over the stern, I saw by the track in the water that the ship's course had been altered two points. Had that alteration never been made the Copeland would not have been at the bottom of the sea to-day. The Captain, believing that we had passed the rocky island of Stroma, was standing in two minutes too soon. All of a sudden the curtain of the mist seemed to be drawn up before our eyes, and there—not more than a hundred yards in front of us—we saw a field of breakers, and the current boiling over the rocks; while right ahead something huge loomed up through the heavy air. We looked at each other, but I do not remember that anybody spoke. For my part, I knew what was coming, and concentrated my attention on the development of the drama. The Captain and, I think, the first mate, were on the bridge. The engine-bell rang loudly, and the screw stopped: again the bell rang, and the engines began to go full-steam astern. But, although we were only running half-speed, the way we had on and the tide overpowered the screw, and we glided quickly through the deep, quiet water towards the lip of the breakers. Another few seconds and we were in them. Then with a succession of long and grinding, but comparatively gentle, shocks, the end came, and the Copeland stopped for the last time.



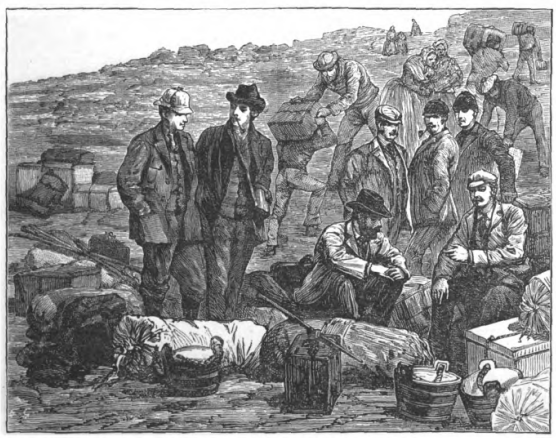
THE COPELAND ASHORE.—PHOTOGRAPHED AT LOW WATER.

In an instant all was confusion—the escaping steam began to roar, the crew bustled along the decks, and the firemen tumbled up through the hatches, presently to be sent down to rake out the fires before the water reached the boilers. As for the passengers, having remarked to each other it was "a case," they went below to try and save their gear. Fortunately, with the exception of the Icelandic lady and the stewardess, there were no women on board. What would have happened if the Copeland had been carrying five hundred emigrants, as on previous voyages, it is difficult to say. There was no panic, for the ponies could not demonstrate against death by drowning. Personally, having bundled my things into a bag, I was, in common with my fellow-passengers, preparing myself for the privations of shipwreck by filling my flask and drinking a bottle of beer, when I felt the ship slip and give a sickening quiver that caused me to finish the beer and leave the saloon with more haste than dignity. On deck the sailors were trying to get out the boats, but, as somebody remarked, they almost seemed to be "screwed down," and when at last they were lifted off their supports, to have a strange propensity to go into the water any way except on a level keel; indeed, one of the passengers heard a sailor asking the steward for caulks to stop the holes by which the bilge water is allowed to escape: so altogether the prospect of rescue by means of the boats in the event of the sudden foundering of the ship was not bright. We had, however, been observed from the shore, for the dark mass that we had seen beyond the breakers proved to be the island of Stroma, the southernmost of the Orkneys, and in a few minutes, to our comfort, several good boats were lying close to us. Presently a Stroma man from one of them boarded the ship, and as we stood wondering what was going to happen next, and watching the boiling of the water about our sides, he came running aft. He was a handsome-looking man, with wild eyes and flying hair, and as he came he spoke words of weight: "Get off of this," he said. "There's five feet of water in her hold, and sixty fathom under her stern. She's only hanging on the rocks; she'll slip off presently and go down by the stern, and drown every man of you!"

Then we began to think that it was time to make a move, and I will confess that during a somewhat varied career I never spent a more unpleasant quarter of an hour than I did between the arrival of the gentleman with warning in his voice and our final escape. It is irritating to be sucked down and drowned in the wake of a sinking ship; and in calm weather, within sight of shore, it seems unnecessary. So we called to the men in one of the boats—for our own were still dangling—and asked if they could take us off? They answered that they could if we could come down to them. This, having obtained the Captain's sanction, and, what was even more necessary, a rope-ladder, we went on to do decently and in order, but still without unnecessary delay. When we were descending, Captain Miles suddenly remembered the Icelandic lady and her baby. She had vanished into the smoking-room four days before, and been quite forgotten. Not even shipwreck had brought her out. He fetched her, and she came down into the boat, baby and all. To judge from the happy expression on her face, she did not in the least understand the position—probably, indeed, she thought the ships usually unloaded themselves after this fashion. When once I was in the boat my first care was to get up to the bow and loosen the rope by which she was made fast to the vessel, so that I could slip it at any moment. This I did because I remembered that when the Teuton foundered under somewhat similar circumstances on the coast of South Africa, a boat containing thirty women and children was dragged down with her. The rope was fast and nobody had a knife to cut it. Happily, in our case, this emergency did not arise.

At length everybody was embarked, including the islander who had warned us, and with some relief we got away from the ill-fated vessel. It was no more than a hundred yards to the shore, but even in that weather it was not too easy to get there. A sunken reef over which the tide was boiling had to be avoided, and the landing place consisted of sheer hard rocks that it would be impossible to attempt in unfavourable circumstances. In short, as we went we realised clearly enough that had there been any sea on, or even an ocean swell remaining from the gale we had experienced, our escape would have been practically impossible. No boats could live in it; to swim would not, I think, be feasible; and even supposing that the ship had held together and remained on the rocks for sufficient time to allow of its being used, there is *no rocket apparatus in Stroma*; nor, for the matter of that, is there a life-boat, a fog-horn, or a lighthouse. Thus, had the state of the weather been different, in the absence of a rocket apparatus, every soul on board the Copeland must, humanly speaking, have been drowned. Some of the islanders begged us to make this want of apparatus known in the proper quarters, and, in the interest of those who may in the future find themselves in the same uncertain position, I do what I can to that end.

We landed at last, and, having saved ourselves, began to think about our luggage. It had all been dragged up on deck with really remarkable promptitude as soon as the ship struck, and now the sailors, who were still aboard, threw it into boats alongside. So that in the end we saved it all, and even a basket of food. Meanwhile, as the vessel seemed to be fixed, and gave no further signs of slipping backwards into the deep water under her stern, great efforts were made to rescue some of the ponies. About a hundred of the poor creatures in the lower hold were drowned soon after the vessel struck; and it was said to be a pitiful sight to see them scrambling on to each other's backs and trying to swim for their lives as the water rushed in. Those on the upper decks, however, had a better chance. It was only necessary to throw them into the sea, and allow them to swim to a rock that at low water projects from the shore; and in this way a hundred-and-twenty ponies were saved before the rising of the tide made it unsafe to continue operations. Gathering confidence from the apparent stability of the ship upon her rock, two of our number who had ponies on her, Mr. Ross and Mr. Williams, determined, very much against the advice of those who had none, to return aboard and see if they could save them. We watched them get on to the ship, and before they had been there long we heard a noise something like the report of a gun, and saw her bow lift two feet or more out of the water. "She's going!" said someone; but most happily she did not go. The great rocks that pierced her amidships sunk more deeply into her vitals and held her. In doing so it pressed up the mainmast several feet with such tremendous force that the wire ropes cracked and slipped, and the mast was shivered. Our friends and the others aboard rushed forward, intending to throw themselves into the water by the ship's bow, taking their chance of being picked up or getting to shore, which, in the state of the tide, would have been possible if she had not rolled over upon them. But, fortunately, the rock checked her, and this did not become necessary.



ON STROMA, ORKNEY ISLANDS: COLLECTING BAGGAGE.

If the wreck of the Copeland had been designed by Mr. Augustus Harris for the boards of Drury-Lane its surroundings could not have been more theatrically appropriate. The peculiar character of the rocks and the piles of baggage on them suggested a stage effect; so did the picnic luncheon; the picturesque islanders in the background; and, more than all, the camera, produced in the nick of time by Captain Miles from among the baggage, to the presence of which I am indebted for the photographs that are reproduced here. It shows how true melodrama is to life! But it was a melodrama with a serious side to it, and we were all glad enough when at length, after about six hours' stay, we succeeded in obtaining three boats to take us and our baggage across the Firth to the hotel near John-o'-Groat's, which is about seventeen miles from Wick, the terminus of the Highland Railway. On getting into our boat we were a little

disturbed by one of the crew violently protesting against our putting out without food or water. We asked why food and water were necessary for a two miles' row? and it then transpired that we were liable to be carried out to the open ocean, where we might possibly drift for days. However, we started.

Our course lay under the stern of the Copeland, round which the full tide was now again sweeping in its strength, causing the water-logged vessel to move ominously. Some time before this the Captain and the remainder of the crew had, as we thought, abandoned the ship, leaving more than 300 ponies to their fate. As we passed under the stern, however, we became aware that there were still three men on board, who shouted to us to come and take them off. This, as there seemed to be nobody else to do it, we were forced to undertake. We got to the ladder and hooked on—and a very disagreeable position it was, for in that flood tide it was obvious that the ship might come off the rock at any moment, and involve us in her utter loss. What made it worse was that a petty officer of the ship, who was one of the three men left aboard, and in whom shipwreck seemed to have induced a certain confusion of mind, would insist, in the most leisurely and deliberate manner, in letting down an apparently endless coil of rope into our boat. In vain did we abjure him, in the most vigorous and appropriate language that we could command, to leave his rope and come down. He forcibly refused, and, as we could not abandon him, we had to submit and take our chance. At length he condescended to follow the rope. We got him and his companions ashore, and started again, and very thankful we were when, an hour and a half afterwards, we found ourselves on the mainland. The last, and one of the most painful sights that we saw, in connection with the unlucky Copeland, was that of a pony, whose leg had been broken as it was thrown overboard, standing on a rock with the water gradually rising over it. Let us hope that it was soon drowned! And so ended the story of the Copeland, now, doubtless, at the bottom of the sea, together with her freight of ponies. In conclusion, I wish to bear witness—and I am sure all the other passengers will indorse what I say—to the unfailing courtesy and kindness which we met with at the hands of Captain Thompson, to the skill with which he managed the ship during the serious and prolonged gale that we encountered, and to his complete calmness and self-control in the hour of disaster. If a landsman may express an opinion, the loss of the vessel was entirely owing to the density of the fog, on one of the most dangerous coasts of Great Britain, and to the want of fodder, that forced him to press onward to port.

NOTE.—Many years ago, another vessel struck on the same rock. There was a sea on that washed her over the rock, and she foundered with all hands. While we were on Stroma, a second steamer—the same, I believe, that had answered our fog-horn—went ashore on the mainland. She got off, however, having injured her bottom; and I do not know what became of her.

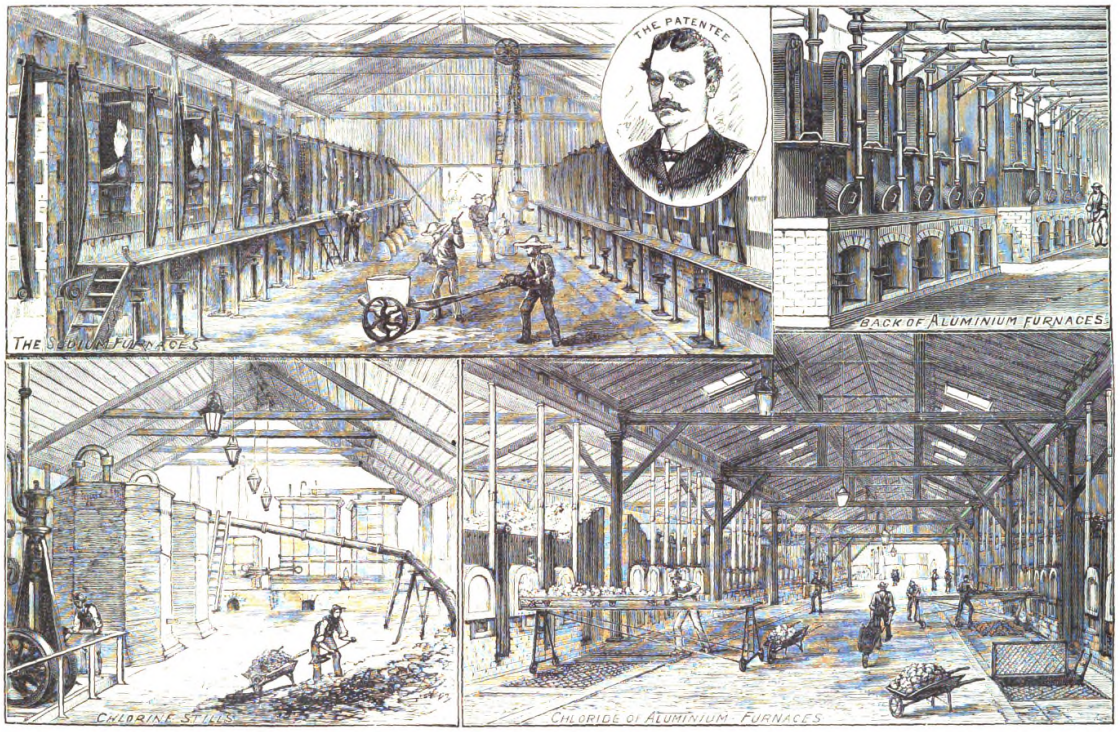
Major-General Dunne, commanding the Chatham district, received the sanction of the Commander-in-Chief for a Royal salute of twenty-one guns to be fired from Tilbury Fort on Aug. 8 at noon, in commemoration of the three-hundredth anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Tilbury, on Aug. 8, 1588, for the purpose of reviewing her troops assembled there for the defence of the Kingdom, in the event of a Spanish invasion.

"BIRTHDAY CONGRATULATIONS."

The young Fräulein with the luxuriant mass of black hair—she is, perhaps, more likely a native of the Walloon provinces of Belgium than a North German—depicted by M. Von Der Beek in a picture at Düsseldorf, which is reproduced in our Engraving, has her friends, and will have more ardent admirers when she grows a few years older. It is her birthday—you may guess the thirteenth—and her friends, or the members of her own family, have presented her with a collection of fine fruit, amidst which, piled on the dish that she has lifted with both hands, lies a paper with German writing addressed to herself, containing an expression, in prose or verse, of their affectionate good wishes, and their fond hopes, which we trust may be realised, for the happiness of her future life. Sympathy with the bright visions of imaginative youth will be denied by no kindly-disposed observer; and the indications of an amiable character in this maiden's face allow us to think that she will, if rightly guided, confirm in advancing womanhood the best anticipations of those who feel most concerned in her welfare.

The report of the Select Committee on Town Holdings has been issued. The report recommends the reappointment of the Committee next Session, for the purpose of taking further evidence.

At a meeting of the council of the Royal Academy it has been unanimously agreed that a principal feature of the next winter exhibition at Burlington House shall consist of a representative selection of the works of the late Mr. Frank Holl, R.A.



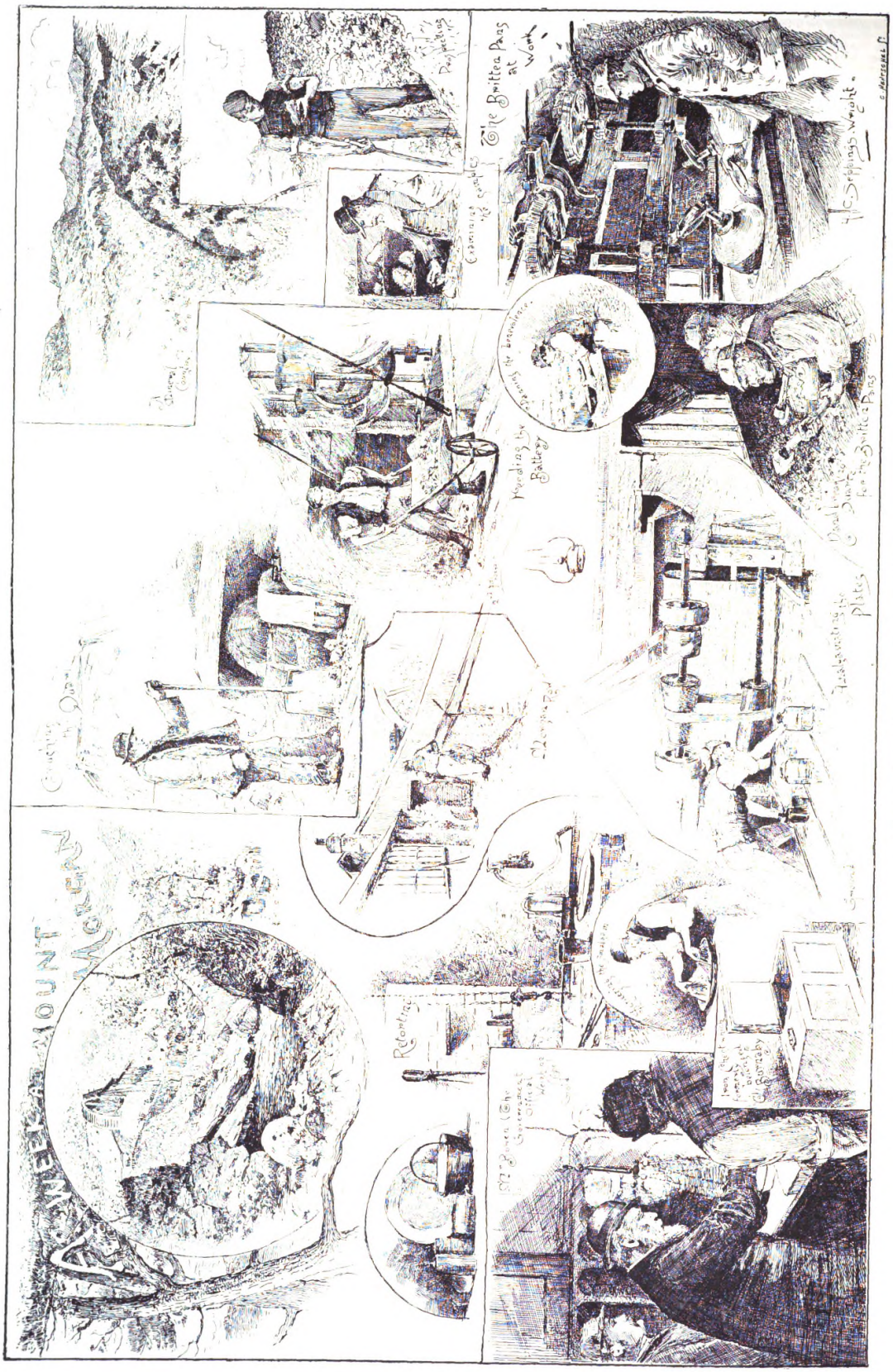
WORKS OF THE ALUMINIUM COMPANY (LIMITED), AT OLDBURY, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

THE MANUFACTURE OF ALUMINIUM.

The usefulness of this metal, if a large supply of it could have been procured at a reasonable cost, has long been recognised. It has great strength and ductility, weighs only a third of the weight of iron or steel, and does not rust. As an alloy with other metals, it serves to impart tenacity and malleability to them, and has been thus used to some extent. There was a demand for it, but the supply, chiefly in France by the Deville process, has been very small. The problem of its economic production has been solved by the ingenuity of Mr. H. Y. Castner, who is an American, about thirty years of age. At the School of Mines, Columbia College, under the special guidance of Professor C. T. Chandler, he pursued a course in chemistry from 1875 to 1878. During the next four years, he practised as a public analyst in New York; but in 1882, having erected one of the finest laboratories in that city, he gave up active business, and devoted his time exclusively to the study of aluminium, and the methods of producing it. In the early part of 1886, having invented the now celebrated sodium process, Mr. Castner came to England, and erected a small experimental plant in London. This having proved successful, the "Aluminium Company (Limited)" was founded last year, and Mr. Castner was appointed managing director. The works have been established at Oldbury, near Birmingham, for the manufacture both of aluminium and sodium on a large commercial scale. On Saturday, July 28, they were visited by a distinguished party of scientific men, among whom were Sir Henry Roscoe, Sir Frederick Abel, Lord Rayleigh, Professor C. Roberts-Austen of the Mint, Dr. Crookes, Professor Dewar, and Professor Huntingdon, with practical manufacturers and other business men. The works occupy an area of almost five acres, and have a capacity of producing 1500 lb. of sodium and 6000 lb. of double chloride daily, which will allow of an output of 5 cwt. to 6 cwt. of aluminium per day. The visitors expressed their surprise and admiration at the magnitude of the operations, and the entire novelty both of the processes and of the various appliances employed to carry them into effect. Mr. Castner received the highest compliments on the evident care and thought bestowed on every detail; and the directors, who were present during the visit, were congratulated on the apparent success of the undertaking, and the possession of what must be considered one of the finest chemical works in the country. It is impossible to foretell the future of this most interesting metal, which is daily becoming more known and sought after. The Oldbury works are the first and only establishment of the kind in the world at the present time; but there is little doubt that others will quickly be erected on the same plans, to carry on the company's processes, now that their success is assured.

The works, of which we give a few Illustrations, are divided into four departments—namely, (1) the manufacture of sodium under the Castner patents; (2) the manufacture of chlorine by the Weldon process; (3) the manufacture of the double chloride of aluminium and sodium by the Castner process; and (4) the reduction of the double chloride by sodium. The plant for the production of sodium consists of twenty furnaces, of large size, each capable of producing 50 lb. to 75 lb. of sodium per day, which is just about twenty times as much as the total quantity of sodium hitherto produced in this country. The materials employed are caustic soda and carbide of iron, which are melted at a temperature of about 800 deg. Centigrade for about an hour and a half, during which time the sodium is distilled into small iron condensers, whence it is cast into blocks of about 2 lb. each. About 6 lb. of caustic soda and 5 lb. of carbonate are used per pound of sodium produced. In the next section of the works is the manufacture of the double chloride of aluminium, by the process of passing chlorine gas over a mixture of alumina and charcoal in large retorts of special construction, heated to a high temperature, the resulting chloride being distilled and caught in condensers at the back of the retorts. The Aluminium Company receive from the adjacent alkali works of Messrs. Chance, of Birmingham, an ample supply of muriatic acid, which is employed in the manufacture of chlorine, and return to the Messrs Chance, in exchange, the residual carbonate of soda, which is utilised by Messrs. Chance in their special industry. Thus in both cases the residual and otherwise waste products become the valuable raw materials of subsequent manufactures. There are sixty retorts for the production of the double chloride, which have a united capacity of about 6000 lb. per day. The double chloride contains about 12 per cent of aluminium, and under treatment with sodium yields about 10 per cent of that quantity. There are two special designs of furnaces for producing aluminium; and the company are at present using both, pending the determination by experiment of the one best suited for the purpose. They differ mainly in the mode of taking off the aluminium. Into each of these furnaces the charge introduced consists of 80 lb. of chloride, 25 lb. of sodium, and 30 lb. of cryolite, which answers as a flux. This charge, after being reduced for about two hours at a temperature of about 1000 deg. Centigrade, gives about 8 lb. of aluminium, which is within 2 per cent of being absolutely pure. The total production of aluminium is expected to reach about 500 lb. per day, while the production of sodium will be about 1500 lb. daily. It is in respect of the latter product that the Castner process claims its chief economy. Hitherto sodium has cost about 6s. per lb., whereas the Castner process enables it to be produced at 9d.; this means that in the production of a pound of aluminium the cost of the sodium required has been reduced from 18s. to 2s. 3d. The essential feature of the Castner sodium process is that a temperature of about 800 deg. Centigrade and steel vessels are employed, instead of a temperature of about 1500 deg. Centigrade and a small wrought-iron tube in the old process. A great saving of wear and tear and of materials is the result. Although the Castner process reduces the cost of the metal from between 40s. and 45s. to about 15s. or less per lb.—or, in other words, from £4500 or £5000 to about £1680 or less per ton—these prices are still high; but aluminium is likely to displace some of the existing alloys used in engineering and manufacturing operations generally. There is also a large field for its use in a variety of minor ways; so that this newest British manufacturing enterprise has prospects of much commercial importance.

An excellent "Miniature Cyclopædia," compiled by Mr. W. L. Clowes, has been published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. It contains information upon almost every subject.


The Britten Pass at Work
H. C. Stephens, Wright.
Crushing the Quartz
Reduction Plates
Reduction Plates
Retorting
Retorting
Quartz Crushing Machinery
Quartz Crushing Machinery
Quartz Crushing Machinery



"IT MAY BE FOR YEARS."

FROM A PAINTING BY JULIUS M. PRICE.

"IT MAY BE FOR YEARS!"

A parting of lovers has evidently preceded this scene of pathetic loneliness on the seashore, where she who has been left, while he is sailing far away, still gazes in the direction of the vessel that has disappeared out of her sight. Only the faithful dog remains with her—a dumb but sympathising witness of her sorrow. The occasion, indeed, is frequent enough in the common experience of mankind—including so many sad farewells to departing friends, and separations of parents and children, brothers and sisters, not less than of man and woman pledged to a mutual affection, which to young people—especially to girls—may seem the main concern of their lives. It is apt to recall that mournful line of a beautiful song, in which the Irish lover of "Mavourneen" says to Kathleen, his darling—

This day we must part—
It may be for years—or it may be for ever—

words very touching, as every human heart must feel, and rendered more so by the music to which they are sung. This depressing sentiment, with a throng of tender recollections of the past, will haunt the young lady's mind as she turns from the sad seabeach to walk home. But the purpose of constancy may bring her some consolation.

Lord St. Oswald has remitted 20 per cent of the rent to his tenants, and the Earl of Yarborough and the Earl of Zetland have made a reduction of 15 per cent.

A human skeleton, which was buried in the second century of the Christian era, has been discovered in one of the chalk pits on Portsdown-hill. The bones were in a good state of preservation and the teeth intact. In the left hand were twenty-two Roman coins. The skeleton, which was six feet in length, was found a few feet beneath the surface.

JELLY-FISHES.

A lovely morning this in Oban Bay. The smooth surface of the sea is literally without a ripple to mark the course of the wind. Yachts lie to right of one, and to left as well; and a white-winged schooner is endeavouring in vain to clear the Tail of Kerrera, by way of making tracks for Mull or Morven, whose purple hills loom on the near horizon. Steam is the only solace on this August day, and the boats which are wont to flit to and fro on the blue waters of the bay are imitating the "painted ships" of the "Ancient Mariner" in their stillness and quiescence. Yet the sea invites one by its very calmness; and so I hie forth to the beach, where an obliging Gael offers to row me round the bay for a small consideration of a pecuniary nature. I close with the Highlandman's offer, and in a few moments I am being rowed past the yachts, and out in the fair gulf around the shores of which nestles the fair

town of Oban. To-day the water is as clear as crystal. As we float leisurely along, crowds of jelly-fishes pass our craft. Last night I noted hundreds of these lovely but frail beings stranded and done to death on the beach. It seemed as though the shore were strewn with scores of crystal plates, so marvellously clear were their bells, until the inevitable process of decay set in. But in the sea to-day you behold them in all the beauty of loveliness. Here is a clear, glassy bell, half a foot or more in diameter, tinted with hues which imitate the choicest shades of the rainbow in their iridescence. Watch its movements, and learn therefrom something of the manner in which lower life lives out its appointed end. It pulsates with life; and forces its way gently, yet strongly, through the yielding waters. The top of the bell is marked by four pink canals, while round its margin you can see the delicate tentacles or "feelers" which exercise the sense of touch. The bell first spreads itself to its full dimensions; then, in a second pulsation, it contracts its disc to half its former extent, and in this way propels itself through the sea. For your jelly-fish is really an hydraulic engine in its way. Water is drawn into the bell when it expands; then, by the sharp contraction of the body, the water is expelled, and the jelly-fish sails along by aid of this alternate expansion and narrowing of its bulk.

There is more in jelly-fish philosophy than meets the eye. True, the same remark holds good of wellnigh every other living structure. But you may look through and through the jelly-fish and yet, from a scientific standpoint, fail to understand it, unless you are armed mentally with a modest modicum of science-lore and of anatomical wisdom. The jelly-fish is a "bell," it is true; and the "clapper" or tongue of the bell is represented by the prolongation at the extremity of which we find the animal's mouth. As to its food, we may assume that into this central mouth are drawn myriads of the floating specks of the ocean, which illustrate in the course of their fate Dean Swift's lines about the little fleas that are preyed upon by "lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*." Indeed, in some jelly-fishes there exist special means for paralysing the prey on which they subsist. In certain species, when you touch the bell, the mouth on its stalk moves over to indicate the part touched, as unerringly as the telegraph-needle obeys the behest of the operator. At the mouth in such cases, we find a stinging apparatus; so that when food is swept into the "bell," the central mouth with its stings can swoop down upon the particles, and, by paralysing them, place them at the mercy of the jelly-fish. The whole tribe of jelly-fishes "sting," it is true; but in these parts, it is only your tawny-coloured species, with their tentacles in festoons, that can pierce the epidermis, and make the human organism to smart and wince. A jelly-fish "sting" is, in its way, a perfect triumph of natural ingenuity. It consists of a microscopic bag or sac filled with fluid, and containing a minute thread or filament. Under the slightest pressure, this bag ruptures and bursts; the thread is thrown out on to the offending body, and the fluid at the same time escapes. There is little doubt that these "thread-cells," as they are named, constitute a veritable poison-apparatus. The thread is the dart or sting, and the fluid is the poison; and thus it comes about that the tender-skinned bather, with hundreds of these darts playing upon his epidermis, rises from the waves a sore and aching, and blistered mortal.

That there are jelly-fishes and jelly-fishes, however, is a very trite axiom of natural history science. Most of those clear glassy bells which you see floating in myriads past the boat are, in one sense, not true jelly-fishes at all. They are masquerading in the guise of jelly-fishes, and can only claim the title by courtesy. Their history is peculiar enough in its way. Let us try to unravel it as best we can. Growing on oyster-shells and on rocks and tangle, you find the curious animals which are known familiarly to everybody as "zoophytes." They grow rooted and fixed; they increase by budding; and their stems and branches often recall to mind the fir-trees of the forest. By-and-by, in the history of the plant-like zoophyte, you find its developmental epoch to set in. You see growing on the branches "buds" which are unlike those of the colony. Watch them carefully, and in due time you may note that these "buds" grow into the likeness of jelly-fishes. Then arrives the further stage of their history. Breaking contact with its plant-like parent, each jelly-fish bud detaches itself, and swims freely as an independent being in the sea. It is kith and kin to the zoophyte, but in the free-swimming glassy bells, that exist by hundreds in Oban Bay this morning, you could recognise no kinship with the plant-like growth of the oyster-shell. Yet, wait and watch. Sooner or later the free, floating jelly-fish bud will produce eggs. You can see the eggs developed in the specimens that float past our boat, looking like great brown masses depending beneath the jelly-fish frame. From each egg, in due season, there comes forth a little oval living speck, which, at first, swims as freely in the sea as did its parent. Then, after sundry changes of form, it settles down, and from its simple body is developed a single animal which we recognise as one of the zoophyte buds of the oyster-shell. By-and-by the process of budding begins. One bud produces another, and, as all remain connected, we find in due time the tree-like zoophyte to be produced. Thus, you observe, your zoophyte on the oyster-shell gives origin to a jelly-fish bud, which, in its own turn, develops eggs, each of the latter becoming a zoophyte again.

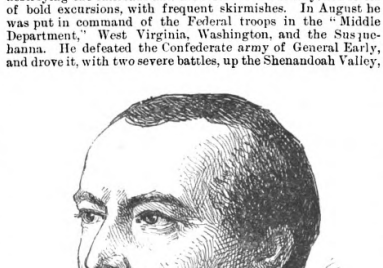
Yet the whole process is only one of complicated development, after all. Our jelly-fishes are only free floating buds of a parent stem. They are not independent animals, but are linked to the parent zoophyte by those mystic ties of blood relationship which make up not a small part of even human connections themselves. There are jelly-fishes also, one must admit, which have no such connection with the plant-like zoophytes; but of these we need not speak to-day. Suffice it that you have learned to read aright at least one sentence in the fair volume of Nature that is spread out before your view in Oban Bay. When the sun goes down over the hills of Mull, and Morven grows purple under its setting rays, our jelly-fishes will vanish away into the depths, to be recalled therefrom by to-morrow's light. Perchance this chat about jelly-fishes may resemble the features of the landscape, in that after to-day you may for a while forget these plain teachings of science, but may revive them in some mental to-morrow for profit and pleasure. ANDREW WILSON.

The Long Vacation began on Aug. 13, and the first sitting in court took place on the 15th, before Mr. Justice Denman, in Chancery Court II. The courts and the Central Hall of the Royal Courts of Justice will not be open to the public during the vacation.

Memorial windows to General Gordon, hero of Khartoum, to the officers and men of the Royal Engineers who were killed or died from their wounds or disease in the Egyptian and Soudan Campaigns of 1881 to 1885, and to the officers who served and were killed in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, were unveiled, on Aug. 9, in Rochester Cathedral, by General Viscount Wolseley, in the presence of a crowded congregation of the principal officers and ladies of the garrison, all the local clergy, the élite of the district, and a battalion of the Royal Engineers, besides a large body of the general public.

THE LATE GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN, U.S.

The death, on Aug. 5, in Massachusetts, of General Philip Henry Sheridan, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, has removed the last of the eminently distinguished military officers who won important victories in the great Civil War of America from 1861 to 1865. He was born at Somerset, Ohio, in 1831, and was educated at the West Point Military Academy on the Hudson; in 1853, he entered the active service, and was six years on the Indian frontier stations in Washington Territory and Oregon, where he behaved with much gallantry in a conflict with the hostile Indians at the Cascades, in April, 1856. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Sheridan was appointed first a Captain of the 13th Infantry, but in May, 1862, obtained the commission of Colonel of the 2nd Michigan Cavalry, with which he performed brilliant actions at Booneville, and was made a Brigadier-General of Cavalry. In the autumn of that year, he received command of the 11th Division of the Army of the Ohio, under General Buell. At the battle of Perryville, near Louisville, on Oct. 8, he manœuvred his division with skill and effect; and at that of Murfreesborough, holding the most essential point in the action, he withstood four desperate assaults, showing great tactical skill as well as bravery. Sheridan was then promoted to the rank of Major-General; but little that is notable was achieved by him in the field until September, 1863, when, at the battle of Chickamanga, his division successfully maintained a perilous position. In capturing the Missionary Ridge, near Chattanooga, on Nov. 25, he was foremost to attack, and most persistent in the pursuit of the enemy. When General Grant, in March, 1864, began the campaign of Virginia, he chose Sheridan for Commander of the Cavalry Corps, with which he performed great services; covering the front and flanks of the army during the long "Battle of the Wilderness," cutting off the enemy's communications with Richmond, and destroying the railroads and the stores of the enemy, in a series of bold excursions, with frequent skirmishes. In August he was put in command of the Federal troops in the "Middle Department," West Virginia, Washington, and the Susquehanna. He defeated the Confederate army of General Early, and drove it, with two severe battles, up the Shenandoah Valley,



THE LATE UNITED STATES GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

which he devastated and made untenable for the enemy. By these measures, harsh as they seemed, Maryland and Pennsylvania were relieved from fear of invasion, while Grant obtained free use of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Sheridan, on Oct. 19, engaged the enemy's forces at Cedar Creek, and won a great victory, decisive of that campaign, capturing twenty-four guns, with many waggons and quantities of stores. He was further promoted for this achievement. In 1865, he again swept up the Shenandoah Valley, completing his work there, and wiping out the Southern army; joined General Grant, and took an important part in all the main operations of the Virginia Campaign, routing Pickett's and Johnson's forces at Five Forks, by which General Lee was compelled to abandon Petersburg and Richmond. He afterwards conducted the pursuit of General Lee, capturing guns, waggons, and thousands of prisoners, till the final surrender of Lee, on April 9, at the village of Appomattox. When the Civil War was ended, General Sheridan was appointed to command the Fifth Military District, Louisiana and Texas, from which he was removed to that of Missouri, with the rank of Lieutenant-General. He visited Europe in 1870, and was spectator of some of the great German victories in France. In March, 1884, he succeeded General Sherman in the office of Commander-in-Chief. Sheridan was undoubtedly one of the best of American soldiers, and perhaps as good a soldier as any in Europe.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the proprietors of the *New York Herald* for enabling us to publish the Portrait of General Sheridan which appears this week.

Her Majesty in Council has approved of the granting of a charter of incorporation for the town of Chelmsford. It will come into operation on Sept. 7.

About 4000 Volunteers assembled in London on Aug. 11, in compliance with orders issued from the War Office on Aug. 10, and left for Aldershott.—A match between teams representing the South London Rifle Club and the Berks Rifle Association was shot on Aug. 11 at Churn, on the Berkshire Downs, one of the proposed sites for the New Wimbledon. Lord Wantage was present. The total scores were—Berkshire, 1036; South London, 1021. Berkshire, therefore, repeated the victory which they obtained a few weeks since over the North London Rifle Club on the same range.—The Queen has approved of the 4th, 6th, 7th, 16th, 20th, and 22nd Lancashire Rifle Volunteers bearing in future the designation of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th (Ardwick), and 6th Volunteer Battalion of the Manchester Regiment. Four of the battalions have their head-quarters in the city, and the two others belong to Ashton and Oldham.

THE FLOODS.

One of the most inclement summer months that England has ever experienced was the July of this year, 1888. From the beginning of the month until its close there was an almost entire absence of real summer weather, and it ended with frequent and remarkably heavy falls of rain and severe local thunderstorms. The south and south-east of England suffered more from cold and wet than either North Britain or the Atlantic coast of Ireland. Finally, on July 30 and July 31, and Aug. 1, the neighbourhood of London and the Home Counties were visited by heavy storms, with thunder, and for hours, on each occasion, with a copious and continuous downpour of rain. In the eastern suburbs of London—in Poplar, the Isle of Dogs, and Canning Town, near the Victoria Docks—the poor inhabitants suffered great misery, and many of the very poorest lost everything in the floods. When the storm burst, the sewage rapidly rushed up through the drains into the dwellings to a depth in some cases of over six feet. There was no time to save anything; bedding, furniture, food, and clothing were in a few moments floating about in a sea of filthy sewage matter, and were utterly spoilt. The subsidence of the flood also left in their homes a horrible black evil-smelling deposit. Along the river Thames by the Essex marshes, at Barking, about Dagenham, and in the Rainham and Purfleet districts, on the way to Tilbury, the land was flooded, sheep and cattle were drowned, and vast quantities of hay and other crops were destroyed. On the main high road from Stratford through Essex, and along the Colchester line of the Great Eastern Railway, there were inundations occasioned by torrents of storm-water that rushed down the hillside from Woodford into the low-lying valley of the Thames, between Ilford and Chadwell-heath. The street of Romford was six feet under water. The railway was four feet under water, so that for some hours through-traffic on the main line was suspended, and passengers had to proceed by circuitous routes to their destinations. The stoppage of traffic was a source of great inconvenience to business men who daily travel from the eastern suburbs to the city. Extensive damage was also done to property around Enfield by the floods. Several bridges were washed away and traffic in the district was stopped. In St. Mary's Church, Ilford, the water was several feet deep up to the altar steps. The storm had done much damage in West Kent. At Erith, the railway embankment gave way, and threw the last train from London off the metals. Fortunately, no one was injured, beyond receiving a shaking; but traffic was stopped on the North Kent line and on the South-Eastern Railway. The local accounts of disaster are too numerous for repetition.

THE GOLD MINE IN WALES.

The discovery, by Mr. W. Pritchard Morgan, of gold-bearing quartz on his estate of Bryntirion, in the valley of the Mawdach, not far from Dolgelly, in Merionethshire, excited public curiosity last year; we then gave some account of it, with views of the place, heretofore known as Gwynfynnid, and of the external appearance of his workings at the new gold-mine. These were published in *The Illustrated London News* of Dec. 17, 1887. Our Artist, who recently visited the "Mount Morgan" mine, to inspect and delineate what is to be seen of its operations, which have made considerable progress, furnishes sketches of the gold-quartz crushing-mill, now in perfect working order. It is situated within a hundred yards of the Mawdach falls, having the advantage of an incessant water supply. The building is of a singular aspect, its several floors rising behind each other like terraces or steps. The ground floor is occupied by the various "ripples"; the second floor, by the stamps and the feeding arrangements; and the third or top floor by the crusher, with the quartz as it is brought from the mine.

The "crusher" is a machine for reducing the blocks of quartz to a certain size, to enable the stamps to work them. There is a sort of fascination in watching this monster mouth crunching great blocks of stone bigger than a man's head. They are reduced by the crusher to something about the size of the fist. We forget exactly how much this hungry monster swallows in the course of the week. The next operation is simply that of feeding the battery of stamps: a boy with a wheel-barrow can keep fifteen stamps going. These continue pounding away until the quartz is reduced to a pulp. Water is constantly pouring in; and, as the pulp gets washed away, it flows down over a series of steps, or "ripples": on each ripple is laid a sheet of copper coated with mercury. At any minute, specks of gold become amalgamated with the mercury; and when the ripples, instead of looking smooth, appear granulated, it is time to scrape the amalgam to one side, preparatory to removing it to the retort.

In order that the least possible amount of gold may be lost, it is after being first pounded up in the battery, inclosed with mercurialised plates, that the pulp is allowed to pass over the ripples. Thence it flows on to a large gutta-percha band, or belt, which is kept revolving over rollers in a direction against the flow of the pulp from the ripples, and is thus made to deposit any small grains that may have escaped the mercury in the centre of the band. The pulp further passes over an inclined plane of copper, likewise mercurialised; and, lastly, it runs over blanket ripples, which retain the smaller specks of gold. Parts of this apparatus, with the gutta-percha revolving band, are shown in our Illustration of the interior of the mill on the ground floor.

The "Britten" pans are used for the richest ore. The ore, in this instance, has first to be pounded up by hand, and then to be ground up in the pans, by large pestles.

On Saturdays, the whole of the amalgam is gathered off the plates, and is taken to the retort. The processes here were explained by Mr. Crookes, the assayer. The amalgam is first put into a cloth, very like an ordinary pudding-cloth, and is then squeezed or wrung, so that a great portion of the mercury escapes through the cloth. This process is continued, until nearly all the mercury is got out; the amalgam then becomes quite solid, and is put into the retort, where what mercury remains is distilled away from the gold.

On opening the retort a heavy yellow substance like sponge is seen. This, when cooled, has to be broken up and smelted in a crucible. It is afterwards poured into a mould and left to cool. Our Artist was permitted to cast one, which weighed nearly 4 lb., being the result of one and a half tons of quartz. The most beautiful feature in the casting was the lovely liquid emerald colour which the gold presented whilst cooling. Our Artist's Sketches show the processes of retorting and squeezing the amalgam.

The gold is weighed by the Government Inspector, Mr. Bowen, as the question of royalty has not yet been decided; but we understand that Government intends to treat this question in a liberal spirit, considering the public advantage of supporting a new industry.

Prospecting parties are out in all directions, and one constantly hears of new discoveries. There is quite sufficient "colour" in various parts of Wales to encourage the hopes of the gold-seekers, and we may soon hear of fresh results in that part of Great Britain.



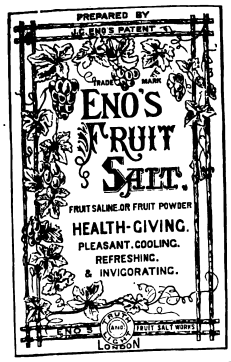
THE FLOODS IN ESSEX.



RAMBLING SKETCHES: HEADCORN, KENT.

SEE PAGE 202

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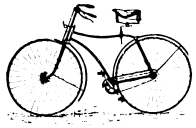
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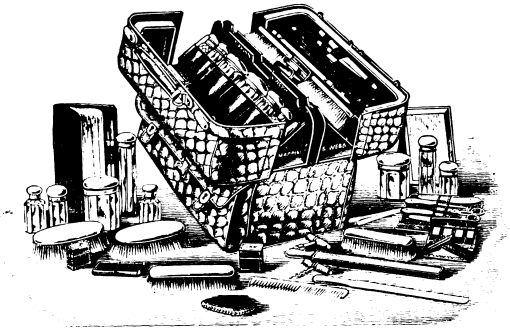


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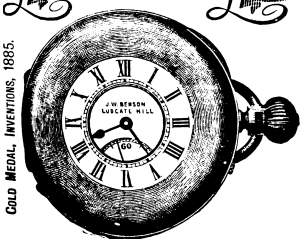
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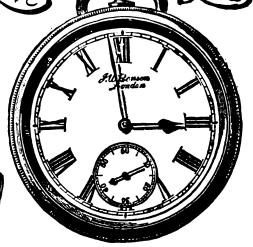
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MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"After the Play," and "We 'll keep the Old Grey Mare, John," are songs by J. L. Molloy. The first appears to promise a touch of quaint humour, but in reality discloses a pathetic little episode of real life in the last parting of two affectionate hearts. The several phases of sentiment are well reflected in some changes of the musical rhythm. The other song above named is replete with quaint homely sentiment, and also has some effective rhythmical changes. "The Old Wherry," song by A. H. Behrend, is flowingly melodious, in waltz rhythm, with effective alternations of the minor and major modes. "Daydawn," by Florence Aylward, is a setting of lines adapted by Alice K. Sawyer from Victor Hugo. The sentimental tone of the verses is well reflected in the music, which is tuneful in its vocal melody and includes an effective accompaniment, partly of a cantabile kind, and partly consisting of broken chords. "Among the Passion-Flowers" is a setting of some pleasing lines from the practised pen of Mr. F. E. Weatherly, whose verses are always smoothly written, and lend themselves readily to musical treatment. This the lines in question have received from Mr. F. L. Moir, who has associated them with a melody of simple yet pleasing character, well fitted for vocal expression, and (like the songs previously referred to) lying within a moderate compass of voice. All the publications above ref rred to are from the firm of Boosey and Co., who also issue a very bright and spirited "Danse Humoresque," by Frances Allitsen, for the pianoforte. It is one of the pieces that have lately been played by the string band of the Royal Artillery. The same publishers have issued the 108th number of their popular series of the "Cavendish Music Books," containing eight modern pianoforte pieces (constituting the eighth "Pianoforte Album"). These publications—issued at one shilling per number—are well engraved and printed, on good paper, full music size.

"April" ("Chanson d'Avril") is a setting, by Mr. A. Goring Thomas, of lines by Remy Belleau, the original of which is given, together with an English version by William Hardinge. Mr. Thomas's music is both piquant and graceful; there is just an indication of French style suitable to the original text, while yet not being at variance with the translated version. Messrs. Metzler and Co. are the publishers, as also of "Time will Show," a very characteristic duet, the words by Marion Chappell, the music by J. M. Coward. The musical setting (for a mezzo-soprano and a baritone) is very effective, the alternate queries and replies between the two voices, and their occasional association, affording good contrasts. "Our Volunteers" (also from Messrs. Metzler and Co.) is a march, for the pianoforte, on the song composed and dedicated to the Queen by Lady Arthur Hill. It is a spirited piece in genuine martial style, and has been played with great effect by various military and volunteer bands. The same publishers have just issued "The Rose Queen" waltz, produced with such success at the recent opening Promenade Concert at Covent-Garden Theatre. The composer, Mr. A. Gwyllym Crowe, has judiciously arranged it so that it can be used merely as a pianoforte solo, or with voices to the text which is given. The titlepage comprises a very pretty chromo-lithograph of a group of graceful children in picturesque costumes.

"The Borderers" is a song by C. H. Lloyd, to some stirring words by Mr. F. E. Weatherly, in which a plundering excursion is announced in vigorous lines. Mr. Lloyd's music accords well with its subject, and affords good opportunities for effective vocal declamation, a well-written figurative accompaniment being an important feature. The song is published by Mr. Joseph Williams, of Berners-street; from whom we have also "A Lover's Lay"—a song by H. T. Tiltman, in which there are some striking phrases, chiefly of a declamatory kind, several changes of tempo and rhythm giving a welcome variety. Mr. Williams also sends some instrumental pieces. A "Gavotte" for violin and piano, by Benjamin Godard, has much of the quaint character of the old dance-form implied by the title, and is so easy as to be within the reach of most amateurs. Other pieces in an antiquated dance form are a "Gigue" and a "Bourrée" for piano solo, by W. W. Hedgcock. In these also the antique grace of an old style is well preserved; as is the case with a "Gavotte" by H. T. Tiltman, whose "Air de Ballet" is a pleasing dance piece of a more modern kind.

In London 2228 births and 1476 deaths were registered in the week ending Aug. 11. Allowing for increase of population the births were 454, and the deaths 203, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 51 from measles, 17 from scarlet fever, 25 from diphtheria, 27 from whooping-cough, 6 from enteric fever, 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 138 from diarrhœa and dysentery, 5 from cholera and choleraic diarrhœa, and not one from smallpox or typhus. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 160 and 167 in the two preceding weeks, further rose to 183. Different forms of violence caused 56 deaths; 50 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 20 from fractures and contusions, 3 from burns and scalds, 12 from drowning, and 9 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Five cases of suicide were registered.

The Lords of the Committee of Council for Agriculture have awarded the following sums out of the £5000 granted by the Government for the present financial year in aid of agricultural and dairy schools:—The Cheshire County Dairy School, £150; Aspatria (Agricultural) School, £250; Edinburgh University, £300; Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College, £200; Kirkcudbright Dairy Association, £70; Ayrshire Dairy Association, £125; Wigtownshire Dairy Association, £101 10s.; and to Dumfriesshire Dairy Association, £28 10s.—The applications from the Norfolk Chamber of Agriculture, Suffolk Dairy Institute, Sussex Association, British Dairy Farmers' Association, Darlington Chamber of Agriculture, Leicester Dairy Company, Ludlow Grammar School, Aberdeenshire Association, Forfarshire and Kincardineshire Dairy School, and Kilmarnock Dairy School were deferred for further consideration.

The first match in the Canterbury cricket week finished on Aug. 8 in a victory of the Australians over Kent by eighty-one runs.—Surrey won the match with Notts at the Oval by seventy-eight runs: Middlesex defeated Yorkshire at Sheffield by six wickets, and Gloucestershire won the match with Sussex at Clifton by seven wickets.—At Canterbury, on the 10th, Kent beat Lancashire by six wickets.—At Kennington Oval, on the 11th, the Surrey cricket team followed up an unexampled score completed on the previous day by bowling down the Sussex wickets in the second innings for a total of ninety-nine, thus securing a victory by an innings and 485 runs.—At Clifton the Australians were beaten by Gloucestershire by 257 runs: Middlesex defeated Derbyshire at Derby by seven wickets, and at Lord's, Somerset beat the M.C.C. by five wickets.—The match at the Oval on the 14th ended in a victory for England over Australia by an innings and 137 runs.—Sussex defeated Lancashire, at Brighton, by nine wickets; and at Derby Yorkshire were beaten by Derbyshire by seven wickets.

BIRTHS.

On Aug. 7, at 20, Kildare-terrace, Bayswater, W., Kathleen, the wife of Francis Edward Paynter, Esq., of a daughter.

On Aug. 12, at 45, Chester-square, Mrs. Dodsworth, of a son.

DEATH.

On June 28, at Myingyan, Burmah, by drowning, Lieutenant James Ireland Henderson, Adjutant 10th Madras Infantry, eldest son of the late Colonel J. R. S. Henderson, M.S.C. Deeply regretted by his brother officers and all who knew him.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.*

RAMBLING SKETCHES: HEADCORN.

In the centre of the agricultural districts of Mid Kent, on the railway from Tunbridge to Ashford, and ten miles from Maidstone to the south-east—in a fair country of meadows, cornfields, and woodlands, and with purple hills in the distance, over which sunlight and shadow pass alternately in the momentary changes of a breezy summer day—lies the pleasant rural village of Headcorn, a thriving place with a growing population, yet with picturesque features of antiquity noted by the rambling Artist. His sketches of the Old George Inn, which was probably the first object of his quest—since a long walk had lawfully entitled him to a glass of ale and a moderate luncheon—of the Old Church, built by one of the Colepepers in the reign of Edward IV., in the churchyard of which is a venerable old oak, with its trunk 40 ft. in girth, and with its boughs half withered—and of the Old Hall, some time belonging to the Clothworkers' Company of London—testify that centuries have spared Headcorn some characteristic architectural relics of the olden time. Headcorn history, if we had leisure to study it, would no doubt present facts worthy of note, though but a small number of our readers, not being men of Kent, or travellers on the South Eastern line, have probably ever heard the name of the village, except as a railway station. It thrives, nevertheless, and makes good malt, we believe, with native hops grown thereabouts to complete the preparation of its beer; and the two-peaked "oast-houses," which are seen in many other Kentish villages, are a sign of promise to those who like a sound quality of the good old English drink. Field-paths in the neighbourhood lead to the grassy margin of the rippling Beult, and to Smarden, in one direction, or in another to the rustic hamlet of Mottenden, where stood the famous house of Crutched or Crossed Friars, founded in 1224 by Sir Richard de Roksesley, noted for their performance of miracle plays on Trinity Sunday. In this weald of Kent, in a ramble through Sutton Valence, Boughton Malherbe, and Chart, the memories of ancient life, its manners and customs and institutions, of the Plantagenet, the Norman, and the Saxon periods, are suggested by local names; though it was a great forest, covered with trees and frequented by wild beasts, or by herds of swine near the habitations of men, at the date of the Norman Conquest.

The Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the alleged irregularities in connection with the Metropolitan Board of Works have adjourned *sine die*, having taken all the evidence which was deemed material.

The City and Guilds of London Institute for the advancement of technical education has held its summer examinations, and has published its report of the results. These, on the whole, must be pronounced highly satisfactory.

Nine steamers arrived at Liverpool in the week ending Aug. 11 with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports, the total arrivals being 2137 cattle, 1647 sheep, and 6082 quarters of beef.

The Class-list of the higher local examinations, recently held at various centres by the University of Cambridge, was published on Aug. 14. There were 973 candidates, and the success or failure of each is shown by supplementary tables.

The names of the following students of the London School of Medicine for Women appeared in the pass list of the Intermediate Examination in Medicine of the University of London:—Miss Berthon, 1st Division; Miss Dove, 2nd Division; Miss Tribe, 2nd Division; Miss Staley and Miss Pace, excluding physiology. In the Honours List.—Anatomy: Miss Longbottom, 1st Class; Miss Sturge, 2nd Class; Miss Benson, 3rd Class. Physiology and Histology: Miss Benson, 2nd Class; Miss M'Laren, Miss Madgshon, and Miss Williams, 3rd Class. Materia Medica and Pharmaceutical Chemistry: Miss Benson, 1st Class; Miss Farrer, 2nd Class; Miss M'Laren, 3rd Class.

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Monday, Aug. 20	11 50 a.m.	11 55 a.m.	11 45 p.m.
Tuesday, „ 21	7 5 „	7 10 „	6 55 a.m.
Wednesday, „ 22	7 20 „	7 25 „	7 15 „
Thursday, „ 23	7 20 „	7 25 „	6 35 „
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Tickets may be taken at the Victoria Station, or at the General Enquiry and Booking Offices, 28, Regent-street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square, on and from the preceding Monday.
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For Full Particulars see Bills.
London, July, 1888. WM. BIRT, General Manager.

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NAUTICAL TRAINING COLLEGE.—The THAMES NAUTICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, H.M.S. WORCESTER, moored off Greenhithe, Kent, is managed by a Committee of London shipowners, Merchants, and Captains. Chairman—Captain C. E. MORRIS, 4, Mincing-lane, E.C. Youths from eleven to fifteen-and-a-half years of age, intended for sea, are received on board and specially educated for a seafaring life.
The annual terms in the Upper School for Cadets from thirteen to fifteen-and-a-half, are 30 guineas, and in the Lower School, for Cadets from eleven to thirteen, 25 guineas, with a charge to each of 10 guineas for uniforms, medical attendance, washing, &c. The Board of Trade allow that two years passed on board ships ship shall count as one year's service. The Admiralty annually offer Cadetships in the Royal Naval Reserve.
The College will RE-OPEN MONDAY, Sept. 10, 1888, after Midsummer Vacation. Forms and Prospectuses may be obtained on application to
W. M. BELLIVANT, Hon. Secretary, 72, Mark-lane, London.

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BY THE WATERS OF THE WEST.

Her Majesty's approaching visit to Blythswood House adds another link to the long chain of Royal memories woven about Strathclyde. Though little be remembered now of the fact, the cradle of the Stuart race was by the side of those western waters; and the Queen, under the roof of Sir Archibald Campbell, rests within a mile of the early seat of her ancestors. For on the slight rising-ground called the Castle Hill, between Renfrew and the Clyde, stood the ancient home of the High Stewards of Scotland.

Many a Royal visitor, since the days of the iron-crowned Vikings, has sailed upon those swelling reaches of river and firth, and scarcely a province in the land is richer in historic memories than the fair valley of Strathclyde. The Royal Lady of to-day, who is borne in her floating palace between these green river shores and out among the tidal narrows of the islanded Firth below, is but returning to the old pleasure-waters of long-illustrious Kings. Here, in the last days of the hero, nigh six hundred years ago, drifted the bannered galleys of The Bruce. On the north bank of Clyde, at what is now the farm of Castle Hill, below the fortress rock of Dumbarton, stood the residence to which King Robert, his patriot task accomplished, retired to spend the evening of his life. Much gay pipe-music then, songs and pleasant laughter, drifted about silver reaches as they were visited by the parties from the Court. The King himself may be imagined, grey-bearded and somewhat worn with sickness, but fiery-eyed yet and huge-framed as when he slew De Bohun; sitting with some old friend like The Douglas in his galley's stern, as, with trailing draperies and rhythmic plash of oars, it sped by silver-sanded bay and bosky islet, and disappeared. The roar of battle, too, alas! and the ring of steel, have more than once been the music brought to these shores by their Royal visitors. Further out along the shores of the Firth, above the shallows of Fairlie it was, that Alexander III., the last of Scotland's Celtic Kings, closed in conflict with the invading hosts of Norway. Dark must have been the foreboding of many a heart for Scotland, as the mists rose on that far-off October morning, and revealed the countless soldiery landing from Haco's fleet there on the beach below. And fierce must have been the conflict when the Scottish host, led by their King, rushed along those hill slopes into battle. Marks of that carnage remain to this day, not, as at Hastings, in the rise of a conquering aristocracy, but, more grimly, in the cairn-tombs of the dead invader.

Other Royal memories, earlier as well as later than these, linger in the valley of the Clyde. Dumbarton, the Celtic Balclutha, old even in Ossian's time, was the capital of the British kingdom of Strathclyde. Between these ownerships was heard there the tramp of the Roman legions, who made it their naval station of Theodosia; and more than once since then has the fate of a kingly house hung upon possession of that fortress-rock. About Rothesay Castle, too, survives many a tale of the Scottish Kings. There Robert III. died of grief upon hearing that his son James, afterwards first of that name, had been taken at sea by the English. And there a curious thing once happened to one of his descendants. On a summer day in 1536, James V. set sail for France to marry a daughter of the Duke of Vendôme. But the nobles who were with him, caring little for the match, took the slight liberty of altering the ship's course during the night; and the surprise and wrath of the King may be imagined when next morning he found himself quietly anchored in Rothesay Bay. The closeness of the Stuart connection with Strathclyde in bygone times even appears in some of the most ancient of the Royal titles. As heir to the Scottish throne, the Prince of Wales remains to this day Duke of Rothesay and Baron of Renfrew.

The aspect of river and firth, however, has mightily changed since Rothesay was a Royal residence, and Stuart Queens were buried in Paisley Abbey. Instead of the wildfowl which the young Wallace once doubtless shot by the river's edge below Elderslie, there come now up the estuary Atlantic liners of six thousand tons; and where the pipe-music of The Bruce's galleys once floated gaily out upon the water, is to be heard to-day the myriad clinking hammers of the rivetters building new iron steamships in Dumbarton yards. But most signal, perhaps, of the changes that have taken place is the object of the Royal visitor of to-day. The Kings of bygone times came here to make war or to rest from it; their descendant at the present hour comes altogether in the interest of the arts of peace.

And it seems altogether appropriate that, when perhaps the most important part of the Industrial Exhibition to be patronised concerns the problem of women's work, the Royal patron should be of the gentler sex.

There can be little doubt that at the present moment one of the chief social problems regards the employment of women. It is a sad fact, but none the less true, that marriage is every year becoming impossible to a larger number of girls. There are already in the United Kingdom several hundred thousand more women than men. Every year, besides, owing to the growing competition and difficulty of making a livelihood, the number of young men unable to marry is steadily increasing. Every year, therefore, it is becoming necessary for a larger number of women to trust to their own efforts for provision in life. The fear only is that they may choose unwisely in selecting fields for their energies. In most of the callings, such as clerkship, in which they compete with male labour, women, by decreasing the employment of men, are lessening the chances of marriage open to their sex. Such a result is undesirable for political reasons as well as morally, and it is to prevent such misdirection of energy that attention may most profitably be turned. This end may be largely served by the Women's Industry Section of the Glasgow International Exhibition about to be visited by her Majesty. There suggestions are to be had of employments which, remaining distinctly feminine and in no way interfering with male labour, avoid the undesired results pointed out above. There are several employments, it is true, such as that of drapers' assistants, at present filled by men, which seem better fitted for women; but even here the substitution is causing some hardship. Besides such occupations, however, and others, like the teaching of infants'-schools, peculiarly within woman's province, there are many, both of the decorative and useful arts, in which female labour may quite safely find a sphere. These arts the Glasgow Exhibition should largely help to make known; and the present Royal visit, happily, is likely to draw increased attention to them.

Her Majesty's sojourn, now, by the Clyde, must recall many memories of her former visit to it, in 1847, accompanied by the late Prince Consort; and it will not be forgotten that many changes, great and various—some of them, alas! full of sadness—have occurred since then. G. E.-T.

Another addition has been made to the strength of the Navy by the launch, from Chatham Dockyard, of the war-cruiser Medusa, a sister ship to the Medea, recently completed at Chatham. She is intended to be employed as a swift cruiser, steaming at twenty knots an hour.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of the Hon. Alwyne Greville, second son of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, with Miss Mabel Elizabeth Georgina Smith, only daughter of the late Mr. Ernald Smith, of Selsdon Park, Croydon, was celebrated on Aug. 8, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The officiating clergy were the Bishop of Rochester, assisted by the Rev. B. Bayly, Curate of St. Paul's. The bride entered the church with her uncle, Colonel Murray, of Polmaise Castle, and was subsequently given away by her mother. The bridal dress was white satin striped brocade train and bodice, with white embroidered crêpe de Chine in front, and festooned at the side with white satin ribbon and orange-blossom. She wore a tiara of diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom; and necklace of pearls, the gift of her mother. The six bridesmaids—Lady Eva Greville, sister of the bridegroom, Miss Hilda Smith, Miss Charteris, Miss Hall, Miss Seymour, and Miss Heseltine—were dressed in white crêpe de Chine, in Empire style, with broad yellow moiré sashes. They also wore yellow poppy bonnets, and carried large bouquets of clove carnations. Their ornaments were a "sprag of May" brooch in diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridegroom's brother, the Hon. Sidney Greville, was best man. Among the presents were a handsome pair of silver candelabra from the Prince and Princess of Wales. Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales also sent presents. The bride's going-away dress was grey cashmere with white moiré petticoat, and lily-of-the-valley bonnet.

The marriage of Mr. Edmund R. Turton, son of Captain and Lady Cecilia Turton, of Upsall Castle, Yorkshire, with Miss Clementina Ponsonby, daughter of the Hon. Sir S. and Lady Ponsonby Fane, took place on Aug. 9 at Brympton Church, near Yeovil, Somersetshire, in the presence of a large number of relations and friends. The bridegroom was attended by his brother (Mr. R. B. Turton) as best man; and the bridesmaids were Miss and Miss Cecilia Turton (sisters of the bridegroom), and Misses V. Ponsonby, M. Phelips, and C. Phelips (nieces of the bride). The bride was given away by her father, the Hon. Sir S. Ponsonby Fane.

The marriage of Mr. Whistler and Mrs. Godwin took place on Aug. 11 at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington. Mr. Labouchere, M.P., gave the bride away.

Mr. Charles Mathews, of the Western Circuit, was married on Aug. 11 at St. Peter's Church, Onslow-gardens, to Miss Sloper, the eldest daughter of the late well-known musician, Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

Mr. W. H. Clay and Mr. W. E. Mirehouse have been appointed revising barristers on the Oxford circuit in the place of Mr. Bros and Mr. Plowden, who have been appointed police Magistrates.

In their final report, the Commissioners on the Elementary Education Acts state that, while they desire to secure for the children in the public elementary schools the most thorough instruction in secular subjects, they are unanimously of opinion that their religious and moral training is of still higher importance.

A Parliamentary paper contains a Treasury minute adopting and carrying out several of the recommendations of the Committee on Perpetual Pensions. These are—1. That pensions, allowances, and payments ought not in future to be granted in perpetuity; 2. That offices with salaries and without duties, or with merely nominal duties, ought to be abolished; 3. That all existing Perpetual Pensions, allowances, and payments should be determined and abolished.

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Solid Silver Bayonet Top Hunting Flask, in case complete, price £2 5s. 6d.





Solid Silver Two-Handle Challenge Cup, beautifully fluted, complete, with plinth, £12, £15, £20, £25, £30.



Solid Silver Cabinet Photograph Frame, price £3 15s.



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Solid Silver Tea and Coffee Service, four pieces, £23 15s.; Jug, 155s.
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Although the prices in this Department are lower than charged by Stores and Furnishing Ironmongers, the quality is immeasurably superior.

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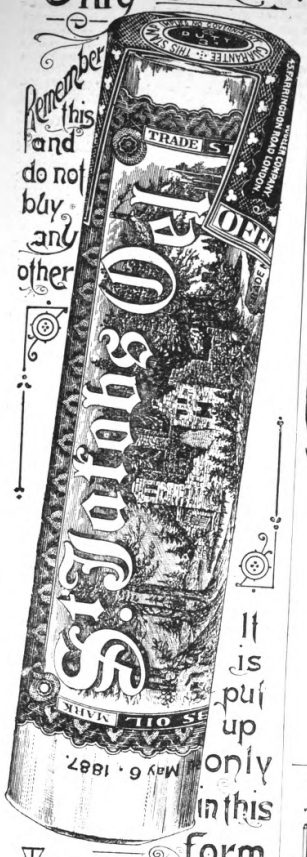
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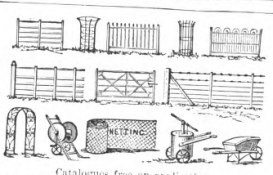
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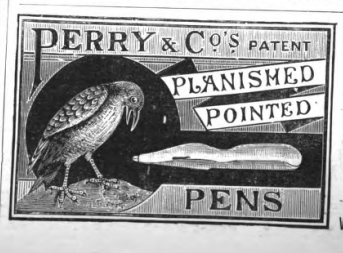
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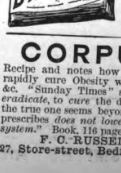
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THE ROYAL ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The annual congress of the Royal Archæological Institute was opened in the Townhall, Leamington, on Aug. 7, under the presidency of Lord Leigh, Lord Lieutenant of the county. At noon the members of the institute and of the Warwickshire Archæological and Natural History Society were publicly welcomed and received by the Mayor of Leamington, Earl Percy having vacated the presidential chair in favour of his temporary successor.

Lord Leigh gave his presidential address in which he welcomed the institute on their second visit to that county; their former visit having been made nearly a quarter of a century ago under Lord Talbot's presidency. He gave a brief outline of the objects of interest which they were about to inspect, and warned them that Warwickshire men would not regard with greater favour the man who attempted to remove their belief in Shakspeare than those who would remove his bones. At one o'clock there was an adjournment for luncheon; and soon after two o'clock the members went by train to Stratford-on-Avon, to inspect the scenes of Shakspeare's infancy, education, and after-life, visiting his birthplace in Henley-street, the grammar-school which he attended as a boy, the Guild Chapel in Chapel-street, the garden and site of New Place, where he lived after his retirement, the Memorial Theatre and market fountain, lately erected in his honour, and the parish church, which contains his ashes and his tomb. The return journey to Leamington was made in ample time for dinner, and for the opening of the antiquarian section, in the great room at the Townhall, by the Rev. J. Hirst, in the evening.

The 8th was a busy day, and the party paid visits to Broughton Castle, Lord Saye and Sele's fine place on the borders of Oxfordshire, and to Compton Wynyates, the once moated home of the Comptons, Lords Northampton. At four o'clock the bugle sounded for retreat, and the party drove back to Banbury, taking on their way the beautiful church of Adderbury, renowned for its fine Decorated windows, Perpendicular chancel, and graceful tower and spire. Here they were entertained at tea by Dr. Thorne on the lawn of his hospitable house. The chief features of the church having been hastily explained by Canon Venables, of Lincoln, the party returned by train to Leamington in time for the evening meetings of the several sections.

The members visited Beauchamp Chapel, Leycester Hospital, and the castle at Warwick on the 9th. At Warwick Museum, a vase which had been dug up during the construction of the Suez Canal was opened by Mr. Hirst, president of the archæological section, and found to contain a number of human bones, evidently those of a child. The vase is of exquisite workmanship, and in excellent preservation, and was pronounced to be Etruscan and of great antiquity. The members were entertained at the castle by Lord Warwick, and in the evening they attended a conversazione given by the Mayor of Leamington at the Townhall.

The archæologists made an early start on the 10th, as they had a long and busy day before them, and their journey was to be made entirely by road. Their first halt was at Baginton church, where Mr. W. G. Fretton acted as their guide and interpreter over the church and the site of the ancient castle. From Baginton the party, reinforced by a large local contingent, made their way on to Stoneleigh, where the ruins and remains of the ancient abbey were explained and commented upon by Mr. Fretton. They then inspected the modern mansion of Lord Leigh, and the pictures and other treasures belonging to the family. They also were shown the interior of Stoneleigh church, with its fine Norman doorway, chancel arch, and curious font, and other decorations and monuments, including that to the Duchess of Dudley, who was a daughter of the noble House of Leigh. At two o'clock they sat down to luncheon in the abbey cloister, and on leaving passed a vote of thanks to their noble president. Their next halt was at Kenilworth, where Mr. Hartshorne acted as their guide and interpreter, showing them the ground-plan of the castle as it was in the days of Elizabeth, almost surrounded by the lake, now dry. Leaving Kenilworth, they went on to Guy's Cliff, where they took tea with Miss Bertie Percy, and were conducted through the little chapel and hermitage by Mr. Hartshorne.

On Saturday, the 11th, the proceedings of the members were directed to the ancient city of Coventry, so rich in mediæval buildings and events. They travelled thither, a hundred strong, by railway soon after breakfast, and were received on their arrival by Mr. Fretton, who acted as their guide and interpreter as they visited the ancient structures to which he had already introduced them in a paper which he read in the historical section on Friday evening. Among the places specially visited were St. Mary's Hall, St. Michael's and Trinity Churches, the Benedictine Priory, and the site of the ancient Cathedral Church of Coventry and the Hospitium adjoining. They next inspected the remains of the ancient walls and gates of the city. St. John's Hospital, so long used as a free grammar school, the Collegiate Church of St. John, and the Bablake Hospital. The party then proceeded to lunch at the Craven Arms Hotel, after which they were led by Mr. Fretton over the Palace Yard, the buildings of the White Friars or Carmelites (now used as the Coventry Union), St. Anne's (formerly the Carthusian Monastery), the Park Walls, the Manor House of Cheylesmore, the Grey Friars (now Christ Church), and Ford's Hospital. The return journey was made in time for the party to dine and afterwards to hear the papers read in the antiquarian and architectural sections.

The members of the institute attended Divine service at the parish church of Leamington on Sunday, the 12th, when the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Cox.

Monday, the 13th, was a busy day. The members visited Baddesley Clinton, one of the finest of the old Warwickshire mansions, where the Rev. Mr. Norris acted as their guide. They afterwards proceeded to Knowle, where they inspected the church, a fine structure of the type so common in Norfolk. They reached Solihull soon after noon and lunched, after which they were shown the church and the curious chantry chapel of St. Alphage. They next visited Meriden and Berkeswell churches, which were described to them by Mr. W. G. Fretton, who drew special attention to the Norman crypt and parvis at the latter place, and the well which gives its name to the parish. They quitted Berkeswell by train for Leamington in time for the concluding evening meeting at the Townhall, where votes of thanks were passed to Lord Leigh, Lord Percy, the Mayors of the towns which the members had visited, and those persons who had either hospitably received them or had read papers.

Tuesday and Wednesday were two extra days, devoted to an exploration of the abbeys and churches of Leicester, and of the many fine parish churches of the county, ending by a visit to Ratcliffe College and its library.

The Queen has consented to be the patron of the British Archæological Association's Congress at Glasgow, which will commence on Aug. 27. The Prince of Wales has also consented to be patron in his capacity as Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, and Baron Renfrew.

The forty-third annual meetings of the Cambrian Archæological Association were opened on Aug. 13 at Cowbridge, and continued for six days. There was a large gathering of members from all parts of the Principality and many parts of England. The presidential address was delivered before a large audience in the Townhall by the Bishop of Llandaff, the president-elect.

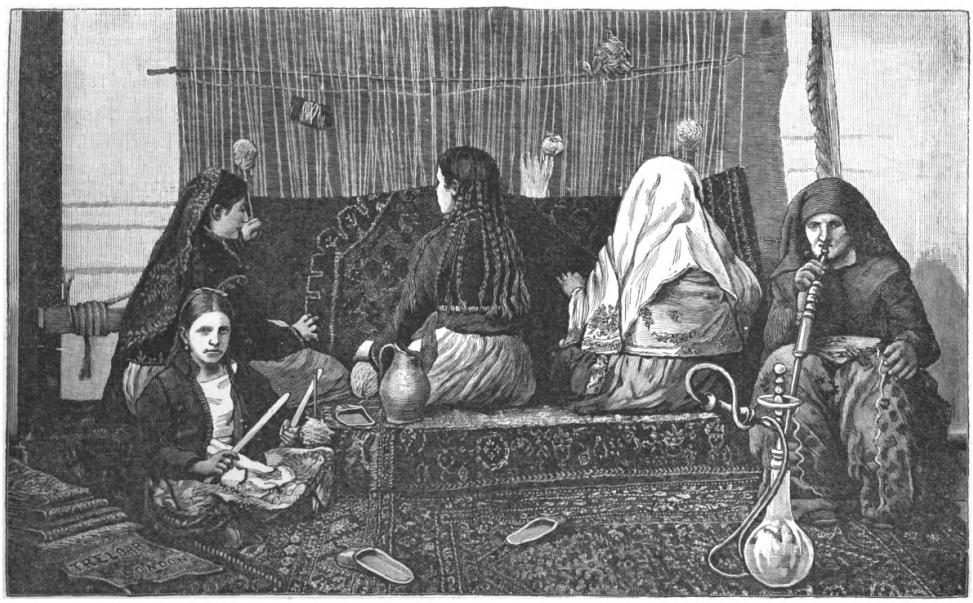
The August nights have presented beautiful sights to those who look skywards, with the flashing of meteors across the sky. The earth began to pass through the meteoric stream on Aug. 7, and these jewels of the darkness continued until the 13th. The next dates for meteors are Sept. 1 and 6. The same dates in November are set down for these beautiful visitants, and from the 11th to the 15th, and again on the 19th and 27th.

The forty-ninth annual general meeting of the Royal Botanic Society was held on Aug. 10. Mr. J. P. Gassiot (Vice-President) being in the chair. The council and auditors' reports showed the society to be in a fairly satisfactory state, though the recent cold wet season had proved very unfortunate for some of the floral exhibitions. In the ordinary scientific work of the society a general improvement was noticeable, the collections of plants and flowers having received numerous additions of great economic and general interest. The efforts of the society for the furtherance of technical education by the privileges it offers to students had also been highly appreciated.

An improved system of shoeing horses has been introduced by Mr. William South, of New Bond-street. The great fault in ordinary shoes is that they do not allow the feet to touch the ground in the natural manner. The "Rational" shoe, however, enables the frog and heel to be brought into natural healthy play, the hoof being put down flat on the sole. The shoe is made of specially prepared steel bars, and fits the front half of the hoof only. A groove is cut in the edge of the hoof to the shape of the shoe, but slightly less in depth, so that the plate fits in flush with the wall or crust, and almost flush with the sole. The horse is thus able to place the foot down flat, in the natural way, the front rim of the hoof being protected by the shoe against the friction of the road, and the whole of the natural pad or frog and the sole is brought into proper play. The footing thus secured is stated to be absolutely safe on the most slippery surface.

The great annual meeting of archers from all parts of the kingdom has been held in York. The champion honours were won by Mr. C. E. Nesham and Miss Legh. The leading score prizes fell to Mr. C. E. Nesham, 820, and Miss Legh, 732; second to Mr. H. H. Palairet, 781, and Mrs. W. Yates Foot, 665; third to Mr. E. C. Gedge, 759, and Mrs. Eyre Hussey, 643; fourth to Mr. E. N. Snow, 757, and Miss B. Bagnall Oakeley, 622; fifth to Mr. F. A. Govett, 714, and Miss B. M. Legh, 590; and sixth to Mr. F. L. Govett, 696, and Miss M. A. Winwood, 599. Mr. Nesham took the Spedding memorial cup for first gross score. The county challenge prizes were won by the Middlesex team (Messrs. Govett, Messrs. Longman, Mr. L. R. Erskine, and Colonel Lewin), 3636; and by the Gloucestershire team (Miss Legh, Miss Oakeley, the Rev. B. M. Legh, Mrs. Piers Legh, Miss Cholmondeley, and Miss Carnegy), 3252. The greatest number of golds were:—Mr. G. Knowles, 13, and Miss F. Bardswell, 15; and the best golds, Mr. F. R. Preston and Mrs. George Bird. Of the associated club prizes, the first gross scores were Mr. L. R. Erskine, 637, and Mrs. H. Clarke, 516; the second ditto, Major Fisher, 631, and Miss E. Palmer, 515; the most golds, Captain Garnett and Mr. Gregson (prize divided), 11; and Mrs. R. Berens, 14; best golds, Mr. C. H. Everett and Mrs. C. E. Nesham. Major Fisher has succeeded Sir R. Temple as president of the National Society.

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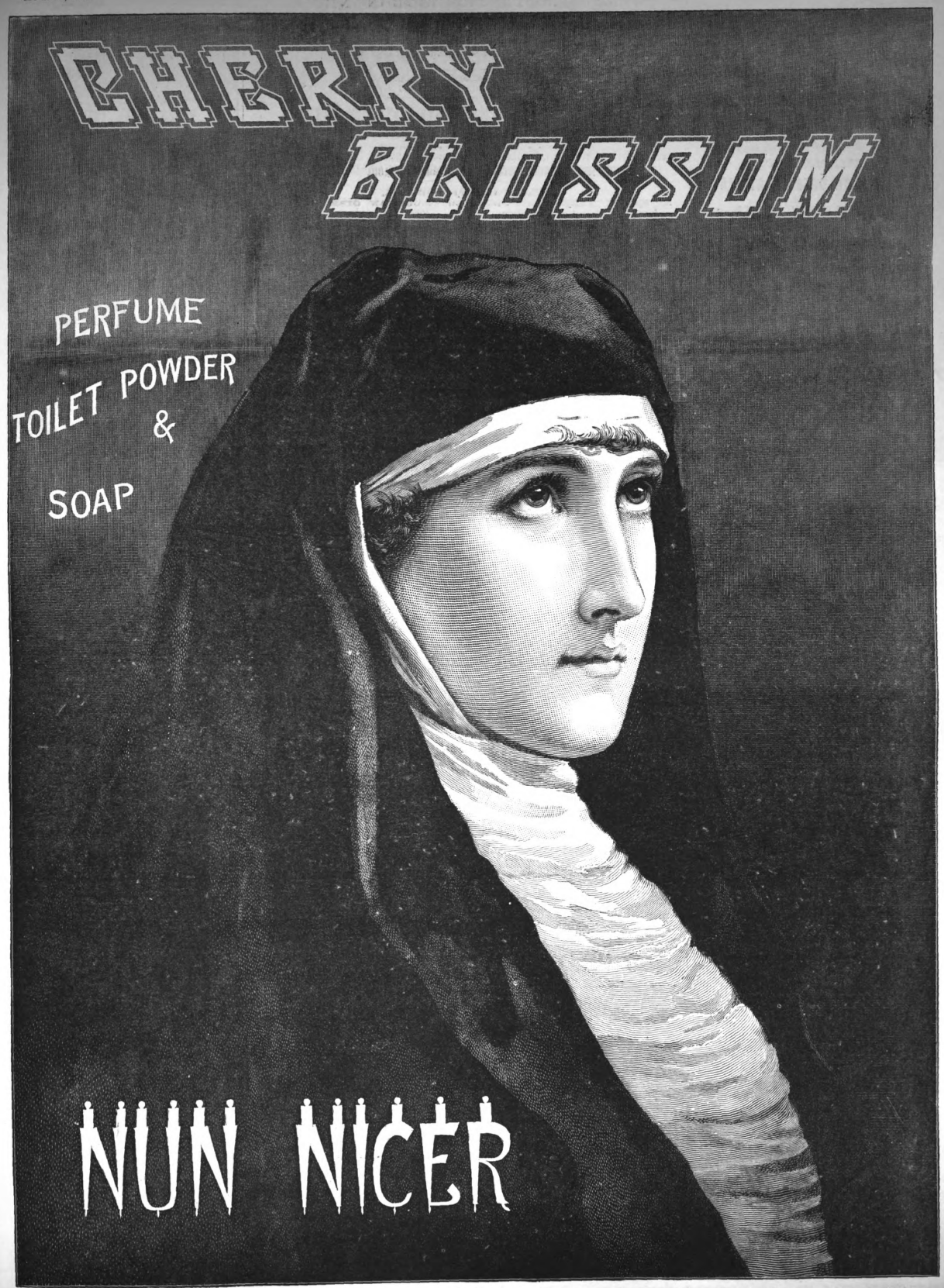


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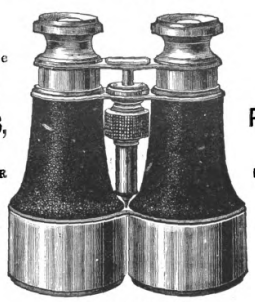
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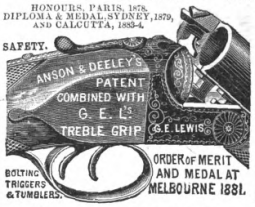
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THE INFANT KING OF SPAIN, ALFONSO XIII.

FROM A PICTURE BY PROFESSOR KOPPAY, NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE FRENCH GALLERY, PALL-MALL.

CUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The notion of modelling our public men in wax, fitting them with the Edison phonograph, and sending them round the country, so that, unlike Sir Boyle Roche, they can be in two places (or even twenty) at once, and address their adherents in "manifold," reflects the greatest credit on its originator. Shakspeare himself only imagined a limited number of Richmonds in the field; but this gentleman has discovered a method of multiplying them indefinitely, and deserves the thanks of a grateful country. It is much easier to hit upon an improvement than to originate an idea; and it is with great humility that I venture to suggest that these duplicated orators should be moulded in some other substance than wax. In the crowded assemblies which they would, without doubt, address, they would be apt to melt, and not only in moments of pathos. It would be a serious blow to the effect of an "indignation speech" to see the orator's ears drop or his nose drop off. He would also be much too subject to impressions—perhaps even from the other side. Hot weather, too, would have an injurious effect upon him, and a torchlight procession might be his ruin. No; it would be much better to cast him in metal, at once "more attractive" and more durable. An "iron frame" is often spoken of with approbation, and the material is just now exceptionally cheap. Where money was no object, his substance might be of white marble (typifying the gentleman's innocence and integrity) with just a vein of two (of sarcasm or something) to show he was human after all. It would also be not impossible for political opponents, if he happened to be one of our many turn-coats, to carry him about in brass, with a phonograph inside him speaking the speeches he used to speak when he belonged to their side.

When the sage of old exclaimed "Oh! that my enemy would write a book!" newspapers and serials had not been invented, or he would certainly have substituted for "a book" the words "in a popular periodical." The cabbage stalks and dead cats that greet the book-writer from the critics are mere mignonette and sweet-briar compared with the missiles that are thrown at the journalist when he is caught tripping—which has, alas, been my case. The arrows of my accusers darken the air; many of them are not at all of the barbed kind, but are winged with wit, and are shot from the bow of good nature; but the point of each of them goes home, because I am not fenced about (as I usually am) with the armour of innocence and accuracy. "Sir, 'A quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog,' *does* contain the letter h, as well as all the other letters of the alphabet, and some of them twice and even more." Oh, yes, I know it now; young men and maidens, old men and children—nay, almost babes and sucklings (for one of them writes: "I am only six, but I know better than *that*") have all written to tell me so. About a hundred of them cruelly write, "Be so good as to explain this in your next issue." When a similar demand was made of erring Dr. Johnson, he coolly answered, "Pure *ignorance*, Madam." My excuse is even less valid than his, for it is "Pure laziness." I, unhappily, took the word of another person for the fact without verifying it for myself. But the number of foxes of all colours that have jumped, not over the lazy dog, but *on* him, in consequence, is beyond belief. I positively dare not open a letter with the handwriting of which I am not familiar. The punishment seems out of all proportion to the offence; I try, however, to console myself with reflecting how many worse offences I have committed which have never been found out by anybody.

The Greek Judge who has been doing such wonderful walking in the hot season in his own country has come over here to astonish the natives with similar feats: unfortunately, he finds himself in the position—or, rather, in exactly the reverse of it—of the ship Captain who arrived on the Gold Coast with a cargo of fire rugs. There is no opportunity for the appreciation of his gift. He has come to a country without a summer, or with a summer without heat in it. He is no doubt an admirable administrator of justice, but he is not a good judge of climate. What on earth is to be done with him! Persons who have been accustomed to much sunshine, and find fog instead, are apt to get out of temper. Years ago, a Vice-Chancellor of Oxford had to entertain a distinguished Parsee, and complained that he was very rude. "I observed to him," he narrated ("by way of saying something, you know"), "we have not seen the sun, Sir Jamsetjee, for three days"; whereupon he replied (looking uncommonly black, I assure you), "What's that to *you*?" To me it is really of some consequence, because the Sun is my Deity."

The papers, I see, are full of notices of the late popular American novelist whom Matthew Arnold rather curtly described as "a native author called Roe." I have read none of this gentleman's works myself and make no pretence to judge of their merits, but there is certainly something wrong in the estimate formed of their "unrivalled circulation." An American paper tells us it is computed that "a million and a half of people" have read one or more of his novels. This is nothing surprising, and happens to many English novelists. The popular novel is now generally published by syndicate; in the case of a favourite writer, perhaps, by ten provincial papers at the same time; they are penny papers, and the best of them, which give the best prices, and therefore command the best authors, have very large circulations, say 30,000. The same novel is simultaneously published in one or more American serials, and in Australian and other colonial journals. This gives a total issue of above 400,000, or, to keep clear of exaggeration, let us say 300,000. Now, it is calculated, and I think with justice, that, taking into consideration the clubs, the mechanics' institutes, and the family, that every periodical has six readers to each buyer. This gives the popular English novel no less than 1,800,000 readers, *in serial*. Then comes the book itself, from its (nominal) 31s. 6d. edition down to its two shilling, or even shilling form; its authorised and pirated American editions; its translation into certainly two or three languages; and its Tauchnitz edition. Well may the Bishop of Ripon talk of the "responsibility" of the British novelist, if it is to be measured by the extent of his public.

It is no wonder in these days of worry and overwork that panaceas for obtaining sleep should receive a little more attention perhaps than they deserve. The last one, which is, however, only a revival, is the keeping the head due north, or south. "Everyone knows," writes an eminent physician, "that the human system has magnetic poles—one positive and one negative. Some persons, however, have the negative pole in the feet and the positive in the head, and vice versâ." (I have known persons with very positive polls, but was not aware of this alternate method of carrying them.) "The person sleeping should be in perfect harmony with the magnetic phenomena of the earth." By all means; when I lay me down to rest, I wish to be at peace with everything and everybody; but I may have annoyed the magnetic phenomena without knowing it. "The positive pole should always lie opposite to the magnetic centre of the continent, and thus maintain a magnetic equilibrium." Very good; only I have not the slightest idea how to discover this position. That "everybody knows" is one of the "airs and graces" that puts one out of patience with Science. She knows she is lying when she writes it; but just as the man who has been cramming up something classical or mathematical for a fortnight brings in his "fourth-form boy" to enhance his information, so she delights to indulge in this contemptible swagger. Why can't she say what she means in a plain way when she addresses plain people? This affectation of wisdom—in persons not particularly intelligent out of their own line—is the vulgarest kind of cant. What is the use of a savant telling a poor fellow who wants to go to sleep that he "must become magnetically *en rapport* with the earth"? He wants to know whether he ought to move his bed into the window or the fireplace, and not to get the vertigo from long words. There is one piece of plain advice, by-the-by, to those who are in seaside lodgings, and suffer (as many do) from sleeplessness in consequence of the morning "glare," that is more worth their attention than both the poles: let them buy a few yards of green union, and pin them round their windows at night.

It is curious that among the many correspondents who are hastening to give their opinions, and even their experience, as to the failure or success of marriage, no one seems to have referred to that most fertile cause of women's unhappiness in matrimony—their confidence in themselves to reclaim a rake. Almost every girl who falls in love with a vagabond imagines that in her hands he can be moulded into something good. Of course, she does not know how "advanced" his case may be; for though her friends are willing enough to inform her upon this point, she refuses to believe them; but however "broken" he may be, in a moral sense, she thinks she has the cement to mend him. He has never known (poor fellow), she says to herself, what it is to be really loved (which is possibly true); but if he could find a wife who was devoted to him he would turn out to be another man. The same woman will smile to hear the Salvationist bawl out at the street-corner, "I had once a 'orrible temper, but now I have a beautiful one: Alleluyah!" yet his case is precisely that of her proposed husband's, save for the very serious difference that his conversion has not yet been effected. How *can* she know anything about reclaiming a man from weaknesses (to put it mildly) of the very nature of which she is ignorant! A well-known philanthropist, touched by the simplicity of her sex in this matter, has eloquently argued—and written an excellent novel ("Janet Doncaster"), in illustration of the case—that a girl who marries a confirmed drunkard, not knowing him to be such, has the right to be divorced from him. But even the knowledge of that fact would not deter some young women. They loathe the sin, but do not understand its power, and enormously overrate their own. Of course, they are headstrong—in the eyes of their belongings they are "obstinate as a mule"—but they are, nevertheless, often admirable examples of their sex, and calculated to make the best of wives, as, indeed, they do even to the scoundrel they have fixed their hearts on. These missionaries of matrimony—who would fain convert the heathen—have the most miserable lot that can fall to wedded woman. It is they, above all, who, if they answered truly (and things are so bad with them that they will sometimes even do so), would reply "Yes" to the question, "Is marriage a failure?" If I were a mother, the strongest word of advice I should give to my daughter about matters matrimonial would be, "No proselytising; no missionary enterprise: no conversion. Pray for him, my dear, as much as you like, but don't marry him."

The "Champion Frog-Relisher" of Basel—who seems really to stand at the head of his profession—has been making a great sensation by swallowing three dozen live frogs at a sitting for a bet of 5*f.* (about 1½*d.* a frog) and a bottle of brandy. It sounds cheap, and especially since he had to consume the brandy afterwards for medicinal purposes; for the frogs disagreed with him (or perhaps with one another), and he passed the rest of the day at the chemist's. But, after all, the British schoolboy has often done as much—though not so many—without producing any sensation at all, even in his interior. I well remember a young gentleman who, for a wager of 6*d.* sterling, was always ready to perform this feat—much more ready than the frog was to be swallowed. The spectacle was generally much appreciated; but some boys would say, "What a beast you are, Jones!" Then he would innocently reply, "Why? The French eat frogs." "Yes, Sir; but not live frogs." "What have you got to say about oysters?" was his triumphant rejoinder. Nobody, of course, should ever argue with a boy; but least of all with a logical boy, full of frogs, and "flown" with sixpences.

What makes a seaside holiday hideous to quiet people is the peripatetic music. The bands, the organs, the negro melodists, destroy half the benefits which the rest-seeking visitors hope to find. I am quite aware that the taste of the general public is for "the tongs and the bones;" but there is surely a sufficiently large minority to make it worth the while of some marine corporation to consult their wishes. To call a place a "health resort" which is infested by brass bands and hurdy-gurdies is a mockery. Instead of "the town band plays three times a day," suppose at least one watering-place should advertise "Freedom from street music; no brass band permitted within the boundaries of the town." Philanthropy in a Town Council one doesn't expect, but I feel sure this would *pay*.

THE INFANT KING OF SPAIN.

The picture represented in our Engraving is now on view at the French Gallery in Pall-mall. It was painted for the Queen Regent of Spain by Professor Koppay, an artist scarcely yet known to the English world. On the Continent he enjoys, according to the *Kölnische Zeitung*, a reputation as one of the first portrait painters in Germany. He is only thirty-one years of age, but has already painted the portraits of many of the Royal personages of Europe, and members of the aristocratic families of Berlin. He is a Hungarian by birth, and was a pupil of the celebrated portrait painter Hans Canon, and of Hans Makart, at Vienna. This year he received a distinction at the Paris Salon. His picture "Die Reise in's Leben," representing a stork with a child, is well known on the Continent from innumerable published photographs. Among the portraits he has painted during the last five years are those of the Emperor of Germany, the Queen of Spain, the late King of Bavaria (lying in State), the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, Prince Bismarck, the Princes of Hohenzollern, Anhalt, and Thurn und Taxis, &c. Not long ago he was commissioned by the Queen of Spain to paint the infant King, a child two years and a half old. The young King is mounted upon a rocking-horse, the skin of which, as we understand, was once that of a live pony, and has been stuffed and mounted in splendid style. King Alfonso sits like a "Caballero," quite at his ease on the gallant steed, on which he daily takes exercise in the Royal nursery. The eyes of his Majesty are dark and bright, and his features those of a lively and intelligent child. Our Engraving is from a photograph by Mr. Lombardi, from the original painting.

THE COURT.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Marquis of Lorne dined with her Majesty on Aug. 16. The Right Hon. Henry Matthews, M.P., arrived at Osborne, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Colonel Wernher had also the honour of being invited. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, dined with the Empress Eugénie at Osborne Cottage. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne visited the Queen on the 17th and took leave. Her Majesty's dinner-party included the Empress Eugénie, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, Lady Southampton, the Prince de Poix, Mrs. Vaughan (in attendance upon the Empress Eugénie), Baron Von Grancy, and Sir Fleetwood Edwards, K.C.B. Commander Osborne, commanding the coastguard at Cowes, dined at Osborne, and had the honour of being received by her Majesty in the evening. Prince Henry of Battenberg went on board her Majesty's yacht Victoria and Albert. Prince Adolphus of Teck visited her Majesty on the 18th, and remained to luncheon, after which he took leave, on his departure for India to join the 17th (Duke of Cambridge's Own) Lancers. General Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby, and Mr. and Mrs. Standish had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Captain Mockler Ferryman and Lieutenant Fairtlough, of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry detachment at East Cowes, dined at Osborne, and had the honour of being received by the Queen in the evening. On Sunday morning, the 19th, her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne. The Rev. Arthur Peile, M.A., Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty, officiated. The Empress Eugénie visited the Queen on the 20th and remained to luncheon. The Queen left the Isle of Wight on the 21st for Glasgow and Balmoral. In crossing the Solent her Majesty inspected the ships which had just returned from the manœuvres. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the rest of the Royal family at Osborne, Prince Henry of Battenberg having previously gone by sea. The children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg left Osborne for Balmoral, where they arrived in advance of the Queen.

The Prince of Wales arrived on Aug. 15 at Frankfort-on-Main, and proceeded thence by road to Homburg, where he arrived in the evening of the same day. On the 16th the Prince went to Wiesbaden on a visit to the King of Denmark, subsequently returning to Homburg; and on the 20th his Royal Highness left Frankfort-on-Main on his return to Homburg. The Princess of Wales, accompanied by her daughters, arrived at Wiesbaden on the 15th, and was received at the railway-station by the King of Denmark and his brother, Prince John. On the evening of the 19th the Princess, accompanied by her daughters, left, viâ Frankfort-on-Main, for Gmunden. The King of Denmark accompanied their Royal Highnesses as far as Frankfort, where they dined with the Prince of Wales, who had come from Homburg to meet them.

The King of the Belgians, who has been travelling in the Scottish Highlands, visited places of interest in Inverness on Aug. 17. His Majesty left Inverness for Oban on the 18th, travelling viâ the Royal route through the Caledonian Canal in the saloon-steamer Glengarry. On arrival at Banavie, in full view of Ben Nevis, his Majesty proceeded on board Mr. Mackinnon of Ballimakill's steam-yacht Cornelia, which steamed away down Loch Linnhe. The vessel touched at Ballachulish, and the Royal party landed, and drove for a considerable distance up Glencoe to the scene of the massacre. Returning on board, Oban was reached about 10.30 p.m. On Sunday morning, the 19th, the King landed, and proceeded on foot to the Catholic pro-Cathedral, where mass was performed by the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, assisted by the Rev. Angus M'Donald. His Majesty also attended the mid-day service. The King arrived in Glasgow on the 20th, from Oban, and visited the Exhibition.

The police have recovered the whole of the £10,800 in bonds stolen in October from a youth in the employment of Messrs. Wilson and Sons, stock and share dealers, in Cornhill, and captured one Casey who has confessed to the theft.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Imperialists of France celebrated their annual fête on Aug. 15 by banquets in the capital and the Departments.—The Ministry of Agriculture has decreed that a grand universal breeding exhibition of cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry shall be held in Paris in 1889. It will be opened on May 11, and remain open until May 20. It is open to animals of all countries, for which there are special and liberal prizes offered, together with medals.—The August Session of the Councils-General in all the Departments of France was opened on Aug. 20, and almost all the former officers were re-elected.—General Boulanger has been returned in each of the three Departments in which he was a candidate—namely, the Nord, the Somme, and the Charente Inférieure. The total of the votes given for him was 263,512, and for his opponents, 181,186. In the Nord, however, his majority was 97,000 last April, and at the last election only 20,000.—The navvies' strike, after lasting twenty-five days, is at an end, for the strike fund is exhausted and the leaders have seen their men gradually abandoning them.

The Emperor Wilhelm was present on Aug. 16 at the unveiling of a memorial to the late Prince Frederick Charles, and at a luncheon after the ceremony made a speech, in the course of which he declared that Germany would never relinquish a stone of the territory gained by her in the Franco-German War. The Empress Frederick arrived at Gotha on Aug. 14, and proceeded immediately to Castle Tenneberg, near Waltershausen, on a visit to Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg, who returned with her Majesty to Gotha. Somewhat extensive manœuvres of troops between Potsdam and Spandau began on the 21st under the personal direction of the Emperor.—The Empress dined at the Ducal Palace in the evening, and next morning returned to Potsdam. Her Majesty recently paid a visit to Count Münster, the former popular Ambassador of Germany at the Court of St. James's, at his country seat of Derneburg, in Hanover.—The unveiling of the memorial of the victories of 1870-71 took place at Leipsic on the 18th, in the presence of the King and Queen of Saxony, Prince George, Princess Matilda, and Prince Friedrich August, assisted by Count Von Moltke.—The third International Congress on Inland Navigation was opened at Frankfort-on-Main, on the 20th. There were present seven hundred delegates, representative of all the Great European Powers.

The Austrian Emperor's birthday was on Saturday, Aug. 18, celebrated with enthusiasm throughout the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, as well as in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Both in Berlin and St. Petersburg the event was marked by celebrations at the respective Courts. In some places, however, the fêtes were postponed owing to heavy rain. The Empress and Archduchess Marie Valerie left Ischl on the 18th for Bayreuth. Next day her Majesty called on Madame Wagner, Richard Wagner's widow, at Bayreuth, and visited the tombs of Liszt and Jean Paul in the cemetery. Her Majesty went to Munich, and on the 26th was to repair to Tegernsee, where she would be joined by the Emperor, on a visit to the Empress's venerable parents on the occasion of their diamond wedding. The Duke and Duchess Maximilian of Bavaria were married in 1828.—The King and Queen of Portugal, with their son Prince Alfonso, arrived at Ischl on the 16th from Prague. They were the guests of the Imperial family until the end of the week. Their Majesties, with Prince Alfonso, arrived in Vienna on the 18th, and alighted at the Hofburg. They spent next morning in sightseeing, and in the afternoon received visits from the members of the Imperial family, and from Count Kalnoky. In the evening the Royal party went to the opera. Next day they dined with the Crown Prince Rudolph and the Crown Princess Stephanie at the palace at Laxenburg.—Several parts of Upper Austria and Hungary have been inundated, owing to storms and waterspouts, which have done much damage, and caused the loss of many lives.

The eleventh World's Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association was opened in Stockholm on Aug. 15. The delegates were entertained on the 20th at luncheon by the King and Queen of Sweden at Drottningholm Castle. The Crown Prince received the guests. The principal representatives and the secretaries were introduced. The Crown Prince said he wished God's blessing on their work.

The United States Senate have refused to ratify the Fisheries Treaty, the majority against it being three. The Democrats voted for it and the Republicans against it.

In the Capetown House of Assembly on Aug. 15 Sir Gordon Sprigg, the Premier, announced that in consequence of the rejection by the Legislative Council of the South African Customs Union Bill, the Governor had been advised to prorogue Parliament, and to summon a special Session in a week's time to reconsider the measure.—We hear from Durban that the Free State Volksraad have nominated Chief Justice Reitz as President of the Republic by a large majority, and, having voted a handsome provision for Lady Brand, an adjournment was carried until Jan. 10.

The Japanese Government have decided to expend ten millions sterling during the next five years in the purchase of ironclads. With this sum it is estimated that fifteen ironclads and thirty torpedo-boats can be obtained.

In reopening the Queensland Parliament the Governor in his speech recommended for consideration Ministerialist proposals for remedying the unsatisfactory state of the finances, for effecting a radical change in the building and management of railways, and for extirpating the rabbit pest, the success of the fence system being doubtful.

The Hon. T. Playford, Premier and Treasurer, made his financial statement in the South Australian House of Assembly on Aug. 16. He estimated the revenue for the coming year at £2,400,000, and the expenditure at £2,280,000, including £30,000 for the redemption of bonds. The Premier proposed no fresh taxation, but said that the conclusion of a loan of from £500,000 to £1,000,000 was contemplated for reproductive public works. The prospects of the season are good, owing to the fine rains which have fallen.

The celebrated copy of the Portland vase by Josiah Wedgwood, known as the "Purnell" vase, recently sold among the effects of the late Sir William Tite at Christie's, has been added to the collection of Wedgwood's ceramic art in the Castle Museum, at Nottingham.

Mr. Augustus Harris intends opening an exhibition of arms, pictures, and other relics, relating to the Armada and its contemporary history, in the Grand Saloon of Drury-Lane Theatre on Oct. 22 next. He has secured the services of a powerful committee, on which several of the descendants of the Elizabethan heroes have consented to serve, and Mr. W. H. K. Wright, whose exertions contributed so much to the success of the recent celebration at Plymouth, will again act as secretary. Mr. Harris will be grateful if any person who may be able and willing to assist him by the loan of objects for exhibition or otherwise will communicate either with him directly, with Mr. Pridham Whippell (secretary of the London Armada Tercentenary Celebration Committee), Goldsmith's-buildings, Temple; or with Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Drake-chambers, Guildhall, Plymouth.

MARRIAGE OF LADY BLOSSOM TSENG.

The youngest daughter of the Marquis Tseng, late Chinese Ambassador in London, was married at Pekin on May 6. Three months previously the betrothal took place. On such an occasion, it is customary for the family of the gentleman to send a goose and gander, emblems of conjugal fidelity, wine, marriage costumes, head-ornaments, the sceptre-like *Ju i* (or "As You Like It"), and a piece of jade signifying connubial happiness and longevity, with nuts, and other fruit, all which have their significance. The go-betweens bring these gifts, with two red cards, on which they inscribe the year, month, and day, and the time of birth of the fiancée. They return to the gentleman's family, taking back the cards, with the presents provided for the gentleman by the lady's family. These are about the same as in the other case, while hats, shoes, boots, and such useful articles, are included. The friends then come to congratulate both parties. The trousseau is according to the means of the girl's parents. In the present case, a hundred tables were covered with the presents to the bride, not including such heavy articles as furniture, beds, and cupboards, which are usually carried in the procession along the streets. A temporary canopy is put in the compound, usually covering in the courts, under which the feast is provided. The friends and guests make presents in goods or in money. On the marriage-day, the gentleman sends the sedan-chair, covered with red silk and broadcloth, with the retinue of bearers, accompanied by music. The bride takes her seat in the chair, and the entire company parade the streets, taking the longest possible route, to the home of the bridegroom's family. There are many curious and interesting ceremonies which would not be understood by Europeans. Everything is in pairs, with much display of lavishness.

We give a Portrait of Lady Blossom Tseng, from a photograph taken by Mr. Child, of Pekin, and kindly forwarded



LADY BLOSSOM TSENG IN HER BRIDAL DRESS.

with the above note by Dr. Dudgeon, private secretary to the Marquis Tseng. The wedding will long be remembered at Pekin. We wish Mr. and Lady Blossom Woo much happiness; her Ladyship has many friends in England.

The Queen has presented to General Viscount Wolseley, for his lifetime, the house and grounds of the Ranger of Greenwich Park.

At the general meeting of Guinness's Brewery Company on Aug. 20, Sir E. C. Guinness presiding, the report, which recommended a dividend of 8 per cent, making, with the interim dividend, 15 per cent for the year, was adopted.

Official notification has been given of the selection of Rear-Admiral St. George Caulfield D'Arcy-Irvine, C.B., for the post of second in command of the Channel Squadron, in the room of Rear-Admiral Charles John Rowley, whose term of service is about to expire.

The admissions to the Glasgow Exhibition on Aug. 18 were 56,751, making a total since the opening of 2,832,016. In fine weather, the first trial of evening illumination was made at dusk on Saturday. Fully 10,000 coloured lamps and Chinese lanterns were lighted in positions fronting the buildings, as well as amongst the trees and terraces of Kelvin-grove Park and the University slopes of Gilmore-hill.

The annual meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute commenced in Edinburgh on Aug. 21, when a large number of members attended. Mr. D. Adamson, president, and the members were welcomed by Lord Provost Clark, Principal Sir William Muir, and others of the reception committee. Afterwards the president informed the members that Sir James Kitson, of Leeds, had been chosen president for two years. Some papers were afterwards read, and in the evening the Lord Provost gave a conversazione in the Museum of Science and Art.

In London 2604 births and 1330 deaths were registered in the week ending Aug. 18. Allowance made for increase of population, the births were 187, and the deaths 310, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 33 from measles, 17 from scarlet fever, 13 from diphtheria, 20 from whooping-cough, 2 from typhus fever, 2 from enteric fever, 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 162 from diarrhœa and dysentery, 4 from cholera and choleraic diarrhœa, and not one from smallpox. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 160, 167, and 183 in the three preceding weeks, declined again last week to 167, and were 19 below the corrected average. Different forms of violence caused 47 deaths; 37 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 19 from fractures and contusions, 10 from drowning, 1 from poison, and 5 of infants from suffocation

THE RECESS.

There should have been some sugar as well as bitter in the political cup of Lord Salisbury ere he fled to the Continent. At least, that is said to have been the quip on the tongue of Baron Henry De Worms (who will have his little joke) as this courtly representative of the Board of Trade entertained the Premier and the Sugar Bounties Commissioners at a bountiful banquet. Whether dancing attendance on the Sugar Bounties Conference was sweetened for him or not, the Marquis of Salisbury, with Lord and Lady Cranborne, left London on the Eighteenth of August for Royat-les-Bains, one of the most delightful and salubrious of French health-resorts. To an English statesman who doubles the supremely important parts of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, it is an unquestionable advantage to study the field of Continental politics, still of a brimstone nature, in so reposeful a nook of France as Royat-les-Bains. The principal colleague of the noble Marquis is not far off. Three days after Lord Salisbury departed from Arlington-street, Mr. W. H. Smith forsook the pleasant riverside retreat of Greenlands for Aix-les-Bains. But it is to be hoped the right hon. gentleman (whose imminent elevation to the Peerage is rumoured) has not been driven to drink the thermal waters of Aix to remove the excruciating aches that torment many of the visitors to the Eden of Savoy. Still, it would not be a matter of wonderment if the Parliamentary waiting of Mr. Smith had developed gouty symptoms, which, if they exist, we trust Aix-les-Bains will cure.

The legendary playfulness of mice when "the cat's away" would have been recalled by the extraordinary outburst of Recess oratory were the issue harped on not so grave. Ireland's grievances still monopolise the minds of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. John Morley. There is something inspiring in the whole-hearted energy with which Mr. John Morley has devoted himself to the championship of Home Rule for Ireland. He is in the full freshness of his political youth; his convictions are deeply-rooted; he has a sublime contempt for the Parliamentary arts and combinations to which Governments have had recourse to maintain their power; and he has complete faith in the sufficiency of the panacea he advocates. These characteristics of Mr. John Morley evidently swayed the vast gathering of Lincolnshire Liberals drawn together in the Marquis of Ripon's country seat, Nocton Park, near Lincoln, on Saturday, the Eighteenth of August. In his pithy, incisive style, Mr. Morley smote Mr. Henease hip and thigh, doubled up Mr. Goschen, answered Mr. Chamberlain out of his own mouth, parenthetically demolished "the giant of the Sleaford division," and wielded the shillelah for Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon with the vigour of Pat. In fine, Mr. Morley gave an indubitable stimulus to the Gladstonian Liberal cause in Lincolnshire, where it is the object of the Liberals to repeat Mr. Halley Stewart's victory at Spalding, and wrest from the Conservatives the seats they won in 1886. Thus, Mr. J. W. Mellor, Q.C., will strive to regain Grantham, and Mr. William Ingram, Boston, which constituency he represented for several years; and Mr. W. H. S. Aubrey, Mr. Francis Otter, and Mr. Arthur Priestley will have the courage to contest the seats held by Mr. Edward Stanhope, Mr. Henry Chaplin, and Dr. Henry Lawrance, Q.C. The Liberal banner has clearly been unfurled with a will in this great eastern county; and Lincolnshire Liberals are full of buoyant hope as to the result.

There is something heroic in the picture called up of the still hale and erect figure of Mr. Gladstone—upright as a dart, albeit close upon seventy-nine winters have silvered his hair—raising his clarion-voice in Hawarden Park against what he holds to be the iniquities of the Ministerial treatment of Irish Home-Rule members. His great speech to the deputation and excursionists from the Staffordshire Potteries in his park on the Twentieth of August was prefaced by a neat address in the library of Hawarden Castle, in the course of which, thanking Mr. Woodall, M.P., for the beautiful Gladstone Vase presented to him, he paid an elegant tribute to "the great Wedgwood." In the freer air of the park Mr. Gladstone gave himself freer scope. His vigorous oration was a trumpet-call to Liberals all over the country to uprouse themselves to put an end at the ballot-box to the existing alliance of Conservatives and "Dissentient Liberals," which combination he roundly declared to be responsible for the subjection of Ireland to a rule harsher and harder than that of Poland, and also responsible for the alleged unfair treatment of Mr. Parnell, in giving his adversaries undue advantages on the Parnell Commission of judicial inquiry. Mr. Gladstone similarly condemned the cruel imprisonment of Irish members, culminating thus far in the death of Mr. Mandeville. Altogether, this was one of the most effective political addresses Mr. Gladstone has ever delivered.

The image of a venerable Welsh bard, Mr. Henry Richard, has been for many years so prominent a figure in the House of Commons that the hon. member for Merthyr-Tydvil will be sorely missed from the ranks of Welsh members. Mr. Richard died on the Twenty-first of August, at the age of seventy-six, at Treborth, Bangor, the seat of the Lord Lieutenant of Anglesey.

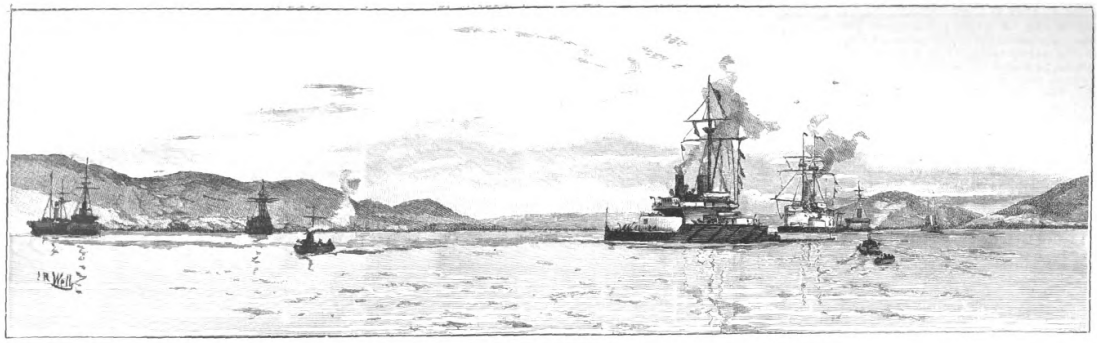
Lady Crossley on Aug. 21 started a new clock which has been placed in the tower of St. John's Church, Lowestoft, as a memorial of the Queen's Jubilee.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Mr. Philip P. Hutchins, C.S.I., to be a member of the Council of the Viceroy and Governor-General of India, in succession to Sir Charles Aitchison, K.C.S.I., resigned.

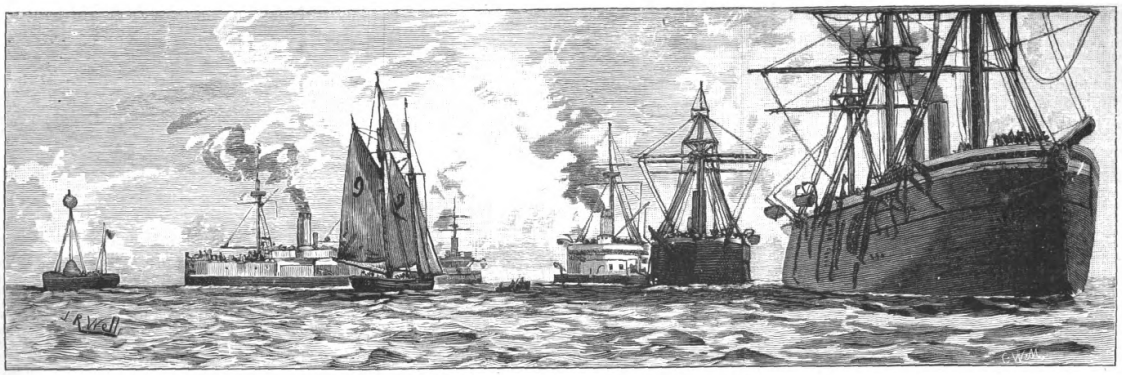
The Southern Division of Artillery Volunteers, who were in camp at Shoeburyness during the week ending Aug. 18, were inspected by Colonel Nicholson, R.A., Commandant of the School of Gunnery, preparatory to their leaving to make room for the men of the second division. The gallant Colonel made some encouraging remarks, and said that with the aid of the force, and that of the Militia and Volunteers, it was most improbable that England would ever be effectually invaded by any foreign foe.—The Northern Division began their competition on Monday, Aug. 20.

Some important cricket matches were concluded on Aug. 18. At Kennington Oval, Surrey, for the only time this season, suffered defeat in a first-class county match, being beaten by Lancashire by nine wickets. Eccles scored 184 for the winning team. The Australians were defeated by the Nottinghamshire county team by an innings and 191 runs to the good. The Gloucester and Yorkshire match, noticeable for heavy scoring, ended in a draw, much in favour of Yorkshire. Mr. W. G. Grace made 148 and 153 in the two innings of the Western team, and Hall scored 129, not out, for Yorkshire. At Lord's, M.C.C. won the match against Norfolk by an innings and 23 runs. The match at Birmingham between Warwickshire and Staffordshire ended in a draw, greatly in favour of the former. The Parsees were beaten at Leyton by Twelve of the Public Schools by seven wickets. At Gravesend on Aug. 21 Middlesex was defeated by Kent by an innings and 41 runs; At Derby, Lancashire defeated Derbyshire by four wickets; and at Lord's the Parsees were beaten by M.C.C. by ten wickets.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

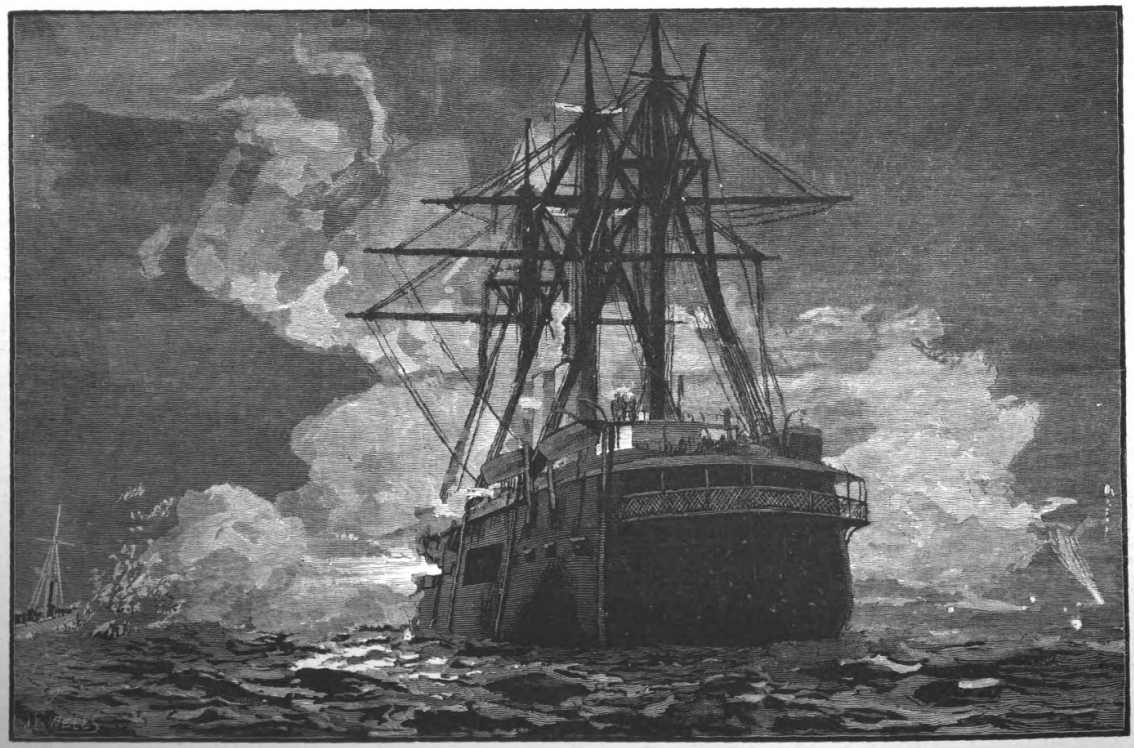


LOUGH SWILLY, DONEGAL, WHERE ADMIRAL FITZROY'S SQUADRON WAS BLOCKADED BY ADMIRAL ROWLEY.



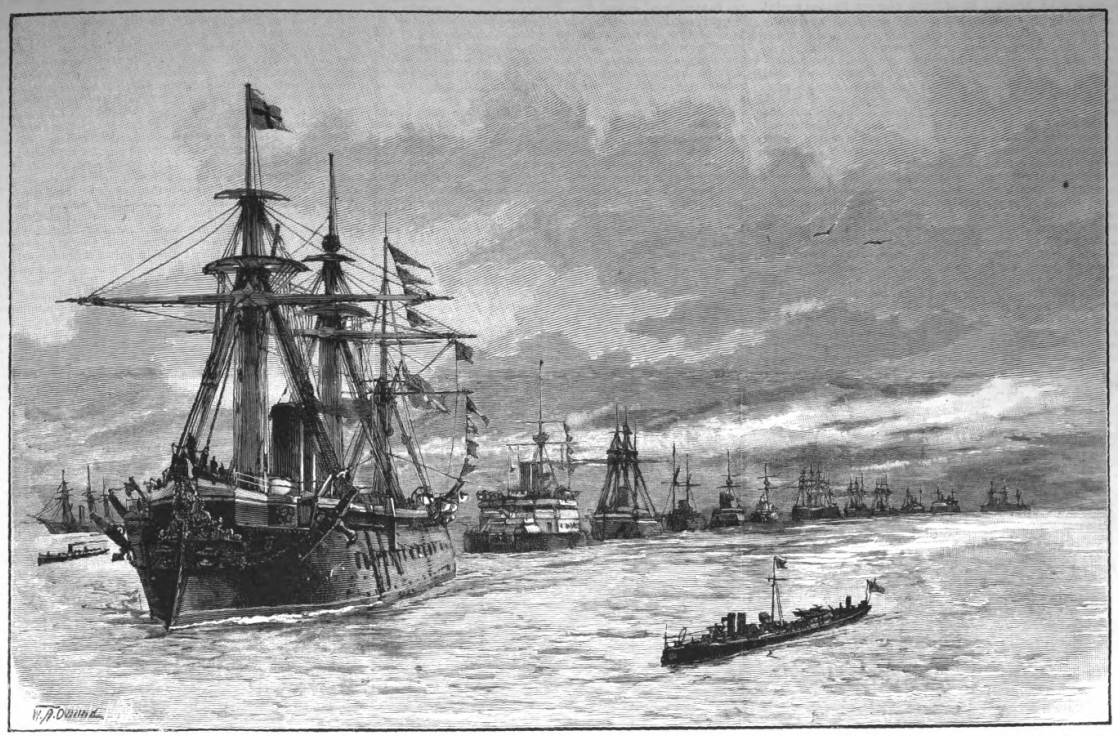
Crosby Light. Ajax. Pilot-Boat. Devastation. Hero. Invincible. Hercules.

ADMIRAL SIR G. TRYON'S SQUADRON OFF THE CROSBY LIGHT, AFTER THE CAPTURE OF LIVERPOOL.



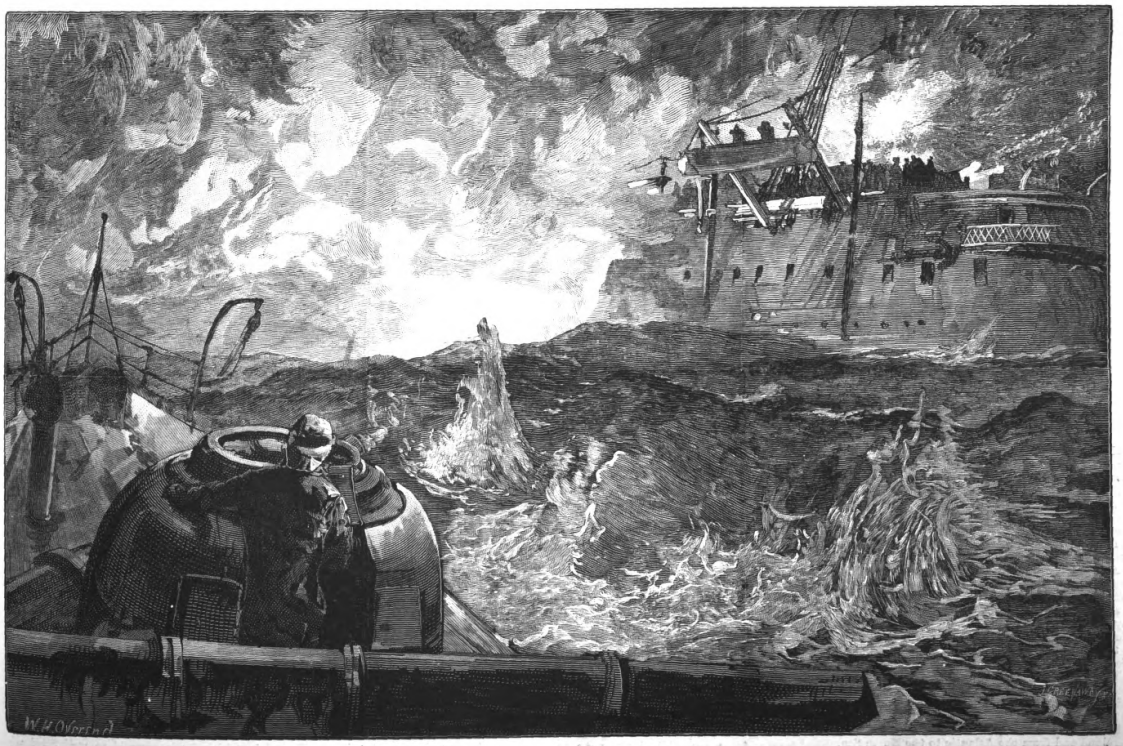
H.M.S. HERCULES FORCING THE BLOCKADE OF BEREHAVEN, BANTRY BAY.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



Active. Northumberland (Flag-ship). Benbow. Monarch, Hotspur, Collingwood, Conqueror, Agincourt, Shannon, Iron Duke, Neptune, Inflexible, Northampton.

ADMIRAL BAIRD'S SQUADRON IN ORDER OF BATTLE OFF THE MOUTH OF THE THAMES.



TORPEDO-BOAT No. 76, DISCHARGING A WHITEHEAD TORPEDO AT H.M.S. HERCULES.

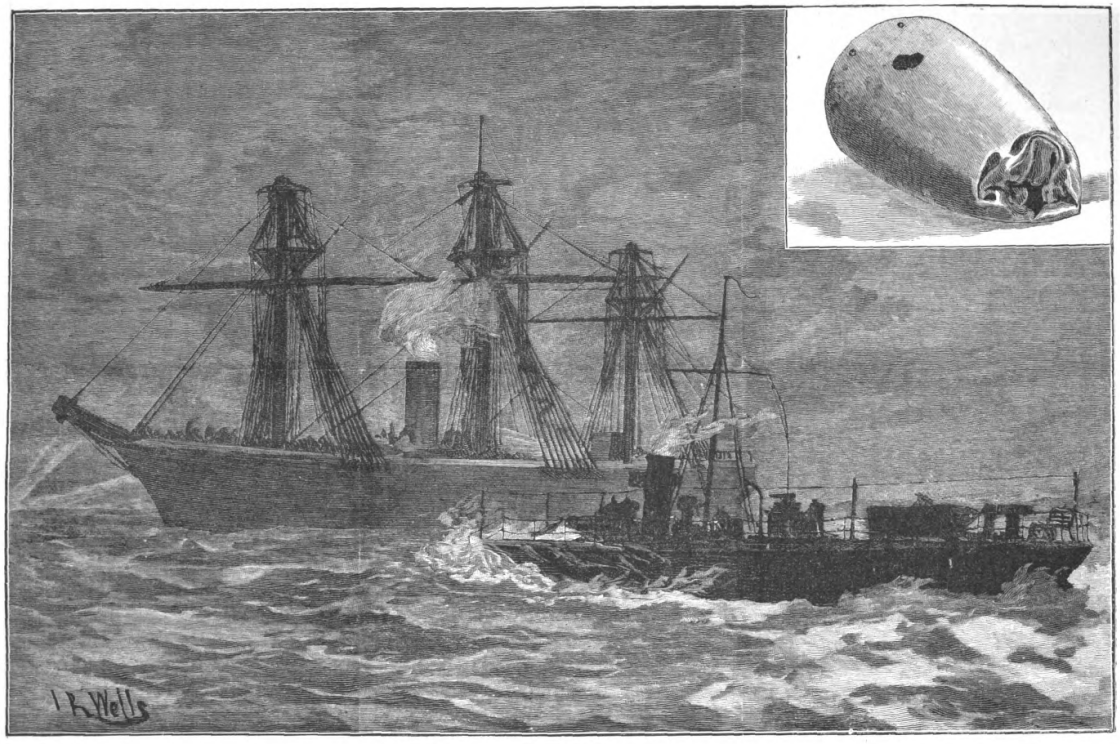
THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

On Monday, Aug. 20, the period of time expired for the manœuvres of feigned naval warfare between the "A Squadron," commanded by Admiral Baird, with Admiral Rowley second in command, defending the shores and ports and mercantile vessels of Great Britain, and the "B Squadron," of which Admiral Sir George Tryon was commander-in-chief, while Admiral Fitzroy commanded a separate division. These operations were briefly described from week to week. Our Special Artists, Mr. W. H. Overend and Mr. J. R. Wells, furnish some additional Illustrations. The former was on board H.M.S. Northumberland, the flag-ship of Admiral Baird; and the latter was on board H.M.S. Hercules, the flag-ship of Admiral Sir George Tryon. The first division of each squadron, under the immediate command of these two officers, had been engaged from July 24 to Aug. 4 in mutually endeavouring to outmanœuvre one another in Bantry Bay, where Sir George Tryon occupied the harbour of Berehaven, fortified with booms and submarine mines. At the same time, Admiral Fitzroy was blockaded in Lough Swilly, on the coast of Donegal, by Admiral Rowley. Both the blockades were successfully eluded by the "B Squadron" on Aug. 4, or during the previous night; and the shores of Scotland, the Clyde, Oban, Inverness, and the Firth of Forth were in the next few days visited by ships representing an enemy; after which Sir George Tryon, having come round the north of Ireland, entered the Mersey, bombarding the North Fort, levied contributions on Liverpool, and paid a hostile visit to Holyhead; while several steam-ships of the Cunard, Inman, and other Atlantic lines underwent the form of capture in the Irish Sea. In the meantime, Admiral Baird, with the "A Squadron," after looking in vain for the enemy as far as the Mull of Galloway, where he was joined by Admiral Rowley, returned up the British Channel to the Downs, and formed in line of battle, on Aug. 18, at the entrance to the Thames, ready for the defence of London. The "B Squadron," however, having no intention of seeking an unequal combat off the shores of England, reassembled in Bantry Bay, except five ships going to Plymouth, the Ajax, Black Prince, and others. The operations terminated by lapse of time, leaving the umpires to sum up the value of the exploits performed respectively by the opposed squadrons, including all captures, and all manœuvres scored as points won in the game of tactics, and to pronounce the verdict accordingly, guided by a scale before fixed and understood in the Admiralty regulations.

Some of our present Illustrations refer to the time of the blockade in Bantry Bay. A Sketch by Mr. Wells represents the torpedo-boat No. 76, commanded by Lieutenant Campbell, of the "B Squadron," going outside and attacking H.M.S. Active, one of the blockading squadron, which ship was cleverly struck with a torpedo. For this harmless mimic warfare the torpedo-heads were specially manufactured of soft metal, which would not penetrate the side of the ship; but the head would be flattened by the stroke, indicating, when the torpedo was fished up afterwards out of the water, that the blow had been correctly aimed. On the other hand, in a Sketch by Mr. Overend, the "A Squadron" torpedo-boat No. 76 is seen discharging a Whitehead torpedo at H.M.S. Hercules, the enemy's flag-ship, on the night of Friday, Aug. 3, and it was claimed on behalf of the "A Squadron" that the Hercules was thereby put out of action. This and other points were referred to the decision of the umpires. The Hercules nevertheless persisted in forcing her way out, through the blockade, followed by the other ships of the "B Squadron," which left their anchorage in the Berehaven strait by the western entrance, under cover of a feigned intention to go out at the eastern entrance. One of Mr. Wells' Sketches is that of the Hercules performing this feat at night. Mr. Overend, on board H.M.S. Northumberland, contributes the Sketch "On the Look-out," and that of two seamen firing a gun as a fog-signal, when the "A Squadron" was enveloped in mist in the Irish Sea.

A View of Lough Swilly, on the north coast of Ireland, where Admiral Fitzroy's division of the "B Squadron" lay beleaguered by Admiral Rowley, but whence the former escaped without much difficulty, is also presented in this week's paper. The first division of that squadron, under Admiral Sir George Tryon, having followed its course round the north of Ireland, entered the upper channel of the Irish Sea, and proceeded to the Mersey. We gave, last week, an Illustration of H.M.S. Invincible and H.M.S. Hercules attacking the North Fort at the entrance to the Mersey. After virtually effecting the capture of Liverpool and Birkenhead, the squadron lay off the Crosby Light-house, on the Lancashire coast, sending ashore, in the pilot-boat, as shown in a Sketch by Mr. Wells, the pilots who had been engaged to guide these ships to the Mersey. The "B Squadron," having exhibited all the mischief that an enemy could and would do in the Irish Sea and St. George's Channel, without being overtaken by Admiral Baird, returned to Lough Swilly for coaling purposes, and was in no danger of pursuit. Admiral Rowley's division, after striking terror into the commercial ports of Greenock and Glasgow, and insulting every Scottish town on the coast of the German Ocean from Wick down to Berwick-on-Tweed, besides threatening Leith and Edinburgh, returned likewise, with perfect impunity, repassing the Pentland Frith, gained the Irish Coast, and rejoined the squadron of Sir George Tryon. If these manœuvres prove anything, it is the utter incapacity of an ordinary Channel Squadron, which has to guard all the south coasts of England and Ireland, from the Downs, or even from Harwich, to the extreme west of the county of Cork, affording the slightest protection

Torpedo-head of soft metal, flattened by striking the ship.



TORPEDO BOAT NO. 78 ATTACKING H.M.S. ACTIVE
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE "B SQUADRON."

to Liverpool and Glasgow, and to their immense maritime commerce. A separate Irish Sea squadron, cruising between Milford Haven and the Clyde, with ships detached to watch the northern shores of Ireland, would be absolutely needful in time of war; and the entrances both to the Mersey and to the Firth of Clyde should be strongly fortified. The small rocky Cumbraes, opposite the Isle of Bute, commanding a narrow channel, could be armed with batteries that would effectually prevent hostile access to the Clyde; while Lamlash Bay, in the Isle of Arran, would afford anchorage to the defending squadron.

For the defence of the Thames and Medway, which to Londoners is a nearer consideration, the display of force made by Admiral Baird, at the close of these operations, may have been an acceptable spectacle. The long line of battle-ships looked very imposing, while the cruisers formed another line to the starboard. But the North of England and Scotland may feel less satisfied about their safety in actual war. Admiral Baird, on Aug. 20, issued a general order commenting on the result of the operations. He states that "the only object considered by him possible, under the conditions, was maintaining the Channel Squadron and the defence of the Thames and London." Under these conditions, it is now quite evident that our great commercial ports, the Mersey, the Clyde, the Tyne, and the Humber, and all the shores of North Britain, lie at the mercy of a naval enemy passing westward of Ireland and from the Atlantic to the North Sea.

A new edition has opportunely been issued of the official guide to "Summer Tours in Scotland—Glasgow to the Highlands," being a handbook to the royal route, viâ the Crinan and Caledonian canals, by Mr. David Macbrayne's mail-steamers. It is embellished with coloured illustrations and contains interesting descriptive details of the principal points of interest on the route, with other useful information.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

London—at least, all that is left of it—manages to amuse itself in the tourist season. As a refreshing change, some few fine evenings have been vouchsafed us in August; and, as a consequence, the open-air performances and illuminations in the gardens of the London Exhibitions, and the Summer displays in the principal suburban Pleasure Palaces, have been in vogue. The Crystal Palace has proved especially attractive. Its interesting Co-operative Exhibition has been of social value. Sydenham has shone mainly, however, by reason of Brock's exceedingly grotesque pyrotechnic spectacle for children on Thursday nights, illustrating in a diverting manner the "Blondin Donkey" and "The House that Jack Built"; and has likewise won renown with its beautiful realisation of Fairyland on the lamp-lit stage in the tastefully illuminated Palace Gardens.

"Baldwin in Cloudland" has been the most potent attraction of all. The slopes of Muswell-hill have formed an admirable natural theatre for the thousands of sightseers who have trooped to the Alexandra Palace to witness the extraordinary parachute descent from a balloon of the daring American aeronaut named J. S. Baldwin. Larger and larger have the gatherings grown since Baldwin first astonished London in "northern latitudes" on the Twenty-eighth of July. Over twenty thousand persons must have assembled on Saturday evening, the Eighteenth of August, to gaze at the aerial performance. All classes were represented. Among the closest observers were a few Chinese gentlemen in their native silk attire. Baldwin is an Illinois man. He is compactly built, and looks about thirty years of age. Undeniably dangerous as his venture is, it is equally undeniable that Baldwin inspires perfect confidence. He superintends what may be termed the final toilet of the balloon with businesslike briskness and thoroughness; sees that his trusty parachute is safely ensconced within reach in the cordage; and, gripping the ropes of the balloon, ascends in so debonair a fashion from the inclosure that he is regarded without an atom of fear. He is a master at the game. Quite as skilful in his way as Léotard was on the trapèze, and as the veteran Blondin continues to be on the high rope, Baldwin may be legitimately regarded as the premier aerial acrobat of the period. On the occasion of the ascent in question, he had reached the altitude of about a thousand feet when he grasped the handle of the parachute, which instantly became disengaged from the more or less collapsed balloon, but did not expand for a few seconds. When the parachute was fully distended, the descent of Baldwin became more gradual, and the sight of his coolness elicited a burst of applause from the multitudes looking on. Baldwin alighted in safety; and then had to endure the discomfort of heroworship as he proceeded through the thick crowd to the Palace, to be cheered anew when he appeared on the stage with his partner, Mr. Farini. The Saturday evening entertainment was crowned by a vivid firework pageant, the "Fall of Pompeii."

Returning to town, no one seeing the vehicular bustle of the western end of the Strand about eleven o'clock would think the dead season had set in for the theatres. The Lyceum, Gaiety, Strand, Adelphi, and Terry's bills of fares, however, draw many playgoers Strandwards. Though the Vaudeville has closed for a few weeks, the Royalty has been reopened by Mr. Lionel Brough with the laughter-moving comedy of "The Paper Chase," in which he is himself so well fitted with a humorous part. Yet another new farcical comedy, "Uncles and Aunts," has taken the place of "Arabian Nights" at the Comedy, and shall be noticed next week. The Avenue reopens with comedy and burlesque: "Gladys" and "Don Juan, Junior." Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree has returned to conduct the final rehearsals of the drama of "Captain Swift," presently to take its place in the evening bill of the Haymarket, very strongly cast.

THE YOUNG POETS.

There are no young poets.

There are none whom our eyes expectantly watch as the "coming men" of poetry, who have given promise of great things, to whose song the young men listen, turning away from the song of their elders. There is not now, I believe, one singer under thirty who makes his older critics excessively angry; and this is a fatal sign. Listen as we may, what voices of the poets do we hear now-a-days? From his solitude Tennyson speaks now and again to tell us of all that is gone by—

The fires of youth, the follies, furies, curses, passionate tears,
Gone like fires and floods and earthquakes of the planet's dawning years:
Fires that shook me once, but now to silent ashes fall'n away,
Cold upon the dead volcano sleeps the gleam of dying day.

Browning, too, has his yearly or bi-yearly volume of verse; but alack! I fear that nobody marks him—except, of course, the Browning Society, whom I take to be people of much leisure. Morris, no more the idle singer of an empty day, has turned preacher, and addresses himself to a wholly new congregation. Swinburne—we ask where is Swinburne, and the very echo is silent; and if the voice of another, who might have sung sweetly—Buchanan—is heard at all, it is not heard in song.

The rest is silence. One hears, I believe, of no new school arising, to follow the Tennysonian, which has lived, or the Swinburnian—which has not. Across the Atlantic there comes indeed a voice strange, but rudely majestic; but it is the voice of a white-haired man. Walt Whitman must be almost old enough to have stood for the ambitious National Poet in Longfellow's delightful story, Kavanagh; and though that poet was a caricature, Whitman is anything but unlike him.

Otherwise, young America seems as voiceless as young England—gives us, at best, a ballade or so, but not to the purpose. Such a dearth has not been known in English poetry since Blake, a century ago, asked the Muses what they were about, wandering unemployed in "the blue regions of the air, where the melodious winds have birth"; and gently reproached them—

How have you left the ancient love
The bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few!

This was written on the very eve of the greatest burst of poetry, I suppose, that the world has ever known or will ever know. *Sit omen.* Yet one cannot but remember that the earth had then lain fallow for a very long while, and that it has been tilled unceasingly ever since. A real new poet has always had a new style—a style of his own, fresh words in which to speak his new thoughts; but such a variety of styles has been used up this century—by Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats, by Byron, and by Tennyson, by Longfellow, and the ultra-modern Browning, Swinburne, and Whitman—that it is hard to imagine that anything new can come yet a while.

A commercial economist—though they are foolish people, these—would no doubt say that the present outburst of old poetry had for a while checked the new. It would be a silly comment, though made upon a most noticeable fact. Never was a more delightful blossoming than that which this year has burdened all the booksellers' shelves with pretty little books in red, or dark grey-green, or creamy white. Never were shop-windows such pleasurable reading as now, when before all of us is spread out our fill of the masterpieces of all times—not in grimy and repulsive Cheap Editions, like school-books, but prettily printed and daintily bound—at no more than a shilling apiece! (Which, indeed, many obliging booksellers of London, of their generosity, reduce to ninepence—what a pocketful of fairy gold for ninepence!)

When I see Chapman's Homer thus attired (and thus priced)—a book in which I have revelled long in imagination; from which splendid extracts loom upon one now and then, especially that concerning the "sea-shouldering whale"; which (for that is the main thing, after all) gave us Keats's sonnet—I declare that I am very nearly in the mind to read it!

Among these little books one has been published lately, to which, I think, many eyes have turned, to see if therein might be found an answer to our question, "Where are the young poets?" It is a volume of Australian verse—the first batch of melodies, I believe, from the Young England over the seas. Hence—from the new continent—a new thing, one hopes, might surely arise. From the strong man who crickets and boats so mightily should come forth sweetness! A delightful, a memorable, little book should this one be.

But I am sorry to say that it is not; one is inclined in one's disappointment to call it a very bad little book. It is difficult not to think that poems of more worth might be found—scarcely is there more than one in the whole book that you would not very willingly let die.

It was no doubt unreasonable to expect one's young poet from so young a land. Early youth is too busy feeding and growing to cultivate a productive imagination — the children that have any poetry live it instead of writing it. America was very much older than Australia now is before it had brought forth any literature at all—I mean white America, of course. Of the literature of the olive and copper-coloured people who were murdered, robbed, and driven out by civilised and Christian Europeans I know nothing; I fear it was as inferior to our own as their morals must have been.

So the Australian native, if he produced poetry, did not preserve it for us; and his white successors have been too busy getting rid of him to celebrate in verse of the undying order his simple virtues.

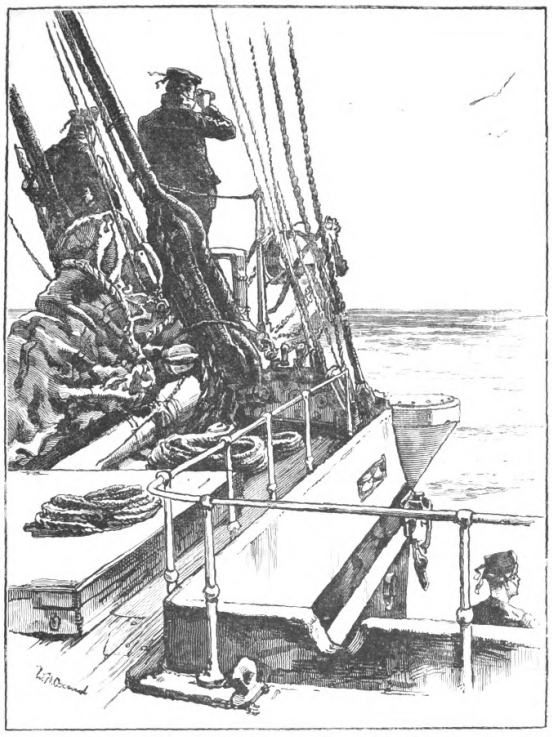
To be sure, there was Mr. Domett, who wrote Ranolf and Amohia, the epic of the Maori: Domett, of whom Browning wrote as "Waring." Longfellow spoke highly of Ranolf and Amohia; for which reason the reader of "Australian Ballads" can but think that the Maori Iliad is not to be judged in extracts, or that the extracts are not well extracted. They do not strike one as—shall we say, epoch-making?

As it is, a lady who signs herself "Austral" (Mrs. J. G. Wilson) would seem to be by a good deal the sweetest of the singers of her native land: among whom there is certainly an undue proportion of mocking-birds. There is a great charm for English readers in her descriptions of the new home of Englishmen half a world away. This is of Spring in New Zealand:—

We rode in the shadowy place of pines,
The wind went whispering here and there
Like whispers in a house of prayer.
The sunshine stole in narrow lines,
And sweet was the resinous atmosphere.
The shrill cicada, far and near,
Piped on his high exultant third.
"Summer! Summer!" he seems to say—
"Summer!" He knows no other word,
But trills on it the livelong day;
The little hawker of the green,
Who calls his wares through all the solemn forest scene.

But, if again one asks the question, "Where are the young poets?" Echo only sends back the query from Greater Britain, as from Paternoster-row—"*Poets?*" And one has to turn to Chaucer or to Tennyson, and console oneself with the reflection that poets are ever young.

E. R.



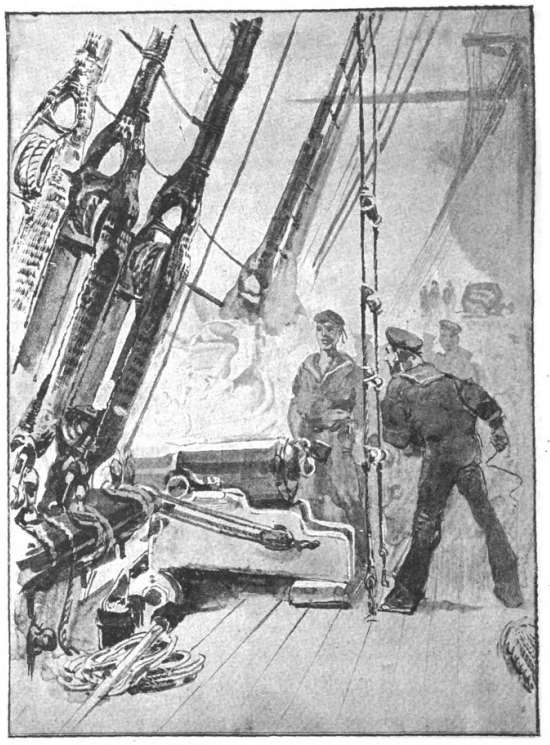
THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: ON THE LOOK-OUT—H.M.S. NORTHUMBERLAND.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

MR. THOMSON'S EXPEDITION TO MOROCCO.

From communications received from Mr. Joseph Thomson, dated from the city of Morocco, July 22, it is evident that he has been able to accomplish even more than might have been expected of him under the circumstances. He writes in the highest spirits and with evident satisfaction at the results which he has so far attained; for it should be remembered that much of the country through which he has had to pass is in a state of rebellion, and the local authorities have done more to hinder than to help him.

Mr. Thomson sailed from Tangier to Casablanca, and thence travelled overland to Mogador. After three weeks' preparation there he made his final start, and, as he states, soon discovered that the greatest danger to his success would not be the mountaineers nor even the opposition of the Government officials, but the half-dozen men who formed the *personnel* of his small party. Mr. Thomson's past experience in Africa enabled him to deal effectively with this difficulty, and, although he has evidently been more or less troubled during the whole of his journey in this respect, he has, as in the past, been able to conquer all difficulties. He was fortunate enough to meet with a Jew of Demnat who spoke remarkably good English, and who has evidently been of great assistance to Mr. Thomson. By a series of surprises and cleverly planned excursions he has been able to enter the mountain fastnesses of Morocco, and do more than any previous traveller has done. From Demnat he made two extremely interesting trips into the lower ranges, visiting some remarkable caves and equally remarkable ruins, and one of the most wonderful natural bridge-aqueducts in the world. Geologically and geographically these trips are alike important. This was followed by what may be called a grand *coup de force*—a dart across the main axis of the Atlas to the district of Tilhuit, which lies in the basin of the Draa. Here he spent a very delightful ten days, though virtually a prisoner. As the tribes further west on the southern slope were in revolt, Mr. Thomson was compelled to return to the northern plains.

Starting once more, he crossed the mountains by a pass a little south of Jebel Tizah, ascended by Hooker, and reached Gindafy safely. He was able to make a trip up a wonderful cañon, which he declares rivals those of America for depth and grandeur, and ascended a mountain, where he and his party were confined to their tents until it suited them to go back to their starting-point. Here, unfortunately, Mr. Thomson's young companion, Mr. Crichton Browne, was stung by a scorpion, and they were compelled to return, happily by a new route. Though laid up for a period, fortunately, in time, Mr. Crichton Browne recovered. From his previous starting-point Mr. Thomson scored another great triumph. He crossed the mountains once more, and ascended with no small danger and difficulty the highest peak of the Atlas range north of Amsiviz, a height of 12,500 ft.—the highest peak by 1500 ft. ever attained. This he describes as the most interesting of all his trips, and he enjoyed it thoroughly, though he had to sleep on the ground, and was glad to make a meal on walnuts. On his return, Mr. Thomson deemed it advisable to go into the town of Morocco to recruit and wait the arrival of further supplies from the coast.



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: A FOG—FIRING SIGNAL GUNS.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

Mr. L. N. Peregrine, barrister-at-law, of the Middle Temple and South-Eastern Circuit, has been appointed District Commissioner of the Gold Coast.

Resolutions were unanimously adopted by an influential meeting at Stafford, on Aug. 18, urging the National Rifle Association to adopt Cannock Chase as the New Wimbledon, and enumerating the various advantages of that site. The claims of the Staines site for the New Wimbledon have been formally brought before the council of the National Rifle Association by the local board of the district.

The forty-first annual exhibition in connection with the Staffordshire Agricultural Society began on Aug. 21 in fields adjoining the Derby Turn, Burton-on-Trent, under most favourable auspices. Prizes amounting to £1600 were offered, including special prizes, value £138, for horses and stock the property of tenant-farmers residing within the society's limits, and £72 special prizes for horses and stock the property of tenant-farmers within the limits of the Meynell and North Staffordshire Hunts.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

A NIGHT AND MORNING.



When I read of men possessed by some Spirit—that is to say, compelled to go hither and thither where, but for the Spirit, they would not go, and to say things which they would not otherwise have said—I think of our midnight ride to Lyme, and of my father there, and of the three weeks' madness which followed. It was some Spirit—whether of good or evil, I cannot say, and I dare not so much as to question—which seized him. That he hurried away to join the Duke on the first news of his landing, without counting the cost or weighing the chances, is easy to be understood. Like Humphrey, he was led by his knowledge of the great numbers who hated the Catholic religion to believe that they, like himself, would rise with one accord. He also remembered the successful rebellion against the first Charles, and expected nothing less than a repetition of that success. This, I know, was what the exiles in Holland thought and believed. The Duke, they said, was the darling of the people; he was the Protestant champion: who would not press forward when he should draw the sword? But what other man—what man in his sober senses would have dragged his wife and daughter with him to the godless riot of a camp? Perhaps he wanted them to share his triumph, to listen while he moved the soldiers, as that ancient hermit Peter moved the people to the Holy Wars? But I know not. He said that I was to be, like Jephthah's daughter, consecrated to the Cause of the Lord; and what he meant by that I never understood.

He was so eager to start upon the journey that he would not wait a moment. The horses must be saddled; we must mount and away. Mark that they were Sir Christopher's horses which we borrowed; this also was noted afterwards for the ruin of that good old man, with other particulars; as that Monmouth's Declaration was found in the house (Barnaby brought it); one of Monmouth's Captains, Barnaby Eykin by name, had ridden from Lyme to Bradford in order to see him; he was a friend of the preacher Dr. Eykin; he was grandfather to one of the rebels and grand-uncle to another; with many other things. But these were enough.

"Surely; surely, friend," said Sir Christopher, "thou wilt not take wife and daughter? They cannot help the Cause; they have no place in a camp?"

"Young men and maidens: one with another. Quick! we waste the time."

"And to ride all night? Consider, man—all night long;"

"What is a night? They will have all eternity for rest."

"He hath set his heart upon it," said my mother. "Let us go—a night's weariness will not do much harm. Let us go, Sir Christopher, without further parley."

"Go then, in the name of God," said the old man. "Child, give me a kiss." He took me in his arms and kissed me on the forehead. "Thou art, then," he said tenderly, "devoted to the Protestant Cause. Why, thou art already promised to a Protestant since this morning: forget not that promise, child. Humphrey and Barnaby will protect thee—and"——

"Sir," cried Robin quickly, "by your leave, I alone have the right to go with her and to protect her."

"Nay, Robin," I said, "stay here until Sir Christopher himself bids thee go. That will perhaps be very soon. Remember thy promise. We did not know, Robin, an hour ago, that the promise would be claimed so soon. Robin"—for he murmured—"I charge thee, remain at home until"——

"I promise thee, Sweetheart." But he hung his head and looked ashamed.

Sir Christopher, holding my hand, stepped forth upon the grass and looked upwards into the clear sky, where in the transparent twilight we could see a few stars twinkling.

"This, friend Eykin—this, Humphrey," he said, gravely, "is a solemn night for all. No more fateful night hath ever fallen upon any of us; no! not that day when I joined Hampden's new regiment and followed with the army of Lord Essex. Granted that we have a righteous cause, we know not that our leader hath in him the root of the matter. To rise against the King is a most weighty matter—fatal if it fail, a dangerous precedent if it succeed. Civil war is, of all wars, the most grievous: to fight under a leader who doth not live after the Laws of God is, methinks, most dangerous. The Duke hath lit a torch which will spread flames everywhere"——

"It is the voice of the Lord which calleth us!" my father interrupted. "To-morrow I shall speak again to God's Elect."

"Sir," said Humphrey, very seriously, "I pray you think not that this enterprise hath been rashly entered upon, nor that we depend upon the judgment of the Duke alone. It is, most unhappily, true that his life is sinful, and so is that of Lord Grey, who hath deserted his own lawful wife for her sister. But those who have pushed on the enterprise consider that the Duke is, at least, a true Protestant. They have, moreover, received solid assurances of support from every quarter. You have been kept in the dark from the beginning at my own earnest request, because, though I knew ful lwell your opinion, I would not trouble your peace or endanger your person. Suffer us, then, to depart, and, for yourself, do nothing; and keep—oh! Sir, I entreat you—keep Robin at home until our success leaves no room for doubt."

"Go, then, go," said Sir Christopher; "I have grievous misgivings that all is not well. But go, and Heaven bless the Cause!"

Robin kissed me, whispering that he would follow, and that before many days; and so we mounted and rode forth. In such hot haste did we depart that we took with us no change of raiment or any provision for the journey at all, save that Barnaby, who, as I afterwards found, never forgot the provisions, found time to get together a small parcel of bread and meat, and a flask of Canary, with which to refresh our spirits later on. We even rode away without any money.

My father rode one horse and my mother sat behind him; then I followed, Barnaby marching manfully beside me, and Humphrey rode last. The ways are rough, so that those who ride, even by daylight, go but slowly; and we, riding between high hedges, went much too slowly for my father, who, if he spoke at all, cried out impatiently, "Quicker! Quicker! we lose the time."

He sat bending over the horse's head, with rounded shoulders, his feet sticking out on either side, his long white hair and his ragged cassock floating in the wind. In his left hand he carried his Bible as a soldier carries his sword; on his head he wore the black silk cap in which he daily sat at work. He was praying and meditating; he was preparing the sermon which he would deliver in the morning.

Barnaby plodded on beside me: night or day made no difference to him. He slept when he could, and worked when he must. Sailors keep their watch day and night without any difference.

"It was Sir Christopher that I came after," he told me presently. "Mr. Dare—who hath since been killed by Mr. Fletcher—told the Duke that if Sir Christopher Challis would only come into camp, old as he is, the country gentlemen of his opinions would follow to a man, so respected is he. Well, he will not. But we have his grandnephew, Humphrey; and, if I mistake not, we shall have his grandson—if kisses mean anything. So Robin is thy Sweetheart, Sister: thou art a lucky girl. And we shall have Dad to preach to us. Well, I know not what will happen, but some will be knocked o' the head, and if Dad goes in the way of knocks——But whatever happens, he will get his tongue again—and so he will be happy."

"As for preaching," he went on, speaking with due pauses, because there was no hurry in these dark lanes, and he was never one of those whose words flow easily, "if he thinks to preach daily, as they say was done in Cromwell's time, I doubt if he will find many to listen, for by the look of the fellows who are crowding into camp they will love the clinking of the can better than the division of the text. But if he cause his friends to join he will be welcomed; and for devoting his wife and daughter to the Cause, that, Sister, with submission, is rank nonsense, and the sooner you get out of the camp, if you must go there, the better. Women aboard ship are bad enough, but in camp they are the very devil."

"Barnaby, speak not lightly of the Evil One."

"Where shall we bestow you when the fighting comes? Well, it shall be in some safe place."

"Oh, Barnaby! will there be fighting?"

"Good luck, child! what else will there be?"

"As the walls of Jericho fell down at the blast of the trumpet so the King's armies will be dispersed at the approach of the Lord's soldiers."

"That was a vast long time ago, Sister. There is now no such trumpet-work employed in war, and no priests on the march; but plenty of fighting to be done before anything is accomplished. But have no fear. The country is rising. They are sick at heart already of a Popish King. I say not that it will be easy work; but it can be done, and it will be done, before we all sit down again."

"And what will happen when it is done?"

"Truly, I know not. When one King is sent a-packing they must needs put up another, I suppose. My father shall have the biggest church in the country to preach in; Humphrey shall be made physician to the new King—nothing less; you shall marry Robin, and he shall be made a Duke or a Lord at least; and I shall have command of the biggest ship in the King's navy, and go to fight the Spaniards, or to trade for negroes on the Guinea Coast."

"But suppose the Duke should be defeated?"

"Well, Sister, if he is defeated it will go hard with all of us. Those who are caught will be stabbed with a Bridport dagger, as they say. Ask not such a question; as well ask a sailor what will happen to him if his ship is cast away. Some may escape in boats and some by swimming, and some are drowned, and some are cast upon savage shores. Every man must take his chance. Never again ask such a question. Nevertheless, I fear my father will get his neck as far in the noose as I myself. But remember, Sister Alice, do you and my mother keep snug. Let others carry on the rebellion; do you keep snug. For, d'ye see, a man takes his chance, and if there should happen (as there may) a defeat and the rout of these country lads, I could e'en scud by myself before the gale and maybe get to a seaport and so aboard and away while the chase was hot. But for a woman! Keep snug, I say, therefore."

The night, happily, was clear and fine. A slight breeze was blowing from the north-west, which made one shiver, yet it was not too cold. I heard the screech-owl once or twice, which caused me to tremble more than the cold. The road, when we left the highway, which is not often mended in these parts, became a narrow lane full of holes and deep ruts, or else a track across open country. But Barnaby knew the way.

It was about ten of the clock when we began our journey, and it was six in the morning when we finished it. I suppose there are few women who can boast of having taken so long a ride and in the night. Yet, strange to say, I felt no desire to sleep; nor was I wearied with the jogging of the horse, but was sustained by something of the spirit of my father. A wonderful thing it seemed to me that a simple country maid, such as myself, should help in putting down the Catholic King; women there have been who have played great parts in history—Jael, Deborah, Judith, and Esther, for example; but that I should be called (since then I have discovered that I was not called), this, indeed, seemed truly wonderful. Then I was going forth to witness the array of a gallant army about to fight for freedom and for religion, just as they were arrayed forty years before, when Sir Christopher was a young man and rode among them.

My brother, this stout Barnaby, was one of them; my father was one of them; Humphrey was one of them; and in a little while I was very sure (because Robin would feel no peace of mind if I was with the insurgents and he was still at home) my lover would be with them too. And I pictured to myself a holy and serious camp, filled with godly sober soldiers listening to sermons and reading the Bible, going forth to battle with hymns upon their lips; and withal so valiant that at their very first onset the battalions of the King would be shattered. Alas! anyone may guess the foolish thoughts of a girl who had no knowledge of the world nor any experience. Yet all my life I had been taught that Resistance was at times a sacred duty, and that the Divine Right of the (so-called) Lord's Anointed was a vain superstition. So far, therefore, was I better prepared than most women for the work in hand.

When we rode through Sherborne all the folk were a-bed and the streets were empty. From Sherborne our way lay through Yetminster and Evershott to Beaminster, where we watered and rested the horses, and took some of Barnaby's provisions. The country through which we rode was full of memories of the last great war. The castle of Sherborne was twice besieged; once by Lord Bedford, when the Marquis of Hertford held it for the King. That siege was raised; but it was afterwards taken by Fairfax, with its garrison of six hundred soldiers, and was then destroyed, so that it is now a heap of ruins; and as for Beaminster, the town hath never recovered from the great fire when Prince Maurice held it, and it is still half in ruins, though the ivy hath grown over the blackened walls of the burned houses. The last great war, of which I had heard so much! And now, perhaps, we were about to begin another.

It was two o'clock in the morning when we dismounted at Beaminster. My mother sat down upon a bench and fell instantly asleep. My father walked up and down impatiently, as grudging every minute. Barnaby, for his part, made a leisurely and comfortable meal, eating his bread and meat—of which I had some—and drinking his Canary with relish, as if we were on a journey of pleasure and there was plenty of time for leisurely feeding. Presently he arose with a sigh (the food and wine being all gone), and said that the horses, being now rested, we might proceed. So he lifted my mother into her seat and we went on with the journey, the day now breaking.

The way, I say, was never tedious to me, for I was sustained by the novelty and the strangeness of the thing. Although I had a thousand things to ask Barnaby, it must be confessed that for one who had travelled so far he had marvellous little to tell. I daresay that the deck and cabins of a ship are much the same whether she be on the Spanish Main or in the Bristol Channel, and sailors, even in port, are never an observant race, except of weather and so forth. It was strange, however, only to look upon him and to mark how stout a man he was grown and how strong, and yet how he still spoke like the old Barnaby, so good-natured and so dull with his book, who was daily flogged for his Latin grammar, and bore no malice, but prepared himself to enjoy the present when the flogging was over, and not to anticipate the certain repetition of the flogging on the morrow. He spoke in the same slow way, as if speech were a thing too precious to be poured out quickly; and there was always sense in what he said (Barnaby was only stupid in the matter of syntax), though he gave me not such answers as I could have wished. However, he confessed, little by little, something of his history and adventures. When he ran away, it was, as we thought, to the port of Bristol, where he presently found a berth as cabin-boy on board a West Indiaman. In this truly enviable post—everybody on board has a cuff or a kick or a rope's-end for the boy—he continued for some time. "But," said Barnaby, "you are not to think that the rope's-end was half so bad as my father's rod; nor the captain's oath so bad as my father's rebuke; nor the rough work and hard fare so bad as the Latin syntax." Being so strong, and a hearty, willing lad to boot, he was quickly promoted to be an able seaman, when there were no more rope's-endings for him. Then, having an ambition above his station, and not liking his rude and ignorant companions of the fo'k'sle (which is the fore-part of a ship, where the common sailors sleep and eat), and being so fortunate as to win the good graces of the supercargo first and of the captain next, he applied his leisure time (when he had any leisure) to the method of taking observations, of calculating longitudes and latitudes, his knowledge of arithmetic having fortunately stuck in his mind longer than that of Latin. These things, I understand, are of the greatest use to a sailor and necessary to an officer. Armed with this knowledge, and the recommendation of his superiors, Barnaby was promoted from before the mast and became what they call a mate, and so rose by degrees until he was at last second captain. But by this time he had made many voyages to the West Indies, to New York and Baltimore, and to the West Coast of Africa in the service of his owners, and, I dare say, had procured much wealth for them, though but little for himself. And being at Rotterdam upon his owners' business, he was easily persuaded—being always a stout Protestant, and desirous to strike a blow in revenge for the ejection of his father—to engage as sailing Master on board the frigate which brought over the Duke of Monmouth and his company, and then to join him on his landing. This was the sum of what he had to tell me. He had seen many strange people, wonderful things, and monsters of the deep; Indians, whom the cruelty and avarice of the Spaniards have wellnigh destroyed, the sugar plantations in the islands, negro slaves, negroes free in their own country, sharks and calamaries (of which I had read and heard)—he had seen all these things, and still remained (in his mind, I mean) as if he had seen nothing. So wonderfully made are some men that whatever they see they are in no way moved.

I say, then, that Barnaby answered my questions, as we rode along, briefly, and as if such matters troubled him not. When I asked him, for example, how the poor miserable slaves liked being captured and sold and put on board ship crowded together for so long a voyage, Barnaby replied that he did not know, his business being to buy them and carry them across the water, and if they rebelled on board ship to shoot them down or flog them; and when they got to Jamaica to sell them: where, if they would not work, they would be flogged until they came to a better mind. If a man was born a negro, what else, he asked, could he expect?

There was one question which I greatly desired to ask him, but dared not. It concerned the welfare of his soul. Presently, however, Barnaby answered that question before I put it.

"Sister," he said, "my mother's constant affliction concerning me, before I ran away, was as to the salvation of my soul. And truly, that formerly seemed to me so difficult a thing to compass (like navigation to an unknown port over an unknown sea set everywhere with hidden rocks and liable to sudden gusts) that I could not understand how a plain man could ever succeed in it. Wherefore it comforted me mightily after I got to sea to learn on good authority that there is another way, which, compared with my father's, is light and easy. In short, sister, though he knows it not, there is one religion for landsfolk and another for sailor-folk. A sailor (everybody knows) cannot get so much as a sail bent without cursing and swearing—this, which is desperately wicked ashore, counts for nothing at all afloat: and so with many other things; and the long and the short of it is that if a sailor does his duty, fights his ship like a man, is true to his owners and faithful to his messmates, it matters not one straw whether he hath daily sworn great oaths, drunk himself (whenever he went ashore) as helpless as a log, and kissed a pretty girl whenever his good luck gave him the chance—which does, indeed, seldom come to most sailors"—he added this with a deep sigh—"I say, sister, that for such a sailor, when his ship goes down with him, or when he gets a grapeshot through his vitals, or when he dies of fever, as happens often enough in the hot climates, there is no question as to the safety of his soul, but he goes straight to heaven. What he is ordered to do when he gets there," said Barnaby, "I cannot say; but it will be something. I doubt not, that a sailor will like to do. No catechism or Latin syntax. Wherefore, Sister, you can set my mother's heart—poor soul!—quite at rest on this important matter. You can tell her that you have conversed with me, and that I have that very same inward assurance of which my father speaks so much and at such length. The very same assurance it is—tell her that. And beg her to ask me no questions upon the matter."

"Well, Barnaby; but art thou sure"——

"It is a heavenly comfort," he replied, before I had time

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

As we drew near Bridport, there stood a man in the road armed with a halbert.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

to finish, "to have such an assurance. For why? A man that hath it doth never more trouble himself about what shall happen to him after he is dead. Therefore he goes about his duty with an easy mind; and so, Sister, no more upon this head, if you love me and desire peace of mind for my mother."

So nothing more was said upon that subject then or afterwards. A sailor to be exempted by right of his calling from the religion of the landsman! 'Tis a strange and dangerous doctrine. But if all sailors believe it, yet how can it be? This question, I confess, is too high for me. And as for my mother, I gave her Barnaby's message, begging her at the same time not to question him further. And she sighed, but obeyed.

Presently Barnaby asked me if we had any money.

I had none, and I knew that my mother could have but little. Of course, my father never had any. I doubt if he had possessed a single penny since his ejection.

"Well," said Barnaby, "I thought to give my money to mother. But I now perceive that if she has it she will give it to Dad; and if he has it, he will give it all to the Duke for the Cause—wherefore, Sister, do you take it and keep it, not for me, but to be expended as seemeth you best." He lugged out of his pocket a heavy bag. "Here is all the money I have saved in ten years. Nay—I am not as some sailors, one that cannot keep a penny in purse, but must needs fling all away. Here are two hundred and fifty gold pieces. Take them, Alice. Hang the bag round thy neck, and never part with it, day or night. And say nothing about the money either to mother or to Dad, for he will assuredly do with it as I have said. A time may come when thou wilt want it."

Two hundred and fifty gold pieces! Was it possible that Barnaby could be so rich? I took the bag and hung it round my waist—not my neck—by the string which he had tied above the neck, and, as it was covered by my mantle, nobody ever suspected that I had this treasure. In the end, as you shall hear, it seemed to be useful.

It was now broad daylight, and the sun was up. As we drew near Bridport there stood a man in the road armed with a halbert.

"Whither go ye, good people?" he asked. "What is your business?"

"Friend," said Barnaby, flourishing his oaken staff, "we ride upon our own business. Stand aside, or thou mayest henceforth have no more business to do upon this earth!"

"Ride on then—ride on," he replied, standing aside with great meekness. This was one of the guards whom they posted everywhere upon the roads in order to stop the people who were flocking to the camp. In this way many were sent back, and many were arrested on their way to join Monmouth.

Now, as we drew near to Bridport, the time being about four o'clock, we heard the firing of guns and a great shouting.

"They have begun the fighting," said Barnaby. "I knew it would not be long a-coming."

It was, in fact, the first engagement, when the Dorsetshire Militia were driven out of Bridport by the Duke's troops, and there would have been a signal victory at the very outset but for the cowardice of Lord Grey, who ran away with the horse.

Well, it was a strange and a wonderful thing to think that close at hand were men killing each other on the Sabbath; yea, and some lying wounded on the roads; and that civil war had again begun.

"Let us push on," said Humphrey, "out of the way of these troops. They are but country lads all of them. If they retreat, they will run; and if they run, they will be seized with a panic, and will run all the way back to Lyme trampling on everything that is in the road."

This was sound advice, which we followed, taking an upper track which brought us into the high road a mile or so nearer Charmouth.

I do not think there can be anywhere a finer road than that which runs from Charmouth to Lyme. It runneth over high hills sometimes above the sea which rolls far below, and sometimes above a great level inland plain, the name of which I have forgotten. The highest of the hills is called Golden Cap; the reason why was plainly shown this morning when the sky was clear and the sun was shining from the south-east full upon this tall pico. When we got into this road we found it full of young fellows, lusty and well conditioned, all marching, running, walking, shouting, and singing on their way to join Monmouth. Some were adorned with flowers, some wore the blue favour of the Duke, some had cockades in their hats, and some again were armed with musket or with sword; some carried pikes, some knives tied on to long poles, some had nothing but thick cudgels, which they brandished valiantly. At sight of these brave fellows my father lifted his head and waved his hand, crying "A Monmouth! a Monmouth! Follow me, brave lads!" just as if he had been a captain encouraging his men to charge.

The church of Lyme standeth high upon the cliff which faces the sea: it is on the eastern side of the town, and before you get to the church, on the way from Charmouth, there is a broad field also on the edge of the cliff. It was this field that was the first camp of Monmouth's men. There were no tents for the men to lie in, but there were waggons filled, I suppose, with munitions of war: there were booths where things were sold, such as hot sausages fried over a charcoal fire, fried fish, lobsters and periwinkles, cold bacon and pork, bread, cheese, and such like, and barrels of beer and cider on wooden trestles. The men were haggling for the food and drink, and already one or two seemed fuddled. Some were exercising in the use of arms; some were dancing, and some singing. And no thought or respect paid at all to the Sabbath. Oh! was this the pious and godly camp which I had expected?

"Sister," said Barnaby, "this is a godly and religious place to which the wisdom of Dad hath brought thee. Perhaps he meaneth thee to lie in the open like the lads."

"Where is the Duke?" asked my father, looking wrathfully at these revellers and Sabbath-breakers.

"The Duke lies at the George Inn," said Barnaby. "I will show the way."

In the blue parlour of the George the Duke was at that time holding a council. There were different reports as to the Bridport affair. Already it was said that Lord Grey was unfit to lead the horse, having been the first to run away; and some said that the Militia were driven out of the town in a panic, and some that they made a stand and that our men had died. I know not what was the truth, and now it matters little, except that the first action of our men brought them little honour. When the council was finished, the Duke sent word that he would receive Dr. Challis (that was Humphrey) and Dr. Comfort Eykin.

So they were introduced to the presence of his Grace, and first my father—as Humphrey told me—fell into a kind of ecstacy, praising God for the landing of the Duke, and foretelling such speedy victory as would lay the enemies of the country at his feet. He then drew forth a roll of paper in which he had set down, for the information of the Duke, the estimated number of the disaffected in every town of the south and west of England, with the names of such as could be trusted not only to risk their own bodies and estates in the Cause but would stir up and encourage their friends. There were so many on these lists that the Duke's eyes brightened as he read them.

"Sir," he said, "if these reports can be depended upon we are indeed made men. What is your opinion, Dr. Challis?"

"My opinion, Sir, is that these are the names of friends and well-wishers; if they see your Grace well supported at the outset they will flock in; if not, many of them will stand aloof."

"Will Sir Christopher join me?" asked the Duke.

"No, Sir; he is now seventy-five years of age."

The Duke turned away. Presently he returned to the lists and asked many more questions.

"Sir," said my father, at length, "I have given you the names of all that I know who are well affected to the Protestant cause; they are those who have remained faithful to the ejected Ministers. Many a time have I secretly preached to them. One thing is wanting: the assurance that your Grace will bestow upon us liberty of conscience and freedom of worship. Else will not one of them move hand or foot."

"Why," said the Duke, "for what other purpose am I come? Assure them, good friend, assure them in my name; make the most solemn pledge that is in your power and in mine."

"In that case, Sir," said my father, "I will at once write letters with my own hand to the brethren everywhere. There are many honest country lads who will carry the letters by ways where they are not likely to be arrested and searched. And now, Sir, I pray your leave to preach to these your soldiers. They are at present drinking, swearing, and breaking the Sabbath. The campaign which should be begun with prayer and humiliation for the sins of the country hath been begun with many deadly sins, with merriment, and with fooling. Suffer me, then, to preach to them."

"Preach, by all means," said the Duke. "You shall have the parish church. I fear, Sir, that my business will not suffer me to have the edification of your sermon, but I hope that it will tend to the soberness and earnestness of my men. Forgive them, Sir, for their lightness of heart. They are for the most part young. Encourage them by promises rather than by rebuke. And so, Sir, for this occasion, farewell!"

In this way my father obtained the wish of his heart, and preached once more in a church before the people who were the young soldiers of Monmouth's army.

I did not hear that sermon, because I was asleep. It was in tones of thunder that my father preached to them. He spoke of the old war, and the brave deeds that their fathers had done under Cromwell: theirs was the victory. Now, as then, the victory should be theirs, if they carried the spirit of faithfulness into battle. He warned them of their sins, sparing none; and, in the end, he concluded with such a denunciation of the King as made all who heard it, and had been taught to regard the King's Majesty as sacred, open their mouths and gape upon each other; for then, for the first time, they truly understood what it was that they were engaged to do.

While my father waited to see the Duke, Barnaby went about looking for a lodging. The town is small, and the houses were all filled, but he presently found a cottage (call it rather a hut) on the shore beside the Cobb, where, on promise of an extravagant payment, the fisherman's wife consented to give up her bed to my mother and myself. Before the bargain was concluded, I had laid myself down upon it and was sound asleep.

So I slept the whole day; though outside there was such a trampling on the beach, such a landing of stores and creaking of chains as might have awakened the seven sleepers. But me nothing could awaken.

In the evening I woke up refreshed. My mother was already awake, but for weariness could not move out of her chair. The good woman of the cottage, a kindly soul, brought me rough food of some kind with a drink of water—the army had drunk up all the milk, eaten all the cheese, the butter, the eggs, and the pork, beef, and mutton in the place. And then Humphrey came and asked if I would go with him into the town to see the soldiers. So I went, and glad I was to see the sight. But, Lord! to think that it was the Sabbath evening! For the main street of Lyme was full of men, swaggering with long swords at their sides and some with spears—feathers in their hats and pistols stuck in their belts, all were talking loud, as I am told is the custom in a camp of soldiers. Outside the George there was a barrel on a stand, and vendors and drawers ran about with cans, fetching and carrying the liquor for which the men continually called. Then at the door of the George there appeared the Duke himself with his following of gentlemen. All rose and huzzaed while the Duke came down the steps and turned towards the camp outside the town.

I saw his face very well as he passed. Indeed, I saw him many times afterwards, but I declare that my heart sank when first I gazed upon him as he stood upon the steps of the George Inn. For on his face, plain to read, was the sadness of coming ruin. I say I knew from that moment what would be his end. Nay, I am no prophetess, nor am I a witch to know beforehand the counsels of the Almighty; yet the Lord hath permitted by certain signs the future to become apparent to those who know how to read them. In the Duke of Monmouth the signs were a restless and uneasy eye, an air of preoccupation, a trembling mouth, and a hesitating manner. There was in him nothing of the confidence of one who knows that fortune is about to smile upon him. This, I say, was my first thought about the Duke, and the first thought is prophecy.

There sat beside the benches a secretary, or clerk, who took down the names of recruits. The Duke stopped and looked on. A young man in a sober suit of brown, in appearance different from the country lads, was giving in his name.

"Daniel Foe, your Grace," said the clerk, looking up. "He is from London."

"From London," the Duke repeated. "I have many friends in London. I expect them shortly. Thou art a worthy lad and deservest encouragement." So he passed on his way.

(To be continued.)

Lord and Lady Hastings will leave England soon for Australia, in the Orient line steamer Austral, on a visit to Lord Carrington at Sydney.

The Special Commission appointed to inquire into the charges against Mr. Parnell have appointed October 16 for the opening of their inquiry.—The proprietors of the *Times* have taken their first step in defending the action brought against that newspaper by Mr. Parnell in the Scotch Courts, by instructing Edinburgh law-agents to represent them.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the Chief Secretary visited the Royal Irish Constabulary Dépôt, Phœnix Park, Dublin, on Aug. 15, and expressed their high admiration of the services rendered by the force to their Queen and country. The Queen has contributed £50 to the Royal Irish Constabulary Fund.

The Drapers' Company have granted £105 towards the £19,000 which is being raised by the committee of which the Duke of Westminster is chairman for the acquisition of the North Woolwich Gardens as a public park for the dreary district near the Victoria and Royal Albert Docks and Beckton Gas Works. This makes the seventh City Company which has contributed to this object. The agreement to purchase the gardens has been signed, but a sum of about £2300 has still to be raised.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

AUGUST 25, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny;* THIN EDITION, *One Penny.* To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (viâ United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence;* THIN EDITION, *One Penny.* To China (viâ Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny;* THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence.*

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.

CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

D. OF M.	D. OF W.	ANNIVERSARIES, FESTIVALS, OCCURRENCES, HISTORICAL NOTES, ETC.	SUN. Rises.	SUN. Souths before Noon.	SUN. Sets.	MOON. Rises. Morn.	MOON. Sets. Aftern.	Moon's Age	Moon's Southing	HIGH WATER AT London Bridge. Morn.	HIGH WATER AT London Bridge. Aftern.	HIGH WATER AT Liverpool Dock. Morn.	HIGH WATER AT Liverpool Dock. Aftern.	Day of Year.
									Before Sunrise. O'Clock. 0 1 2 3 4 5	After Sunset. O'Clock. 7 8 9 10 11 12				
			H. M.	M. S.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.			H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	
1	S	*St. Giles.* Partridge shooting begins.	5 15	0 19	6 44	Morn.	4 8	25		9 19	10 3	6 3	6 44	245
2	S	14TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	5 16	0 38	6 42	0 40	4 55	26		10 44	11 21	7 28	8 9	246
3	M	Oliver Cromwell died, 1658	5 17	0 58	6 40	1 40	5 35	27		11 53	—	8 46	9 18	247
4	Tr	Battle of Worcester, 1651	5 18	1 17	6 38	2 48	6 10	28		0 23	0 47	9 48	10 12	248
5	W	Malta captured, 1800	5 20	1 37	6 36	4 1	6 38	29		1 10	1 31	10 35	10 56	249
6	Th	Flight of the King of Naples, 1860	5 22	1 57	6 34	5 19	7 5	●		1 52	2 11	11 17	11 36	250
7	F	Hannah More died, 1833	5 23	2 17	6 32	6 38	7 30	1		2 30	2 48	11 55	—	251
8	S	*Nativity of Virgin Mary*	5 25	2 38	6 30	7 58	7 53	2		3 8	3 28	0 13	0 33	252
9	S	15TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	5 27	2 58	6 28	9 19	8 19	3		3 47	4 8	0 53	1 12	253
10	M	Mungo Park born, 1771	5 28	3 20	6 25	10 40	8 46	4		4 30	4 50	1 33	1 55	254
11	Tr	Battle of Delhi, 1803	5 30	3 40	6 23	Aftern.	9 19	5		5 11	5 32	2 15	2 36	255
12	W	O. P. Riots, 1809	5 31	4 1	6 21	1 16	10 0	☽		5 56	6 20	2 57	3 21	256
13	Th	Charles J. Fox died, 1806	5 33	4 22	6 19	2 26	10 48	7		6 45	7 14	3 45	4 10	257
14	F	Wellington died, 1852	5 35	4 43	6 17	3 27	11 46	8		7 47	8 25	4 39	5 12	258
15	S	Cairo occupied, 1882	5 36	5 4	6 14	4 17	Morn.	9		9 7	9 54	5 50	6 32	259
16	S	16TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	5 38	5 25	6 12	4 56	0 51	10		10 38	11 20	7 19	8 3	260
17	M	*Lambert, Bishop*	5 39	5 47	6 9	5 29	2 0	11		11 57	—	8 45	9 22	261
18	Tr	Battle of Alma, 1854	5 40	6 8	6 7	5 56	3 12	12		0 27	0 53	9 52	10 18	262
19	W	Battle of Poictiers, 1356	5 42	6 29	6 5	6 18	4 23	13		1 16	1 39	10 41	11 4	263
20	Th	Siege of Paris began, 1870	5 44	6 50	6 2	6 38	5 33	○		1 58	2 16	11 23	11 41	264
21	F	*St. Matthew*	5 46	7 12	6 0	6 57	6 42	15		2 33	2 49	11 58	—	265
22	S	Charles Elliot died, 1871	5 48	7 33	5 58	7 18	7 49	16		3 6	3 21	0 14	0 31	266
23	S	17TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	5 50	7 53	5 56	7 39	8 54	17		3 38	3 54	0 46	1 3	267
24	M	Dean Milman died, 1868	5 51	8 14	5 54	8 1	9 59	18		4 10	4 25	1 19	1 35	268
25	Tr	Parson died, 1808	5 53	8 35	5 52	8 29	11 4	19		4 40	4 54	1 50	2 5	269
26	W	*St. Cyprian*	5 55	8 55	5 49	9 2	Aftern.	20		5 9	5 26	2 19	2 34	270
27	Th	Algiers bombarded, 1816	5 57	9 15	5 47	9 40	1 6	21		5 44	6 3	2 51	3 9	271
28	F	Strassburg capitulated, 1870	5 59	9 35	5 45	10 28	2 0	☾		6 25	6 51	3 28	3 50	272
29	S	*St. Michael.* Michaelmas Day	6 0	9 55	5 42	11 23	2 48	23		7 19	7 51	4 16	4 44	273
30	S	18TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	6 1	10 14	5 39	Morn.	3 31	24		8 30	9 15	5 16	5 55	274

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES FOR SEPTEMBER.

The MOON will be near, and to the left of, Saturn during the morning hours of the 4th; she is near both Mercury and Venus on the morning of the 7th; and she is near both Jupiter and Mars during the evening hours of the 11th, being a little to the left of both planets, Mars being farther from the Moon than Jupiter by about 2 deg., and she will be to the right of Saturn on the morning of the 30th. Her phases or times of change are:—

New Moon on the	6th at 56 minutes after 4 in the	morning.			
First Quarter	„ 12th „ 9	„	10	„	afternoon.
Full Moon	„ 20th „ 24	„	5	„	morning.
Last Quarter	„ 28th „ 30	„	8	„	„

She is nearest the Earth on the 9th, and most distant from it on the 25th.

MERCURY is an evening star, setting on the 5th at 7h 0m p.m., or 24 minutes after sunset; on the 11th at 6h 49m p.m., or 26 minutes after the Sun sets; on the 16th at 6h 42m p.m., or 30 minutes after sunset; on the 20th at 6h 29m p.m., or 27 minutes after the Sun sets; on the 25th at 6h 18m p.m., or 26 minutes after sunset; and on the 30th at 6h 7m p.m., or 28 minutes after sunset. He is near the Moon and Venus on the 7th; is in descending node on the 13th; near Venus again on the 19th; and at greatest distance from the Earth on the 23rd.

VENUS sets on the 1st at 7h 17m p.m., or 33 minutes after sunset; on the 10th at 6h 58m p.m., or 33 minutes after the Sun sets; on the 19th at 6h 40m p.m., or 35 minutes after sunset; and on the 30th at 6h 20m p.m., or 41 minutes after sunset. She is near the Moon on the 7th.

MARS sets on the 1st at 8h 56m p.m., on the 10th at 8h 34m p.m., on the 20th at 8h 14m p.m., and on the 30th at 7h 58m p.m. He is near the Moon and Jupiter on the 11th.

JUPITER sets on the 1st at 9h 23m p.m., on the 8th at 8h 57m p.m., on the 18th at 8h 21m p.m., and on the 28th at 7h 45m p.m. He is near the Moon and Mars on the 11th.

SATURN rises on the 1st at 2h 46m a.m., on the 9th at 2h 20m a.m., on the 19th at 1h 47m a.m., and on the 29th at 1h 14m a.m. He is near the Moon on the 4th.

MOOR, MOUNTAIN, AND LOCH.

The clearness and briskness of the air gives the pedestrian a feeling of rapt enjoyment and a sense of abnormal vigour which seem to diminish distances — almost to annihilate space —and he strides across the moors for miles without perceptible fatigue. It is true that he has ample opportunities for rest. The day is his own; the moorland lies all before him where to choose; the sky glows with the fine splendour of the summer; while the hot rays of the August sun are tempered by the light breeze which rises, one knows not whence, and blows, one knows not whither. He can halt where and as often as he pleases; and, if he have eyes to see, his halting-places will be numerous. For, as he follows the faint foot-track until it disappears among the purple heather, and then goes forward into what is for him the unknown, the unexplored—the world of mystery and awe—new things of beauty occur at almost every step, and he feels that he must pause to examine them. He starts, perhaps, a blackcock in his home among the stony places; or a ptarmigan mounts out of the midst of the stunted coppice; or he catches sight, on a far-off hill, of a red-deer, standing alone, expectant, free, and beautiful. Perhaps a hare scurries timidly in front of him; or a peaseweep, with green back and white breast, flutters to and fro, crying dolefully, and betraying, what she is fain to hide, the abiding-place of her young brood. The ringing song that floats in the amber air is that of an aspiring lintie; in yonder clump of brushwood a mavis is pouring out its full heart of melody. Then, as our pilgrim loiters onward with the slow, easy step of a man who is making the most of the happy hours, he comes suddenly upon a brimming pool, cool and translucent, in which the blue heaven is so faithfully mirrored that the gazer feels as if he hovered between two firmaments, one above and one below, and each of the same deep, soft, sapphire blueness—each with the same warm radiance in its hidden depths. Mayhap he falls in with a little patch of broom, where the yellow blossom still lingers kindly, and he catches the solitary hum of some vagrom bee; or a hollow filled with gorse and bramble; or a bright-green bit of quagmire, ringed round with firmer sward, and edged with wild cresses, among which oozes silently an apparently inexhaustible spring. Such halting-places as these are plentiful "as blackberries"—on the moors.

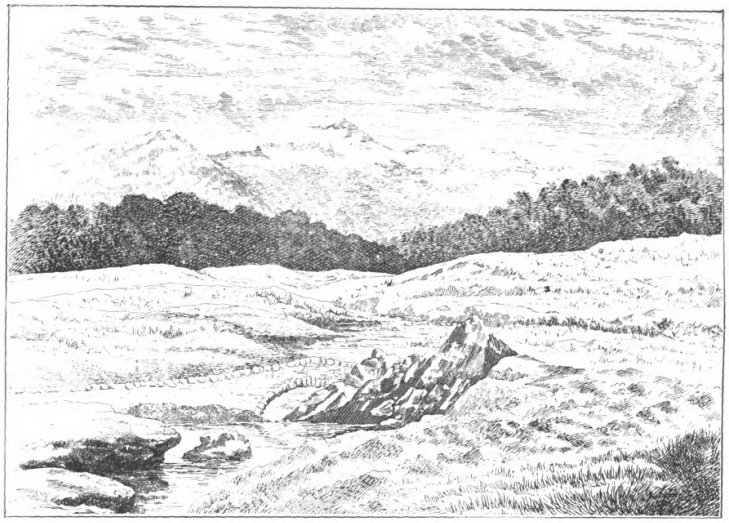
At length the wayfarer turns from these objects at his feet to survey the panorama that spreads around him; and 't is then that he becomes conscious of the glory of the moors. For, piled up against the horizon tower the forms of the great mountains, as if to shut out the world beyond and keep it free from the intrusion of the stranger; and there, in the warm noon, rests upon their sides a swathe of luminous mist, through which the waterfalls shine like glancing splendours; and the rocky precipices—the haunt and eyrie of the eagle—are veiled with manifold-tinted draperies. The sunlight, streaming full upon their rugged, serrated tops, adorns them with spires and pinnacles, and pyramids and minarets of molten gold; while deep shadows and gulfs even of blackness lie in the ravines which break up the mountain-mass into separate and individual heights. It is difficult, surely, to conceive of a grander spectacle than yonder "rampire" of granite, with all those lights shivering and splintering, like darts from angel-hands, against each projecting ledge and crag; while clouds of silvery vapour roll down towards its steadfast base in the deep, dark, distant waters. But to see it aright you should see it when the full-orbed sun is sinking majestically below the rim of day—when the mountain-summits gleam and glisten with changing shades and hues of purple, emerald, and amethyst—when a soft, mysterious violet steals into every hollow—when serried ranks of burning and glowing clouds gather all around them in a kind of Titanic pomp, unimaginable and indescribable — when the sky reflects upon the heights, and the heights throw back upon the sky, such a combination of ethereal colours as no painter ever dared to dream of—and the fancy, spell-bound by the wonder of the scene, loses itself in strange visions of adamantine palace-towers, and kindling domes of crystal, and cathedral interiors blazing with sacred fires—until, at last, the dazed eye refusing to look further upon a magnificence that appals and almost blinds it, one turns away, awe-struck and shrinking, as Moses may have done from the Presence in the Burning Bush!

One feels as if one had stood for a moment at the gates of heaven, and had had revealed to one the glories of the Infinite! God! how beautiful, how majestic is Thy sunset among the eternal mountains! Is it possible to gaze upon all that vast stretch of light and shadow, of purpling depths of sky, of lonely, awful mountain-peaks soaring far up into the azure spaces, without owning in one's heart of hearts the boundlessness of Thy power, the grandeur of Thy being? Can it be possible among the mountains to disbelieve in Thee and Thy work? Can it be possible among the mountains to disbelieve in the immortality of the spirit which Thou hast given to man—the spirit that has the capacity and the power to feel, and know, and comprehend the majesty of the mountains, and the beauty and the marvel of the sunset?

One of the most impressive features of the moors is their *silence*. I have read of the silence of the virgin forests of the Amazons, and of its strange effect upon the traveller; but sure am I that it cannot be more eerie than that of the lonely moors, when the pedestrian is well up into their solitudes, with only the sky and the mountains for his companions, away from the whirr of wings and the hum of insects, and the bell-like note of the red-deer—alone, alone in the deepest, sacredest hush of Nature. One feels afraid to lift up one's voice, lest it should start some weird reverberation or perhaps some awful response: for who knows what uncanny creatures may not haunt this wide heathery waste so seldom trodden by mortal feet? One turns to the mountains—they are silent; or, at least, their voices cannot travel hither. One turns to the sky—it gives no answer; not a bird is near to cheer one with its fluent melodies. The visible earth and heavens are given over to a conspiracy of silence; and the pilgrim presses onward with quickened step, almost scared by the awesomeness of a soundless world. Such silence as here prevails is impossible in the sweet pastoral regions of the South, where the air is always full of the plash of streams, or the low of kine, or the hum of villages, or of echoes of the roar of great busy cities. It is impossible, too, among the mountains; for there, even on windless days, the air is astir, and the thunder of the cataracts never ceases. It is impossible in the valleys which open seaward, and drink up into their furthest depths the murmur of the ceaseless tide. But on the moors—in the very heart of the wilderness—one feels a silence that is like that of the grave.

But in time the wayfarer reaches the brink of the moorland, and, as the long declivity opens before him, the welcome sound of water breaks upon his ears—welcome? yes, as the voice of a friend whom, after long absence, you clasp by the hand once more! Almost at his feet a tiny rill issues from a patch of greenest moss. He follows it, and soon the rill marks out clearly its path among the sweet-smelling heather. He follows it, and other rills soon mingle with it, until the rill swells into a stream, and the stream deepens and broadens in its rocky channel. He follows it, and still the channel grows wider and deeper, and the burn laughs aloud, and tumbles joyously over edges of sandstone, and babbles in the shade of bracken and fern and wild-brier; and, as it pursues its rapid downward course, falls now and again into a wild impetuosity, and leaps in a rush of perpendicular foam some twelve to twenty feet or more, then rattles along beneath the drooping rowans, and sinks again, deeper and deeper, into a leafy glen; takes another headlong bound from rocky steep, to glide under the mossy trunk of an old tree that has fallen athwart it, and past the crevice where the water-pyet hides her nest. The wayfarer follows it, and behold! it eddies among stones and pebbles and bits of rock, or washes the lustrous leaves of cresses and other aquatic plants, and dimples into still pools among more bracken and broom. He follows it, and soon becomes aware of the slow surging wash of the waters of a great loch upon the silvery strand. Then, looking around, he sees that the moorland is sliding down into a vast basin, on the further side of which the storm-blasted mountains rear their dark fronts precipitously. There on the moorland side the descent is gradual, and at the bottom runs a road, sprinkled with a few white cottages, which passes at both ends into romantic, savage-looking glens, and through these glens extends to other lochs and mountains, and so into Highland regions dear to legend and song. But, oh! the beauty of this loch—this ample, glorious loch!—its shining surface relieved by green wooded isles, and its circuit broken by tiny headland and peninsula, by curve and crescent cove, into which the moorland streams empty their tribute! One might spend a summer's day in telling over all its gracious features and radiant aspects, and then want another—and yet another—to complete the tale!

W. H. D.-A.



MOOR, MOUNTAIN, AND LOCH.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS.

The final report of the Commissioners on the Elementary Education Acts has been published. The leading conclusions to which the Commissioners have arrived are that, on the whole, the demand for school accommodation has been fairly met; that the power of deciding on the claims of schools to be supported out of the Parliamentary grant can hardly be placed in other hands than those of the Department to which it has been committed by statute, and should not be placed in the hands of a local body; that the remedy for the grievance felt in the case of certain schools pronounced by the Department to be unnecessary seems to be in a more liberal interpretation of the term "snitability," and in a close adherence to the spirit of the provisions of the Act of 1870; that in any fresh educational legislation it should be enacted that no transfer of a school held under trust should take place without the consent of a majority of the trustees, and that the Department should not sanction such terms of transfer as interfere with the original trust beyond what is required for the purposes of the Education Acts. It is further declared that provision should be made that no structural expenses involving a loan be incurred without the consent of the trustees who lease the building; that there is no reason why voluntary effort should not be entitled to work *pari passu* with a school board in providing accommodation to meet any increase of population, subsequent to the determination of the necessary schools supply arrived at by the Department after the first inquiry of 1871; and that the time has come when the State may be more exacting in requiring for all children a proper amount of air, light, and space, suitable premises, and a reasonable extent of playground. There are further recommendations as to school management, the inspection of school-teachers, and staff training-colleges. Though there are undoubtedly very considerable local shortcomings calling for amendment, the vast increase in the school population receiving regular instruction, obtained in the short period of seventeen years, gives results of a very satisfactory nature. The absence of any serious opposition on the part of the wage-earning classes to compulsion, notwithstanding its grave interference with their homes, is largely owing to the gradual steps by which it had been introduced. While the Commissioners desire to secure for the children in the public elementary schools the best and most thorough instruction in secular subjects, they are unanimously of opinion that their religious and moral training is a matter of still higher importance, and all the evidence is practically unanimous as to the desire of parents for the religious and moral training of their children. The Commissioners enforce the value of manual and technical instruction. The present large annual outlay, as now distributed, does not secure for the nation commensurate results, and various modifications are suggested to secure this.

The report contains certain reservations by Cardinal Manning.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

This Association will shortly meet at Bath, and, according to an article in the *Times*, evidently written from official information, old Associationists are looking forward to the meeting with the confident expectation that they will spend a pleasant week. Sir Frederick Bramwell is one of the most popular members of the Association, and under his auspices the social aspects of the meeting are likely to be unusually pleasant and prominent. Great preparations are being made by the citizens of Bath for the entertainment of both the older and the younger visitors, and the latter especially will have no reason to complain of the attentions that will be lavished upon them. The local committee, assisted by the experienced assistant local secretary, are doing all they can to make the meeting a pleasant one, and to make everything work smoothly for the visitors. Bath is eminently a city of hotels and comfortable lodging-houses, and, to judge from the lists that have been drawn up, the prices to be charged can hardly be considered exorbitant. Bristol, which is so close at hand, will, no doubt, do its share in the way of entertainment, and, with Cardiff and other large towns in the west, will certainly furnish a considerable contingent of visitors, so that it will not be surprising if the attendance at the meeting comes up to 2500.

Already a very fair number of excursions have been arranged for, and the Bath neighbourhood abounds with places of interest. A considerable number have been arranged for on the Saturday, but the most interesting are those for the second Thursday. None of these are gratis, and few of them can be considered cheap. Among the places included in the Saturday excursions are Cirencester, Berkeley, the Severn Tunnel, Bradford-on-Avon, Box and Corsham Quarries, Stanton-bury and neighbourhood. In the Thursday's list are included Stonehenge, Salisbury, and Wilton; Sidbury, Avebury, and neighbourhood; Wells and Glastonbury; Ebbw Gorge, Wookey Hole, and Cheddar; Chepstow and Tintern. No doubt there will also be the usual proportion of afternoon receptions and visits to places in the immediate neighbourhood.

As to the real proceedings of the Association, even if nothing particularly brilliant is to be expected, in several of the sections really useful work will be done, mainly through the medium of discussions on prearranged subjects—a feature which is rightly becoming more and more prominent every year. In his presidential address, Sir Frederick Bramwell is sure to deal pretty largely with progress in the department with which his name is so eminently connected.

GERMAN COLONIES IN ASIA MINOR.

The United States Consul at Sivas, in Asia Minor, in a recent report states that during the past year an immigration movement from Germany to Asia Minor has taken place. There are now about 100 German families at Amasia, a city on the river Iris, about 100 miles north-west of Sivas. This is due to the efforts of the German Consul there, who has largely interested himself in the movement. Most of the colonists are mechanics and men of moderate means. They have engaged in milling, waggon-making, farming, and other industries. Several flour mills with improved European machinery have been erected, and this branch of business, for which Amasia is well adapted, owing to its water-power and the surrounding grain district, was to have been largely extended during the present year. It is expected that large additions will be made to the colony during this year, and that several other colonies will be established in Anatolia. The immigration is at present small, but "it is of importance as indicating the commencement of a movement which will undoubtedly turn a part of the stream of German emigration in a new direction, and it cannot but be of great advantage in developing resources which are now, owing to the character of the population, wholly unused."

The Professorship of Commerce and Commercial Law at King's College, London, vacant by the death of Dr. Leone Levi, has been conferred on Mr. James Gault, barrister, of the Middle Temple.

The Orders in Council for the holding of the Winter Assizes appear in the *Gazette*. By a separate order it is directed that the Winter Assizes for the county of Wilts shall hereafter be held at Salisbury and Devizes alternately; for the county of Somerset, at Taunton and Wells alternately; for the county of Suffolk, at Ipswich and Bury St. Edmunds alternately; for the county of Glamorgan, at Swansea and Cardiff alternately.

A handsome stained-glass window, introducing figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, by Messrs. Warrington and Co., of Fitzroy-square, has been placed in Sandford church, Devon.

Cardinal Lavigerie gave an address on Aug. 15, in the Cathedral at Brussels, on slavery in Africa. He advocated the formation of a corps of about 100 men, composed exclusively of Belgians, to be stationed on the borders of Lake Tanganyika, in order to bar the way to the slave-dealers. The expenses he estimated at a million francs.

GLASGOW & THE CLYDE
Past & Present.



GLASGOW IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.—FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.

THESE names of Glasgow and the Clyde are inseparably associated. The second, in amount of population, among the cities of Great Britain, the social and commercial capital of Western Scotland, Glasgow, which is to that part of the country what Liverpool and Manchester, compounded together, with some of the neighbour manufacturing towns, would be to England, owes a great deal to its river. Yet it is not more true that the Clyde has made Glasgow, looking to the "Past and Present" of both, than it is true that Glasgow has made the Clyde. It is by the skill and enterprise of the citizens, the engineers, the shipbuilders and shipowners, and all interested in maritime traffic, that this river, an offspring of the moorlands and mountains of upper Lanarkshire, has been converted, in its lower course, into a harbour and highway of great ocean steamers, ranking with the Mersey and the Thames as one of the main portals of our trade at sea. The domestic history of British industrial and social progress has no chapter more remarkable than this, the results of which are displayed in the Glasgow Exhibition of 1888, now visited by her Majesty the Queen. Of that Exhibition, when it was opened by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, some general account, with various Illustrations, appeared in this Journal. There is more to be said of it now; but of Glasgow and the Clyde, with the origin and increase of their productive and mercantile activity, manifested on the present occasion, a retrospective view will be found interesting, and we shall indulge in it at moderate length. Historical particulars concerning only those things which have passed away—the ancient kingdom of Scotland, with all its feudal institutions, is no exception—do not much engage the minds of ordinary readers. "Let the dead bury their dead"; most of us can find studies more agreeable and profitable than the "treasons, stratagems, and spoils," the ferocious brawls, the plots and conspiracies of barons and chieftains, and of courtiers, lawyers, and churchmen, in the reigns of rash and foolish monarchs before the two Crowns were set on one Royal head. The excellent work of the learned Dr. Hill Burton, and Sir Walter Scott's entertaining "Tales of a Grandfather," besides Scott's romances and poems, are at the service of English readers who care to know the affairs of the Scottish Kings of the House of Stuart, and the manifold troubles brought on that country by the most factious set of noblemen, the most inveterate plotters and intriguers, whoever pursued schemes of criminal ambition. But it is different with those facts of historical or antiquarian research that concern the real welfare of the land and of the people, from the earliest age of native barbarism, from the civilising advent of a great missionary Christian Bishop, through the protecting and educating guardianship of his successors, to the rise of municipal self-government, and to the development of civic and local public spirit, by which modern Glasgow has grown like the wealthy and powerful free cities of Flanders, of Germany, and of Italy in the Middle Ages. Such works in the past, and the fruits of such lives and labours, belong to the history of that which is not dead, but is still living and flourishing in prosperous growth, to the benefit of the whole nation at the present time, and of generations hereafter, also to the spread of many benefits wherever British influence shall extend all over the globe. In this way, it seems to us, the annals of progress at Glasgow and on the Clyde, beginning as far back as we know, would seem worthy of attention.

Rivers are much older than towns, and have witnessed much greater changes: if one of them could speak articulately,



THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION, 1888: MAIN ENTRANCE FROM THE GROUNDS.

GLASGOW AND THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

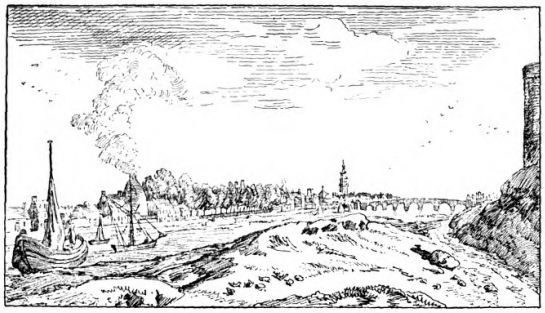


THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: THE MAIN AVENUE.



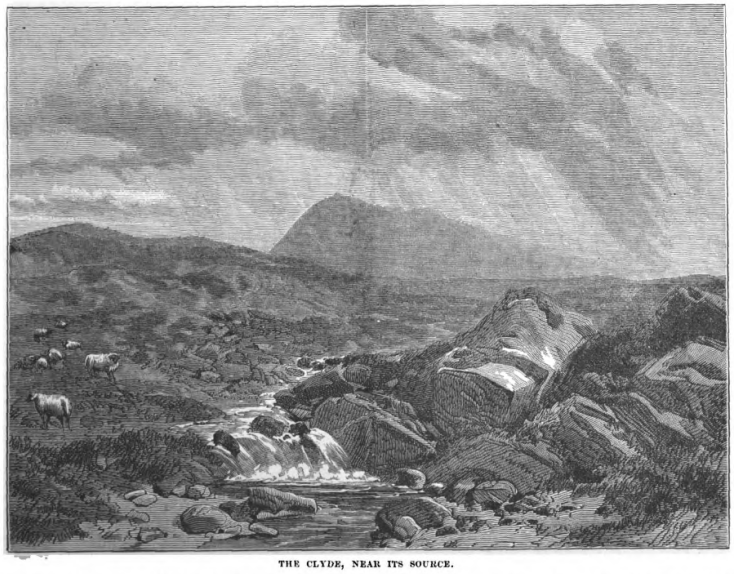
THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: GRAY-STREET ENTRANCE.

instead of the solemn murmuring voice that ceases not a moment, by day and by night, as it flows perpetually on during hundreds and thousands of years, what might it not tell of the ages of human toil and strife, the doings, the enjoyments, the sufferings of mankind dwelling on its banks! Could but the Thames or the Tiber narrate what its fabled Genius must have seen from a period before the building of London or Rome! The Clyde has a story to relate which may be read by the eye, and its beginning is romantic enough



VIEW OF GLASGOW, ABOUT 1760.—FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.

as a matter of topography: far up in the hills near Moffat, oozing out of a peaty moor which also gives birth to the Tweed, the little "burn" presently falls in with two larger infant streams, the Daer and the Powtrail, 900 ft. above the sea-level, and they agree to run and play together in one channel. They do not say to each other, "Let us go down and make the great city of Glasgow." Old "Tintock Tap," the famous hill of a droll song, looking down on them from his summit of 2335 ft., is pleased to see the Clyde coming his way, joined by the Elvan, the Camps and Medlock, the Glengonar and Duneaton Waters, but asks no questions about its further business. "The river wanders at its own sweet will," and in a sweet way, among heathery hills, verdant level holms, woodland parks, and glens leading to deserted mines of metal, with a little gold in them; a ruined baronial tower of the Lindsays; another, "The Bower of Wandel," perched on its rock almost surrounded by the stream; and by the Devonshaw and Startup Heights, to the pretty village of Lamington. Here the Clyde assumes a more important demeanour, quite unconsciously, we believe; the character of a river, in fact, depends on geology. Its course, so far, has been through hard Silurian rock, its allies and tributaries were originally mountain torrents; but now it enters the Old Red Sandstone, and must be graver, as it will be deeper and broader in these strata of the earth's crust; it is also now within twelve miles of Lanark, the county town, and therefore has to make a respectable appearance. Farewell to its sportive infancy! But as the course of adult youth is often devious and tumultuous, so with the Clyde. Winding uncertainly through a flat valley, and leaving old Tinto Hill behind like a tutor of school-days, it passes Symington in a north-easterly direction, till it almost meets the Tweed. "Hallo!" says the Tweed, "you're not to go my way! I'm going east to the German Ocean; you go *that* way," pointing west: "you flow into the Irish sea." So the Clyde obeys its brother's advice, makes a sudden bend to the north-west at Biggar, again curves to the west at Carnwath and Carstairs, delighting itself amid broad meadows and corn-fields, and the parks and mansions of Earls. It seems inclined to run into Ayrshire, the Land of Burns, till it is brought up sharply to a sense of its proper



THE CLYDE, NEAR ITS SOURCE.

duty by a junction with Douglas Water. Here is a new partner not to be trifled with, bent on flowing north—a strong and full stream rising at a height of 1500 ft., and acquainted with the Castle of the Douglas Lords, who were apt to have their own way. The Clyde is henceforth not allowed to amuse itself with erratic vagaries, but must run a tolerably straight course. It has to make a grand exhibition of itself, and to win a classic renown for its noble waterfalls, as it approaches Lanark town. Its rocky bed is here of a nature to form terraces adapted to this performance. Through a deep gorge in the hills, between high wooded banks, it reaches Bonnington Linn, where it leaps a precipice of 30 ft., with a projecting rock midstream dividing the mass of water. The channel below narrows and deepens, and the river is overhung by trees, for about half a mile; here is Corra or Cora Linn, one of the most beautiful of British cataracts—for a descent of water by three successive bounds, twice caught by steps or ledges of rock, situated obliquely to each other, is more picturesque than would be a single perpendicular fall of 84 ft., as it presents more various combinations of the forms of flowing water. The ancient ruin of Corra Castle, the stronghold of the Bannatynes, stands on the cliff overhead; and there is a rock-hole, with a small brook cascade, said to have once harboured William Wallace. The river, traversing a softer and more open valley, passes Lanark town, Cartland Crags, and Telford's grand viaduct, below which it goes through another splendid performance, the Falls of Stonebyres, again descending 70 ft. in three leaps. It is joined at Crossford by the lovely Nethan, to enter the pleasant lands of Clydesdale, a district including the remnants of Cadzow Forest, Hamilton, Motherwell, and Bothwell, which is scarcely surpassed in beauty, or in legendary and historic interest, by the vales of the Tweed, Ettrick, and Teviotdale.

This is a fine orchard and fruit-growing district, and much of it, the soil being very fertile, is occupied by corn-fields, with which are interspersed many pieces of woodland. Of the ancient Forest of Cadzow, formerly covering the whole plain and neighbouring hills, there are some remains on the banks of the Avon, within the demesnes of the Duke of Hamilton. The oaks are of vast antiquity, most of them decaying, and their short trunks are enormous in girth, some measuring 27 ft. round. In this forest is kept the famous breed of wild cattle, pure white all over, saving the muzzle, hoofs, and tips of the ears, which are black, as well as the eyes. They resemble the rare Chillingham breed of Northumberland and Berwickshire; and it is probable that they are not of a native Caledonian stock, but were imported, centuries ago, as a fancy breed. Sir Walter Scott's description of this fine animal, in his ballad of "Cadzow Castle," is somewhat exaggerated. The subject of that poem is the sudden return home of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, after murdering the Regent Murray at Linlithgow. Cadzow Castle, the ruins of which are in the woods above the Avon, two miles from the Clyde, was a Royal residence of the Bruces, who gave it to the Hamiltons. The Palace of Hamilton, a magnificent ducal mansion, is comparatively modern; the Knight of Cadzow, Sir James Hamilton, was ennobled in 1445, and married Princess Mary, daughter of a King of Scotland, whose grandson, the Earl of Arran, became Regent for Queen Mary Stuart, and his son was a sort of pretender to the throne. The Duke of Hamilton has also a French title, Duke of Chatelherault, and there is a château on this estate, named from that of Chatelherault in France. The park and mansion have been described on former occasions; the art collections, library, and furniture were sold in London, for nearly £400,000, six years ago. The town of Hamilton, which has nearly 20,000 inhabitants, owes its prosperity to the coal and ironworks in its vicinity, and is also the quarters of military forces, but is not otherwise interesting. Motherwell is a similar thriving town, a junction station on the Caledonian Railway, with Dalzell House, the seat of another branch of the noble family of Hamilton. The village of Bothwell, within nine miles of Glasgow, has a name unhappily more celebrated. "Were you at the battle of Bothwell Brig?" was the question put to Ephraim Macbriar, the tortured Cameronian martyr, when the wedge was driven into the iron "boot," crushing his knee-bone, horrible to imagine, by order of the Duke of York, afterwards King James II., and of the Earl of Lauderdale and others of the Council, in a dreadful scene of "Old Mortality." The battle fought on June 22, 1679, in which four thousand Covenanters were defeated by Claverhouse and Dalziel, is described by Scott.

From Bothwell down to Glasgow, the Clyde loses its romantic aspects and associations for a space, though Bothwell Castle and Blantyre Priory are sufficiently picturesque. The manufacturing town of Blantyre is notable as the birthplace of David Livingstone. The Clyde has received large accessions to its volume from the South and North Calder, rivers flowing from the east, and the Rotten Calder, from the south, by which it is rendered capable of becoming, with the aid of the engineers, a navigable river. Its course is now almost due west; on its left or south bank is Rutherglen, a small town which had once more trade than its neighbour Glasgow, and which is of some note in Scottish history, both in the wars of Wallace and Bruce against the English, and in the civil wars of the Covenanters. It was here that Sir John Menteith betrayed Wallace to the vengeance of King Edward. It was at Langside, close by, that Queen Mary saw her army defeated, and fled in despair. Being now within sight of Glasgow, we shall interrupt our description of the Clyde, to speak of the origin, rise, and progress of the great commercial city.

Here, then, on the right bank of the river, between the Molendinar and the Kelvin, streams that flow down to it from the Campsie Fells on the north side, let us look yet farther back by the assistance of Mr. Andrew Macgeorge, whose treatise on "Old Glasgow, the Place and the People, from the Roman Occupation to the Eighteenth Century," has already been noticed. O times past! O places wonderfully altered! O people changing their name, their language, their creeds, their habits and manners, abiding in these places, from the Celtic heathen savage with his bare body tattooed, wielding his stone-pointed lance in front of his rude home, a mere pit roofed with boughs and fern or heather, to the rich Glasgow Bailie, merchant or banker, the dignified Lord Provost, a member of Parliament, a respectable Elder of the Presbyterian Kirk! Two thousand years ago, when the Caledonians were about as civilised as the natives of Masai Land in East Africa or those of New Guinea are now, Bailie Nicol Jarvie's ancestors, paddling on the Clyde, or prowling in the woods and marshes, never dreamt of his civic importance. It required centuries of experiment, invention, and practice, for them to make their little canoes, scooped out of the trunks of oaks with stone hatchets helped by burning, and fitted, perhaps, with a stern of boards, two or three of which have been found buried in the earth, in the midst of the city streets. This was the commencement of Clyde shipbuilding! The Romans came and went in North Britain; under Agricola they built a rampart, twenty-seven miles long, across from the Forth to the Clyde. The whole country between this and the Wall of Hadrian, or of Severus, from the Tyne to the Solway, was afterwards abandoned by its Roman garrison, without having obtained Roman civilisation. Its eastern part became the Saxon kingdom of Northumbria, and Edinburgh was a Saxon



DUMBARTON CASTLE, ON THE CLYDE.

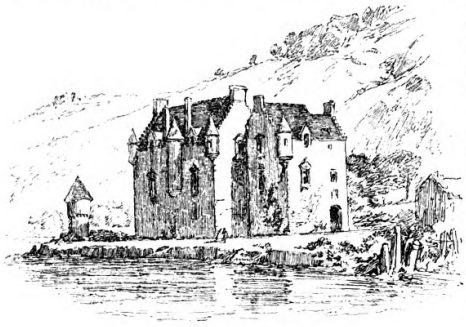
city. The western part, including all the south-west region of Scotland, with Westmorland, Cumberland, and the North Lancashire peninsula to Morecambe Bay, was the British kingdom of Alcluith, sometimes named Strathclyde. Its population were nearly akin to those of Gwynneth or North Wales, with some emigrants from Cornwall and Devon. The chief fortress and capital of this Principality was Dumbarton, the Castle on the Rock, fifteen miles below Glasgow. In the latter part of the sixth century of Christendom, when Britons, Scots, Picts, and Saxons were still tugging against each other for the possession of different parts of North Britain, a reverend man of peace, a man of faith and charity, the British apostle Kentigern, called "Mun-gu," which means in Welsh "Kind Friend," came to reside on the sylvan banks of the brook Molendinar. From the heart and brain of this good "St. Mungo," surely a messenger of God's grace, sprang the germ of Christian civilisation in Glasgow. Episcopacy or Presbyterianism, what matter for the title of office? this man was both "Overseer" and "Elder"; founder, pastor, and first Bishop, of the local church. The place had, indeed, been visited, towards the end of the fourth century, by St. Ninian, a missionary to the Picts; and Kentigern also found an aged hermit, one Fergus, dying in his cell on the banks of the Clyde, whose grave he made on the site of the present Cathedral.

Under the protection of King Rhydderch, who was a Christian, Kentigern organised his monastic college of preachers and teachers, instructing the natives in religion and morality, in agriculture, building, making furniture and clothing, and other useful arts. It is likely that he taught them how to construct a better kind of boats, and to make fishing-nets, thinking of the sons of Zebedee on the Galilæan lake. Honour and gratitude are due to St. Mungo, as well as to "Wallace wight" and "weel-skilled Bruce," and all the fighting Scottish patriots of later ages! The victories of humane benevolence are slow, but ultimately certain, and infinitely blessed. Did Livingstone think of Kentigern's example, when he joined Robert Moffat in the Bechuana Mission? A few generations—and what are a few centuries to mankind?—will, perhaps, show the fruits of their work in a prosperous native African world. There was cruelty, slavery, robbery, and murder enough, the darkest ignorance and the foulest vice, among that noble race of Britons, admired for their beauty and strength by Roman writers, who dwelt near the Caledonian wall. The Saxon Kings of Northumbria, using the arms of Anglian, Danish, and Norman adventurers, invaded Strathclyde, and subdued its Celtic people. Feudal rule of the utmost strictness was imposed on the conquered nation; but the Bishops of Glasgow were the protectors of a little commonwealth, enjoying more security and civil freedom than any other parts of Scotland. These recollections, whatever theological objections, since the Protestant Reformation, may prevail against the institution of prelacy in the Scottish Church, entitle the old Bishop's Castle to some respect. It stood near the west door of the cathedral till a hundred years ago, as represented in one of our Illustrations; and there is a model of it forming a temporary museum of historical relics, in the Exhibition grounds. The Castle is mentioned in a charter of 1290; it was a building of Norman style, but was much enlarged in the fifteenth century, and became a "Palace," with fair courts and flower-gardens. It is worthy of remark that the Glasgow Town Council, regarding the Bishop as their official patron, held their meetings in a special hall of his Castle until the sixteenth century.

The Cathedral Church, internally, is a beautiful Early Gothic edifice, with a fine crypt of grand pillared arches under the nave and choir, but not underground, as the east end of the building is on a steep slope to the Molendinar. Its construction was begun in the latter part of the twelfth century, by

Bishop Jocelyn, and was advanced by Bishop Bodington, seventy or eighty years later. The grand tower and the consistory-house were unfortunately pulled down by Government order in our own times, and the exterior of the Cathedral is not imposing. The interior has been "restored" with extreme neatness and elegance, and the stained-glass windows are as good as modern artificers can make. The aspect of antiquity has departed; yet the visitor cannot—except when Divine service is going on—help calling to mind that scene of "Rob Roy," where somebody is beckoned to from behind a pillar, to receive a whispered secret affecting the safety of persons in the story. The old painted windows, the sculptured images, and the altars, were destroyed at the Reformation. The Blackfriars Monastery, in High-street, was an ecclesiastical abode of much pomp; and the English King Edward I. sojourned there when he came to conquer Scotland. In 1488, the Bishops of Glasgow became Archbishops.

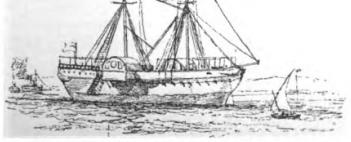
The city, however, was but a small and poor town until after the seventeenth century, when, like most provincial towns of Scotland, it gained immensely by the effects of the legislative Union with England—as Belfast and Cork have gained prosperity by the Irish Act of Union. It was originally the Bishop's Burgh, under feudal patronage, but with municipal privileges, secured by a Royal charter in 1189; the Bishop, however, was the Baron of Glasgow, appointed the Provosts, Bailies, and Sergeants, and nominated his representatives in the Scottish Parliament. This constitution naturally became unpopular after the Reformation, of which Archbishop Beaton, nephew of Cardinal Beaton, was an obstinate adversary; the Castle was besieged three times, in 1543, in 1560, and in 1570, by the Hamiltons of Arran and other Protestant Lords; and the rule of the Prelates was brought to an end. At the same time, when the manorial powers of local government rule passed into the hands of laymen, the effect on the interests of the townsfolk was prejudicial. Glasgow, nevertheless, by the industry and thrift of its inhabitants, gained a moderate share of trade; set up weaving in 1638; exported coarse woollen cloths, friezes and tartans, linens, hides and tallow; imported goods from Ireland, the Highlands, France, Spain, and Norway, and sugar from Barbadoes, though no Clyde vessel yet crossed the Atlantic. A View of the town in the reign of Charles II., when it had about 4000 inhabitants, is among our present Illustrations. Defoe, in 1727, called Glasgow "a large, stately, and well-built city," commending the breadth of its five best streets—High-street, the Trongate, the Saltmarket, Gallowgate, and Drygate being probably those intended. George-street, Argyle-street, and all to the west did not then exist. There was not a hackney-coach, a stage-coach, or a post-chaise in the town. One grave-digger sufficed to dispose of the whole



NEWARK CASTLE, PORT GLASGOW.

population, as fast as they chose to die. The living might be reckoned then at 13,000. Further details of Glasgow life more than a century ago may be gathered from "Rob Roy"; and Bailie Nicol Jarvie is one of the truest characters that its author ever drew. Glasgow society was strictly observant of the distinctions of classes. The merchants who imported tobacco, called the "tobacco lords," had a privileged walk at the Cross, on the "plane-stanes" in front of the Tontine, where they strutted to and fro, arrayed in long scarlet cloaks and bushy periwigs, and nobody dared speak to them, as they looked on the "wabster bodies" with an air of aristocratic scorn.

The time came at last for that grander development of Glasgow commerce which attended a series of persevering efforts to make the Clyde a harbour of sea-going ships. There is a story of an American passenger to Glasgow, in modern times, saying to the captain of a steam-ship: "You call this ditch a river? You should see our rivers, the Hudson, the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Missouri!" Said the Scotchman in reply, "Don't you brag of the rivers that Providence made for ye; I tell ye, we Glasgow bodies made this river for oorsels!" And so it was; it is by local management, with no aid either from Government grants, that the shallow, sprawling stream, which boys could wade across, has been converted into a deep and straight navigable waterway, capable of floating the largest steamers in the merchant navy. In old times, Dumbuck Ford, twelve miles below Glasgow, was the shallowest



THE PRECURSOR, BUILT ON THE CLYDE.
The First Steamer of the P. and O. Company.

part, and the great obstacle to navigation. Some inhabitants of Glasgow, Renfrew, and Dumbarton made periodical attempts to remove the great sandbank which formed the obstruction. Little good resulted from these efforts; up to 1658 the shipping port for Glasgow was as far away as Irvine, in Ayrshire, and all goods had to be brought from there either by expensive land carriage or tedious lightering. In that year, the Magistrates of Glasgow approached their brethren of Dumbarton with the view of purchasing ground there for the construction of a harbour. The Dumbarton Magistrates, however, refused to sell the ground, and the Glasgow Magistrates purchased thirteen acres further down on the south side of the river, where they built harbours, constructed the first graving-



JAMES WATT'S HOUSE, GLASGOW, IN 1817.

dock in Scotland, and founded the town of Port Glasgow. But they still had a strong desire to have the trade brought up to their own town. Accordingly, in 1755, they employed Smeaton to report to them on the possibility of accomplishing it. There was then, at the western boundary of the present harbour, 1 ft. 3 in. of water at low tide, and 3 ft. 8 in. at high tide. At the same point, to-day, there is 14 ft. and 24 ft. at low and high water respectively. The plan proposed by Smeaton, however, showed he had little idea of Glasgow ever becoming much of a seaport. He recommended the erection of a dam and lock four miles below the bridge, the lock to be "18 ft. in the clear, and to take in a vessel of 70 ft. long, or to let pass a sloop or brig of above 100 tons when there is water in the river to admit it." Under an Act of Parliament passed in 1759, power was given to the Magistrates and City Council of Glasgow to cleanse, scour, straighten, and improve the river Clyde from Dumbuck Ford to the Bridge of Glasgow, and to make locks, which fortunately were never constructed. For in 1768 Mr. John Golborne, of Chester, came upon the scene; and it is to his skill and ingenuity that Glasgow owes the first real improvement in the river. He found the depth at low water within the harbour to be 1 ft., and at Dumbuck Ford it was 2 ft. His plan, as he himself expressed it, was "to assist Nature by removing the stones and hard gravel from the bottom of the river where it is shallow, and by contracting the channel where it is worn too wide." In 1770 another Act was obtained, which declared that the Magistrates and Council were now advised "that by contracting the channel of the said river Clyde, and building and erecting jetties, banks, walls, works, and fences in and upon the said river, and dredging the same in proper places between the lower end of Dumbuck Ford and the Bridge of Glasgow, the said river Clyde may be further deepened, and the navigation thereof more effectually improved than by any lock or dam." This was done, and, thirteen years later, the Glasgow Magistrates again consulted Mr. Golborne about the means of getting a depth of water at the Broomielaw quay, to receive vessels trading to England and Ireland. Mr. Golborne found that, by the operation of his plans, a great deal had been effected in the improvement of the channel. The jetties which he had constructed had concentrated the current, so that, aided by dredging, it had worn away Dumbuck Ford to a depth of 14 ft. at low water, and at other parts of its course as much as 20 ft. and 22 ft. of water were to be found. He therefore recommended perseverance in the tactics which had already proved so successful; and, under his auspices and those of his successor, Rennie, more than two hundred jetties were erected between Glasgow and Bowling. To make the system still more complete, walls were built connecting the ends of the jetties, and confining the stream within strict limits. In 1807, Rennie made a very satisfactory report of the condition of the river; but at that time it was proposed to give the channel at the mouth of the Kelvin, the lower boundary of Glasgow harbour, only a width of 180 ft., with a width of 135½ ft. for the harbour itself; whereas the present dimensions are 370 ft. and 450 ft. The present depth of the harbour is 18 ft. to 20 ft. at low water. By a third Act, obtained in 1809, the Magistrates and Council were for the first time appointed trustees of the Clyde navigation. In 1825, by a fourth Act, the Trustees' jurisdiction was extended to Port Glasgow, and power was given to deepen the river to 13 ft., and the constitution of the Trust was widened by the addition as trustees of "five other persons interested in the trade and navigation of the river and firth of Clyde," to be appointed by the Magistrates and Council. In 1840 a further Act was obtained, providing for the deepening to 17 ft. at neaps; and, between 1846 and 1884, various Acts were obtained, arranging for the construction of docks, and the borrowing of money, for the provision of harbour tramways, and for the construction of graving-docks. One of these, obtained in 1858, and known as the Consolidation Act, fixed the number of Trustees at twenty-five, consisting of the Lord Provost and nine members of the Town Council, two of the matriculated members of the Merchants' House, two chosen by the members of the Trades' House of Glasgow, two by the Chamber of Commerce of Glasgow, and nine by the shipowners and ratepayers; the qualification of the latter members of the Trust being ownership to the extent of at least 250 tons of shipping, or payment of rates to at least the extent of £25 per annum; and the qualification of those who elect them, ownership to the extent of at least 100 tons of shipping, or payment of £10 of rates or upwards. The offices of the Trust are situated in Robertson-street, near the Broomielaw.

The harbour, the docks, the shipbuilding, and the maritime trade of Glasgow will claim more particular description after that of the modern city, which is the mistress of so many arts, trades, works of improvement, and manufacturing industries. Our topic, combining diverse views of "Glasgow and the Clyde, Past and Present," has so far been topographical and historical; it presents, like the scenes in our Illustrations, many striking contrasts. From the reputed "Source of the Clyde," in "the peace that is among the lonely hills," and from the cataracts of Cora Linn, and the Heart of the Forest, where the shy deer come to drink of still fresh waters among the trees of romantic Cadzow, what a change it is to the Broomielaw, where two miles of quays are crowded with shipping, and to the bustle of Argyle-street and Union-street, and to the cotton-spinning, weaving, bleaching, and calico-printing factories, to the iron and steel foundries, the mechanical engineers' works, the collieries, the chemical works of the industrial suburbs, and to the iron shipbuilding yards of Govan, and to the mansions of commercial and manufacturing aristocracy at the West-End, and finally to the Glasgow Exhibition! Here are things old and new, the soothing charms of rural Nature, the solitudes of mountain, forest, and moorland, the sweet aspects of a fertile plain, the ruined castles on crags that have echoed the shouts of ancient warfare, the traces of turbulent feudal chieftainship, the haunts of Wallace and Bruce, the battlefields of stern historical conflicts, of the partisans of Mary Stuart and those of the Covenant, of Claverhouse and the Duke of Monmouth with the stern Cameronians—all these, within a short journey up the Clyde, near enough to the huge town of varied and incessant labours, of increasing riches, of immense capital, science, skill, credit, and enterprise, where the ghost of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, walking the new streets in the silence of night, may stand amazed at the prosperity of his civic successors! And the spirit of St. Mungo, of the saintly Kentigern, whose lowly dwelling was on the banks of the Molendinar, when "Love had he sought in huts where poor men lie," bearing his message of Christian faith and duty to the wild heathen of Strathclyde, may look on his cathedral—and with equal approval, no doubt, on Norman Macleod's church hard by, a centre of the truest Christian teaching—whence the ancient Celtic title, "Kind Friend," the original designation of the Glasgow Pastorate, ought ever to speak to the hearts of the people.

Glasgow is a handsome and substantially built city, and the streets are, for the most part, laid out with great regularity, running either parallel with or at right angles to the river. The principal thoroughfare is Argyle-street, running east and west, nearly parallel to, and about 500 yards from the river. The point at which it is met by Jamaica-street and Union-street may be considered the centre of Glasgow. Here nearly all the tramway lines running east and west, north and south, intersect; the two principal railway stations, St. Enoch and the Central, are within two minutes' walk; while Queen-street station, Bridge-street station, and the Broomielaw steam-boat wharf may be reached in a few minutes. Argyle-street is the main industrial artery of the city, and, with its continuations Main-street and Dumbarton-road to the west and Trongate and Gallowgate to the east, connects the two extremities of the city by an unbroken line of street above five miles in length. Other important thoroughfares parallel to Argyle-street are George-street, passing through George-square, connecting with Duke-street, and forming the main roadway to the north-eastern district, Dennistoun. From the central point already mentioned, Union-street, with its continuations Renfield-street and Port Dundas-road, runs north as far as the industrial suburb of Port Dundas; and with Jamaica-street, Bridge-street, and Eglinton-street on the south forms the principal north and south route for the immense traffic over Glasgow Bridge. Buchanan-street, to the east of Union-street, is the principal outlet from St. Enoch station to the north, and is considered the best shopping street in Glasgow, though Sauchiehall-street, running west from the



THE FINGAL, ONE OF THE EARLY STEAMBOATS ON THE CLYDE.

head of Buchanan-street, vies with it for shopping, and is the principal approach to Kelvingrove Park. The New City-road, with its continuation, the Great Western-road, is one of the longest and straightest of Glasgow thoroughfares. The Great Western-road passes through the fashionable suburbs of Hillhead and Kelvinside. On the south side of the river, Paisley-road, with its continuation Govan-road, follows the course of the Clyde, passing through the populous and modern district of Tradeston and Kingston on to the burgh of Govan; this forms the main east and west thoroughfare. Main-street, in line with the Victoria Bridge, and Crown-street, opposite the Albert Bridge, are other important streets on the south side, all at right angles to the river, and parallel to Eglinton-street. The city districts of Sandyford, Kelvinhaugh, and Woodside, Anderston, Finnieston, Gorbals, Hutchesontown, Tradeston, and Kingston were, until comparatively recent times, almost country villages. The older quarters of the city, about Drygate, High-street, Gallowgate, Bridgeton, Saltmarket, Bridgegate, Trongate, the Wynds, Gorbals, and Calton, have been much altered between 1866 and the present time. The operations of the City of Glasgow Union Railway, and still more of the City Improvement Trust, acting under an Act obtained in 1866, have removed many narrow dirty courts, lanes, and streets. High-street, Rotten-row, and Drygate retain few signs of their former importance. Adjacent to Drygate is Duke's-place, which contained an ancient house at one time belonging to the Earl of Lennox, and afterwards to the Duke of Montrose, where Darnley's illness took place, and where Queen Mary visited him. It was removed in 1853. Its connection with the Duke gave its name to Duke-street. The suburban villages and burghs connected with the city by rows of houses or by partly-open roads are:—Maryhill and Keppoch-hill to the N.W., Springburn to the N., Shettleston, East Muir, Hogganfield, Provanhall, Tollcross, and Parkhead to the E.; Crosshill, Strathbungo, and Pollokshields, to the S.; Kinning Park, Govan, Govan-hill, to the W.S.W.; and Hillhead, Partick, and Whiteinch to the west.

The architectural and monumental grandeurs of the city—apart from the Cathedral and the University—are to be found in George-square, a place which was the rough playground of Glasgow boys now become sober elderly men. On the east side of it has arisen a magnificent public edifice in the Italian style, with abundant ornament, which has been built since 1883 at a cost of half a million sterling—the New Municipal Building, occupied by the Lord Provost, Bailies, and Town Council, with their Town Clerk and Chamberlain and other municipal officers, for the business of the Corporation, which in the olden time was transacted in the Tolbooth, and before that, in the Bishop's Castle. The square is adorned with bronze equestrian statues of the Queen and the late Prince Consort; a Doric fluted column 80 ft. high, on top of which is Sir Walter

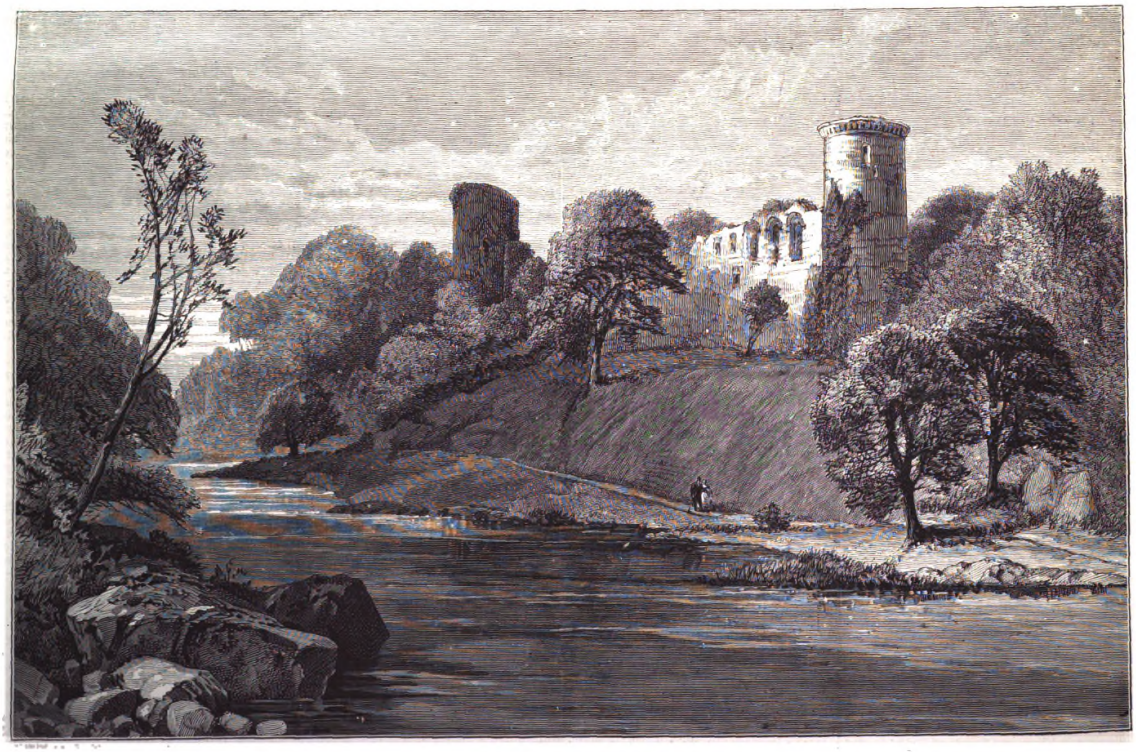


ANCIENT BRITISH CANOE, FOUND AT GLASGOW.

GLASGOW AND THE CLYDE: THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

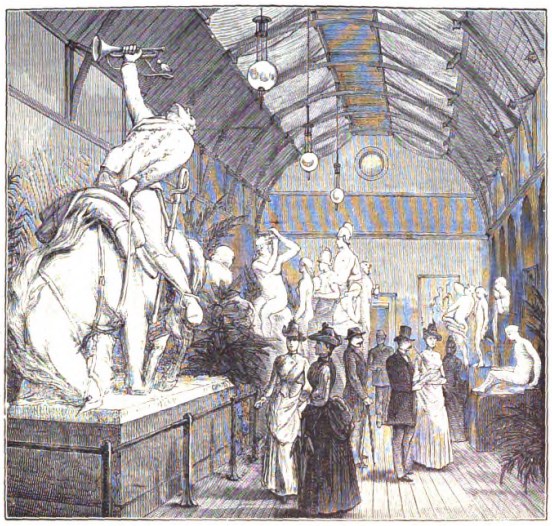


THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: VIEW IN THE GROUNDS.



BOTHWELL CASTLE, ON THE CLYDE.

THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION, VISITED BY THE QUEEN.



THE SCULPTURE GALLERY.



TRANSVERSE AVENUE, LOOKING FROM THE SANDYFORD-STREET ENTRANCE.

Scott; sitting bronze statues of James Watt, the practical inventor of the steam-engine, and Dr. Graham, Master of the Mint; and statues of Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet; General Sir John Moore, Field-Marshal Lord Clyde, and Thomas Campbell, three natives of Glasgow; Sir Robert Peel, Dr. Livingstone, and Sir James Oswald, the first M.P. for Glasgow. In Queen-street, in front of the Royal Exchange, which has a Corinthian pillared portico and a tall clock-tower, is a fine bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. There is an equestrian statue of King William III. in the Trongate; while the Nelson Column on Glasgow-green, the column and statue erected in the Necropolis to the memory of John Knox—more honoured here than at Edinburgh—and the statue of Dr. Norman Macleod, near the Barony Church, show the disposition of Glasgow to perpetuate, by such monuments, the fame of great and good men.

Among the public buildings worthy of notice are the Royal Infirmary, near the Cathedral; and, the finest of all modern edifices in Glasgow, that of the University, on Gilmour Hill, on the west bank of the Kelvin. The University and College buildings have been erected, within the past twenty years, at an expense of above £500,000, and are unequalled in stateliness. They are in the Early Pointed or Gothic style, with a mixture of the style of baronial domestic architecture borrowed by Scotland from France. They form an imposing rectangular pile, 532 ft. in length and 295 ft. in breadth. The main front faces to the south, and from the centre rises a lofty tower 150 ft. high, terminating in a spire rising about 100 ft. from the top of the tower, in which are a clock and bells to strike the hours and quarters. The principal entrance, with a deeply moulded Gothic arch, is in the centre of the tower; and two smaller entrances of similar design, placed midway between the central and corner towers, lead to the eastern and western quadrangles. The building was designed by Sir George Gilbert Scott.

The Glasgow public parks and recreation grounds are favoured by their situation; that of Kelvin Grove, or the West End Park, close to the present Exhibition, is very pretty, and is laid out as a pleasure-garden; the old mansion-house is now a Natural History Museum. Queen's Park, on the south side of the city, is on high ground, commanding very fine views in all directions; there is also Alexandra Park to the north-east. The Botanic Gardens are the resort of persons of taste and fashion; while Glasgow-green, up the river, is still a popular play-ground.

Glasgow chiefly owes its prosperity to the enormous engineering and shipbuilding concerns in and around the city; and these are supplied by the immense deposits of iron and coal adjacent to, and even underlying the manufacturing establishments. Shipbuilding and marine engineering on the Clyde employ about 50,000 men; while iron and steel making, iron-founding, boiler-making, locomotive engine-building, and general engineering, give occupation to as many thousand more. The steel now extensively used for shipbuilding is made partly from Spanish ores by the Siemens process, and partly from native ores by the Thomas-Gilchrist process, in about a dozen large steel-works in the neighbourhood. The application of steam-power to cotton-spinning, and the operations of bleaching and calico-printing, contributed greatly to advance the wealth of Glasgow; silk and woollen goods, including carpets, are also made to a considerable extent. Altogether the textile factories give employment to one-eighth of the population of the city.

Chemical manufactures have been extensively carried on, especially in the sugar-of-lead making process, the manufacture of dry chloride of lime (bleaching-powder), and the Mackintosh invention for producing waterproof cloths. The St. Rollox Chemical Works of Messrs. Tennant, Knox, and Co. are the largest in the world; they annually transform about 80,000 tons of raw material into soda, bleaching-powder, and sulphuric acid. Their "monster chimney" rises 455½ ft. in height, and is one of the sights of the city. Another important industry is the manufacture of glass, glass bottles, pottery and earthenware, commenced in 1730, and now carried on extensively in various parts of the city. These glass-blowing establishments contrast greatly with the old "Bottle-house Lum"—a reminiscence of the boyhood of our Artist, Mr. William Simpson, who is a native of Glasgow. A "lum" is Scotch for a "chimney." He has also supplied us with a sketch of James Watt's house, which was taken down, about 1847, to make a new street, now called "James Watt-street," from Argyle-street to the Broomielaw. It was here that Watt is said to have resided at the time when he made the improvements in the steam engine. Mr. Simpson's sketch of the riverside at Govan, with the mouth of the Kelvin, as it was in 1842, is another graphic testimony of local changes in his lifetime. At this very spot, the great newly-built steel or iron ships are frequently launched from the Govan yards; the river widens so, at the junction of the Kelvin with it, as to allow ample space for the launching.

We have deferred, so far, an account of the docks, the shipping, and the ship-building and marine-engine making, which belong, with the improvement of the river navigation, above described, to the great achievements of science and skill that have gained for Glasgow the rank of third commercial port in the United Kingdom, and which belong also to the history of the Clyde. James Watt, born at Greenock in 1736, apprenticed to an instrument-maker at Glasgow, working at that trade and keeping his shop in the Saltmarket, studying mathematics and mechanics, had a little model of Newcomen's steam-engine, the property of the University, put into his hands for repair. In 1764 he solved the problem of condensing the steam without loss of power; instead of alternately heating and cooling the cylinder, at each stroke of the piston, he devised an apparatus which made steam-power really available for the working of machinery. Ten years later, Boulton and Watt, having patented the invention, set up their great factory of steam-engines at Birmingham. It was not till 1788, in the experiments of Mr. Patrick Miller, with his assistants, James Taylor and William Symington, in a new method of propelling boats, that the steam-engine was applied to that purpose. Symington, who persevered, was afterwards, in 1802, employed by Lord Dundas in further experiments on the Forth and Clyde Canal. He invented the crank connection between the beam lifted by the piston-rod and the paddle-wheel, giving a rotatory action to the latter. This is the origin of the practical use of the steam-engine for locomotion, both on water and on land. In 1811, Henry Bell, of Torphichen, who owned a bathing establishment at Helensburgh frequented by Glasgow citizens, resolved to build a steam-boat to carry them to and fro. The "fly-boats," using sails or oars, or towed by horses, required ten or twelve hours to reach Greenock, a distance of twenty-seven miles. Mr. Bell engaged John Wood, of Port Glasgow, to build for him the Comet, a boat 42 ft. long, 11 ft. broad, and 5 ft. 6 in. deep; which had *two* pairs of paddle-wheels—that is to say, two paddles close together on each side of the boat, necessarily impeding their action on the water. This arrangement was disapproved by Robertson, the Glasgow engineer, who constructed the steam-engines for the Comet; but Mr. Bell had his own notions. The Comet, nevertheless, was able to steam to Greenock in three or four hours, and at a cost so much reduced that the first-class passenger fare was only five shillings. She was followed, in 1813, by the Elizabeth, a boat also built by John Wood, with engines made by James Cook, of Glasgow, and by five or six other vessels of increasing power, one of which, the Industry, built in 1814, is still in existence, and her first engines are in the Glasgow Museum. It was several years before anybody ventured to navigate the open part of the Firth of Forth with a steamer; and the Rob Roy, built in 1818 by William Denny at Dumbarton, with a thirty-horse power engine made by David Napier, was the first to cross the sea to Belfast. Wood and Napier then took up the construction of sea-going steamers, plying to Liverpool, Holyhead, and Dublin; in 1820, the Clyde possessed nine such vessels, and in 1828 there were twenty-five. Mr. Robert Napier was associated thus early with the firm of Messrs. G. and J. Burns in steam-navigation. In 1838, the steam-boats Sirius and Great Western crossed the Atlantic, and the Cunard Company started in 1840, with four wooden paddle-boats, each of about 1100 tons burden. David Elder and his son, the late Mr. John Elder, were builders of some of the finest Cunard liners; and the firms established by the Napiers and the Elders have always maintained their high reputation.



THE PICTURE GALLERY.

Such were the early efforts of Clyde steam-navigation; and many Glasgow people will remember the Trusty and the Industry, two old tubs which paddled up and down with goods to Greenock up to a few years ago. They were good specimens of the type of vessel which first was conceived. They were scarcely as large as the penny boats on the Thames, with round, bluff bows, and with the small paddle-boxes placed well forward. The Fingal, of which we give an Illustration from a sketch as the old hulk lay in Greenock in 1857, was built in 1819, and she was a great advance upon the model of the Trusty and the Industry, in her lines and in her size; still she represents very rude ideas of what the type of a steam-boat might be. The Precursor, which was built in the Clyde over half a century ago, shows the advance that had

then been made. Ocean steam navigation had then begun; this ship was built for the Peninsular and Oriental Company, being their first vessel, and, as the name implies, she was the "Precursor" of their now magnificent fleet of steam-ships. She was a wonder at the time as she lay at the Broomielaw getting in her engines, and crowds of people went to look at her. Our Artist, Mr. Simpson, remembers seeing her there when a boy; and in 1868, when on his way to Abyssinia, to take part in the campaign there, he found her lying as an old hulk at Suez, where she was used as a store for the various articles required by the P. and O. steamers on what was known as the "other side"—a term in vogue, before the Suez Canal was made, for the lines of traffic on the Indian Ocean. He then made a Sketch of her, which is here given, and he reports that she has since disappeared. The screw propeller was unknown when the Precursor was built. She was a link in the series of progressive improvements which have been made to the construction of the magnificent ocean-going steam-ships of the present day. The first iron steam-vessel plying on the Clyde was the Fairy Queen, built at Glasgow in 1831; the first iron screw-steamer from Glasgow was the Fire Queen, in 1845, two years later than the Great Britain, which was constructed at Bristol.

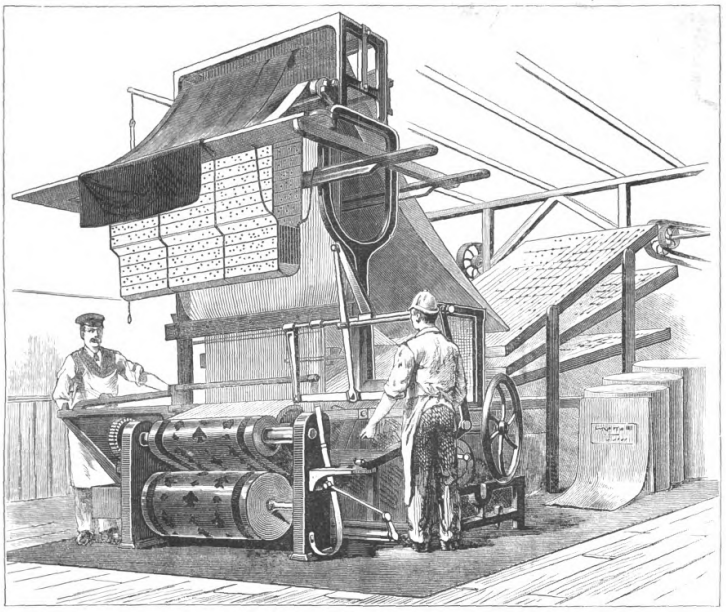
There are, on the Clyde, including Dumbarton and Greenock as well as Glasgow, perhaps thirty-five or forty separate ship-building yards, mostly for the construction of steel and iron ships. In the single year 1883, which was one of exceptional activity, they built ships to the enormous aggregate size of 419,600 tons burden, which fell to 296,800 tons in 1884. The steel ships alone built in 1887 amounted to 148,600 tonnage. Many of the largest works have engine factories in connection with the ship-building. The total number of workpeople employed, altogether, in building ships and making engines for them, and in the preparation of iron and steel for them, has been variously estimated from 120,000 to 150,000. They construct ironclad war-ships, for the British and foreign navies, mail-packet and passenger ships, the finest in the world, swift cruisers and gun-boats, cargo-carrying merchant-steamers, crack yachts and sailing clippers, coasters, powerful tugs and dredgers, vessels of great variety owned by many ports and nations. All this vast industry has grown up from Henry Bell's simple Comet in the present century.

The Lancefield Works, still carried on, with undiminished energy, under the name of Messrs. R. Napier and Sons, but of which Mr. Alexander Kirk, an eminent marine engineer, is now the head, while Mr. James Hamilton, also a managing partner, directs the ship-building, claim particular notice. In giving precedence to this establishment, it may be observed that the Elders, Randolph, Pearce, Thomson, Brock, and other marine architects and engineers on the Clyde, were trained in the service of Robert Napier. The works of the Napiers have been going on about fifty years, and have produced nearly five hundred ships. The Lancefield yard, employing 2500 men when in full operation, can build, engine, and fit out six of the largest ships at once. The ship-building department is situate on the south side of the Clyde, just beyond the entrance to the Graving Dock, the engine-works being on the north side, nearly opposite. The offices at the shipyard are of a substantial character, including the designing-office, where a number of young-lady tracers are employed. The principal building where the general shipwork in iron is carried out is replete with machinery and appliances necessary for work of the heaviest or the lightest description. These include plate-rollers, plate-planers, punching and sheering presses for plates and angle irons, vertical drills, and other appliances, including furnaces, bending blocks, and scrieve boards. The saw-mill and joiners'-shop are in one range of buildings, the one on the ground floor, the other above. Both are fitted with a large number of wood-working tools of the best British and American make. The smithy has five steam-hammers, besides a large number of fires and the usual appliances. Adjoining this is the machine-shop, with lathes and other machine-tools for finishing the smiths' work. Beyond are the iron stores and the angle-iron smiths' shop, where there are a number of fires and a steam-hammer. A noteworthy tool here is a large hot-iron saw, used for cutting beam-ends and angles for frames in the special work required for ironclad construction. We need not describe the engineering works. Throughout the various sections, forge, smithy, turning-shop, erecting-shop, pattern-shop, and boiler-building works, are many powerful and ingenious machine-tools, some of the firm's own design. The erecting-shop recently built is a fine lofty section of the works, and contains several powerful travelling-cranes.

The resources of Messrs. Napier and Sons' establishment have been particularly applied to the production of naval ships. When the Government, in April, 1885, invited private builders to tender for the five belted cruisers of the Australia and Galatea class, Messrs. Napier got the order to construct two of the five—the two named. The engines for these vessels were at first to be of the ordinary compound type of 7500-horse power, but Messrs. Napier proposed to fit triple expansion engines, undertaking to develop 8500-horse power, without taking up any more space in the vessel, or increasing the collective weight of machinery and coal. The result was most successful. The remarkable advance, of late years, in the speed of steam-ships, together with great economy of fuel and of space formerly required for coal on long voyages, is due to the principle of admitting the steam, at a very high initial pressure, successively into two or three or even four cylinders; its expansive force naturally diminishing, but this being compensated by an increasing diameter of the second and third cylinders, and of the pistons in them. Since 1874, when Mr. A. C. Kirk, then of the firm of Messrs. John Elder and Co., introduced this principle, it has gained such favour as to be likely to supersede the former compound engine, which came into use twenty years before. A speed of twenty knots an hour, equivalent to over twenty-four miles an hour on land, is now attained by some of our swift cruisers.

The Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company (Limited), of which Sir William Pearce, Bart., is head director, carries on the great business long known as that of Randolph, Elder, and Co., and John Elder and Co., more especially renowned for ocean steam-ships carrying mails and passengers with speed unsurpassed by such vessels. The works are much larger than those of Messrs. Napier and Sons, employing in busy times 7000 men; the wages paid in one year have amounted to £375,000. Fairfield is at Govan, on the south bank of the river, where seventy acres of land are occupied by these works. Mr. John Elder, who was born in 1824, son of Mr. David Elder, the manager of Mr. Robert Napier's works, and was educated at the Glasgow High School and Glasgow College, was a great scientific and practical improver of marine engines. His invention, in 1854, of the compound high and low pressure was of great value in the economy of coal, and perhaps secured the commercial victory of steam-ships in the competition with sailing-ships. A statue of this eminent shipbuilder and engineer, who died in 1869, has been erected at Govan, where his widow has given a public park.

In mentioning the Clyde shipyards, besides those at Glasgow, it is just to notice that of Messrs. William Denny Brothers, at Dumbarton, with Mr. Walter Brock, managing partner, whose works have greatly contributed to the mercantile fleets of the companies that carry traffic to the East Indies and to the British Colonies. Their name is almost a household word in New Zealand; and one or two, of the Shaw, Savill, and Albion line of steam-ships, built by them, have distinguished themselves greatly in voyages from that distant colony. The British India Steam Navigation Company, the Peninsular and Oriental, the Allan Line to Canada, and others, have been largely indebted to these Dumbarton builders. At Greenock, between the Albert Harbour and the West Harbour is the important establishment of Messrs. Caird and Co., which stands in the first rank for work of the same class as that of Messrs. Denny. The Clydebank yard of Messrs. J. and G. Thomson, at Glasgow, has achieved notable successes; and, with its eight building slips, vast iron-working sheds and smitheries, engineering, and boiler-making, brass-casting and finishing, and other departments, can give work to four thousand hands. Messrs. D. and W. Henderson, of Partick, have turned out very fine vessels. A professorship of the science of shipbuilding has been founded in the University of Glasgow.



THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: CARPET-WEAVING.

The port of Glasgow, in 1887, owned 1487 ships on its register, with an aggregate tonnage of 1,141,037 tons, showing 767 tons as the average capacity of its ships. It holds, in this respect, the third place in the United Kingdom and in the world. The list includes those of the Cunard Company, the Allan Company, and the Anchor Line, Atlantic steam-ships, others running to the Mediterranean, to the East Indies, and to South America, and to many ports of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Continent of Europe. The quays at Glasgow, of which the Broomielaw is the ancient part, extend two miles and a half along the river; besides which there are two tidal docks on the north shore, the Queen's Dock, with its three basins, 20 ft. deep at low water, being the largest in Scotland; and two large public graving-docks, in addition to which there is Messrs. Henderson's graving-dock; and other docks are being constructed on the south shore at Govan. There is already dock accommodation for a million tons of shipping. At Greenock there are the Victoria Harbour, the Albert Harbour, and the immense James Watt Dock, which is 2000 ft. long, 300 ft. wide, and has an entrance 75 ft. wide, with a depth of 32 ft. at low water; the Garvel Graving Dock is one of the finest in existence. At Dumbarton there is a commodious dry dock belonging to Messrs. M'Millan, shipbuilders.

Leaving Glasgow, the city of immense commerce and industry, with a population of 731,117, including the suburbs and suburban burghs—passing down the Clyde in one of the beautiful steam-boats running to the lochs, coasts, and isles of the West Highlands, which start from the Broomielaw every morning—the shores of the river, widening into the Firth, soon become attractive and interesting. To the left is the old town of Renfrew, beyond which rises a cloud of smoke from the Paisley factories. Below Renfrew is Blythswood House, where the Queen is the guest of Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart., M.P., the President of the Glasgow Exhibition. A few miles lower down, to the right, the Rock of Dumbarton, the ancient stronghold of Alclnith, with its Castle, famed in the wars of Bruce and Wallace, and in the Scottish civil wars, is seen lifting its stern head 400 ft. high, guarding the gate of Western Scotland. On the southern shore, at Port Glasgow, is the old baronial fortress of Newark Castle, in a ruinous state, yet still bearing, inscribed over its door, the monogram of Sir Patrick Maxwell and his pious motto, "The Blessingis of God be Herein, Anno 1597." The view to the north, presently, is up the Gareloch, with Roseneath and Helensburgh at its entrance, and to the hills of Dumbartonshire and the Argyllshire mountains. Greenock, which is a minor Glasgow, sitting amid grander waters, is then reached for a brief halt on the voyage. After rounding the next piece of the south shore, to Gourock, a favourite yachting-station, with the pleasant neighbouring hamlet of Ashton, a charming view is enjoyed, in fine weather, up the Holy Loch to the grand Hill of Kilmun, and to the sublime summits of Ben More and Ben Beg, over Loch Eck; or, a little to the east of these, up Loch Long, to Ben Arthur and the other mountains around the head of Loch Goil. Anyone who has chanced to see them very early on a summer morning, with their shapes and hues of colour just softened by a delicate veil of the thinnest aerial mist, that lets them appear on the horizon as it melts in the sun's rays, will remember it as one of the loveliest visions of earth.

Dunoon, which may be considered a seaside place, looking down the last reach of the Firth of Clyde, is known to many English as well as Scottish visitors. Five or six miles below, opposite to Rothsay in the fair Isle of Bute, is Wemyss Bay, where the Ayrshire coast begins; and this also is a very pleasant place. Passing through the Kyles or Straits of Bute, or descending by the main channel, past the Cumbrae Isles, and rounding Garroch Head, to enter Loch Fyne, for the Crinan Canal or for Inverary, it is a voyage of continual delight. The Lord Provost of Glasgow, a much more douce and amiable dignitary than the Doge of Venice, and presiding over a city which is better entitled than Venice ever was to be styled the Queen of the Sea, might have one of these Clyde steam-boats for his Bucentaur, and yearly come out to drop a golden wedding-ring in the sea, as the Doges used to do, but somewhere in sight of Goatfell or of Ailsa Crag. We conclude, in the spirit of patriotism, with the earnest prayer of an insular Scottish pastor: "Lord save the Great and Little Cumbraes, and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland!"

THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

The International Exhibition at Glasgow, opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales on May 8, is the largest that has been held in the United Kingdom since the London International Exhibition of 1862. The buildings and grounds occupy sixty-six acres, in the Kelvin-grove Park, the main entrance, facing north-east, being nearly opposite the Glasgow University buildings, which are on Gilmore-hill, on the other side of the stream. From that direction, the grounds are reached by a broad esplanade from a gateway in Bank-street, Hillhead; but the Exhibition Palace can be entered immediately either on its east side, in Gray-street, or from Sandyford-street, in the centre of its south side. The building is 1300 ft. long and 265 ft. wide, comprising a nave and transepts, with an iron dome, 170 ft. high and 80 ft. in diameter, and with ten towers, which are 200 ft. high, and are partly of brick; the remainder of the building is chiefly wooden. It is in the Saracenic or Moorish style of architecture, with arches of horse-shoe form, polygonal domes or cupolas, minarets and pinnacles, and appropriate decoration, painted internally with a rich cream-colour, relieved by deep red and rich dark brown, except the dome, which is painted red, blue, yellow, and green, and its framework apparently gilt. The main avenue, from east to west, is more than a quarter of a mile long, 60 ft. wide, and 43 ft. high; the transepts, from the grand entrance to the south entrance, are 215 ft., and of the same width as the nave. The dome, rising from four substantial towers, is well proportioned. Its converging arches are adorned with the armorial bearings of Great Britain, France, Germany, the United States, Canada, Australia, South Africa, and India, and on circular panels below are four allegorical figures, Science, Art, Industry, and Agriculture. Scripture texts, speaking of the manifold works of God, and acknowledging that the manifold works of man are the gift of God, are inscribed over the four great arches under the dome. In the centre is a fountain, with a circular promenade around it; a chandelier with eight electric lamps gives it light in the evening. At the east end of the main avenue is the grand hall, 200 ft. long, 96 ft. wide, and 60 ft. high, with side galleries, an orchestra, and a fine organ, built by Messrs. J. W. Walker and Sons, of London. The decoration is in red and yellow, with festoons of red and blue cloth, fringed, heraldic shields and trophies, and canvas panels, filled with coloured ornamentation of Moorish patterns. To the south of the grand hall is the Fine Arts Section; the Picture Gallery and the Sculpture Gallery occupying a substantial brick-walled part of the building, made fireproof, and which may be permanent. At the west end of the main avenue, beyond the principal building, and north of the line of its front, is the Machinery Annexe, 330 ft. long and 286 ft. wide. The buildings altogether cover a space of 474,000 square feet, of which 268,000 ft. are devoted to general exhibits of the various classes (manufacturing and commercial and articles of produce), 27,500 ft. to the Fine Arts, 16,000 ft. to the grand hall, 23,000 ft. to dining and refreshment rooms, and 140,000 ft. to machinery, boiler-sheds, and the like. Messrs. Campbell, Douglas, and Sellars, architects, of Glasgow, and Mr. James Barr, C.E., furnished the design for these buildings; Messrs. W. Shaw and Sons, of Glasgow, were the contractors. The arrangement and construction are highly approved. The grounds outside, sloping to the banks of the Kelvin, which are grassy and adorned with trees, and merging in the Kelvin-grove Park, contain many objects of interest. One of the most attractive is the Fairy

Fountain, constructed by Messrs. W. and J. Galloway, of Manchester. Its basin is 120 ft. in diameter; its machinery throws the jets of water 150 ft. high; and these, in the evening display, are splendidly illuminated and coloured, internally, by a system of electric lights, in a circular chamber beneath the centre of the fountain, with glass slides of different colours. The Doulton Fountain, of artistic terra-cotta work, 60 ft. in diameter, is of beautiful design, in the Renaissance style, with a statue of the Queen, wearing her crown and holding the orb

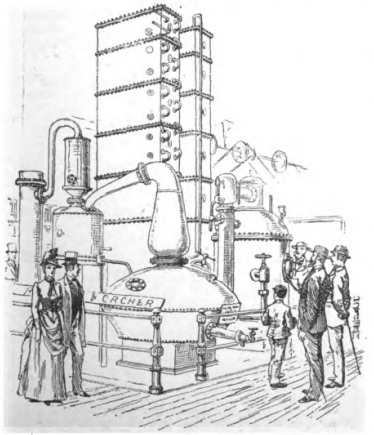


THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: CIGARETTE MAKING.

and sceptre, four decorative figures pouring water from vases, and groups representing India and the Colonies, and the Army and Navy. Messrs. Doulton, of Lambeth, have munificently presented this noble work to the city of Glasgow. The building in imitation of the ancient Bishop's Castle of Glasgow, which we have described on a former occasion, contains several interesting collections of historical and antiquarian relics; some relating to the early Christian Church in Scotland, some to King Robert Bruce, some to the Stuarts and to Queen Mary, some to Knox and the Reformation, or to the Covenanters, and to the Jacobites, besides memorials of Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott. The Queen's Jubilee gifts, lent by her Majesty to the Exhibition, are placed on view in the Kelvin-grove Park Museum.

The different classes of articles in the Industrial Exhibition have already been enumerated, and follow much the same order as that with which everybody is now familiar: for example, agriculture, mining, and quarries, engineering, shipping, machinery, carriages, cutlery, chemistry, food and liquors, textile fabrics, paper and printing, furniture, pottery and glass, jewellery, clocks and watches, fisheries, education, and musical instruments, each subject with others allied to it. We give a few Illustrations of carpet-weaving, pen and pencil making, cigarette-making, and the apparatus for distilling rum, sent by a firm at Dundee; also, from among the miscellaneous curiosities, two relics of the French War.

The great Glasgow industry of shipbuilding is well represented in the Exhibition, and may be selected here for more particular description, after the account of its history in our article on "Glasgow and the Clyde, Past and Present." Nearly all the Clyde shipbuilders of note, and some of those on the Tyne, with the principal manufacturers of iron and steel for this purpose, and of marine steam-engines, have contributed to the Exhibition. Many of the models are beautifully



THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: COPPER RUM STILL,
EXHIBITED BY ROBERTSON AND ORCHER, DUNDEE.

executed; one that is much admired is that of the new Inman and International liner, the City of New York, recently launched by Messrs. J. and G. Thomson. Another is the model of a proposed new Guion liner shown by the Fairfield Company, and expected by them to perform the Atlantic passage in five days. The models of the Government cruisers, despatch and torpedo boats, recently built by Messrs. R. Napier and Sons and J. and G. Thomson, attract much attention. Messrs. Denny and Brothers are represented by a large number of models of their vessels, and by that of a ship's dining-saloon with music-room above, which has been prepared with the view of showing the artistic and structural skill of their establishment at Dumbarton. Messrs. Palmer and Co., of Newcastle, are represented by a stand on which are displayed models of H.M.S. Orlando and Undaunted, twin-screw belted cruisers, and H.M.S. Surprise and Alacrity, despatch-vessels, recently built by this company; also, models of their newest passenger-steamers, and a working-model of triple-compound engines as fitted in the steam-ship Flamborough. Messrs. Swan and Hunter, of Newcastle, and Joseph L. Thompson and Sons, of Sunderland, are also represented by interesting collections of their vessels. Apart from models of the ordinary type of mail and passenger steam-ships, there are examples of the more specialised work for which the Clyde is also famed. Messrs. Fleming and Ferguson, of Paisley, and Simons and Co. and Lobnitz and Co., of Renfrew, show models of the powerful dredgers and hopper-barges, which are an essential agent in the maintenance of such water highways as the Clyde. The last-named firm exhibit the model of the marine-dredger, Dérocheuse, fitted with the firm's patent rock-breaking apparatus, recently built for the Suez Canal Company. Many of the shipowning companies exhibit models of their vessels; while Messrs. Henderson Brothers, of the Anchor line, display pictures of several of their fleet of steam-ships, of which the most prominent is the City of Rome. The Cunard Company show a beautiful model of the steam-ships Umbria and Etruria, noted for their fast passages across the Atlantic. The Allan line exhibit a full-sized example of the intermediate passenger accommodation on board their steamers. At the stand of Messrs. J. and G. Thomson there is also shown a specimen state-room as fitted on board the new Inman liner.

Ship's compasses and other nautical instruments are shown by D. M'Gregor and Co., F. Sewell, A. Dobie and Son, and Whyte and Co. Ship's rigging and other blocks, and steering-wheels, are displayed by the well-known blockmakers, W. Alexander and Co., Govan. In the west corridor, Copeman and Co., London, show their well-known seat-rafts and life-buoys; the latter are also displayed by Steedman and M'Alister, and by John Wilson, Glasgow. Anchors, boat-davits, lamps, clocks, telegraphs, and many other articles of a ship's outfit, are here exhibited. Marine engineering is exemplified in the section occupied by machinery in motion. It contains, for instance, Messrs. Ross and Duncan's set of full-sized triple expansion engines, working under steam, and fitted with Bremme's patent valve-gear for reversing and for varying the expansion; Duncan's patent propeller is attached to the shaft of the engine. Messrs. Wigham, Richardson, and Co., of Newcastle, exhibit a working model of their triple expansion engines, as fitted in the Alphonso XII., of the fleet of the Compañia Transatlantica, Spain. In the Main Avenue, Denny and Co., of Dumbarton, have a model illustrating Brock's patent quadruple expansion engines. At the Palmer Ship-building and Iron Company's stand, already noticed, there is a working model of triple expansion engines, to a scale of 3 in. per foot. Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co., of Newcastle, show, in motion, an exquisitely-finished working model of triple expansion engines for the Royal Italian twin-screw armour-clad, Sardegna, now being constructed by the Società Hawthorn-Guppy, Naples, from the design of the exhibitors. The model, which is to a scale of 1½ in. to the foot, is the work of J. G. Allison, Sunderland, and excites general admiration.

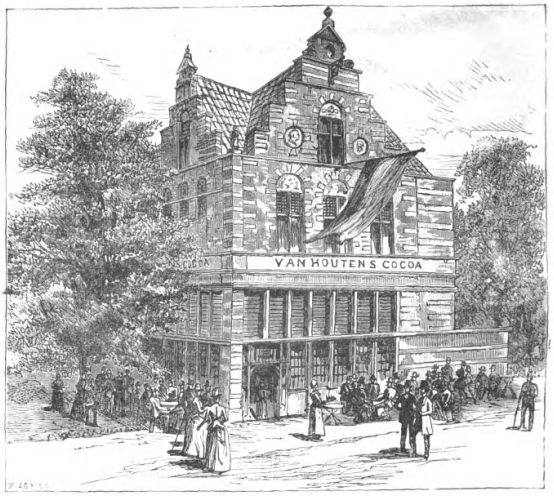
The steel plates, forgings, and castings are of great interest to the marine engineer. The Steel Company of Scotland are represented by one of the "trophy" stands, constructed of examples of the various manufactures in steel. David Colville and Sons, of Motherwell, make an imposing display of their steel manufactures, and the Hadfield Steel Foundry Company, of Sheffield, show a multifarious collection of heavy steel castings for use in almost all departments of engineering. Messrs. Charles Cammell and Co., of Sheffield, contribute an important part of this section. Forged steel crank shafts, cast steel propeller blades, an assortment of ordnance forgings for guns, from 6 in. up to 13·5 in. breech-loading rifled, compound steel-faced armour plates, and armour bolts, are a few of their exhibits, which embrace all kinds of manufacture, from thick armour plates down to the steel plates of which pens are made. Messrs. John Brown and Co., of Sheffield (296), show Purves' patent ribbed boiler-flues, marine-shafting, boiler-end plates, and compound armour; John Spencer and Co., of Newcastle, samples of steel castings and forgings; Lindsay Burnet and Co., Govan, specimen hydraulic and machine flanged-steel boiler-plates.

Machines for drilling, riveting, and tapping plates, when set in their place on the sides of ships or boilers, worked by electro-magnetic power, the invention of Mr. F. J. Rowan, C.E., Glasgow, will be noticed. The collection of machines and tools for working iron and steel, flattening, shearing, sawing, punching, drilling, slotting, milling, screw-cutting, and turning in a lathe, is really wonderful. The various contrivances of patent steering-gear for ships, winches and windlasses, pumps, and other appliances for nautical use, afford an interesting study. All these inventions and manufactures have a special bearing on the means by which Glasgow and the Clyde maintain their position in carrying on a vast maritime traffic.

The Women's Industry Section occupies three courts on the north side of the Grand Hall. The articles are classed under six headings:—Needlework and knitting; lace; mechanical work, such as straw and basket-work, filigree-work, glove-making, flower-making, spinning, feather-dressing, book-binding, &c.; decorative-work and furnishings, carving in wood, &c.; painting, drawing, and engraving on fabrics, china, glass, cards, &c., designs for art embroidery, &c., and tracings of ships' drawings; ladies' and children's hygienic clothing. The work of securing the exhibits was undertaken by three committees of ladies, having the Countess of Rosebery as convener for England and Wales, with Princess Christian as assistant; the Duchess of Abercorn, convener for Ireland; and Lady Campbell, of Blythswood, convener, and Lady King and Lady Thomson, sub-conveners, for Scotland, India, the Colonies, and foreign nations. The labours of these committees, which include in their membership many of the noblest ladies in the land, have been attended with great success. Local exhibitions were held throughout the country to stimulate the work in the districts, and at these the best and most representative articles were chosen for final exhibition. Some came from India, some from Canada, some from Norway, and from other countries of Europe, showing the ornamental work executed by women. From Germany there are illustrations of the mode of teaching needlework in thirteen different schools. There is a silk embroidery loom from Ayrshire in operation, a tweed loom from Harris also worked by women, and some of the Shetlanders attend to produce their fine knitting within the Exhibition. The School Boards have collected the best specimens of work done by girls in the Board schools and in higher-class schools; and the Girls' Friendly Society and similar institutions have shown what can be done under their supervision.

Further notice of the Exhibition, and of the proceedings at Glasgow, must be deferred until next week. In preparing our Illustrations, we have derived some assistance from the photographs lent us by Messrs. Annan, photographic artists.

Her Majesty the Queen, travelling from Osborne on the night of Tuesday, Aug. 21, arrived next morning at Blythswood House, Renfrew, the seat of Sir Archibald Campbell, for a visit of three days, leaving that place for Balmoral on the Friday evening. The Queen, on going to see the Exhibition, was received in the city of Glasgow with a splendid festive demonstration of loyalty, the particular features of which will be shown next week in our Illustrations. The Lord Provost, Sir James King, and the Municipality of Glasgow, did the honours of their city to the satisfaction of her Majesty, and with the hearty co-operation of all classes of the people.

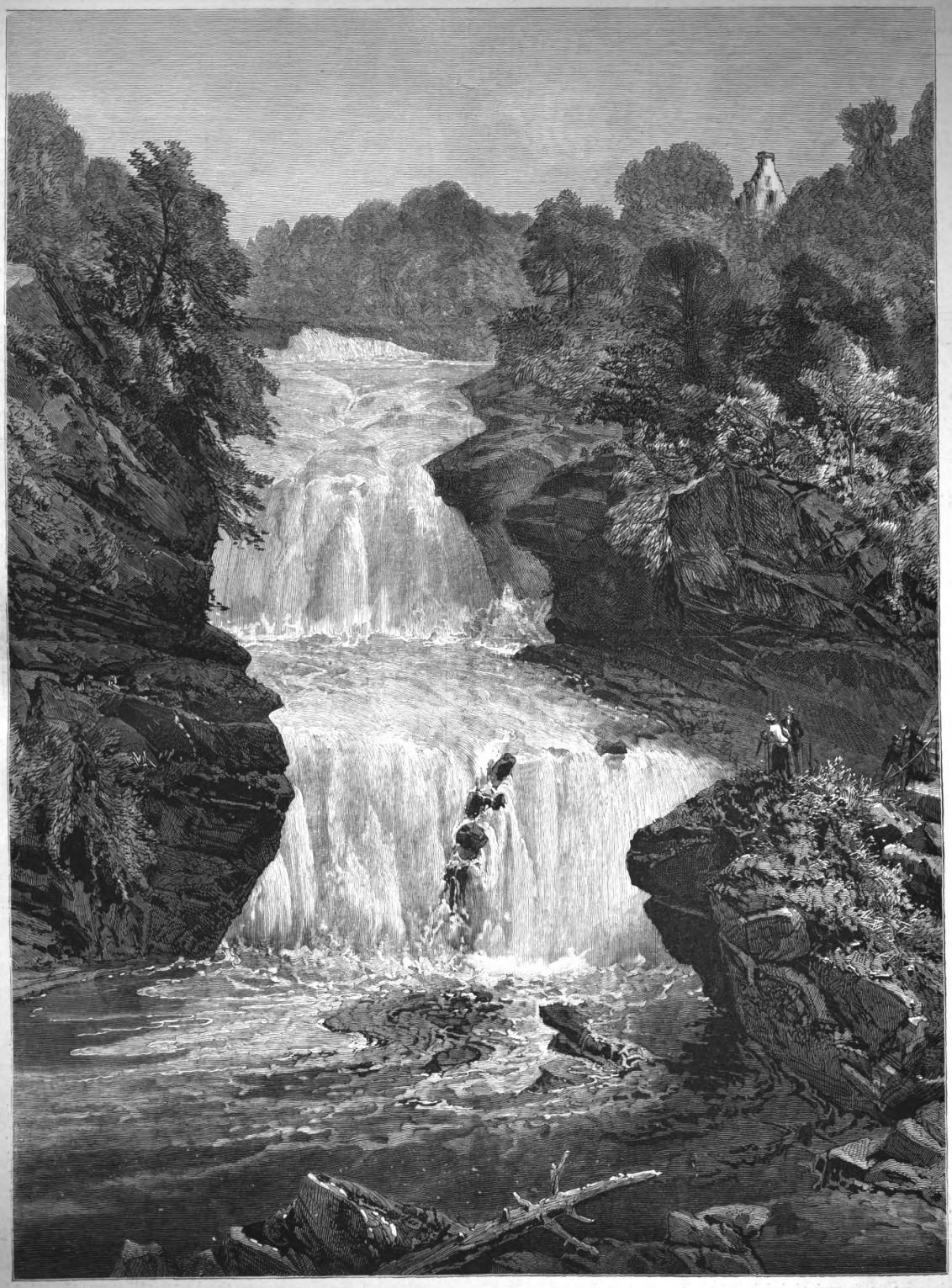


THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: OLD DUTCH COCOA HOUSE.

SEA-ACORNS.

Yesterday, as I came from my dip in the sea, I had to scramble barefooted over a ledge of rock to the safe haven wherein I had deposited the suits and wrappings of the outer man. The surface of the rock, which appeared so smooth viewed from a distance, was, in reality, a veritable place of torture, for it was studded with small sharp shells, contact with which rendered my scramble somewhat of a penitential pilgrimage in its nature. The candid friend who heard my plaint was immediately prepared with a hundred questions regarding not only the nature of these shells, which encrust the rocks everywhere, but concerning the "use" or uselessness of such minute and feeble folk in the world at all. There is much difficulty experienced at times in replying to commonplace questions. What the shells are is a matter easily enough disposed of; what use they may subserve in the world at large, is a point not so easily determined. After all, is this question of "use" really one which need concern us greatly in our studies of life? I trow not; for it surely indicates by no means a lofty conception of things if we are perpetually to speak and think of living beings as we should talk of the items in a store. Each organism, like the smith in "The Fair Maid of Perth," "fights for its own hand" in the struggle for existence. If in the course of its fight it aids or opposes the interests of other living things, it will receive benefit or incur failure in a meed corresponding to its own ways and means. This is really the true philosophy of natural history study. To "consider the lilies" as if they were mere contrivances for human ends and "uses" is a tolerably small-minded fashion of regarding the children of life. To know something of their histories, structure, and relationships, and thereby to learn how life jogs along its primrose way (or the reverse), is in itself an education worth much seeking after and much painstaking care.

A truce to philosophy, however. On a piece of stone close by I discern a colony of these incrusting shells. Into the pool I drop the stone and its tenants. Watch what happens. The upper end of each little shell uncloses, as does a trap-door, and forth issues a set of "feelers," which remind you of delicate feathery plumes. Now, backwards and forwards in the water wave these plumes, expanding to the full in their outward movement, and then gracefully folding inwards, as a preliminary to their next and succeeding sweep. These plumes, moreover, you would find, on microscopic examination, to be abundantly provided with hairs, converting them into veritable brushes, which, like the proverbial broom of Mrs. Partington, are really employed in sweeping the waters. You can guess the use of these plumes, though you may not so readily arrive at a first conception of their nature. They are the commissariat officials of the sea-acorn's economy—for under this name you must know the shells which encrust the rocks, stones, and oysters everywhere. By aid of its "feelers" the sea-acorn sweeps into its mouth the food-particles on which it lives. A most effective brush must these plumes constitute, seeing that they number some twenty-four in all, each of the original twelve being double in nature. It is more than probable that these organs, forming what has been named the "glass



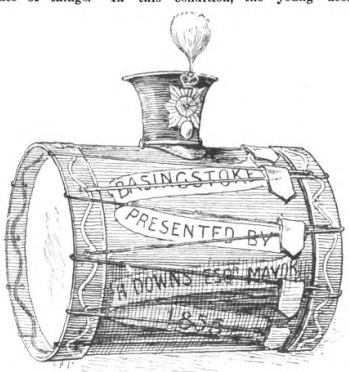
CORA LINN, FALLS OF THE CLYDE, NEAR LANARK.

THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION, VISITED BY THE QUEEN.

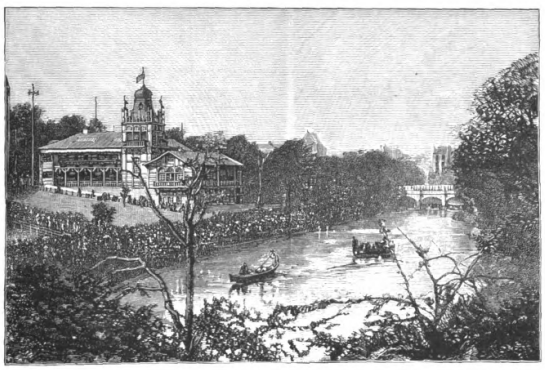
hand" of the sea-acorn, also serve for breathing purposes, although inside the shell we certainly light upon structures believed to represent gills. Still, from their incessant waving in the clear water, and from the obvious opportunity thus afforded of bringing the blood of our acorn in contact with the vivifying oxygen of the sea, we may assume with safety that the plumes of the "glass-hand" play a part, at least, in renewing the vital fluid of the miniature frame.

I tap lightly on the stone which contains our colony of sea-acorns, and in a moment you observe each set of plumes is withdrawn, while the trap-doors of the shell are closed with something which reminds you of a defiant snap. This observation, then, proves to us that the acorn possesses means for maintaining relations with the outer world—or, in plain language, that it includes a nervous system among its personal belongings. And if you could dissect the body completely, you would find comprised within the shell a perfect digestive system for the assimilation of food. We cannot presume to gauge perfection of organs by the standard of size in the world of life, and the sea-acorn race illustrates this contention in an apt fashion. Nor can you argue that simplicity of structure always means lowness of origin, for the history of how your sea-acorn came to be what it is proves the necessity for our looking backward as well as forward in the matter of living histories.

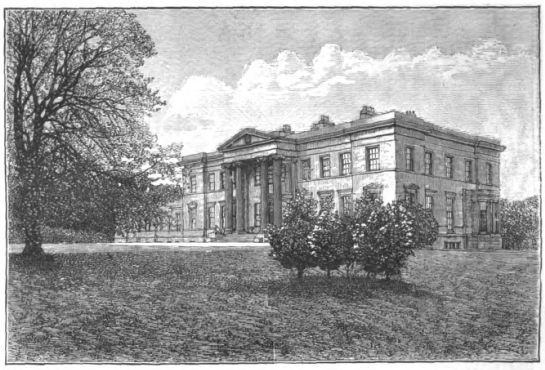
Sea-acorns are in reality poor relations of the barnacles which you have seen coating the sides of ships in the graving-dock. The barnacle possesses a stalk, while the acorns want that appendage; and therein lies the principal difference betwixt the races. But both acorn and barnacle in turn show relationships to other and widely different animals. That crab which you see perambulating in the pool in his own lop-sided fashion is an aristocrat of the barnacle class. So also is the lobster, and the shrimp, and the other shelled animals with legs. How do I know this? you inquire. Listen, and you shall be more than satisfied with the correctness of my statement. The sea-acorn in due season develops eggs, and these are liberated from the parent-shell and sent forth into the world of waters to start life on their own account. Each egg develops at first into a widely different animal from the acorn itself. In the days of its infancy the sea-acorn appears as a minute oval body, possessing a single eye. A shell covers its back; a tail appears; and from the front of the body there grows a pair of feelers, while from its sides project two pairs of legs. Internally a digestive system soon appears; and, thus provided, the young acorn swims merrily through the sea. Then comes the moulting-stage. Increase of growth is impossible to a shelled animal unless the old shell be changed for a new one. Hence the reason for the moults which the infant animal exhibits. By-and-by, a further stage is reached when the young acorn attains a still more perfect shell composed of two distinct halves or pieces. The front pair of feelers have increased in size; but the two original pairs of legs have been cast off, and are replaced by six pairs of short, jointed feet. The tail also develops swimming appendages; and two eyes succeed the Cyclopean and earlier state of things. In this condition, the young acorn exactly resembles certain of the adult water-fleas; and it is also to be noted that in the course of their own development the crab and lobster tribes exhibit stages which parallel the condition of the acorn just described. Then the days of its youth come to an end. The feelers grow large and strong; and a cement is poured out from them which fixes the hitherto free-swimming body to rock or shell. The eyes disappear, and the double shell vanishes away, to become replaced by the conical limy structure you see before you on the stone. Last of all, the legs are changed into the plumes or glass-hand of the adult acorn, which, to use the words of a great naturalist, is thus only a kind of degenerate crab, fixed head downwards as we have seen in its shell, and kicking food with its legs into its mouth. Thus you see that to know an animal in reality you must understand its becoming as well as its being. The sea-acorn's history, in this sense, is a lesson which holds good and true of all other living things. ANDREW WILSON.



BASS DRUM AND SHAKO USED AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, IN THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.



VIEW IN THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.



BLYTHSWOOD HOUSE, RENFREW, VISITED BY THE QUEEN.



PENCIL-MAKING: THE GROOVING MACHINE.

A FIGHT WITH A RATTLESNAKE.

A writer in the *Statesman* of India, signing himself "R. M.," who was once head of the Crown Lands Department in the colony of Trinidad, says:—In company with a half-breed, who combined the vocations of woodman and hunter, I stumbled suddenly on a large specimen of the *crotalus mutus* slowly winding its way among the leafy debris of the forest. For some time it was difficult to discern the scaly folds of the snake through the brown mass of decaying foliage; but, having reached a clear spot, the reptile coiled round a low stump and prepared for action. About a yard of the body next the head was contracted into numerous sharp curves not unlike a corkscrew, while the yellow eyes gleamed with a baleful light. There was little fascination about these orbs, and no mistaking the malignant intentions of their owner. A stick brought within reach of that mortal coil was struck almost with the rapidity of lightning, no matter how swiftly withdrawn. This was effected by the instantaneous straightening of the short curves into which this portion of the body had been contracted. Even the wily mongoose would have needed all his marvellous agility to avoid the deadly stroke if once within range. The reach was about a yard, and the assault was delivered horizontally some six inches from the ground, directly towards the assailant.

The hunter, who had hitherto kept at a respectful distance, as he alleged the snake could spring, was eventually persuaded to approach sufficiently near to strike it with a ten-foot pole. At the first blow the heavy coils relaxed from the stump, and the creature appeared dead or stunned. The writer at once grasped the neck about two inches from the head, and raised the reptile partly from the ground to examine it. As though galvanised into life by the touch, the crotalus seemed at once to recover its energies, and swiftly made a couple of turns round the thigh and right arm of its would-be captor. The constricting power exercised was such that the hand grasping the neck soon began to lose power, and the writer realised the awkward predicament into which his temerity had led him. Little could be done with the free left hand while the "scaly terror" began slowly to withdraw its head from the relaxing grasp of the right. For some seconds the trembling woodman appeared deaf to entreaty, and could not be persuaded to apply a noose of liana to the snake's neck. The largest serpents become paralysed when properly noosed, and are readily dragged along the ground helpless as a log. Just as the snake's head seemed about to ooze through the numbed fingers, the half-breed screwed up his courage sufficiently to apply the liana, as directed, with the result that the brute at once relaxed its coils, and was dragged down to a neighbouring stream, hung up and skinned. It measured eight feet five inches, and was about as thick in the largest part of the body as the calf of a man's leg.

The fangs, which were carefully extracted, measured 1¼ in. in length, and were hollow to within a short distance of the point where, on the inner side, lay the orifice through which the poison was ejected by the action of the base of the fan on the small bag in which it was secreted. On squeezing the bag, a small quantity of poison—a yellowish fluid—passed down the hollow in the tooth, and gathered into a tiny drop of concentrated death.

The stomach contained two wood-rats, about the size of guinea-pigs, one partially digested, the other recently swallowed.

According to the annual report of the Central Council of the Children's Country Holidays Fund, 14,048 young ones, gathered from the more crowded districts of London, were sent to cottage homes in the country last year, at a cost of £9178, towards which the parents contributed £2819. The offices of the fund are at 10, Buckingham-street, Strand.

The Corporation of the City of London in the early part of the year instructed the committee managing the City of London School to inquire into the system of teaching modern languages, and what increased facilities could be adopted for their acquirement at the City of London School. The committee has adopted as its own the report of the Head Master, the Rev. Dr. Abbott. It is now recommended that the study of Latin in the middle school should be suppressed in two out of the three forms, and additional instruction be given in French, English history, and geography. Latin would be taught in the senior class in the middle school. The result of these alterations would be to increase the study of French. A recommendation is also made that German should be made a regular and compulsory study (and not extra as at present) for the upper part of the sixth form who had attained a sufficient degree of efficiency in French



PENCIL-MAKING: THE ROUNDING MACHINE.

With a view to further developments in the study of German it is suggested that in future elections of masters, ability to teach that language should form an important consideration. With regard to Spanish and Italian, it is proposed to form classes for the study of languages out of school-hours if sufficient applications be made.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Now is the time when the voice of the American is heard in the land. If it were not for these welcome visitors from over the sea the West-End shopkeepers might almost as well shut up during August and September. But the presence of vast numbers of American ladies, who are beginning to find out that shopping in London is much cheaper and pleasanter than it is in Paris, and quite as good, prevents this season of the year from being entirely stagnant, and even coaxes out into the shop windows a few foretokens of the autumn fashions. The gowns which are now being prepared for the autumn season are nearly all made with the fronts of the skirts almost undraped, but embroidered deeply round the bottom. The most fashionable form of embroidery is an "appliqué" of some contrasting colour fixed on with fancy stitching in fine gold or silver thread. Tan colour upon blue, a very pale bluish-grey upon brown, and fawn upon green are amongst the contrasts chosen. The material both of the pattern and of the ground is a firm Amazon cloth, and the edges of the pattern are outlined in chain-stitch of gold or silver thread. The designs are those modified Greek ones which are characteristic of the French Empire fashions; a somewhat set and formal and large pattern being invariably employed. The backs of the autumn skirts will be almost plain, scarcely any loop being seen in the drapery, though it is arranged with considerable fullness over two small steels set close together at the top, quite superseding pads or "improvers." Polonaises in the *Directoire* fashion will be very much worn over the embroidered skirts as just described, with trimming to match for vest and revers.

I am asked by a correspondent when and where Lord Tennyson compared Jane Austen to Shakspeare? My authority is to be found in the correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor, where this opinion is given as having been expressed by Lord Tennyson in conversation. Macaulay's judgment that Jane Austen comes near to Shakspeare is better known. "Shakspeare," said he, "has neither equal nor second; but among the writers who have approached the great master we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen, a woman of whom England may justly be proud." But, indeed, such an appreciation of the writings of this one of the greatest of English novelists has been expressed by very many of those most competent to judge; and Mr. Cheney was not so far out when he said that his test of intellectual capacity was to discover whether an individual did or did not admire the works of Jane Austen. Archbishop Whately coincides with Tennyson and Macaulay in comparing her to Shakspeare. Harriet Martineau mentions having read "Persuasion" eleven times (the same tale which Whewell had read "oftener than he could say"); and Miss Martineau declares the novels generally to be "unequalled in truth, charm, and interest." Southey held Jane Austen's works to be "more true to Nature, and to have passages of finer feeling than any others of the age." Lord Holland never wearied of them, and invariably had one or the other read aloud to him to distract his mind when tortured by gout; and Walter Scott records in his diary his reading "for the third time, at least, Miss Austen's finely-written novel 'Pride and Prejudice.'"

Is it not almost shocking to reflect that those works were written secretly—surreptitiously—shamefacedly—and that their composition was concealed by the author and her family as much and as long as possible? When Jane Austen was writing those immortal books it was considered necessary that she should keep a large piece of needlework upon her table, in order that she might therewith conceal her manuscript if anybody came to pay a morning call. As Mrs. Cockburn, writing some years earlier than Jane Austen's time, truly observed:—

> If some adventurous genius rare arise,
> Who on exalted themes her talent tries,
> She fears to give her work, though praised, her name,
> And shrinks not more from infamy than fame!

It is impossible to guess how much that women might have done has been lost to the world in the past from that state of feeling; and the wonder is that under such conditions not so few, but so many, women, have already won themselves a place among the immortals.

I am asked furthermore, by the same enterprising correspondent, to mention some names of the living writers that men "write up" and women do not admire. My notes on that subject will be found in my posthumous memoirs! As Charlotte Brontë makes Shirley say: "If I spoke all I think on this point, if I gave my real opinion of some first-rate female characters in some first-rate novels, where should I be? Dead, under a cairn of avenging stones, in half an hour!"

In Manchester, a week or two ago, the Coroner, holding an inquest upon a young infant, took occasion to make some very strong remarks about the improper treatment to which the children of the poor are often subjected. He declared that working-class mothers are frequently more deficient in instinct as to the treatment of their offspring than the lower animals; heavy meals of food suitable for adults being sometimes found in the stomachs of children, who had been as surely killed by such ill-treatment of their tender digestive organs as though they had been poisoned. Doubtless there is much ignorance about the proper food for infants. But it is only too certain that in a large number of cases it is not absolute want of knowledge that is responsible for the improper feeding and other preventible causes of the deaths of the children of the poor. Knowledge avails little where every fresh mouth taking from a scanty store is unwelcome. The insurance of the lives of very young children is unquestionably partly responsible for the excessive mortality amongst them; but even where there is no deliberate design, no admitted and distinct desire, to get rid of the child for some personal advantage to the parents, there is yet only too often a careless indifference, which comes to much the same thing in the end. At the same time ignorance has much to answer for. Many a poor mother tends her children as carefully, and grieves as much if they untimely die, as any rich mothers do; and it is an admirable effort of philanthropy to offer to poor women simple and easily comprehended instruction in the simple principles of infant feeding and hygiene. Baroness Rothschild at Mentmore, Mrs. Pennington at Stockport, Mr. Henry Lee, M.P., at Bolton, and many others, have from time to time arranged for lectures being given upon such subjects to working-women; while in Birmingham there exists a "Ladies' Useful Work Society," with the express object of giving a number of courses of health lectures, either in cottages or in school-rooms, in all parts of the town, winter after winter. The ladies who lecture are doctors' wives or others, who have themselves obtained the necessary instruction from books which are easily procurable. Some of these ladies can speak to a hundred or more women at once; others only feel capable of gathering ten or a dozen around them in a room, and holding a sort of informal conversation. Altogether, many hundreds of working-women have been thus addressed upon these subjects in Birmingham, each winter, for some years past; and so marked has been the result that the Health Committee of the Corporation, in a recent report, specially paid a tribute to the value of the lectures in checking both infant mortality and the spread of infectious diseases.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



THE BISHOP'S CASTLE, GLASGOW, AS IT APPEARED ABOUT A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

AGRICULTURAL SCHOOLS.

From the Agricultural Department of the Privy Council there has been issued an official paper calling attention to the progress of the valuable schools of agriculture which have been established in nearly every province of Italy. These schools, of which nineteen are designated "practical" and six "special," are subsidised by the Government, which, as a rule, pays about three-fifths of the costs of maintaining them, the remainder being found by the provinces and communes in which they are located. In the practical schools the programme comprises the elements of the Italian languages, history, geography, arithmetic, geometry, land-measuring, drawing, accounts, natural science, and all the industries connected with agriculture. Not less than fifteen and not more than eighteen hours a week are to be devoted to this kind of instruction. Practical farm-teaching is conveyed by making the pupils carry on the work of the farms adjoined to the schools, upon which they must be employed from five to eight hours daily when the weather permits. For the special schools, the course of instruction is the same as in the case of the practical schools, but the technical teaching is confined to the special object of each school. In four of these vine-culture and wine-production are the specialties. In one fruit-growing and horticulture are practised. In the other dairying and zootechny form the subjects of the three years' course of study and technical training. Much general improvement to the agriculture of the country round about is attributed to the example and influence of these schools.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S BUNGALOW AT POONA.

Indian Engineering contained an illustration of the new residence of the Duke of Connaught at Poona, and gives a description of it. It is a large, pleasant-looking building, situated about midway between the G.I.P. railway station and the Poona Hotel. The top floor will be flagged with dressed Shahabad stone, and the pillars along the verandah are of soft stone with simple but tastefully-carved foliage capitals. There is also a large porch in front, supported on tall white pillars. This, like the ground-floor, has a verandah running round it. The verandah leads out on to a small terrace surmounting the porch. A staircase leads on to a terrace which is about 45 ft. from the ground, from which a splendid view of the cantonment and suburbs can be obtained. On the west, Gunesh Khind and Paruttee Hill can be seen; in the north, a fine view of Kirkee, with the Deccan College in the foreground, is obtained, with Yerrowda Jail and the Bund Hill in the distance towards the right. On the east is seen the Council Hall, with Ghorpooree station a little to the left. On the east the whole cantonment is overlooked, St. Mary's Church standing out prominently against the hills which extend away to the horizon, and which, though bare and bleak-looking now, will present a beautiful sight when clothed with verdure during the monsoons and cold season. It is estimated that the total cost of the building will be 80,000 rupees.

It has been decided by the board of management of the London Homœopathic Hospital and Medical School, Great Ormond-street, to open a new convalescent home at Eastbourne. Already a large amount has been subscribed, including the following donations:—Mrs. Clifton Brown, £10.90; Sir James Alexander, £500; Mr. George Sturge, £500; and Lord Grimthorpe, 100 gs.

It is now ascertained that the last street collection for the Hospital Saturday Fund was the largest in the history of this Fund, amounting to £5000, being £500 more than the similar collection in 1887. By the workshop collection, the proceeds of which are due, it is hoped to realise £10,000; 30,000 collecting-sheets and a large number of collecting-boxes have been supplied to multifarious business establishments in the Metropolis, and special sheets have been issued to the various postal departments, the Royal Arsenal, and to schools, workmen's clubs, friendly societies, and . estries and district boards' officials.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 12, 1876), with a codicil (dated Oct. 20, 1881), of Mr. Evelyn Bazalgette, Q.C., late of Lincoln's Inn, and No. 64, Devonshire-place, who died on July 21, has just been proved by Sir Joseph William Bazalgette, C.B., the nephew, and Edward Bazalgette, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £155,000. The testator bequeaths considerable legacies to relatives; and there are also bequests to servants. As to the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves one moiety, upon trust, for his nephew, Lewis John Francis Twysden; and the ultimate residue to his said nephew, Sir Joseph William Bazalgette.

The will (dated July 16, 1879), with three codicils (dated July 17, 1879; Sept. 29, 1884; and Feb. 15, 1888), of Mr. George Crafter, late of No. 81, Blackfriars-road, and of Woodstowe, Dulwich, solicitor, who died on March 14 last, was proved on Aug. 9 by Mr. William Crafton Perry, Charles Lloyd Roberts, and Mrs. Annabella Roberts, the niece, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £94,000. The testator gives many and considerable legacies to relatives, friends, clerks, servants, and others; and the residue of his estate he leaves to his nephews and nieces, William Crafter Perry, Annabella Roberts, Jane Crafter, Marion Crafter, and William Crafter.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Mr. Joseph Bond, late of No. 5, Regent's Park-road, who died on Feb. 7, 1886, at No. 21, Chesham-terrace, Kemp Town, Brighton, intestate, a widower without issue, were granted on Aug. 11 to the Solicitor for the Affairs of her Majesty's Treasury and his successors in that office, for the use of her Majesty, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £69,000. In the event of no one being able to make out a good claim to the estate of the deceased under some will not yet discovered, the personal estate, although nominally administered for the use of her Majesty, does not go to the Queen, but will eventually go into the Consolidated Fund.

The will (dated Sept. 17, 1872), with nine codicils, of Mrs. Sara Aussten, late of No. 6, Montague-place, Bedford-square, who died on June 28 last, was proved on Aug. 15 by Arthur Raymond Harding and Lieut.-General Frederic Peter Layard, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £60,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to the Solicitors' Benevolent Association; £50 each to the Consumption Hospital, Brompton, the North London Hospital, and the Magdalen Hospital; and very numerous legacies, pecuniary and specific, to relatives, executors, servants, and others. As to the residue of her property, including the property under the will of her late husband, over which she has a power of appointment, she leaves one fourth to her nephew, the Right Hon. Sir Austen Henry Layard; two fourths, upon trust, for her nephews Frederic Peter Layard and Edgar Leopold Layard, their wives, and children; and one fourth, upon certain trusts, for the widow and children of her late brother, John Rickett, and her sister, Louisa Rebecca Linton, and her three children.

The will (dated April 4, 1881) of Mr. John Raymond Raymond-Barker, J.P., D.L., late of Fairfold Park, Gloucester, who died on May 21 last, was proved on Aug. 15 by Sir Lumley Graham, Bart., and Sir John Edmund Commerell, K.C.B., V.C., the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £51,000. The testator leaves all his freehold and leasehold property in London, Westminster, and the county of Middlesex, upon trust, for his daughters, Augusta and Lenora, for life, and at their deaths to the son of his son Percy, who shall be heir-presumptive to the Fairfold estate; £1000, his household furniture and effects, and the interest of certain securities, to his wife, Lady Katherine Barker, and other legacies. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his said wife.

The will (dated July 5, 1880) of Sir Charles Edward Keith Kortright, formerly her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Philadelphia, late of No. 2, Grosvenor-crescent, who died on May 19 last, was proved on Aug. 8 by Dame Martha Ellen Kortright, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £49,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his property of whatsoever nature and wherever found, real, personal, and mixed, to his wife, absolutely.

The will (executed Feb. 9, 1869) of Mr. Patrick Gammie, late of No. 14, Stanhope-gardens, formerly Inspector-General of Army Hospitals, who died on May 20, 1887, was proved on Aug. 10 by Mrs. Mary Maclean Gammie, the widow and acting executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to Charles Addison; and £9000, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then, as to £5000 thereof for the said Charles Addison; as to £1000 thereof for Mrs. Harriet Forbes Simpson; as to £1000 for the Minister and Elders of the Established Church of Forgue, Aberdeenshire, upon trust, to distribute the income periodically among the poor of the said parish as to them shall seem most deserving; £1000 for the Principal and Professors of King's College, Aberdeen, to found a Bursary for modern languages, to be called the "Gammie Bursary;" and as to the remaining £1000 thereof for the Army Medical Officers' Benevolent Society. The residue of his property he gives to his wife, absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 3, 1887) of Mr. William Eden Nesfield, late of No. 45, Buckingham-road, Brighton, who died on March 25 last, was proved on Aug. 4 by Mrs. Mary Annetta Nesfield, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £13,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife, for her own use and benefit absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1885), with a codicil (dated July 22, 1887), of Sir Richard Green-Price, Bart., late of Norton Vicarage, in the county of Radnor, who died on Aug. 11, 1887, at Fitzroy-square, was proved on Aug. 13 by Dame Laura Green-Price, the widow, George William Whitmore Green-Price, the son, and Powlett Charles Milbank, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. With the exception of a legacy to an old servant, and a complimentary legacy to his agent, the testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife.

The will (dated Nov. 18, 1885) of Sir Edward Henry Gervas Stracey, Bart., late of Rackheath Hall, Norfolk, who died on June 6 last, at Bournemouth, was proved on Aug. 13 by Dame Mary Gertrude Stracey, the widow, and Major George Heaviside, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000. The testator bequeaths all his personal estate to his wife; and he devises all his real estate in the parishes of Rackheath, Salhouse, Sprowston, Wroxham, Crostwick, Hoveton St. John, and other parishes and places adjoining, upon trust, to pay £1000 per annum to his wife, for life. Subject thereto he devises the said real estate to the use of his son, Edward Paulett Stracey, for life, with remainder to his first and every other son, successively, according to seniority in tail male.

Mr. W. R. Kemp, Chief Officer in the Court Orders Department of the Queen's Bench Division, has retired from that position after a long term of service. Consequent upon this resignation several alterations will, it is understood, be effected in the Central Office of the Royal Courts of Justice.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

B W La Motte (New York).—Problem received with thanks. It is very pretty, and shall be published shortly.

W A Smith (Bellary, South India).—We are totally unable to understand your notation, and cannot, therefore, say whether you have copied the diagram rightly or not; but, as published, it cannot take Q, because it is pinned by a W Bat K R sq.

J K Weston.—There is nothing gained by inverting the usual conditions of a problem; besides which your solution proceeds by a series of checks—a method inadmissible in modern problems.

J Ambdalis (Trieste).—A problem tourney figures in the programme of the Bradford Congress, the conditions of which were to be announced during the meeting. We will give them full publicity at the earliest opportunity.

J Daly (Clapham).—We do not publish problems that have previously appeared elsewhere. Yours has done so in the *City of London Chess Magazine*.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2311 received from A Wheeler and T Mann (New York); of No. 2312 from Columbus, A Wheeler, D McCoy, and Nos. Reduna; of No. 2313 from: E Crane, Columbus, W S (Sheffield), A Wheeler, E E H, and Bernard Reynolds.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2314 received from Mrs. Kelly (Lifton), L Desanges, Dawn, E Phillips, J Dixon, A Newman, Bernard Reynolds, Columbus, J D Tucker (Leeds), E Von Konarzki, W R Raillem, R F N Banks, Howard, A Sergeant, James Sage, W S (Sheffield), E Casella (Paris), Jupiter Junior, W Hillier, E Lucey, E Crane, Thomas Chown, T Roberts, A Wheeler, Shadforth, Lieut.-Col. Lemaire, R Worters (Canterbury), G. T. Addison (York), Major Pritchard, Percy Ewen, W Wright, T G (Ware), S B Oliver, J Hirste Haywood, D T (Woolwich), Peterhouse, R S R (Chester-le-Street), Hereward, Edmund Shaw (Sheffield), D McCoy, J Hepworth Shaw, J A Schmucke, C E P, E Louden, R H Brooks, and T Marshall.

Note.—Problem No. 2315.—The W Knt at K 3rd should be a B P. Solvers will please make this correction.

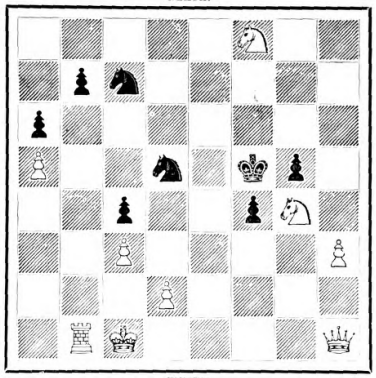
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2312.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt 7th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 2315.

By Signor Aspa.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE BRADFORD CHESS CONGRESS.

Game in the International Masters' Tournament between Mr. Bird and Captain Mackenzie.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Capt. M.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Capt. M.)
1. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th	14.	P to Kt 5th
2. P to K 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	15. Kt to B 6th	
3. Kt to K B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	Although the Kt takes up a strong position, there is nothing to support its advance, and by forcing Black's Queen to its most offensive point, this move only helps his enemy's game.	
4. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	15.	Q to R 5th
5. P to B 3rd		16. Kt to K sq	Kt to B sq

B to Q 3rd seems to us a stronger move at this point.

6.	P to Kt 3rd	A well-timed move. This Kt will soon become a most powerful factor in the attack.	
7. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	17. P to K Kt 3rd	
8. P to Q Kt 4th	B to B 4th	Another illustration of the way in which, occasionally, players of the greatest experience overlook the simplest line of play. Black's rejoinder would have been apparent to a novice, and practically ends the game.	
9. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to K 5th	17.	Kt takes Kt P
10. B to K 2nd	P to K 3rd	18. P takes Kt	Q takes P (ch)
An aimless kind of move almost bordering on timidity. B to Q 3rd is surely the right play.		19. Kt to Kt 2nd	B to K 5th
10.	Kt to Q 2nd	20. R to B 2nd	P to R 5th
11. Castles	P to K R 4th	21. B to Q 3rd	B takes B
The commencement of a vigorous and successful attack.		22. Q takes B	P to R 6th
12. Kt to it 2nd	P to K Kt 4th	23. Q R to K B sq	Kt to Kt 3rd
13. P to Kt 5th	P to R 4th	24. P to B 5th	Kt to R 5th
14. Kt to K 5th		25. R to Q 2nd	P takes Kt,
Mr. Bird's pieces are not well placed, nor does this move improve their position. There is certainly danger in capturing the Knight's Pawn; but rather than permit its advance, the risk should be run.		and White resigns.	

GAME BETWEEN "DELTA" AND THE LATE HERR FALKBEER.

The following unpublished game was played between "Delta," the well-known Scottish amateur, and the late Herr Falkbeer, at Simpson's, in July, 1862:

(King's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Delta).	BLACK (Herr F.)	WHITE (Delta).	BLACK (Herr F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. K to K B sq	Kt to Q B 3rd
2. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th	We prefer Kt to Q 2nd with a view of playing P to K B 3rd and K 5th.	
3. P takes Q P	P to K 5th	16. Q to Q 2nd	Q R to Q sq
4. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	R to K 5th, for the purpose of doubling the Rooks, seems stronger.	
5. Kt to K 2nd	B to Q B 4th	17. Q R to K sq	P to K R 3rd
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P (en passe.)	18. P to K R 3rd	B takes Kt (ch)
7. P takes P	Castles	This only serves to relieve White's cramped position. B to B 4th is better.	
8. Q Kt to B 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	19. K R takes B	R takes R
9. P to Q 4th	B to Q Kt 5th	20. Q takes R	Q takes Q (ch)
10. B to Q 2nd	B takes Q Kt	21. R takes Q	Kt takes P
11. B takes Kt	Kt takes P	22. R to Q 2nd	Kt to B 3rd
12. B takes Kt	Q takes B	23. R takes R (ch)	Kt takes R
13. Castles	R to K sq	At this point the game was given up as a draw.	
14. R to K B 2nd	Q to Q B 5th		

Weak. Q to K R 4th equally threatens the opposing pawn, and prevents K to B sq on account of Q takes R P.

MEETING OF THE BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION AT BRADFORD.

The British Chess Association brought its meeting at Bradford to a conclusion during the past week, after one of the most successful gatherings it has yet held—a success largely due to the happy thought which incorporated the annual competition of the Yorkshire Counties' Club in the programme. The services of a strong local executive were thus secured, of whose energy and ability it would be difficult to speak too highly, and to whose credit must be placed much of the smoothness and rapidity with which the different contests were got through. The Masters' Tournament produced some fine play, but nothing approaching that of the London Congress of 1883. Neither do we think, with all respect to Mr. Gunsberg, that his success has the merit of Zukertort's then. The winner, nevertheless, did all that could be reasonably expected of him, and by the addition of this crowning triumph to the many victories of the last few years, proves himself as probably the best tourney player living. The older masters well maintain their reputation, with, perhaps, the exception of Blackburne, whose earlier play was of very variable quality, and incurred for him two or three unexpected defeats. To our knowledge, however, he attended the Congress in defiance of medical prohibition, and, under the circumstances, made as good a fight as could be looked for. Amongst the younger players Locock showed to greatest advantage, and although Lee and Pollock do not figure prominently in the order of scoring, some of their victories were over most formidable antagonists. In connection with the proceedings a banquet was held at the Alexandra Hotel on Thursday, Aug. 16, at which Mr. Newnes, M.P., presided.

Mr. R. Mills, of the Treasury, has been appointed Assistant Comptroller and Auditor-General.

MUSIC.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

This important celebration will recur on Aug. 28 and three following days. The origin of these triennial festivals—the greatest of all our provincial performances of their class—has so often been given in detail that slighter reference thereto may now suffice. The first occasion was in 1768, when the arrangements were on a comparatively limited scale. These soon began to expand, until the performances assumed a grandeur, and the money results an amount, hitherto unexampled in any provincial, or indeed metropolitan, celebration of the kind, excepting the triennial Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace. The Birmingham Festivals, like those of the Three Choirs (Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester), have from their origin been given with the primary object of benevolence—in the former instance in aid of the Birmingham General Hospital; in the case of the Three Choirs festivals, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy of the dioceses. Of the vast amount of good effected by the Birmingham Festivals in the shape of medical and surgical help, some notion may be formed from the fact that since the foundation of these celebrations a grand total profit of nearly £120,000 has been thus realised and applied; in addition to which the grand organ in the Townhall and an extensive musical library belonging to the hospital, have been paid for out of the festival receipts.

In a musical sense, too, these festivals stand pre-eminent: many great compositions have been commissioned for, and first produced at, them. The list would be too long to reproduce here; it will be sufficient to refer to the fact that Mendelssohn's immortal oratorio, "Elijah," was brought out and conducted by the composer (in August, 1846). Other great works by Mendelssohn, including his "St. Paul" and "Lobgesang" ("Hymn of Praise"), were first given with adequate resources at Birmingham, where grand compositions from the same source would have been produced but for the untimely death of the great composer in 1847. The most recent works of importance produced at Birmingham were Gounod's oratorios "The Redemption" (1882) and "Mors et Vita" (1885). Most of the greatest singers of past and present times have been heard at Birmingham Festivals, and the orchestra and chorus have been on a scale of grandeur and efficiency that left nothing to be wished for; altogether rendering the performances—given in one of the finest buildings of the kind existing, whether as to its commodious arrangements or its acoustical properties—such as are worthy of the important industrial town in which they are held.

From 1849 to 1882 the festivals were conducted by the late Sir Michael Costa, who was succeeded, at the celebration of 1885, by Dr. Hans Richter, by whom the approaching performances will be conducted. The band and chorus are on the usual extensive and efficient scale; the principal solo vocalists engaged being Madame Albani, Misses Anna Williams and Ambler, Mesdames Patey and Trebelli, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Piercy, Mr. Banks, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, and Mr. Brereton.

In accordance with the laudable custom of the past, the forthcoming festival will open (on Aug. 28) with "Elijah"; the association of which with Birmingham renders it an indispensable feature at each celebration. The morning of Aug. 29 will be appropriated to Dr. Parry's new oratorio, "Judith; or, The Regeneration of Manasseh"; another festival novelty, Dr. Bridge's cantata "Callirhoë," being appointed for the evening of Aug. 30. Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend," Handel's "Messiah," Bach's "Magnificat," Handel's "Saul," and other interesting works will be included in the performances.

Important new compositions by Anton Dvorák and Dr. Mackenzie had been commissioned, but circumstances have prevented their completion.

The London orchestral rehearsals took place at St. George's Hall on Aug. 20 and following days; and the full rehearsals of band, chorus, and solo vocalists will be held in the Birmingham Townhall, where all the performances are given, beginning, as already said, on Aug. 28.

The Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre are pursuing a successful career. Since the opening of Mr. Freeman Thomas's seventh series (on Aug. 11), already recorded, the programmes have been agreeably diversified in their vocal and instrumental selections. The first of the classical nights was of special interest, having included, besides other important features, two fine solo performances—that of Madame Frickenhaus in Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A minor, and that of Mr. J. T. Carrodus in the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto; each artist having elicited deserved tributes of applause. Effective vocal performances were contributed by Madame Valleria, in Handel's "Angels, ever bright and fair"; Mr. O. Harley, in the tenor romance from Weber's "Euryanthe"; and Signor Foli, in Gounod's air "She alone charmeth my sadness." The fine orchestra was heard in the overture to Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," Reinecke's prelude to "King Manfred," Schubert's great symphony in C, and other pieces of a lighter kind. At recent concerts, Mr. Sims Reeves, the young lady known as "Nikita," and other eminent vocalists have appeared. The "Rose Queen" waltz, composed by Mr. Gwyllym Crowe, the conductor, including the co-operation of Mr. Stedman's well-trained juvenile choristers, continues to prove attractive.

At the Co-operative Festival at the Crystal Palace, on Aug. 18, a new ode was produced; the words by Mr. Lewis Morris, the music by Mr. J. F. Barnett. It is an unpretentious composition, containing some pleasing melodic passages well suited for a large choir (there were said to be nearly 4000 voices).

Another attractive concert, including the co-operation of several eminent vocalists, was given at the Alexandra Palace on Aug. 18.

At the Alexandra Palace on Aug. 17 the festival in aid of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage was held, and was attended by several thousands of persons.

Mr. Thomas Milne Colmore, of The Warren, Knowle, and the Midland Circuit, who has acted from time to time as Deputy-Stipendiary, has been appointed to the office of Stipendiary Magistrate for Birmingham, rendered vacant by the resignation of Mr. T. C. S. Kynnersley.

A Proclamation appears in the *Gazette* directing that on and after Oct. 1 the rate at which freight shall be paid for the conveyance on board any of her Majesty's ships or vessels of treasure belonging to parties other than the Crown, whether gold, silver, jewels, or other articles, which may by special order be received on board any of them, shall be 1 per cent. The whole amount of the said freight, when received, is to be divided into four parts, and distributed as follows:—One-fourth to the flag-officer if any, or flag officers if more than one, on the station or in the squadron to which the ship receiving treasure on board may belong; two-fourths to the captain or officer commanding such ship or vessel, who shall give his receipt or sign the bill of lading for the treasure; and one-fourth to Greenwich Hospital, for the use of that institution.

ABOUT GARDENS.

To have a small house and a large garden was the wish of the poet Cowley, and certainly of all natural pleasures the possession of a garden is the most soothing and permanent. The finest scenery is not for all moods; it is sometimes too stimulating, and excites desires and aspirations which in a world like this can rarely be satisfied: but a garden gives the sense of rest. The fretful anxieties of the world have no place in it; and if large enough to be beautiful and yet not too large to be well cared for, it gladdens both eye and heart. The poet from whom I have just quoted says that God gave man a garden as his first gift "even before a wife," and he does not forget to add, by way of contrast, that the first city was built by Cain. Lord Bacon, who plans out a princely garden, suggests so many devices that the feeling of repose is lost; and this is the case, perhaps, in the famous gardens of Chatsworth. Great men, I suppose, must have big playthings; and even when the plaything is comparatively moderate in size—as, for instance, the Leasowes of Shenstone—artificial objects such as urns, grottoes, and statuary, and inscriptions upon tablets, injure, to my thinking, the sense of grateful rest which is a garden's greatest charm. Apart from these excrescences, Shenstone showed a fine taste for landscape-gardening, and it is pitiful that a spot once so famous should have been greatly injured of late years. A taste for this fine art has always prevailed in England, which boasts the fairest gardens in the world.

Gray, writing in 1763, says this art is the only honour our nation has in matters of taste, and that it is not forty years old. For once, Gray is wrong. Landscape-gardening never has been our only honour in matters of taste, and it was in vogue in this country long before the eighteenth century. The Countess of Bedford, who died in 1627, was praised by Sir William Temple for projecting the most perfect figure of a garden that he ever saw. Probably it was formal in style, since Temple admired it; but landscape gardening was none the less an art because it took that shape. John Evelyn, who flourished some years later, showed a genuine love of gardening; and Aubrey, writing at the same period of the Deepdene, says, with a pretty exaggeration, 'It is an epitome of Paradise, and the Garden of Eden seems well imitated here." Milton understood the true beauty of garden scenery when he undertook to describe the home of our first parents; and if the reader turns to that wonderful picture, he will see how the sense of order pervades his fine description of natural beauty. A garden should be to a great extent artificial. If Nature is allowed to run wild, it becomes a wilderness. The hand of man must be visible throughout; but it must be a hand directed with care and love, so as to avoid too much formality on the one hand and too great luxuriance on the other. Milton's friend Andrew Marvell, a fiery patriot whose zeal sometimes outran discretion, was also a true poet, and felt a poet's delight in a garden. There he found fair Quiet and its sister Innocence, and writes that society is all but rude to this delicious solitude. Fruit and flowers grow together in Marvell's beautiful garden, and he sees them with a poet's eyes—

> The nectarine and curious peach,
> Into my hands themselves do reach.
> Stumbling on melons as I pass,
> Ensnared with flowers I fall on grass.
> Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less
> Withdraws into its happiness.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade.

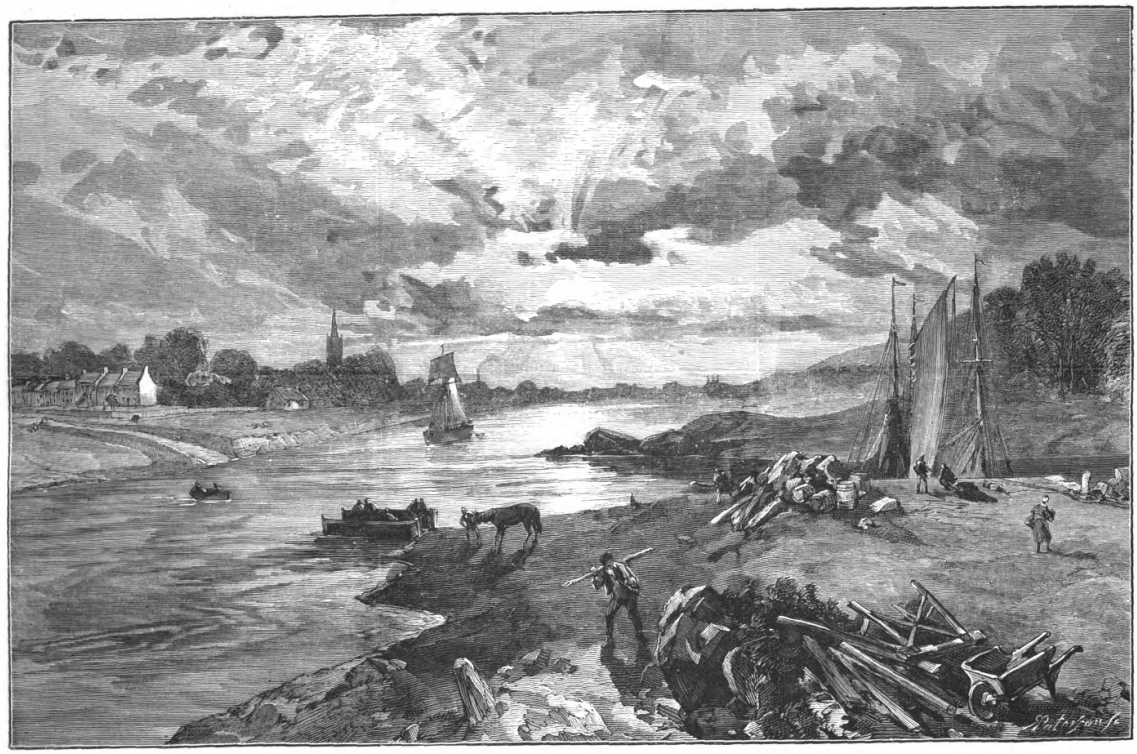
There is another lovely poem of Marvell's, in which a nymph laments the death of her fawn—

> I have a garden of my own,
> But so with roses overgrown
> And lilies, that you would it guess
> To be a little wilderness—

which the prosaic critic will say it needs must have been, since the fawn lay upon the banks of lilies and fed upon the roses.

There is an English air about the sweet gardens of Marvell's fancy, but a taste for the angularity of Dutch gardens came in with William at the Revolution, if not before; and Sir William Temple, who wrote an essay on gardening, introduced the Dutch style at Moor Park, and rejoiced in his formal flower-beds and straight canal. There many a time must Swift have walked with his beautiful pupil Stella, and when he went to Ireland he tried to imitate the Moor Park Gardens on a small scale in his own garden at Laracor. He made a fish-pond, and planted willows in double rows, apple-trees, and cherries. When Addison took him to see his sister's garden at Westminster, where her husband was a Prebend, he thought it a "delightful" retreat; yet he adds, "I like Laracor better." Alas! the garden of which he was so proud is now a potato-field. In his humorous way, Swift associates gardening with politics. "I am sorry," he writes, "we begin to resemble England only in its defects. About seven years ago frogs were imported here, and thrive very well; and three years after a certain great man brought over Whig and Tory, which suit the soil admirably."

Pope was as fond of a garden as his friend Swift, and expended much care and money on his five acres at Twickenham. His gardener published a plan of the little estate, upon which the poet is said to have spent £5000; and of this sum



GOVAN, ON THE CLYDE, WITH THE MOUTH OF THE KELVIN, AS IT WAS IN 1842.

FROM A DRAWING BY MR. W. SIMPSON.

£1000 was spent on the grotesque ornaments of his "plaything," the grotto. The garden itself, which exists no longer, appears to have been laid out with taste. Pope had a love of landscape-gardening, and disliked the formal style of the French, Dutch, and Italian schools. In his view—

> He gains all ends who pleasingly confounds,
> Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Whatever the most brilliant poet of the Queen Anne period knew of Nature was learned in a garden. The passion for noble scenery, now so common, was unknown to him and to his famous contemporaries. They preferred the pretty art of man to the sublimity of Nature. Later in the century Goldsmith expressed the common feeling of the time when he wrote of the "barren hills," the "torpid rocks," and "stormy glooms" of Switzerland; and apropos of Goldsmith a characteristic anecdote is told of his visit to a garden at Leyden during the time of the tulip mania. His generosity prompted him to buy some roots for his uncle, which emptied his purse, and apparently forced him to reduce his wardrobe, for he set out on his travels with only one clean shirt, and without a shilling in his pocket.

Poets have always loved gardens, and Cowper, the most home-loving of our poets, expresses his love for one in the third book of "The Task"; but he does it not very happily, and the garden pictures in his letters are more attractive. Writing to Newton, he says:—"I sit with all the windows and the door wide open, and am regaled with the scent of every flower in a garden as full of flowers as I have known how to make it. We keep no bees; but if I lived in a hive I should hardly hear more of their music. All the bees in the neighbourhood resort to a bed of mignonette opposite to the window, and pay me for the honey they get out of it by a hum which, though rather monotonous, is as agreeable to my ear as the whistling of my linnets." In his garden, and in the greenhouse he loved so well, Cowper's cares were lightened. Nature, in all its more tranquil forms, gave him the most exquisite solace. "Oh! I could spend whole days and moonlight nights," he writes, "in feeding upon a lovely prospect! My eyes drink the rivers as they flow." Not even to Wordsworth was Nature dearer than to Cowper, though the greater poet's glance was more profound, his sense of beauty more subtle. So also was Shelley's; but what we miss in his verse are the stalwart qualities that give reality to poetry. He sees visions, and to him the homely Nature dear to ordinary people is either not seen at all or seen through a mist. So when Shelley takes us into a garden, it is one of rare beauty indeed; but we feel that neither the lovely flowers nor the lady who tends them belong to our common earth.

I do not think that any poet of our time is so happily at home in a garden as Lord Tennyson; and with what choice words does he describe his own careless-ordered garden at Freshwater, where the magpie gossips garrulous under a roof of pine! What cheerful talks must there have been in it! what high converse! what rare wit! So I thought as I walked through the garden once on a festal occasion in the master's absence, and I thought, too, how pleased and proud Maurice must have felt on receiving the most exquisite invitation to visit a garden and its owner, ever written by a poet:—

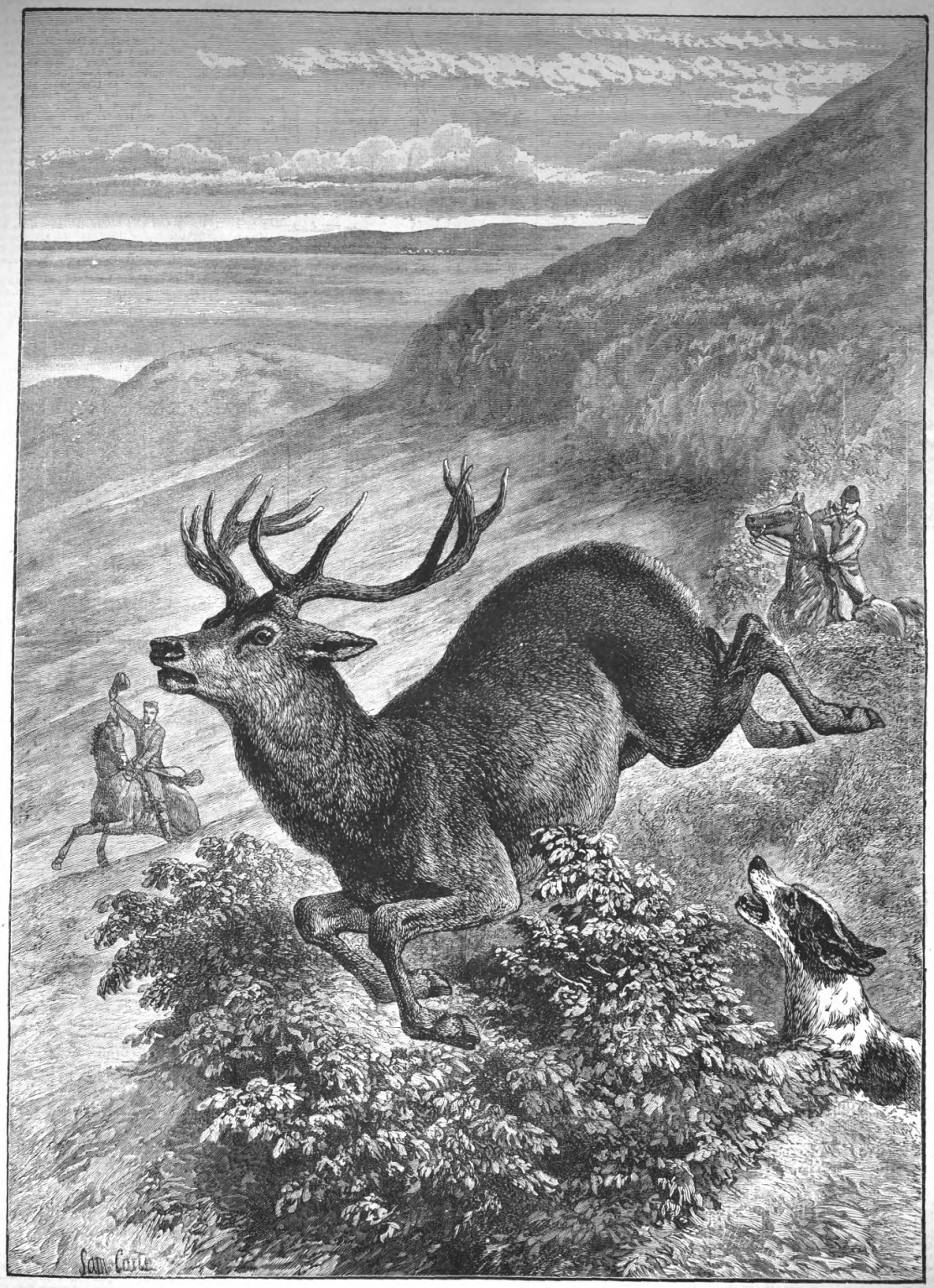
> Come, Maurice, come; the lawn as yet
> Is hoar with rime or spongy wet;
> But when the wreath of March has blossom'd
> Crocus, anemone, violet,
>
> Or later, pay one visit here,
> For those are few we hold as dear;
> Nor pay but one, but come for many,
> Many and many a happy year.

In a very different strain, but with true Tennysonian sweetness and felicity of expression, he pictures the garden in which the artist-lover woos and wins the gardener's daughter. And who does not remember Maud's garden of roses, and the lovely garden-song, which is one of the poet's most perfect lyrical efforts?

There are gardens I have seen which live for ever in the memory. Shall I recall *one*? A charming old house, with quaint gables and coignes of vantage and casement-windows nestling amidst roses and honeysuckles, lies halfway down a hill which is partly green with pasture and in part shaded with beech-trees. In the front, facing the south-west, is a lawn with beds rich in colour, upon which through all the happier months of the year the gardener exercises his choicest skill. The lawn might appear a little formal and kept with a care too precise, were it not for the lovely broken ground that falls and rises like the gentle waves of a summer sea. And here, through winding paths and borders thickly covered with the old English flowers dear to cottagers, you come by a slow descent into a small wood with open spaces free to sunshine and flowers. Lower still a rustic bridge crosses a rapid stream that bounds merrily over the rocks. Cross the bridge and you reach a natural bower, helped a little, but not too much, by art. The view is charming, and the joyous noise of the river does but give one a deeper sense of seclusion. What a spot for a poet or a lover! Here the birds hold a full concert when the early buds are on the trees, and a few yards from the arbour, where the stream widens, is a deep pool of the clearest water—the home, doubtless, of a fair nymph with golden hair:—

> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close us in, we cannot see her.

Keeping by the side of the stream for a few hundred yards,



THE WILD WEST OF ENGLAND: UNHARBOURING A STAG ON EXMOOR.

some stepping-stones allow you to cross again, and after ascending a small meadow and passing through a shrubbery, the kitchen-garden is reached. Flowers and vegetables grow together: and through an archway, in a cucumber-hedge, is a glimpse of a wide-spreading lawn, and of the house beyond. If it is the month of strawberries, you will not be in a hurry to return there, or later in the year the walled garden with its ripe peaches and nectarines will satisfy three senses—O fair, sweet garden of delights! O sweeter youth that finds joy in everything, and reaps far more than it sows!

Here I am warned to part company with a subject not readily to be exhausted in a paper twice the length of this. There are many ways in which it might be treated, and out of the many I have touched but slightly upon one. Alas! for Londoners who are forced to dream about gardens without possessing them. Year by year our once beautiful suburban gardens grow less and less in size, and bricks take the place of lilies and of roses. At the beginning of the century a garden was a cheap luxury, and many a poor man who suffered from an "eternal want of pence," found in it his choicest recreation. Now, a good garden means a large income, and ere long the folk who live in suburban villas will have to take to window-gardening or to renounce the pastime altogether. J. D.

OBITUARY.

SIR GEORGE HOLYOAKE-GOODRICKE, BART.

Sir George Edward Holyoake-Goodricke, third Baronet, died at his residence, The Mythe, near Tewkesbury, on Aug. 11. He was born, Nov. 3, 1844, the youngest son of Sir Francis Lyttelton Holyoake (who assumed the surname of Goodricke on inheriting the estates of Sir Harry Goodricke, Bart., of Ribstone Hall, Yorkshire, in 1833, and who was created a Baronet in 1835), by Elizabeth Martha, his wife, daughter of Mr. George Payne, of Sulby Hall, Northamptonshire. He received his education at Rugby, and succeeded his brother in 1883. He died unmarried, and the title consequently becomes extinct. His second sister, Lilla, is wife of Colonel William Cavendish Bentinck Ryan, late Bengal Staff Corps, son of the late Right Hon. Sir Edward Ryan, and brother of Sir Charles Lister Ryan, K.C.B.



We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Michael Gould, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law, Administrator General of Madras, on Aug. 14, aged fifty.

The Rev. John Joseph Lomax, M.A., Vicar of Breinton, Herefordshire, on Aug. 14, aged fifty-eight.

Commander Cecil William Beaumont, late Royal Navy, at Haslar, Hants, on Aug. 11, aged forty-five.

Mr. William H. Baily, acting palæontologist of the Geological Survey of Ireland, aged seventy-nine.

The Rev. Francis Turner Gill, M.A., for twenty-eight years Vicar of Warfield, Berks, at Ragatz, Switzerland, on Aug. 9, aged seventy-one.

Mr. John Joseph Jones, of Abberley Hall and Pensax Court, Worcestershire, J.P. and D.L., at Karlsbad, Austria, suddenly, on Aug. 5, aged fifty-eight.

Lieutenant-Colonel Howard Parker, late 15th Foot, eldest surviving son of Lieutenant-Colonel Windsor Parker, of Clopton Hall, formerly M.P. for West Suffolk, at White House, Felixstowe, on Aug. 7, aged fifty-one.

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis William Johnstone, eighth son of the late Mr. James Raymond Johnstone, of Alva, Stirlingshire, at Osborn House, Bolton-gardens, S.W., on Aug. 9, aged seventy.

Mr. Frederick Heysham, youngest son of the late Mr. Robert Thornton Heysham, of Hinton House, near Alresford and Stagenhoe Park, Herts, at Bellevue House, Winchester, on Aug. 10, aged eighty-eight.

Lady Hillary (Susan Curwen), widow of Sir Augustus William Hillary, second and last Baronet, and daughter of Mr. John Christian, of Ewanrigg Hall, Cumberland, at her residence, West Drayton, Middlesex, on Aug. 17.

Lady Arthur Lennox, at her residence, Swallowfield Park, Reading, on Aug. 14. She was the daughter of Colonel John Campbell, and married, in 1837, Lord Arthur Lennox, M.P., youngest son of Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond, K.G. He died in 1864.

Mr. William Eassie, C.E., F.L.S., F.G.S., &c., at his residence in South Hampstead, on Aug. 16. He was honorary secretary of the Cremation Society, of which, in conjunction with Sir Henry Thompson and a few others, he was one of the founders in 1874. Mr. Eassie had a varied and useful career.

Colonel Augustus Thomas Rice, late 51st Light Infantry, at Cheltenham, on Aug. 15, aged seventy-three. He entered the Army in 1831, and became Colonel in 1854. He served with his regiment during the war in Burmah in 1852, at the storm and capture of Rangoon, and at the assault and capture of Bassein, where he was severely wounded.

Lady Harriot Elizabeth Poore, Lady of the Bed-chamber to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh, at the Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth, on Aug. 15, aged forty-three. She was the eldest daughter of the present Earl of Verulam, and married, in 1885, Major Francis Harwood Poore, Royal Marine Artillery.

Colonel Arthur Swann Howard Lowe, of Gosfield Hall, Essex, F.R.A.S., J.P., late 4th Battalion Derbyshire Regiment, on Aug. 12, aged sixty-one. He was the youngest son of the late Mr. Alfred Lowe, of Highfield, near Nottingham, and was brother of Mr. Edward Joseph Lowe, of Shirenewton Hall, Monmouthshire, D.L.

Mr. Thomas Macpherson Bruce-Gardyne of Middleton House, Forfarshire, J.P., late Lieutenant 40th Regiment, on Aug. 17, aged fifty-seven. He was the eldest son of Mr. William Bruce, who assumed the name of Gardyne on inheriting the Middleton estates, by Catherine, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Macpherson, of Canada.

Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., suddenly, on Aug. 21, at Trebarth, Bangor. Mr. Richard, who was the son of the late Rev. Ebenezer Richard, a distinguished Calvinistic Methodist preacher, was born in 1812. After passing through the Highbury Congregational College he was for several years Minister of Marlborough (Independent) Chapel, Southwark. Mr. Richard was a stanch advocate of arbitration as a means of settling international disputes. From 1848 to 1885 he was Secretary to the London Peace Society. He was a Home Ruler, and an advocate of the total severance of Church and State. He had represented Merthyr Tydvil in the House of Commons since 1868. He was the author of "The Memoirs of Joseph Sturge" and other works.

A charter of incorporation has been granted to Loughborough, Leicestershire, a town with a population of 8000, and a large hosiery trade. There will be three wards, each returning six councillors, with two aldermen each.

Lord Aberdeen, speaking at a cattle-show dinner at Tarland, Aberdeenshire, referred to the reasons which had induced him to sell his landed property at Cromar. The leading reason, he said, was a desire to remedy the evil of absentee landlordism. He desired also to avoid the purchase of the land by rack-renting landlords, and for that purpose he had exposed it in lots to suit the present occupiers. He commended the system of peasant proprietorship as giving a stimulus to personal exertion not otherwise obtainable, and promised when the local governing body was constituted under a system of local government for Scotland to hand over the local market-stance.

DEATHS.

At Madras, on Aug. 14, Michael Gould, B.L., LL.D., Administrator-General of Madras, aged 50. (By telegram.)

On Aug. 15, at Holm Rook Hall, Cumberland, Elizabeth Lucy, the beloved wife of J. W. F. Lowthorpe, and youngest daughter of the late Thomas Raikes, of Welton House, Yorkshire.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.*

STAG-HUNTING ON EXMOOR.

There is a "Wild West" in North Devon and Somersetshire little known to many Cockneys; and the open tract of moorland extending from the Quantock Hills, above the wide plain of Bridgwater and the fair valley of Taunton, far away westward to the heights of Countisbury, near Ilfracombe, is a district as wild as any in South Britain. Here rises the Exe, which has given its name to the great Moor; and the source of its tributary, the Barle, which joins it below Dulverton, is above Simonsbath, in the heart of what was anciently a "Forest," a Royal Chace, though seldom if ever visited by Kings fond of hunting, who had the New Forest of Hampshire, and other such places, nearer to their usual abode. It is mentioned, however, in a charter of King John's, and was surveyed by order of Edward I. After the lapse of five centuries, during which the native race of Lorna Doone's folk had Exmoor pretty much to themselves, the Crown rights were sold in 1820 to Mr. John Knight, who settled at Simonsbath (originally Simon's Path, from the name of a noted outlaw haunting that place in the olden time), and made some attempts to reclaim the land for agriculture, but with little success. Most of it still remains a wilderness, and is the habitation of rare birds and beasts, among which is the true Red Deer, the same animal that affords so much sport to rifle-shots in the Scottish Highlands; but on Exmoor, from August to April, the Devon and Somerset staghounds, with bold riders who delight to follow them over the roughest and steepest ground, pursue this noble beast in a fashion that would be surprising to ordinary foxhunters, and that is unique among English hunting-men.

In a volume recently published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, "Records of Stag-hunting on Exmoor," by the Hon. John Fortescue, the reader will find all historical particulars and a variety of anecdotes and practical observations concerning this kind of sport, related in a pleasant and lively style, with many illustrations from drawings by Mr. Edgar Giberne. It is partly compiled from the journals kept, from 1855 to 1881, by the late Mr. M. Fenwick-Bisset, of Pixton House, Dulverton, and of Exford, who was Master of the Devon and Somerset Hounds during twenty-seven years, and was succeeded by Lord Ebrington. There is a book of much value, by the late Dr. C. Palk Collyns, a medical gentleman of Dulverton, on "The Chase of the Wild Red Deer," which is the recognised authority with regard to the natural history of the animal; but it seems to be out of print. Many extracts from it are given by Mr. Fortescue, whose work contains a full account of the whole subject, and will be interesting to the naturalist, to the antiquary, and to the topographer, as well as to the sportsman. We have not space to put before our own readers any of the stirring narratives of good runs and final "kills," frequently in the water of pools or rivers, and sometimes in the sea, which are here related. Our Artist's drawing of the scene, "Unharbouring a Stag," was made above Cloutsham, the view looking over Porlock, with the Bristol Channel and Wales in the distance. It may invite a perusal of the volume to which we have referred.

The annual great show of toy-dogs has been held at the Royal Aquarium.

Mr. Mackey Wilson, the High Sheriff of county Kildare, has given £1000 to the Royal Irish Constabulary Jubilee Fund.

Many clergymen are coming forward with testimony to the fact that the daily opening of their churches has led to no misuse, even in circumstances which might well have promised a different result.

Mr. C. T. Ritchie, president of the Local Government Board, will take the chair at the 224th anniversary festival of the Scottish Hospital corporation, to be held on St. Andrew's Day next, Nov. 30.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Lieutenant-General Lord Abinger, who formerly commanded the Scots Guards, to command the West London Volunteer Infantry Brigade, recently constituted under the mobilisation scheme for home defence.

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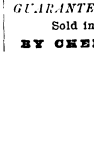
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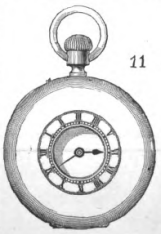
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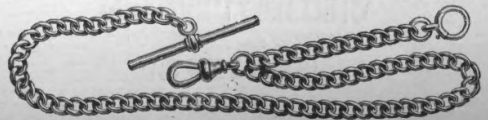
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TERRIBLE COLLISION IN THE ATLANTIC.

On the morning of Aug. 14 the Thingvalla and the Geiser, iron ships of the Scandinavian Thingvalla Line, were thirty miles south of Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia. The Geiser, of 1818 tons, was steaming eastward from New York to Copenhagen, carrying 107 passengers and a crew of nearly 50. The Thingvalla's course lay westward to New York, a little south of the Geiser's course. The Thingvalla, of 1630 tons, was lightly laden, and carried 61 cabin passengers and 394 in the steerage. The New York correspondent of the *Standard* states that there is some conflict regarding the state of the weather, which is, perhaps, best described as "nasty." No storm was raging, but there was mist, if not fog and some rain. It was under these circumstances that the Thingvalla's bow struck the Geiser amidships, abaft the starboard main rigging, nearly at right angles to the keel, and cut the Geiser almost in two. Neither vessel sighted the other until just before the collision. Until then neither of them had given any signals of warning of her approach, nor could either of them take effective means to prevent the catastrophe. Both engines were reversed, but it was impossible to reverse the movement of the vessels quickly enough. The Geiser starboarded her helm, throwing the bow to the north; but the Thingvalla ported her helm, instead of passing the Geiser to the south. The Thingvalla's bow was torn away, leaving a hole measuring twenty square feet open to the sea; but the bulkhead kept her afloat. Nothing could save a ship injured as the Geiser was. She rocked like a cradle, and within seven minutes sank like a stone. As she settled more and more on the starboard side she careened so that some of the passengers rushing on deck stepped into the sea. Others dashing along blindly fell into the hole made by the Thingvalla. Many were crushed in their berths. The Geiser's second officer, sleeping in his berth, was awakened by the groans of his mangled shipmate, and saw the Thingvalla's prow thrusting itself into the Geiser. He seized the Thingvalla's anchor-chains, and when she drew away he clambered to the Thingvalla's decks, and saw behind him his cabin close to a hole which two elephants driven abreast could have entered. The Geiser launched three boats, one of which capsized. One floated so far away that no one would jump for it. The third was overladen, and was sucked down with the Geiser. When it again floated half of its occupants were gone. Meanwhile, the Thingvalla's boats rescued those who were floating on the wreckage—namely, fourteen passengers and seventeen of the crew. The list of the saved is incomplete. Those who are known to be dead include five officers and the steward and stewardess, twenty-nine seamen, seven cabin and sixty-five steerage passengers.

The Thingvalla, disabled and overcrowded with the survivors from the Geiser, was happily relieved at noon by the German steam-ship Wieland, which took the passengers to New York, leaving the Thingvalla steaming slowly for Halifax, over one hundred miles distant, where she arrived safely.

Captain C. Möller, of the Geiser, has told the following story of the collision:—When Monday morning dawned, the Geiser was off the dreaded bank. It was not foggy, but misty rain prevailed for the greater part of the time. So pleasant was the weather that at ten o'clock on Monday night Captain Möller left the bridge in charge of the chief officer, Mr. Brown, and decided to take a few hours' rest. He reclined on a sofa in the chart-room, directly under the bridge. He gave the officers strict orders to call him should it become foggy, and to report to him at midnight what progress the steamer was making. At three o'clock the chief officer reported that the weather was "sightable," with occasional rain. Captain Möller, after telling the chief officer that he would take the soundings at four o'clock that morning, undressed himself, having decided to take a little sleep. He had not yet closed his eyes when the door of the chart-room was suddenly thrown open. "Come on deck!" wildly shouted the chief officer, "we are going to have a collision." Captain Möller sprang on to the bridge, clad in his night clothes, and assumed the command. He came too late; no human effort could prevent the disaster. The sharp bows of the Thingvalla were about to strike the Geiser directly amidships, opposite the main rigging.

The coolness and bravery exhibited by Captain Möller, of the Geiser, after the collision received the commendation of the few survivors. He stood by his vessel until the very last. Just as the stern of his vessel disappeared a wave swept over the bridge, carrying the captain with it. He was hurled down and nearly drowned by the suction of the vessel. When he came to the surface a terrible sight met his gaze. The rafts and boats were floating about, while men, women, and children were vainly endeavouring to reach them. He swam about for some minutes and succeeded in getting hold of an oar. He was floating for half-an-hour before he was rescued. The chief officer, Mr. Brown, lost his life in trying to save the passengers. He jumped from the bridge to the deck, and began to distribute life-preservers, but perished in the attempt, for in five minutes the vessel sank.

We have received a copy of a little work, entitled "Watches and Clocks," issued gratis, by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate-hill, which is perhaps the most complete book of its kind published. It is not merely a catalogue, but gives a full and plain description of the mechanism of a watch, intelligible to the general reader.

The Board of Trade have received, through the Foreign Office, the undermentioned testimonials, which have been awarded by the German Emperor to the master, mate, and three seamen of the steam-ship Cato, of Hull, in recognition of their services to the shipwrecked crew of the German schooner Alfred, of Papenberg, which was wrecked off the Horn Reef light-ship on April 2, 1887:—A gold watch for the master, Captain Andrew White; a marine binocular for the mate, William Bettinson; and a sum of 100m. to each of the three seamen, C. Gustavsen, H. Pinchon, and H. Tollefsen.

The Local Government Board has issued circulars to town clerks and clerks of the peace in England and Wales stating that in pursuance of the powers conferred upon them by the Local Government Act, 1888, they have issued orders determining the number of the county councillors for each county, and their apportionment between each of the boroughs which have sufficient population to return one councillor and the rest of the county. The number of councillors so prescribed does not, however, include the county aldermen. The Board point out the duties that will now devolve upon courts of quarter sessions and town councils, so as to determine electoral divisions for the first elections to the county councils by the date prescribed in the Act, which is Nov. 8 next.

Renewed efforts are being made to raise funds to complete the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral. Canon Argles has promised a second subscription of £500, in addition to the £1200 given by him for a Bishop's throne and choir pulpit, and a further £500 for other special portions of choir fittings. Miss Argles has collected £300 towards a choir floor, and Lady Elizabeth Villiers has given £1200 towards choir stalls. Canon Clayton has promised £250 towards the general restoration fund, the contribution to be spread over five years; and Mr. H. P. Gates has offered £350 (to be paid in three years) as a special donation for bell frames in the north-west tower. A subscription of £150 to the general fund has also been received from the Bishop of Leicester. Collecting boxes placed in the cathedral have realised £965.

A national co-operative festival, the first held in this country, was opened at the Crystal Palace on Aug. 18, and was attended by many thousands of co-operators from all parts of the country. The chief features of the programme were a large show of fruit, flowers, and vegetables; an exhibition of objects manufactured at home; a display of goods made by co-operative productive societies, and a choral concert. Mr. G. J. Holyoake addressed the opening meeting, observing that the light of profit-sharing was at last dawning on England. In the afternoon there was an open-air gathering, to whom Mr. Edwin Owen Greening explained the present position of the movement, pointing out that with respect to productive co-operation, by which alone they could hope to realise the emancipation of industry, they had but made a beginning. A resolution in this sense was unanimously adopted.

YACHTING.

There was plenty of wind on Aug. 15, at Ryde, when the second day's racing at the Regatta of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club took place; but, unfortunately, it was from the east, with rain at times. Irex again showed Yarana what her eighteen feet extra length was worth in a breeze and sea, by coming in over twenty-three minutes ahead of her; and Yarana, in her turn, beat Petronilla nearly eleven minutes and a half. In the smaller class, May beat the Mohawk handsomely, and won a well-deserved prize. The first was a match exceeding 40 rating: First prize, £50; second, £20. Starters: Irex, cutter, 98, J. Jameson; Yarana, cutter, 58, P. Ralli; Petronilla, cutter, 54, Earl of Dunraven; Hyacinth, yawl, 50, T. Garth. Long Victoria course. Irex won a first-rate race, the timing being:—Irex (£50), 3h. 7m. 57s.; Yarana (£20), 3h. 31m. 12s.; Petronilla, 3h. 43m. 40s.

The next race was for yachts not exceeding 40 rating. First prize, given by the Vice-Commodore, Captain Harvey, £50; second, £15. Starters: May, cutter, 40, T. West; Mohawk, cutter, 40, Colonel Bagot; Neptune, cutter, 40, T. Birchall; Foxglove, yawl, 40, W. Paget. Short Victoria course. May won, with over a minute and a half to spare. The timing at the finish was:—May (£50), 2h. 58m. 54s.; Mohawk (£15), 3h. 0m. 37s.; Foxglove, 3h. 7m. 51s.

The prize sailed for on the 16th was the town cup, presented by the inhabitants of Ryde. It was an open race, any yachts belonging to a recognised yacht club being accepted. A prize of £20 was added by the Royal Victoria Club for the winner in the class in this race exceeding 10 rating and not exceeding 20, and a further prize of £10 was offered by the club for the winner in the class under 10 rating, these two prizes being under the condition that two or more of each class started. The long Victoria course was selected, and Yarana took the town cup; and the Vreda, being the first home of her rating, took the club prize.

The race on the 17th was for the cup presented by the Commodore, the Marquis of Exeter. The course was round the Isle of Wight. There sailed the Yarana, Neptune, Petronella, Mary, Mohawk, Condor, and Irex. They started with a splendid breeze, at ten o'clock, and circumnavigated the island, a distance of over fifty miles, in less than five hours. The Irex arrived at 2h. 50m. 41s., and won the cup. The Yarana won the second prize of £25.

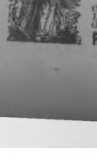
The Engineer Volunteer camp at Upnor was formed on Aug. 18, in connection with the School of Military Engineering at Chatham.

At Downing College, Cambridge, the Rev. J. C. Saunders, M.A., who has for some time been Tutor jointly with Dr. Perkins, becomes sole Tutor of the College, Dr. Perkins having resigned.—At St. Catharine's College, the Corrie Prize for Theology, founded in commemoration of Dr. Corrie, late Master of Jesus College, Norrisian Professor of Divinity, and who was formerly President and Tutor of St. Catharine's, has been awarded to Edwin Stanley Wilkinson, undergraduate of the college.—At Trinity Hall, the Cressinghaw Prize, of the value of £15, for an English essay written by an undergraduate, has been adjudged to R. A. Wigram. Additional prizes have been awarded to M. Collet and H. Morgan Brown.

The summer session of the College of Agriculture, Downton, near Salisbury, ended on Aug. 18 with the usual distribution of honours. Prizes were awarded for excellence in both practical and theoretical competitions. Amongst the former were prizes for milking, butter-making, harnessing and driving, shearing sheep, industry on the farm, knowledge of farm machinery, knowledge of live stock, ploughing, the best kept farm diary, essay on the cultivation of malting barley, best collection of grasses, of insects, and of weeds, report on natural history, field excursions, and best laboratory note-books. The class prizes were awarded for examinations passed in agriculture, chemistry, botany, surveying, mensuration, and building construction. The scholarship offered amongst first year's students was won by Mr. W. D. Linsell, Bevor's Hill, Southampton.

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NOVELS.

Joan Vellacot. By Esmé Stuart. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—The choice of a title for this novel would seem to have been a point under deliberation; for its pages are headed, throughout the story, "A Man's Mistake." The man who made the mistake was Major Hector Duncan, V.C.; but whether the mistake he made was in loving Joan Vellacot, whom he did not marry, or in marrying Margaret Austin, whom he did not love, the reader will have to consider. Joan Vellacot, though entitled by her fascinating beauty to have her name finally put on the titlepage, is such a wilful, selfish, and heartless girl, and such a reckless flirt, that any man who loved and married her would soon find *his* mistake; and honest John Peel, an acquaintance from childhood, ought to have known better. She is the younger daughter of Sir Henry Vellacot, of Laxton Hall, Lowcester, in whose family, consisting of two sisters and a brother, having lost their mother, the mutual ties of relationship are painfully strained. The baronet has discarded his son, Carey Vellacot, for marrying a ballet-dancer; and his elder sister, Frances, is deeply grieved by this cruel treatment of him, and by the father's coldness and indifference to herself. Joan has been early spoilt by indulgence and flattery, and is, to say the truth, an unprincipled and mischievous young person. An exhibition of her charms in some "tableaux vivants" at Laxton Hall, where she personates the seductive Egyptian Queen Cleopatra, makes the middle-aged Major Duncan, recently come back from India, her unfortunate victim. After manifesting his affection, and receiving tokens that it will be returned, he is led to believe that Joan has consented to an engagement with John Peel, a wealthy neighbour, her suitor for years past, and highly approved by Sir Henry Vellacot. The Major, naturally indignant, seeks his revenge by applying for the hand of Miss Austin, the only child of a rich cotton-spinner; he is at once accepted, being a very brave and distinguished officer, with good social connections, though poor; and these two are soon married. The character of Margaret Duncan, as a wife enduring severe trials in the discovery of her husband's continued infatuation about Joan, is by far the most engaging object in this story. It is a noble character, portrayed with much thought and care, and for her sake the novel is worth reading; yet "A Woman's Mistake," which is quite as likely as "A Man's," is a title that would have aptly designated her unwary error in so readily accepting Hector Duncan. A romantic sentiment of hero-worship, and his accidental overturn in a carriage, when she relieved him, should not have prompted her to intrust her life's happiness to a gentleman whose only merits were having won a Victoria Cross, and being proud of his reputation as a man of honour. His matrimonial proposal to her was coldly made; and, though his motive could hardly be mercenary, as her fortune was strictly tied up, she must have known that he did not give her much of a heart. In the subsequent renewal of his intimacy with Joan Vellacot, there is nothing approaching to a criminal intention; for Joan's wickedness extends no further than a malicious design to vex and to grieve Margaret by a mere unscrupulous flirtation; while Hector, never meaning to betray or abandon his wife, is just weak enough to be tempted to repeat his assurances to Joan that she is the woman he loves. This unworthy and reprehensible game between the newly-married husband and the unmaidenly damsel, who seeks to exercise her power over him without being herself affected by mutual passion, is begun at Paris, and resumed at a seaside village near Ilfracombe. Idleness, in a remote country-house, where a man cannot spend every day in fishing or shooting, is always the worst foe to conjugal fidelity. If Major Duncan had stayed at Lowcester, and diligently performed the office that was bestowed on him, that of Chief Constable of County Police, he and Margaret would have been a happy couple. As the case was, pursued by such a desperate female intriguer as Joan, and having had no experience of the wiles of "fast" English ladies in his long Indian exile, he was doomed to inflict sorrow on a wife for whose character he felt sincere esteem, and to whom he owed much gratitude besides a husband's duty. There are two good women, Lady Hartwood, a bright and lively widow, shrewd and kind-hearted, and the upright, though rigid and unconciliatory, Frances Vellacot, who endeavour to prevent a disastrous issue; but the end is very tragical. Mrs. Duncan, walking on the cliffs, is startled by suddenly coming upon her husband with Joan Vellacot, falls over a precipice, and is killed. In her sad fate, as the true heroine of the story, terminates all our interest in its actions and events; and this alone is sufficient to warrant us in commending its perusal as one of the best recently published. The supposed reformation of Joan, after all this, seems too improbable for us to join in congratulations on her wedding with John Peel.

A Bitter Repentance. By Lady Virginia Sandars. Three vols. (Hurst and Blackett).—It is to be regretted that an authoress who definitely conceives a situation of great pathetic interest, and several characters of substantial individual character, should mar their conversation with each other by giving them a stilted and unnatural style of talking. The want of simplicity of style is the fatal defect of this novel, which would otherwise be really interesting; for its theme is the distressing position of a widowed elderly gentleman, Sir Arthur Percival, who has an illegitimate daughter, called Magdalen Rose, long supposed by him to be lost, since he abandoned her mother, and into whose family this girl is introduced, quite ignorant of her relationship to him, as companion to her half-sister, Lilly Percival, the only surviving child of his marriage. His, therefore, is the "bitter repentance;" on becoming aware that he is her father, he dares not acknowledge her, and he restrains the expression of his paternal affection for her, because he cannot bear that the pure-souled Lilly, who is an invalid slowly dying of consumption, should learn the misconduct of his youth. Magdalen herself, a brave and noble-minded young woman, brought up to a life of toil and poverty in a squalid part of London, cherishes an almost vindictive hatred of the unknown parent who seems to have cruelly betrayed her mother. In the opening scene, one of the most effective, she comes to a fashionable hairdresser's shop, to sell her own beautiful hair for money to bring an eminent physician, Dr. Tremaine, to save her mother, in the last stage of a fatal disease. This affecting incident becomes known to Lilly Percival, who is one of Dr. Tremaine's patients; and they kindly make arrangements to take care of Magdalen on her mother's death. But the poor girl wanders away, distracted in mind and attacked by fever, throws herself into the Thames, and is rescued by young Lord Conway, happening to pass by in his steam-launch. Conway, the son of the Earl of Ruthin, has romantic and eccentric ideas for a youth of his rank. He has chosen to learn the craft of a mechanical artisan, and intends to associate with men of the working classes, that he may instruct them in matters of their social welfare. Leaving Magdalen, of whom he takes little notice after emerging from the river, to be tended in St. Thomas's Hospital, he goes to a Northern manufacturing town, where he attempts to settle a fierce dispute between employer and employed. The author's description of riots during this "strike" at the ironworks, and her tirade against "Socialism," only show that she has no real acquaintance with the habits and ideas of English workmen. Failing in his efforts of mediation, and threatened by them with furious violence—which would certainly not be the result of such action in dealing with their class—his Lordship returns to his family and friends, among whom are Sir Arthur Percival and his daughter. An engagement, indeed, between Conway and Lilly Percival has long been contemplated, but is finally refused by the young lady, because she feels that she has only a few months to live. In the meantime, Dr. Tremaine, finding Magdalen in the hospital, and having been informed by her mother of the true history of her birth, takes her into his own house as companion to Mrs. Tremaine, his aged mother, who is blind and infirm. Her beauty, and the sweet dignity of her character, soon inspire him with a profound attachment, which he endeavours to control and to conceal, resolving to act the part of a disinterested guardian. The whole party, in the summer holidays, all being on terms of intimacy, are assembled on the seacoast of South Devon, where Magdalen divides her affectionate services between old Mrs. Tremaine and Lilly Percival, who shows her a sisterly love. But the striking likeness of faces between the father and the unrecognised daughter, the strange mystery about Magdalen Rose, and the remembrance of certain scandals in Sir Arthur's early life, excite the suspicion of malicious neighbours. Lord Conway, now paying her too great attentions—though he is rather a coxcomb and a prig—provokes an envious rival, Mrs. Hermon Hodge, a rich young widow of doubtful reputation, to insult and malign the innocent girl. The rudeness and bad manners of some of the aristocracy and people of fashion, as depicted by Lady Virginia Sandars, may be surprising to readers who belong to the obscure middle class of society. At length, when Lilly Percival has been killed by the cruel exposure of her father's long-past transgression, and Lord Conway has been overheard by Magdalen saying that he hesitated to marry her on account of her illegitimate birth, the trials of this brave heroine—she once saved Lilly's life at the risk of her own—arrive at a happy termination. She becomes the wife of Dr. Tremaine, who is exalted to the rank of a medical baronet and is earning a large income, and who is an excellent man of studious and domestic tastes. It is better for her to be Lady Tremaine, after all, than Lady Conway and prospective Countess of Ruthin.

Cardinal Manning took a prominent part in the annual festival of the Catholic Total Abstinence League of the Cross, which was held on Aug. 20, in the Crystal Palace. Addressing the large audience, his Eminence expressed his belief that the Temperance movement was the greatest ruling power in England after the Government. Upwards of 4300 members of the association were assembled.

The Pope Commemoration Committee at Twickenham concluded their labours by passing a resolution expressing their regret that the monument in Twickenham parish church, erected by Pope to his father and mother, and on which his own death is recorded, is concealed by the organ. They further expressed a hope that this monument and the gravestone of the poet, which is also concealed, may both be brought into view should any alterations in the present arrangement of the church make this possible. The committee decided to devote the surplus from the Loan Museum to the purchase of works relating to Pope for presentation to the Twickenham Free Library.

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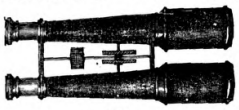
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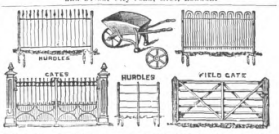


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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A chivalric German has been publishing an apology for mothers-in-law. How many he has had of his own he does not tell us, but he writes like a man who understands his subject. It is high time in my opinion that such a book was written. The ridicule that has been cast upon that relative by playwrights and jokers has done a good deal of harm to as worthy a class of women as exists, and is generally falsely applied. The treatment of them, both in fact and fiction, is as cruel as it is cowardly. What is significant enough of the quarter from which it arises is that it is the wife's mother that is almost always made the subject of attack; with the man's mother, I confess I have much less sympathy, for he can take care of himself, and if her "interference" is not superfluous, it ought to be; but why should the mother of our girls—generally by far the most unselfish and self-sacrificing of all members of the family—become an object for detraction because one of them marries? If her husband ill-treats her, it is natural enough indeed that *he* should detest her would-be defender; but why should the world at large join hands with the brute? I have had some experience of mankind, and paid an unusual attention (from other motives besides a great natural politeness) to my fellow creatures, and I believe in mothers, whether their daughters are married or single. The prejudice against them is as false as it is vulgar; and what is very hard on them, I notice that in works of fiction, even by the best writers, stepmothers (often just and fair-minded persons, no doubt, but who have many temptations to be otherwise) are habitually described as mothers-in-law.

An order in Council informs us that the provisions of the International Copyright Convention have been extended to the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. This is news indeed for the English author; if he does not at once set up his carriage on the strength of it, he can, at least, go to the coach-maker's and decide on what sort of carriage it is to be. On the prospect of the proceeds of a translation in every country on the Continent he would, however, hitherto, have been rash to bespeak a gig. It may be very pleasant to be rendered into a foreign language for the first time, but that sensation wears away, and there is little else to be got out of the experience. For a novelist to appear in Russian is always interesting, because, even when he sees it, he can't tell which of his novels it is; but, of course, "the vastest Empire in the world" pays nobody. Poor little Denmark, though honest enough so far as I have found, has nothing to pay. To get a ten-pound note out of Italy is like getting the breeks from a Highlander; and France, though it has breeks, is extremely disinclined to part with them. A Frenchman once bespoke the whole of my immortal works; the sum for each was small, but, on the principle of "a reduction on taking a quantity," I accepted his terms. I heard nothing from him for a year, when another Frenchman wrote to me for his address:—"I have completed the translation of one of your novels for Monsieur D——, *for fifty francs*, but cannot get his money." Nor could *I*, and I never did. The German translator pays what he promises you, though by no means the next day, nor even the day after; it is not a splendid honorarium, but there is no saying what it may swell to now that the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg has joined the Convention.

One has heard of people "weighing their words" (though one seldom sees it put into practice) and now an Italian savant has discovered a method of weighing thoughts. He began with the hand, "placed in a closed vessel of water, when the change of circulation, produced by the slightest action of the body or brain, was shown by a rise or fall in the liquid in the narrow neck of the vessel"; and then he procured a large balance for the whole human body (what the purveyors call "a meat scale"), and found that "even dreams send the blood to the brain sufficient to sink the head." He must have been exceptionally fortunate in finding a gentleman who could dream (or even go to sleep) in a meat scale; but scientific people have great luck. "The changing pulse even told him when the person operated upon was reading Italian or Greek; the greater effort necessary in the latter case seriously affecting the flow of blood." This I can easily believe. The conjugation of a Greek irregular verb, or rather, the failure to conjugate it, used often, I remember, to effect that at Eton, though not exactly in the brain vessels. The practical value of this scientific discovery has been the subject of depreciatory remark; but if by this process a gentleman's thoughts can be pronounced to be "weighty," and he can procure a certificate of the fact, it will save him a good deal of trouble (and the world much weariness) in persuading other people of it, viva voce.

Although the Americans have declined to accept, among the blessings of civilisation, the principle of perpetual pensions, they have invented something like it, all their own. Instead of pecuniary compensation to the owners of land over which they travel, the railway companies, it seems, give free passes to them and their families. This causes the bonds of domestic union to be considerably extended. A man is apt to consider (when he travels) that his governess, and his goddaughter, and even (if he is a widower) the young woman he intends to marry when the year and day are out, to be all members of his family. When the Boston and Providence Railway was chartered it seems to have trusted a good deal to its latter terminus in framing its regulations upon this point. It is fifty years since it started, yet a lady with the characteristic name of Dodge has just established her claim to travel free upon it, as being the granddaughter of an original landowner. With this travelling advantage (which is a sort of fortune) she will, of course, marry, and in due time probably have grandchildren of her own, and so on, and so on; in time, therefore, it may happen that a line of railway—though passing through a populous neighbourhood—will declare no dividends, because half of its passengers will be carried free. What fun it would be to see a meeting of shareholders on one of *our* railways (always a very excitable assembly as it is) agitated by the "Dodge" question!

The Queen, I am glad to record, takes her cats with her when she takes holiday; a very reasonable proceeding, for surely if anybody can be called a member of "the Household," 'tis a cat. Unfortunately what is done by Royalty, in the social way, affects only "the best circles," or else we should never hear, as we always do at this season, of cats left to starve in houses which their owners have quitted to enjoy themselves at the seaside. How can they, *can* they do so? I suppose some of them go to church or chapel, or at all events (though they don't belong to the professional classes) profess some kind of religion or another: but what brutes they must be! What is worse than all, it is the housewife who is to blame in the matter; the dog is "the friend of man," and it requires a nature above the common in the male to appreciate or even "think about" poor pussy; but the cat is the companion of woman, always about her feet, if not in her lap, and this abominable and cruel neglect can in her case hardly be the result of thoughtlessness. No; just as the calculation of the slave owner used to be that it was better to work his slaves to death and buy new ones than to give them food and sleep, so these wretches leave their cats to starve rather than pay sixpence a week for their maintenance! Let us hope that all the time they are away they never sleep for caterwauling.

Caterwauling, or the music of the tiles, was at one time thought very highly of by the Continental public. In the French Encyclopedia (a work with a good deal of queer information in it) one reads of an organ, played by a bear, which enraptured the good folk of Brussels. Instead of pipes, the instrument contained a collection of cats, each confined separately in a narrow case, with their tails held upright, and attached to the jacks in such a manner that when the bear touched the keys, he pulled the tails, "thereby producing a most mellifluous mewing." The organist had also *his* tail (or what there was of it) pulled occasionally, "so as to form a bass accompaniment." This was abominally cruel, of course (though I must say rather funny); but it is probable that the cats were not personal friends of the proprietor of the organ, nor do we read that he shut them up in his house to starve when he had no further occasion for their services.

The thousand pounds given for the great St. Bernard dog does not impress me so deeply as the account of his farewell to his friends. It was really most touching, and seems to have even moved the enterprising American gentleman who purchased the animal. The whole neighbourhood—a considerable portion of which he had occupied himself—turned out to say "Good-bye" to him; and he gave his huge paw to every child who asked for it. His destination is, I read, the stage, on which—and it ought to be a pretty large one—he makes his first appearance in "Fritz." He will, of course, be the Dog of Montargis, and make his mark in "The Crusaders," and I hope he will not disgrace himself by swallowing some small actor whom the public has declined to swallow. And yet (if his noble nature would permit him to stoop to it) what a splendid Disappearance—always a most attractive incident—he might make by swallowing him on the sly! It would give another explanation of "his vast and wandering grave," as the poet terms the ocean. What a fine name, too, the dog has got! how the Fotheringays and Montmorencies of the stage sink into insignificance beside "Plinlimmon"!

An American novelist, who I conclude is in the sensational line, possesses, we are told, an inkstand made of a human skull. "It has silver eyelids which open by a spring, disclosing two fonts in the orbits, that contain red and black ink. This is having all things "in a concatenation accordingly" indeed, for the production of stirring fiction. The remains of our fellow-creatures have been often laid under contribution before for ornamental purposes. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore, a human thigh bone in her hair," sings the poet. A well-known musician in Paris used to produce harmonious sounds from a highly decorated tambourine, the parchment of which had once been a very beautiful skin. "She sang divinely," he would say, with tears in his eyes; "and, as I play this, her voice seems to accompany the instrument." But none of these "adaptations" seem to me so appropriate as the author's inkstand. There is no reason why he should not add a bone pen, and somebody's scalp to wipe it on, to his writing materials. Then the only thing wanting to perfect completeness would be that the skull should be that of an inhabitant of Paternoster-row.

A much debated question just now is how you can pay a professional gentleman for his services with the least shock to both your delicacies of mind. Some are for a genial bluffness with physicians and others; you pull your purse out with a "guffaw," and observe that "short reckonings make long friends"; others hide the fee under the inkstand or somewhere, and leave the doctor to "seek" for it, as if he were a retriever; others put it in the palm of their hand, and try to make it stick to that of the medical gentleman on taking leave, a plan that presupposes that he is not in very good health himself. A fashionable physician, of whom I ventured to ask whether patients ever went away from his consulting-room without paying, replied, "Well, not exactly without paying; but I *have* had four lozenges, neatly done up in paper, given to me instead of two guineas." It so happened that he was a throat doctor, which I thought (though I didn't tell him so) made the mistake very appropriate. It is easy, of course, to cheat the doctor, but difficult to curtail his fee. There is a story of one who took his two guineas a visit with such excessive perseverance that the patient's wife resolved at last to give him but one. On receiving it he instantly fell upon all fours and felt about the floor. "Has anything been lost?" murmured the patient. "Yes, Sir; a guinea," responded the physician. And, rather than have a row by the bedside, the poor lady had to feign to have made a mistake.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A banquet was given at the Hôtel Continental, Paris, on Aug. 23, to celebrate the fiftieth birthday of the Comte de Paris, at which covers were laid for 300. Many well-known Royalists were present, including the Marquis De Beauvoir and MM. Haussonville and Ferdinand Duval.—The French Naval Manœuvres have commenced by an order to the Commander-in-Chief of the Fifth Naval District at Toulon for the immediate mobilisation of the fleet forming the Second-Class Reserve. The order refers to eight ironclads, three despatch-boats, and all the torpedo-boats available, and a squadron of six ironclads from Algiers is to join them.—M. De Chevreul entered his 103rd year on Aug. 28.

King Humbert arrived at Forli on Aug. 28 to witness the military manœuvres in the Romagna. At all the stations through which the Royal train passed, his Majesty, who was accompanied by the Prince of Naples, met with a most enthusiastic welcome.

On Aug. 25 the Queen Regent of Spain, attended by a brilliant staff of generals and officers, inaugurated a powerful new fort which for the last four years military engineers have been constructing on the heights of San Marcos, situated between San Sebastian and Irun and the French frontier. The position is of immense military importance.

Under the personal direction of Emperor William the military manœuvres between Spandau and Potsdam on Aug. 21 resulted in the former garrison being driven from their fortified positions. Both the Emperor and the Crown Prince of Greece bivouacked during the night, although the weather was very rainy. The Emperor went on the 23rd to Sonnenburg, near Custrin, to witness the investiture of his brother, Prince Henry, and of other candidates, with the Order of St. John. The ceremony was performed by Prince Albrecht of Prussia, Regent of the Duchy of Brunswick. The Emperor held another military inspection, and subsequently gave several audiences.—King George of Greece arrived in Berlin on Aug. 27 from St. Petersburg. He was received by his son, the Crown Prince, the Greek Envoy, the Municipal and other dignitaries, and escorted to the Old Palace, where he was the Emperor's guest. About noon his Hellenic Majesty, with his son, went to Potsdam to visit the three Empresses. The German Emperor went on Aug. 27 to Dresden to visit the King of Saxony, with whom he drove through the city, which was gaily decorated. A loyal address was presented by the Burgomaster on behalf of the inhabitants. The Empress Frederick received the Crown Prince of Greece on Aug. 23. Next day her Majesty left Berlin for a few days' visit to Count Münster at his seat in Hanover.

The Queen of Portugal left Vienna on Aug. 22 for Wild Gastein. The King left in the evening for Ernstbrunn, in Lower Austria, on a visit to Prince Reuss.—The sixteenth International Grain Market was opened in Vienna on the 27th, when representatives from all the countries in Europe attended at the Cornhall.

Signor Crispi left Friedrichsruh on Aug. 23. He was accompanied to the railway-carriage by Prince Bismarck, and the parting was very cordial. The interview between Prince Bismarck and Signor Crispi has been followed up by one between the Italian Minister and Count Kalnoky at Eger. The two Statesmen seem to have met at the railway-station, and to have discussed the affairs of Europe over a dinner at a neighbouring hotel. On the 26th, Signor Crispi arrived at Milan, and proceeded at once to Monza to confer with King Humbert.

The Inland Navigation Congress held its final sitting at Frankfort-on-the-Main on Aug. 23. The next congress will meet at Manchester in 1890.

Despatches received from North Africa disclose a terrible state of affairs in Morocco. The Emperor, it appears, has been wreaking a fierce and uncontrolled revenge upon his rebel subjects for their recent slaughter of his cousin Prince Muley and his escort.

The Czar, accompanied by his son, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, and the Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovitch, left St. Petersburg on Aug. 26 for Iljinskoje, the country seat of the Grand Duke Sergius Alexandrovitch, situated near Moscow. The Grand Duke Sergius and his consort and the Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch arrived there the same day. The Empress left Peterhof on the 25th for Gmünden, Austria, accompanied by the Heir Apparent and the Grand Duchess Xenia, on a visit to her Majesty's sisters. Her Majesty was cordially welcomed at the railway station, Vienna, by the Crown Prince and Princess of Austria.—The Emperor has given 25,000 roubles for distribution among the distressed families of Orsk, burnt out by the recent fires.—The christening of the newly-born son of the King and Queen of the Hellenes took place on the 23rd in the Russian Imperial Castle at Pavlovsk, the infant Prince receiving the name of Christopher. The Imperial Russian family, the members of the Court, and many high functionaries attended.

President Cleveland has addressed a message to the United States Congress, in which he says that, as they have refused to second his efforts to end the differences with Canada in respect to the fisheries by diplomatic methods, he has no resource left but to ask for powers to enforce a retaliatory policy.

Sir John Macdonald has visited Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island, being most cordially received everywhere.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain P. Marconi, master of the Italian barque Savina, of Genoa, in acknowledgment of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the barque Jane Maria, of Ayr, which was wrecked in the North Atlantic on July 12.

A treasure-chamber has been found in the rear of some unoccupied premises, situated between the new carriage bazaar in Long-acre and Arkell's coachbuilding works. The place has long been empty, and, with the view of making some structural alterations, workmen have been recently set to work. In demolishing a thick party wall, the men laid bare a chamber which was filled with an immense quantity of plate, watches, and jewellery, the value of which is considerable. Many of the articles, which were black with age, were also partly fused, evidently from the action of great heat. It has been ascertained that the place was occupied, many years ago, by a jeweller and refiner, named Armstrong, and during his tenancy was destroyed by fire, the occupants being burned to death.

The rejoicings in celebration of Lord Dudley's majority, which began recently on his Worcestershire estates, were resumed on Aug 25 on his Merionethshire estates at Landrilly. He was enthusiastically received by his tenantry, and at a dinner, at which about 300 were present, he was presented by the tenants with an illustrated address and a Welsh Bible. On the 27th rejoicings were resumed in Staffordshire, where his important mining and other industries find employment for several thousand people. Addresses were presented to Lord Dudley, who drove, accompanied by the Countess of Dudley and members of the family, to Brierly Hill, where the local authorities received them. At night a county ball was held at Himley.

THE QUEEN AT GLASGOW, RENFREW, AND PAISLEY:

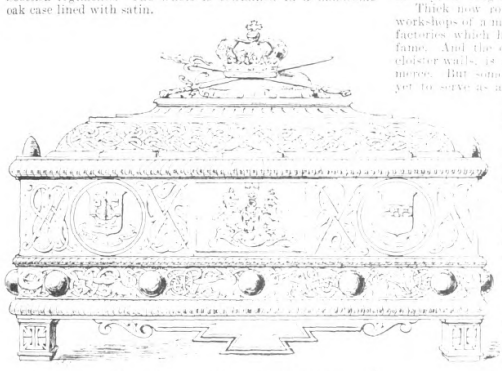
CORPORATION GIFTS.

The Municipal Corporations of three ancient "Burghs" of Scotland—the Royal Burgh and great city of Glasgow, the Royal Burgh of Renfrew, which gives a title to the eldest son of the Sovereign, and Paisley, which celebrated the 400th anniversary of its municipal charter on the day of her Majesty's visit—presented loyal Addresses to the Queen, in the manner related in our account of the proceedings on Aug. 22 and Aug. 23. The gold casket in which the Glasgow Corporation Address was contained, and the gold key presented to her Majesty at the opening of the new Municipal Buildings of Glasgow, were manufactured by Messrs. Robert and William Sorley, jewellers, gold and silver smiths, and watchmakers, of 1, Buchanan-street and 136, Argyle-street, in that city. In the front of the casket, which is of oblong shape, the central place is occupied by a representation, in chased work, of the new Municipal Buildings, with two side designs, one representing Railway Traffic and the other Shipping. At the back of the casket is a view of the Glasgow Exhibition building. At one end is the College; at the other, the University of Glasgow. At the four corners are modelled figures personifying Art, Science, Commerce, and Agriculture. On the lid are the Arms of Glasgow, the Royal Arms, and the Scottish Lion and Shield, in high relief, in polished and dead or frosted gold. The casket is inclosed in a case of green velvet, that being the customary colour for Glasgow Corporation presentations.



GOLD KEY OF NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, GLASGOW.

There is also a casket of silver, overlaid with pure gold, designed and made by Messrs. George Edward and Sons, of the Poultry, London. This is quite different in shape from any casket hitherto presented to her Majesty in this country, the design having been suggested by one of the Indian caskets among her Majesty's Jubilee presents, now on view at the Glasgow Exhibition. It is cylindrical in form, richly chased with runic ornamentation, and studded with Scotch stones from the various counties in Scotland. The Royal Arms are chased at one end, the Glasgow Arms at the other end, and in the centre is a lion supporting a shield with the Royal monogram "V.R." in relief; the whole is surmounted with the regalia. The casket rests on four upright supports of Celtic form, standing on a military red velvet base, at the corners of which are four figures representing four of the most illustrious Scottish regiments. The whole is contained in a handsome oak case lined with satin.



GOLD CASKET OF RENFREW CORPORATION ADDRESS.

The gold key delivered to her Majesty for the opening of the new Municipal Buildings, which is of 22-ct. solid gold, hall-marked, was designed by Mr. W. Young, the architect of the buildings, and was made by Messrs. R. and W. Sorley, of Glasgow.

The gold casket in which the address of the Corporation of Renfrew was presented was also made by Messrs. R. and W. Sorley. It is oblong in shape; in front are the Royal Arms, with the Stuart Arms to the right, and the Arms of the Royal Burgh of Renfrew to the left. On the top are the Crown, Sword, and Sceptre; the lid is flat chased and engraved work, of Celtic pattern, surrounded by twelve Scotch pebbles. At the back is the Blythswood testimonial, with the old and new Townhalls on each side; and on the ends are the steam-ferry and a large Atlantic liner. These subjects are all engraved on polished gold, and underneath these, amid the chased work of ornamentation of pure Celtic design, are a number of Scotch pebbles inlaid, these stones being cut cartouche-shape. The sides are dead gold, with etched scroll-work. This casket is lined with silk of the Royal Stuart tartan pattern, and has a red morocco covered case.

The casket of the Paisley Corporation address is a fine specimen of silversmiths' work, simple but refined in design, executed by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent-street, London. Its form is rectangular; at the corners are fluted pillars, standing on massive feet in high relief. The front has the Royal Arms in the centre, and emblematic panels on each side, richly chased in repoussé style. The reverse shows the Burgh Arms and views of the Museum and the Fountain Gardens. The ends are embossed in high relief with views of the Abbey and the Townhall. The lid is surmounted by the Royal Crown, and has on the front an ornamental panel, bearing an inscription. The other panels of the lid are delicately embossed with thistles and ornamental tracery.

The bass-drum used at the battle of Waterloo, which is now at the Glasgow Exhibition, and which was shown in one of our Illustrations, is exhibited by Messrs. George Potter and Co., of Aldershott, manufacturers of military musical instruments. They have placed on view an effective assortment of their wares, including the kettle-drums fitted with their ingenious tuning apparatus, which have gained high approval. The old Waterloo drum is laid on the top of their case of exhibits. It was made by the grandfather of the present Mr. George Potter, and was given back to the firm some years ago, being a relic and memorial of their long-established business.

PAISLEY ABBEY.

Since July 24, 1617, when James Sixth of Scotland and First of England came to honour Lord Claud Hamilton, no visit has been paid to this venerable abbey of the Benedictines by the ruling Sovereign of these isles. The ruin, nevertheless, as a monument of Stuart piety, has a close association with the Royal house; and her Majesty, on Aug. 23, in visiting its precincts, has but renewed a connection dating back seven hundred years. For it was by Walter, first of the Stuart race, that the abbey was founded in 1163; and under the flagstones of its mouldering pavement lies many a bearer of the Royal name.

When David I. returned from England after the Battle of the Standard in 1141, he took with him the young scion of a Shropshire house, whom presently he endowed with lands in Renfrewshire, and made Lord High Steward of Scotland. And when the latter, twenty-two years later, founded this abbey church upon his lands, he brought to inhabit it monks of the order of Clugny from Wenloe in his native county. From his office, made hereditary presently by David's successor came the name of Steward or Stuart; and heads of the family were commanders at the fields of Largs and Bannockburn. To Walter, the sixth Steward, who took part in the latter battle, King Robert the Bruce gave his daughter, Marjory, in marriage; and it was through this Princess that the Stuart race inherited the throne. The founder of the family, though he died at Melrose, had been buried here, with most of his succeeding line; and when Princess Marjory, after a single short year of married life, expired in Renfrew Castle, close by, they laid her in the Abbey among her husband's kin. She left a child, however, and he it was who, after the death of The Bruce's only son, ascended the Scottish throne as Robert II. Frail enough, therefore, once was the chance that set the crown upon the head of the long-succeeding line which sways the sceptre at the present day in the person of her Majesty Queen Victoria. In the abbey here lies the dust of Elizabeth More, King Robert II.'s wife while she was yet High Steward, as well as that of Euphemia Ross, his Queen. And here, too, upon his death at Rothesay Castle, were laid the remains of Robert III., the father of the First James. No tablet marks the resting-place of the latter King; but it is known that somewhere before the high altar, where afterwards the great Earl of Ross, last Lord of the Isles, was buried, repose the ashes of the broken-hearted Monarch.

Sufficiently intimate, therefore, in early days was the connection of the abbey with the Royal house; and it is interesting to remember that her Majesty at Paisley has been visiting, besides the scenes of the earliest chapters of her family's history, the long-neglected resting-place of her ancestors.

Thick now round the ancient abbey rise the houses and workshops of a modern town. In sight are the chimneys of factories which have brought to the place another kind of fame. And the once pellmell Cart itself, which runs by the cloister walls, is busy to-day with the stains of modern commerce. But something of the once illustrious fame remains yet to serve as a worshipping place; echoes, as of the past, may still be heard in its famous sounding aisles; and the Royal visit just over recalls the glory of the abbey's bygone days.

That last visit of the Sovereign, made here in 1617, is worth recalling. Before then the reigning family had been frequent guests of the Abbot; but on the departure of James VI. on that occasion the Stuarts took a long farewell to the ancient family shrine. The coming, then, of the King to the town and monastery had a strong dramatic significance, and afforded a striking instance of the unexplained changes of fate. His Majesty's host was Lord Claud Hamilton; and a meeting full of strange memories theirs must have been, so near to the last battlefield of the King's ill-fated mother, and to Crookston Castle, the ancestral home of his sire, Lord Darnley. Worn with age and the vicissitudes of a darkly-chequered life, Lord Claud was himself unable to make welcome for the King, and was forced to leave the honours to his son. But, forty-nine years earlier, it was he who led the Queen's vanguard of two thousand up that narrow lane at Langside, whence, after her escape from Loch Leven, the last attempt was made to set her once more upon the throne. His spear that day had been pointed against the partizans of the boy-King James; and had others only fought as well as Lord Claud at the head of that narrow lane, there might have been no story to tell of a Solway flight, or of an execution at Fotheringay. Many distresses he had had to suffer from the Regents while the King remained a minor, and had he not belonged to one of the most powerful families in the kingdom his life probably would have paid the forfeit of his loyalty. But with the exception of Mary, and the assumption of actual power by James, a change had come about. The King forgave the man who had been his opponent only in name, shut his ears to the aspersions of rival families, and, remembering only that Lord Claud had been his mother's stanch supporter, made him Lord of Paisley and of the abbey lands, and created his son Earl of Abercorn—honours held by the family up to the present day.

Here, then, in the buildings of the lately reformed monastery, the King became the guest of the veteran nobleman; and a brilliant gathering of the neighbouring gentry met to do honour to the Royal visitor.

From that time till now, a space of wellnigh three hundred years, the town has gone its own way, favoured not once by the Sovereign's presence, while its intimate relations with the Royal house have been all but forgotten by the outside world. The inhabitants of the place themselves have been tempted to take pride altogether in Paisley's modern achievements in trade and in the doings of her later-born sons. "St. Mirren's" in recent years may have come to vaunt the names of Tannahill and of Christopher North, almost to the exclusion of that of Stuart; and there must be many who every day pass by the ruined abbey pile who have turned no thought to the dust that lies within its shade. The late visit of her Majesty, however, will have brought many half-forgotten facts to fresh notice, and will have recalled to imagination not a few curious memories of the place's early history and associations.

G. E.-T.

Mr. Robert Anderson, LL.D., barrister-at-law, has been appointed Assistant Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis, in the room of Mr. James Monro, C.B., resigned.

THE COURT.

The Queen's visit to Glasgow (of which an account is given on another page) was brought to a close on Friday, Aug. 24, late on which day her Majesty and Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg), accompanied by the Grand Duke and her Grand Ducal Highness Princess Alice of Hesse, left Blythswood, and travelled by the Glasgow and South-Western Caledonian and Deeside Railway to Ballater, arriving at the castle at 9.20 next morning. A guard of honour was furnished by the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders at Ballater, under the command of Captain Davidson. Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, together with the children of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, arrived at the castle on Aug. 23. General Viscount Bridport, K.C.B., the Hon. Rosa Hood, and Miss Bauer, also arrived at the castle at the same time, having travelled with



GOLD CASKET OF GLASGOW CORPORATION ADDRESS.

the Royal children. The Queen drove out on the 25th, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse. Princess Frederica (Baroness Pawel-Rammingen) visited her Majesty. The Grand Duke of Hesse rode out, attended by Colonel Wernher. Colonel Wernher had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. Sunday, the 26th, was the anniversary of the birthday of the lamented Prince Consort; and on the 27th the gentlemen in attendance on the Queen and Royal family, and the servants and tenants of the Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall estates, assembled at the Obelisk at noon, and drank to the memory of the Prince Consort.—The Queen has written to Sir James King, Lord Provost of Glasgow, expressing her great gratification at the very cordial and loyal reception accorded to her by the citizens of Glasgow on her recent visits to that city.—The Queen has expressed her readiness to become a patroness of the Welsh National Eisteddfod, to be held next year at Brecon; and her Majesty has sent the Lord Mayor of London £50 in aid of the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the recent floods in the Isle of Dogs.

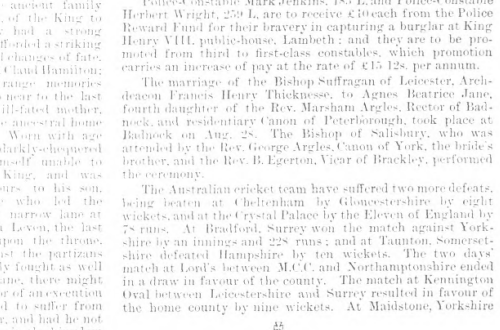
The King of the Belgians left Charing-cross on Aug. 28 for Ostend.

A meeting of the Plenipotentiaries to the Sugar Bounties Conference took place on Aug. 28 at the Foreign Office, under the presidency of Baron Henry De Worms, when the text of the convention was finally adopted.

Police-Constable Mark Jenkins, 185 L, and Police-Constable Herbert Wright, 259 L, are to receive £10 each from the Police Reward Fund for their bravery in capturing a burglar at King Henry VIII. public-house, Lambeth; and they are to be promoted from third to first-class constables, which promotion carries an increase of pay at the rate of £15 12s. per annum.

The marriage of the Bishop Suffragan of Leicester, Archdeacon Francis Henry Thicknesse, to Agnes Beatrice Jane, fourth daughter of the Rev. Marsham Argles, Rector of Badnock, and residentiary Canon of Peterborough, took place at Badnock on Aug. 28. The Bishop of Salisbury, who was attended by the Rev. George Argles, Canon of York, the bride's brother, and the Rev. B. Egerton, Vicar of Brackley, performed the ceremony.

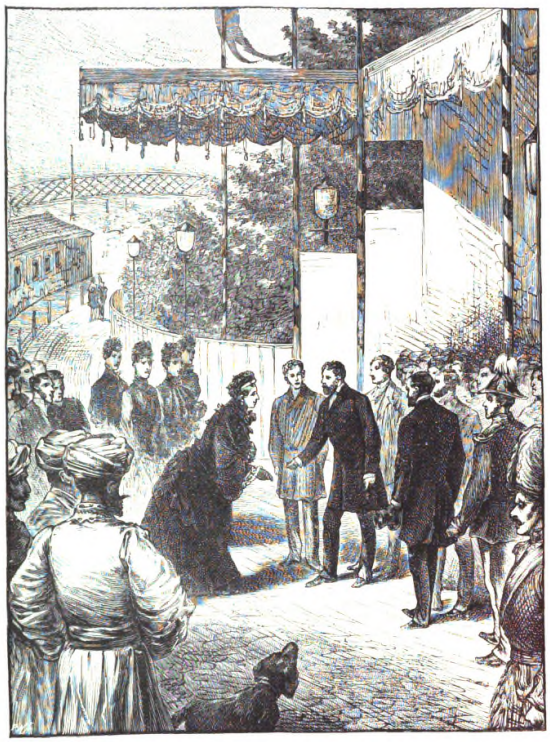
The Australian cricket team have suffered two more defeats, being beaten at Cheltenham by Gloucestershire by eight wickets, and at the Crystal Palace by the Eleven of England by 78 runs. At Bradford, Surrey won the match against Yorkshire by an innings and 228 runs; and at Taunton, Somersetshire defeated Hampshire by ten wickets. The two days' match at Lord's between M.C.C. and Northamptonshire ended in a draw in favour of the county. The match at Kennington Oval between Leicestershire and Surrey resulted in favour of the home county by nine wickets. At Maidstone, Yorkshire



GOLD CASKET OF PAISLEY CORPORATION ADDRESS.

beat Kent by 51 runs, and the match between Lancashire and Notts, at Manchester, ended in a draw. The Cheltenham week concluded with the defeat of Gloucestershire by Middlesex by an innings and 33 runs. At Taunton, Somersetshire beat Essex by three wickets. The two days' match at Lord's between M.C.C. and Hull Town Club was drawn; and the match at Southampton between Hants and Essex ended in a draw.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GLASGOW.—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AT THE PRIVATE STATION AT BLYTHSWOOD.



SIR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL READING ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN IN THE EXHIBITION.



THE QUEEN ENTERING BUCHANAN-STREET FROM ST. ENOCH-SQUARE.

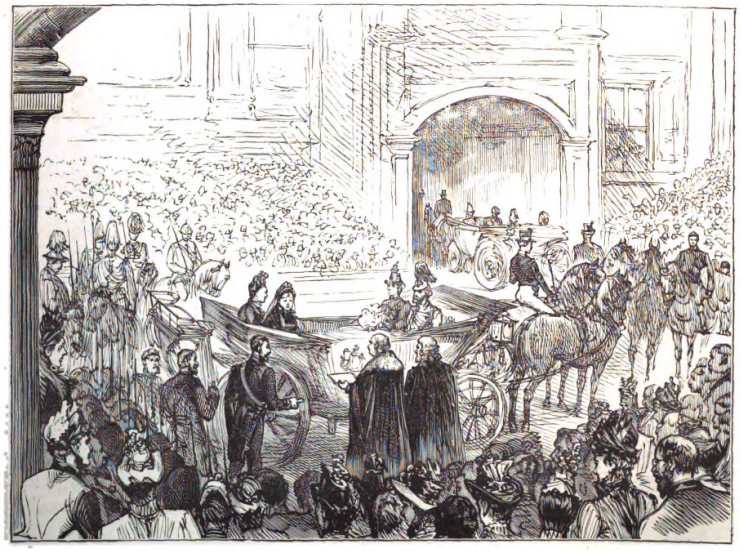
THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GLASGOW.—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



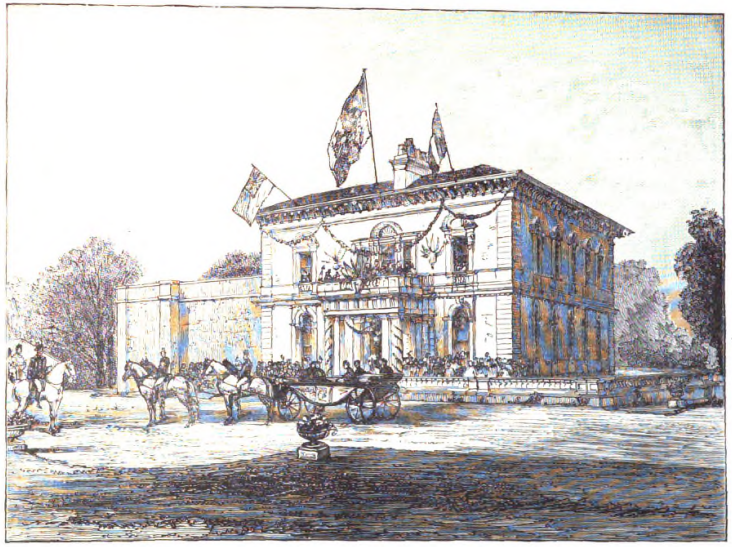
LADY KING PRESENTING A BOUQUET TO THE QUEEN AT ST. ENOCH'S STATION.



THE QUEEN VISITING THE WOMEN'S INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT, GLASCOW EXHIBITION.



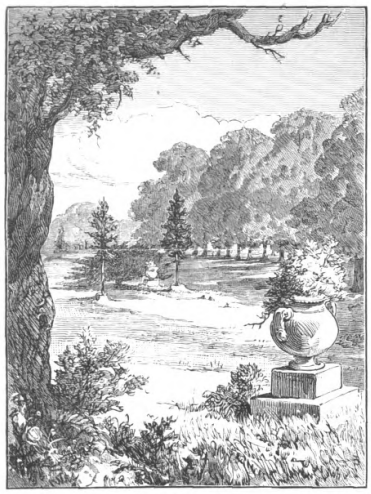
THE QUEEN RECEIVING AN ADDRESS OF THE CORPORATION AT THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, GLASGOW.



THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL AT QUEEN MARGARET'S COLLEGE FOR LADIES, GLASGOW.

BLYTHSWOOD, VISITED BY THE QUEEN.

Built in 1820, the present mansion-house of Blythswood is a handsome edifice, and looks best when seen from the river Clyde; it is situated in the midst of a well-wooded park, at the confluence of the rivers Cart and Clyde. It has a fine entrance on the east side, where a portico of white freestone breaks the straight line of the building. The proportions of the house on



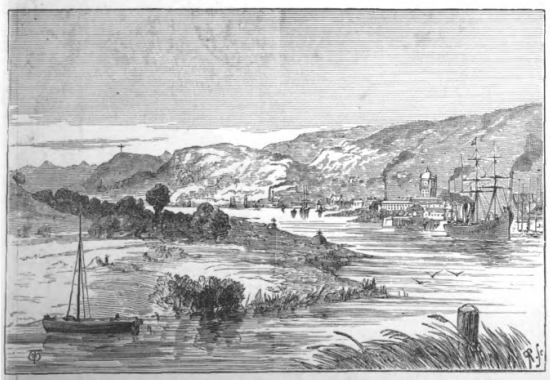
VIEW IN THE BLYTHSWOOD GROUNDS, WITH TREES PLANTED BY THE LATE DUKE AND THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

the outside, and the apartments in the interior, have been very much admired by architects. Within, there is a large entrance-hall and a sculpture gallery, filled with some very fine statues and busts in white marble. The reception-rooms open one into another, between marble pillars, having an agreeable and elegant effect. The view from the Queen's private apartments, on the south-west side, is very grand; the whole valley of the Clyde towards the Argyleshire mountains, with the various vessels of all sizes sailing on the busy river, the Kilpatrick ranges to the north, and the distant spires and domes of Paisley to the south, complete a very lovely scene.

The property was originally called Renfield, but was changed by the builder of the present mansion to Blythswood, the name of the more valuable property belonging to Sir Archibald Campbell, upon which the west end of Glasgow is built. The Campbells have held the property since 1647, when it first came into the possession of Colin Campbell of Elie, who was descended from the Ardkinglass branch of the Argyle family; the first of that family being Colin, brother to Duncan, first Lord of Argyle, in the fifteenth century. The present Sir Archibald Campbell is of the family of Douglas of Mains, in the neighbouring county, who, as heirs of entail, assumed the name and arms of Campbell, in 1838, at the death of the then holder of the property. They had intermarried so early as 1701 with the Campbells. The lands of Mains have been held by the family of Douglas since 1373; they were of the Douglases of Dalkeith, now represented by the Earls of Morton. A peerage was granted to a member of the family, Robert Douglas of Mains, as Viscount Belhaven, in 1633; but the title became extinct. Sir Archibald Campbell is descended from the elder brother of the Viscount. Sir Alexander Douglas.

Blythswood was honoured in 1876 by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their two sons, and, in 1874 and 1882, by that of the Duke of Albany, who was accompanied by the Duchess.

We give Views of Blythswood and of scenes around it; the junction of the Cart with the Clyde, at the foot of the park; the view, from the Queen's bed-room, of the valley of the Clyde; and one showing the late Duke of Albany's tree,



JUNCTION OF THE CART AND CLYDE AT THE FOOT OF THE BLYTHSWOOD PARK.

planted in 1882, with another tree planted by the Duchess of Albany. The village church of Inchinnan, near which Archibald, Earl of Argyll, was captured in disguise, in 1685, is shown in another Illustration. In the churchyard are some interesting tombstones of the ancient Knights, carefully preserved by the owner of Blythswood.

Her Majesty, in driving through Blythswood Park, saw the spot where Queen Margaret of Scotland was killed by falling from her horse, and other places with historical associations of some interest.

FRIENDS.

In his "Epistle to Joseph Hill" Cowper quaintly versifies a joke, which is, to say the least, of somewhat musty flavour. A servant asks leave of his master to go out—just a step, he explains—in fact, only to the end of the street. "What for?" inquires the master. "An please you, Sir, to see a friend." "A friend!" exclaims his master, with melodramatic start; "yes, thou shalt, indeed! A friend! Go, fetch my cloak,

For, though the night be raw,
I'll see him, too—the first I ever saw."

Cowper, at all events, was the last man who should have indulged in this sorry quip, for he found, in the depth of his anguish, many a loyal friend who steadied his tottering steps and bound up his bleeding wounds. And, to do him justice, he has, on more than one occasion, expressed, with frank sincerity, his debt of gratitude. The jest is, as I have said, of somewhat musty flavour. It can be traced back to the Greeks, and even to a remoter antiquity, for the Preacher himself moralises on the emptiness of friends and friendship. Yet, like most popular prejudices, it is, as all of us know, without a solid basis. No man is so unfortunate as to be completely friendless; or, as Mr. Longfellow puts it, no heart is so utterly desolate but some other heart responds to it. Even Napoleon's iron egotism gave way before his attachment to Duroc. As for the higher natures—the finer spirits, which are naturally alive to the broader and loftier issues of humanity—these speedily discover and lay hold upon their comrades, their brothers-in-arms, their "other selves." David and Jonathan, Paul and Apollos, Cicero and Atticus—these are old examples of felicitous friendships. Grave-browed Dante emerges from the mingled gloom and radiance of his vision—Milton puts aside his early dreams of immortal fame—to touch the warm hand of a friend. One cannot mention Sir Philip Sidney without thinking of Fulke Greville, or of Spenser without Raleigh, or of Gray without Mason, or of Edmund Burke without Charles James Fox. Milton has his "Lycidas"; Tennyson his "In Memoriam." And we, we smaller men, rejoice in those most true, most loyal, and most generous friends, in whom, we know, we can place our trust without hesitation or reserve. Why, it is the kindly heart of unselfish friendship which does so much to lighten the pressure of adverse circumstance, of unprosperous fortune; which makes life welcomer and more tolerable to each of us. When the stormy winds "do blow," and the rains beat on our uncovered heads, and the spirit of evil is abroad, how we rejoice in the shelter afforded by the faithfulness of our friend! "A friend in need," says the old proverb, "is a friend indeed"—and I thank God that "the need" seldom comes without bringing "the friend." I have no patience with those unjust aspersions against human nature, which, in spite of much moral and intellectual degradation, retains, after all, some likeness to its Divine original. If there be any unfortunate being who cannot claim the right to call *one* man his friend, surely it is his own fault or folly which has brought him to such a pass.

Alas, the saddest things in the pathway traced by our departed years are the memorial-stones that tell of friends who have gone before us. There is such a pure, disinterested, elevated joy in a true friendship that the close of it must always be a matter for tears. In love we find a soul of selfishness, but friendship has no such alloy. It exists entirely for another; its surrenders are always made for another; its rejoicing is always for another. For a friend is even more anxious for our happiness—aye, and for our honour—than we are ourselves. Pythias will die upon the scaffold to redeem the pledge of Damon; though, to be sure, Damon will haste over land and sea to prevent the sacrifice. Of whatever exploits of heroism, generosity, gentleness, and endurance love is capable, I am confident that friendship will transcend them all. It has only one rival in its self-abnegation, and that is—a mother's love.

It has always appeared to me that man's capacity for friendship is a striking proof of the soul's fitness for immortality, because it means a capacity for the loftiest thoughts, the deepest feelings, the finest sympathies, and the bravest deeds. For what does a man ask of his friend? First, to sustain him in "high and noble thoughts, raising his spirits, and adding to his courage," till he outdoes himself. Next, to keep constantly before his eyes the ideal of the perfect life, and to do his utmost to make him or enable him to realise it. Further, to be ever ready, at demand, to supply him with the qualities of justice, punctuality, fidelity, and pity. A man wants of his friend that he shall strengthen him in his worthiest purposes, and persuade him out of all his faults and failings; that he shall inspire and confirm in him the love of truth, purity, and honour; that he shall give him faithful warning when he is straying from the right path, and aid him with manly encouragement when his knees are feeble. And, more, that when sorrows come and trials, he shall be at hand to console and support, with sympathy as well as with assistance. A faithful friend, says an old writer, is the medicine of life. "The end of friendship," says Emerson, "is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles; but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom, and unity." Surely there must be something divine in the humanity which can *be* and *do* all this!—which is capable of that glorious relation between two souls known as friendship?

I find it stated that we do not choose our friends; that like all God's blessings, they come unsought. But there can be no accident or haphazard in the formation of a living and substantial friendship. There must be something in the one member of the companionship that there is not in the other. I do not believe in the friendship of "equals" or of "likes." The intercourse may be begun by trivial incidents—a touch—a word—a glance—which reveals a common sympathy or an existing want; but it can be kept up only by the discovery on either side of indispensable attributes. It is essential that the one should look up, and the other look down; that the one should seek protection and the other afford it. I do not actually find that men absolutely identical in tastes and character, or similar and equal in gifts, "foregather," as the Scotch say; there is a stronger polarity in "contrast." The beautiful friendship of Keats and Severn, or of General Nicholson and Sir Herbert Edwardes, or of Charles Lamb and George Dyer, was the friendship between men who had important points of difference. "For mine own part," says Mark Antony, "I shall be glad to learn of noble men;" and that is the spirit in which we must endeavour to decide our friendships. We must take care that our friend is stronger and better than ourself; that so he may command our respect as well as our affection. Then that higher nature will lean towards our weakness, and be attracted by it, deriving its happiness from the strength and support it supplies, just as the deepest gratification of maternal love is found in supplying the necessities of infancy. This seems to me the underlying principle of an enduring friendship—an endearing attachment of soul to soul, and heart to heart. A man seeks and finds in his friend all that he does not in himself possess, but most desires—"the other half of his soul," to adopt the old Platonic fancy. The despondent spirit seeks the brighter, the feeble falls back upon the more robust, the slow and cold is drawn towards the quick and ardent. Thus it is that William III. clasps hands with Bentinck, William Pitt with George Canning, Charles James Fox with Edmund Burke. The chief joy one has in one's friend lies in this, that through him that which is not ours becomes ours; and the chief gratitude which we owe to him is a gratitude for the sublime unselfishness with which he gives us of his best, knowing that in return we can give him only of our poorest.

W. H. D.-A.



INCHINNAN CHURCH, NEAR BLYTHSWOOD.

THE DAIRY FARMS OF DENMARK.

A great deal of attention has lately been attracted to the agriculture of Denmark, mainly because of the great prosperity of the dairy industry of that country; but it has been reserved for Consul Inglis to present English readers with the most valuable report on dairy farms in that country which has yet appeared, as it contains illustrations of the interior of a Danish dairy factory and the principal machines used therein, as well as tables giving details of winter feeding, milk yield and price, and cost of production in twenty-three large dairies. Most of the information appears to have been obtained from a report written by M. Boggild, who says the number of cows in the country is 900,000. As the population is only 2,000,000 there are forty-five cows to each hundred people, which we find is the largest ratio of which any country in the world can boast. We have recently referred to the large exports of butter from Denmark, and to the system of dairy-teaching adopted in that country. The report before us is concerned chiefly with the dairy factories, about 200 of which, dealing with the milk from 5000 to 6000 cows per day, are conducted on co-operative principles. In this and in the system of instruction in private dairies we have the secret of the great success of the dairy interest in Denmark. The rules of one of the co-operative dairies are given, and they show the minute care which is exercised in those institutions and imposed on the farmers who supply the milk. Having ascertained the most profitable scale of diet for cows, the association insists on their members adopting it, and, in order to encourage them to feed their cows well, payment for milk is in proportion to cream yielded—cream of a given standard no doubt. The principal foods given to the cows in winter are clover hay, meadow hay, mangolds, carrots, turnips, corn, bran, oil-cake, and palm-cake. The proportions vary; but the average weight of corn, cake, and bran per cow per day in twenty-three dairies is 6lb. Turnips are not used in half the dairies, and in most instances where these roots are given the quantity is small. All but six use mangolds and carrots, and all but three hay, both kinds of food being supplied liberally. The average cost of producing 100lb. of milk in the twenty-three dairies comes out at 4s. 2½d., or almost exactly 5½d. per imperial gallon. Apparently this refers to the cost of food only; but, of course, it would be much less in summer.

In London in the week ending Aug. 25 2401 births and 1438 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 300, and the deaths 115, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., Mr. William Redmond, M.P., and Mr. Edward Walsh, editor of the *Wexford People*, a Nationalist paper, were arrested on Aug. 27, and remanded on bail, on charges connected with a recent eviction in the county of Wexford. Father Kennedy, of Meelin, county of Cork, was arrested the same day.

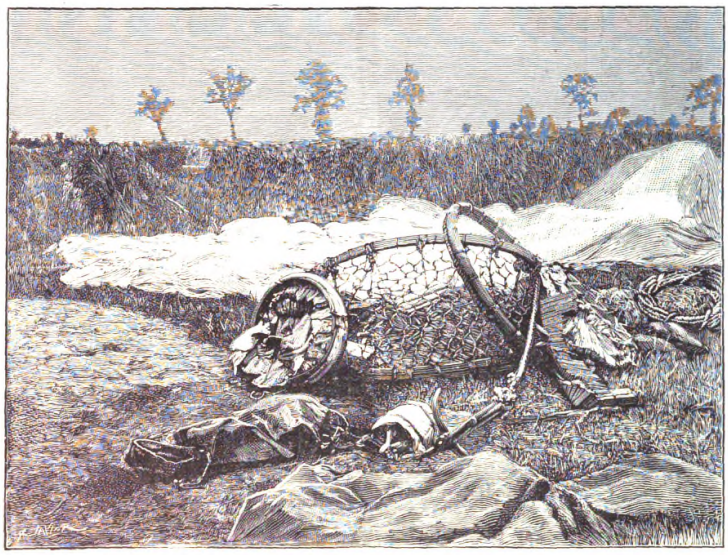
FATAL BALLOON ACCIDENT.

Mr. Simmons, the well-known aeronaut, was killed on Monday, Aug. 27, at Ulting, near Maldon, in Essex, by an accident with his large balloon, the Cosmo, which had ascended that afternoon from the Olympia grounds, West Kensington, where the Irish Exhibition is held. He was accompanied in the car, with an intention of crossing the sea to Flanders and Germany, by Mr. W. L. Field, of West Brighton, and Mr. Myers, of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, both of whom had made previous voyages. After leaving Olympia shortly after half-past three o'clock, the balloon passed over Romford, Brentwood, Ingatestone, and Chelmsford, and all went well until the descent at Ulting at about a quarter-past five. Mr. Simmons had resolved to descend and anchor for the night, as the seacoast was in sight. Some labourers at work in the fields at Ulting (a hamlet of small houses midway between Witham and Maldon, about three miles from either) saw the balloon coming at a good speed from the south-west. It was then rapidly nearing the earth, and at New House Farm, a short distance away, the occupants were observed to throw out some sand. At this time the grapnel was dragging, as some of the barley in a field that the balloon passed over was torn up. At the edge of this barley-field, immediately touching the high road, are the three elm-trees which are supposed to have been the cause of the accident. They stand about fifteen feet from one another, and are about thirty feet in height. On the balloon rising from over the barley-field, the grapnel caught in the first of the trees, tearing one of the upper branches. The iron held firm, and the balloon, rising to the length of the cable, was blown with a violent crash to the earth, landing in a corn-field on the opposite side of the road. It immediately rose and again descended in the same spot with great force. It is certain that the balloon bumped the earth a third time, and some of the men who had run to the place state that it rose and fell a fourth time, but upon this point there is some doubt. However, it was on the third or fourth rise that the final disaster—the collapse of the balloon itself—occurred. The blacksmith, who, with two other men, had hurried from his forge to the other side of the corn-field, and had endeavoured to hold on to the rope hanging from the car, states that the balloon burst with a loud report when it was up in the air, the silk blew about over the field, and then the car and its occupants fell like a stone. The spot where the car fell for the last time being practically the same as that which it first touched, would seem to show that each time the balloon rose and fell in an almost straight line. The balloon, which was unusually large, being capable of containing 62,000 ft. of gas, with a carrying power of 24 cwt., was not ripped with one large rent, as would have been the case if caught by the tree, but was torn into several distinct pieces. The car was composed of iron wire network, and was 5 ft. in diameter. When it reached the ground for the last time, it was entirely beaten and battered out of shape, some of the seats being displaced, while its connection with the balloon was severed. The whole of the terrible scene only occupied about two minutes, and the labourers were soon able to set to work to extricate the unfortunate men. They had literally to cut their way to the car, and found the occupants lying insensible in a heap. Mr. Myers was on the top, with Mr. Field beneath, and Mr. Simmons at the bottom of the car. A messenger at once started on a bicycle to bring medical help, and Mr. Gutteridge, surgeon, and his son drove over from Maldon, arriving about six o'clock. Mr. Simmons was quite insensible; he died about nine o'clock without having recovered consciousness. The base of the skull was fractured and there were also bruises on the chest. Mr. Field was lying with his right thigh fractured. Mr. Myers received a severe shaking, and has suffered other injuries.

Mr. Simmons had had a ballooning experience of thirty years, and made 495 ascents. He succeeded on three occasions in crossing to the Continent in a balloon, but was twice rescued in the Channel from very perilous situations. In 1875 he ascended from Cremorne Gardens with De Groof, the Belgian "flying man." De Groof endeavoured to descend by means of a parachute of his own invention, but fell dead in the streets. In 1880 Simmons took part in a balloon competition with a number of other well-known aeronauts. The competitors started from various points in the neighbourhood of London, and Simmons on that occasion descended at Widdington, in Essex. Two years later, in March, 1882, the deceased, accompanied by Colonel Brine, of the Royal Engineers, ascended from Canterbury, with the intention of crossing to France. The adventurers passed over Shakspeare's Cliff, Dover, at an elevation of only 500 ft., and all went well until the balloon was a distance of five miles from land; here the wind dropped, and for a time the balloon remained stationary. After a while the wind turned to the south-west, and they found they were slowly drifting towards the North Sea. It was decided to drop into the Channel. The two men put on their cork jackets, and the descent was made. Simmons and his companion were rescued by the steam-packet Foam, and taken to Dover. One ascent that Simmons made took place in June, 1882, at Maldon, in the vicinity of the spot at which he met with his death. On that occasion Sir Claude De Crespigny was his fellow-voyager. Before the balloon rose, a gust of wind dashed the car against a wall; Sir Claude De Crespigny was thrown out and had his leg broken. Simmons was severely shaken; but the balloon rose, going in the direction of France, and Simmons descended near Calais. In September, 1882, Simmons crossed from Hastings to Cherbourg, without accident. In June of last year, Simmons made an ascent from Preston, crossed the Irish Sea, and descended safely about seven miles inland from Kingstown. Simmons also made ascents in India, Egypt, and the United States. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, Regent-street.



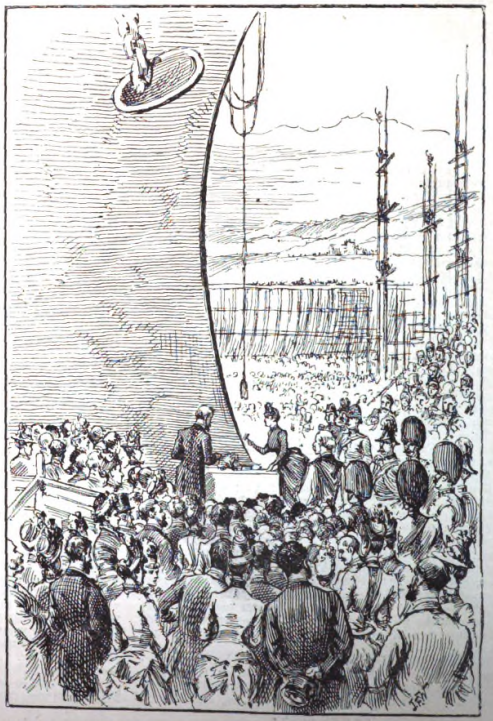
THE LATE MR. SIMMONS, THE AERONAUT,
Killed by the Balloon Accident near Maldon, Essex.



DESTRUCTION OF MR. SIMMONS'S BALLOON AT ULTING, NEAR MALDON.
From a Photograph by Mr. W. W. Gladwin, of Maldon.



VIEW FROM THE QUEEN'S BEDROOM, BLYTHSWOOD.



PRINCESS BEATRICE LAUNCHING H.M.S. MARATHON AT THE FAIRFIELD SHIPBUILDING COMPANY'S YARD, GOVAN.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON THE MARCH.



DAYBREAK, next morning, the drums began to beat and the trumpets began to blow, and after breakfast the newly-raised army marched out in such order as was possible. I have not to write a history of this rebellion, which hath already been done by able hands; I speak only of what I saw, and the things with which I was concerned.

First, then, it is true that the whole country was swiftly put into a ferment by the Duke's landing; and had those who planned the expedition provided a proper supply of arms, the army would have quickly mustered 20,000 men, all resolute and capable of meeting any force that the King could have raised. Nay, it would have grown and swelled as it moved. But there were never enough arms from the outset. Everything at first promised well for the Duke. But there were not arms for the half of those who came in. The spirit of the Devon and Somerset Militia was lukewarm; they ran at Bridport, at Axminster, and at Chard; nay, some of them even deserted to join the Duke. There were thousands scattered about the country—those, namely, who still held to the doctrines of the persecuted ministers, and those who abhorred the Catholic religion—who wished well and would have joined—Humphrey knew wellwishers by the thousand whose names were on the lists in Holland—but how could they join when the army was so ill-found? And this was the principal reason, I have been assured, why the country gentlemen, with their following, did not come in at first—because there were no arms. How can soldiers fight when they have no arms? How could the Duke have been suffered to begin with so scanty a preparation of arms? Afterwards, when Monmouth proclaimed himself King, there were, perhaps, other reasons why the wellwishers held aloof. Some of them, certainly, who were known to be friends of the Duke (among them our old friend Mr. Prideaux, of Ford Abbey) were arrested and thrown into prison, while many thousands who were flocking to the standard were either turned back upon the road or seized and thrown into prison.

As for the quality of the troops which formed the army, I know nothing, except that at Sedgemoor they continued to fight valiantly after their leaders had fled. They were raw troops—mere country lads—and their officers were, for the most part, simple tradesmen who had no knowledge of the art of war. Dare the younger was a goldsmith; Captain Perrot was a dyer; Captain Hucker, a maker of serge; and so on with all of them. It was unfortunate that Mr. Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, should have killed Mr. Dare the elder on the first day, because, as everybody agrees, the former was the most experienced soldier in the whole army.

The route proposed by the Duke was known to everybody. He intended to march through Taunton, Bridgwater, and Bristol to Gloucester, where he thought he would be joined by a new army raised by his friends in Cheshire. He also reckoned on receiving adherents everywhere on the road, and on easily defeating any force that the King should be able to send against him. How he fared in that notable scheme is common history.

Long before the army was ready to march, Humphrey came to advise with us. First of all, he endeavoured to have speech with my father, but in vain (henceforth my father seemed to have no thought of his wife and daughter). Humphrey therefore advised us to go home. "As for your alleged dedication to the cause," he said, "I think that he hath already forgotten it, seeing that it means nothing, and that your presence with us cannot help. Go home, then, Madam, and let Alice persuade Robin to stay at home in order to take care of you."

"Nay," said my mother; "that may we not do. I must obey my husband, who commanded us to follow him. Whither he goeth thither also I will follow."

Finding that she was resolute upon this point, Humphrey told us that the Duke would certainly march upon Taunton, where more than half of the town were his friends. He therefore advised that we should ride to that place—not following the army but going across the country, most of which is a very wild and desolate part, where we should be in no danger except from gipsies and such wild people, robbers and rogues, truly, but now making the most of the disturbed state of the country and running about the roads plundering and thieving. But he said he would himself provide us with a guide, one who knew the way, and a good stout fellow, armed with a cudgel, at least. To this my mother agreed, fearing to anger her husband if she should disturb him at his work.

Humphrey had little trouble in finding the guide for us. He was an honest lad from a place called Holford, in the Quantock Hills, who, finding that there were no arms for him, was going home again. Unhappily, when we got to Taunton, he was persuaded—partly by me, alas!—to remain. He joined Barnaby's company, and was either killed at Sedgemoor, or was one of those hanged at Weston Zoyland, or Bridgwater. For he was no more heard of.

This business settled, we went up to the churchyard in order to see the march of the army out of camp. And a brave show the gallant soldiers made.

First rode Colonel Wade with the vanguard. After them, with a due interval, rode the greater part of the Horse, already three hundred strong, under Lord Grey of Wark. Among them was the company sent by Mr. Speke, of White Lackington, forty very stout fellows, well armed and mounted on cart-horses. The main army was composed of four regiments. The first was the Blue Regiment, or the Duke's Own, whose Colonel was the aforesaid Wade. They formed the van, and were seven hundred strong. The others were the White, commanded by Colonel Foukes; the Green, by Colonel Holmes; and the Yellow, by Colonel Fox. All these regiments were fully armed, the men wearing favours or rosettes in their hats and on their arms of the colour from which their regiment was named.

The Duke himself, who rode a great white horse, was surrounded by a small bodyguard of gentlemen (afterwards they became a company of forty), richly dressed and well mounted. With him were carried the colours, embroidered with the words "Pro Religione et Libertate." This was the second time that I had seen the Duke, and again I felt at sight of his face the foreknowledge of coming woe. On such an occasion the chief should show a gallant mien and a face of cheerful hope. The Duke, however, looked gloomy, and hung his head.

Truly, it seemed to me as if no force could dare so much as to meet this great and invincible army. And certainly there could nowhere be gathered together a more stalwart set of soldiers, nearly all young men, and full of spirit. They shouted and sang as they marched. Presently there passed us my brother Barnaby, with his company of the Green Regiment. It was easy to perceive by the handling of his arms and by his bearing that he was accustomed to act with others, and already he had so begun to instruct his men that they set an example to the rest both in their orderliness of march and the carriage of their weapons.

After the main army they carried the ordnance—four small cannon—and the ammunition in waggons with guards and horsemen. Lastly there rode those who do not fight, yet belong to the army. These were the Chaplain to the army, Dr. Hooke, a grave clergyman of the Church of England; Mr. Ferguson, the Duke's private Chaplain, a fiery person, of whom many hard things have been said, which here concern us not; and my father, who thus rode openly with the other two, in order that the Nonconformists might be encouraged by his presence, as an equal with the two chaplains. He was clad in a new cassock, obtained I know not whence. He sat upright in the saddle, a Bible in his hand, his long white locks lying on his shoulders like a perruque, but more venerable than any wig. His thin face was flushed with the joy of coming victory, and his eyes flashed fire. If all the men had shown such a spirit the army would have overrun the whole country. The four surgeons—Dr. Temple, Dr. Gaylard, Dr. Oliver, and Humphrey—followed, all splendid in black velvet and great periwigs. Lastly marched the rearguard; and after the army there followed such a motley crew as no one can conceive. There were gipsies, with their black tents and carts, ready to rob and plunder; there were tinkers, who are nothing better than gipsies, and are even said to speak their language; there were men with casks on wheels filled with beer or cider; there were carts carrying bread, cakes, biscuits, and such things as one can buy in a booth or at a fair; there were women of bold and impudent looks, singing as they walked; there were, besides, whole troops of country lads, some of them mere boys, running and strutting along in hopes to receive arms and to take a place in the regiments.

Presently they were all gone, and Lyme was quit of them. What became in the end of all the rabble rout which followed the army I know not. One thing was certain: the godly disposition, the pious singing of psalms, and the devout exposition of the Word which I had looked for in the army were not anywhere apparent. Rather there was evident a tumultuous joy, as of schoolboys out for a holiday—certainly no schoolboys could have made more noise or showed greater happiness in their faces. Among them, however, there were some men of middle age, whose faces showed a different temper; but these were rare.

"Lord help them!" said our friendly fisherwoman, who stood with us. "There will be hard knocks before those fine fellows go home again."

"They fight on the Lord's side," said my mother; "therefore, they may be killed, but they will not wholly perish."

As for the hard knocks, they began without any delay, and on that very morning. For at Axminster they encountered the Somerset and Devon Militia, who thought to join their forces, but were speedily put to flight by the rebels—a victory which greatly encouraged them.

It hath been maliciously said, I have heard, that we followed the army—as if we were two sutler women—on foot, I suppose, tramping in the dust, singing ribald songs like those poor creatures whom we saw marching out of Lyme. You have heard how we agreed to follow Humphrey's advice. Well, we left Lyme very early the next morning (our fisherwoman having now become very friendly and loth to let us go) and rode out, our guide (poor lad! his death lies heavy on my soul, yet I meant the best: and, truly, he was on the side of the Lord) marching beside us armed with a stout bludgeon. We kept the main road (which was very quiet at this early hour) as far as Axminster, where we left it; and, after crossing the river by a ford or wash, we engaged upon a track, or path, which led along the banks of a little stream for a mile or two—as far as the village of Chardstock. Here we made no halt; but, leaving it behind, we struck into a most wild and mountainous country full of old forests and great bare places. It is called the Forest of Neroche, and is said to shelter numbers of gipsies and vagabonds, and to have in it some of those wild people who live in the hills and woods of Somerset and do nothing except gather the dry broom and tie it up and sell it, and so live hard and hungry lives, but know not any master. These are reported to be a harmless people, but the gipsies are dangerous because they are ready to rob and even murder. I thought of Barnaby's bag of gold tied about my waist, and trembled. However, we met with none of them on our journey, because just then they were all running after Monmouth's army. There was no path over the hills by the way we took; but our guide knew the country so well that he needed none, pointing out all the hills with a kind of pride as if they belonged to him, and telling us the name of every one; but these I have long since forgotten. The country, however, I can never forget, because it is so wild and beautiful. One place I remember. It is a very strange and wonderful place. There is a vast great earthwork surrounded by walls of stone, but these are ruinous. It stands on a hill, called Blackdown, which looks over into the Vale of Taunton. The guide said it was called Castle Ratch, and that it was built long ago by the ancient Romans. It is not at all like Sherborne Castle, which Oliver Cromwell slighted after he took the place, blowing it up with gunpowder; but Sherborne was not built by the Romans. Here, after our long walk, we halted and took the dinner of cold bacon and bread which we had brought with us. The place looks out upon the beautiful Vale of Taunton, of which I had heard. Surely, there cannot be a more rich, fertile, and lovely place in all England than the Vale of Taunton. Our guide began to tell us of the glories of the town, its wealth and populousness—and all for Monmouth, he added. When my mother was rested we remounted our nags and went on, descending into the plain. Humphrey had provided us with a letter commendatory. He, who knew the names of all who were well affected, assured us that the lady to whom the letter was addressed, Miss Susan Blake by name, was one of the most forward in the Protestant Cause. She was well known and much respected, and she kept a school for young gentlewomen, where many children of the Nonconformist gentry were educated. He instructed us to proceed directly to her house, and to ask her to procure for us a decent and safe lodging. He could not have given us a letter to any better person.

It was late in the afternoon when we rode into Taunton. The streets were full of people running about, talking now in groups and now by twos and threes; now shouting and now whispering; while we rode along the street, a man ran bawling—

"Great news! great news! Monmouth is upon us with twice ten thousand men!"

It seems that they had only that day learned of the defeat of the Militia by the rebels. A company of the Somerset Militia were in the town, under Colonel Luttrell, in order to keep down the people.

Taunton is, as everybody knows, a most rich, prosperous, and populous town. I had never before seen so many houses and so many people gathered together. Why, if the men of Taunton declared for the Duke, his cause, one felt sure, was already won. For there is nowhere, as I could not fail to know, a greater stronghold of Dissent than this town, except London, and none where the Nonconformists have more injuries to remember. Only two years before this their meeting-houses had been broken into and their pulpits and pews brought out and burned, and they were forced, against their conscience, to worship in the parish church.

We easily found Miss Blake's house, and, giving our horses to the guide, we presented her with our letter. She was a young woman somewhat below the common stature, quick of speech, her face and eyes full of vivacity, and about thirty years of age. But when she had read the letter and understood who we were and whence we came, she first made a deep reverence to my mother and then she took my hands and kissed me.

"Madam," she said, "believe me, my poor house will be honoured indeed by the presence of the wife and the daughter of the godly Dr. Comfort Eykin. Pray, pray, go no farther. I have a room that is at your disposal. Go thither, Madam, I beg, and rest after your journey. The wife of Dr. Comfort Eykin! 'Tis indeed an honour." And so with the kindest words she led us up-stairs, and gave us a room with a bed in it, and caused water for washing to be brought, and presently went out with me to buy certain things needful for us (who were indeed somewhat rustical in our dress), in order that we might present the appearance of gentlewomen—thanks to Barnaby's heavy purse, I could get them without troubling my mother's careful mind about the cost. She then gave us supper, and told us all the news. The King, she said, was horribly afraid, and it was rumoured that the priests had all been sent away to France; the Taunton people were resolved to give the Duke a brave reception; all over the country, there was no doubt men would rally by thousands; she was in a rapture of joy and gratitude. Supper over, she took us to her school-room, and here—oh! the pretty sight!—her schoolgirls were engaged in working and embroidering flags for the Duke's army.

"I know not," she said, "whether his Grace will condescend to receive them. But it is all we women can do." Poor wretch! she afterwards suffered the full penalty for her zeal.

All that evening we heard the noise of men running about the town, with the clanking of weapons and the commands of officers; but we knew not what had happened.

Lo! in the morning the glad tidings that the Militia had left the town. Nor was that all; for at daybreak the people began to assemble, and, there being none to stay them, broke into the great church of St. Mary's and took possession of the arms that had been deposited for safety in the tower. They also opened the prison and set free a worthy Nonconformist divine, named Vincent. All the morning the mob ran about the streets, shouting, "A Monmouth! A Monmouth!" the Magistrates and Royalists not daring so much as to show their faces, and there was nothing talked of but the overthrow of the King and the triumph of the Protestant religion. Nay, there were fiery speakers in the market-place and before the west porch of the church, who mounted on tubs and exhorted the people. Grave merchants came forth and shook hands with each other; and godly ministers who had been in hiding walked forth boldly. It was truly a great day for Taunton.

The excitement grew greater when Captain Hucker, a well-known serge-maker of the town, rode in with a troop of Monmouth's horse. Captain Hucker had been seized by Colonel Phillips on the charge of receiving a message from the Duke, but he escaped and joined the rebels, to his greater loss, as afterwards appeared. However, he now rode in to tell his fellow-townsmen of his own wonderful and providential escape, and that the Duke would certainly arrive the next day, and he exhorted them to give him such a welcome as he had a right to expect at their hands. He also reminded them that they were the sons of the men who, forty years before, defended Taunton under Admiral Blake. There was a great shouting and tossing of caps after Captain Hucker's address, and no one could do too much for the horsemen with him, so that I fear these brave fellows were soon fain to lie down and sleep till the fumes of the strong ale should leave their brains.

All that day and half the night we sat in Miss Blake's schoolroom finishing the flags, in which I was permitted to join. There were twenty-seven flags in all presented to the army by the Taunton maids: twelve by Miss Blake and fifteen by one Mrs. Musgrave, also a schoolmistress. And now, indeed, seeing that the Militia at Axminster had fled almost at the mere aspect of one man; and that those of Taunton had also fled away secretly by night, and catching the zeal of our kind entertainer, and considering the courage and spirit of these good people, I began to feel confident again, and my heart, which had fallen very low at the sight of the Duke's hanging head and gloomy looks, rose again, and all dangers seemed to vanish. And so, in a mere fool's paradise, I continued happy indeed until the fatal news of Sedgemoor fight awoke us all from our fond dreams.

CHAPTER XVII.

TAUNTON.

I never weary in thinking of the gaiety and happiness of those four days at Taunton among the rebels. There was no more doubt in any of our hearts: we were all confident of victory—and that easy and, perhaps, bloodless. As was the rejoicing at Taunton, so it would be in every town of the country. One only had to look out of window in order to feel assurance of that victory, so jolly, so happy, so confident looked every face.

"Why," said Miss Blake, "in future ages even we women, who have only worked the flags, will be envied for our share in the glorious deliverance. Great writers will speak of us as they speak of the Roman women." Then all our eyes sparkled, and the needles flew faster and the flags grew nearer to completion.

If history should condescend to remember the poor Maids of Taunton at all, it will be, at best, with pity for the afflictions which afterwards fell upon them: none, certainly, will envy them: but we shall be forgotten. Why should we be remembered? Women, it is certain, have no business with affairs of State, and especially none with rebellions and civil wars. Our hearts and passions carry us away. The leaders in the cause which we have joined appear to us to be more than human: we cannot restrain ourselves, we fall down and worship our leaders, especially in the cause of religion and liberty.

Now behold! On the very morning after we arrived at

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

Her schoolgirls were engaged in working and embroidering flags for the Duke's army.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

Taunton I was abroad in the streets with Miss Blake, looking at the town, which hath shops full of the most beautiful and precious things, and wondering at the great concourse of people (for the looms were all deserted, and the workmen were in the streets filled with a martial spirit), I saw riding into the town no other than Robin himself. Oh! how my heart leaped up to see him! He was most gallantly dressed in a purple coat, with a crimson sash over his shoulders to carry his sword: he had pistols in his holsters, and wore great riding-boots, and with him rode a company of a dozen young men, mounted on good strong nags; why, they were men of our own village, and I knew them, every one. They were armed with muskets and pikes—I knew where those came from—and when they saw me the fellows all began to grin, and to square their shoulders so as to look more martial. But Robin leaped from his horse.

"'Tis Alice!" he cried. "Dear heart! Thou art then safe, so far? Madam, your servant." Here he took off his hat to Miss Blake. "Lads, ride on to the White Hart and call for what you want, and take care of the nags. This is a joyful meeting, Sweetheart." Here he kissed me. "The Duke, they say, draws thousands daily. I thought to find him in Taunton by this time. Why, we are as good as victorious already. Humphrey, I take it, is with his Grace. My dear, even had the Cause of Freedom failed to move me I had been dragged by the silken ropes of Love. Truly, I could not choose but come. There was the thought of these brave fellows marching to battle, and I all the time skulking at home, who had ever been so loud upon their side. And there was the thought of Humphrey, braving the dangers of the field, tender though he be, and I, strong and lusty, sitting by the fire, and sleeping on a feather bed; and always there was the thought of thee, my dear, among these rude soldiers—like Milton's lady among the rabble rout, because well I know that even Christian warriors (so called) are not lambs; and, again, there was my grandfather, who could find no rest, but continually walked to and fro, with looks that at one time said, 'Go, my son'; and at others, 'Nay; lest thou receive a hurt'; and the white face of my mother, which said, as plain as eyes could speak: 'He ought to go, he ought to go; and yet he may be killed.'

"Oh, Robin! Pray God there prove to be no more fighting."

"Well, my dear, if I am not tedious to Madam here"——

"Oh, Sir!" said Miss Blake, "it is a joy to hear this talk." She told me, afterwards, that it was also a joy to look upon so gallant a gentleman, and such a pair of lovers. She, poor creature, had no sweetheart.

"Then on Monday," Robin continued, "the day before yesterday, I could refrain no longer, but laid the matter before my grandfather. Sweetheart! there is, I swear, no better man in all the world."

"Of that I am well assured, Robin."

"First, he said that if anything befell me he should go down in sorrow to his grave; yet that as to his own end an old man so near the grave should not be concerned about the manner of his end so long as he should keep to honour and duty. Next, that in his own youth he had himself gone forth willingly to fight in the cause of Liberty, without counting the risk. Thirdly, that if my conscience did truly urge me to follow the Duke I ought to obey that voice in the name of God. And this with tears in his eyes, and yet a lively and visible satisfaction that, as he himself had chosen, so his grandson would choose. 'Sir,' I said, 'that voice of conscience speaks out very loudly and clearly. I cannot stifle it. Therefore, by your good leave, I will go.' Then he bade me take the best horse in the stable, and gave me a purse of gold, and so I made ready."

Miss Blake, at this point, said that she was reminded of David. It was, I suppose, because Robin was so goodly a lad to look upon; otherwise, David, though an exile, did never endeavour to pull King Saul from his throne.

"Then," Robin continued, "I went to my mother. She wept, because war hath many dangers and chances; but she would not say me 'Nay.' And in the evening when the men came home I went into the village and asked who would go with me. A dozen stout fellows—you know them all, Sweetheart—stepped forth at once; another dozen would have come, but their wives prevented them. And so, mounting them on good cart-horses, I bade farewell and rode away."

"Sir," said Miss Blake, "you have chosen the better part. You will be rewarded by so splendid a victory that it will surprise all the world; and for the rest of your life—yes; and for generations afterwards—you will be ranked among the deliverers of your country. It is a great privilege, Sir, to take part in the noblest passage of English history. Oh!" she clasped her hands, "I am sorry that I am not a man, only because I would strike a blow in this sacred cause. But we are women, and we can but pray—and make flags. We cannot die for the cause."

The event proved that women can sometimes die for the cause, because she herself, if any woman ever did, died for her cause.

Then Robin left us in order to take steps about his men and himself. Captain Hucker received them in the name of the Duke. They joined the cavalry, and Robin was told that he should be made a Captain. This done, he rode out with the rest to meet the Duke.

Now, when his approach was known, everybody who had a horse rode forth to meet him, so that there followed him, when he entered the town, not counting his army, so great a company that they almost made another army.

As soon as it was reported that the Duke was within a mile (they had that day marched sixteen miles, from Ilminster) the church bells were set a-ringing; children came out with baskets of flowers in readiness to strew them at his feet as he should pass—there were roses and lilies and all kinds of summer flowers so that his horse had a most delicate carpet to walk upon; the common people crowded the sides of the streets; the windows were filled with ladies who waved their handkerchiefs and called aloud on Heaven to bless the good Duke, the brave Duke, the sweet and lovely Duke. If there were any malcontents in the town they kept snug; it would have cost them dear even to have been seen in the streets that day. The Duke showed on this occasion a face full of hope and happiness; indeed, if he had not shown a cheerful countenance on such a day, he would have been something less, or something greater, than human. I mean that he would have been either insensible and blockish not to be moved by such a welcome, or else he would have been a prophet, as foreseeing what would follow. He rode bareheaded, carrying his hat in his hand; he was dressed in a shining corslet with a blue silk scarf and a purple coat; his long brown hair hung in curls upon his shoulders; his sweet lips were parted with a gracious smile; his beautiful brown eyes—never had any Prince more lovely eyes—looked pleased and benignant; truly there was never made any man more comely than the Duke of Monmouth. The face of his father, and that of his uncle, King James, were dark and gloomy, but the Duke's face was naturally bright and cheerful; King Charles's long nose in him was softened and reduced to the proportions of manly beauty; in short, there was no feature that in his father was harsh and unpleasing but was in him sweet and beautiful. If I had thought him comely and like a King's son when four years before he made his Progress, I thought him now ten times as gracious and as beautiful. He was thinner in the face, which gave his appearance the greater dignity; he had ever the most gracious smile and the most charming eyes; and at such a moment as this who could believe the things which they said about his wife and Lady Wentworth? No—they were inventions of his enemies; they must be base lies; so noble a Presence could not conceal a guilty heart; he must be as good and virtuous as he was brave and lovely. Thus we talked, sitting in the window, and thus we cheered our souls. Even now, to think how great and good he looked on that day, it is difficult to believe that he was in some matters so vile. I am not of those who expect one kind of moral conduct from one man and a different kind from another: there is but one set of commandments for rich and poor, for prince and peasant. But the pity of it, oh! the pity of it, with such a prince!

Never, in short, did one see such a tumult of joy; it is impossible to speak otherwise: the people had lost their wits with excess of joy. Nor did they show their welcome in shouting only, for all doors were thrown wide open and supplies and necessaries of all kinds were sent to the soldiers in the camp outside the town, so that the country lads declared they had never fared more sumptuously. There now rode after the Duke several Nonconformist ministers, beside my father. Thus there was the pious Mr. Lark, of Lyme: he was an aged Baptist preacher, who thought it no shame to his profession to gird on a sword and to command a troop of horse; and others there were, whose names I forget, who had come forth to join the deliverer.

Lord Grey rode on one side of him, and Colonel Speke on the other; Dr. Hooke, the chaplain, and my father rode behind. My heart swelled with joy to hear how the people, when they had shouted themselves hoarse, cried out for my father, because his presence showed that they would have once more that liberty of worship for want of which they had so long languished. The Duke's own chaplain, Mr. Ferguson, had got a naked sword in his hand, and was marching on foot, crying out, in a most vainglorious manner, "I am Ferguson, the famous Ferguson, that Ferguson for whose head so many hundred pounds were offered. I am that man! I am that man!" He wore a great gown and a silken cassock, which consorted ill with the sword in his hand, and in the evening he preached in the great church, while my father preached in the old meeting-house to a much larger congregation and, I venture to think, with a much more edifying discourse.

The army marched through the town in much the same order as it had marched out of Lyme, and it seemed not much bigger, but the men marched more orderly and there was less laughing and shouting. But the streets were so thronged that the men could hardly make their way.

In the market-place the Duke halted, while his declaration was read aloud. One thing I could not approve. They dragged forth three of the Justices—High Churchmen and standing stoutly for King James—and forced them to listen, bareheaded, to the Declaration: a thing which came near afterwards to their destruction. Yet they looked sour and unwilling, as anyone would have testified. The Declaration was a long document, and the reading of it took half an hour at least; but the people cheered all the time.

After this, they read a Proclamation, warning the soldiers against taking aught without payment. But Robin laughed, saying that this was the way with armies, where the General was always on the side of virtue, yet the soldiers were always yielding to temptation in the matter of sheep and poultry, that human nature must not be too much tempted, and that camp rations are sometimes scanty. But it was a noble Proclamation, and I cannot but believe that the robberies afterwards complained of were committed by the tattered crew who followed the camp, rather than by the brave fellows themselves.

The Duke lay at Captain Hucker's house, over against the Three Cups Inn. This was a great honour for Mr. Hucker, a plain serge-maker, and there were many who were envious, thinking that the Duke should not have gone to the house of so humble a person. It was also said that for his services Mr. Hucker boasted that he should expect nothing less than a coronet and the title of Peer, once the business was safely dispatched. A Peer to be made out of a Master Serge-maker! But we must charitably refuse to believe all that is reported, and, indeed (I say it with sorrow of that most unfortunate lady, Miss Blake), much idle tattle concerning neighbours was carried on in her house, and I was told that it was the same in every house of Taunton, so that the women spent all their time in talking of their neighbours' affairs, and what might be going on in the houses of their friends. This is a kind of talk which my father would never permit, as testifying to idle curiosity and leading to undue importance concerning things which are fleeting and trivial.

However, the Duke was bestowed in Captain Hucker's best bed; of that there was no doubt, and the bells rang and bonfires played, and the people sang and shouted in the streets.

(To be continued.)

Princess Victoria Mary of Teck has become the patron of "The Sea-Shell and Scrap-Book Missions," lately removed to larger premises at 27, Benedict-road, Stockwell, S.W.

Mr. T. M. Colmore has been appointed stipendiary Magistrate for Birmingham, in place of Mr. Kynnersley, who resigned recently owing to ill-health. Mr. Colmore is Recorder of Warwick and a Magistrate for Warwickshire. During the illness of Mr. Kynnersley he acted as deputy-stipendiary.

The annual report of Mr. Müller's famous orphan houses at Ashley Down, near Bristol, tells once more a tale of a sustained flow of benevolence towards an institution which employs none of the ordinary means of attracting the attention of the charitable. Two thousand and fourteen orphans have been under the care of the houses during the past year, and it is stated that there are still many vacancies for orphan girls, with whom no money is expected, neither is any influence needed for their admission. In May last the balance in hand is stated to have been £1078, or only enough to last for two weeks' support; but contributions, both in money and in kind, sufficient for their needs have continued to pour in. The total amount received in this way since 1834, when the houses were started, is stated to be £1,153,004, by which sum 106,672 persons have been taught in the schools entirely supported by the funds of the institution, not to speak of the schools assisted from the same source. During the period five large houses, at an expense of £115,000, have been erected.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (viâ United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (viâ Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*.

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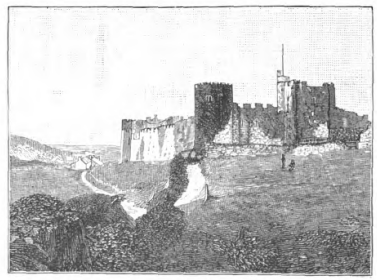
BLUNDERBORE'S CASTLE.

The bright rollicking south-westerly wind bustles up from the sea, driving the great masses of fleecy-white clouds over the dense blue sky, as merrily as if they were a team of spirited horses and he bore in his mighty hands a whip to send them along with cheerily.

The sea, bluer in places than the sky itself, comes rolling in on the wide pebbly beach, and changes every moment: as now, reflecting the heavy clouds, it becomes for a moment almost purple; and then, dancing among the rocks heavy with sea-weed, it appears to be a translucent green, remaining quiet for a moment, and then, suddenly becoming crested with pale foam, it leaps and dances once more, gambolling in until it flings itself, tired and exhausted, almost at the very feet of Blunderbore's Castle; then it recedes gradually, and we hear the roll of the pebbles as they fall back with the wave into deeper water once more.

Standing here by the window of the ladies' room, and gazing down into the valley, it is almost impossible to believe we are in the very last years of this present century of ours. There is no sound of life; no sight of human being; nothing but the deep tones of the sea and the wind, the gallant chorus of the voiceful waves, and the melancholy cry of the sea-gulls as they wheel and dip and float round the old towers and down among the rocks where the tide is flowing in. And as we look round at the stalwart towers and grim walls by which we are surrounded we are quite sure that presently we shall see the drawbridge lowered and the portcullis raised to admit the giant, home after one of his forages for food, and that we shall watch him unload his pockets of his victims and set them down trembling before the great hearth, which is yet black with the fires that have gone out—never to be rekindled—oh! how many, many weary years ago!

But the drawbridge is always down now, and never requires to be raised, while the double set of portcullis-gratings never fall, and only show their teeth to us as we pass beneath, looking up with a shudder at the rusty, revengeful row of spikes, and recognising the wide gaps through which boiling lead was playfully poured from above on the heads of any unwelcome intruder; and we prefer to pause by the ladies' window, meditating on the bright eyes and lovely faces which were there before us, and whose owners spent peaceful lives in this chamber working great rolls of tapestry, and gazing down into the sea-locked valley—waiting for the return of the boats in which their lovers had sailed away, no doubt on marauding plans intent; and where they could see the sally-port, watching, as is ever the woman's part, while the giant and his followers went and came from the wide sea. For there were giants in those days, and this is a veritable giants' castle. Men lived here whose reputation and whose stature doubtless grew with the lapse of years, and by the aid of the gossips' tongues. And we learn from the brown-faced caretaker legends of the prowess of those times that we should like to



believe in, but that we cannot; but which have evidently left their own impression on the village, which still quakes at the hero's name. Albeit, now, their worst enemies are the jackdaws in the castle-towers, which forage in the wind-swept gardens and among the potato-fields, in mild emulation of the men whose forays were once the terror of the country-side, and who took by force all that was the desire of their eyes, be it whose it might be originally.

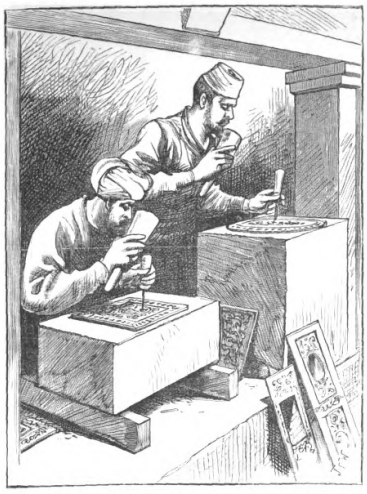
Better than hearing of those days of blood and tears is it to sit here, quietly listening only to the sound of the birds and the wind and the sea; making up our own stories, and gazing at the beautiful castle by which we are surrounded; at the smooth, green grass, once the castle bowling-green and now given over at times to the universal tennis-courts; at the vast tree of ivy, which clasps with its arms the great grey square towers, and which appears to promise eternal life for them as long as no separation tears them from its arms and casts the clinging ivy down; and at the old mews; and the so-called chapel, which has no trace whatever of church about it, and which, we think, is called a chapel to please the visitors, who somehow always demand to be shown the site of that, before they turn their eyes even to the bigger, handsome relics of what was once a banqueting-hall, and which is more ruinous than any other part: albeit there are remains of the musicians' gallery, which stood in front of the ladies' room, from which, we think, the finest view of all is to be obtained.

For from here we can look across the landward side of the valley to the curious, ugly, square, plastered church, with its squarer grey high tower, where the tomb of the builder of the castle is to be found; where the jackdaws build, too; and where the sea-gulls swoop and scream before the gathering of the storm; and we can see the grim cromlech on the side of the hill, and wonder why it was put there, making our own stories, as the caretaker has none to give us, of this especial theme.

Indeed, we have long dismissed the caretaker, and, sitting in one of the old Norman arched windows, prefer to hear nothing but the sounds around us; and we look out at the few white houses in the valley below the castle, which still nestle up against it as if it were yet powerful, and could defend them against the foes which in the good old times were always ready to swoop down upon them, and which made residence near the castle imperative—albeit at times, if all the stories told are true, they found the owners of the castle sometimes as bad to be with as the ever-expected enemies were supposed to be themselves; until we become more than ever thankful that long stretches of marvellous days of science have put an eternal barrier between us and those said excellent and venerable bygone years.

And yet it is impossible to feel they are quite parted from us, while we look down into the deep black dungeon, placed by some freak of irony below the flooring of the ladies' tower, where dank green moss clings to the wall, and where we require a light to see the great ring and rusted chain which

has often been clasped round strong men worsted in the fray and cast there to moulder into dust: and where we see the stone cauldron, with the relics of the furnace below, where the lead used to be melted before being carried for use to the chamber over the gate: and we cannot believe that these walls are unhaunted, or can ever be free from the souls of those whose



THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: INDIAN WOOD-CARVERS AT WORK.

rough, wild sway kept the country-side in terror, and who, secure in their strength and in the strength of their castle, did only what was right and pleasant in their own eyes, and who knew only one law, and that one of their own making.

Nay, surely yonder sly and sombre jackdaw, whose head is on one side, and whose feathers are blown all one way, as he pauses on the low wall below there, ere he possesses himself of some tender morsel in the caretaker's garden, must be the present form of one of those venerable robbers;—and now he is meditating reprisals for all the hard things that she has said of him and of his race, members of which hang featherless, limp, and unpleasant, from the sparse bushes in her meagre inclosure;—and surely the soft, grey, wheeling, graceful seagulls, with their mournful cry and their wonderful flight, contain the souls of the watching owners of the ladies' bower, who seek for ever and ever those who went down to the sea in ships, and who never came home to the wind-swept creek and the grim castle, despite the great fires that once roared up the rude chimneys, despite the flood of ruddy light that flowed from the stone casements, and which was reflected in the sea—which, in those days, flowed almost at the castle-foot, and made it doubly impregnable—and the pert water-wagtail, which cannot make a straight line, and which strays hither and thither with any breeze that blows, is the present form of the pert ladies' maids who were for ever scurrying across the courtyard after the men-at-arms, whose quarters were in yonder square tower by the gate!

But the crimson sunset is beginning to flush over the sea; the caretaker jangles her bunch of keys and looks plaintively up at our tower; and, as we know the ghosts, which, after all, are companions to us, are real terrors to her, we descend from our perch and wend our way, looking back for a moment to see her rushing away to her white cottage in the valley, and to note how blood-red the sky looks through the empty windows of Blunderbore's great castle. J. E. P.

At a meeting of the council of the National Rifle Association, held at their offices, Pall-mall, it was unanimously resolved: "That it is the opinion of the council that the most eligible sites offered in substitution of Wimbledon are the Berkshire Downs and Cannock Chase; and it is resolved that, provided a freehold on the latter site can be acquired, further information be obtained with the view to arriving at a final decision between them." A special meeting of the council is to be held for the purpose of finally deciding as to the site.



THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: PEN-MAKING.

THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION
ANTIQUARIAN COLLECTION

One of the most interesting structures in the Glasgow Exhibition grounds is the reproduction of the tower of the old Bishop's Castle or Palace, a building of the fifteenth century, which formerly stood near the cathedral, and was removed in 1792 to clear the site for the Infirmary. This tower was erected by Bishop Cameron, though other parts of the castle were two centuries older; it was surrounded by Archbishop Beaton with an embattled wall, 15 ft. high. Its position made its possession a matter of importance to the contending parties during the minority of James V., and in 1515 it was invested and captured from the English, who then held it. Almost immediately after, it was regained by the Duke of Albany, the Regent, who two years later relieved the garrison from a siege by a force under the Earl of Lennox. The next Archbishop, Dunbar, further strengthened the building, which underwent several more sieges and assaults, at intervals, up to near the close of the sixteenth century. For some time it was used as a prison, and then it was neglected and fell into decay. The latest occasion when it was put to practical use was in 1715, when Bishop Cameron's tower, which was almost the only portion intact, was the prison of 300 Highlanders. The accurate reproduction of this building does much credit to Mr. James Sellars, the architect; and our View, looking at it over the Kelvin, the small river that flows through Kelvin-grove Park and the Exhibition grounds, shows it in a favourable aspect.

The interior of the mimic "Bishop's Castle" is occupied by an extensive and valuable collection of Scottish relics, historical, antiquarian, personal, and literary, with specimens of art, ancient weapons, dress, and furniture, sufficient by itself to command close attention. Among the owners who, besides the Queen and the Prince of Wales, have contributed to this display are the Earl of Aberdeen, the Marquis of Ailsa, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Marquis of Bute, Lord Donington, the Earl of Elgin, the Baroness Willoughby de Eresby, the Earl of Home, the Dowager Marchioness of Huntly, the Marquis of Lothian, the Marquis of Northampton, the Marquis of Tweeddale, Lord Verulam, a number of other ladies and gentlemen all over the country, and various corporations and learned societies. The total number of articles here displayed is 1546, embracing examples of the Early Period, the Early Scottish, the time of Mary Stuart, Scotland after the Union of the Crowns, and of the Jacobite period, besides articles pertaining to the Burgh of Glasgow, and to other Corporations, manuscripts of literary interest, portraits, and a variety of other things.

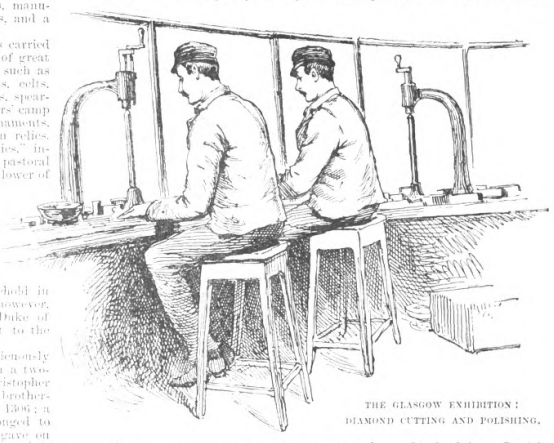
In the first section the visitor is carried back to prehistoric times by remains of great antiquity, discovered in many spots, such as stone hammers, axe-heads, hatchets, celts, cinerary urns and bones, millstones, spear-heads, bronze swords, Roman soldiers' camp kettles, coins, rings, and other ornaments, and numerous other ante-Christian relics. There are some "early Christian relics," including the "Bachuill More," the pastoral staff of St. Moloc, the immediate follower of St. Columba, who zealously laboured to introduce Christianity into Scotland in the seventh century. Of this relic it is stated that a family named Livingstone, living in the island of Lismore, which was the seat of the ancient bishopric of Argyll, were hereditary custodians of the staff, and enjoyed the freehold in virtue of the trust. Their lands, however, passed into the possession of the Duke of Argyll, by whom the staff is lent to the Exhibition.

King Robert Bruce figures conspicuously in this collection. There are shown a two-handed sword with which Sir Christopher Seton defended Bruce, his King and brother-in-law, at the battle of Methven, in 1306; a similar weapon, said to have belonged to Bruce; a sword which the King gave on his deathbed to Sir James Douglas; with his spurs, stirrups, and battle-axe. There is the Brooch of Lorne, which the King is said to have worn to fasten his plaid. It was for a long period preserved at Dunolly Castle by the Lords of Lorne, but it disappeared in the seventeenth century, when the castle was harried by the M'Neils, assisted by the Campbells of Bar Gleann. The latter were supposed to have carried off the brooch, and, although this family never admitted its possession, they are reported to have sold it as late as 1822. Soon after it was found in a jeweller's window by General Campbell, who at once purchased it and presented it to its hereditary owner. The brooch was worn by Captain M'Dougall of Lorne, who commanded the Royal barge in which the Queen and the Prince Consort sailed up the Tay when they were visiting the Marquis of Breadalbane at Taymouth Castle in 1842; and her Majesty examined it with great interest.

The relics of "Mary, Queen of Scots," the unfortunate Mary Stuart, are very numerous. Among them is the "Blair's College Portrait," which originally was the property of Elizabeth Curle (one of Mary's attendants at her execution) and was presented by her to the Scots' College at Douai, where her brother was a professor. At the breaking out of the French Revolution the inmates of the College were obliged to fly, and the portrait was taken out of its frame and hidden in a chimney, which was then built up. In 1811 it was taken from its hiding-place and sent to the Scotch Benedictine Convent in Paris, whence, in 1830, it was taken to Scotland by Bishop Patison and placed in Blair's College. It is recognised as one of the very few authentic portraits of the unfortunate young Queen, and is understood to have been painted by Antyas Cawood, from a drawing made during the Queen's lifetime; after Elizabeth and Jane Curle returned to France. There are several of the Queen's watches, cameos, and rings; a gold-enamel crucifix which she used during her imprisonment in Fotheringay Castle, the Prayer-book she held in her hands at her execution, some samples of tapestry worked while she was in Loch Leven Castle, her workbox and escritoire, and many other personal possessions. To this collection her Majesty graciously contributes a number of relics; including a tortoise-shell cabinet which belonged to Mary, and was bequeathed by Lord Belhaven and Stenton to our Queen, with a request that it should be preserved either at Windsor or Holyrood; a lock of Mary's hair, bequeathed in the same manner; a purse sewed by Mary, also bequeathed to the Queen by Lord Belhaven; a full-length engraving of Queen Mary, by Hagenburg; an engraving of Mary and Darnley, by Elstracke; a replica in oils of the Blair's College portrait, a portrait of Lord Darnley and his brother, and an old drawing, believed to represent the trial of Mary. On the other hand, there are relics of John Knox, and of the Covenanters.

The collection of memorials of the "Jacobite Period" consists largely of medals and medallions, representing various events, such as the birth of King James in 1688, the reception of James II. by Louis XIV. in 1689, the escape of Princess Clementina from Innsprück in 1719, the marriage of James III. to Princess Clementina, and other scenes. The Prince of Wales lends a ring with a miniature portrait on ivory of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, said to have been worn by him, and presented to his Royal Highness by the Duchess of Gordon; and also a pair of pocket pistols, silver-mounted and inlaid with gold, formerly belonging to Prince Charles, and also presented by the Duchess of Gordon. Portraits of "Prince Charlie" and Flora Macdonald, letters from the Prince, drinking-cups, rings, and other personal ornaments; a small MS. of music, which, when folded in a particular manner, conveyed a warning to the Prince, "Conceal yourself; your foes look for you"; Flora Macdonald's wedding-ring; and other curiosities, are found in this collection.

Original letters, and manuscripts of some of the works, of Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott, constitute the most attractive part of the literary collection. The Burns manuscripts include those of "The Whistle," "The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer," "The Holy Fair," "The Wounded Hare," and "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "The Twa Dogs," and "Scotch Drink"—these last being lent by the Irvine Burns Club. With these are Burns's rod and sword-stick, and, more interesting still, the identical whistle which prompted his poem bearing that title. This is a small ebony whistle which was brought to Scotland by a Danish gentleman in the suite of Anne of Denmark, wife of James VI. of Scotland. That gentleman claimed to have won and kept the trophy at all the Courts of Europe, where it was the prize in the drinking-bouts, the person last able to blow the whistle being the winner. In a contest in Scotland it was won from its owner by Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelton, father of "Annie Laurie." The contest at which Burns was present was in 1776, between a descendant of Sir Robert Laurie and two other gentlemen, to one of whom, Mr. Alexander, of Craigdarroch, Burns, as umpire, awarded it. This curious relic is lent by Captain R. C. Ferguson, to whom it descended. Among the Scott exhibits is "Old Mortality's" mallet, which he used in repairing the martyrs' tombstones. This mallet was presented to Mr. Joseph Train by Mr. Robert Patterson, of Balmaclellan, a son of "Old Mortality." There is an autograph letter relating facts of the history of that personage.

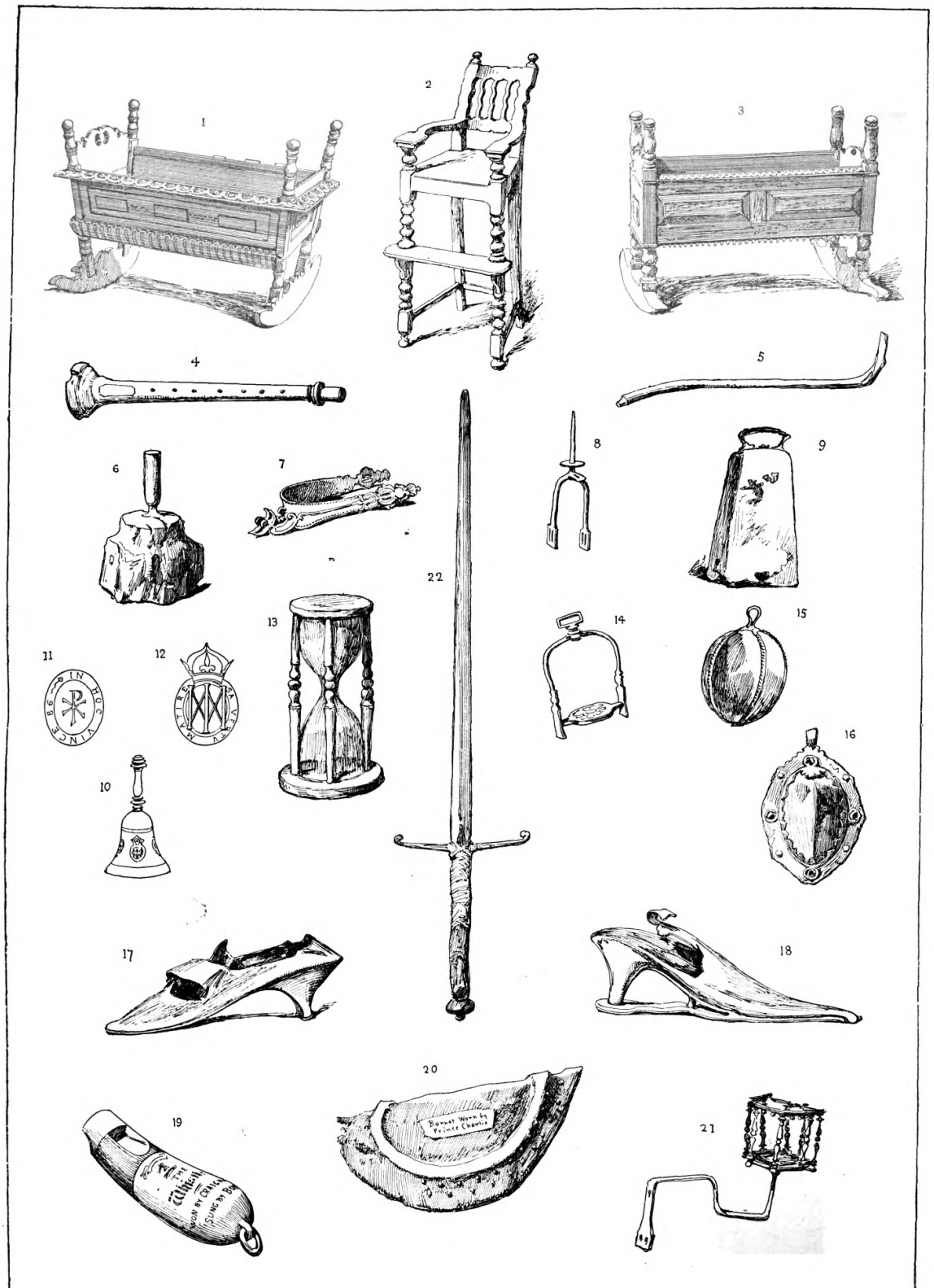


THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: DIAMOND CUTTING AND POLISHING.

PEASANTS' LAND BANKS IN POLAND.

A report just published from the British Consul-General at Warsaw contains the translation of a new law extending, with certain alterations, the scheme of peasants' land banks, established in Russia since 1882, to the Kingdom of Poland. Under it peasants of Russian, Polish, or Lithuanian extraction may, with the approval of the local commissioner for peasants' affairs, obtain loans for the purchase of lands which do not belong to peasants, and which are not burdened with onerous servitudes, such loans not to exceed 90 per cent of the valuation made by the officers of the bank. In Russia proper the maximum is 75 per cent, and in the case of Poland the additional 15 per cent is to come from a special fund instituted for that country in 1860 to free peasants from dependence on the landlords. The balance of that fund, which amounts now to 2,000,000 roubles, is to be handed over to the land bank. The land purchased in this way cannot be sold until the debt to the bank is cleared off; nor can persons who are not peasants under the definition of law become purchasers or owners by inheritance or gift. In either of the latter cases the disqualified person into whose possession the land may come is bound to sell within a year. The limit of allotments is 8 1-5 acres.

It was announced at Shoeburyness on Aug. 23 that the 1st Glamorganshire (second and third detachments) had taken first prize in the Repository competition, the second falling to the 2nd Durham (third and fourth detachments), and the third to the 4th Durham (third and fourth detachments), certificates of merit being given to the 2nd Durham (first and second detachments) and the 8th Lancashire (third and fourth detachments). The 1st Glamorgan (second and third detachments) took the badges and challenge cup.



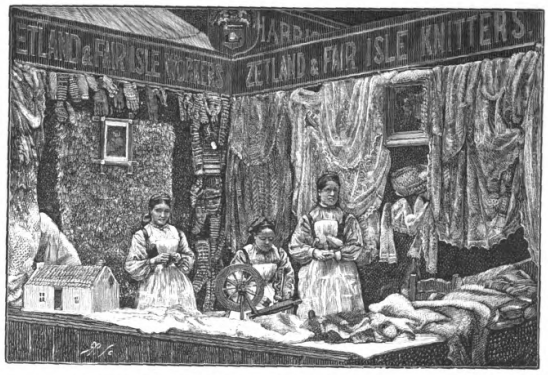
1. Oaken Cradle of King James VI.
2. Nursery Chair of King James VI.
3. Carved Oaken Cradle of Mary Queen of Scots.
4. The "Feadan Dubh," or Black Chanter, of Bagpipes of the Clan Chattan.
5. The "Bachuill More," or Crozier, of St. Moloc.
6. "Old Mortality's" Mell or Mallet.
7. One of a Pair of Silver Spurs belonging to King Robert Bruce.
8. One of another Pair of Spurs belonging to him.
9. The "Buidhean" or Bell of St. Fillan.
10. Queen Mary Stuart's Hand-bell.
11 and 12. Emblems and Inscriptions on Queen Mary's Bell.
13. Sand-glass used by John Knox when Preaching.
14. A Stirrup of King Robert Bruce.
15. The "Cloch Dearg," or Charm-stone, of Ardvolrlich.
16. The Glenorchy Charm-stone of Breadalbane.
17. One of Queen Mary Stuart's Shoes.
18. Shoe belonging to Queen Mary of Lorraine.
19. The Whistle, to be won by the man of a drinking-party who could sound it latest in their potations: sung by Burns.
20. Bonnet or Cap worn by Prince Charles Edward Stuart in 1745.
21. Stand to fix Hour-glass on John Knox's Pulpit.
22. Sword of King Robert Bruce.

THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: HISTORICAL RELICS IN THE BISHOP'S CASTLE.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GLASGOW.



THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: INDIAN SECTION.



THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: SHETLAND AND FAIR ISLE KNITTERS.

The city of Glasgow, the greatest in population of the provincial cities of the United Kingdom, and one of the greatest in trade and industry, was honoured by her Majesty the Queen, on Wednesday, Aug. 22, with a gracious visit which was performed under the most gratifying conditions, favoured by fine summer weather, and attended with the customary tokens of a public festive welcome sustained by the cordial enthusiasm of a loyal Scottish population. The Queen, who had not been at Glasgow since 1849, when she was accompanied by her lamented husband, the Prince Consort, had now two special purposes in view there; namely, first to perform the ceremony of opening the new Municipal Buildings lately erected in George-square for the City Corporation; and secondly, to inspect the Great International Exhibition of this year, held in the grounds adjacent to Kelvingrove Park, at the west end of the city. The President of this Exhibition, Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart., M.P., of Blythswood, which mansion is at Renfrew, about eight miles from Glasgow, was the host of her Majesty during the two or three days of her sojourn in the neighbourhood, and conducted the official reception of her Majesty at the Exhibition. The Lord Provost of Glasgow, Sir James King, at the head of the Magistrates and Council of that city and "Royal Burgh," did the honours of the Municipal Corporation. These gentlemen, with all the official persons, managers of the Exhibition, citizens, and members of the Scottish nobility and gentry, who bore part in the proceedings, and with the people of Glasgow and of the neighbouring towns, may be congratulated on the success of the arrangements, and on the agreeable impression produced by the Queen's visit.

Her Majesty, accompanied by her daughter, Princess Henry of Battenberg (Princess Beatrice), and the Grand Duke of Hesse, with his son, the Hereditary Grand Duke, and Princess Alice of Hesse (the Queen's grandchildren), had travelled during the night from Osborne, Isle of Wight, to Renfrew, arriving at Blythswood in the morning at half-past eight on Wednesday, the 22nd. Prince Henry of Battenberg had gone to Scotland by sea, and was there to meet the Queen and Princess on their arrival, in company with Sir Archibald Campbell; Sir M. Shaw Stewart, Lord Lieutenant of Renfrewshire; Mr. H. J. Moncrieff, Sheriff of the county; Major-General Lyttleton Annesley, Commander of the Forces in Scotland; and Provost Wright, of Renfrew, who were presented to the Queen. Her Majesty was dressed in black, and looked exceedingly well as she smilingly acknowledged the welcome of the bystanders. The Queen took her seat in a landau, in which also sat Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Lady-in-Waiting; and the carriage, attended by outriders, made its way to Blythswood, followed by a procession of vehicles carrying other guests of Sir Archibald Campbell.

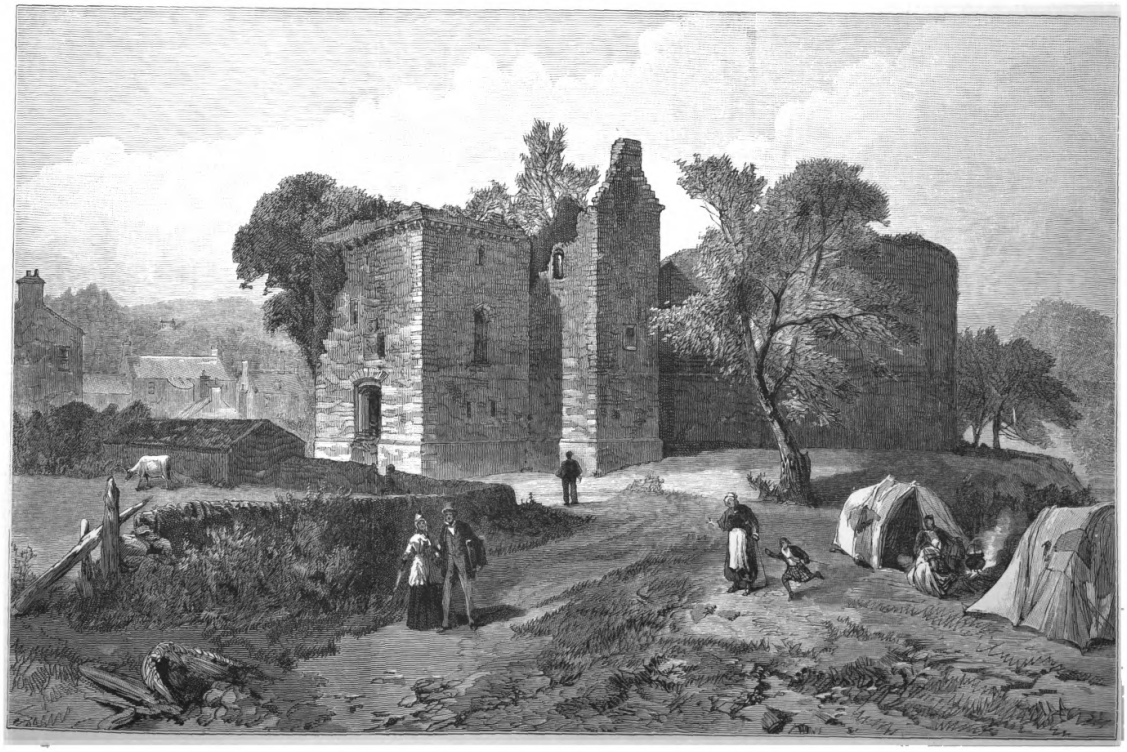
The Royal visitors left Blythswood for Glasgow at three o'clock. Before entering the railway-station a brief halt was made at the Municipal Buildings, Renfrew, and her Majesty was presented with an address by the Town Council. The Queen handed her reply to the Provost. It was in the following words:—

It affords me much pleasure to have this opportunity of visiting a Royal Burgh so closely connected with the ancient history of my kingdom in Scotland, and of seeing a district which has done so much in modern times for the prosperity of the United Kingdom.

The journey was resumed, and St. Enoch Station was reached at ten minutes past four o'clock. Here elaborate preparations had been made for the reception. The station is the terminus of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, and the spacious interior and also the extensive square readily lend themselves to the art of the decorator. The immense arch of the station was draped with flowing curtains and enlivened with wreaths of evergreens and flowers. The ornate fronts of the station and hotel were brilliant with colour. Around and over the entrance to the latter, palms and shrubs were messed in great abundance. From the first and third floors draperies of crimson and yellow were hung. Along the whole length of the second floor, where the ornamentation was orange edged with red, trophies and shields were disposed at intervals, and all the balconies were bright with foliage. Flags waved from the dormer windows on the roof, and the Royal standard was hoisted on the staff of the tower surmounting the whole building.

The Highland troops, forming a guard of honour at the station, received her Majesty with a Royal salute. The Marquis of Lothian, being Secretary for Scotland, presented Sir James and Lady King, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, Vice-Lieutenant of Lanarkshire, Sheriff-Principal Berry, Dr. Marwick, and Major-General Annesley. The Queen had been given a bouquet by Miss White, of Renfrew, and Lady King now offered another, the Lord Provost tendering an equally beautiful gift of orchids to Princess Beatrice.

The Royal party then walked across the platform, which was laid with crimson cloth, to the carriages in waiting at the south-west corner of the station. Headed by an escort of the



ROTHESAY CASTLE, ISLE OF BUTE, FROM A SKETCH MADE IN 1846.

15th Hussars, the Royal pageant departed from the station, and proceeded amidst the hearty cheers of the people to the new Municipal Buildings, going by way of St. Enoch's-square, up Buchanan-street, along St. Vincent-place, to the front entrance of the Municipal Buildings in George-square.

On this part of the route the decorations were very fine. The opening from St. Enoch's-square into Argyle-street was spanned by the first triumphal arch, shaped and painted so as to imitate a structure of freestone. It was surmounted by a Royal crown. The somewhat sombre appearance of the arch itself was relieved by flowing draperies of rich crimson, looped with orange. Looking up Buchanan-street, the eye was almost dazzled by the profusion of gorgeous colours. Flowing stripes of variegated material, and flags of almost every nationality, hung down the fronts of the handsome buildings or waved across the fashionable and busy thoroughfare. The east end of Sauchiehall-street was conspicuous also by the richness and the taste of its display. A long avenue of Venetian masts, rising from tufts of foliage, led up to the triumphal arch, which stood at the highest point of the street, near the Corporation Galleries. Along the line wreaths and streamers filled the spaces between the masts, while strings of artificial roses stretched from side to side, presenting from a distance the appearance of a light roof of pink and white. The triumphal arch was most elegant; its piers were shaped into niches, lined with crimson and filled with palms and towering shrubs. The arch itself was of trellis-work, filled out with verdure, and relieved by masses of flowers. Beyond this the decorations were continued to Kelvingrove Park.

At the entrance to George-square another triumphal arch, similar to the first in general effect, had been erected. The square itself, which had been kept clear, presented a very effective scene. Three sides of it were lined with gold-tipped Venetian masts, adorned with flags and wreaths. The frontages of all the buildings on these three sides were decked with coloured hangings, while in striking contrast the new Municipal Buildings were unadorned, save by the Royal Standard, which waved over the porch. The bright green square of lawn, with the beds of bright fresh flowers, came as a pleasant relief to the eye. The Municipal Buildings, the foundation-stone of which was laid five years ago, had been completed externally for some time. They were constructed from the designs of Mr. W. Young, architect, London, and standing on one of the finest sites in the city, are in every way worthy of their position. They occupy the entire eastern side of the square. Within the square, the equestrian statues of the Queen and Prince Albert were effectively decorated. The tops of the pedestals were trimmed with heather, and at the corners were shields bearing the arms of England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland. Surrounding the bases were banks of flowers and rare plants. As the Royal procession drove through the square the greatest enthusiasm prevailed among the spectators who had the pleasure of witnessing the procession both going and returning.

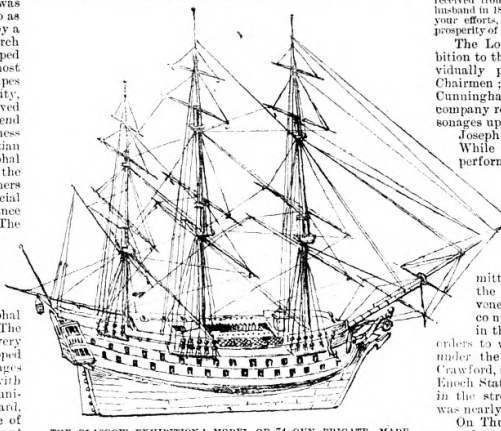
The proceedings at the Municipal Buildings were brief, her Majesty's stay being only for about ten minutes. On arriving at the grand entrance the Queen was presented by the Lord Provost, Sir James King, with a gold key, and with the following address, which was read by Dr. Marwick, the Town Clerk:—

May it please your Majesty,—We, the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the city and Royal burgh of Glasgow, desire, for ourselves and the community we represent, to offer your Majesty the renewed expression of our loyalty and devotion to your Majesty's person, throne, and family, and the assurance of our grateful appreciation of the distinguished honour you have done the city in consenting to inaugurate its Municipal Buildings and to visit the Industrial Exhibition now being held here. Since the consecration of the Cathedral and the foundation of the burgh in the twelfth century, Glasgow has received frequent visits from the Scottish Sovereigns. The saintly King David I. attended the consecration of the Cathedral; King James II. and King James III. often visited the city. Both the last-named Sovereigns were Canons of the Cathedral, and conferred upon the See and the burgh signal marks of Royal favour. Queen Mary resided in Glasgow for a few days, and it was twice visited by King James VI. These Royal recognitions have been frequently renewed during your Majesty's auspicious reign. The city was honoured and gratified by a visit from your Majesty and the Prince Consort in 1849; and ten years later your Majesty was graciously pleased to open the works by which the city received the water supply which it has since drawn from Loch Katrine. Since then, Glasgow has been honoured by the presence of members of the Royal family on several occasions—in the unveiling of the statue of the lamented Prince Consort; in the laying of the foundation-stones of the University Buildings and General Post Office; and, three months since, in the opening of the Exhibition which your Majesty is now about to visit. Of these repeated evidences of favour the citizens are deeply sensible, and they have sought to connect their Municipal Buildings with your Majesty's Jubilee, so as to give permanent expression to the admiration and love with which your Majesty is regarded here. The structure will, we trust, long remain a memorial of a reign unexampled in the magnitude and far-reaching issues of the events comprised within it; in the public and private virtues of the Sovereign; and in the perfect sympathy which exists between the Crown and the people. Given in the name and on behalf of the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the city and Royal burgh of Glasgow, and the seal of the city affixed hereto, this 22nd day of August, 1888.—JAMES KING, Lord Provost; J. D. MARWICK, Town Clerk.

The gold casket containing the address having been handed to the Queen, her Majesty read the following reply:—

I thank you most sincerely for your renewed assurance of attachment to my throne and person. I am deeply touched by your reference to my previous visit to Glasgow, when I was accompanied by my beloved husband. I gladly inaugurate these noble Municipal Buildings, which are worthy of the ancient renown and modern prosperity of your great city.

The Lord Provost then presented the Magistrates and leading officials of the Corporation, after which her Majesty drove out of the quadrangle, and proceeded to the International Exhibition. Along the route to Kelvin-grove Park, vast multitudes of people were assembled, who hailed the Queen's appearance with immense cheering. Another triumphal arch near the Lord Provost's residence formed an entrance to the park. It was in the Oriental style of the Exhibition building. At the grand entrance to the Exhibition, a portico, tastefully adorned with wreaths and flowers, and covered with broad stripes of alternate red and white, had been constructed. Prominent over the entrance the Imperial arms were to be seen; those of Scotland, Ireland, and the Colonies were ranged on either side. The whole was surmounted by the Royal crown of England. Inside the building the original draperies had been replaced by elegant festoons of blue material, which greatly added to the effect of the elaborate frieze. At the west end of the hall, on the site before occupied by the colossal statue of Robert Burns, a Royal dais had been erected. Four broad low steps led to the throne, which was a richly designed seat, flanked by lions and displaying the Royal arms of England. The canopy, rising to a height of above thirty feet, was supported by light pillars and surmounted by a gilded dome and Royal crown. Curtains extended on each side of the canopy across the dais. All the draperies were of Royal purple, with gold fringe. The woodwork was ivory coloured and gilt. On the top were shields bearing the arms of India, Canada, Australia, and South Africa. Behind the Queen's chair was a floral shield bearing the letters V.R. The chairs were upholstered in ivory satin. The Royal Archers, the Queen's Scottish Body-Guard, under



THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: MODEL OF 74-GUN FRIGATE, MADE OF BONE BY A FRENCH PRISONER OF WAR.

command of the Duke of Buccleuch and the Earl of Stair, formed a guard of honour. The Seaforth Highlanders stood on guard behind them.

Sir Archibald Campbell, President of the Executive Committee, the Vice-Chairman, and the conveners of the Committee received her Majesty at the Exhibition. The Royal party passed through the main avenue to the dais in the Grand Hall, the National Anthem being performed by the Choral Union, bands, and organ. The Royal procession was headed by Sir Donald Matheson and Col. Clark, marshals, the General Manager, Secretary, and Architect of the Exhibition, the Vice-Chairman, the Duke of Montrose, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Earl of Stair, and the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, in the capacity of Vice-Presidents. Then came the Equerries-in-Waiting; then Sir A. Campbell and Sir James King; and then the Queen, walking very slowly, side by side with the Grand Duke of Hesse, the rest of the Royal family coming behind. The household followed, and the next in order were the conveners of the Women's Industry Section, Lady King, Lady Campbell, and the Duchess of Abercorn. Committees in numerous array and the executive staff brought up the rear of the procession. The National Anthem having been sung, Sir Archibald Campbell, as President, read an address from the Executive Council of the Exhibition. Of this the following extract may be quoted:—

It is impossible for us to talk of the present Exhibition without remembering that, in common with all preceding exhibitions that have been held within the realm under the beneficent sway of your Majesty, it owes its origin to the Great Exhibition initiated, and so successfully carried out in 1851, by the lamented Prince Consort, whose ennobling idea and warmest aspiration it was, by bringing nations and communities into friendly competition with one another in arts and manufactures, to secure the blessings and the benefits inseparable from the promotion of peace and goodwill among mankind. Will your Majesty permit us to advert for a moment to the signal success with which the present Exhibition has been honoured? It has now been open for nearly four months, and during that period has been visited by upwards of two millions and a half of people from your Majesty's wide empire, both home and colonial, besides great numbers from the Continent of Europe and the United States of America, all attracted by a display of some of the noblest productions in every department of science and art and of manufactures, and which, we believe, none have had an opportunity of seeing without expressions of the warmest admiration. We now respectfully submit for your Majesty's inspection some of the principal features and contents of the Exhibition, and express our grateful sense of the distinguished honour which your Majesty is now conferring upon this city and the Exhibition. We earnestly pray that your Majesty may long be spared to reign over a happy and united people.



THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: THE CENTRAL AVENUE, LOOKING WEST.

The Queen, in an unusually low tone of voice, read a reply in the following words:—

It is with the utmost gratification that I receive the loyal and dutiful address which you have just presented, and I am greatly pleased by the warm manner in which I have been welcomed by the vast community of this great city. I am deeply sensible of the advantages which the manufacturing and commercial interests of the whole civilised world have received from these exhibitions, which were first organised by my beloved husband in 1851. I rejoice in the well-deserved success which has crowned your efforts, and I heartily offer you my best wishes for the continued prosperity of this great undertaking.

The Lord Provost handed the official badge of the Exhibition to the Queen, and the following gentlemen were individually presented:—Messrs. Dickson and Shearer, Vice-Chairmen; Mr. H. Anthony Hedley, General Manager; Colonel Cunningham, Secretary; and Mr. Sellars, Architect. All the company resuming their seats in imitation of the Royal personages upon the dais, the "Song of Praise," composed by Mr. Joseph Bradley, followed by "Auld Lang Syne," were sung. While a selection of Scottish national airs was being performed, her Majesty and the Royal party, accompanied by Sir Archibald and Lady Campbell, Sir James and Lady King, and the Duchess of Abercorn, proceeded by the north-west tower of the grand hall to the Women's Art and Industry Section, and inspected first the Irish, then the Scotch, and then the English and Welsh Sections. Her Majesty was received in the Irish Section by the Duchess of Abercorn and the Irish Committee, and in the other sections by Lady Campbell and the Central Committee. In each section the Lady Conveners presented the officials of the section. The ladies composing the committees were presented to her Majesty in their respective sections. These ladies had received orders to wear black. The Art Galleries were next visited, under the guidance of Mr. Francis Powell and Mr. Robert Crawford, and lastly the Artisan Section. The return to St. Enoch Station was a repetition of the popular demonstration in the streets; and travelling, as before, by special train, it was nearly dusk when the Queen reached Blythswood.

On Thursday, Aug. 23, her Majesty visited the prosperous manufacturing town of Paisley, which celebrated on that day the four hundredth anniversary of its municipal charter, granted by King James IV. of Scotland in 1488. The Queen, with Princess Beatrice, and with the Grand Duke of Hesse and his son and daughter, drove from Blythswood to Paisley, between five and six o'clock. At the Town Hall, an address from the Corporation was presented by Provost Cochrane, to which her Majesty made a gracious reply. Earlier in the day, Princess Beatrice, with her husband Prince Henry of Battenberg, went in the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert up the Clyde to Govan, where her Royal Highness performed the ceremony of launching the *Marathon*, a new armed cruiser for the Royal Navy, built at the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Works, under the direction of Sir William Pearce. On Friday, Aug. 24, the Queen again visited the Glasgow Exhibition, also the University of Glasgow, and Queen Margaret's College for Ladies, before her departure to Balmoral. A baronetcy has been conferred on the Lord Provost of Glasgow, and the Town Clerk has been knighted.

The Exhibition itself, apart from the Queen's visit, has already been described. We give some additional Illustrations: the View from under the Central Dome; that of the Main Avenue, looking west; the Indian Section, with the woodcarvers; the women and girls from Shetland and Fair Isle, at work knitting; and one or two manufacturing processes. The Indian Section occupies the courts numbered 32, 33, and 34, where are gathered manufactures from every part of India: carpets, rugs, jewellery, silk, wool, and cotton fabrics; woodcarving and lacquered work, metal work, pottery, glass and leather work. Some of these articles have been purchased with the funds provided by the Exhibition authorities; the rest have been forwarded by private parties for exhibition and sale. An Oriental aspect is given to these courts by the erection of model structures, representing temples, pagodas, &c. The wall-space above the stalls is hung with gorgeously coloured carpets from the Eastern looms. To the west of Court 34, a small space has been fitted up to resemble an Indian bazaar, where native workmen may be seen plying their trades as jewellers, wood-carvers, potters, and makers of sweetmeats, with their own primitive tools. In the general Exhibition, Class XVIII., that of jewellery, in the main avenue, the Diamond-Cutting Company (Limited), of London, show the process of cutting and polishing Indian, South African, Brazilian, Australian, and other diamonds by special machinery. Among the Illustrations that we gave last week were those of the making of black-lead pencils and pen-holders, exhibited by Messrs. R. Wilson and Co., of Keswick, Cumberland.

The decorations of St. Enoch's railway-station and hotel at Glasgow, those of the mansion of the Lord Provost, and of other public and private buildings, were provided by Messrs. J. Defries and Sons, of Houndsditch, London.

The members of the Middlesex Natural History Society assembled recently, at Edgware, under the directorship of Mr. Sydney T. Klein, and proceeded through the town of Edgware to the old church at Whitchurch, where the Rector fully explained the many objects of interest. Canons Park, formerly the seat of the Duke of Chandos, was also visited, Brockley Hill being reached by the old Roman road of Watling-street, where the site of the Roman town of Sulloniacae was inspected. The members were then taken through private grounds to examine the obelisk of Cassivelaunus, a Roman encampment, two ancient barrows (one in course of being opened), and a facsimile of Rousseau's Tomb; afterwards crossing Bushey-heath to the residence of Mr. Sydney T. Klein at Stanmore, by whom all the members were hospitably entertained.

Miss Edith Woodworth's Buttercup and Daisy Fund has proved highly successful. Over 300 sick children, collected from some of the poorest districts of London, have been sent into the country for two weeks by the aid of the fund. One hundred and thirty have gone to Salisbury, seventy to Dean, thirty-five to East Grinstead, twenty-five to Godalming, and many others to Halstead, Caterham, West Brighton, and Broadstairs. The fund pays for the return fares of the children and for their entire keep for the fortnight. This result has been mainly obtained through the performance of "Fron-Fron," given at the Globe Theatre on July 26, by Mr. Edgar Bruce and Miss Woodworth, with the kind assistance of the artistes who appeared on that occasion; but Miss Woodworth has also to thank many friends for their donations.

ROTHESAY CASTLE AND THE CLYDE.

Our View of Rothesay Castle, from a sketch made in 1846 by Mr. W. Simpson, belongs to the series of illustrations of "The Clyde, Past and Present." Rothesay Castle is supposed to have been first erected in 1098, by Magnus Barefoot, King of Norway, as a stronghold when he was bent on the conquest of the Western Isles of Scotland. Its first plan was that of a great circular wall, 140 feet in diameter, with four projecting round towers. About the middle of the fourteenth century, King Robert II. added a palace to the original construction, and he is supposed to have built the chapel of St. Michael, which is now only a ruin within the walls. Over the principal entrance to the palace, in a panel, are the Royal Arms of Scotland. The Prince of Wales derives from this place his title of Duke of Rothesay, the eldest son of the Kings of Scotland having that title in former times. This old castle was left in ruins when burned in 1685, and the interior was a mass overgrown with shrubs and weeds. In 1874, the Marquis of Bute, who is hereditary keeper, took charge of the place, and since then it has been well looked after. It is an interesting specimen of the baronial architecture of the period to which it belongs. The island of Bute is noted for its mild climate; it is the Isle of Wight of Scotland, and consumptive patients take advantage of its salubrity. There is on Loch Fad a small residence still known as "Kean's Cottage," where Edmund Kean, the actor, stayed for some time. The views of Arran and the Firth of Clyde are very fine as seen from Barone Hill and other heights in the island

The view down the Clyde from near Kilpatrick, of which the same Artist gives a Sketch, is one of the most noted views on the river. It shows the Forth and Clyde Canal, which ends at Bowling. Beyond Bowling is Dumglass, and the hill of Dumbuck towers high above; Dumbarton Rock stands out alone, and marks pretty nearly where the Clyde ceases to be a river and becomes a firth. In the distance are the mountains of Argyleshire; on the south side of the river is Blantyre House. Adjacent to Kilpatrick are the populous villages of Dalmuir and Kilbowie, with some important factories. One of these is the vast establishment of the Singer Sewing-Machine Company, covering twenty-two acres. These works, capable of producing 10,000 sewing-machines in a week, give employment, when business is good, to four or five thousand hands. They have a steam-whistle that can be heard at Paisley, five miles distant. The managers considerately stopped this whistle during the Queen's sojourn at Blythswood.

THE HIGH COMMISSIONERSHIP IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A Blue-book has been published containing the "Correspondence relating to the High Commissionership in South Africa and its Separation from the Governorship of the Cape," together with a sketch-map of South Africa from the Zambesi to Cape l'Agulhas.

The Rev. John Mackenzie, in a long communication to the Colonial Office, urges the necessity for the separation of the office of High Commissioner, discharging Imperial or general functions, from that of Governor of the Cape Colony, discharging local and special functions. He says:—"The business proper to the High Commissioner at once would be, firstly, the correspondence with the Free State, Transvaal, Natal, and Cape Colony on border affairs in such cases as are now brought before the High Commissioner or the Special Commissioner for Zululand; secondly, the guidance of the administratorships of Basutoland, Zululand, Swaziland, Pondoland, and Bechuanaland North and South. There is the loudest call for administration in each and all of these places. It is to our discredit that it has not been sooner supplied." These functions, he urges, cannot properly be fulfilled by the Governor of the Cape Colony. The Secretary of the Colonial Office, in acknowledging the receipt of Mr. Mackenzie's communication, says that he is not prepared to recommend the assumption by this country of the great amount of interference in, and direct responsibility for, the details of extra-Colonial affairs in South Africa which his letters appear to advocate. Sir Hercules Robinson, in a despatch to Lord Knutsford, gives his objections to the proposed changes, and encloses an extract from the leading article in the *Cape Times* of June 8, 1888, likewise adverse to the proposal. A minute of the Ministers to the Governor is given in which they say "the visible results of the present system are so good that it is scarcely too much to say they could not be better." Finally, the text of a question addressed to the Cape Premier on the subject is added, and a telegraphic despatch announcing that both Houses of Parliament had unanimously resolved that the separation of the offices would be fraught with danger to the future peace and welfare of South Africa.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

The officers who have been appointed to command the nineteen brigades of infantry Volunteers under the home defence mobilisation scheme have received from the War Office a letter containing full instructions as to the duties they would have to perform in the event of a demand being made upon them. The "letter of service" is accompanied by a circular from Lord Wolseley, Adjutant-General, desiring the brigadier-generals to state suggestions for improving the efficiency and readiness of their brigades, and that they should keep in constant touch with the units composing their commands.

Lieutenant-Colonel Godwin Austen, of Shalford Park, has offered the National Rifle Association a site close to Guildford, lying between Pewley Hill and Chantry Downs, for the annual competition. Ranges up to 1000 yards can be obtained, and the site is said to be well screened, healthy, well drained, and within a few minutes' walk of Guildford Junction, where four lines of railway converge. It is about twenty-eight miles from London.

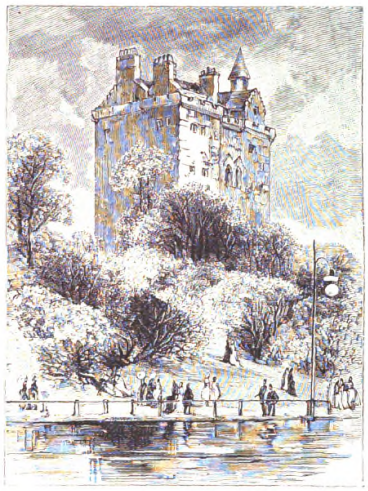
Several of the metropolitan Volunteer rifle regiments were engaged in competitive practice on Aug. 25 for a large and valuable list of prizes.

The Hon. Mrs. George Howard, of Castle Howard, Yorkshire, has offered a scholarship of £20 a year for three years, tenable at Aberdare Hall, to women students of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, Cardiff. The scholarship will be awarded at the discretion of the executive committee of the Aberdare Hall.

From the annual accounts of the Chamberlain of the City of London relating to the coal and wine dues, Blackfriars Bridge, police, &c., we learn that the gross amount of duty on coals brought into the Port of London was £176,367; brought by railway conveyance, £220,045; by inland navigation, £418; and by road traffic, £586; total coal duty, £397,418; wine duty in the Port of London, £9573; grand total, £406,991. Of this, £328,798 was paid into the bank to the credit of the Metropolitan Board of Works to the account of the Thames Embankment and Metropolis Improvement Fund. The City Police Fund showed that the receipts for the year had been £131,512. The expenditure under the Sewers account had been £541,764. The City's duty on coals had been £176,630.

THE "CLACH DEARG" OF ARDVORLICH.

Among the articles on view in the collection of Scottish antiquities that has been placed in the "Bishop's Castle" at the Glasgow Exhibition, one of those selected for our Illustrations is the once famous "Clach Dearg," a supposed medicinal charm-stone, lent by Colonel Stewart, of Ardvorlich, Loch Earn-head, Perthshire. This is a piece of clear rock crystal, almost round in shape, and about one and a half inches in diameter, placed in a setting of four silver bands or slips. It derives its name of "dearg," or red, from a pink tinge that comes over it in certain lights after it has been dipped in water. Though not mentioned in any of the family charters or papers, it has been treasured in the family of Ardvorlich as an heirloom for at least four hundred years, and of old was esteemed by their neighbours and followers as the peculiar token or badge of chieftainship over the Balquidder Clan of Stewart, to which branch of the Royal race the Ardvorlichs belong. According to tradition it is one of two famous medicinal stones which, as Nesbit records in his "History of Heraldry" (Vol. II., page 75), were brought over from the East, about the year 1450, by an ancestor of the Ardvorlichs, James Beg Stewart, who was grandson of Murdoch, Regent of Scotland and Duke of Albany. He, being involved in the misfortunes of all the Albany Stewarts of his day, during his exile from Scotland, took part in one of the later Crusades, from which he carried off as spoil these famous stones. This story is confirmed by the Oriental pattern of the setting. The Ardvorlich stone was very much esteemed as a sovereign remedy for several distempers incident to mankind, and very necessary for curing diseases in cattle. The other stone is said to have been given away as an extraordinary present by Alexander Stewart to one of the Earls of Moray. So lately as 1854, the "Clach Dearg" continued to be used for curing diseases in cattle, its efficacy as a remedy for human ills having fallen out of repute some time before. People came from far and near, sometimes from a distance of forty miles, to carry away the water in which the stone had been dipped. The way was for each applicant to draw the water, himself or herself, in a pitcher or bowl, which he solemnly presented either to the laird or lady, who with great ceremony and a muttered form of words like an incantation, stirred the stone thrice in the water, from left to right, holding it by the chain. The last "leddy" who performed the rite is said to



GLASGOW EXHIBITION: REPRODUCTION OF THE BISHOP'S CASTLE IN THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.

have always accompanied the action with the words, repeated over and over again, "If it 'll do nae gude, it 'll do ye nae ill," which sounded quite oracular enough in the ears of the Gaelic-speaking devotees! The water was then put into a bottle and carried home; but, as its virtue was supposed to be lost if taken into any house on the way home, the bearer had to be careful not to cross any threshold till he reached the byre or bothy where his patient lay, whether cow, or stirk, or horse. The people always said that the "puir beastie," after tasting the sacred draught, immediately stood upon its legs and was healed of the disease. In 1854, when the laird who succeeded to Ardvorlich was in India, the "Clach Dearg" was put for safe keeping, along with the family plate, in the strong room of a bank, where it remained for so many years that the belief in its healing power is gone for ever.

A much desired amalgamation between the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain and the Parkes Museum has taken place, and the objects of the two societies will in future be carried on by "The Sanitary Institute."

A meeting of American officers, military and naval, now in England, was held on Aug. 25, at the residence of Colonel Gouraud, Norwood, when a resolution of condolence with the family of the late General Sheridan was passed. Several of the speakers, who had served under the late American commander, spoke in warm terms of his merits as an ideal soldier.

The annual prize-shooting contest of the Honourable Artillery Company was held on Aug. 24, and in the competition for the officers' prizes Sergeant Wood, in spite of a strong wind and changeable light, scored 98, being only seven below the highest possible. Private Chantler won the Prince of Wales's prize with a fine score, Private Brooking being first and Private Gilbert second, but both being disqualified as having previously won the prize. Private Brooking was awarded the prize given by the Fitzroy Lodge, and an oil painting presented by the artist, Serjeant W. S. Jay. The Duke of Portland's annual prize of fifteen guineas was awarded to Serjeant J. F. O'Connor Wood, for an aggregate of 186 points. Captain Bateman took the late Captain Jacob's memorial prize, with an aggregate of 175 points; the veterans' prizes were won by Private D. Payne, with an aggregate of 170 points; and Private Homer, with 162 points. The final shoot for the Championship of the Regiment resulted in the prize presented by the President of the Company being taken by Private Gilbert. Several Company competitions were also decided.

DANDELION DOWN.

To-day, as I sit at an open window which looks on a pleasant meadow fringed with willows, marking the margin of the river, a dandelion seed has been wafted into the room by the summer breeze. The dandelion, familiar as it may be to everybody, is a flower which has locked up within its botanical history a very considerable meed of curious philosophy. I confess to possessing for that elegant flower, which is ordinarily and contemptuously named a "roadside weed," a high measure of respect. Primarily the dandelion is not one flower but many—a colony of strap-shaped blossoms, nestling cosily on the flattened top of the hollow flower-stalk. Pluck out one of those blossoms, and look at it narrowly by the aid of a pocket lens. There is the yellow strap, toothed at the top, and forming the corolla of the flower. Probably, once upon a time, when the dandelion blossoms were not packed so closely together (like human units themselves) this yellow strap was composed of distinct and separate petals. Its toothed or fringed margin would seem to indicate as much. Down below you see the down or silky hairs which represent the calyx of the flower, or the green outer part you see so distinctly in the rose, the strawberry (where it is double) or primrose. Here the calyx is a mass of flossy hairs, and discharges, as we shall see, a useful purpose in the after-glow of dandelion life. Below, the little flower forms a tube, and inside the tube are the seed-producing organs. The pistil, wherein the seeds are matured, is that delicate stalk you may perceive rising in the middle of the tube. It is divided in two at its tip, and the ends curl over. On these ends the pollen, or yellow fertilising dust you see so distinctly in larger flowers, will be placed, so as to ripen and fructify the ovules into seeds. Stamens, too, for producing the pollen, the little dandelion flower possesses, all united in a bunch around the stalk of the pistil. So that inside this apparently insignificant blossom, one of the hundred or two which make up the dandelion-head, you find all the parts of a perfect flower. Little wonder that this race of plants flourishes exceedingly and multiplies apace when you discover its colonial nature, and its compound constitution.

After the blossom comes the fruit, and the dandelion pistils ripen in due season. The yellow leaves wither away, because, having served as flags and ensigns to the insect-hosts, which carry the pollen from one flower to the other, their mission is past and over. Seed-time in dandelion history is well known. You behold the head of flowers converted into a perfect ball of downy hairs, and the children blow them off puff by puff to calculate the time of day, in the exercise of that popular mythology whereof childhood still retains many examples. What has happened, then, to the dandelion-head as its seed-time has dawned upon it? Chiefly this: the silky calyx has developed apace, and has come to form wings whereby the seeds are carried hither and thither by the winds. Not content with producing abundance of seeds, Madre Natura provides for their dispersion far and wide over the face of the earth. There is a wealth of wonderment to be obtained out of the study which begins with a roadside weed and merges into the great question of the diffusion of plant-life at large. The dandelion-seed, which the wind has wafted through the open window, speaks to us of ways and means of securing the propagation of the flowers by the cunning utilisation of the winds—just as in other plants the waters may bear the seeds to distant parts, or as others, again, employ animals to carry their progeny and to spread their kind broadcast. Indeed, from all we know about the dispersion of seeds, we are forced to conclude that the contrivance and ingenuity of Nature are nowhere more typically represented than in securing "fresh woods and pastures new" for the growth of plants. Even in our dandelion there is found a certain noteworthy feature which is typical of many kindred devices for ensuring the due perpetuation of the race. When the flowers are being fertilised the head stands erect and prominent among the vegetation of the highways. Then, when the seeds are ripening, the stalk is lowered, and the flower lies horizontal or bent towards the ground. This device secures the efficient maturing of the seeds, and, when all is ready, and the ripened pistils or "fruits" are prepared for dissemination, the flower-stalk rises erect once more, and each puff of wind carries off the seeds, borne through the air on their wings. "Thistledown," in this sense, is seen to be a structure with a great purpose at its back. These "airy nothings" of the child represent some of the means whereby this earth has become peopled and pastured with the fullness of vegetable growth.

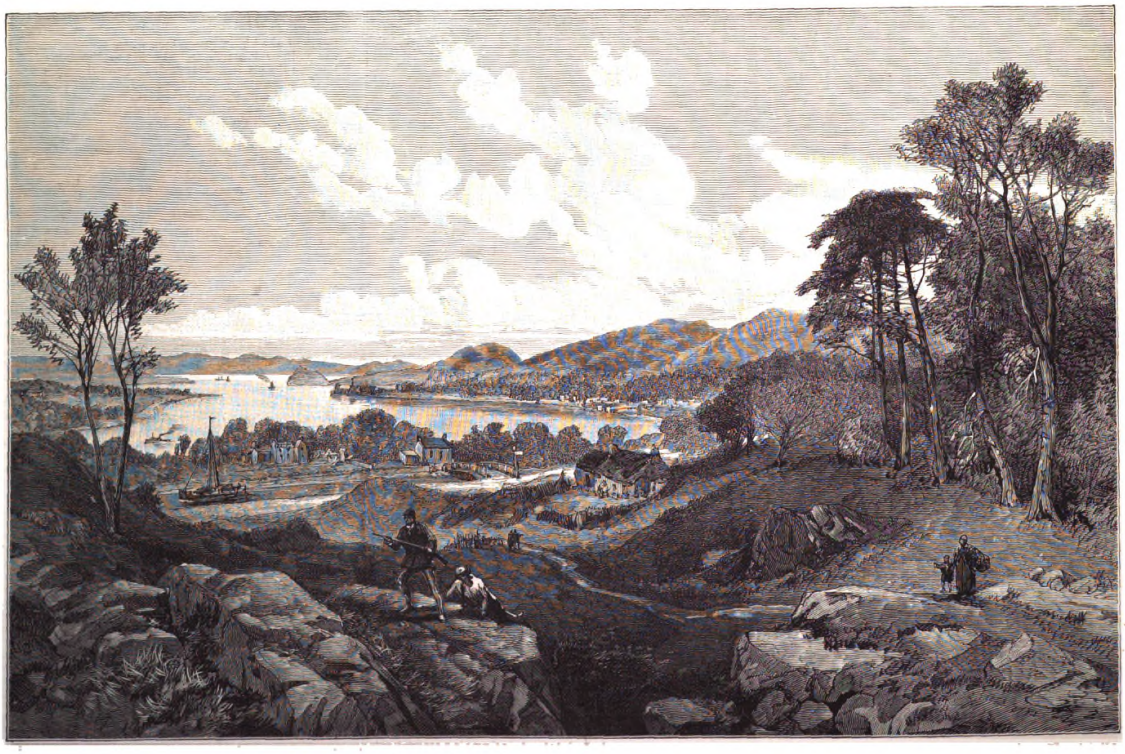
The floating dandelion seed, however, is but the beginnings of thought in this direction, as I have said. When you stroll through the garden or by the wayside, note how herb-robert, by an ingenious catapult-arrangement, plays at "pitch and toss" with its seeds and scatters them abroad and around. If you come across a squirting cucumber anywhere in the south of Europe beware of touching it, lest you be greeted with a veritable explosion of seeds. Watch the ripe poppy-head, full of seeds, and note the little doors which lie just under the lid. You may understand then, how, when the flower-stalk sways to and fro with the wind, the seeds are ejected and thrown out from their parent-capsule. Of winged seeds, too, there are many tolerably heavy kinds, which are dispersed by means of the wind acting on their parachutes. The sycamore seed has a double wing, as also has that of the maple, and the ash and fir are also to be reckoned with in this sense of wind-dispersed plants. When you stop to examine the burdock seeds, you will then discover how the animal is pressed into the service of the plant, for you may note the hooked hairs with which the seeds are provided and wherewith they cleave and cling to the hair and fur of sheep and other unsuspecting ministers of plant-life. Nor is the service of the animal always unconscious. There is a South African plant whose seeds or fruits possess hooks of such a nature that, when the lion has innocently been made a carrier and disperser of these seeds, the king of beasts has been done to death by the torture and irritation they induce. The lion in attempting to free his hair from the seeds is apt to find them adhering to his mouth, and the effort to get rid of the seeds is as often as not a hopeless task. There is no space left wherein to ask you to remember the sticky seed of the mistletoe—a rare provision among our native plants—whereby it adheres to the tree which is to form its "host." It is a curious story, too, that of the dispersion of seeds by the aid of birds. You may read how Darwin, by the exercise of his patient industry, seeing possible results where a lesser mind would "pass by on the other side," moistened and tended the clod of earth which a friend had removed from the foot of a migrating bird. Out of this clod, in time, developed dozens of plants, which, in the natural order of things would have been carried by the bird over great tracts of land and sea. Think, also, how volcanic islands, rising from the azure main as primitive tracts of land, are peopled by the winged seeds which fall on their coasts and bring forth a covering of vegetation to cover the barrenness of the earth.

I may not discourse at present on the why and wherefore of colour in fruits as an aid to the dispersion of the seeds contained therein. The dandelion seed is enough for to-day, and opens the gateway of thought wide enough for you and me for many days to come.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GLASGOW.

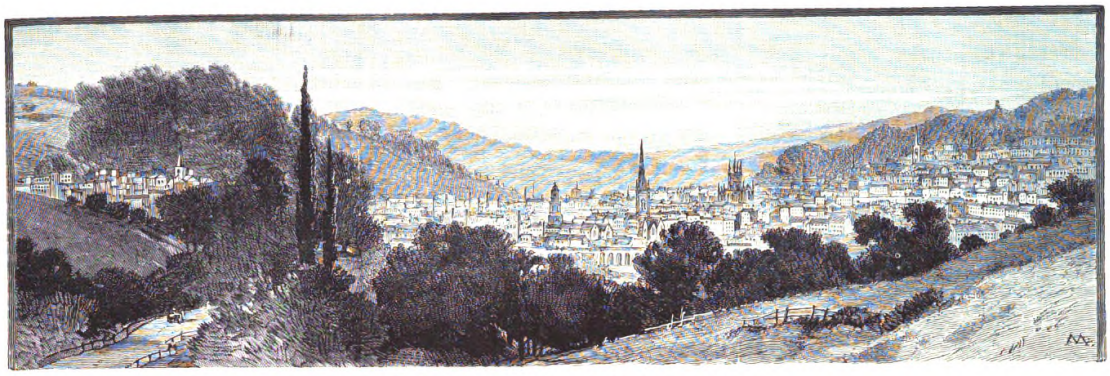


THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: VIEW FROM UNDER THE CENTRAL DOME.



THE CLYDE, NEAR KILPATRICK: DUMBARTON CASTLE IN THE DISTANCE.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT BATH.



VIEW OF BATH, FROM NEAR THE ABBEY CEMETERY.

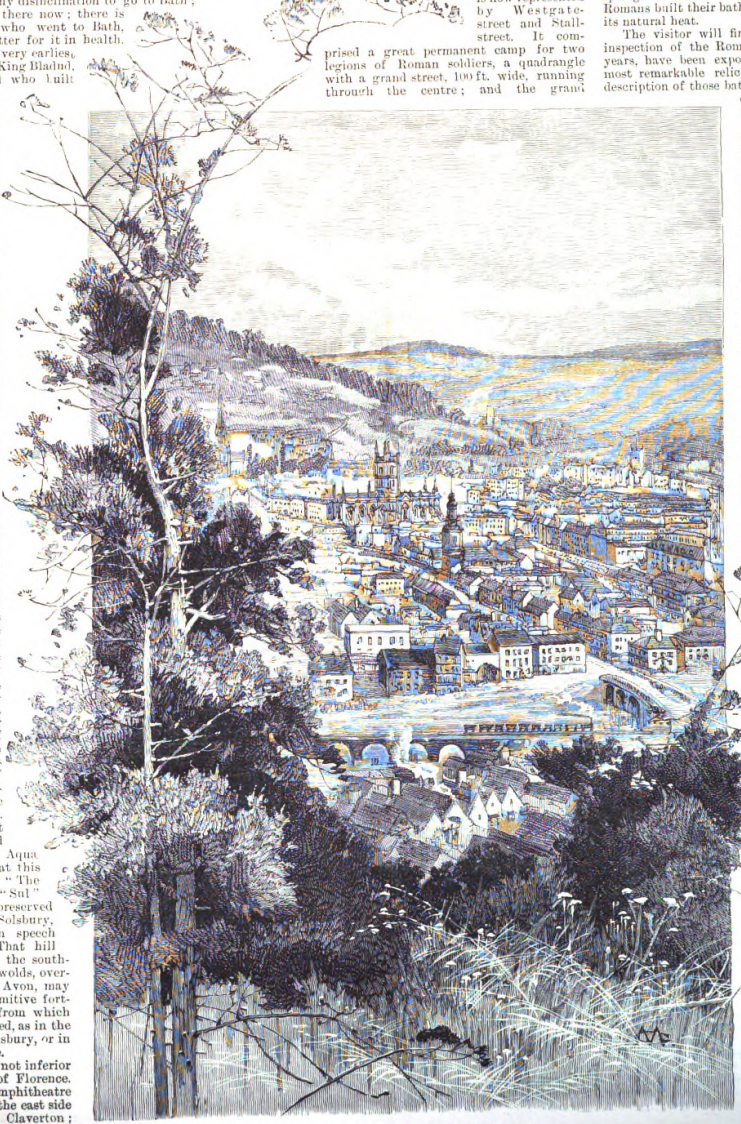
ONE of the most ancient, and perhaps the most beautiful, of the cities in the West of England—attractive in name and fame, agreeable in situation, handsomely built, with an aspect of polite elegance in keeping with its old-fashioned celebrity, and with an air of urban retirement peculiarly its own—Bath has been chosen for this year's Congress of the British Association of Science. "Go to Bath!" was the phrase and form of personal dismissal, in those days when people were sometimes ordered to be "sent to Coventry." We never had any disinclination to go to Bath; anybody may do well to go there now; there is a very long list of people who went to Bath, and came back much the better for it in health.

This list begins with the very earliest of "British associations"; for King Bladud, grandson of the King Lud who built Ludgate, in London, a descendant of the Trojan hero Brutus, who gave his name to Britain, was cured of leprosy by the Bath medicinal waters. He discovered their efficacy by having infected a herd of swine with his disease, and observing that they got rid of it by wallowing in a local pool. If a sceptical generation will not believe Geoffrey of Monmouth, who ought to know better than we can, as he lived much nearer the time, which was 800 B.C., let them give credit to the Bath townsfolk of A.D. 1699. A statue of Bladud was then set up, with an inscription in honour of "Bladud, son of Hudibras"—not, of course, the comic Hudibras of the recent Commonwealth—as the actual founder of "these Baths." Here are "British associations," to be sure, of extreme antiquity, but not "the advancement of science."

A learned and scientific author, Mr. H. W. Freeman, with medical diplomas, surgeon to the Royal United Hospital at Bath, whose treatise on "The Thermal Baths of Bath," just published by Messrs. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., we propose to quote, rejects the story of Bladud and the swine. He shows even that this was a mere absurd interpolation, if it were to be found at all, in the British history of Geoffrey of Monmouth, who does say, indeed, that Bladud, a philosopher and necromancer, the father of King Leir or Lear, was the founder of Bath. The existence of an ancient British town on this site, and the ancient Britons' acquaintance with the healing virtue of the springs, are points not questioned by Mr. Freeman. The Romans, about the year A.D. 54, occupied the town, which they called Aquæ Solis. It seems doubtful that this name originally meant "The Waters of the Sun"; for "Sul" was a native local name, preserved in that of the hill called Solsbury, before the men of Latin speech came into the country. That hill of singular appearance, at the south-west extremity of the Cotswolds, overlooking the valley of the Avon, may have been the site of a primitive fortress-town of the Britons, from which the lower town was colonised, as in the case of Old Sarum and Salisbury, or in that of Fiesole and Florence.

The situation of Bath is not inferior in natural beauty to that of Florence. The valley is similarly an amphitheatre of verdant hills, rising on the east side to the height of 600 ft., at Claverton; on the north, Lansdowne Hill, to 813 ft.; and on the west, at Bathwick, to 400 ft.; while the city, instead of lying wholly at the bottom, ascends these hills, forming terraces, squares, and crescents, one above another, of fair stone houses, intermixed with gardens and trees; the Avon, which is as little beautiful as the Arno, flows in a deep hollow beneath them. Such is the present aspect of Bath.

The Roman city of Aquæ Solis was much smaller, covering mainly that part of the site of modern Bath, to the west and south, which is now represented by Westgate-street and Stall-street. It comprised a great permanent camp for two legions of Roman soldiers, a quadrangle with a grand street, 100 ft. wide, running through the centre; and the grand Basilica, the Temple of Diana, and the Temple of Minerva, stood nearly where the Abbey, with its churchyard, and the Pump-room now stand. Architectural remnants, fragments of fluted columns, sculptured capitals and cornices, prove the magnificence of those Roman edifices. To the south-west of the Basilica, on the other side of the present Abbey-street, were discovered, first in 1755, portions of the Roman Baths, the further discovery of which took place in 1871, and then excited much antiquarian comment. There are sundry hot springs in the soil under this quarter of the city, and the Romans built their baths directly over the largest, to economise its natural heat.



A PEEP AT BATH, FROM BEECHEN HILL.

The visitor will find himself amply compensated for an inspection of the Roman baths, which, within the last few years, have been exposed by the Corporation—perhaps the most remarkable relic extant of the Roman occupation. A description of those baths, with an Illustration, was given in our Journal on Oct. 20, 1883. Mr. Freeman's book should be consulted.

The Roman bath, shown in one of our Illustrations, is 81 ft. long and 38 ft. wide, which was in the centre of a hall, 110 ft. long and 68 ft. 6 in. wide, formerly roofed with a vault supported by pilasters and arches, divided into three aisles, the middle aisle covering the bath. The pedestals and lower part of several of the massive pilasters, with the steps going down to the water, appear in the Illustration; behind them, in the side aisles, which were decorated with sculpture, was a promenade gallery. The floor of this hall is 20 ft. below the level of the neighbouring modern street. Another spacious apartment contained two sudatories, or sweating-rooms, with a fireplace between them and flues to heat them. The circular bath, recently discovered, appears to have been once lined with lead.

In the fifth century of the Christian era, when the Romans had departed, there was a period of confusion among the half-civilised natives, with whom some Belgian colonists were intermixed. Aquæ Solis, the stately and luxurious Roman fashionable watering-place, fell into ruin. The Saxon invaders of Wessex, in 520, besieged this town, but were defeated on "Mons Badonicus" by the renowned King Arthur. In 577, King Ceaulin, ruler of Wessex, aided by Cuthwin, achieved the victory of Deorham or Dyrham, eight miles from Bath, killing three British chieftains, and successfully fought the more decisive battle, supposed to have been at Badbury, near Blandford, in Dorsetshire. The three important cities, Bath, Cirencester, and Gloucester, then fell into the hands of the Saxons or "English"; and the Celtic population were driven westward to Exmoor, and into the parts of Devonshire beyond the Exe. When the Saxons became Christians, a monastery was erected at Bath, in 676, by King Osric of Hwicca; a century later, King Offa, of Mercia, who had annexed much of Wessex to his dominion, built a Cathedral here, in which King Edgar was crowned by St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 973. Bath was further exalted by King Athelstan, who established a Royal Mint in this city. Under the Normans, though it suffered a cruel punishment from William Rufus for taking part with his brother Robert, its prosperity was advanced by the liberality of John De Villula of Tours, Bishop of Bath and Wells, who constructed the Abbey Baths, committing their charge to the Abbot and Prior of the Benedictine monastery, for the public benefit. Another Bishop founded the Lepers' Hospital, providing it with the Lepers' Bath, which continued for centuries to be appropriated to the exclusive use of that unfortunate class of patients; and in the twelfth century, it appears

from a curious Latin poem by Alexander Neckam, the Bath thermal springs were highly esteemed. We borrow a few lines from the translation given by Mr. Freeman :—

> The sulphur baths of Bath are warm alway;
> Taste, and be healed, with all the speed ye may.
> And think of this, the waters upward led
> Have their first origin in earth's cold bed,
> Warm are the waters all the winter-tide;
> The pores of earth are closed, when frosts abide;
> The fumes descend; earth, nourishing the heat,
> Pours forth its sulphur stream, with health replete.
> When summer comes, outburst the fumes amain;
> The stream grows cold, for earth is cold again.
> So stomachs heat, when winter shows his might;
> Then, meats well seasoned tempt the appetite;
> But when the sun pours forth his scorching heat,
> Reminding us of Phaëton's mad feat,
> Then we are subject, too, to Nature's rule;
> Then falls the appetite, and stomachs cool.

This ingenious description of the fancied analogy between the variable forces, those of animal heat, affecting the digestive functions, and the temperature of the Bath waters, does credit to an author who wrote seven hundred years ago; Neckam was a native of St. Albans, who became Abbot of Cirencester. Mr. Freeman presents also some rather entertaining passages from old writers of the sixteenth century, with the quaint and fantastic account of Bath in Harrison's "Description of England," annexed to Holinshed's Chronicle, in 1577, reprinted by the New Shakspere Society. An interesting personage to be noticed in Elizabeth's reign was Dr. William Turner, Dean of Wells, who had been a doctor of medicine, and who wrote a treatise on the baths of Germany, Italy, and England. Dr. John Jones, M.D., author of "The Baths of Bath's Aid," in 1572, is next introduced, and is followed by notable local physicians of later date, Dr. John Sherwood, Dr. Edward Jorden, and Dr. Tobie Venner, in the seventeenth century; Dr. Robert Peirce, who won the highest professional repute; Dr. T. Guidott, and Dr. E. Baynard, men of considerable literary talent, who bring us down to the Georgian era, and to the grand times of fashion and aristocracy at Bath.

Royal patronage had, indeed, conferred occasional favours on Bath during the Stuart reigns. King James I.'s consort, Queen Anne of Denmark, and Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., had sojourned here for the sake of the health-giving waters. But the place had then few artificial or social attractions. At the same time, it was forbidden by the superior commercial advantages of its neighbour, Bristol, to obtain any considerable trade. It had many handlooms employed in the manufacture of "Bath coating" and "Bath beaver," a sort of plush, but did not share the important broad-cloth industry of Frome and other western towns. The custom of the richer classes going to "watering-places," as well for a change in the manner of amusement as for refreshment after London dissipation, began towards the close of the seventeenth century. Bath seems to have taken the lead, which was followed, a quarter of a century later, by Tunbridge Wells. The Assembly Rooms had a presiding manager, styled Master of the Ceremonies, to which office, in 1704, Mr. Richard Nash was appointed, the famous "King of Bath," a man of real ability and public merit. He could not perform his multifarious and often delicate functions without making some personal enemies, and he was unjustly satirised and ridiculed as "Beau Nash;" in one of Smollett's novels he is made to appear an affected fop. The contemporary literature of the reign of George II., the biographical memoirs and correspondence, especially, of persons of any distinction, frequently refer to Bath; and its rapidly increasing importance was then shown by the building of fine streets—Great Pulteney-street is worthy of Mayfair in London—named after eminent persons of high rank. Pulteney, Earl of Bath, was one of the ablest and most influential Statesmen of the Walpole period, and was admired by Lord Chesterfield as the greatest of Parliamentary orators. To amateurs of eighteenth-century satire in verse, Anstey's "New Bath Guide," which is clever and humorous, must still be familiar; but it relates the whims and caprices of a world that has long passed away. Indeed, we feel this almost as strongly in reading our "Pickwick," written by Charles Dickens some fifty years ago, when he caricatured the orthodox rule of polite life at Ba-ath, in the behaviour of Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esquire, M.C., a successor of Beau Nash, who does the honours of the place to its visitors with an overpowering excess of civility. "The fat old lady?" inquired Mr. Pickwick innocently. "Hush, my dear Sir—nobody's fat or old in Ba-ath. That's the Dowager Lady Snuphanuph." "Is it, indeed?" said Mr. Pickwick. "No less a person, I assure you. That splendidly-dressed young man, coming this way, is the richest young man in Ba-ath at this moment. Young Lord Mutanhed. You'll hear his voice in a moment. He'll speak to me. Very re-markable!" And so it goes on; but Dickens, in 1837, was a Cockney, with little experience of provincial fashionable society, and probably drew to a large extent on his own fancy, and on his reading of the old humourists. Those who were acquainted with Bath, or with any other West of England city or county town, in their youth half a century since, can hardly admit the truth of such pictures, however amusing; or believe that the author then knew much of the manners he professed to describe.

With reference to our Illustrations of Bath, a few particulars remain to be mentioned. The Abbey Church, at the south end of High-street, is remarkable for the height of the clerestory and the oblong shape of the tower, which, from the number and size of its windows, in all fifty-two, has been called the "Lantern of England." Founded in 1500, and built in the shape of a Latin cross, in the pure Perpendicular style, it was in the last decade restored by Sir Gilbert Scott at a cost of £35,000. The only parish churches of which anything need be said are St. Swithin's, containing the remains of Christopher Anstey and Madame D'Arblay, whose writings have recently been revived; and St. Paul's, built when the demolition of St. Mary's Chapel was rendered necessary by the construction of a better approach to the Midland station. The little church of Thomas à Becket, at Widcombe, a short distance out of Bath, is worth a visit.

The baths and springs of mineral waters belong to the Corporation of the city. The Grand Pump-room is on the west side of the Abbey Church, and is the third of its kind which has occupied that site. It is a handsome building, which contains a marble statue of Nash, by Prince Hoare. The charge for occasionally drinking the water is twopence per glass; for regular visitors there is a fixed tariff. The most ancient of the baths is "The King's," close by the Grand Pump-room. It must have been built prior to 1542, for it is described by Leland, who that year saw it. The Queen's Bath, hard by, was erected in 1597 by Mr. Bellott, a munificent public benefactor and a very distinguished citizen, intimate with the Cecils, Elizabeth's Ministers; it was used by Queen Anne of Denmark, hence its name.

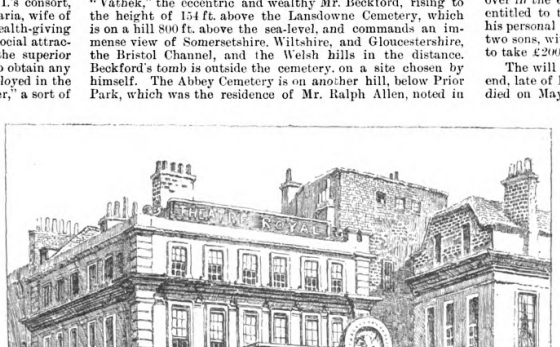
The Grand Pump-room stands on the western side of the abbey, and is much admired as a piece of classic architecture. The handsome building in Bath-street is the Grand Pump-room Hotel, in the southern wing of which will be found the splendid baths (undoubtedly the best in the city) erected in 1870 at a cost of £10,000 by the enterprising Corporation. Besides these, there are the Royal Private Baths, the Tepid Swimming Bath, the Cross Bath, and the Hot Bath, so called because of the height of its temperature, registering 130 deg. The thermal treatment is most prescribed for gout and rheumatism, and is also efficacious in indigestion, palsy, and cutaneous affections, as well as in some forms of nervous disorder.

Visitors to Bath will also see the Guildhall, in the High-street, erected towards the close of the last century; the adjoining Market; the Assembly Rooms, between Alfred-street and Bennett-street; and the Literary and Scientific Institution, facing the North Parade; as well as the Royal Victoria Park, laid out with rare skill, and abounding in attractions; the Sydney Gardens, finely timbered; and the bridges, from some of which charming views of the Avon valley may be commanded.

Bath has numerous charitable institutions and schools. Victoria Park has a lake, statuary, warlike trophies, rockwork, an orchestra, and other attractive features, with a great variety of really charming walks and views. The Sydney Gardens also are open to the public, through which, by a deep cutting, runs the Great Western Railway. One of the famous institutions of Bath is its archery club. The bridges are—the Old Bridge, erected in the fourteenth century, on which originally stood a small chapel, dedicated to St. Lawrence; Pulteney Bridge, erected in 1770, on either side of which are rows of shops; Cleveland Bridge, an iron one, connecting Bathwick-street and Walcot; the iron bridge uniting the North and South Parades; the Victoria Suspension Bridge, the Albert Suspension Bridge, and two railway bridges. On the summit of Lansdowne Hill stands the tower erected by the author of "Vathek," the eccentric and wealthy Mr. Beckford, rising to the height of 154 ft. above the Lansdowne Cemetery, which is on a hill 800 ft. above the sea-level, and commands an immense view of Somersetshire, Wiltshire, and Gloucestershire, the Bristol Channel, and the Welsh hills in the distance. Beckford's tomb is outside the cemetery, on a site chosen by himself. The Abbey Cemetery is on another hill, below Prior Park, which was the residence of Mr. Ralph Allen, noted in the reign of George II. as the designer and manager of country post-office communication, as a wealthy proprietor of stone-quarries, and a generous benefactor of the neighbourhood. His mansion, an elegant building adorned with sculpture, was visited by Pope, who wrote of its modest owner,

> Let humble Allen, with inquenious shame,
> Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

It was also at Prior Park that Fielding was a visitor when he wrote "Tom Jones." The house is now a Roman Catholic College.



THE THEATRE ROYAL, BATH.

Over 50,000 people visited the annual floral fête of the Shropshire Horticultural Society on Aug. 23 at Shrewsbury. All day long excursionists arrived from London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Cardiff, and other places. The receipts reached a total of £2500.

At the annual meeting of the Bath and Wells Diocesan Society, held on Aug. 23, the Archbishop of Taunton presented to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, on behalf of the archdeacons, rural deans, and clergy of the diocese, a gold and sapphire episcopal ring, together with an illuminated address and a cheque for £170, for any diocesan object he might select. The gift was specially made in connection with his eightieth birthday, which he celebrated on Aug. 20.

The preparations for the Jubilee Exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, which will be held next June in Windsor Great Park, under the presidency of the Queen, have already begun, as schedules have been issued of prizes for hops, jams, and preserved fruits to be competed for at that meeting. Prizes of £20 and £10 are offered for hops exhibited by the actual growers in each of the six following classes:—East Kent, Mid Kent, Weald of Kent, Hants or Surrey, Hereford or Worcester, and Sussex hops. The prizes for jams and preserved fruits are somewhat more elaborate, and are of especial interest in view of the fact that fruit-growing is a rising national industry, and that the Windsor Exhibition of next year will probably be the first preserved fruit show on record. There are two sets of prizes—one in which fruit growers and associations of fruit growers are alone allowed to compete, and the other for manufacturers of jams who are not fruit growers. Prizes of £6 and £4 (with a third prize of £2 in case six exhibitors compete) are offered in each of the following classes:—Jams, fruit jellies, bottled fruit, preserved fruit for dessert purposes, dried or evaporated fruits for cooking purposes, and fruit pulps. In each case the jams or fruits must be prepared exclusively from fruits grown in the United Kingdom in the year 1888. The entries close on Nov. 1 next for hops, and on Dec. 1 for jams and preserved fruits.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 30, 1881), with three codicils (dated May 26, 1887, and April 5 and June 12, 1888), of Colonel Edmund Ruck Keene, J.P., late of Swyncombe Park, Oxfordshire, who died on July 17 last, was proved on Aug. 17, by William Augustus Elmhirst and Captain George Ruck Keene, R.N., the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £77,000. The testator gives to his wife, who is already provided for by settlement, such horses, carriages, and jewellery as she may select; legacies to his executors, and an annuity to his butler. He provides a portion of £10,000 for his son William George Elmhirst Ruck Keene, and one of £7000 for his son Harry Launcelot Ruck Keene. The furniture, plate, pictures, and other articles at the mansion-house, Swyncombe Park, are made heirlooms to go therewith. All his real estate he leaves to his son who shall first attain twenty-one, and the residue of his personal estate to his son Charles Edmund Ruck Keene, who also succeeds to the settled family estates.

The will (dated Sept. 13, 1864), with a codicil (dated May 16, 1878), of Colonel Richard Byrd Levett, J.P., D.L., of the King's Own Stafford Rifles, late of Milford Hall, Baswick, Staffordshire, who died on July 7 last, was proved on Aug. 20 by Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Levett, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £47,000. The testator leaves the mansion-house, Milford Hall, with the pleasure-grounds and certain woods, and the furniture, plate, pictures, and effects, to his wife, for life, or until her marriage again, and then as to the said furniture, &c., to the person who succeeds to the said mansion-house. All his live and dead farming-stock he gives to his wife. His eldest son, Richard Walter Byrd Mirehouse, having been amply provided for by his maternal grandfather, he devises all his real estate in the counties of Stafford, Salop, and Chester, including Milford Hall on the death or marriage again of his wife, to the use of his second son, William Swinnerton Byrd Levett, for life, with remainder to such one of his sons as he shall appoint; but there is a gift over in the event of any person under such devise becoming entitled to the Sefton Abbey estate, Suffolk. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to all his children, except his said two sons, with the provision that his daughter, Isabel Mary, is to take £2000 more than any of the other residuary legatees.

The will (dated July 17, 1880) of Mr. Joseph Phipps Townsend, late of Downhills, Tottenham, and Walpole, Norfolk, who died on May 12 last, was proved on Aug. 16, by Miss Ellen Stanley Townsend, the daughter, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £47,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his daughters in equal shares.

The will (dated June 23, 1888) of Mr. Hugh Barklie Blundell M'Calmont, late of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, who died at Tunbridge Wells on June 24 last, was proved on Aug. 22 by Mrs. Edith Florence M'Calmont, the widow, and James Shaw Robinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £44,000. The testator gives all his household furniture, plate, pictures, silver, &c., to his wife, Mrs. Edith Florence M'Calmont; and £100 per annum to the trustees of the marriage settlements of each of his two daughters, Mrs. Ethel Elizabeth Robinson and Mrs. Margaret Anna Rawlins. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and on her death or re-marriage for his two daughters in equal shares. The testator states that the reason why his son Harry Leslie Blundell M'Calmont takes no interest under his will is because he is provided for elsewhere.

The will (dated May 28, 1883), with a codicil (dated Feb. 9, 1887), of the Rev. George William Darby, M.A., J.P., late of North Wingfield Rectory, Chesterfield, Derby, who died on July 16 last, was proved on Aug. 20 by Hugh James Barrow Darby, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator devises his lands and premises at Ely to his son George Barrow Darby; his land and hereditaments at Middlefen, Isle of Ely, to his son Hugh James Barrow Darby; and the school-house and houses at Fresfield, Norfolk, to his daughter Edith Elizabeth. He bequeaths £1000 each to his daughters, Mary Louisa and Edith Elizabeth; and £2000 each to his sons Charles Wilkins and Frederick William. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his said six children in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 4, 1885) of Mr. Joseph Berdoe, late of No. 27, Douglas-road, Canonbury, who died on May 23, was proved on Aug. 22 by Joseph Garden Berdoe and Clifford John Berdoe, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £200 to his daughter Amelia Rebecca Waddell; an annuity of £200 to Alice Louisa Goff; an annuity of £100 to Benjamin Hatfield; an annuity of £30 to his servant, Jane Hepburn; and there are some other bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said two sons in equal moieties.

Major-General D. Cameron has been selected for the appointment of Commandant of the Royal Military College of Canada.

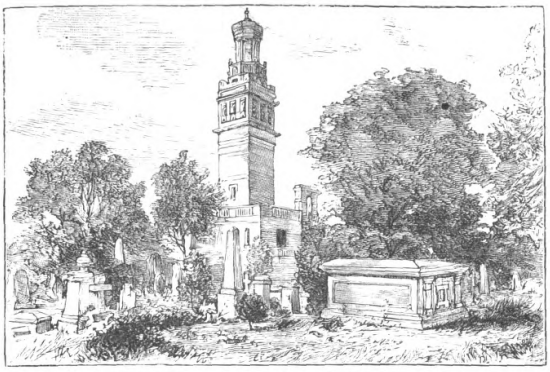
The Coroner's jury which inquired into the circumstances of the fatal accident on the South-Western Railway at Hampton Wick have returned a verdict of misadventure. At the same time they censure Parsons, the signalman at Kingston, and Pickles, the engine-driver; and make several recommendations for the safer management of the line.

Mr. Gladstone, addressing a horticultural meeting at Hawarden, spoke of the humanising influence of flower cultivation, and expressed his belief that the growth of fruit for jam-making purposes might be made a profitable pursuit. He further advocated an extension of spade husbandry, and urged that an organised system of collecting and forwarding agricultural produce would do much to reduce railway rates.

A missionary festival was held in Lincoln Cathedral on Aug. 23, a series of services being held to stir up missionary zeal, but in connection with no particular society. There was a large congregation at eight o'clock, when the Bishop of the diocese celebrated holy communion; and at eleven o'clock there was morning prayer, with a sermon by the Bishop of Colombo, there being present, besides the Dean and Chapter and a large gathering of clergy and laity from all parts of the diocese, the Bishops of North Carolina, Minnesota, Grahamstown, Caffraria, Dunedin, Nelson, and Honolulu. In the afternoon there was a meeting in the Chapter-house, followed by evensong in the nave at eight, with a sermon by the Bishop of Minnesota.

NEW BOOKS.

The Scenery of Scotland, viewed in connection with its Physical Geology. By Archibald Geikie, LL.D., F.R.S., Director-General of Geological Surveys (Macmillan).—In this age, which is not less scientific than æsthetic, many who love the various aspects of nature, especially those of the earths' surface, find their pleasure enhanced by learning how the mountains, the valleys and plains, the rivers and lakes, the outline of sea-coasts, and the beds of soil yielding one or

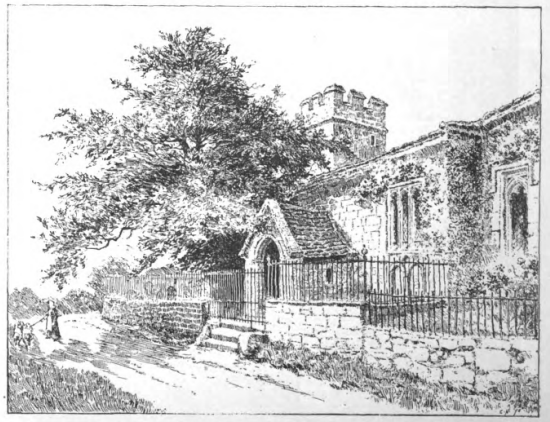


LANSDOWNE TOWER AND BECKFORD'S TOMB, NEAR BATH.

another kind of vegetation, were produced. No country in the world presents a more interesting subject of study, in this respect, than North Britain; its very map provokes intelligent curiosity, which it promises to satisfy by the striking distinctness of its main divisions in the view of physical geography. The tourist, either in the Highlands or in the Lowlands, or in the southern region of Scotland which Dr. Geikie is content to call the Uplands, and which is certainly not Lowlands, will enjoy his easy access to magnificent landscapes all the better after reading this excellent book. The author, who was Professor of Geology at Edinburgh and Director of the Scottish Geological Survey before his preferment to the head of the Geological Surveys of the United Kingdom, has personally examined every nook and corner of that country; besides which, his journeys of scientific observation in Europe and in North America have been partly employed in examining phenomena similar to those of Scotland. "Earth-sculpture" is the carving and moulding of the face of the land by such tools as the rain; the wind; the moisture of the air, and its effect in the chemical decomposition of rocks; the force of rivers, often armed with pebbles and boulders that grind away the banks or the bed; the sapping action of underground springs; the fracture of rocks by frost; above all, the irresistible planing and scooping-out work of immense, slowly-moving glaciers, which carry hard blocks of stone in their nether part, and thereby, with a vast superincumbent weight of ice, shear away the hills that obstruct their onward course, marking their mighty passage by scratches easily recognised along the sides of the widest valleys. The traces of these prodigious forces, and of alluvial deposits, old river-banks, lake-beaches, and sea-beaches of former inlets of the ocean, abound in most parts of North Britain; in addition to which those conditions of a more strictly geological character, the disturbances of beds of rock by upheaval or depression, are frequently attested by rifts and fractures and "faults," by inclines, declines, and "anti-clines," by the "cropping up" of lower strata, by layers placed in reverse order, and by isolated peaks of igneous rock, once molten masses, thrown up from volcanic eruption. If it be true, as we gravely suspect, that the romantic interest felt in what is called picturesque scenery arises partly from a sympathetic sense of the physical commotions, the destructive conflicts, the overwhelming conquests, by which a former state of things has been ruined or subdued and entirely transformed, Scottish topography, studied by the aid of Dr. Geikie, should appeal to the imagination like an historical epic poem. His work contains many explanations, of course, which are equally applicable to some other countries—for example, to Norway and Switzerland, where glacier action, more especially, has in great measure determined the present surface configuration; but Scotland, we believe, exhibits within a small space the greatest variety of results of diverse forces, marine, atmospheric, glacial, and fluvial, its sea-cliffs alone presenting a wonderful study of romantic "weathering," and its inland lochs being scarcely inferior to the Norwegian fjords. The main threefold natural division of the whole country, regarded as a large peninsula, is very clearly made out, and is seen at a glance in the beautiful coloured geological map at the end of this volume. The Northern Highlands, for the most part consisting of hard schists, gneiss, clay-slates, and greywacke, with eruptive masses of granite, syenite, and basalt, extend to the limit of a nearly straight line drawn from Kincardineshire, on the east coast, almost due south-west, to the Firth of Clyde. The Southern Highlands, as we might call them, extend from the coast of Berwickshire, likewise in a south-west direction, to the Mull of Galloway, including the Lammermuir Hills, the Pentlands, the elevated ranges of moorlands where the Tweed and the Clyde, the Teviot, the Ettrick and Yarrow, the Annan and Nith, and all the streams of the Border, and of south-western Scotland, begin to flow. In the middle region, between these two Highland masses, lie the Scottish Lowlands, comprising the lower straths and valleys of the Tay, the Forth, and the Clyde, the fertile Lothians, the invaluable carboniferous beds of Lanarkshire, the fair land of Ayrshire, the chief cities, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and many commercial or manufacturing towns, the mines of coal and iron, the seats of trade, industry, and wealth. In another map, that of "the glaciation of Scotland," Dr. Geikie puts before the eye, with striking effectiveness, the manner in which this Lowland Middle Region was cut down, and brought into its present shape, by the numerous glacier movements descending from the lofty ice-fields of the Highlands, north and south of it, while a space was left open for the deposit of sandstone in some places, carboniferous strata in others, gravel, alluvial soil, detritus from the hills, and all that there is on the surface of the plains. As for the incidental facts related by him, with regard to the seacoast, the cliffs, the Hebrides, and the Orkneys, the most remarkable "lochs," often far deeper than the sea around Scotland, and the solitary crags of volcanic rock, such as Arthur's Seat, and those of Edinburgh and Stirling Castles, the Lomonds of Fife, Tinto in Clydesdale, the Bass Rock, Ailsa Craig, and others well known, the mere enumeration would be long. His book is illustrated by above eighty wood-engravings, some of which are pretty views of scenery, others are outline sketches of hills, or geological diagrams. We earnestly recommend this volume, along with Baedeker's admirable Guide-book and Philips's little Atlas of the counties of Scotland, to those who intend to pass a few weeks in that country. Even the pursuit of grouse, of trout or salmon, or of deer, must leave to the sportsman a few vacant hours, and the tourist has a chance of being kept indoors by the rain. In reading Dr. Geikie, under those circumstances, the time will be agreeably and profitably spent.

Fifty Years Ago. By Walter Besant (Chatto and Windus).—The Jubilee of the Queen's Reign was a fit occasion for writers conversant with the political and social history of our times, and of our fathers' times, to look back half a century, and to compare the state of England then with its present condition. We have read several books of the kind, but none that is so readable as Mr. Besant's, though some of his opinions do not exactly coincide with our own judgment, and, when he uses statistics, which is but seldom, he states and works his sums otherwise than we should do. For instance, "The Army and Navy together in 1831 contained no more than 277,017 men, or half their present number," is a sentence not easily reconciled with current naval and military estimates. Administrative, economic, and arithmetical details may be learnt, if anybody wants them, from many duller compilations. The author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" is sure to contribute a kindly, humane, and genial sympathy with the poor and the labouring classes, a spirit of tolerance and benevolence, to the review of social progress. He does not come forward as a politician; and the legislative achievements on which he descants most vehemently are those prohibiting the cruelties formerly practised in the employment of children in factories and mines. We seem to be none the worse, if not yet much the better, for having obtained four of the Six Points of the "People's Charter." It is not amiss that every man should have a Parliamentary vote; Mr. Besant has great reliance on the good sense of Englishmen and Scotchmen. Democracy has its dangers, but an aristocracy made terrible and disastrous mistakes. The working classes are much better off than they were before; the eighteenth century was for them a dismal time of hard servitude and degradation. In his view, the state of affairs in 1837 was a continuation of the dreary social stupidity of the eighteenth century. He is not old enough to remember, among the impressions of his childhood, the glow of hopeful enthusiasm with which men of that time who cherished Liberal sentiments, calling themselves Whigs or Radicals, urged bold and wise schemes of Reform. All his knowledge of the period is derived from reading, and that of a kind of literature which reflects more the influence of manners, habits, and minor morals, than the pregnant ideas conceived in the minds of public leaders and teachers. The flourishing popular authors between 1830 and 1840 do not present a very imposing array. There were novelists, Lytton Bulwer, Disraeli, Theodore Hook, Lady Blessington, Harrison Ainsworth, Captain Marryat, and G. P. R. James; Dickens and Thackeray were beginning; of the poets, Tennyson and Browning had written some poems, but were not yet deemed fountains of supreme inspiration; James Montgomery, Milman, Procter, Henry Taylor, Talfourd, Ebenezer Elliott, were making poetry; Sir Archibald Alison was compiling a history; Carlyle had written "Sartor Resartus" and the "French Revolution." Wordsworth and Southey, though living, added little to their former works, nor did Moore, Campbell, or Rogers. It was, unquestionably, a languid season for the literature of imagination, humour, and fancy, and for everything of original design in Art; but criticism was profitably employed, and fresh thought was directed to serious problems. Mr. Besant is rather severe on the graceful "Annuals," such as the "Keepsake" and "Forget-me-not," the latter of which, indeed, he does not mention, but one that we preserve contains some pretty and clever pieces. Tom Hood, a genuine humourist and true poet, deserved notice before Douglas Jerrold. Yet we must agree, in the main, with his estimate of the slenderness of original literary talent in that age, when Byron and Scott had departed. The old portraits of many well-known authors, some connected with *Fraser's Magazine* or the *New Monthly*, are reproduced in this volume, as well as some of old George Cruikshank's quaint pictures of Cockney life, reminding us indeed of "Fifty Years Ago." Those who now read "Pickwick" or "Sketches by Boz," "Oliver Twist" or "Nicholas Nickleby," may get a vivid notion of London in the days when Queen Victoria was young. Mr. Besant's commentary is that of a diligent searcher, apparently, in contemporary newspaper reports or chronicles of daily events, to which he applies the light of more recent experience. He is evidently rather glad that his prime of manhood did not fall in that time, and we are glad that he belongs to the present and the future. In one particular, however, he is "laudator temporis acti"; he wishes to see a revival of pugilistic prize-fighting. On the other hand, he rejoices in the provision, to which he has personally rendered great services, of pure and refined entertainments and means of cheerful recreation for the working classes. He denounces the old practices of drinking at taverns, gambling at clubs, cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and other cruel sports, which we fear are not yet extinct. Against the diminution of these pernicious courses, at any rate, must be set the vast spread of betting on horse-races among the lower middle-class. The London theatres are not so good as they were for the intellectual culture of such people as these who used to go to the pit of the Olympic or the Lyceum for half-a-crown. Our gains, indeed, are very considerable; good penny newspapers, cheap editions of all good books that are not copyright; attractive and instructive exhibitions, and the Crystal Palace; excursions at moderate cost, and with quick travelling, everywhere in the British Islands or in Europe; decency, order, comfort, and quiet, in our homes and generally in the streets. "Society," of which in the past Mr. Besant has something to say, in the circles of rank and fashion, or in the middle classes, will live according to its own taste; let it dine at seven or eight, instead of three o'clock, drink any sort of wine it prefers, and the ladies wear any dresses they like. The greatest happiness of the greatest number is best consulted by social and domestic freedom, which is surely more attainable now than it was fifty years ago.

The Makers of Venice: Doges, Conquerors, Painters, and Men of Letters. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "The Makers of Florence" (Macmillan).—The increasing debt of acknowledgment, on behalf of contemporary literature, to this accomplished lady writer, who has given us many good novels, biographies, critical dissertations, and studies of history, can only be estimated by a general reader of varied tastes and sympathies. In this handsome volume, a worthy companion to her "Makers of Florence," she relates the stirring feats of enterprise and the adventurous vicissitudes, grand strokes of valour, policy, and practical genius, and the triumphs of art, especially in the department of painting, which earned glory for the citizens of Venice. The first part of her work consists of the political transactions of some of the more celebrated Doges, from Pietro Orsolo, elected in 976, whose family went through romantic actions and sufferings, to the Michieli, the famous Dandolo and Gradenigo, the Falieri and Foscari, whose pathetic stories are the subjects of Byron's noble dramatic poetry; and to the humiliation of their office of supreme dictatorship in the fourteenth century. "By Sea and by Land" is the title of a series of brilliant pictures of maritime and military exploits, intermingled with great perils and disasters, from the middle of the thirteenth to the middle of the fifteenth century. It reminds us of the classical narrative of Thucydides; for the great siege of Venice by the Genoese, in 1380, presents incidents not less remarkable than the Athenian siege of Syracuse. The efforts of proud courage and patriotic devotion in a beleaguered sovereign city naturally excite our respectful sympathy, in all ages of history; and Venice in those times bred individual commanders, such as Vittore Pisani and Carlo Zeno, equal in manly virtue, perhaps in ability, to the most eminent Greeks. From the point of view of general history, the constant efforts of the two rival Italian maritime Republics to secure, against each other, the predominance of Eastern commerce and colonisation, demand special attention. Venetian manhood, however, seeking employment chiefly at sea, the usual instruments of land warfare were those bands of mercenaries who became the pest of the country; and the military art, or profession, was practised with success by skilful Condottieri devoid of the sentiment of public duty. The most famous leader, Francesco Carmagnola, a Savoyard, whose Milanese campaigns in the Venetian service were followed by his execution under an accusation of treason, has evidently received a favourable consideration from Mrs. Oliphant, and appears somewhat of a hero in her pages. Colleoni, a native of Bergamo, whose portrait ends the series of these fighting men, was luckier than his great predecessor, and his reputation is conspicuously associated with the power of Venice at its height. To some readers, no doubt, the most attractive section of this book will be that concerning the Venetian painters and those who came to live and work in Venice; the two brothers Bellini, from Padua, and the Sicilian Antonello, who had the secret of rendering flesh tints and surface in portraits; Carpaccio, who showed the manner in which Art could tell a story, and could impart the charm of romance to figures of the saints; the splendid, mighty, delightful Titian, the uncrowned King of painters, who lived ninety years with increasing renown; Tintoretto, a giant in art; Paolo Veronese, the delineator of ideal palace interiors and costumed groups; and others known to every connoisseur. Their lives, indeed, have often been written; but Mrs. Oliphant's last chapters, an account of eminent men of letters, including Petrarch during his residence at Venice, the native historians, Sabellico and Sanudo, and several learned scholars, with Aldus, the exquisite printer and classical editor, and his son Manutius, contain particulars not so familiar to ordinary readers. This volume is illustrated with nearly fifty engravings, mostly from drawings by Mr. R. R. Holmes; its frontispiece is that fine portrait of the Doge Loredano, by Giovanni Bellini, which is in our National Gallery, the calm, thin, gentle, firm, and thoughtful face of an aged statesman, in dainty and delicate attire, expressive of moral and intellectual force, and of enduring patience, more winning and even more commanding than that of any warrior prince: and such men were some of the rulers of Venice.

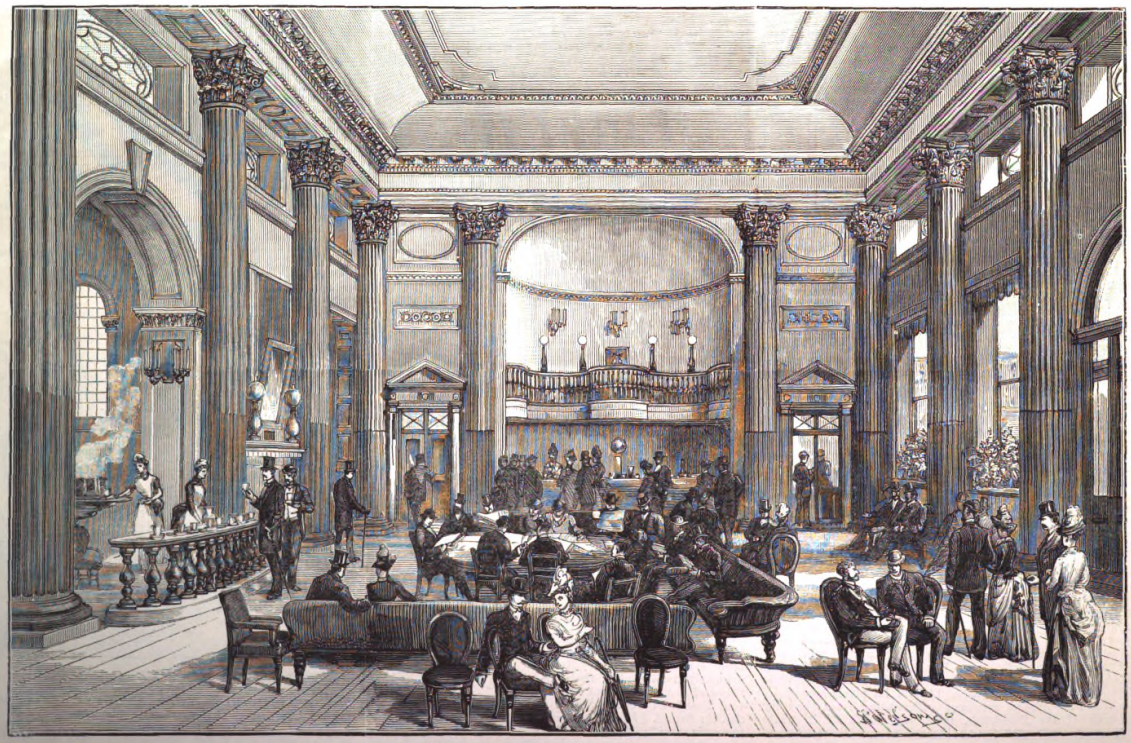


CHARLCOMB CHURCH, NEAR BATH.

BATH, AND THE MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF SCIENCE.

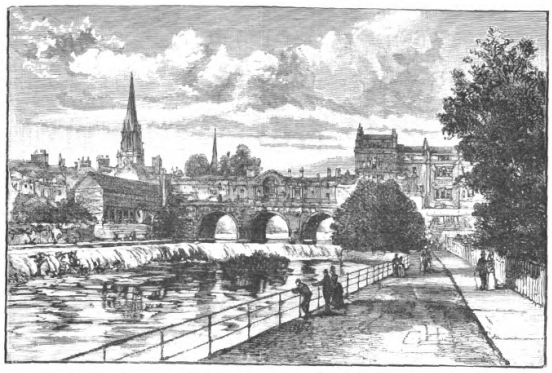


THE ABBEY CHURCH, COLONNADE, AND GRAND PUMP-ROOM.

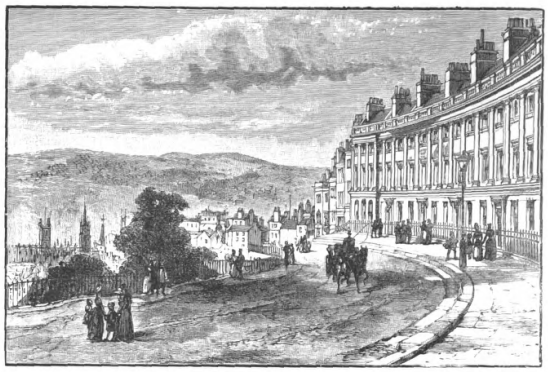


INTERIOR OF THE GRAND PUMP-ROOM.

BATH, AND THE MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF SCIENCE.



PULTENEY BRIDGE.



CAMDEN CRESCENT.

THE GRAND PUMP-ROOM, BATH.

This room, erected in 1796, under the direction of Mr. Baldwin, the City Architect, is situated in the Abbey Yard, adjoining the King's Public and Private Baths. Its architecture is Corinthian; it is eighty-five feet in length, fifty-six in breadth, and thirty-four in height, affording ample space for promenading to those who drink the waters. In the recess at its east end is a marble statue of Mr. Nash, executed by Prince Hoare; the right hand of the figure rests upon a pedestal, on the face of which is delineated a plan of the Bath Royal Mineral Water Hospital, towards the establishment of which national charity Mr. Nash greatly contributed by his exertions in obtaining donations of money, and of which he was one of the Treasurers, from the time that it was opened for the reception of patients, in 1742, until his decease in 1761. At the west end is an orchestra for the band, which attends there daily during the winter months. There are three entrances on the northern side, opposite to the principal entrance; within an apse on the southern side is a fountain, which is supplied direct from the spring, with a continuous stream of mineral water, at a temperature of 114 deg. Fahrenheit. The supply of water from the spring to the fountain amounts to eight gallons and a half a minute. This room is opened on week-days from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. during the whole year; on Sundays from 12.15 p.m. to 2 p.m. throughout the year. At the south-western end of the Pump-room there is a convenient entrance to the King's Baths. The private baths are on the upper storey. To all the baths convenient and comfortable dressing-rooms and closets are attached, containing every requisite for the invalid. In addition to the baths, there are two douche-rooms, and a room containing a thermal vapour and shower-bath of the most approved construction. Also quite recently two handsome rooms, 19 ft. high, have been added, the walls and ceilings of which are lined with tiles. These rooms are used as Aix-les-Bains douches, approached through either of two dressing-rooms, which are so arranged as to economise the time of the bathers. They are for the local application of the water, in contrast with the douche used in the bath. The distribution of water may be regulated by the attachment of large, small, or perforated nozzles to the douche-pipe, or it may be more gently applied by means of the perforated or rose nozzle. Here also are provided tepid and cold mineral water, as well as hot douches. There are two closets heated with hot air, from which warm towels, flannel, and linen are supplied to the bathers. From March until September, all the above-mentioned baths are open to the public from six a.m. till nine p.m.; and from September to March from seven a.m. to nine p.m.; on Sundays, throughout the year, from seven a.m. to half-past nine a.m.

With regard to the medicinal qualities of the Bath waters, used for drinking, we learn from Mr. H. W. Freeman's book, "The Thermal Baths of Bath, with the Aix Massage and Natural Vapour Treatment," that chemical analysis proves the chief mineral ingredients to be sulphate of lime, chloride of sodium, chloride of magnesium, and sulphate of soda; the proportion of iron hitherto detected is comparatively small. The gases evolved from the waters are carbonic acid, nitrogen, and oxygen. To the carbonic acid gas is owing the sparkling appearance of the water, when drawn fresh from the spring. "It is a powerful stimulant of the nervous system; and its effects in contributing to restore pliability to stiffened limbs, especially when applied in a gaseous form to the surface of the body, and in alleviating certain forms of paralysis by reflex stimulation of the nerve terminals, are well known." The quantity of nitrogen contained in the Bath waters, amounting to 97 per cent of the gaseous matter yielded by them, may, in the opinion of Sir Lyon Playfair, have beneficial effects, though physiologists scarcely know why. Drinking these waters fresh from the spring will raise and accelerate the pulse, increase the temperature of the body, and excite the secretions. It may be well to enumerate some of the forms of disease in which the waters are internally useful—namely, in gout and rheumatic affections, in certain forms of chronic skin diseases (especially if gouty); and in the various irregular manifestations of gout, such as gastric and intestinal catarrh, dyspepsia, acidity of stomach, biliary obstructions, certain forms of anæmia in females, nervous debility, the debility also which follows in most acute diseases, and visceral catarrh. Cases, on the other hand, in which the Bath waters should be avoided are lung disorders, asthma, erysipelas, exanthemata, apoplexy, epilepsy, hemorrhages, cancer, general plethora, acute congestions running on to high fevers. A course of the waters is usually prescribed for three weeks.



THE CIRCUS.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

This is the period of the year when the highest possibilities of ease in female costume are suddenly realised. What can be more comfortable than the dress that is worn on the moors? The most orthodox costume there is a short, kilted skirt of tweed, scarce reaching to the ankles, and innocent of all weighty and cumbrous "artificial protrusions of draperies," as George Eliot put it. Beneath this there is worn either knickerbockers and gaiters, or what may by courtesy be called "a divided skirt," but might bear another name. The bodice is a loose one; generally the Norfolk form, with its three pleats, and its waist only confined to the figure by a band and buckle; or, perhaps, a little cut-away coat, fastened with three buttons, and showing a bit of vest above and below. The hat is a soft felt one, trimmed only with a bow of ribbon and so pliable that it fits easily on the head, and could be doubled up and used for a pillow without injury. The boots are thick-soled and flat-heeled—high in the leg if gaiters are not worn. What more than all this could the most ardent dress-reformer desire?

Such a costume as I have described is being worn by the Comtesse de Paris, who is proving herself so excellent a shot. This fact alone, it is true, does not indicate much about general fashion, for her Royal Highness avails herself of her privilege of position in order always to dress as she sees fit. "A Duchess can do as she pleases," whether it be marrying a man young enough to be her grandson or dressing herself to suit her own fancy. The Comtesse de Paris does not make so great a change in her ordinary costume when she goes to the moors as most women do in donning that sort of garb. The Empress of Austria, when rusticating last year at Cromer, used to amaze the natives by walking about without any hat or bonnet, carrying a big sunshade open in one hand, and a sandal-wood fan of similar dimensions in the other hand. Our own Queen's indifference to fashion and preference for comfort is well known. When shall we humbler women venture to call our heads and shoulders our own, to clothe to our own taste? Well, small beginnings produce great results sometimes; it is something to reflect how many women are wearing comfortable and healthy dress just now, with the excuse of the moors to encourage them in it.

The achievement of a little girl of twelve years of age, Miss Florence Morse, in reaching the highest pinnacle of Mont Blanc—being the youngest person who has ever done so—will not, it is to be hoped, lead to an epidemic of juvenile athletic feats. Man is an imitative animal. One infant prodigy in climbing may as readily produce others, as we have seen this season that one youthful musical wonder is followed by another and still another. The little girl who has accomplished this climb is more to be congratulated on her strength and pluck than the older people responsible for her effort are on their discretion. Certainly, such an exertion is less likely to be permanently injurious to a child of twelve than it would be to a girl two or three years older. But it is always a risk to put a severe strain on the immature muscles and the sensitive circulation of a child, sex apart; and it is to be hoped that this exploit will not be considered one to be emulated.

However, that such a way of winning an early fame should have been chosen for a girl by her friends is significant of the change in opinion about bodily strength in women. Can it be only a century ago that the good Dr. Gregory, in his "Letters to his Daughters," a work received by the parents of a whole generation as a most appropriate compendium of the duty of woman, advised the girls never to boast of possessing good health? The end and aim of Dr. Gregory's teachings to his motherless girls was admittedly to *make them pleasant to men*—"to point out," as he put it, "those virtues and accomplishments which render you most respectable and most amiable in the eyes of my own sex." One of these special attractions was, *according to the fatherly* physician, emphatically *not* to be able to climb Mont Blanc. "*Though good health* be one of the greatest blessings of life, never make a boast of it," he enjoins the female sex. "We [i.e., men] so naturally associate the idea of female softness and delicacy with a corresponding delicacy of constitution, that when a woman speaks of her great strength, her extraordinary appetite, her ability to bear excessive fatigue, we *recoil* in a way she is little aware of!" The *modern* man, happily, on the whole, for his sisters, has got over that extreme sensibility. He not only does not "recoil from" a woman in good health, but he plays tennis with her, and rides behind her in working partnership on a tandem tricycle. It is worthy of note that in the same book in which that unwholesome, that effete, that mischievous, demand of men for sickliness in women was spoken of as a thing to which women must conform, the author added that the sex was thought very little of in that age. "*Men forsake your drawing-rooms*, and after dinner and supper are impatient for the moment for you to retire." So our comparative emancipation from the obligation to be physically feeble has at least not reduced us beneath the level of our foremothers in the estimation of the lordly sex; to be "amiable and respectable" in whose eyes is—well, after all, is in very truth, a main ambition for us, as it was in the past, and still in the future must be.

At the Normandy seaside resorts of Paris fashion the number of close-fitting hats is one of the features of the promenade. Cricketing caps are very generally worn in mornings, and yachting caps, with "cheese-cutter" peaks, are also pretty common; but the newest thing is the Scotch bonnet, which is really a very becoming shape to a pretty young face. When made in a dark green or blue tartan, trimmed only with a Cairngorm brooch or silver thistle out of which possibly a few grouse feathers rise, Highland bonnets have a certain style, and are novel to boot. Most of the French straw hats, following the "Tosca" style, have almost flat crowns with a mass of flowers piled on them, and big brims open in front—being more, in fact, like bonnets than hats, except that they are worn rather too far forward on the head for the former title. Tiny combs with jewelled tops are very fashionable amongst these rusticating fair Parisiennes. The little combs in question are used to catch up the loose ends of the back hair, which it is fashionable to curl along the nape of the neck for evenings, and which would straggle when uncurled without the helpful little combs. These are only about two inches long, and the stones with which their small tops are encrusted are generally cheap, though real—such as garnets, or very tiny pearls and turquoises mixed. Long, loose cloaks trimmed with a profusion of lace in waterfalls down the front, and intermixed with loops and ends of ribbon, are much worn as wraps; and it is probable therefore that in the autumn they will be seen in England, replacing the tight-fitting long coat of which, surely, we are all too weary to be reconciled to its continuance by the simple expedient of Directoire revers and big waist-buttons being added. The newest jackets from Paris houses are very short. Some are trimmed with straps, from shoulder to waist, of either braid or leather. The cloths used in making them have all a smooth, highly-finished surface, with which the new leather trimming goes admirably.

A movement is on foot to present Mrs. Hodgson Burnett with an address, signed by her brother and sister-authors, congratulating and thanking her on the brave and successful stand which she has made against the robbery, hitherto legal, of novelists' brains, by plays being made without their consent from their plots and characters. I am not a novelist, but I can admire Mrs. Burnett's courage and resolution, and hope she will like her address. Title, plot, and dialogue are not, however, quite all that there is in a play, and novelists may yet find themselves obliged to yield the greater part of the profits on plays founded on novels to the adaptor, who knows stagecraft—the construction and possibilities of a drama. Mrs. Bancroft mentions that she was obliged to decline a play by Ouida for want of such qualities; and though most novelists would doubtless be glad to write plays if they could, there are but very few instances, even in France, and hardly any in England, of a popular story-writer being also a successful dramatist.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

NEW ZEALAND COLONISATION.

Mr. W. L. Rees, representing the European inhabitants of the east coast and the native races of New Zealand, is on a visit to this country for the purpose of laying before the Government a scheme for providing occupation for a portion of the surplus labour population of the United Kingdom. Mr. Rees, who is accompanied by Wi Peri, a Maori chief, aims at co-operative colonisation, and he is in communication not only with the Government, but with various co-operative bodies, on the subject. He proposes to utilise the surplus labour of England upon the waste lands of the Colonies, and if he is at all successful the natives are willing to hand over for a settlement several millions of acres of land, in addition to the 300,000 acres which they have already given up on the east coast of the North Island, which possesses fine frontages to the sea. Mr. Rees, being a delegate from the Trades and Labour Congress of New Zealand, has placed himself in communication with Mr. Broadhurst. Lord Lothian has asked Mr.



BROAD-STREET, BATH.

Rees to prepare plans to lay before a Parliamentary Committee, as he thinks that the Scotch people, especially the crofters, will give the matter their cordial support.

We are informed that the fund raised for the benefit of the widow and two children of the late Mr. Richard Jefferies amounts in all to £1514 10s. 5d., including the interest on the money while it was lying in bank, and has been invested in the names of trustees, who are Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Alfred Buckley (New-hall, Salisbury), and Mr. C. J. Longman.

The Association of Public Sanitary Inspectors of Great Britain held their summer meeting at Brighton on Aug. 25. Dr. Richardson read an address by Mr. Edwin Chadwick, the president (who is eighty-nine years of age), in which he showed the progress that had been made in the reduction of the death-rate by the development of sanitation during the last seven years. Dr. Ewart read a paper on the sanitation of Brighton. The members then visited the local waterworks and the sewage works.

Mr. De Keyser, the Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and by the Sheriffs, visited Termonde, his native place, on Aug. 26. A magnificent reception awaited him; triumphal arches had been erected, and several presents were made to the distinguished visitor by deputations from Antwerp and Brussels. The Burgomaster delivered an address of welcome, and in reply the Lord Mayor alluded to the services of England in securing the independence of Belgium, and the friendly relations which bound the two countries together. At a subsequent banquet, the Burgomaster stated that the King had bestowed on the Lord Mayor the Grand Cross of the Order of Leopold.

The dead body of a man, dismembered, was found on the railway near Coventry on the day after Bank Holiday. There was no means of establishing his identity, and, after the inquest, the body was buried as that of an unknown. Immediately over the man's heart was discovered a long tress of woman's hair; and by this tress he has been identified. Miss F. Thacker, a young lady of Wolverhampton, saw, a day or two ago, a paragraph in a newspaper giving some particulars of the deceased, and she concluded that he was William Bromley, a native of Crick, near Rugby. Bromley had for some time lived at Wolverhampton, and had been engaged to Miss Thacker, and she went to Coventry to inspect the clothes and other property found on deceased. She recognised a small microscope and the sleeve-links which he wore, and when shown the hair found that it was her own. Some time ago he promised to spend Bank Holiday with Miss Thacker, at Wolverhampton. He did not, however, and she believes that, being short of money, he was walking along the railway between the two towns when he was overtaken by a train and killed.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

The holiday-season of science is already on the wane. The custom of holding "movable feasts" of scientific nature seems to be growing upon us. The British Medical Association held "high jinks" at Glasgow; the British Association for the Advancement of Science will soon be in the hey-day of its annual outing; the various sanitary societies have already enjoyed their excursions into the provinces; and in a few days, at most, the peripatetic philosophers will return to their usual haunts, there to rest, chrysalis-like, till the next season summons them to public activity. It is remarkable that so widespread an interest is evoked by scientific men and scientific affairs; but our wonder may perchance be decreased somewhat if we reflect that everywhere there is a scientific leaven at work, moulding, reforming, and altering our conceptions of men and things. In the schools, science-lessons now happily form part of the educational curriculum. In our homes we discuss the science articles in the newspapers and magazines; and, although we may not yet have attained to the dignity of "prattling about protoplasm" in our drawing-rooms, none the less is it true that science-teaching is pervading the world to an extent of which those who live outside the world of science are scarcely aware.

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There is promise of great things in this extension of such knowledge to the masses. For one thing, I opine, we shall all have our range of mere conversation, and our interest in the world in which we live, extended and enlarged as a result of this educational enterprise. Your ordinary mortal is, scientifically speaking, a nonentity. He knows little or nothing of the world in which he lives; and the commonest phases of his life—the rising and setting of the sun, the relations of insects to flowers, the meaning of the fossils he sees in the rocks, and the hundred-and-one other incidents which environ his life—are all so many unheeded, because unknown, facts of Nature. You can literally exhaust the intellectuality of the ordinary young man (or young woman) after five minutes' conversation at lawn tennis or at the dinner-table. Given the last novel, the most recent play or opera, and the latest social chronicle, in the way of a fashionable marriage, for instance, and your ordinary neighbour is mentally *non est*, as a rule. But given an interest in science and in the great world of things, incidents, and events which science discloses, and you open up vistas of mental enjoyment literally boundless in extent. This is, in truth, the great plea for science-culture all the world over. It is not that science is to make us learned, or encyclopædic in our education; and still less is it that scientific knowledge *is to* make us pedantic. But if we succeed in making science-details open up for us the heavens above and the waters beneath, we may find our lives made to encompass a richer harvest of thought and culture than is possible to even a high degree of literary education alone. This is the real plea for the *rôle* science has to play in common life. If our British Associations and our Social Science Congresses accomplish this much for us—that they give us an increased interest in the work of those who are ferreting out the secrets of Nature, and that they enlarge our views of life and its mental pleasures—then shall the children of "sweetness and light" be rewarded for their labours in the way of scientific research.

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Mr. Edison's phonograph, at length, seems to have reached the stage of development at which it may be declared to be an unqualified scientific success. I have before me a paper in which Mr. Edison prophesies for that instrument a great future in the business and social relations of the world. The instruments sent by Mr. Edison to England have certainly reproduced in a marvellous fashion the words and other sounds wherewith they were charged. The future of the phonograph may, therefore, well be all that its inventor claims for it. Our friends, finding us absent from home when they call, will speak their message into the phonographs, which, doubtless, will be placed handy on the lobby-table. We shall speak our "letters" into the instrument, and post the wax cylinders to our friends, who, by placing them, in turn, in their own instruments, will hear our voices reproduced. Foreign letters will then become things of even deeper interest than now, since we shall be able to hear the accents of our friends abroad instead of having to peruse their written words. The wax cylinders, moreover, can be preserved like letters, and made to reproduce as often as may be required the voice-tones which have been impressed upon them. The telephone has proved itself a marvellous aid in the conduct of human affairs. The phonograph certainly seems destined to parallel the telephone in respect of a like success.

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The spread of ambulance-teaching is a gratifying feature of that education which includes both old and young in its scope. It is more than interesting to hear an ambulance-class being taught, and to note how eagerly the principles of "first aid to the injured" are imbibed by "all sorts and conditions of men" and women; indeed, as far as ambulance instruction is concerned, I should say the gentler sex are more frequently in a position to exercise their knowledge than are their male neighbours. Mothers, nurses, and others are always in a position to deal at once with domestic accidents, and many a life has been saved at home from such accidents as choking, burning, bleeding, and so forth, by the timely and prompt aid which the ambulance student is able to afford. I have in my possession quite a collection of newspaper-cuttings detailing the utility of "first aid" in the accidents and emergencies of life; and I am pleased to be able to add yet another item to this interesting list. Recently a man at Wylam-on-Tyne sustained a severe wound of his arm which severed the principal vessels. A bystander at once applied a tourniquet (made with a stick and a handkerchief) over the main artery of the upper arm, and checked the dangerous bleeding. But for this timely aid, the man, as the doctor subsequently in attendance declared, would have perished. Earnestly enough, therefore, may we advocate that senior boys and girls, before they leave school, should be trained in ambulance work. Personally, I know this kind of instruction is thoroughly appreciated by the young, who are easily interested in scientific details, when these details are clearly and popularly taught.

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I observe that in the State of New York, electricity as a means of capital punishment has been approved of by "the powers that be." That there are no practical difficulties in the way of instantaneously killing a man by means of the electrical current, properly and dextrously applied, is a plain fact. Executions are gruesome events enough under any circumstances; but one cannot help thinking that if the law is to demand life for life, the sacrifice should be accomplished, in the interests of mercy and decency, with somewhat of the rapidity wherewith electricity promises to accomplish the task. Recent executions in England have not tended to increase our respect for the manner in which the extreme sentence of the law is carried out. The medical journals protest against the common mode of execution, and I opine that what America has done in this matter may be followed up with advantage by ourselves.

ANDREW WILSON.

PROGRESS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The annual statement of the general progress at the British Museum contains the following particulars:—

A commencement has been made of an exhibition of the Greek and Roman sepulchral monuments and other sculpture hitherto stored away in imperfectly-lighted rooms in the basement of the Museum. Intended structural alterations have been postponed owing to disappointment in the necessary supply of funds asked for, and promised, for the past year. It is expected that provision for these works will be made in the grant for the year 1888-89, and that the remainder of the monuments will find adequate exhibition space in a well-lighted lower floor of the present room. From apprehension of injury by exposure to light and changes of atmosphere, it has been found necessary to remove from the walls of the north-west staircase the framed Egyptian papyri exhibited there for many years, but a small selection has been placed on view in the Upper Egyptian Gallery. The wall-space of the staircase will be covered with mosaics from Carthage, Halicarnassus, and other sites, many of them not before exhibited.

In the other gallery has been placed on view an extensive series of Japanese paintings, with a few early Chinese works, taken from the collection formed by Mr. William Anderson during a residence of many years in Japan, and purchased from him in the year 1883. They will remain on exhibition for some time, and will afterwards be replaced by European works from the general collection of prints and drawings. Printed books and manuscripts illustrating the history of shorthand writing have been exhibited in the King's Library, on the occasion of the celebration of the invention.

It is necessary to recur to the subject of inadequacy of the present reading-room for accommodation of the ever-increasing number of applicants for admission, to which attention was drawn in the return for the year 1885. It was then stated that the number of visitors to the room had risen from 105,310 in the year 1875 to 159,340; and it has advanced to 182,778 for the year 1887. No further addition can be made to the number of seats without inconveniently diminishing the desk space allotted to each reader. The room is frequently overcrowded; and what is to be feared is that literary men engaged in genuine research will gradually find themselves pressed out of use of the room by the throng of readers for general information. The wants of this numerous class of visitors would be better satisfied in a separate room, suitably furnished with modern works; and, unless the principle of limiting admission to the present reading-room to purposes of research is adopted, which cannot be recommended, and would, indeed, be extremely difficult to enforce, a measure of this nature may be considered indispensable.

The interruption since the year 1882 of the exploration for antiquities in Assyria and Babylonia, by reason of the refusal of the Turkish Government to renew the firman under which it had been carried on for many years, has caused the abandonment of important sites in those countries to the operations of native diggers. It is to be feared that there has been much destruction and dispersal of inscribed tablets in consequence. Partially-excavated sites, in which collections of these documents were found, and in which, without doubt, more remained to be unearthed, are exposed to the reckless explorations of the Arabs, and the records of these ancient empires are being scattered, or altogether destroyed.

THE WHEAT CROP IN INDIA.

A report has been received from the Government of India giving the Final General Memorandum on the wheat crop of the season 1887-88. It states:—There was, especially in the autumn, a deficiency in the outturn of food-grains in many parts of India during the year 1887-88, but not so great as in the two previous years. This was in some parts of India compensated by the general satisfactory results of the spring harvest of 1888. In the northern half of India a considerable falling off in the outturn of food crops was experienced for the four harvests in succession (i.e., two in the spring and two in the autumn) which preceded the recent wheat harvest of last spring (1888). The surplus stocks in Bengal and the Central Provinces were drained during 1887-88 for requirements in the North-West Provinces, which imported in the last quarter of 1887, from Bengal, Punjaub, and the Central Provinces, about 25,000 tons of food-grains in excess of the amount imported from Bengal, the Punjaub, and the Central Provinces during the same quarter of the previous year. The conditions above noted led to a universal tendency towards a rise in prices, which culminated in the months preceding the recent spring harvest, when the prospects were, in consequence of the delay in the winter fall of rain in Northern India, unfavourable. As soon as the results of the spring harvest were assured by the occurrence of sufficient rainfall, a decline in prices commenced throughout India, which was entirely independent of the export demand in Europe.

The Duke of Westminster has divided twenty-five acres of land between Chester and Eaton Hall into quarter-acre allotments, which he has let to one hundred mechanics and labourers. The scheme is a great success, every allotment being taken up and worked by spade husbandry.

The Anglo-Danish Exhibition at South Kensington was finally closed on Aug. 25. The exhibition was opened on May 14 by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the object being to raise funds for the rebuilding of the British Home for Incurables at Clapham, which was the first institution in England to receive the patronage of the Princess of Wales after her marriage, and it was also designed to celebrate the silver wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales. It is stated to have been successful financially notwithstanding the unfavourable weather and other adverse circumstances. The bright weather on the closing day drew a large attendance.

The Committee of Council for Agriculture have made their first grants out of the sum of £5000 placed at their disposal by the Government for the present financial year in aid of Agricultural and Dairy Schools. The Cheshire County Dairy School at Worleston, which has done remarkably well this season, receives £150 for the year; the Aspatria Agricultural College gets £250; the Ayrshire Dairy Association, £120; the Wigtownshire Dairy Association, £101; the Kirkcudbright and the Dumfriesshire Associations, £70 and £28 respectively. The largest sum allotted, £300, goes to the Edinburgh University; while the Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College receives a grant of £200.

A young lady in Southport, who has a fortune in her own right, and is the daughter of a banker in that town, has been "mated to a clown." She became enamoured of a handsome young clown named Carilland while he was performing at a circus. She succeeded in meeting him, and the pair left Southport together. The station-master at Bolton received a telegram asking him to detain "a lame young lady who was travelling by the Southport train"; but it so happened that there were two lame young ladies in the train, and he arrested the wrong one. In the meantime the banker's daughter and her lover made their way to the Bolton Registry Office, and were duly married.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E J WINTER WOOD.—Thanks for letter and enclosure. We shall publish the problem, and note your success at the same time.

T T CASS.—You would save much trouble if you looked at the solutions carefully. It is expressly stated that if K moves to Q 8th, Q takes P (ch) and mates next move.

H N S (Brighton).—Problem construction cannot be discussed here; but neither a complicated position nor a preponderance of force on the losing side is an important element of a good problem. Your positions want everything but simplicity. Compare them with Nos. 2307 and 2311 and you will see what we mean.

J G GRANT.—Your solution must have escaped us, but it is acknowledged below.

E VON KORNATZKI.—The Kt at K 3rd should be a Black one, as you correctly conjecture. Only the key move is required.

"THE OLD LADY" (Paterson, U.S.A.).—Your feelings shall be considered in future and we will not talk "disrespectfully" of such two-movers again.

G H B (Hull).—Full name and address required before your inquiry can be considered.

MANY correspondents have written about No. 2305. The Kt at White King's 3rd should have been a Black Kt. We are sorry to have caused so much trouble by an oversight.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from Carslake Wood, E J Winter Wood, and Mrs Baird.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2312 received from J W Shaw (Montreal), The Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.), A W Hamilton Gell, and F Drew; of No. 2313 from Joseph T Pullen, E Bohnstedt, J G Hankin, G J Veale, and Sergeant James Sage; of No. 2314 from J Bryden, D T (Peebles), Joseph T Pullen, J Dudley, G J Veale, J Rose (Wath), Rev Winfield Cooper, and E Bohnstedt.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2315 received from L Desanges, J Bryden, E Von Kornatzki, J Hepworth Shaw, E Bohnstedt, E E H, W Hillier, E Lacey, Howard, A Newbery (Paris), Peterhouse, E Phillips, H Worters (Canterbury), D McCoy, Major Prichard, Rev Winfield Cooper, Julia Short, T G (Ware), W R Baillie, Thomas Chown, R F N Banks, H M Prideaux, Heywaird, J Dixon, F Drew, T Roberts, Rev Leonard Watson, S Rover, C E P, and Dr F St.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2313.

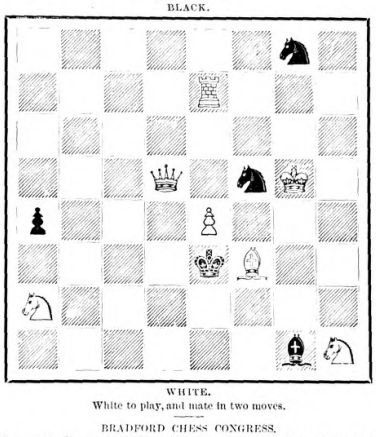
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Kt sq	K to Q 4th
2. Kt (at B 2nd) to Kt 4th (ch)	K moves
3. Q Mates.	

If Black play 1. K to B 6th, 2. R takes B (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2317.

By H. M. PRIDEAUX.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

BRADFORD CHESS CONGRESS.

Game in the International Masters' Tournament between Messrs. WEISS and BARDELEBEN.

(Four Knights' Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
4. B to Kt 5th	B to Kt 5th
5. Castles	Castles
6. P to Q 3rd	B takes Kt
7. B takes Kt	Kt P takes B
8. Kt P takes B	P to Q 3rd
9. P to K R 3rd	P to K R 3rd
10. B to K 3rd	B to K 3rd
11. Kt to Q 2nd	P to Kt 4th
To prevent the advance of K B P.	
12. P to Kt 4th	K to Kt 2nd
13. K to Kt 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd
14. R to R sq	

Extreme caution has been observed on both sides, and it is not often the game is so far advanced with moves identically the same for each player. White now finds himself in a position to force matters, and infuses some liveliness into the fight.

14.	Q to K 2nd
15. Kt to B sq	R to R sq
16. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to B 3rd
17. Kt to R 5th (ch)	K to B 2nd
18. P to R 4th	P takes P

This capture isolates Black's R P, and

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
opens the way for an inroad of White's pieces. Q R to Kt sq is sounder play.	
19. P to B 3rd	Kt to B sq

Fatal; his R P cannot now escape, and with it goes the game. Q R to K Kt sq was still the best means of saving both.

20. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd
21. B takes P	Q R to K Kt sq
22. K to B 2nd	

A wise precaution, preventing all danger of the advance of Black's K B P.

22.	P to Q 4th
23. Q R to K Kt sq	R to Kt sq

Black's object in this move is difficult to see; but its consequence is immediately obvious. His defeat is simply precipitated.

24. B to Kt 7th	Q to B 4th (ch)
25. P to Q 4th	P takes P
26. P takes P	Q to B 5th
27. B takes R	R takes B
28. P to B 4th	B takes P
29. R takes B	B takes Kt
30. P to B 5th	Kt to K 2nd
31. Q to Q 3rd	Q takes R P
32. K R takes P	P takes P
33. Q takes P	R takes P (ch)
34. K to Kt 2nd,	

and wins.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Dr. GORDON, R.N., and Mr. F. LEE.

(King's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Dr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	B to B 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd
4. P to Q B 3rd	Q to K 2nd

A novelty in the defence that is not to be commended; White has now the better game.

5. P to Q 4th	P takes Q P
6. P takes P	B to Kt 5th (ch)
7. K to Q 2nd	B to Q 2nd

K Kt to B 3rd is the correct reply. If White then attempt to win a piece by checking at Q R 4th, the following is the probable termination: 8. Q to R 4th (ch) Kt to B 3rd; 9. P to Q 5th, Kt takes P (ch), and wins.

8. P to Q B 3rd	B to R 4th
9. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd
10. R to Q B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd
11. R to K sq	Kt takes P (ch)
12. K to Kt sq	P to Q B 3rd
13. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K B 4th

P to Q 4th is of no use. White answers with 14. B takes P, P takes B; 15. Kt takes

WHITE (Dr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
P, Q to K 2nd; 16. Kt takes R, P takes Kt; 17. Kt to Kt 5th, regaining the piece, with a winning position into the bargain.	
14. R to R 2nd	P to Q 4th
15. Q R to K 2nd	Kt to Q sq

If Castles, 16. Kt takes Kt, P takes B; 17. Kt to B 5th, &c.

16. Kt takes Kt	B P takes Kt
17. Kt to K 5th	P takes B
18. R takes P	Q to B 3rd
19. K to R sq	B to K B 4th
20. R (K 4th) to K 2rd	P to K R 4th
21. B to Kt 2nd	Q to K 3rd
22. Q to B 3rd	Kt to R 3rd
23. P to Q Kt 5th	Resigns

Black's resignation is too hasty. The following shows that his position is by no means so hopeless as the surrender implies. If Kt to B 2nd, 24. Kt takes P (ch), P takes Kt; 25. R takes Q, B t kes R; 26. Q takes P, B to Q 4th; 27. Q to Kt 6th, K to B sq; 28. Q takes P, K to Kt 2nd. Black has now R, B, and Kt against Q.

INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS.

The proceedings at Bradford were brought to a close on Monday, Aug. 20, a consultation game being played between Bird and Blackburne against Weiss and Bardeleben for a special prize of ten guineas, given by F. H. Lewis, Esq. After a protracted fight the game ended in a draw, and the prize was equally divided amongst the combatants. The following are the full scores in the Masters' Tournament:—Gunsberg, 14½; Captain Mackenzie, 13; J. Mason, 12; C. V. Bardeleben, 12; A. Burn, 11½; M. Weiss, 11; J. H. Blackburne, 11; S. Taubenhaus, 10; W. H. K. Pollock, 8; H. E. Bird, 8; E. Thorold, 7½; C. D. Locock, 7½; F. J. Lee, 6; J. Mortimer, 6; Rev. J. Owen, 6; J. F. Hall, 4½; A. Rumbell, 4; Rev. A. B. Skipworth, ½.

The London Banks' Chess Club held its annual meeting on Aug. 23, and a favourable report of the first year of its existence was presented to its members. Messrs. E. P. Mullins (Bank of England) and G. Wallace (London and Westminster Bank), to whose labours much of the success of the club was due, were re-elected honorary secretaries; and a committee consisting of twelve gentlemen from various banks was appointed to arrange the details of the programme for the coming year.

MUSIC.

THE BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.

This great music meeting closed on Aug. 31, having opened with Mendelssohn's "Elijah," on Aug. 28. We have already given details as to the antecedents of these great celebrations, and the arrangements for that which has just terminated, most of the performances at which occurred too late for present notice. The programme of the opening oratorio included Mesdames Albani, Trebelli, and Patey, Miss Anna Williams, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, as principal solo vocalists: the two ladies first named, Mr. Piercy, and Mr. Brereton having been announced as the soloists in Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," which formed the chief portion of the evening concert of the same date. Of the subsequent performances, including the production of Dr. Parry's new oratorio, "Judith," and Dr. Bridge's new cantata, "Callirhoë," and other items, we must speak hereafter.

The Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre are still providing ample and varied entertainment for Londoners and provincial visitors, at a period when there is little else of public music going on in the metropolis. Since our last notice of the Covent-Garden concerts another classical night has been given. The first part of the programme included Weber's Overture to "Euryanthe," an impressive "Andante Religioso," by Scharwenka, and Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. Mendelssohn's first Pianoforte Concerto (in G minor) was finely played by Madame Frickenhaus, and a violoncello solo ("Kol Nidrei"), by Max Bruch, was skilfully executed by Mr. E. Howell. Mr. Santley made his first appearance at these concerts this season, and sang several songs with his accustomed effect—other successful vocal performances having been contributed by the young lady known as "Nikita," and Madame Belle Cole. The later portion of the concert consisted, as usual, of a miscellaneous selection.

A series of performances of operas in English was announced to begin at the Alexandra Palace on Aug. 25, under the direction of Mr. Valentine Smith. Wallace's "Maritana" was promised for the first evening, with Mr. W. Carter as conductor.

Mr. William Chappell, who died recently at the age of seventy-eight, was eminent as a musical antiquary. He edited many valuable works, especially several collections of old English music of various styles and periods; and produced an important "History of Music (Art and Science)," which, we believe, remains uncompleted. Mr. W. Chappell was related to the principals of the well-known firm of Messrs. Chappell and Co., of New Bond-street, with which establishment he was associated before he gave himself up entirely to literary and musical pursuits, his researches in which have left many valuable results. Mr. Chappell was a member of several learned societies.

TEA-CULTIVATION IN INDIA.

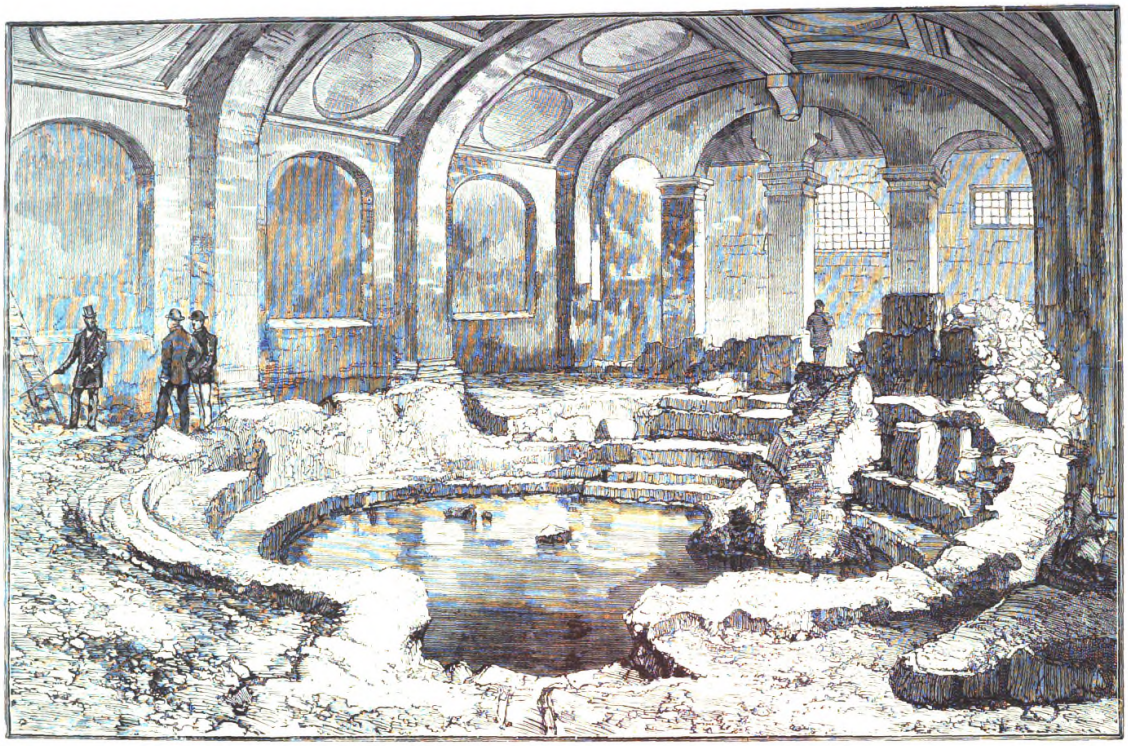
According to the report of the Administration of Assam for the past year, the process of decreasing the number of tea-gardens while the amount of land under tea-cultivation increases was continued during the year. The average size of the Assam gardens is increasing year by year, showing combination among owners or more capital. The small cultivators are disappearing. There were 883 gardens in 1886 and 873 in 1887, although new gardens were opened during the latter year. Even more was done in previous years to amalgamate gardens, with a view to economy and convenience of working. The total area under tea-cultivation in 1887 was 950,171 acres, an increase of 16,037 acres over 1886. In 1882 the area of the gardens was 783,362 acres. These figures represent the areas held by the tea-planters, and either not yet worked at all, or in one or other of the various stages between jungle and productive paying tea-garden. The area under mature plants last year was 177,900 acres, and under immature 33,179. The area under mature plants increases steadily in Assam: in 1882 it was 156,707 acres; in 1885, 159,876. The total tea-production of the province for 1887 is given at 68,451,180 lb., an increase of 6,731,502 lb., or 10·91 per cent over 1886, and more than double the production of 1885. According to the figures of the Indian Tea Association, Assam produced 74·89 per cent of the whole crop of Indian tea in 1887. The yield per acre of the whole province was 385 lb. for the year, as compared with 363 lb. in 1886. The tendency of the cost of production is to decrease with the improved communications and methods of cultivation and manufacture. More is obtained from the soil at less cost, it is handled more cheaply and effectually, and reaches the consumer by more economical communications. The price is now lower than it ever was before, yet the planters are doing fairly well as regards profits. "The explanation is that the tea can now be turned out for less than was possible a few years ago. The use of machinery of an improved character is now largely extended, while freight and cost of transport are much less. The coolies are growing older and more skilled in their work, and can do more and far better than they could when raw hands." The Indian Tea Association estimate that Assam will produce 70,975,884 lb. this year, out of a total Indian crop of 95,829,312 lb.

EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS AT BIRMINGHAM.

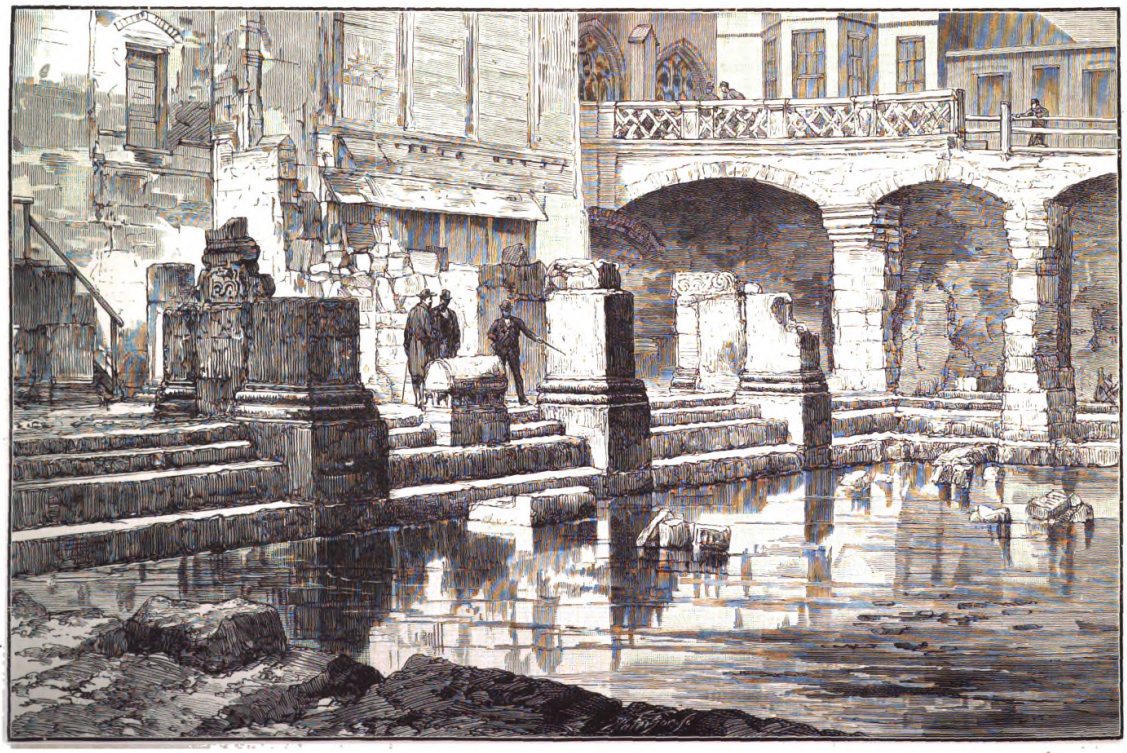
A loan collection of more than local importance has been opened at the Birmingham Art Gallery. It consists of paintings by Old Masters, including some which have obtained a world-wide reputation. The nucleus of the exhibition consists of ninety pictures, selected from the historical portraits of the Lennard family, which have hitherto only been seen by favoured visitors to Belhus House. Sir Thomas Barrett-Lennard has, however, conferred a distinguished favour on the Birmingham Gallery by allowing Mr. Whitworth Wallis, the curator, to select for several months as many specimens as he desired. This famous collection has been accumulated from generation to generation, and embraces portraits by Holbein, Lucas, Vandyke, Janssen, Sir Peter Lely, François de Troy, Reynolds, and others. This interesting group is supplemented by most liberal loans from the galleries of the Duke of Westminster, Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Hertford, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Dartmouth, the Earl of Coventry, Lord Windsor, and others. To the Duke of Westminster the collection owes ten celebrated works, including landscapes by Claud, a sea-piece by Gainsborough, and three Rembrandts. The Duke of Westminster also lends "St. John and the Lamb," by Murillo, and a sketch, by Velasquez, of that artist's equestrian picture of the Prince of the Asturias, which is one of the splendid works of the Museum of Madrid. The Duke of Norfolk lends three fine Vandykes from Arundel Castle; while the Earl of Dartmouth sends portraits by Gainsborough, and the Marquis of Hertford some noteworthy works by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Lady Burdett-Coutts on Aug. 24 presented the prizes to the successful competitors in the children's fourth annual flower-show, held at Lansdowne-place Ragged Schools, Tabard-street, Borough.

THE ROMAN BATHS OF AQUÆ SOLIS, AT BATH.



CIRCULAR BATH, RECENTLY DISCOVERED.



ROMAN BATH, 110 FT. LONG, 68 FT. WIDE, WITH REMAINS OF VAULTED HALL.

Thoughts, like snowflakes on some far-off mountain side, go on accumulating till some great truth is loosened, and falls like an avalanche on the waiting world.

WHAT HEALTH-RESORT, WHAT WATERING-PLACE, WHAT CLIMATE IN THE WORLD

could show results of Preventable Death like these of the power of Sanitation. IGNORANCE OF SANITARY SCIENCE, direct and indirect, Costs Threefold the amount of Poor-Rate for the Country generally. "He had given as models of sanitation of adult life, well-constructed and well-kept prisons, where of those who came in without well-developed disease, and not *good lives either*, the death-rate did not exceed THREE in 1000. In Stafford County Jail the death-rate had, during the last ten years, been actually less than one in every thousand—not a tenth of the death-rate of adult outsiders."—Inaugural Address by E. CHADWICK, C.B., on the Sanitary Condition of England.

THE KING OF PHYSICIANS, PURE AIR.—JEOPARDY OF LIFE.—THE GREAT DANGER OF VITIATED AIR.

"Former generations perished in venial ignorance of all sanitary laws. When BLACK DEATH massacred Hundreds of Thousands, neither the victims nor their rulers could be accounted responsible for their slaughter."—Times.

After breathing impure air for two minutes and a half, every drop of blood is more or less poisoned. There is not a point in the human frame but has been traversed by poisonous blood; not a point but must have suffered injury. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is the best known remedy; it removes foetid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the blood by natural means, allays nervous excitement, depression, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition. Use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It is pleasant, cooling, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

Especially to Consuls, Ship Captains, Emigrants, and Europeans generally who are visiting or residing in Hot or Foreign Climates, or in the United Kingdom. As a natural product of Nature, use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the BLOOD PURE. Without such a simple precaution, the JEOPARDY of life is immensely increased. As a means of keeping the system clear, and thus taking away the groundwork of Malarious Diseases and all Liver Complaints, or as a Health-giving, Refreshing, Cooling, and Invigorating Beverage, or as a Gentle Laxative and Tonic in the various forms of Indigestion,

USE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

It is particularly valuable. No TRAVELLER should leave home without a supply, for by its use the most dangerous forms of FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c., are prevented and cured. It is, in truth, a FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST in the simplest yet most potent form. Instead of being lowering to the system, this preparation is in the highest degree invigorating. Its effect in relieving thirst, giving tone to the system, and aiding digestion, is most striking.

FOR BILIOUSNESS OR SICK HEADACHE, Giddiness, Depression of Spirits, Sluggish Liver, Vomiting, Sourness of the Stomach, Heartburn, Costiveness and its evils, Impure Blood and Skin Eruptions, &c., ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is the simplest and best remedy yet introduced. It removes by natural means effete matter or poison from the blood, thereby preventing and curing boils, carbuncles, fevers, feverish skin, erysipelas, and all epidemics, and counteracts any ERRORS OF EATING OR DRINKING, or any sudden affliction or mental strain, and prevents diarrhœa (also removes diarrhœa in the *first* stage by natural means). It is a Pleasant Beverage, and may be taken as an invigorating and cooling draught under any circumstances, from infancy to old age. It is impossible to overstate its value, and on that account no household ought to be without it, for by its use many disastrous results may be entirely prevented. In the nursery it is beyond praise. Notwithstanding its medical value, the "FRUIT SALT" must be looked upon as essential as breathing fresh air, or as a simple and safe beverage under all *circumstances*, and may be taken as a sparkling and refreshing draught, in the same way as lemonade, soda-water, potass-water, &c., only it is much cheaper and *better in every sense of the term, to an unlimited extent*. The "FRUIT SALT" acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world. It has a natural action on the organs of digestion, absorption, circulation, respiration, secretion, and excretion, and removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health.

INQUESTS.—A STARTLING ARRAY OF PREVENTABLE DEATHS.—Why should FEVER, that VILE SLAYER of MILLIONS of the HUMAN RACE, not be as much and more hunted up, and its career stopped, as the solitary wretch who causes his fellow a violent death? The MURDERER, as he is called, is quickly made example of by the law. Fevers are almost universally acknowledged to be PREVENTABLE DISEASES. How is it that they are allowed to level their thousands every year, and millions to suffer almost without protest! The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder. Who's to blame? For the means of preventing PREMATURE DEATH from disease, use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It keeps the BLOOD PURE, and is thus of itself one of the most valuable means of keeping the blood free from fevers (and blood poisons), liver complaints, &c., ever discovered. As a means of preserving and restoring health it is unequalled; and it is, moreover, a pleasant, refreshing, and invigorating beverage. After a patient and careful observation of its effects when used, I have no hesitation in stating that if its great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known, not a household in the land would be without it, or a travelling trunk or portmanteau but would contain it.



WHICH MAY BE PREVENTED.

TO EUROPEANS WHO PROPOSE RESIDING IN OR VISITING HOT CLIMATES, I consider the FRUIT SALT to be an indispensable necessary, for by its use the system is relieved of poisonous matter, the result of eating to nearly the same extent and of too rich food as they do in a colder country, while so much heat-making food is not required in a warmer climate. By keeping the system clear, the FRUIT SALT takes away the groundwork of malarious diseases, and all liver complaints, and neutralises poisonous matter.

JEOPARDY OF LIFE—THE GREAT DANGER OF DELAY.—You can change the Trickling Stream, but not the Raging Torrent.

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ.— HOW IMPORTANT it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy, such as ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," to check disease at the onset! For this is the time. With very little trouble you can change the course of the trickling mountain stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your tiny efforts. I feel I cannot sufficiently impress this important information upon all householders, or ship captains, or Europeans generally, who are visiting or residing in any hot or foreign climate. Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" be your companion; for, under any circumstances, its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. When you feel out of sorts, yet unable to say why—frequently, without any warning, you are suddenly seized with lassitude, disinclination for bodily or mental exertion, loss of appetite, sickness, pain in the forehead, dull aching of back and limbs, coldness of the surface, and often shivering, &c.; then your whole body is out of order—the spirit of danger has been kindled, but you do not know where it may end. It is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand that will always answer the very best end, with a positive assurance of doing good in every case, and in no case any harm. The pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. The common idea when not feeling well is, "I will wait and see—perhaps I shall be better to-morrow;" whereas, had a supply of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" been at hand, and made use of at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death! "I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life."—J. C. Eno.

STIMULANTS AND INSUFFICIENT AMOUNT OF EXERCISE FREQUENTLY derange the liver. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." "All our customers for ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life."—J. C. Eno.

A NATURAL WAY OF RESTORING OR PRESERVING HEALTH,

USE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

HEALTH-GIVING, COOLING, REFRESHING, AND INVIGORATING.

"From the Rev. J. W. Neil, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.

"Nov. 1, 1873.

"Dear Sir,—As an illustration of the beneficial effects of your 'Fruit Salt,' I can have no hesitation in giving you particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and to such an extent did the sluggish action of the liver and its concomitant Bilious Headache affect him, that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This uncomfortable and involuntary asceticism, whilst it probably alleviated his sufferings, did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also, to my knowledge, consulting very eminent members of the faculty, frequently even going to town for that purpose. By the use of your simple 'Fruit Salt,' however, he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted, he has *never* had a headache nor constipation since he commenced to use it, about six months ago, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford, as you may imagine, great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others known to me to whom your remedy has been so beneficial in various kinds of complaints that I think you may very well extend its use, both for your own interest and *pro bono publico*. I find myself that it makes a very refreshing and exhilarating drink.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"To J. C. Eno, Esq." J. W. Neil.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AND ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.

"We have for the last four years used your 'Fruit Salt' during several important Survey Expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived very great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of 'Fruit Salt' had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used the 'Fruit Salt' two and three times a day. The 'Fruit Salt' acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation, and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly,

"Commander A. J. Loftus, his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer.

"E. C. Davidson, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs.

"To J. C. Eno, Esq., London. Bangkok, Siam, May, 1883."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—Adams.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by Worthless Imitations.

Sold by all Chemists. **DIRECTIONS IN SIXTEEN LANGUAGES HOW TO PREVENT DISEASE.** *Protection in every Country.*

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

DISORDERED STOMACH AND BILIOUS ATTACKS.

A gentleman writes:—"Dec. 27, 1887.—After twelve months' experience of the value of the **'VEGETABLE MOTO,'** I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle, and yet so effective, that nothing equals them in my opinion. They have never failed to give the wished-for relief. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of Eno's 'Fruit Salt.'—Yours gratefully,

ONE WHO KNOWS."

West Indies. To Mr. J. C. ENO, London.—"Please send me further supply of your **'VEGETABLE MOTO'** to the value of the P.O. inclosed (eight shillings). The first small parcel came fully up to what is written of them.—St. Kitts, West Indies, Oct. 11, 1887."

THE SAME CORRESPONDENT, in ordering a further supply of the **"VEGETABLE MOTO"** in July, 1888, writes as follows:—"I cannot help telling you that the 'Moto' is a valuable addition to your 'Fruit Salt,' and ought to be as generally known as the latter."

ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO," of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d.; post-free, 1s. 3d.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, POMEROY-STREET, NEW CROSS-ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Brown-faced and clear-eyed from health-giving roamings by seaside and loch, on moorland and mountain-side, the advance-guard of tourists are returning to town to laugh at "Betsy," to gather patriotic inspiration from "The Union Jack," and a pleasing fragrance from "Sweet Lavender," to admire mellow-voiced Miss Wadman as Lecocq's "Pepita," to be moved to wonderment by Mr. Mansfield's clever transformation from Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde, and to judge anew of Mr. H. Beerbohm-Tree's abilities in the new Haymarket play of "Captain Swift."

London has another attractive novelty: Mr. W. S. Penley as Zedekiah Aspen, quaintest of his gallery of infinitely grotesque and amusing creations. The time is surely almost ripe for this irresistibly comic actor to rule over a Temple of Comedy of his own. Mr. Penley is unquestionably the most artistic and original of our comedians. He appears as the naïf and green curate, the Reverend Robert Spalding, in "The Private Secretary"; and the fortune of that laughter-lifting comedy from the German is made. In other parts under the appreciative management of Mr. C. H. Hawtrey, Mr. Penley has been consistently diverting. No matter how slight the character, he imparts a distinctiveness to it that might well inspire a few contemporary leading comedians who are always themselves in whatever garb they appear with a little artistic sense of the need of individualising their impersonations. Thus, it would be hard to identify Mr. Penley's dapper City man in "Crutch and Toothpick" with the clerical greenhorn in "The Private Secretary"; and it would be as difficult to recognise in the impersonator of the Reverend Robert Spalding the talented comedian who made us all laugh again as the sporting young man about town, with his catch-phrase of "What wit! what repartee!" as applied to the Gutta-Percha Girl in "The Arabian Nights."

Mr. Penley is, if anything, more entertaining than ever as the peculiar little fop, Zedekiah Aspen, who half covers his white hair with the most comical little wig in the world when he goes courting in the new farcical play of "Uncles and Aunts," by Mr. W. Lestocq and Mr. Walter Everard, at the Comedy Theatre. This so-called comedy is in itself of small merit. Its feeble plot is little better than that of an impromptu drawing-room charade, or game of dumb-crambo. Indeed, "Uncles and Aunts" is solely worth seeing on account of Mr. Penley's very droll lovemaking. The two pairs of young lovers entrusted to Mr. Walter Everard and Mr. W. Draycott, Miss Cissy Grahame and Miss Vane Featherston, are but shadowy personages. There is more backbone in the breezy Uncle Rawlins of that excellent actor, Mr. Charles Groves, and in the peppery Uncle Henry of Mr. W. Lestocq. But all the interest centres in Zedekiah Aspen. There is a roar at his first appearance as suitor for the hand of that designing young lady, Miss Mary Marley; and mirth increases when he transfers his affections to an old flame, the Miss Rawlins whom he has ever cherished in his memory as "Aurora Borealis." In his aforesaid comical little wig, and in an old-fashioned light silk waistcoat and suit to match, Mr. Penley as Zedekiah Aspen presents a figure a mere glance at which elicits shouts of laughter, and causes fun-loving people among the audience to fairly roll in their seats with uncontrollable mirth. In quaint comicality, in fine, Mr. Penley is unsurpassed. See him! A word of praise should be added for Mr. W. F. Hawtrey's drily humorous portrayal of the butler, Bates.

Pending the production of the new comic opera of "Nadjé," the Avenue Theatre has been opened for a brief season of comedy and burlesque by Mr. Henry Bracy, who does not use his admirable tenor voice, however, in either piece. Mr. Arthur Law supplies the comedy. His "Gladys" introduces us to a group of characters thrown together in the first place in Gerald Lockhart's London studio, and next in Colonel Faulkner's Junglepore bungalow. This Colonel Faulkner (Mr. Royce Carleton) is a callous adventurer, who seeks to compel his fair young wife to be his confederate at the card-table in order that Gerald Lockhart, her former lover, may be fleeced. But Gladys Faulkner, who bitterly regrets her marriage, declines to act as his decoy-bird. The Colonel's cheating at cards is exposed by a callow Lieutenant; and in the end he is proved to have contracted an early marriage, Gladys thus being left free to pair off with Gerald Lockhart, who is represented well by Mr. Lewis Waller. As Gladys, Miss Florence West, one of the best of our school of rising young actresses, performed with accustomed grace and force; and the acting of Mr. Richard Purdon as the martinet General Peploe, Mr. Royce Carleton as Faulkner, Mr. Mark Kinghorne as the rascally Dredge, and Mr. Ernest Paterson as Dubois was commendable. But the dessert of the Avenue menu is the favourite dish. The old Royalty extravaganza of "Don Juan, Junior," by Mr. Robert Reece and Mr. Edward Righton, refurbished with new puns and hits at current topics, including the discussion on "Is Marriage a Failure?" is revived with a bountiful liberality as regards the number of comely choristers. The sparkling Don Juan of tuneful Miss Emily Spiller, the seductive Haidee of Miss Addie Conyers, the grotesque Lambro of Mr. Kinghorne, the terrible Sultan Alnaschar of Mr. Richard Purdon, the light-footed Ethiopian minstrel of Mr. Edward W. Colman, the unctuously droll Benzoline of Miss Sallie Turner, the alluring Gulbeyaz of Miss Ada Bemister, the vivacious Zoe of nimble Miss Kate Everleigh, and, above all, the remarkably humorous dancing and singing of Mr. Edward Righton as Pedrillo, with his clever mimicry of Mr. Mansfield as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," rendered the performance of "Don Juan, Junior," manifestly acceptable to those present.

With respect to metropolitan outdoor entertainments, nothing is better in its way than the exciting military spectacle represented twice a day by real cavalry and infantry at the Irish Exhibition. The attack on the castle within the hippodramatic inclosure by a British force, which bombards the Indian rebels' stronghold, carries it by assault, and drives the mutineers out at the point of the bayonet, forms a most impressive spectacle, and is aptly crowned with a brilliant march-past, to inspiriting martial music. This warlike encounter is preceded by a variety of exciting equestrian leaps over a five-barred gate, stone wall, and hedge and ditch; and by a series of well fought-out military contests, such as sword against bayonet, mounted and on foot, tilting at the ring and the "Turk's head." The whole, in a word, forms a unique entertainment such as should draw many thousands to the Irish Exhibition.



THE QUEEN RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM MRS STEWART CLARK, AT BLYTHSWOOD.

The Anglo-Danish Exhibition gold medal for grates has been awarded to Mr. James B. Petter, of Yeovil, for his Nautilus Grate and Mail-clad Stove.

The twenty-first horse and sheep show, held in connection with the Royal Dublin Society, commenced on Aug. 28 at the society's show-yard at Balls-bridge. The Lord Lieutenant visited the show-yard in the forenoon.

The annual pastoral address of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, signed by the Rev. Joseph Bush as president, will shortly be circulated. It speaks hopefully of the prospects of Methodism, points out that the net gain of 3500 members recently reported indicates imperfectly what multiplied agencies have accomplished during the past year, and gives the number of new members received as nearly 48,000.

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

The British Archæological Association, of which the Marquis of Bute is this year the president, began its sittings in Glasgow on Aug. 27. Although this is the forty-fifth annual congress, it is the first occasion on which the association has crossed the border. Sir James King, Lord Provost, welcomed the members to the city, and Sheriff Berry and Mr. John Honeyman, chairman of the reception committee and president of the Glasgow Archæological Society, all gave them greeting. The members visited the ancient Celtic camp at Langside, near Glasgow, and were present when a memorial, recently erected on the site of the battle of Langside, was handed over to the patrons of Hutchison's Hospital. They afterwards visited the cathedral, whose architectural features were described by Mr. John Honeyman. In the evening the members dined together in the Grand Hotel. The Marquis of Bute, delivering on the 28th the inaugural address, said it was the time of Wallace and Bruce that developed the Scotland of the present, and gave birth to its institutions, such as its burghs, Parliamentary representation, jurisprudence, and the universities, which were subjects of special attachment and pride. The history of Scotland had three great periods—early, mediæval, and modern. The first one ended with the death of Macbeth in 1057, the second ended with the defeat of Queen Mary at Langside, and the modern period was of no special interest.

A new form of speech recording and reproducing machine known as the graphophone, has been brought to this country from America by Mr. H. Edmunds, of the firm of Walter T. Glover and Co., of 10, Hatton-garden. The inventor is Mr. Charles Sumner Tainter, and the proprietors of the patents, the Volta Graphophone Company, of Washington, U.S.A., have appointed Mr. Edmunds as their representative in Europe. It is stated that they are used in both Houses of Congress in Washington for reporting the proceedings.

About 1200 children were taken to Bushey Park on Aug. 28, under the auspices of the Ragged School Union, to enjoy a day in the country. Unfortunately the weather was most unfavourable, rain falling during the greater part of the day, and thus in a great measure detracting from the pleasure of the holiday. Plenty of good, substantial food was, however, provided for the children, and this helped to minimise the depressing effect of the weather. Sweets and toys were distributed, and the teachers, of whom there were about 150 present, were untiring in their efforts to entertain their little charges.

The Revenue and Agricultural Department of the Government of India have issued the following report on the prospects of the cotton crop in the Central Provinces:—"Owing to delay in commencement of monsoon, sowings have been made in some places later than usual, and have in parts of Nimar only just been completed. But in Nagpur and Wardha they were effected much earlier. There is no reason to believe that the area under cotton is less than the normal. The plants are doing well, and reports are favourable from all districts. A break in the rains is needed in Nagpur and Wardha, where the crop is ready for weeding, and if this takes place there is no reason so far why the outturn should not be an excellent one."

Sir James King, of Campsie, Stirlingshire, Lord Provost of Glasgow, on whom her Majesty has conferred the honour of a baronetcy, in commemoration of her visit to Glasgow, is the eldest son of the late Mr. James King, of Campsie, by marriage with Christina, daughter of Mr. James Macnie, of Stirling, and was born in 1830. He was educated at the University of Glasgow; he is a Magistrate for Lanarkshire, and also a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Stirlingshire. He was elected Lord Provost of Glasgow first in 1886. Sir James King married in 1861 Marian, daughter of Mr William Westall, of Streatham-common, Surrey, by whom he has a son, John Westall, born in 1863. Her Majesty also knighted Mr. M'Onie, the ex-Lord Provost, and Dr. Marwick, the Town Clerk of Glasgow. Sir William M'Onie was Lord Provost of the city from 1883 to 1886. Sir James David Marwick, LL.D., is a native of Leith. He was appointed Town Clerk of Edinburgh in 1860, and has occupied a similar position in Glasgow since 1873.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that

EPPS'S (GRATEFUL, COMFORTING) COCOA

a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.



OWING to the great popularity attained by the use of St. Jacobs Oil in other countries specially prepared for veterinary purposes, the proprietors, The Charles A. Vogeler Company, of 45, Farringdon-road, London, have determined to introduce this famous remedy in Great Britain for that purpose. The Oil for veterinary purposes is placed in yellow wrappers and is quite a different thing from the Oil in white wrappers. The former contains ingredients particularly adapted for use on animals, and is far superior to all other liniments and embrocations for veterinary purposes. The public are particularly cautioned to use the Oil in **yellow wrappers only** for veterinary purposes. The price of the Oil is within the reach of all, viz., two shillings and sixpence per bottle, of all dealers in veterinary medicines, or free by parcels post from the proprietors. We should most certainly say, from the enormous popularity which the Oil has attained, not only in this country but in every part of the civilised world, that no stable or kennel will be complete without St. Jacobs Oil in yellow wrappers.

It is now used extensively and with wonderful success by the leading Job-Masters, Omnibus and Cab Companies of London and provincial cities, in all cases where an outward application is indicated.

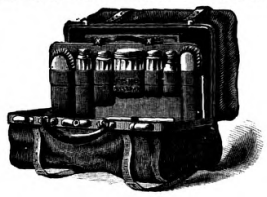
The West-End Omnibus Company, of Auckland, New Zealand, of which Mr. S. Child is manager, writes to the "Daily Herald" of that city:—"We have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in yellow wrappers for veterinary purposes. Its success has been particularly marked in cases of lameness in our stables. For man and beast, St. Jacobs Oil is the greatest pain-cure ever discovered. It seems to possess properties peculiarly adapted for use on horses, and is undoubtedly the most useful and popular liniment in the world."

The Trotting Editor of the "Spirit of the Times," New York, after an exhaustive interview with leading horsemen, stablemen, sportsmen, drivers, and breeders of horses, states, editorially, that "St. Jacobs Oil in yellow wrappers will do all that is claimed for it in the cure of sprains, stiffness, lameness, and suffering on man and beast."

The popular veterinary surgeon of New York, Dr. William A. Soula, D.V.S., for nine years in charge of the Third Avenue Tramcar stables, certifies to the curative qualities of St. Jacobs Oil, as superior to all other remedies for ailments of horses, such as sprains, galls, and rheumatism; that in many cases horses which have been condemned as useless, on account of injuries received, have been permanently cured by treating such injuries with St. Jacobs Oil in yellow wrappers without the aid of any other treatment.

Perhaps there is no preparation in the world which enjoys the same degree of success and popularity as St. Jacobs Oil. Its sale far exceeds that of any other Proprietary Medicine, and exceeds by ten times that of all other liniments and embrocations combined. This wonderful success rests on the solid foundation of merit which St. Jacobs Oil possesses, combined with original, dignified, and systematic advertising, which has always characterised the announcements of the Proprietors. The name "St. Jacobs Oil" has become a household word in every civilised country in the world. The great success and popularity of the Oil have become the subject of comment by almost the entire Press of the country. In many instances the leading articles of large and influential papers have been devoted to the details of what seemed to be almost magical cures effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil in local cases, coming under the immediate attention of the publishers. St. Jacobs Oil is endorsed by statesmen, judges, the clergy, the medical profession, and people in every walk of life.

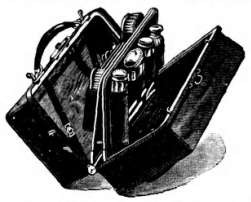
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In Black or Brown Cowhide, with Strong Lock and Brass Catches, Removable Centre, fitted complete with Comb, Hair-brush, Clothes and Hat Brushes; Tooth, Nail, and Shaving Brushes; Razor-Strop, Paper-Knife, Scent-Bottle, Jar; Soap-Dish, Writing-Case, Penholder, Pencil, Inkstand, Match-Box, Looking-Glass, Two Razors, Scissors, Nail-File, and Button-Hook. Price, complete, £6, with Plated Fittings; £7 10s., with Silver Fittings.

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The New Lady's Bag, Removable Centre, Morocco Leather, fitted complete, Silver Mounts, Ivory Brushes, Very Elegant. A small Fitted Bag, contains Soap-Box, Jar, Scent-Bottle, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Paper-Knife, Glove Stretchers, Comb, Hair-Brush, Velvet-Brush, Looking-Glass, Scissors, Button-Hook, Nail-File, Knife, Corkscrew.

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Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883.
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ENGLISH KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETER.

Best London Make, for Rough Wear, with Breguet spring to prevent variation when worn on horseback, &c. Specially adapted for HUNTING MEN, COLONISTS, TRAVELLERS, and SOLDIERS. HUNDREDS of TESTIMONIALS from all parts of the world. In Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, 18-ct. Gold Cases, £25; or Silver, £15.

The Hunting Editor of the "Field" says:—"I can confidently recommend Messrs. Benson's Hunting Watch as one that can be depended on."—Field March 22, 1884.

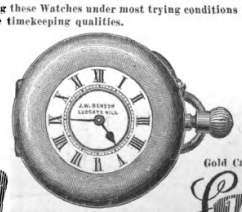
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LADY'S GOLD ALBERT CHAINS, to match, from £1 15s.

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Silver, £5 5s. **BENSON'S "LUDGATE."** Gold, £12 12s.



COLD MEDAL, INVENTIONS, 1885.

Excels all Others at the price for Accuracy and Value.

DESCRIPTION.—THREE-QUARTER PLATE ENGLISH LEVER WATCH (Patent No. 6056, of BEST LONDON MAKE, with chronometer balance, jewelled throughout, and Patent Protection from dust and damp. Keeps better time than, and is double the strength and value of any Watch made. Made in Four Sizes:—Ladies; Gentlemen and Youths (as illustrated); Working Men generally; and specially large and strong for Miners and Railway Men. In extra strong Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Cases, £5 5s.; or in 18-ct. Gold Crystal Glass Cases, £12 12s. Lady's Size, £10 10s.

SMALL CARES.

There are few men who do not long in their best moments—moments that come too rarely—to escape from what Wordsworth calls "the fever of the world." Life is full of fretful anxieties, of little cares that irritate and weaken the mind. A great trial braces the spirit to endure, if not to conquer. Through pain and sorrow we gain fortitude and patience; but the daily worries of life seldom add to the dignity of human nature. Often we cannot get rid of them; they stick to us like burs; and, like the rats that attacked Bishop Hatto, conquer by numbers. Dress is often the cause of small cares, and fashion is a fruitful source of irritation. When a man's boots, instead of fitting like a glove, remind him of one of the instruments used in a mediæval torture-chamber, the pain felt cannot be said to inspire fortitude. A taste for pretty things also has its drawbacks. Our delicate Venetian glasses are easily destroyed by fellow-mortals, whether cats or servants; the sun fades curtains; the moth finds its way into furs; the books of which we are proud are injured by damp or, more frequently, by careless borrowers; and when a "precious" tea-pot or bowl is broken, it is not every woman who is "mistress of herself though china fall." If an author's manuscript is lost in the post, or if a poem, which he trusts may rank him with the immortals, is criticised in the literary journals as weak in meaning and halting in metre, I do not think that cares of this kind are likely to sweeten his temper, or to make a better man of him. If after buying a house which, in the fine language of auctioneers, is "replete with drainage and every convenience," he has, instead of these advantages, a large drain upon his purse, it is to be feared that the discipline will be thrown away.

There are days when nothing goes right with us. Even in our own judgment we fail in all that we attempt to do, and everything done by others is wrong. When dressing, we shave with a blunt razor, cut our chin, and lose our temper. At breakfast time, thanks to the cook's carelessness, we lose it again, and can sympathise with Luther's anger when he flung his inkstand at the Devil. Then comes the post, and the first letter we open is, perhaps, from a tenant demanding some extensive repairs, or from a tradesman sending "account rendered" of a bill which we had totally forgotten; the second is a summons to a special jury, one of the great evils that flesh, combined with a modicum of property, is heir to; the third requests, in an unhappy moment, a subscription to a charity; and the fourth regrets to state that we have overdrawn our banking account. While a man ponders over these disagreeable letters, his wife, who sits smiling on the other side of the table, fills his cup to the brim (figuratively speaking) by reminding him of his promise to meet her in Bond-street to choose a bonnet; and "Fred, dear," she adds, "don't you think, as you are so seldom able to shop with me, I might as well buy a handsome winter cloak at the same time!" I fancy I see "dear Fred" when this request is made, and Mrs. Frederick's look of dismay when her gentle husband "flies out," as after all these provocations he may be pardoned for doing. It is not good for the digestion to get out of temper, and indigestion does not promote good-humour—as the clerks in the irritated man's office find that day to their cost!

On the young and hopeful and healthy the small anxieties of life sit lightly enough. They are felt one day, to be forgotten the next. When "Youth is on the prow and Pleasure at the helm" the vessel sails gallantly in the sunshine—

> Like those trim skiffs unknown of yore
> On winding lakes and rivers wide,
> That ask no aid of sail or oar,
> That fear no spite of wind or tide.

It is when a man wakes up to find that youth is going, or is already gone, that he frequently becomes the victim of small cares, which act like a blister. And the misfortune is that, unlike that painful remedy, they leave no good effects behind them. One of the advantages of money is that it relieves us from a good many of these cares. Too much of that commodity, indeed, generally brings great cares in its train; but how serenely comfortable ought that man to be who has enough! Of course each of us has a different idea of what constitutes enough. Discontent comes from desiring too much. I am content, therefore, to follow a poet's leading, and, with Dr. Wendell Holmes—

> I only ask unto this end
> A little more than I can spend.

The bad health that does not incapacitate a man for work, but only makes work wearisome, is a fruitful breeder of small cares. When a man's back is weak the slightest burden seems heavy. He hates activity, and shrinks from being asked to take his part in the home and in the parish. The healthy man does the thing that ought to be done without hesitation; the man less happily constituted frets himself with thinking about it until the time for action is past.

One of the best ways of escaping from small cares is a mountain ramble or a sea voyage. No doubt travelling brings its worries, but they are of a kind to which we are unaccustomed, and novelty has its charms. There may be discomforts at sea—some people object to sea-sickness—and on land the traveller disposed to grumble may find a cause; but he does not stay with his troubles, as he was forced to do at home, and should black Care overtake him in the Orkneys, he can try the Hebrides or Iceland. If the tourist would avoid the risk of being care-burdened, he must leave no address behind him. This may have its inconveniences. During a month's absence from home, accidents may happen: his house may be burnt down, his wife injured in a railway accident, or his favourite dog die in a fit. Well, after all, these are mere possibilities, that really need not be taken into account. The man who wishes to escape from small cares must not anticipate great ones. What he has to do is to smoothe the creases of life, not to prepare for its adversities.

A good many of our small cares arise from self-consciousness. We trouble too much about what people think of us, and, like Malvolio, "taste with a distempered appetite." We think we are not sufficiently appreciated, and wonder why our claims are unrecognised. Perhaps our high sense of those claims is the reason. It is the man who is humble enough to take a lowly seat who is called to the upper table. Sensitive persons are apt to brood over cares which they manufacture as a miser broods over his gold; they lack the generous and free disposition "that takes those things for bird-bolts that they deem cannon-bullets"; they meet their troubles half-way, and even find a sort of pleasure in counting up their vexations. Doctors will tell you of patients who are proud to have diseases which are sufficiently uncommon to excite medical interest, and I believe some care-troubled people cherish a similar feeling. It gives them a sort of elevation such as that which St. Simeon Stylites enjoyed. There is surely a distinction in being more worried than one's neighbours!

The best remedy for small cares, whether real or imaginary, is to have a great purpose in life. Men who, like Nelson and Wellington, forget themselves for their country's sake, or who, like Livingstone and Gordon, work as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye, are not likely to lessen their strength by fretting over small troubles.

J. D.

WATERLOO BALL: THE ROOM IDENTIFIED.

Sir William Fraser writes to the *Times* to say that he has identified the site of the ball given at Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond the night before the battle of Quatre Bras. Sir William says:—"Some time before leaving England I conversed with a lady who danced with my father at the ball, and who has, as you will see from her name, which I enclose, the best means of knowing where it took place. This lady, giving me at the same time a list of those who were invited, told me that Lord Byron's allusion to 'that high ball' was 'nonsense.' She added that the ball took place, not in the Duke of Richmond's house, but in a coachmaker's depôt, a low-roofed room at the rear of it, the street being named Rue de la Blanchisserie. I made many inquiries in England and in Brussels; no one knew anything of the place, but all agreed that the scene of the ball had been frequently sought without success, and that it no longer existed. I at last ascertained that the site of the Duke of Richmond's house was now covered by a large hospital in the Rue des Cendres. I visited the hospital, and one of the nursing sisters politely pointed out a wing which had formed part of the Duke's house. I examined the garden behind this wing: neither in this nor in the building itself was there any trace of a ball-room. I observed above the wall of the hospital the roof of a high building, and inquired what it was. The sister replied that it was the brewery of the Rue de la Blanchisserie. I walked round to this street, and was informed by the proprietor of the brewery that he knew nothing on the subject. After some conversation I asked if he could tell me of whom his father purchased the property; he replied of a coachbuilder named Van Asch. I inquired if the coachbuilder had a dépôt. 'Yes, a very large one; it is now my granary.' He then took me up to the first floor, and I found myself in the room, the remembrance of which will live so long as the English language. It is 120 ft. long, 54 ft. broad, and about 13 ft. high, the floor smooth enough to be danced on to-night. This room answers precisely to the description given to me. It is immediately in the rear of the Duke of Richmond's house, it is in the street named, it belonged in 1815 to a coach-builder, and it is capable of holding at least 400 persons. I do not think further proof can be required. I have the permission of the proprietor to give his name, V. Vangindenachter, brasseur, Rue de la Blanchisserie, 40 et 42. He most courteously added that he would be glad to show the room to visitors."

Professor Merivale has been elected general secretary for the meeting of the British Association, to be held in Newcastle in 1889.

At a meeting of the delegates of the Hospital Saturday Fund, held on Aug. 25, at the central office, Mitre-court, Fleet-street, the secretary reported that all the money contributed on the occasion of the last Hospital Saturday had been paid in; and the result was a total of £5000, being £500 more than in 1887.

The preachers in Westminster Abbey for September are as follow:—Sunday, 2nd, at ten a.m., in choir, the Rev. J. H. Cheadle, Minor Canon; at three p.m., in choir, Canon Duckworth. Sunday, 9th, at ten a.m., in choir, Canon Saumarez Smith, Principal of St. Aidan's; at three p.m., in choir, Canon Duckworth. Sunday, 16th, at ten a.m., in choir, the Rev. B. K. W. Pearse, Rector of Ascot; at three p.m., in choir, Canon Duckworth. Sunday, 23rd, at ten a.m., in choir, the Rev. E. C. Hawkins, Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet-street; at three p.m., in choir, Canon Duckworth. Sunday, 30th, at ten a.m., in choir, Bishop of North Dakota; at three p.m., in choir, Canon Duckworth.

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MAPLE and CO.'S NEW SPECIMEN DINING-ROOMS, decorated and fully appointed with furniture in pollard oak, brown oak, Chippendale mahogany, antique carved oak, American walnut, and other woods, are now open to the public, and should be seen by all intending purchasers.

THESE ROOMS are not only helpful as showing the effect of the furniture when arranged in an apartment, but also most suggestive as regards decorative treatment, as well as a guide to the entire cost of furnishing in any selected style.



THE SEVILLE LADY'S EASY CHAIR,
In Saddlebags of rich Persian design and colourings, mounted on velvet, £3 15s.

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MAPLE and CO.—DINING-ROOM SUITES.—The LICHFIELD SUITE, in solid oak, walnut, or mahogany, consisting of six small and two elbow chairs in leather, dining table with patent screw, also Early English sideboard with plate glass back; and fitted with cellaret, 16 guineas.

MAPLE and CO.—DINING-ROOM SUITES.—The STAFFORD SUITE, comprising six small chairs, two easy chairs in leather, telescope dining table, sideboard with plate glass back and cellaret, and dinner waggon, in light or dark oak, walnut or ash; very substantial in character; 23 guineas.

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INDIAN CARPETS AT IMPORTERS' PRICES.—MAPLE and CO. receive all the Finest Qualities of INDIAN CARPETS direct from their Agents, and sell them at Importers' Prices, thus saving buyers of Indian Carpets at least two intermediate profits.

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MAPLE and CO.—PARQUETERIE FLOORING for Dining, Billiard, or Smoking Rooms, also for Ball-rooms, Public Halls, Vestibules, as well as for surrounds to central carpets. Maple and Co. are now showing all the New Designs and Combinations of Wood at Greatly Reduced Prices.

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THE SEVILLE SETTEE, Persian Design and Coverings, mounted on velvet, £7 10s.

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THE SEVILLE GENT.'S EASY CHAIR,
In Saddlebags of rich Persian design and colourings, mounted on velvet, £5 10s.

BED-ROOM SUITES.

500 IN STOCK.

MAPLE and CO.—BED-ROOM SUITES. The WHITBY SUITE, in solid ash or walnut, consisting of wardrobe with plate-glass door, toilet table with glass affixed, washstand with marble top and tile back, pedestal cupboard, and three chairs, £10 15s. Illustration free.

MAPLE and CO.—BED-ROOM SUITES. The SCARBOROUGH SUITE, in solid ash or walnut, including wardrobe with plate-glass doors, and new-shaped washstand, £12 15s.; or, with bedstead and spring bedding, £17 10s. Designs and full particulars free.

MAPLE and CO.—BEDSTEADS.

MAPLE and CO. have seldom less than Ten Thousand BEDSTEADS in stock, comprising some 600 various patterns, in sizes from 2 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. 6 in. wide, ready for immediate delivery—on the day of purchase, if desired. The disappointment and delay incident to choosing from designs only, where but a limited stock is kept, is thus avoided.

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OBITUARY.

LORD ALFRED PAGET.

General Lord Alfred Henry Paget, Equerry and Clerk-Marshal of the Royal Household, whose death is just announced, was born June 21, 1816, the second son of Field-Marshal Henry William, Marquis of Anglesey, K.G., by Charlotte, his second wife, daughter of Charles, first Earl Cadogan. He was educated at Westminster, and entered the Royal Horse Guards in 1832. In 1881 he attained the rank of General. In 1846 he was appointed Chief Equerry and Clerk-Marshal; and from 1837 to 1865 sat in Parliament for Lichfield. He married, in 1847, Cecilia, daughter of Mr. George Thomas Wyndham, of Cromer Hall, Norfolk, and leaves issue.

LORD CONYERS.

The Right Hon. Sackville George Lane Fox, Baron Conyers of Conyers in the Peerage of England, died at St. Clare, Walmer, on Aug. 24. He was born Sept. 14, 1827, the eldest son of Mr. Sackville Walter Lane Fox, M.P., by Lady Charlotte Mary Anne, Georgiana Osborne, his wife, daughter of George William Frederick, sixth Duke of Leeds and Baron Conyers; and he succeeded his maternal uncle, the seventh Duke of Leeds, as twelfth Lord Conyers, May 4, 1859. He entered the Army in 1854, and served at the siege of Sebastopol (medal and clasp). He married, Aug. 14, 1850, Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Reginald Curteis, of Windmill-hill, Sussex, and had one son, who died at the age of eighteen, and two daughters, Marcia Amelia Mary, Countess of Yarborough, and Violet Ada Evelyne, between whom the barony of Conyers now falls into abeyance. It is one of the old baronies by writ, heritable by heirs male or female.

SIR JOHN ROSE, BART.

The Right Hon. Sir John Rose, Bart., of Montreal, G.C.M.G., Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall, died suddenly, deer-stalking, at Langwell, in Caithness-shire. He was one of the most distinguished men who won their way in the Colonies. He was born Aug. 2, 1820; called to the Bar, in Canada, in 1842; became Q.C. in 1851; Solicitor-General in 1859; Minister of Public Works in 1860; and Minister of Finance in 1867. In acknowledgment of his public services he was created a Baronet Sept. 9, 1872, made G.C.M.G. in 1878, and sworn of the Privy Council in 1886. Sir John married, first, July 3, 1843, Charlotte, daughter of Robert Emmett Temple, Esq., of Rutland, United States; and secondly, Jan. 24, 1887, Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale. By the former (who died Dec. 3, 1883) he leaves three sons and two daughters. The eldest son is now Sir William Rose Rose, second Baronet, of Montreal.



THE HON. JAMES SQUIRE FARNELL.

The Hon. James Squire Farnell, formerly Premier for New South Wales, whose death is announced from Sydney, was born in 1827, and educated at his native town, Paramatta. In 1860 he sat in Parliament. In 1872 he was appointed Minister of Lands, which office he held until 1875, and in December, 1877, became Premier; but resigned the following December in consequence of the rejection of his Land Bill. At the last election to the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales he was returned for St. Leonards.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Captain the Hon. Arthur Manners, 15th Hussars, brother and heir presumptive to Lord Manners, at his mother's residence, in Cadogan-square, on Aug. 24, at the age of thirty-four years.

Captain Thomas C. Pullen, at the age of seventy-three years. In recognition of his services with the Arctic Expedition of 1852-3-4 he was specially promoted.

Mr. Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., the distinguished zoologist, on Aug. 23, at his residence, St. Mary Church, Torquay, aged seventy-eight.

Lady Henrietta Ogilvy, at Contrexéville, on Aug. 20, was the younger daughter of Thomas William, fourth Earl of Pomfret, a sister of George William, fifth Earl, on whose death, in June, 1867, the title became extinct. She married, Aug. 7, 1856, Colonel Thomas Wedderburn Ogilvy, of Ruthven, Forfarshire.

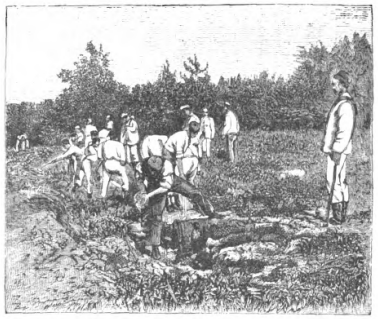
Anne Pitcairn, Lady Gordon Cumming, of Altyre, in the county of Elgin, on Aug. 19, at Gordonstoun, in her sixty-eighth year. She was daughter of the late Rev. Augustus Campbell, Rector of Liverpool; and was married, Nov. 28, 1845, to Sir Alexander Penrose Gordon Cumming, Bart., who died Sept. 2, 1866. Her Ladyship's eldest son is the present Sir William Gordon Gordon Cumming, Bart.

The Right Rev. Samuel Smith Harris, Bishop of Michigan, at the Langham Hotel, on Aug. 21, aged forty-seven. He had come to England in connection with the Pan-Anglican Conference at Lambeth, and was intending to make a tour of the Holy Land before his return to the United States. He graduated at the Alabama University at the age of eighteen, and, after practising for several years at the American Bar, relinquished his profession and took Orders. He was chosen Bishop at Detroit in 1879.

Margaret Anne, Lady Audley, widow of George Edward Thicknesse Touchet, Baron Audley, of Heleigh Castle, county Stafford, on Aug. 21, at her residence in Gloucester-square. She was Lord Audley's second wife, whom she married in February, 1868, and was widow of Mr. James William Smith. On Lord Audley's death, in April, 1872, the ancient barony fell into abeyance between his two daughters by his first marriage. The Hon. Jane Elizabeth Thicknesse Touchet, eldest and last-surviving daughter of George John, Lord Audley, and sister of the last Lord, died on Aug. 20, aged seventy.

VOLUNTEER ENTRENCHING PRACTICE.

The spade is scarcely less needful than the rifle, as an instrument for infantry troops in modern warfare. The Volunteer entrenching camp near Woking, held during a week or two of August, should be the beginning of similar useful exercises for all Volunteer rifle corps in Great Britain. Its site was at a place called "New Zealand," two miles from the Woking railway-station, in the fir-woods towards Byfleet, near the old Basingstoke Canal. The commandant was Captain Gore Browne, of the 60th Rifles, Adjutant to the Artists' Corps (20th Middlesex Battalion of Volunteers), sixty or seventy of whom came over from Aldershott. Others came from London, who were equally zealous. Lieutenant Carpenter and Lieutenant Woollen were in command under him. The object was instruction in the work of constructing field-works, shelter-pits and trenches, field-kitchens, and other earthworks. Striking camp and re-pitching it were performed with military precision; then they set to work. The rifle-pits were dug twelve or fifteen paces apart. Each was long enough and wide enough for a man to lie down in it. The pit is dug only to a depth of six or eight inches, but the earth taken out is piled up in front to the height of about 2 ft., with a small embrasure in the centre to fire through. Such a rifle-pit is made with pickaxe and spade in a few minutes. They also made permanent rifle-pits, deep enough for a man to stand upright under cover and with a little seat, made of earth, for him to rest upon. Shelters for officers' horses, with cover above 6 ft. high, could be made by three



THE VOLUNTEER ENTRENCHING CAMP AT WOKING: A COMPANY OF THE ARTISTS' CORPS THROWING UP A SHELTER-TRENCH.

men in two hours. It is proved that a rifle-bullet, fired at 200 yards' range, will penetrate a newly-made earthwork only to the depth of twelve inches. For the shelter-trench, a line is marked out by a long rope, and the men begin digging along it, throwing up the earth in front; the trench is dug 18 in. deep, and the earth forms a rampart 3 ft. or 4 ft. high, which is beaten with spades to make it firm and give it a regular shape, and the troops fire over the top of it. The earth is also banked up at the corners of the trench, to protect the troops from being enfiladed by an enemy's flanking fire. All this can be done in about half an hour. The trench shown in our Artist's Sketch is about fifty yards long; its construction would be the task of one company, some of the men being employed on guard while the others worked. In the construction of field-kitchens, the experience of several members of the corps, who are architects, seemed to be of service. A field-kitchen is a sort of covered trench, perhaps a foot wide, serving as a rude oven, with flues to heat it, in which bread and rations of meat can be baked. The operation of erecting the shelter-trench, more especially, was witnessed with great interest by a crowd of spectators. The troops, having arrived on the ground, were formed into covering and working parties. The former had to reply to the fire of the enemy, while the latter grounded their arms and used their entrenching tools. On the instant after completing their work, they took up their arms, manned the trench, and opened fire on the enemy, who was represented by a small detached party. Successive rushes were made to assault the earthwork, which was finally captured. The Volunteers in this camp of instruction also daily practised the duties of guards and sentries, and all that is expected of soldiers on active service.

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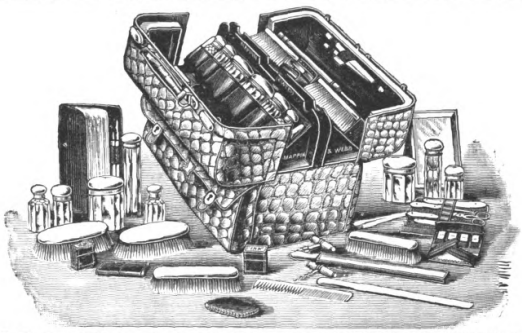
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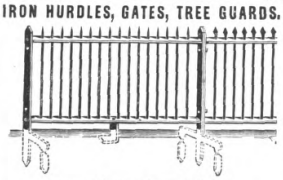
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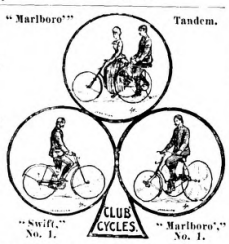
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WATER-LILIES.—DRAWN BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

For finding out the truth of matters by "frying" or "boiling down," the Americans, notwithstanding their passion for "gas," are generally to be depended upon. The question of whether young gentlemen who distinguish themselves in athletics make good scholars or otherwise has long been a debated one. In England it is the fashion to associate intelligence with muscle, though a few people are violent partisans of the contrary theory. From the calculations recently made from the educational and sporting data at Cornell University, it would seem that the athletes have their fair share of honours, considering that they do not devote so much of their time to study as the others, but very rarely distinguish themselves. This is pretty much what common-sense would have expected. If the inquiry, however, had gone beyond mere scholarship, and concerned itself with other intellectual powers than that of acquisition, I cannot think that the disciples of baseball and "the track" would have made so respectable a record. I would back, for keenness, the professors of what Mr. Caudle called "the manly and athletic game of cribbage" against those who indulge in the more "violent delights" of football; outdoor games, too, are sometimes a source of weakness, which cannot be said (except in a moral sense) of billiards and cockymaroo. Lawn-tennis produces the "tennis arm"; while whist (with the rare exception of the whist "leg") has nothing deleterious of that kind; the "game hand" which you occasionally get at it does you, on the contrary, a great deal of good.

The poet who tells us that "the daw is not reckoned a religious bird because he keeps 'caw-cawing' from the steeple," would have altered his opinion had he been at Monkton Church the other Sunday. The clergyman appears to have been "assisted" (as it is called in the marriage advertisements) throughout the service by a jackdaw, though, of course, he wore no surplice. If the bird had confined itself to this, and to "taking a lively part in the responses," it would have earned nothing but commendation; but, like a certain Royal Duke of the last generation, who used to answer "By all means" when the minister said "Let us pray," it was a little too loquacious, and even upon matters outside the rubric. The whole congregation were inwardly convulsed, and would have perished, martyrs to apoplexy and their sense of propriety, but for the breaking out of the children, which relieved them. Then the juveniles were sent away, and the clergyman proceeded with an audience of adults only. The jackdaw, however, excited by its triumph, "perched upon the reading-desk," and made its own commentary upon the discourse delivered from the pulpit; and when dislodged by the churchwardens and other officials flew up to the rafters, from which commanding elevation his eloquence finally silenced that of his theological rival. I should like to have been present, to have set a good example of silence and solemnity; but to persons given to mirth, the circumstance must have been certainly rather trying. A hundred years ago that delightful bird would have been taken for the foul fiend in feathers.

Why is it, I wonder, that there is always a temptation to laugh at any incident with the least humour in it on the most solemn occasions? Why do jokes, which in print read rather feeble, when uttered in the House of Commons move that august assembly to "roars of laughter"? Why are the law courts "convulsed" by very small witticisms, even though they do not proceed from the Judge? I should be sorry to think so ill of human nature as to believe it arises from mere "cussedness." Perhaps it is that the sense of humour, too long repressed by pretentious surroundings and an atmosphere of twaddle or tedium, unconsciously swells and swells within us, and at the least opportunity explodes in what seems uncalled-for mirth. The greatest man I ever knew, and one of the most tender-hearted, once confessed to me that his well-known disinclination to attend funerals arose chiefly from the difficulty he experienced in keeping his countenance.

Of all nations we English are held (by other nations) to be the most "eccentric," and especially for the way in which we leave our money: when we have no money (a Frenchman tells us) we often leave ourselves "for the benefit of science," as a *pièce de résistance* for the dissecting table, or even "to enrich the land by top dressing." It seems, however, that even a Frenchman may be now and then a little unconventional in his way of disposing of himself. A Parisian cabman committed suicide the other day, leaving his body to benefit not his paternal acres, but the Jardin des Plantes. "I desire," said the testator, "to be cut into slices, to regale the lions, tigers, and bears." Why he should have confined his generosity to those three classes of animals is not apparent. In the records of our Doctor's Commons there is certainly nothing to be found more "eccentric" than this: nor has any one ever earned a free admission for his family to the Zoological Society's Gardens by providing for its tenants in a like manner. Englishmen are very apt to "go to the dogs"; but it only happens during their lifetime.

I have read a good many strange wills made by my countrymen, and almost all of them are mixtures (in the proportion of about ninety-nine to one) of egotism and benevolence. One of the most curious is that of Mr. Tuke, of Wath, near Rotherham (a place of whose existence an English Judge the other day professed himself ignorant, but which it seems was pretty well known in 1810; perhaps it has been since encroached upon and obliterated by the sea). Mr. Tuke bequeathed one penny to every child (there were 700 of them) who should come to his funeral; a guinea to seven navigators for "puddling him up in his grave"; and the same sum to an old lady who for eleven years had "tucked him up in his bed"; to his natural daughter four guineas a year; and forty dozen penny loaves to be "thrown from the church leads at twelve o'clock on Christmas day for ever." I don't know whether this last "provision" is still carried out; but, if so, it must cause considerable (and prolonged) alarm to the passing stranger.

The demise of M. Mollard, "Introducer of Ambassadors," is announced from Paris. It seems at first sight rather an exceptional occupation, like that of the young gentleman who "blacked glasses for eclipses," and not likely to take up much of one's time; but the French are always having new Governments to which new Ambassadors are accredited. Moreover, when not taking Plenipotentiaries by the hand, M. Mollard "taught Court etiquette," and numbered among his pupils no less than 1250 Ministers of State. It seems no wonder—since the more frequent were the changes the better were his fees—that this head of the Turveydrop family "often alluded smilingly to the instability of French affairs."

A New York paper announces the discovery of a new wonder in the memory "department"—a lady who attends chapel, and, without taking a single note, goes home and writes down every word of her minister's discourse without omitting a "the" or an "and." This seems to me to be a little rough upon her minister, especially if he is an extempore divine; but she does not mean it roughly. She has been at it for five-and-twenty years, and written out two thousand of his sermons. Now and then she binds them, and has presented him altogether with forty volumes. When he "drops into" Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, she even follows him, having studied those languages, no doubt, for that especial purpose. The alligator (I think) is said to be accompanied by a little bird who devotes itself to him, in a somewhat similar fashion; but, with that exception, it is only popular preachers who are favoured with such faithful and constant admirers. The poor layman may "lecture" for a week, and even his own children (to judge by their conduct) don't remember a word he says.

The pitcher that goes often to the well gets broken at last, and the professional aeronaut, no matter how many or successful be his ascents, generally meets the fate which has been always prophesied for him. Thus it has happened to that "popular favourite," Mr. Simmons; but to such a veteran, it is probable that, of late years at all events, the apprehension of such a catastrophe never entered his mind. After hundreds of expeditions into "the viewless fields of air" they must be as familiar as any other fields, and less dangerous, because there are no bulls in them: and no doubt to some people this mode of travel has an immense attraction. The motion is delightful, and the passage through the "lucent hyaline" intensely exhilarating. I once knew a man, rather "of the earth, earthy" as to his character in other respects, who never omitted an opportunity of tasting this ethereal pleasure. As a boy, he saved his pocket-money for months till he had scraped five pounds together to go up with Mr. Green, by night, from Cremorne Gardens. He had persuaded two other friends—Jones and Brown—older than himself, to accompany him, of whom he used to tell the following story. Though Jones had screwed up his courage to the sticking-place so far as to get into the car, the sight of the huge balloon swinging and billowing above him, and the thought that "it might knock against the moon or something" (as my friend contemptuously expressed it), were too much for him, and just at the last moment he slipped down one of the retaining cords, and rushed into the refreshment-room with "For Heaven's sake, a glass of brandy!" "You shall have it directly, Sir," said the young lady at the bar; "but here is another young gentleman who wants one quite as much as you do." This was Brown, on whom the same apprehensions had been operating, and who had made his escape in precisely the same manner.

When I read amusing letters in print, I have always some doubt of their authenticity, amusing letters in manuscript being so very rare; and this gives me some suspicion of the correspondence Mr. Baldwin (the parachuter) has given to the world, through the *Pall Mall Gazette*, from the young people who have expressed their willingness to go up with him, and (especially) to come down with him, to share his feat and to sit on his shoulders. Can there really be so many young people, as he describes, willing thus to risk their necks, even for a consideration? To do them justice, they are all practical enough, and some of them a little grasping. "I will do the same as you do," writes one, "for your £200." The pleasure of taking this enterprising youth upon his back, as the eagle accommodated Ganymede, being, he thinks, one that will recoup the Professor for doing his own work for nothing. Another writes, "If you are not suited with a boy, I should like to drop with you for a £1000. Please send money for fare to Palace." Whatever may be his shortcomings as an acrobat, no one can excuse *that* youth of not opening his mouth wide enough. It must be confessed that there is something that smacks of true boy nature in both these epistles. But almost all the rest, except those from the fair sex ("I should think it a great honour to be allowed the pleasure of appearing with you. I am a young lady; my weight is 7 st. 5 lb., which is not much," &c.), suggest dictation. "If I fall, will you let my mother have the money?" would be a beautiful filial touch, if it were genuine; but it seems to me to bear the impress of the maternal mind. Again, "The sum offered would clear my father of several debts, and start us again," is scarcely a juvenile piece of composition; it was probably written "under pressure," to the accompaniment of the whistle of a horse-whip. One gentleman, indeed, makes no pretence of his son's offer being a voluntary one. "It having come to my knowledge that you would like a little boy to ascend with you into the air, and having every confidence in you, I would trust my son with you; his age is nine, and his courage good." *That* sounds perfectly genuine; and, indeed, since nothing is more common than "dropping children" merely to get rid of them, there is nothing surprising in offers to "drop" them for £200, or even less.

There is much discussion just now as to whether various eminent persons speak or do not speak provincially; even when they do, it seems to me to matter little, though unhappily, thanks to a growing deafness and the absence of the bump of "language," I find a greater difficulty in understanding them than most people. But why should authors who are acquainted with ordinary English persist in *writing* in a provincial dialect? It is not helped out, like speech, with gesture and expression, and, therefore, puzzles one far more; and though, no doubt, it gives a local colouring to a story, its readers, unless they are a local public, are more or less colour-blind. If novelists must do this, let them put their dialect in the notes, as translations from the dead languages used to be put, "for the convenience of country gentlemen and others." What would be said of an author born within the sound of Bow Bells who, because he was writing of Londoners, should put v's for w's, and leave out his h's? I have also noticed this peculiarity in dialect stories: that all the people who come from the place the author would describe by this means protest that he knows nothing about the tongue in question. As it doesn't please *them*, and certainly fails in pleasing anybody else, why on earth does he do it? It is curious, by-the-by, that the phrase, "talking through the nose"—a habit attributed by an American humourist to the English—should be applied to a nasal pronunciation; this is so far from being the case that the sound, or an admirable imitation of it, is caused by closing the nose.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"Advance, Australia!" Mr. C. Haddon Chambers, the extremely young-looking dramatist from Sydney, New South Wales, has, almost at a bound, firmly placed his feet considerably higher up the ladder of fame than the first rung. For the immediate success of his new and effective four-act play of "Captain Swift," Mr. Chambers is undeniably much indebted to Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, who cast the drama very strongly at the trial matinée in June, and reassumed the title-rôle when the piece served for the opening of the regular autumn season of the Haymarket on Saturday evening, the First of September.

The triumph of "Captain Swift" (somewhat pruned and altered by the author) was never once in doubt on the night of the revival. Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Marion Terry, Mr. John Hare, and Mr. Fernandez were among the most interested members of the audience. Adequate rehearsal had made Mr. Tree's company perfect in their parts. The result was a performance of exemplary force and smoothness. Romantic as the extraordinary story was, the naturalness of the acting gave probability to the plot. It may be remembered that the cleanly-cut central character is that of Mr. Wilding, a young and handsome adventurer, who, as Captain Swift, had been the terror of Queensland, but who is, nevertheless, discovered in the first act quite at his ease, and addressing with the composure of one to the manner born a group of ladies and gentlemen in a London drawing-room. Wilding has made the acquaintance of venerable Mr. Seabrook by fearlessly stopping his runaway cab-horse; and through this chance rescue is introduced by the old gentleman to his home circle. The cool, collected, and polished bushranger becomes strengthened in his desire to bury his nefarious past, and to lead an honest life by the love that springs up in his breast for Stella Darbisher, Mr. Seabrook's niece and ward, whose heart is speedily won by Wilding. But there are grave obstacles to their marriage. In the first place, Mrs. Seabrook recognises Wilding as her son by her first love, and beseeches him not to destroy the happiness of doting Mr. Seabrook by revealing the sad secret of her life. In the next place, Mr. Gardiner, a good-natured colonial visitor to Mr. Seabrook's country seat, lets Wilding plainly know that he is aware he is no other than the noted bushranger, with whom he had had a hostile encounter, but did not regard with utter aversion because Captain Swift had spared his life. As Mr. Gardiner happens to be a suitor for the hand of Mr. Seabrook's daughter Mabel, the odds are, obviously, that in real life he would have felt it his duty to expose the character of Wilding to his host. But what would then become of the drama? Without specifying the anomalies that remain in "Captain Swift," one finds it pleasant to dwell upon the good points. Mr. Tree, if a shade too calm for an outlaw who has "roughed it" in the bush, puts much life and character into his remarkably skilful impersonation of Wilding. Infinitely moving is the situation in which he learns from his mother's lips the secret of his birth, and consents to abandon his love, and to quit the house in which he had for the first time in his life caught a glimpse of home rest and comfort and happiness. Lady Monckton is supremely artistic also in this trying and pathetic scene, which wins for the crushed outcast the sympathies of all. Wilding is stunned by the blow. It is as one in a dream he seeks shelter in Mr. Gardiner's rooms in London—only to shoot himself, to save his mother's secret from being divulged. Captain Swift is undoubtedly one of Mr. Tree's finest creations. It is well matched by Lady Monckton's Mrs. Seabrook, and by Mr. Macklin's manly and unexaggerated embodiment of Mr. Gardiner. Another strong bit of character is the revengeful Marshall of Mr. Brookfield. Excellent also in their way are Miss Rose Leclercq as the hard-hearted sister of Mrs. Seabrook, Lady Staunton; Mrs. Tree as charmingly sweet Stella; Mr. Kemble as Mr. Seabrook; Miss Angela Gudmore as Mabel; Mr. Fuller Mellish as Harry Seabrook, Wilding's rival and half-brother; and Mr. Charles Allan as the Queensland detective. The town and country scenes painted by Mr. Walter Johnstone are of the elaborate nature to which the enterprise of modern management has accustomed us. Perhaps the greatest surprise of all was when a beardless and slender young man, apparently little more than a youth, but really about thirty, bowed his acknowledgements before the curtain in response to the deservedly cordial calls of "Author! author!"

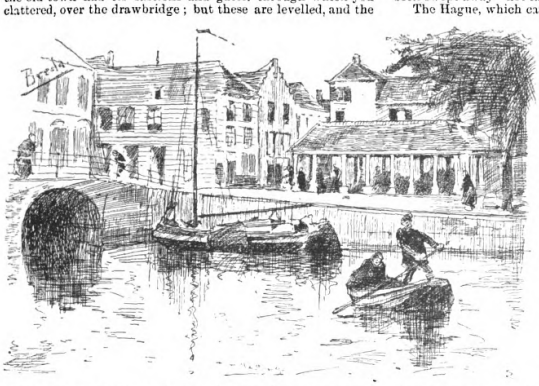
M. Lecocq's comic opera of "Pepita" (to call it by the name of Mr. Mostyn Tedde's English version) is neither musically nor dramatically to be compared with the same composer's famous "Fille de Madame Angot." But the audience that filled Toole's Theatre on the Thirtieth of August evidently found pleasure in the tuneful numbers of "Pepita," and diversion in the light story of the sprightly Princess Inez of the Canary Isles, who through the clever scheming of her friend Pepita gains the throne. Gifted with a mellow voice and prepossessing appearance, Miss Wadman was the life and soul of the opera as Pepita. Miss Kate Cutler as Inez was similarly attractive. Their boorish husbands found capable representatives in Mr. H. Lingard and Mr. L. Kelleher. The most comical feature of all was the duet "My excellent friend, Bombardos," by Mr. Frank Seymour and Mr. W. Marnock. But it was Miss Wadman who carried off the chief honours. The favourable reception of "Pepita" was cheerily acknowledged by Mr. Auguste Van Biene.

MY LITTLE DUTCH TOUR.



A WEEK or two ago, in company with a cheery friend, I made a hurried progress through the less known cities of Holland, leaving out the more familiar Amsterdam and Rotterdam; and now, at the risk of crying out in the wilderness, would heartily recommend this most piquant country to the *blasé* tourist in search of a new sensation. The great vessels of the Dutch company which ply between Queenborough and Flushing are as large and comfortable as the Holyhead boats, have the electric light, are fast-steaming, well-found, and, above all, steady. Aboard one of these—the Prince Henry—we reached Flushing on a bright, sultry morning; a quaint, bright, and even gay little port, with fortifications, quays, Noah's-ark trees, and jangling carillons, and all the Dutch apparatus complete, producing much the effect of Boulogne on the genuine Briton who has never before seen France. Unluckily the vessels do not approach the town, but arrive at a brand-new port of their own a mile off; but it is well worth staying an hour or so to see Flushing.

A few miles further on, we came to a rather slumbering old town—Middelburgh—all red and white houses and rubicund tiles. From the centre rises a couple of those significant spires, bulbous and elegant, which betoken in Flemish countries the townhall and church, whence sounds the usual melodious jangle, faint and silvery—wheezy efforts at a tune. Wandering up the bright street we emerge on the spacious Place, to be astounded by the Townhall, famous all the world over: an elegant and surprising work, richly decorated, and delightfully irregular, with its one elaborate gable or wing, high roof, and rows of statues in their niches. A few years ago the old town had its bastions and gates, through which you clattered, over the drawbridge; but these are levelled, and the



space they cumbered is laid out in charming gardens and parklets, across which the fine air from the low-lying fields and plains is wafted. Here we meet the regular floors of the pictures, with the brimless hats, and of rather piratical aspect, their collars secured with wrought gold clasps, while the flowing laced caps of the women are resplendent with golden shells. But the whole seems perfectly dead—dead as any doornail, and the grass grows in the streets.

An hour or so brought us to Breda, a place known to few except perhaps by Corporal Trim's military recollections. There is quite a scenic air about this antique town; the Cathedral has an elegant openwork tower, light and airy, and built, like so many in this country, of a white brick. All these Flemish towers seem to be the expression of the town itself. It is unfortunate that there should exist a perfect mania for destroying the old gateways, always picturesque, and here none are left. Like their Flemish neighbours, the Dutch have taken heartily to the tramway, which adds a decidedly picturesque element. The smallest, meanest town is thus equipped; a light car drawn by a comfortable, well-looking, well-fattened white horse, ambles lazily through the narrowest and most tortuous streets: while a hoarsely clanging sort of bell is ceaselessly rung by the driver as he goes.

Further on we were set down at Bois-le-Duc—or "Bosch," as it is familiarly called by the natives—a sleepy, but opulent, place; spacious, too, with abundant canals, and a perfect air of contented old fashion. Here is a large, spreading market-place, delightfully irregular in shape, large enough for a regiment to manœuvre in, with blocks of houses intruding at corners, and an entire perfect chrysolite of a cathedral, exquisite in its originality and lace-work details. It is almost bewildering in its profuse buttresses, low cloisters, and other buildings incrusted on to it. But it seems to be all crumbling away—pinnacles and arches and balustrades have disappeared here and there; but restoration on a vast and thorough scale is being carried out, and in judicious fashion. Within, it is a miracle of lightness and elegance; the lofty lantern, with its tall Gothic lights, is unsurpassed. And *such* an organ!—a perfect building, rising in storeys and clusters of pipes, like the stern of some vast antique Spanish argosy, and filling the whole end of the nave, almost from floor to roof. Here was once a magnificent Renaissance screen of black and coloured marbles, with statues and arches, which the restorers cleared away and sold, and which the curious can see now in South Kensington Museum. Here, too, in plain contrast, is the Stadhuis, an unpretending building in the more classical Spanish taste: a reminder of the old conquest and occupation to be found in many of the old towns, as at Brussels, and not inharmonious, adding richness and an air of haughty state.

But the *bonne bouche* of the day was the old town of Nimeguen, or Nymwegen. Here the country grows hilly, and is richly wooded; indeed, a Dutchman frankly confessed it was the only elevated portion of their country, and was, therefore, much *recherché*. Surely one of the most original and *rococo* towns a traveller could desire. At every corner there is something strange or piquant; and with all this thoroughly antique look, there is an air of modern prosperity, bustle, and motion. In the great Place every house is quaint and queer, and of delightfully straggling shape. There is a really exquisite Stadhuis of red brick, newly restored, with its double flight of steps to a gallery of entrance on the lofty first storey. The windows down to the ground are fenced with formidable *grilles*, a Spanish addition, and found occasionally in other towns. Close by is the old weigh-house, piquant and picturesque. In Holland these weigh-houses have a character of their own. Overhanging the Place is the huge and ponderous, but elegant, belfry of the cathedral, to reach whose "close" we pass through an antique double-arched mansion, old as the fifteenth century. Here is a strange, forlorn inclosure, surrounded by some marvellous buildings. One of these, called the "Latin School," is quite extraordinary for its delicate brickwork, its row of niches for statues, many of which are gone or mouldered away. The whole is in a sad state of squalor and dilapidation. The tower is one of those amazing mountains of solid brick which overpower the spectator, and seem to be the effort of Nature rather than of man. To anyone seeking a fillip for his jaded or torpid faculties, I would say, "Go to Nimeguen or Nymwegen;" in fact, as I once heard an Irish friend put it, "I heartily give my *Vetto* for Nywegen!"

Arnheim, the next halting-place, is better known to the traveller, and is a flourishing place enough, where our Dutchmen love to spend their *villegiatura*. But there is little for the lover of antiquity.

Next came Utrecht, a place fairly well known, but hardly appreciated as it deserves. What a bright Dutch gaiety and spaciousness it has! Gay streets and abundance of gay canals, with alleys of fine old trees, huge barges, and the rest. The belfry is itself worth a long journey to see: a vast, overpowering structure, solid and square, pierced by an enormous arch which forms a sort of entry to the town, while at the top it takes the shape of an elegant hexagonal stone tower, lined with rows and rows of bells, which pursue their melodious labours unceasingly. There is one view in Utrecht which cannot be surpassed for picturesque effect—that from the Fish Market, looking up the canal; where animation, colour, and the irregular houses rising from the water, the trees and barges, and the huge tower forming the end of the vista, form as astounding a vista as one of Prout's water-colour scenes. Let no one think the old fashion of things has been swept away—not in Holland, at least.

The Hague, which came next, is more in the professional tourist's way, and is too pretentious and modern to please the antiquary. The Public Gallery of Pictures is, however, a model for its small size: the quality of the pictures, and their excellent disposition in a good, sound, old Spanish mansion. The guardians display their orange ribbons of office; and they have an obliging custom, which might be imitated elsewhere, of not "clearing out" the visitors when the hour for closing arrives, though no one is then admitted.

Next was a pleasant contrast, in the shape of an antique dreamy, perhaps dozing, university city—Leyden. This place is perfectly charming for its tone of general repose, variety of retired streets, shaded canals, and quaint bridges. The long, winding main street has somewhat the air of Oxford—an impression quickened by the handsome modern club, or students' "societat," in front of which are seated a number of lively youths, who, in dress and air, could not be distinguished from English lads. Further up is the elegant Renaissance Stadhuis, with its graceful double-stair and truly quaint belfry behind. It is difficult to give an idea of the "bits" and corners which adorn this pleasing old town. The canals are everywhere, and disposed like streets; but they are narrow and shaded by fine old trees, and one is crossed by a curious covered bridge. Portions recall the tranquillity of Tunbridge Wells. In this sleepy town, the accommodating tram-car sets you down at the door and sign of the "Golden Lion": it is a true old house, with a floridly carved stair and old-fashioned ways enough. Nor are costumes and contrasts of colour wanting. The Catholic priests have a quaint, old-fashioned dress, the most genuinely "Dutch" thing "out." See yon pair, just passing by; walking so gravely arrayed in *very* low-crowned Quakerish hats, full-bottomed coats, canes with ivory tops, breeches, and buckles—wonderfully old-fashioned figures. The Protestant clergy wear what seems to be the old Geneva gown, though rather suggesting an Inverness cape. The women still cling to their singular picturesque head-dress, though they often combine it with the modern fashion, as



when they put a bonnet on top of the old lace-cap and golden "blinkers." The army has much developed of late years; the officers are smart, well set-up men, in handsome, well-fitting uniforms, a little burly, it may be, but soldierlike. Some have orange sashes, and from their shako white cords are festooned across the chest, to be gathered up on the left shoulder with a rosette and tassels. The police wear glazed leathern helmets bound with white metal and a loose cloak. Everywhere is to be met a cordial good nature and civility which is almost English.

Next, on to Delft, where the new and pleasing station is built in the old-fashioned style with a spire, or lantern, and is garnished appropriately with Delft tiles. Here we see the old patterns again: pastoral canals, drawbridges, old East India Company's offices, and a fine Place with a charming Spanish Stadhuis accurately proportioned to the size of the town. There is a noble, dignified statue of Grotius in the centre, and one solitary "poort," or gate, has been left standing. There is, however, little to see; and it should be noted that the travelling sight-seer will find most of the Dutch towns can be disposed of in a couple of hours, a longer stay leading only to tedium and weariness.



We wound up with Dort, or Dordrecht, a "poorish," dis-appointing place, antique enough, but having little "distinction"—mean streets, decayed houses, and a squalid townhall built within living memory—a shabby thing with a Greek portico. A sort of Kermess was going on, which seems to amount to no more than numbers of huge, strident, grinding organs, with merry-go-rounds, and the manufacture of gauffres in glittering palaces. On the walls I read: "Het Mikado, één dag im Titipu. Japonsche Komike Opera van W. S. Gilbert, &c."

Having thus rediscovered a portion of Holland, and, for the hundredth time, I came away and came home. Let the curious amateur accept what may be termed this "straight tip in towns," and put his money on Bois-le-Duc and Nymwegen, and he will be grateful to the present much gratified traveller,

PERCY FITZGERALD.

MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE D'AOSTA.

It is well known that the Roman Catholic Church, if it claims authority to forbid certain marriages as sinful, does not scruple to allow them in the case of personages of high rank; and the union of a niece with her uncle, which is abhorrent to the natural feeling of Protestants, can be made legitimate by a Papal dispensation from canonical laws. So the Pope, at the request of the Empress Eugénie, widow of Napoleon III., but probably not in order to please the King of Italy, who occupies his former sovereignty in Rome, has consented to sanction the wedding, on Sept. 11, of Princess Letitia Bonaparte to her uncle, the Duke d'Aosta. His Royal Highness, brother to King Humbert of Italy, and son of the late King Victor Emmanuel, is forty-three years of age. He was elected King of Spain in December, 1870, and was deposed in February, 1873. His first wife, Princess Marie of Pozzo della Cisterna, died in November, 1876. His sister, Princess Clotilde, married Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, cousin to the late Emperor Napoleon III., in January, 1859, and has three children, one of whom, Prince Victor Napoleon, born in 1862, claims to be heir to the French Empire, while the youngest, Princess Letitia, born Dec. 20, 1866, is now the bride of her own uncle, and becomes the Duchess D'Aosta.

THE WILLOUGHBY MEMORIAL, DELHI.

One of the memorable incidents of the Indian Mutiny War of 1857 was the heroic action of Lieutenant George Willoughby, of the Ordnance Commissariat Department, when the rebels gained possession of Delhi. This young officer, with Lieutenants Forrest and Raynor, of the Bengal Artillery, and six European conductors and sergeants of artillery, was in charge of the great magazine of ammunition, near the palace. When these nine, after the natives had mutinied, could no longer withstand the assault of the enemy, Willoughby ordered the magazine to be blown up. Only two of the nine, Raynor and Buckley, escaped alive. Willoughby's grave, if any, being unknown, it was proposed to raise a memorial to him and his comrades on the scene of their noble exploit. Lately, when Lieutenant-Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E., was Commissioner of the Delhi Division, he asked the permission of the Government to erect, at his own expense, the memorial to his kinsman Willoughby. It was determined, however, that the cost should be borne by the Government of India. The memorial, the design of which is appropriate and tasteful, was furnished by Mr. H. A. S. Fenner, M.I.C.E., Superintending Engineer, Punjaub. The scroll work of laurels above, the broken lances wreathed with bays on each side, and the dismounted and spiked gun below, betoken that all was lost but honour and duty.

THE STOCKPORT TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

The Lord Mayor of London visited the town of Stockport, near Manchester, on Sept. 8, to assist the committee of the newly-formed Technical School and the Mayor of Stockport, Alderman Joseph Leigh, by performing the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the building. The architectural design of this building is represented in our Illustration. The Stockport Technical School, projected last year as a memorial of the Jubilee of the reign of Queen Victoria, is calculated to render great service to the industrial and commercial interests of that large manufacturing town.

JUBILEE ALMSHOUSES AND CHURCH, KENDAL.

The "Sleddall" Victoria Jubilee Almshouses, shown in our Illustration, are very neat and well-constructed buildings for the aged poor of Kendal. The munificent donor, Mr. John Sleddall, left last year the sum of nearly £30,000 exclusively for charitable purposes to the town of Kendal, and about one half that sum has been spent on the almshouses and endowment. There are twelve houses, each intended for man and wife, with an allowance of 12s. 6d. per week. The ancestry of the late Mr. Sleddall is one of the oldest in Westmorland; he was born near Kendal, and for generations the Sleddall family have lived in and around the neighbourhood of the town, one of his ancestors being the first Mayor of the ancient borough, 280 years ago. Mr. Eli Cox, of Kendal, the architect, wrote to her Majesty, through the Home Secretary, asking her gracious permission to associate her name with the buildings. This was granted, the donor having expressed a wish to the architect before he died that he would like her to do so. His death took place immediately after the foundation-stone was laid, in the early part of the Jubilee year.

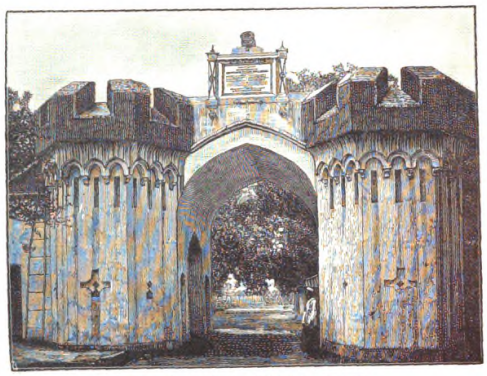
The Commander-in-Chief has ordered the formation of twelve additional brigades of Volunteers for home defence.



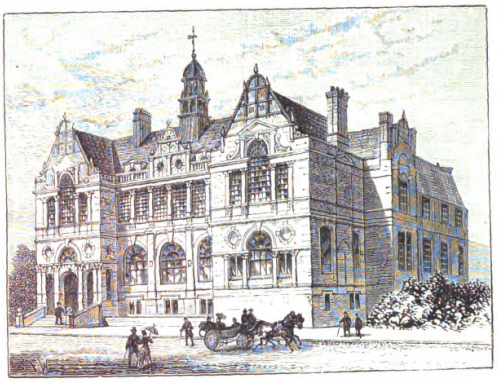
THE DUKE D'AOSTA.
BROTHER TO THE KING OF ITALY.



PRINCESS LETITIA BONAPARTE.
BRIDE OF THE DUKE D'AOSTA.



THE WILLOUGHBY MEMORIAL, DELHI.



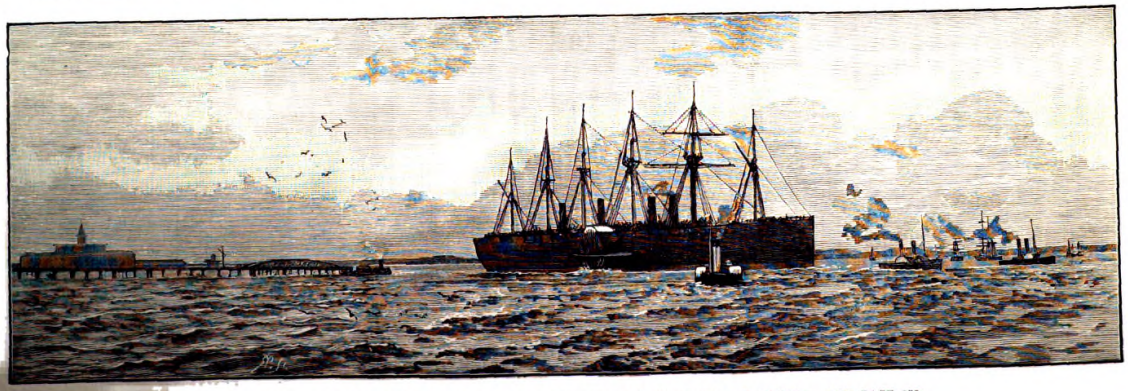
THE STOCKPORT TECHNICAL SCHOOL.



THE "SLEDDALL" VICTORIA JUBILEE ALMSHOUSES AND CHURCH, KENDAL.



THE NEW STATIONERS' HALL.



LAST VOYAGE OF THE GREAT EASTERN: PASSING NEW BRIGHTON, ENTERING THE MERSEY.—SEE PAGE 279.



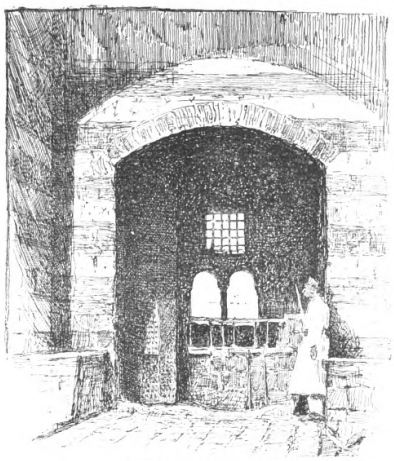
EGYPTIAN OFFICERS ON THE PARAPET OF THE FORT.



INTERIOR OF THE FORT.



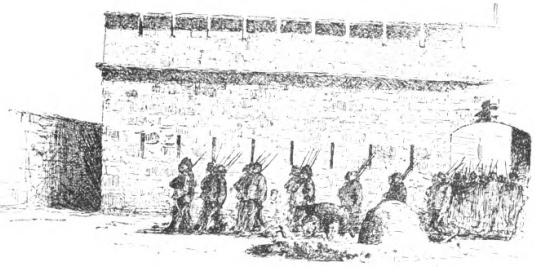
THE HARBOUR, LOOKING TOWARDS THE QUARANTINE STATION.



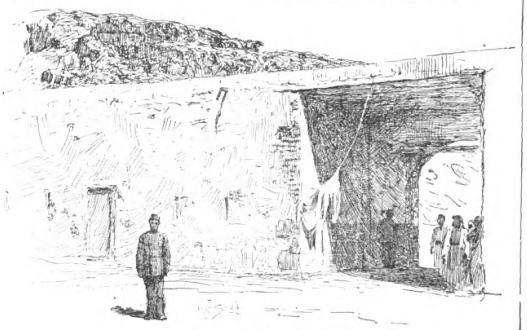
GATEWAY OF THE OLD FORT.



THE ENTRANCE, WITH SHEIKH'S TOMB.



THE NEW FORT AT EL WEDJ.



THE GATEWAY OF THE TOWN.

THE TURKISH OCCUPATION OF EL WEDJ, ON THE COAST OF ARABIA.

The eastern coast of the Red Sea, from the Gulf of Akabah and the peninsula of Sinai down to the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, comprises the two Arabian provinces, El Hedjaz and Yemen, belonging to the Turkish Empire, which together extend more than thirteen hundred miles along the sea-shore, but their inland boundaries are not certainly defined. El Hedjaz, containing the Mohammedan sacred cities of Mecca and Medina, is a dominion most indispensable to the Sultan of Turkey, in his religious and political character as Caliph of Islam; and the continual resort of pilgrims to those holy shrines from all the Mohammedan nations of Asia, Africa, and Eastern Europe, brings to that part of Arabia considerable yearly traffic, with a certain source of revenue for the Ottoman Government. In other districts, however, the local Arab chieftains, who also call themselves Sultans, maintain a degree of practical independence which has been recognised in treaties with Great Britain, though we believe the sovereignty of the Porte is not formally denied. A portion of the coast, outside the northern boundary of El Hedjaz, towards the Sinai peninsula, was the country of the ancient Midianites, and here is the site of the famous gold-mines lately explored by Captain Burton (Sir Richard Burton), who has described his surveys in an interesting book. The port of El Wedj, on that coast, was recently occupied by a Turkish garrison; and Major Surtees (a Captain of the Coldstream Guards), accompanied by Captain Ahmed Zeki, was sent officially, by the British Government, to visit the place and to report on its present condition. Mr. Cope Whitehouse, the well-known explorer of Egyptian topography and antiquities, also visited El Wedj in company with Major Surtees, and has favoured us with some photographs of the place.

At the meeting of the British Association at Bath, Major Surtees has been invited to give an account of his visit to El Wedj last year. This town, opposite Kosseir, is the main, if not the only, harbour on a long stretch of shoal-defended coast. A fort was begun some years since by the Egyptian Government to protect the port, with the quarantine station, from any sudden descent of the turbulent tribes of the interior. The Illustrations which we publish show that its construction was so bad that the stones of the parapet could be dislodged by hand; and a gun, when trained and fired, cracked the platform on which it rested. But if the interior of this fort is commanded by the hills behind, it has a substantial gateway, and may be a very important acquisition to the Turkish Government. The Porte now garrisons a continuous territory, through Asia Minor and Syria to Aden, with disciplined troops and experienced officers. The Egyptian Government have been relieved of a serious responsibility and a considerable expenditure. El Wedj ceased to be of importance to the Egyptians so soon as it was determined to send the sacred carpet to Mecca by sea. Further inland, however, on the Egyptian pilgrim road to Mecca, there is another fortress of a very different sort. It dates from the solid age of Sultan Selim, and bears an inscription of Ibn-Toulour, which shows that in the ninth century the region was a province or dependency of the Sovereign at Cairo.

The Egypt of the ex-Khedive Ismail not only included the vast tracts of Equatorial Africa, but comprised a strip of territory in Arabia stretching southward from the head of the Gulf of Akabah to the Turkish frontier of Yemen. It was a subject of special attention when, ten years ago, Sir Richard Burton illumined its coral shores and barren hills with the glow of a trained and vivid mind. "Was it indeed," it was asked, "from these weird valleys that those Midianites came up, with all the existing and inevitable accompaniments of Bedouin life, to encamp against the Israelites, in that famous incursion which lives even yet in poetic verse, as well as in the records of Jewish history?" There was glitter as of gold in the hills of Midian. Sulphur mountains frowned above the remains of mining towns, while rock-hewn inscriptions of uncertain antiquity were found near ruins of an undoubted Roman origin. The vision faded. The prophecy that the land would wake from its lethargy was not fulfilled. The territory has been transferred to the Porte. Egypt in Arabia is now confined to the Sinaitic peninsula.

UNDER THE GROUSE MOORS.

"A capital place for a shot!" is the first natural thought of a sportsman as he comes upon this green, bracken-grown nook by the loch-side. And, see! as a footstep approaches the unfrequented spot, half a hundred rabbits, like so many rooted skirmishers, disappear from the open spaces into their burrows among the fern. A hare or two, as well, may be startled here; and sometimes, with a sudden rush of wings, a covey of grouse will take flight for the heather of their native mountain. No wonder, therefore, that the sportsman, keen with the instincts of "the Twelfth," casts an approving glance at these grassy knolls.

"A choice spot for a picture!" exclaims the artist, as his eye takes in the natural features of the neighbourhood. And in the green foreground, with its lonely tree or two, and the darker upland rising away against the sky above, he sees another "Fringe of the Moor"; or, with a storm-swept heaven and a dash of driving rain, the essentials of another Cecil Lawson: while on the other hand, the breezy loch below and the masses of cloud and sunshine sweeping the surrounding mountains, suggest the material for a water-colour in the manner of Sam Bough. And, indeed, here, with the scent of the bog-myrtle from the moors above, and of the wild clover from the dry dyke-top beside him, filling the air—with the warm sunshine ripening the hazel-nuts in the corrie close by, and not a sound to be heard but the music of the loch's clear waters rippling at his feet, a painter might find for a week or two something like the paradise of his art.

"Another instance of the tyranny of landlords!" says the political reformer, who, knowing nothing of the circumstances of the case, catches sight of signs that the harrow has once been at work on the narrow strath, and leaps at once to the conclusion that the spot has been the scene of a depopulation by the proprietor for purposes of sport. And the rush-grown and furze-covered inclosures which once—it is too true!—were fruitful farm-land, offer a fit subject for grave misgivings, though by no means on the conventional lines of the popular land-agitator of to-day. The fields, indeed, which are cropped now only by the wild game of the mountain, once waved green and gold with the growing and ripening corn; and in the farm-house, falling to ruin now among the rowan-trees yonder, many a brood of stout lads and comely lasses has been reared. But it is not because of a landlord's rack-renting or because of a sportsman's eagerness after game that the once-happy home has been left to decay, and the once fruitful soil to become again a wilderness. The cause lies elsewhere. As a matter of fact, the last tenant of the place paid only a nominal rent. His brother was his landlord, and by their father's will the farm here was secured to the younger son for life upon payment of a few shillings of annual rent per acre. His position, therefore, was as favourable as a Highland farmer's well could be. It is to the altered fiscal laws of the country that the desolation here is due. Since the repeal of the tax upon corn it has become more and more impossible to grow grain to profit in the uncertain climate of the hills. The distance from cities is too great for the tenant to find refuge in that final resource of modern farmers—the sending of milk to market. And so, no other means of livelihood upon the soil being apparent, the once green and fertile spot, like many another nook in the land, has been left to return to a state of nature, while the tiller of it and his children have drifted into the seething whirlpool of city life.

No thoughtful wanderer can come upon such a spot without asking himself whether it can be good for a country to be so stripped of its physical strength, knowing as he does that a stalwart yeomanry is the backbone of a nation? Involuntarily he recalls the fate of Rome when the peasantry of Italy had ceased to till the soil, and, crowding into the capital city, depended for their bread upon the corn of Egypt and of Sicily: and he would fain ask whether it may not be possible once more to people these silent places with a hardy and independent race?

It seems vain for many a year to hope for help to this end from Customs legislation. Not until America has ceased to pay for our manufactures with her wheat will it become apparent to the British voter that it is better for him physically to grow his grain than to buy it; and only when the majority of his trades have shared the fate of carpet-weaving, flour-milling, and sugar-refining, will he begin to doubt the wisdom of depending entirely upon his manufactures for bread, and begin to look again to native soil for his support. But already Greenock and Greenwich and Bristol have felt the pinch from the failure of the sugar-industry; ever-increasing mutterings, as of a threatening volcano, come each winter from the seething "East-End"; and it may be well if, before long, that pool of city life be tapped, and the stream by gentle means directed into rural channels.

The growing of grain for sale will not, it is evident, within the near future prove a remunerative occupation in these remoter spots; and, indeed, at no time probably will it be possible to become wealthy upon the produce of these northern glens. But it is well to remember that a nation is not necessarily in the best state of prosperity merely when its pockets appear to be full. Rome was replete with silver and gold when she fell before the barbarian hosts. It would promise better for the country's future, and be immeasurably happier for the people themselves if some of the crowded East-End masses of her cities could be converted into open-air craftsmen and healthy peasants. The choice is not between the chance of wealth in London and in the country, but between the possibilities of robust physical life amid the smoke of Whitechapel and in the clear air of Argyll.

This change is not to be made by the passing of a law to lower arbitrarily the price of land. Such a law has always to be paid for by someone, and generally by those who have least cause to be mulcted. It is to private effort that the country must owe this service, and it lies with the people who have wealth (not necessarily the aristocracy, who are often poor) to find out new means of livelihood in the country, and to help, each man his quota of population, towards the using of such means. If Sir Ivan, for instance, the new owner of this strath, instead of spending his years aimlessly in bringing down pigeons at Hurlingham and grouse on the moors here, were to set himself the task of colonising these loch sides, he might find his reward in the rearing of a stalwart race, and would certainly do the State a valuable service. Why should he not, like the patricians of old Rome, take pride in being patron of a hundred clients, or, like the Highland chiefs, his forerunners, rejoice in the following of a prosperous clan? Many a happy cottage might nestle along these inland shores. There are fish enough in the loch for the catching; and the planting of the hills above with trees, while giving employment to many a labourer, would return in time a handsome profit to the owner. Besides these, many an industry might be borrowed from abroad. Why should Swiss milk and toys be imported from the Alps, cheese and eggs from Holland, and honey from California? All these might be produced in such a spot as this, if people were only brought here and helped to use their hands. Their gardens themselves, of an acre or two, with the fish they could take from the loch, might afford them a living; while some such industry as the oyster-culture, which has proved so immense a success in the basin of Arcachon, might furnish them with the means of obtaining the necessaries they could not produce.



THE LATE MR. W. CHAPPELL.

Humble, of course, the lives of such colonists must be; but fresh air, healthy food, and comfortable shelter are the first essentials to happiness, and these, at least, would be free to dwellers here. However it may be brought about—whether by private effort, by co-operation, or by the delayed, and perhaps disastrous action of natural laws—it is evidently only by recourse to means such as these that the congestion of our city populations can be relieved, and spots like this, between loch and mountain, made once more the home of a healthy and independent race. G. E.-T.



UNDER THE GROUSE MOORS.

THE LATE MR. W. CHAPPELL, F.S.A.

Mr. William Chappell, who died on Aug. 20, at the age of seventy-seven, was during many years the chief managing partner of the old musical firm, Messrs. Chappell and Co., of New Bond-street, established by his father, Mr. Samuel Chappell. In 1840 Mr. William Chappell founded the Musical Antiquarian Society, for which he edited Dowland's songs and a "Collection of English National Airs," giving their pedigrees and anecdotes connected with them, with an essay on "Minstrelsy in England." This was afterwards expanded into his "Popular Music of the Olden Time," published in two volumes, 1855-59. It was under Mr. Thomas Chappell's management that the great extension of Messrs. Chappell's business took place, and he was the projector of the Monday Popular Concerts and the Saturday Popular Concerts. Besides compiling a "History of Music," Mr. William Chappell assisted in editing "The Roxburghe Ballads," Bishop Percy's folio manuscript of "Ballads and Romances," and other literary works. He further wrote a treatise "On the Use of the Greek Language, Written Phonetically, in the Early Service Books of the Church of England."

Our Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, Regent-street.

MUSIC.

THE BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.

Our previous notice of this great celebration (which closed on Aug. 31) was necessarily incomplete, most of the performances having taken place too late for comment until now. The novelties were fewer on this occasion than at several previous festivals, disappointments having occurred that could not be foreseen by the directors. Important new works were arranged for with Anton Dvorák and Dr. Mackenzie, but circumstances prevented their completion.

To speak first of the special novelties that were actually produced at the festival just terminated; these were two in number—Dr. Parry's oratorio "Judith; or, The Regeneration of Manasseh" and Dr. Bridge's cantata "Callirhoë." The first-named work is based on text supplied by the composer himself, who has to some extent made use of Dean Prideaux's version of the Bible narrative.

"Judith" is one of the most ambitious of the many compositions by which Dr. Parry has gained prominence in recent years, and one of the most successful. The music is throughout scholarly in style, with alternations of a serious tone with a lighter melodic treatment that stands in agreeable relief thereto; there being less of that tendency towards a reflection of the exaggerated style of the modern German school than has been apparent in most of Dr. Parry's previous works. The several choruses of priests, people, Assyrians, and others, the music associated with the worship of Moloch, and that associated with the exploit of Judith, are full of varied and dramatic contrasts. Some of the solo music, too, is both impressive and beautiful; among several examples being Judith's ballad, "Long since, in Egypt's plenteous land," and Manasseh's solo, "God maketh the battle"; not to mention other instances. The choral and orchestral details of the oratorio were excellently rendered; and that the solo music received full justice in performance may be inferred from the fact of Miss Anna Williams having sung that of Judith, Madame Patey and Mr. Lloyd, respectively, that of the Queen and Manasseh, and Mr. Santley that of the High Priest and a Messenger; Masters P. Fry and A. Stephens having been efficient in the passages for the two children. The work was an entire success. A symphony of Haydn and Franz's choral psalm, "Praise ye the Lord," completed the programme of the day now referred to.

Dr. Bridge's cantata is associated with text supplied by Mr. Barclay Squire, who has taken for his subject the old Greek narrative of the love of Coresos, a Priest of Bacchus, for the beautiful Callirhoë, by whom he is scorned; the plague of madness drawn on the people at the invocation of the wrathful priest, and the decree of the oracle demanding the death of a victim, this being Callirhoë herself. The priest, in remorse, stabs himself instead; and, her aversion turning to admiration, she kills herself. A stream gushes forth, and the lovers are seen transformed to river deities.

Dr. Bridge's music successfully realises the romantic aspect of the text, while at the same time possessing much of melodic charm and interest. Several movements proved highly effective in performance; among them the graceful opening chorus, the prayer of Coresus, the chorus which follows it, the chorus of messengers to Dodona, Callirhoë's scena, "Woe is me," a processional march, and the jubilant final chorus. As in Dr. Parry's "Judith," effective use is made of representative themes. The solo music assigned to the different characters—Callirhoë, the Priestess, and Coresus—received all possible effect from its rendering, respectively, by Madame Albani, Madame Trebelli, and Mr. Lloyd. The picturesque orchestral details included some characteristic imitations of the sound of brazen vessels in the Oracle scene. Of both the novelties above referred to fresh opportunity for comment will soon be offered by their repetition in London. "Callirhoë" (conducted by the composer) was a great and legitimate success.

Of those portions of the miscellaneous evening concerts not yet referred to it will be sufficient to say that the specialty at the second was Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata, "The Golden Legend," which retains its popularity, and has already been so frequently discussed as to need no further comment, beyond stating that the principal solo vocalists at Birmingham were Mesdames Albani and Trebelli, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Signor Foli. The following items of the programme included a pleasing overture, composed and conducted by Herr Grieg; a specialty on the third evening having been Miss Fanny Davies's fine rendering of Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A minor.

Brief record may suffice of other performances of the week not previously noticed—"The Messiah," on Aug. 30 (with Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. C. Banks, and Signor Foli as solo vocalists); Bach's "Magnificat" on the following morning, the solos by Miss Anna Williams, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Banks, and Signor Foli; Beethoven's symphony in C minor; and Berlioz's "Requiem," the tenor solo in this by Mr. E. Lloyd; the festival having closed on Friday evening, Aug. 31, with Handel's "Saul," an oratorio that has been less frequently heard than several others of his works of that class. It is the fourth in the long list of his English oratorios, having immediately preceded "Israel in Egypt" and "The Messiah." "Saul" contains some grand choral writing that may compare with any of that in Handel's other oratorios. The solo portions at Birmingham were assigned to Misses Anna Williams and Ambler, Madame Patey, Mr. Banks, Mr. Piercy, Mr. Brereton, Signor Foli, and Mr. Santley. Additional accompaniments by Mr. E. Prout were supplied.

The performances, orchestral and choral, during the festival, have been generally of high excellence, and the names of the solo vocalists, already incidentally given, are sufficiently indicative of efficiency in that respect. The duties of conductor have been worthily fulfilled by Dr. Hans Richter, as at the previous festival, in 1885, when he replaced the late Sir Michael Costa; and valuable service was rendered at the organ by Mr. C. W. Perkins (the successor to Mr. Stimpson); the co-operation of Mr. Stockley, as chorus-master, having had (as often before) great influence on the efficiency of the choral performances.

THE HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The one hundred and sixty-fifth meeting of the cathedral choirs of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester will take place in the first-named city, on Sept. 11 and three following days—an inaugural service being held in the cathedral on the previous Sunday, when a sermon with special reference to the occasion will be preached by the Rev. Canon Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart. These festivals have for their primary object the affording aid to the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy of the three dioceses. The money aid thus obtained arises entirely from collections made in the cathedral after the services and oratorio performances, and from subsequent donations—the proceeds from the sale

of tickets being applied exclusively to the festival expenses, any deficit in that respect being divided among the stewards. The number of these gentlemen has, during recent years, been largely augmented in consequence of some rather large losses sustained on former occasions. A similar occurrence is less likely now than ever, and, if taking place, will fall but lightly on the many who are responsible.

A complete and effective orchestra is provided for the forthcoming performances, Mr. J. T. Carrodus and Mr. V. Nicholson being engaged as leading violinists; the band also including many of our most skilled instrumentalists. The chorus comprises the members of the three associated cathedral choirs, augmented by additions from Bristol, St. George's (Windsor), Trinity College (Cambridge), and other sources; Dr. Langdon Colborne, organist of Hereford Cathedral, being the conductor.

The solo vocalists engaged are Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Ambler, Madame Enriquez, Miss H. Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. C. Banks, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. Santley.

In accordance with frequent past custom, the opening performance of the festival (on Sept. 11) will consist of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," the next day being appropriated to Handel's "Samson" and Sir Sterndale Bennett's sacred cantata "The Woman of Samaria." In the evening (also in the cathedral) the first and second parts of Haydn's "Creation," Spohr's cantata, "God, Thou art great," and Schubert's "Song of Miriam" will be performed; Thursday morning being appropriated to Cherubini's Mass in D minor, Mr. Cowen's "Song of Thanksgiving" (produced at the recent opening of the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition); Dr. Parry's ode, "Blest pair of Sirens," and Sir F. G. Ouseley's oratorio, "The Martyrdom of St. Polycarp." The climax to the cathedral performances will be, as usual, Handel's "Messiah" on the Friday morning.

Evening concerts in the Shirehall on Sept. 11 and 13, will include Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "The Golden Legend," and miscellaneous selections of vocal and instrumental music, a supplemental chamber concert, in the same locality, on the Friday evening, winding up the festival week.

The Marie Roze Opera Company—under the joint direction of Colonel Henry Mapleson and Mr. N. Vert—is giving a series of operatic performances in the provinces previous to the departure of Madame Marie Roze on her tour round the world. The coming absence of the eminent prima donna will, no doubt, add to the attractiveness of her provincial appearances.

The arrangements for the National Eisteddfod of Wales at Wrexham on Sept. 4, 5, 6, 7 included choral and instrumental competitions and "Elijah" and "The Messiah," with full orchestra and competent solo singers.

Mrs. Sydney Naylor, better known in operatic life as Madame Blanche Cole, died recently from dropsy. This popular artist was born at Portsmouth in 1851, and as a girl of eighteen she first appeared on the stage at the Crystal Palace as Amina in "La Sonnambula." Her success was almost immediate.

THE LAST OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

Some feelings of regret, almost of pity—for a ship, though she does not actually suffer, like a living creature, seems endowed with a sort of personality—may be aroused by the final doom of destruction, after many years of humiliating idleness, that will soon put an end to the largest vessel ever set afloat by human skill and industry. The Great Eastern has made her last voyage; on Saturday, Aug. 25, she arrived in the Mersey, towed by two Liverpool steam-tugs, the Stormcock and the Pathfinder, having been assisted in this manner to pass from the Clyde, where she had been moored, between Helensburgh and Greenock, since December. She was under the command of Captain Collier, who had charge of the ship on behalf of the present owners, Messrs. Henry Bath and Co., of Liverpool and London, and was manned by a crew of about 115 hands all told. She was accompanied by a Liverpool pilot (Mr. Dudley), who took charge of her off the Calf of Man. She was off the bar at an early hour in the morning, and came into the Mersey with the flood tide. Her progress up the river was naturally watched with interest from both shores, the Liverpool landing-stages being crowded at two o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour she passed up to the Sloyne. It was noticed that since she was last seen in the Mersey she had been divested of her huge paddle-wheels. Her draught of water was 15 ft. forward and 21 ft. aft. About an hour after high water the vessel was beached on the Cheshire shore, a short distance south of the New Ferry Pier, where, at low water, the huge hull stands high and dry. She is fastened with two kedge anchors from each bow. Large numbers of people went by the New Ferry and Eastham Ferry steamers for the purpose of seeing the big ship. It is understood that the owners will proceed to have her dismantled and broken up at once. Her ponderous machinery will first be taken out, and, if she can be lightened of this weight in time to take advantage of the next spring tides, the hull will probably be floated higher up the beach to facilitate the operations. It is estimated that about £20,000—an amount equal to the price paid for her by Messrs. Bath and Co.—will be expended in converting the ship into portable fragments.

Many persons among us will remember, above thirty years ago, the construction of this immense steam-ship, which was commenced on May 1, 1854, in the yard of Messrs. Scott Russell and Co., at Millwall, under the direction of the eminent engineer, Mr. Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the original designer. The name at first given to her was "The Leviathan," which was changed to "The Great Eastern" when the ship was finished, the Eastern Steam Navigation Company having intended to employ this vessel in the Indian and Australian trade. Mr. J. Scott Russell took the contract for building the ship and supplying the paddle-engines, while the engines for the screw-propeller were furnished by Messrs. Watt and Co., of Birmingham. It was expected that the combination of screw and paddles, worked by steam-power, with large sails carried by five or six masts, would be supremely advantageous. But the engines were insignificant, compared with those in use at the present day; those for the screw-propeller were of 1600-horse power, and the paddle-engines of 1200-horse power (nominal), while the screw was 24 ft. in diameter, and the paddle-wheels 56 ft. The locomotive power was always deficient for the size of the vessel, which had a length of 691 ft., 83 ft. width of beam, and a depth exceeding 60 ft., with a capacity of 22,500 tons burthen—about twice the size, on the whole, of the largest ships that are now built. It was an engineering mistake; the form of the hull was a mistake in naval architecture; and the project of having so big a vessel was a commercial mistake. The ship had no keel whatever, being shaped very much like an Indian's birch-bark canoe, though not tapering off at the stern; consequently, she rolled a great deal in any heavy sea, the waves frequently washing over her sides, in spite of their great height; but her length, more than the eighth part of a mile, forbade pitching fore and aft. It is quite conceivable that she might have been swamped, but her length was divided into eleven water-tight



THE LATE LORD ALFRED PAGET.

compartments, and a hole in her bottom would not have sunk her, though she would soon have got her back broken if stuck on a rock. The bottom was double, formed of two skins of half-inch thick iron, with a space between, the air in which gave more buoyancy than is desirable at the bottom of a vessel, increasing her tendency to roll. The hull was ingeniously strengthened by the bulkheads and the transverse iron beams and two longitudinal tunnels or tubes of iron; yet no seaman could doubt the possibility of its being torn asunder if ever it were fixed on the rocks in a stormy sea. It was Brunel's idea that this huge steamship should carry five or six thousand tons of coal, sufficient for the double voyage outward and homeward, which would save the expense of coaling abroad; but he, and the commercial men who employed him, apparently did not consider that there would be some uncertainty and delay in getting a cargo of 10,000 tons or more for a single ship in a distant port. As the result proved, such an amount of traffic was not to be obtained, and neither the voyage to New York, nor the voyages to Bombay, or to Melbourne, were profitable to the owners. Passengers soon found that the Great Eastern was not a comfortable vehicle, in spite of her large and airy state-rooms and the extensive promenade on her deck. There was space enough to accommodate four thousand passengers of different classes, but those who embarked were only the few attracted by curiosity and novelty, and did not care to repeat the experience. The launching of the Great Eastern, which occupied several anxious weeks in November of 1857, was a most difficult task. As she could not be launched end on, because the Thames at Millwall is not wide enough, she had been built with her broadside to the water's edge on an inclined floor with a gradient of one in twelve, down which she was to be pushed, a distance of 260 ft., by the action of hydraulic engines or rams along the upper broadside. Messrs. Tredwell, of Gloucester, undertook this operation, but the engines and the pushing apparatus could not always work simultaneously and uniformly, and only a few yards, feet, or inches of movement could be effected in a day; the ship appeared more than once to get askew, and to stick fast immoveably. Two or three men were killed by the accidental breaking of a chain. Mr. Brunel, who came daily to superintend the launching, surrounded by crowds of spectators, was terribly distressed; and when the ship was got into shallow water, still fast aground, the further launching was deferred for the high tides. At length, on Jan. 31, 1858, the Great Eastern was got afloat; many thousands of visitors were admitted on board to view the ship, of which there were several Illustrations in our own Journal. The hull and engines, so far, had cost about £640,000, but the original Great Eastern Ship Company was obliged within a twelvemonth to sell her for £160,000 to a new company, which at the end of 1858 was fitting out the great ship as she lay in the Thames. She was designed to go round the Cape to the port of Trincomalee, in Ceylon, in thirty days, thence to Calcutta and Madras, then to Singapore, to Hong-Kong, and to Sydney and Melbourne, delivering and gathering cargo at each of those ports, and then to come home. As a mercantile traffic speculation, this route did not find favour with the commercial world; and the trial trip down the Channel was attended with an alarming disaster, the blowing-up of a steam-reservoir around the funnel, which scalded ten poor fellows to death, and frightened away passengers, though it was an accident that might have happened on board another vessel. The Great Eastern was afterwards offered to Government for a troop-ship to convey 10,000 soldiers at once; and the experience, then recent, of the Indian Mutiny, was made an argument in favour of this proposal. But the War Office, or the Admiralty, did not think it prudent to risk so large a part of the British Army in one bottom. Troops could be sent to India more quickly by the Overland route and the Red Sea; there was no Suez Canal; and if there had been, the Great Eastern could never have got through it. In June, 1861, the Great Eastern took on board 3300 troops for Canada, but was caught in a storm, and put back seriously damaged. She had made a show trip to New York in 1860, doing the voyage in ten days and a half. The only great and useful performance that this extraordinary ship ever achieved was in laying the Atlantic telegraph cable in July, 1866, and recovering a cable lost the year before. For some time she was exhibited as a show, and has been on view at New York, at Melbourne, and at New Orleans. Latterly, being no longer seaworthy, it was intended by a private purchaser to convert her into a coaling-hulk at Gibraltar. One might have fancied that she would do for a kind of floating hotel or boarding-house, moored in some deep and safe inlet of the western British or Irish coasts. Her doom has now been uttered; she is to be broken up for old iron: so ends the dream of Mr. Brunel, a man of genius in his way, enamoured of grand and mighty works, but with an imagination that often far overleapt the calculations of prudence, and for whose designs, magnificent as they were, shareholders had no particular cause to be grateful. His death, on Sept. 15, 1859, was thought to have been hastened by grief and worry on account of the Great Eastern, and many other people wished that she had never been built.



THE LATE MR. P. H. GOSSE, F.R.S.

THE LATE LORD ALFRED PAGET.

The death of Lord Alfred Paget, a gentleman long and well known, both as a member of Parliament and as one of the ablest and most useful officials of the Royal household, took place on Aug. 24. His Lordship was the third son of Field Marshal the Marquis of Anglesey, and was born in 1816. He was educated at Westminster School, served in the 1st Life Guards, and was placed on the retired list, with the rank of General, in 1881. He represented Lichfield in the House of Commons from 1837 to July, 1865. He was Chief Equerry and Clerk-Marshal to the Queen from 1846 till 1874, when he resigned the office of Chief Equerry. He married, in 1847, a daughter of General Thomas Wyndham, of Cromer Hall, Norfolk, and had several sons and daughters. His death took place on board his yacht in the Caledonian Canal, near Inverness, and was caused by a chill taken in grouse-shooting.

The Portrait of the late Lord Alfred Paget is from a photograph by Messrs. Boning and Small.

THE LATE MR. P. H. GOSSE, F.R.S.

This eminent naturalist, whose death has lately been announced, was born at Worcester, in 1810, but was brought up at Poole, in Dorset, and in early youth was sent as a mercantile clerk to Newfoundland. There he passed eight years, and spent three years in Lower Canada. He devoted himself to the study of zoology and entomology, travelled through the United States, and resided about a year in Alabama, making a large collection of drawings of insects. After his return to England, in 1839, Mr. Gosse published a general synopsis of his investigations. In 1844 he visited Jamaica, there spent eighteen months in the study of zoology, and issued on his return "The Birds of Jamaica," an "Atlas of Illustrations," and "A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica." During the next few years he published an "Introduction to Zoology," and prepared many works for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He then applied himself especially to the microscopic study of the British rotifera, and took part in the formation of public and private collections of marine animals. In 1856 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. Among Mr. Gosse's works are—"The Aquarium," 1854; "A Manual of Marine Zoology," 1855; "Tenby, a Seaside Holiday," 1856; "Life in its Lower, Intermediate, and Higher Forms," 1857; "Actinologia Britannica; a History of the British Sea Anemones and Corals," 1860; "The Romance of Natural History," 1860-62; "A Year at the Shore" and "Land and Sea," 1865. His scientific merits were acknowledged by his election to the Royal Society. His son, Mr. Edmund Gosse, is well known as a literary critic and scholar.

Lord James Douglas, brother of the Marquis of Queensberry, was married on Sept. 4, at Hawick, in the Roman Catholic Church, to Mrs. Martha Lucy Hennessy, of Kensington Court, London.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIDEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MAIDS OF TAUNTON.



THE NEXT day was made remarkable in our eyes by an event which, though doubtless of less importance than the enlistment of a dozen recruits, seemed to us a very great thing indeed—namely, the presentation to the Duke of the colours embroidered for him by Susan Blake's schoolgirls. I was myself permitted to walk with the girls on this occasion, as if I had been one of them, though a stranger to the place, and but newly arrived—such was the kindness of Susan Blake and her respect for the name of the learned and pious Dr. Comfort Eykin.

At nine of the clock the girls who were to carry the flags began to gather in the school-room. There were twenty-seven in all; but twelve only were the pupils of Miss Blake. The others were the pupils of Mrs. Musgrave, another school-mistress in the town. I remember not the names of all the girls, but some of them I can still write down. One was Katharine Bovet, daughter of Colonel Bovet: she it was who walked first and named to the Duke those who followed; there was also Mary Blake, cousin of Susan, who was afterwards thrown into prison with her cousin, but presently was pardoned. Miss Hucker, daughter of Captain Hucker, the Master-Sergemaker who entertained the Duke, was another; there were three daughters of Captain Herring, two daughters of Mr. Thomas Baker, one of Monmouth's Privy Councillors; there was Mary Meade, the girl who carried the famous Golden Flag; and others whom I have forgotten. When we were assembled, being dressed all in white, and each maid wearing the Monmouth colours, we took our flags and sallied forth. In the street there was almost as great a crowd to look on as the day before, when the Duke rode in; and, certainly, it was a very pretty sight to see. First marched a man playing on the crowd very briskly; after him, one who beat a tabor, and one who played a fife; so that we had music on our march. When the music stopped, we lifted our voices and sang a Psalm all together; that done, the crowder began again.

As for the procession, no one surely had ever seen the like of it! After the music walked six-and-twenty maids, the youngest eight and the eldest not more than twelve. They marched two by two, very orderly, all dressed in white with blue favours, and every girl carrying in her hands a flag of silk embroidered by herself, assisted by Miss Blake or some other older person, with devices appropriate to the nature of the enterprise in hand. For one flag had upon it, truly figured in scarlet silk, an open Bible, because it was for liberty to read and expound that book that the men were going forth to fight. Upon another was embroidered a great cross; upon a third were the arms of the Duke; a fourth bore upon it, to show the zeal of the people, the arms of the town of Taunton; and a fifth had both a Bible and a drawn sword; and so forth, every one with a legend embroidered upon it plain for all to read. The flags were affixed to stout white staves, and as the maids walked apart from each other and at a due distance, the flags all flying in the wind, made a pretty sight indeed; so that some of the women who looked on shed tears. Among the flags was one which I needs must mention, because, unless the device was communicated by some person deep in the Duke's counsels, it most strangely jumped with the event of the following day. Mary Meade, poor child! carried it. We called it the Golden Flag, because it had a crown worked in gold thread upon it and the letters "J.R." A fringe of lace was sewn round it, so that it was the richest flag of all. What could the Crown with the letters "J.R." mean; but that James, Duke of Monmouth, would shortly assume the Crown of these three kingdoms?

Last of all walked Miss Susan Blake, and I by her side. She bore in one hand a Bible bound in red leather stamped with gold, and in the other a naked sword.

The Duke came forth to meet us, standing bareheaded before the porch. There were standing beside and behind him, the Lord Grey, his two chaplains, Dr. Hooke and Mr. Ferguson, my father, Mr. Larke, the Baptist minister of Lyme Regis (he wore a corslet and carried a sword), and the Colonels of his regiments. His bodyguard were drawn up across the street, looking brave and splendid in their new favours. The varlets waited beyond with the horses for the Duke's party. Who, to look upon the martial array, the bravery of the Guard, the gallant bearing of all, the confidence in their looks, and the presence, which should surely bring a blessing, of the ministers of religion, would think that all this pomp and promise could be shattered at a single blow?

As each girl advanced in her turn, she knelt on one knee and offered her flag, bowing her head (we had practised this ceremony several times at the school until we were all quite perfect in our parts). Then the Duke stepped forward and raised her, tenderly kissing her. Then she stood aside holding her flag still in her hands.

My turn—because I had no flag—came last but one, Miss Susan Blake being the last. Now—I hope it was not folly, or a vainglorious desire to be distinguished by any particular notice of his Grace—I could not refrain from hanging the ring, which the Duke had given me at Ilchester five years ago, outside my dress by a blue ribbon. Miss Blake, to whom I had told the story of the ring, advised me to do so, partly to show my loyalty to the Duke, and partly because it was a pretty thing and one which some women would much desire to possess.

Miss Katharine Bovet informed the Duke that I was the daughter of the learned preacher, Dr. Comfort Eykin. When I knelt he raised me. Then, as he was about to salute me, his eyes fell upon the ring, and he looked first at me and then at the ring.

"Madam," he said, "this ring I ought to know. If I mistake not, there are the initials of 'J. S.' upon it?"

"Sir," I replied, "the ring was your own. Your Grace was so good as to bestow it upon me in your progress through the town of Ilchester, five years ago."

"Gad so!" he said, laughing; "I remember now. 'Twas a sweet and lovely child whom I kissed—and now thou art a sweet and lovely maiden. Art thou truly the daughter of Dr. Comfort Eykin?"—he looked behind him; but my father neither heard nor attended, being wrapped in thought. "'Tis strange: his daughter! 'Tis indeed wonderful that such a child should"—— Here he stopped. "Fair Rose of Somerset I called thee then. Fair Rose of Somerset I call thee again. Why, if I could place thee at the head of my army all England would certainly follow, as if Helen of Troy or Queen Venus herself did lead." So he kissed me on the cheek with much warmth—more, indeed, than was necessary to show a gracious and friendly goodwill; and suffered me to step aside. "Dr. Eykin's daughter!" he repeated, with a kind of wonder. "How could Dr. Eykin have such a daughter!"

When I told Robin of this gracious salutation he first turned very red and then he laughed. Then he said that everybody knew the Duke, but he must not attempt any Court freedoms in the Protestant camp; and if he were to try—— then he broke off short, changed colour again, and then he kissed me, saying that, of course, the Duke meant nothing but kindliness, but that, for his own part, he desired not his sweetheart to be kissed by anybody but himself. So I suppose my boy was jealous. But the folly of being jealous of so great a Prince, who could not possibly have the least regard for a simple country maiden, and who had known the great and beautiful Court ladies! It made me laugh to think that Robin could be so foolish as to be jealous of the Duke.

Then it was Miss Susan Blake's turn. She stepped forward very briskly, and knelt down and placed the Bible in the Duke's left hand and the sword in his right.

"Sir," she said (speaking the words we had made up and she had learned), "it is in the name of the women of Taunton—nay, of the women of all England—that I give you the Book of the Word of God, the most precious treasure vouchsafed to man, so that all may learn that you are come for no other purpose than to maintain the right of the English people to search the Scriptures for themselves. I give you also, Sir, a sword with which to defend those rights. In addition, Sir, the women can only give your Grace the offering of their continual prayers in behalf of the Cause, and for the safety and prosperity of your Highness and your army."

"Madam," said the Duke, much moved by this spectacle of devotion, "I am come, believe me, for no other purpose than to defend the truths contained in this book, and to seal my defence with my blood, if that need be."

Then the Duke mounted and we marched behind him in single file, each girl led by a soldier, till we came to the camp, when our flags were taken from us and we returned home and took off our white dresses. I confess that I laid mine down with a sigh. White becomes every maiden, and my only wear till then had been of russet brown. And all that day we acted over again—in our talk and in our thoughts—our beautiful procession, and we repeated the condescending words of the Duke, and admired the graciousness of his kisses, and praised each other for our admirable behaviour, and listened, with pleasure unspeakable, while Susan Blake prophesied that we should become immortal by the ceremony of that day.

CHAPTER XIX.

KING MONMOUTH AND HIS CAMP.

Next day, the town being thronged with people and the young men pressing in from all quarters to enrol themselves (over four thousand joined the colours at Taunton alone), another proclamation was read—that, namely, by which the Duke claimed the throne. Many opinions have been given as to this step. For the Duke's enemies maintain—first, that his mother was never married to King Charles the Second (indeed, there is no doubt that the King always denied the marriage); next, that an illegitimate son could never be permitted to sit upon the ancient throne of this realm; and, thirdly, that in usurping the Crown the Duke broke faith with his friends, to whom he had solemnly given his word that he would not put forward any such pretensions. Nay, some have gone so far as to allege that he was not the son of Charles at all, but of some other whom they even name; and they have pointed to his face as showing no resemblance at all to that swarthy and gloomy-looking King. On the other hand, the Duke's friends say that there were in his hands clear proof of the marriage; that the promise given to his friends was conditional, and one which could set be aside by circumstances; that the country gentry, to whom a Republic was most distasteful, were afraid that he designed to re-establish that form of government; and, further, that his friends were all fully aware, from the beginning, of his intentions.

On these points I know nothing; but when a thing has been done, it is idle to spend time in arguing that it was well or ill done. James, Duke of Monmouth, was now James, King of Great Britain and Ireland; and if we were all rebels before, who had risen in the name of religion and liberty, I suppose we were all ten times as much rebels now, when we had, in addition, set up another King, and declared King James to be an usurper, and no more than the Duke of York. Nay, that there might be wanting no single circumstance of aggravation, it was in this Proclamation declared that the Duke of York had caused his brother, the late King, to be secretly poisoned. I know not what foundation exists for this accusation; but I have been told that it gave offence unto many, and that it was an ill-advised thing to say.

The Proclamation was read aloud at the Market Cross by Mr. Tyley, of Taunton, on the Saturday morning, before a great concourse of people. It ended with the words, "We therefore, the noblemen, gentlemen, and Commons at present assembled, in the names of ourselves and of all the loyal and Protestant noblemen, gentlemen, and Commons of England, in pursuance of our duty and allegiance, and for the delivering of the Kingdom from Popery, tyranny, and oppression, do recognise, publish, and proclaim the said high and mighty Prince James, Duke of Monmouth, as lawful and rightful Sovereign and King, by the name of James II., by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith. GOD SAVE THE KING!"

After this the Duke was always saluted as King, prayed for as King, and styled "His Majesty." He also touched some (as only the King can do) for the king's-evil, and, it is said, wrought many miracles of healing—a thing which, being noised abroad, should have strengthened the faith of the people in him. But the malignity of our enemies caused these cases of healing to be denied, or else explained as fables and inventions of the Duke's friends.

Among the accessions of this day was one which I cannot forbear to mention. It was that of an old soldier who had been one of Cromwell's captains, Colonel Basset by name. He rode in—being a man advanced in years, yet still strong and hale—at the head of a considerable company raised by himself. 'Twas hoped that his example would be followed by the adhesion of many more of Cromwell's men, but the event proved otherwise. Perhaps, being old Republicans, they were deterred by the Proclamation of Monmouth as King. Perhaps they had grown slothful with age, and were now unwilling to face once more the dangers and fatigues of a campaign. Another recruit was the once-famous Colonel Perrot, who had been engaged with Colonel Blood in the robbery of the Crown Jewels—though the addition of a robber to our army was not a matter of pride. He came, it was afterwards said, because he was desperate, his fortunes broken, and with no other hope than to follow the fortunes of the Duke.

It became known in the course of the day that the army was to march on the Sunday. Therefore, everybody on Saturday evening repaired to the camp: some to bid farewell and Godspeed to their friends, and others to witness the humours of a camp. I was fortunate in having Robin for a companion and protector—the place being rough and the behaviour and language of the men coarse even beyond what one expects at a country fair. The recruits still kept pouring in from all parts; but, as I have already said, many were disheartened when they found that there were no arms, and went home again. They were not all riotous and disorderly. Some of the men, those, namely, who were older and more sober-minded, we found gathered together in groups, earnestly engaged in conversation.

"They are considering the Proclamation," said Robin. "Truly, we did not expect that our Duke would so soon become King. They say he is illegitimate. What then? Let him mount the throne by right of arms, as Oliver Cromwell could have done had he pleased—who asks whether Oliver was illegitimate or no? The country will not have another Commonwealth—and it will no longer endure a Catholic King. Let us have King Monmouth, then: who is there better?"

In all the camp there was none who spoke with greater cheerfulness and confidence than Robin. Yet he did not disguise from himself that there might be warm work.

"The King's troops," he said, "are closing in all round us. That is certain. Yet, even if they all join we are still more numerous and in much better heart; of that I am assured. At Wellington, the Duke of Albemarle commands the Devonshire Militia; Lord Churchill is at Chard with the Somerset Regiment; Lord Bath is reported to be marching upon us with the Cornishmen; the Duke of Beaufort hath the Gloucester Militia at Bristol; Lord Pembroke is at Chippenham with the Wiltshire Trainbands; Lord Feversham is on the march with the King's standing army. What then? are these men Protestants or are they Papists? Answer me that, Sweetheart."

Alas! had they been true Protestants there would have been such an answer as would have driven King James across the water three years sooner.

The camp was now like a fair, only much finer and bigger than any fair I have ever seen. That of Lyme Regis could not be compared with it. There were booths where they sold gingerbread, cakes, ale, and cider: Monmouth favours for the recruits to sew upon their hats or sleeves; shoes and stockings were sold in some, and even chap-books were displayed. There was a puppet show with Patient Grizzle; and a stand where a monkey danced. Men and women carried about in baskets last year's withered apples, with Kentish cobs and walnuts; there were booths where they fried sausages and roasted pork all day long; tumblers and clowns were performing in others; painted and dressed-up girls danced in others; there was a bull-baiting; a man was making a fiery oration on the Duke's proclamation: but I saw no one preaching a sermon. There were here and there companies of country lads exercising with pike and halbert; and others, more advanced, with the loading and firing of their muskets. There were tables at which sat men with cards and dice, gambling: shouting when they won and cursing when they lost; others, of more thrifty mind, sat on the ground practising their trade of tailor or cobbler—thus losing no money, though they did go soldiering; some polished weapons and sharpened swords, pikes, and scythes; nowhere did we find any reading the Bible, or singing of hymns, or listening to sermons. Save for the few groups of sober men of whom I have spoken, the love of amusement carried all away; and the officers of the army, who might have turned them back to sober thought, were not visible. Everywhere noise; everywhere beating of drums, playing of pipes, singing of songs, bawling and laughing. Among the men there ran about a number of saucy gipsy girls, their brown faces showing under red kerchiefs, their black eyes twinkling (truly they are pretty creatures to look upon when they are young; but they have no religion, and say of themselves that they have no souls). These girls talked with each other in their own language, which none out of their own nation—except the tinker-folk, who are said to be their cousins—understand. But English they talk very well, and they are so clever that, it is said, they will talk to a Somersetshire man in good broad Somerset, and to a man of Norfolk in his own speech, though he of Norfolk would not understand him of Somerset.

"They are the vultures," said Robin, "who follow for prey. Before the battle these women cajole the soldiers out of their money, and after the battle their men rob and even murder the wounded and plunder the dead."

Then one of them ran and stood before us.

"Let me tell thy fortune, handsome gentleman? Let me tell thine, fair lady? A sixpence or a groat to cross my palm, Captain, and you shall know all that is to happen."

Robin laughed, but gave her sixpence.

"Look me in the face, fair lady"—she spoke good, plain English, this black-eyed wench, though but a moment before she had been talking broad Somerset to a young recruit—"look me in the face; yes. All is not smooth. He loves you; but there will be separation and trouble. One comes between, a big man with a red face; he parts you. There is a wedding, I see your Ladyship plain. Why, you are crying at it, you cry all the time; but I do not see this gentleman. Then there is another wedding—yes, another—and I see you at both. You will be twice married. Yet, be of good heart, fair lady."

She turned away and ran after another couple, no doubt with much the same tale.

"How should there be a wedding," I asked, "if I am there and you not there, Robin—and I to be crying? And how could I—oh! Robin—how could I be married twice?"

"Nay, Sweetheart, she could not tell what wedding it was. She only uttered the gibberish of her trade; I am sorry that I wasted a sixpence upon her."

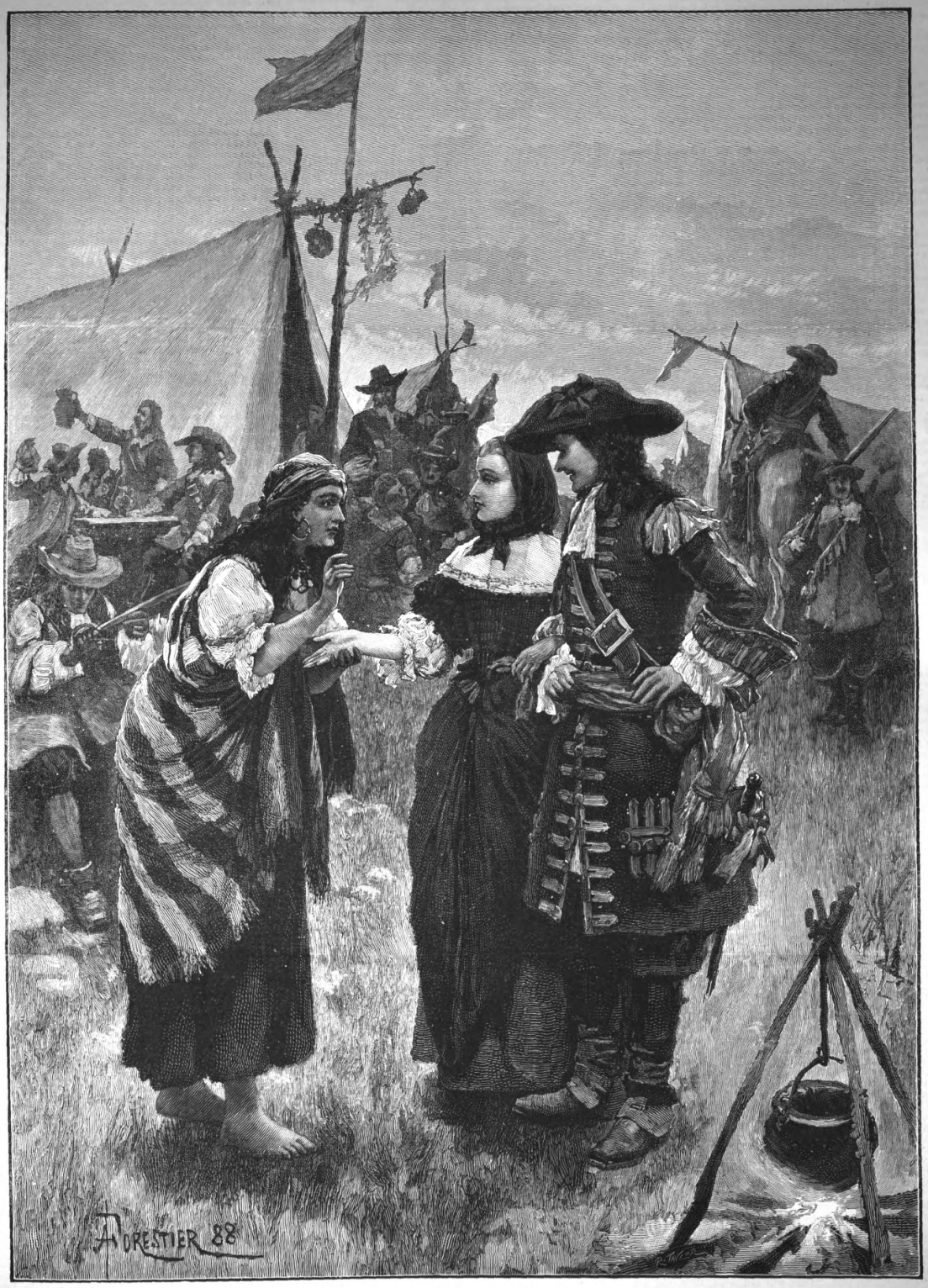
"Robin, is it magic that they practise—these gipsies? Do they traffic with the Devil? We ought not to suffer witches to live amongst us."

"Most are of opinion that they have no other magic than the art of guessing, which they learn to do very quickly, putting things together, from their appearance; so that if brother and sister walk out together they are taken to be lovers, and promised a happy marriage and many children."

That may be so, and perhaps the fortune told by this gipsy was only guess-work. But I cannot believe it; for the event proved that she had in reality possessed an exact knowledge of what was about to happen.

Some of the gipsy women—but these were the older women, who had lost their good looks, though not their impudence—were singing songs, and those, as Robin told me, songs not fit to be sung; and one old crone, sitting before her tent beside a roaring wood-fire over which hung a great saucepan, sold charms against shot and steel. The lads bought these greedily, giving sixpence apiece for them; so that the old witch must have made a sackful of money. They came and looked on shyly. Then one would say to the other, "What thinkest,

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

"Let me tell thy fortune, handsome gentleman? Let me tell thine, fair lady? A sixpence or a groat, to cross my palm, Captain, and you shall know all that is to happen."

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

lad? Is there aught in it?" And the other would say, "Truly, I know not; but she is a proper witch, and I'll buy one. We may have to fight. Best make sure of a whole skin." And so he bought one, and then all bought. The husbands of the gipsy women were engaged, meantime, we understood, in robbing the farm-yards in the neighbourhood, the blame being afterwards laid upon our honest soldiers.

Then there was a ballad-monger singing a song about a man and a broom, and selling it (to those who would buy) printed on a long slip of paper. The first lines were —

There was an old man and he lived in a wood,
And his trade it was making a broom.

but I heard no more, because Robin hurried me away. Then there were some who had drunk too much cider or beer, and were now reeling about with stupid faces and glassy eyes; there were some who were lying speechless or asleep upon the grass; and some were cooking supper over fires after the manner of the gipsies.

"I have seen enough, Robin," I said. "Alas for sacred Religion if these are her defenders!"

"'Tis always so," said Robin, "in time of war. We must encourage our men to keep up their hearts. Should we be constantly reminding them that to-morrow half of them may be lying dead on the battle-field? Then they would mope and hang their heads, and would presently desert."

"One need not preach of death, but one should preach of godliness and of sober joy. Look but at those gipsy wenches and those lads rolling about drunk. Are these things decent? If they escape the dangers of war, will it make them happy to look back upon the memory of this camp? Is it fit preparation to meet their Maker?"

"In times of peace, sweet Saint, these lads remember easily that in the midst of life we are in death, and they govern themselves accordingly. In times of war every man hopes for his own part to escape with a whole skin, though his neighbour fall. That is why we are all so blithe and jolly. Let us now go home, before the night falls and the mirth becomes riotous and unseemly."

We passed a large booth, whence there issued sounds of singing. It was a roofless inclosure of canvas. Some ale-house man of Taunton had set it up. Robin drew aside the canvas door.

"Look in," he said. "See the brave defenders of Religion keeping up their hearts."

It was furnished with benches and rough tables: at one end were casks. The benches were crowded with soldiers, every man with a pot before him, and the varlets were running backwards and forwards with cans of ale and cider. Most of the men were smoking pipes of tobacco, and they were singing a song which seemed to have no end. One bawled the lines, and when it came to the "Let the hautboys play!" and the "Huzza!" they all roared out together:—

Now, now, the Duke's health,
And let the hautboys play,
While the troops on their march shall
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Now, now, the Duke's health,
And let the hautboys play,
While the drums and the trumpets sound from the shore
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

They sang this verse several times over. Then another began—

Now, now, Lord Grey's health,
And let the hautboys play,
While the troops on their march shall
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Now, now, Lord Grey's health,
And let the hautboys play,
While the drums and the trumpets sound from the shore
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Next a third voice took it up—

Now, now, the Colonel's health,
And let the hautboys play,

and then a fourth and a fifth, and the last verse was bawled as lustily and with so much joy that one would have thought the mere singing would have gotten them the victory. Men are so made, I suppose, that they cannot work together without singing and music to keep up their hearts. Sailors sing when they weigh anchor; men who unlade ships sing as they carry out the bales; even Cromwell's Ironsides could not march in silence, but sang Psalms as they marched.

The sun was set and the twilight falling when we left the camp; and there was no abatement of the roaring and singing, but rather an increase.

"They will go on," said Robin, "until the drink or their money gives out; then they will lie down and sleep. You have now seen our camp, Sweetheart. It is not, truth to say, as decorous as a conventicle, nor is the talk so godly as in Sir Christopher's hall. For rough fellows there must be rough play; in a month these lads will be veterans; the singing will have grown stale to them; the black-eyed gipsy-women will have no more power to charm away their money; they will understand the meaning of war; the camp will be sober if it is not religious."

So we walked homewards, I, for my part, saddened to think in what a spirit of riot these young men, whom I had pictured so full of godly zeal, were preparing to meet the chance of immediate death and judgment.

"Sweet," said Robin, "I read thy thoughts in thy troubled eyes. Pray for us. Some will fight none the worse for knowing that there are good women who pray for them."

We were now back in the town; the streets were still full of people, and no one seemed to think of bed. Presently we passed the Castle Inn; the windows were open, and we could see a great company of gentlemen sitting round a table on which were candles lit and bowls full of strong drink; nearly every man had his pipe at his lips and his glass before him, and one of them was singing to the accompaniment of a guitar. Their faces were red and swollen, as if they had taken too much. At one end of the table sat Humphrey. What? could Humphrey, too, be a reveller with the rest? His face, which was gloomy, and his eyes, which were sad, showed that he was not.

"The officers have supped together," said Robin. "It may be long before we get such good quarters again. A cup of hipsy and a song in good fellowship, thou wilt not grudge so much?"

"Nay," I said, "'tis all of a piece. Like man, like master. Officers and men alike—all drinking and singing. Is there not one good man in all the army?"

As I spoke one finished a song at which all laughed, except Humphrey, and drummed the table with their fists and shouted.

Then one who seemed to be the president of the table turned to Humphrey.

"Doctor," he said, "thou wilt not drink, thou dost not laugh, and thou hast not sung. Thou must be tried by court-martial, and the sentence of the court is a brimming glass of punch or a song."

"Then, gentlemen," said Humphrey, smiling, "I will give you a song. But blame me not if you mislike it; I made the song in praise of the sweetest woman in the world." He took the guitar and struck the strings. When he began to sing my cheeks flamed and my breath came and went, for I knew the song; he had given it to me four years agone. Who was the sweetest woman in the world? Oh! he made this song for me!—he made this song for me, and none but me! But these rude revellers would not know that—and I never guessed that the song was for me. How could I think that he would write these extravagancies for me? But poets cannot mean what they say—

As rides the moon in azure skies,
The twinkling stars beside;
As when in splendour she doth rise,
Their lesser lights they hide
So beside Celia, when her face we see,
All unregarded other maidens be.

As Helen in the town of Troy
Shone fair beyond all thought,
That to behold her was a joy
By death too poorly bought.
So, when fair Celia deigns the lawn to grace,
All life, all joy, dwells in her lovely face.

As the sweet river floweth by
Green banks and alders tall,
It stayeth not for prayer or sigh,
Nor answereth if we call.
So Celia heeds not though Love cry and weep;
She heavenward wendeth while we earthward creep.

The marbled Saint, so cold and pure,
Minds naught of earthly ways;
Nor can man's gauds entice or lure
That fixed heavenly gaze.
So, Celia, though thou Queen and Empress art,
To heaven, to heaven alone, belongs thy heart.

Now while Humphrey sang this song, a hush fell upon the revellers; they had expected nothing but a common drinking-song. After the bawling and the noise and the ribaldry 'twas like a breath of fresh air after the closeness of a prison; or like a drink of pure water to one half dead with thirst.

"Robin," I said, "there is one good man in the camp." I say that while Humphrey sang this song—which, to be sure, was neither a drinking-song, nor a party song, nor a song of wickedness and folly—the company looked at each other in silence, and neither laughed nor offered to interrupt. Nay, there were signs of grace in some of their faces, which became grave and thoughtful. When Humphrey finished it, he laid down the guitar and rose up with a bow, saying, "I have sung my song, gentlemen all—and so, good-night!" and walked out of the room.

"Robin," I said again, "thank God, there is one good man in the camp! I had forgotten Humphrey."

"Yes," Robin replied; "Humphrey is a good man, if ever there was one. But he is glum. Something oppresses him. His eyes are troubled, and he hangs his head; or if he laughs at all, it is as if he would rather cry. Yet all the way home from Holland he was joyful, save when his head was held over the side of the ship. He sang and laughed; he spoke of great things about to happen. I have never known him more happy. And now his face is gloomy, and he sighs when he thinks no one watcheth him. Perhaps, like thee, Sweet, he cannot abide the noise and riot of the camp. He would fain see every man Bible in hand. To-day he spent two hours with the Duke before the Council, and was with thy father afterwards. 'Tis certain that the Duke hath great confidence in him. Why is he so gloomy? He bitterly reproached me for leaving Sir Christopher, as if he alone had a conscience to obey or honour to remember!"

Humphrey came forth at this moment and stood for a moment on the steps. Then he heaved a great sigh and walked away slowly, with hanging head, not seeing us.

"What is the matter with him?" said Robin. "Perhaps they flout him for being a physician. These fellows have no respect for learning or for anyone who is not a country gentleman. Well, perhaps when we are on the march he will again pick up his spirits. They are going to sing again. Shall we go, Child?"

But the president called a name, which made me stop a little longer.

"Barnaby!" he cried; "jolly Captain Barnaby! Now that Doctor Gravesairs hath left us we will begin the night. Barnaby, my hero, thy song. Fill up, gentlemen! The night is young, and to-morrow we march. Captain Barnaby, tip us a sea-song. Silence, gentlemen, for the Captain's song."

It was my brother that they called upon—no other. He got up from his place at the summons and rose to his feet. Heavens! what a broad man he seemed compared with those who sat beside him! His face was red and his cheeks swollen because of the strong drink he had taken. In his hand he held a full glass of it. Robin called it hipsy—and it is a mixture of wine, brandy, and water with lemon juice and sugar—very heady and strong.

Said Barnaby that there was one religion for a landsman and another for a sailor? I thought of that as he stood looking round him. If it were so, it would be truly a happy circumstance for most sailors; but I know not on what assurance this belief can be argued. Then Barnaby waved his hand.

"Yoho! my lads!" he shouted. "The ship's in port and the crew has gone ashore!"

Then he began to sing in a deep voice which made the glasses ring—

Shut the door—lock the door—
Out of window fling the key.
Hasten: bring me more, bring me more:
Fill it up. Fill it up for me.
The daylight which you think,
The daylight which you think,
The daylight which you think,
'Tis but the candle's flicker:
The morning star will never wink,
The morning star will never wink,
Till there cometh stint of liquor.
For 'tis tipple, tipple, tipple all around the world, my lads,
And the sun in drink is rightly lapped and curled, my lads,
And to-night let us drink, and to-morrow we'll to sea;
For 'tis tipple, tipple, tipple—yes, 'tis tipple, tipple, tipple—
Makes the world and us to jee.

"Take me home, Robin," I said, "I have seen and heard enough. Alas! we have need of all the prayers that we can utter from the depths of our heart, and more!"

(To be continued.)

The twenty-seventh annual show of the Derbyshire Agricultural and Horticultural Society has been held at Derby under favourable auspices, the entries being numerous.

Norwich Castle, so long used as a prison, having been acquired by the Corporation, will, at a cost of about £11,000, be turned into a public museum, art gallery, &c. The greater part of the money has been subscribed or promised, and it is expected that the remainder will be speedily obtainable, and that the alterations will shortly be proceeded with.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (viâ United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (viâ British), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Queen has taken an opportunity, during her recent visit to Glasgow, of again and very emphatically expressing her sympathy with the higher education of women. Her Majesty visited and received an address from the committee of Queen Margaret's College, an institution which Mrs. John Elder, in 1884, presented to the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women. The average number of students attending the college is 250. It is very pleasant to find wealthy women aiding in so generous a manner as Mrs. Elder did in presenting the college in the education of girls. It is quite clear that in a generation or two the extreme inequality in endowed and assisted education which now exists between girls and boys, and between young men and women, will be greatly reduced. So soon as public opinion sanctions such provision being made, generous and rich women are not wanting to supply the needful funds. Leaving the luckless "Holloway's" out of the question, Girton College has been the recipient of various munificent donations from women—notably, one from the late Miss Gamble, of Portland-place, who made the college her residuary legatee, and so provided it with over ten thousand pounds, out of which a new wing was built. Mrs. Abel Heywood left an equal sum to the women's classes of the Owen's College, provided the council will use it for that purpose; and Mrs. Elder's gift to the Glasgow College has been equally munificent. The approval accorded to such efforts by the Queen cannot fail to give an impetus to the happy wave of female generosity which is bringing higher education within the means of more and yet more girls. The Queen's reply to the address from the College included the following phrases:—"It is a source of gratification to me to hear of the success of Queen Margaret's College; every movement which tends to raise the position of women and to extend the sphere of their usefulness has my warm approval."

So the movement for "extending the sphere of usefulness" of women goes on, the time being ripe for it. There is, no doubt, another side of the shield, and some of the girls of the next generation may be disposed to envy their ancestresses who lived in quieter times: who learned to read, write, and keep the simplest accounts, and were then freed from all obligation to study, and were not expected to be any more highly cultivated. To whom much is given, from them much is required; and it would be idle to deny that the calm, domestic days led by our grandmothers were in some respects enviable. But one cannot live out of one's century, if one would; whatever its peculiar strain and effort, they must be borne as the price of its special advantages. Changed conditions have altered the position of women. Steam has taken full half of our old domestic work away, both by enabling manufactures to be best done on a large scale, and by increasing the ease with which manufactured goods can be conveyed to those who use them. Thus the work of women is taken from the home, and women must follow their work, and must in large numbers turn out of the domestic shelter to find their vocation, in the varied duties of the wider world. They must, then, be as well prepared as may be for the battle of life, and for the exercise in it of all their powers; for the more highly organised work in which women must now share demands the exertion of many intellectual and moral as well as physical capabilities that were little required in the more routine, though equally arduous, duties of old-fashioned housekeeping. If the modern conditions of women's labour press more hardly than older ones did on the idle, the feeble, and the incapable—the remedy, and the only possible remedy, is to reduce the number of such members of our sex, by improving both body and mind by education—which is the object of colleges for women.

Though this is the dull season in town, when the West-End is almost deserted, when the squares are given over to caretakers and cats, when the shopkeepers condescend to be on the watch for customers, and when hardly any but hack-carriages are seen in the streets; yet London is not without novelties. There are none in the world of fashion; but in those little matters which form suitable presents to take home to friends in the country there is as much that is fresh to be seen now, as at any other season. Amongst the newest things is a fir-cone brooch, the ornament itself being in gold, the series of little overlapping plates of the precious metal giving exactly the natural appearance, while the case in which it lies, nestling in the blue silk lining, is of leather, marked off to have a similar appearance. A novel development of the popular watch-bracelet has the tiniest of time-keepers dangling from a very short and slender chain, and looking as though it were the key of the padlock centre of the narrow bangle that surrounds the wrist. Another form of the same useful ornament is in silver, and is called a wristlet; there is a narrow band of silver around the arm, from which hangs a series of little chains of silver. On one of these a sovereign-purse is intended to hang; on another is a little silver watch set in a deep socket; on another is a tiny propelling pencil-case; while a fourth is left free in order to have attached to it any small parcel or other object that it may be wished to carry. This is, in effect, having a châtelaine on the wrist—a notion that could only commend itself to a person who liked display and noise. A pretty brooch is in the form of a gold "merry-thought;" one variety of this idea has a tiny bird in plain gold perched on the lower branch, and another has the space between the two halves filled in with the figures denoting this year of grace. In novelties for table use is a sardine server, with the holders shaped like two of the fish, fixed crosswise on the ends of the sugar-tong-like prongs. Another is an egg-boiler for table use, which will allow the mistress to prepare the matutinal egg to the precise taste of each member of the household, and to serve it up quite hot and fresh. The article consists of a silver boiler shaped like an orange, opening in the middle to take the water in which the eggs cook. This vessel is supported on the top of a tripod stand, at the bottom of which is a ring with a little spirit-lamp upon it, that keeps the water boiling. There is another variety of the same object in which the boiler is suspended by chains, like a gipsies' kettle, from the middle of a "three-stick" stand, with a separate little support for the spirit-lamp beneath.

Mr. Oscar Wilde has now, I believe, edited the *Woman's World* for a year. The September number introduces a new feature, which one is rather sorry to see. Hitherto, only women have written in the pages of that magazine; this month two contributions—a short poem and an article on tapestry—are signed with masculine names. Those contributions, however, are hardly likely to be regarded as the spice or savouring salt of the number, the gem of which, to my thinking, is a paper on "Roman Women at the Beginning of the Empire," by Miss Richardson, illustrated by two beautiful portraits from antique busts. The view shown of the great influence exercised by women in a time when law and custom straitly forbad them not only power but even personal liberty, is most striking, and the paper is written in an elevated yet picturesque style befitting the stately subject. Other interesting articles are Mrs. Cooper-Oakley's "Bonnets of the Reign," "Ouida's" on "The Streets of London," and a series of apophthegms by the Queen of Roumania.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XV.

Wentworth Woodhouse.

"BUT Wentworth — who ever names him without thinking of those harsh dark features, ennobled by their expression into more than the majesty of an antique Jupiter; of that brow, that eye, that cheek, that lip, wherein, as in a chronicle, are written the events of many stormy and disastrous years, high enterprise accomplished, frightful dangers braved, power unsparingly exercised, suffering unshrinkingly borne: of that fixed look, so full of severity, of mournful anxiety, of deep thought, of dauntless resolution, which seems at once to forebode and to defy a terrible fate, as it lowers on us from the living canvas of Vandyke?"

These are the famous words of Macaulay: and even thus one might ask, Who ever names Wentworth House—the great mansion in the south of Yorkshire, not far from clouded Sheffield—without at once thinking of its sometime owner, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford: "the one supremely able man the King had" in his fatal struggle with the Commons of England?

Far back as we have any records of its history, Wentworth Woodhouse belonged to Strafford's ancestry. In the days of Henry III., William de Wyntword of Wyntword acquired the estate by his marriage with Emma, daughter of William Wodehous "of Wodehous"—most likely a real house of wood, an ancient timber dwelling, dating perhaps from the Conquest. The usual spelling of the name of old was "Winteworth"; and so, they say, it is still pronounced locally—though I cannot say I noticed it. In Domesday the name is mentioned five times: once with the spelling "Wintreworde," which perhaps suggests a true derivation from "winter."

And here lived the Wentworths of Wentworth Woodhouse, and inherited the house and lands, in regular male succession, from the time of Henry III. to that of Charles II. Eleven William Wentworths held rule here without a break; and then came a series of alternate—or very nearly alternate—Williams and Thomases, which lasted till, on the death of Strafford's son without issue, the property passed to the children of his daughter.

Among these earlier Wentworths were some good fighting-men. Best known to fame, and something of a "character" in his way, was the second Sir Thomas, who flourished—and that greatly—in the days of Henry VIII. His bravery at the Battle of the Spurs won him the honour of knighthood; later on, his wealth gained him the title of "Golden Thomas." It seems an odd employment of this wealth to have paid with it a fine that he might *not* be made a Knight of the Bath: more reasonable was the license he obtained from the King in 1528, that, being infirm, he might wear his bonnet in the Royal presence.

The younger branches of the family founded houses of their own; there were the Wentworths of North and of South Elmsal, of Bretton, of Wentworth Castle—also in Yorkshire—and of Nettlested, in Suffolk. This last family became Earls of Cleveland and Barons Wentworth.

But the eldest branch achieved the highest honours. The first Baronet was a powerful and wealthy man; and his son and heir took every way of advancement, moving ever upwards, till he died, said Clarendon, "the greatest subject in power, and little inferior to any in fortune, that was at that time in any of the three kingdoms."

We need not take it that he advanced by base means. There is nothing low in the face that Vandyke shows us; it was no vulgar man who wrote that last letter, in which he urged his own death upon the King. But of Wentworth's enormous ambition there can hardly be a doubt; and his motto was "Thorough"; and we find that every step he took bore him higher, either in fame, or power, or wealth.

He was married twice—first to the Lady Margaret Clifford, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland, and connected with many of the greatest English houses; and, in 1624, two years after her death, to Arabella Holles (sister of Denzil), the daughter of the Earl of Clare. Thus, each time he married "well," as it is called; but each seems to have been a marriage of affection, and his exceeding grief at the death, in childbirth, of his second wife is on record, as is the sympathy then shown for him in the town of York, where he seems to have been greatly liked.

Yet the early records of his quiet life at Wentworth show that he was determined to be first, wherever he was, at whatever cost. Clarendon mentions his rivalry with "the old Lord Saville," whom he defeated, and succeeded as Custos of the Rolls for the West Riding; nor rested "till he had bereaved him of all place and power in Court, and so sent him down, a most abject, disconsolate old man, to his country."

With this masterful spirit, it is not surprising that he made enemies; and a more curious evidence of this than any of Clarendon's direct words is given by the index to the "History of the Rebellion." Here we find, in entry after entry under the head of "Wentworth," *Earl Holland hostile to him—Sir H. Vane his implacable enemy — Earls Essex and Holland his enemies, and why—Army incensed against him—Lord Savile his bitter enemy — Queen hostile to him — Sir T. Hotham his enemy—Earl of Southampton not his friend.* Perhaps in all his quarrels he was right; yet, in any case, what a talent for quarrelling!

He came of age in 1614, and in the same year, on his father's death, succeeded to the estate. Here he mainly lived—it was fourteen years before Parliament took up any great share of his time—and kept up a stately hospitality, in the great red-bricked house of which some part still stands. He entertained largely; and, apart from guests, his ordinary household numbered sixty-four. He always loved the life of a country gentleman. Much later, when he was ruling Ireland with an iron hand, he found time to order minutely the affairs of his home estate; and wrote then of his love of rural peace, remembering, no doubt, the life he had described ten years before, when he wrote to Sir George Calvert "Our objects and thoughts are limited in looking upon a tulip, hearing a bird sing, a rivulet murmuring, or some petty yet innocent pastimes."

He entered Parliament in 1620—he was elected, on Christmas Day, knight of the shire for the county of York—and at once took an active part as a friend of the people, a strong opponent of the unlimited monarchy of the Stuarts. This Parliament did not live long, nor did the next (in which he sat for Pontefract); but Sir Thomas Wentworth was already an opponent so powerful that the King was glad to keep him out of the Parliament of 1627 by making him Sheriff of his county.

But in this same year came a motive for the strongest



EARL AND COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM.

public action. Like Hampden, Wentworth refused to pay his share of the forced loan demanded by the King. He was imprisoned in the Marshalsea, and afterwards was ordered to keep within the town or neighbourhood of Dartford. By Christmastime, however, he was free; and early in 1628 once more sat for Yorkshire in the House of Commons.

And then—then came the sudden change, which has made the character of Wentworth one of the hardest riddles in history. Macaulay and others attribute it to sheer venality: the King tempted him, and he fell; the King paid a high price, and bought him, body and soul. (And it is true that, as early as July in this year, Charles's former enemy was made a Peer, Baron Wentworth of Wentworth-Woodhouse; on Dec. 10 he was created Viscount Wentworth; he was soon made a Privy Councillor, Lord Lieutenant of the county of York, and Lord President of the North.)

Mr. Gardiner gives him credit for honesty, makes him a kind of Girondist—though a Girondist with the will of a Cromwell. And, as has been said, no base man could have written that final letter to the King; as no altogether worthy man could have ruled Ireland as he ruled it, or have said—when Hampden, his friend of old, refused to pay ship-money till he was lawfully bidden—"He should be whipt into his senses; and if the rod be so used that it smart not, I am the more sorry."

From whatever motive, Wentworth was the mainstay of the King's cause during the next twelve years, as Lord President of the North, Lord-Deputy of Ireland, Lieutenant-General of the army against the Scots; and was rewarded with titles and great wealth. In 1640 he was made Baron Raby, of Raby Castle; he was Earl of Strafford, a Knight of the Garter, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

But his measure was full. In the first year of the Long Parliament one of the earliest measures of the House of Commons was his impeachment before the Lords. Then followed that famous trial in Westminster Hall, when for eighteen days he defended himself against the mightiest opponents in England "with all imaginable dexterity, answering this and evading that with all possible skill and eloquence." He was not condemned till a Bill of Attainder was passed—and his Royal master signed it: moved thereto, perhaps, by the noble letter which, with any other King, one thinks, should have pleaded most eloquently for him. "Sir," wrote Strafford, "my consent shall more acquit you herein to God, than all the world can doe besides. To a willing man there is no injury done. And as by God's grace I forgive all the world with a calmness and meekness of infinite contentment to my dislodging soule, so, Sir, to you can I give the life of this world with all the cheerfulness imaginable; in the just acknowledgment of your exceeding favours." And so, on Tower-hill, "with marvellous tranquillity of mind, he delivered his head to the block."

His son, an amiable weak man, died childless in 1695, leaving the estates to pass to the issue of a sister who had married Edward, second Baron Rockingham.

And the second Chief Minister of England, who also ruled at Wentworth—the builder, indeed, of the present house—was a Rockingham: Charles Watson Wentworth, first Marquis. An honourable, pleasant, simple man—

Gentle, intrepid, generous, mild, and just,

says his epitaph—but of no very commanding abilities, he was a singular contrast to the mighty Strafford. Yet he was twice Prime Minister of England—the second time with every prospect of long-continued power, had not his sudden death overthrown all hopes. Burke, his intimate friend, wrote the fine "Character" which is engraved in the mausoleum which we shall pass before we leave the park, by its southern gate, for Rotherham. On the other hand, one remembers the epigram of a wit of the Opposition party:

Tell the truth—if the people can hear without shocking 'em—
That the Nation's asleep, and the Minister's *Rocking 'em*.

Quitting the Prime Minister till we reach his mausoleum, we come to the line of the Fitzwilliams, still holding rule here. The third Earl of Fitzwilliam married Lord Rockingham's daughter, and thus came to inherit Wentworth; but his family had been landowners in this immediate neighbourhood—at Sprotborough, only some ten miles off—as long ago as the eleventh century. One good-hearted Sir William Fitzwilliam of those early days set up in the High-street of Sprotborough a cross, with these words engraven on brass—

Whoso is hungry, and lists to eate,
Let him come to Sprotburgh to his meate:
And for a night, and for a day,
His horse shall have both corn and hay.
And no man shall ask him where he goeth away.

But as the days went by men grew less hospitable, and in 1520 the cross was pulled down.

History tells us of some sixteen William Fitzwilliams, and four Johns, in the direct line; many of them men of note, and one—the William of Elizabeth's day—Lord Deputy of Ireland five times, for four and thirty years. His grandson was raised to the Peerage of Ireland; and a descendant, fourth Earl Fitzwilliam, achieved the rare feat of making himself beloved as Lord Lieutenant—as we shall see in due place. The great grandson of this fourth Earl—William Thomas Wentworth Spencer Fitzwilliam, seventh Earl Fitzwilliam—whose golden wedding is this week to be celebrated, now holds rule at Wentworth Woodhouse; of which house, and the park about it, the things to be seen therein and the way thereto, some account must now be given.

The nearest way to Wentworth is to take the train from Sheffield to the little station at Chapeltown, whence the house is but two miles' walk—the two longest miles, though, that I recollect to have met. (Or you can go from Rotherham, whence it is a four-mile drive.)

It is a pleasant journey, by reason of its contrasts. You come out from the terrible smoke-cloud of Sheffield, pierced by its thousands of tall chimneys, and pass the little red houses just beyond, quite pert and shiny in the sunlight, with the great slope of Wincobank high above them; and quickly you are in the green country, a land of hills and dales, with tall trees bordering the little fields, and everywhere houses dotted about and signs of humanity. You are in the ancient woodland that Robin Hood (and Walter Scott) have made famous for us; for here "in that pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the Don, there extended in ancient times a large forest, covering the greater part of the hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and the pleasant town of Doncaster. The remains of this extensive wood are still to be seen at the noble seats of Wentworth, of Wharncliffe Park, and around Rotherham." This, indeed, was of old Sherwood Forest; it was here that Gurth and Wamba talked, as the sun was setting in a cloudless sky.

It is a smoky country now, though a picturesque; the roads are grey, and the houses dirty, and even in the Park itself, eight miles from Sheffield (and four from its murky neighbour Rotherham), one seems to taste the smoke in the air, and November brings fogs quite worthy of London. Yet you are among the hills, and there is a fresh wind blowing, and you have varying views of wood and slope; passing by the first lodge, uphill along a grey road between the fields, you catch always a glimpse of water, or of a high church on a round-topped hill, or a line of dark wood along the ridge, across the valley on your right.



THE TERRACE.

To the Park itself there are high iron gates, with no bell,

and a classic temple for a lodge. It looks as though you could not get in without winding a horn, or some such formality of the days of Robin Hood; but you can, and very simply—as you will probably find out, if you go there and think it over.

In the Park, a bluff solid wall on the left bounds the private



THE ENTRANCE HALL.

gardens; upon it is a little temple, with a statue therein, and a row of elms runs along the higher ground behind the wall. To the right you look down into a cup of hills, with dark lines of trees, and peeps of the grey water of little lakes shimmering constantly in the light. Long-horned cows move across the smooth grass—"Brahmins," and Highlanders, with rough coats, black, brown, and white—and red and fallow deer are further off. At the end of the wall is a kind of round tower, with a dial projecting from its side; and as you turn the corner you come immediately upon a grand view of the house—a great Classic building, two hundred yards in length, with a stately portico high up above a zigzag staircase, and wings standing boldly out to right and left. It is, indeed, "not ugly," as Horace Walpole says—with some surprise, for the British Classic is not as a rule a thing of beauty in architecture. What gives picturesqueness to Wentworth Woodhouse is the amount of relief, of variety, in its design; the projecting middle block, the line of statues along the roof, the general absence of "Classic" flatness, and, most of all, I think, the variety of colour. The pale, brownish yellow of the mass is not only broken up by the windows, and the pillars with their darker shadows, but it is as it were picked out with black—along the top runs an irregular line made up of statues, vases, projections, and ornaments, all black, or of the darkest brown: and thus, tipped with black against its yellow, and crossed and varied with stairs and pillars, the whole building seems to sparkle in the sunlight, as it stands out against the wide lawn, and the dark masses of the trees, with distant hills and a grey sky beyond.

This present house was built, by the first Marquis of Rockingham, round that which was Strafford's home; "a pompous front, screening an old house," Walpole calls it, and says that "it was built by the late Lord on a design of the Prussian architect Both." The house seems to have been turned round—the back of the present house was the front of the old one; very curious in colour this is: gray-yellow in the middle, but the rest of a pale red, or pink, with pink paths to match it, in daring contrast to the green lawn. (These paths have all the look of brick, broken up small; but they are really made of "shale"—rubbish from the neighbouring pits, burnt, and made into very capital material for garden-walks; and perhaps of a colour no bolder than the glaring yellow gravel to which we are accustomed.)

Otherwise, this back-front (if one may so call it) is stately enough, with its projecting wings, and statue a-top in the middle; and it overlooks a lovely greensward bordered with rare trees of the softest, deep colour, and a long path leading through the gardens, with the high spire of the church standing up against the sky at its end.

These gardens are the prettiest of the old fashion that I have ever seen, with cut hedges and winding beds of regular design—one most lovely bed of violas of a glowing purple-blue is quite unforgettable—and a sweet scent such as rarely comes from the grand new flowers of modern gardens. And beyond, in the great walled kitchen garden—guarded by statues of Lucretia and Collatinus, carrying on an animated conversation across the gateway above which they are perched—there are long borders of flower-beds, with colours not massed in platoons as now-a-days they mostly are, but far lovelier in the constant sparkle of their bright variety, exquisite dots of purple, yellow, scarlet and white, among the bright green of their leaves.

Just beyond the gardens are the two churches, new and old; the former, built by the present Lord Fitzwilliam, a landmark from far away, a graceful Early English building of yellowish stone, with a tall slender spire. Across the way stand the yellow ruins of the older church, in the churchyard bright with flowers: a small square tower, a desolate place where once the congregation sat, and the former chancel, now used as a mortuary chapel. Here are very interesting monuments of Strafford—with his kneeling figure above—his father and mother, and his son; and just behind this church lies the little drab village of Wentworth, quite eclipsed by the great house which has sprung from it.

But the house is waiting, and we must return to it—not having yet, indeed, entered at the front door. It is the small door on the ground-floor which is always used: the grand portico above is for solemn state alone. Entering, you pass through arches into a low, pillared hall — were it only a ruin, it would doubtless be called the Hall of a Hundred Columns, for there at are least twenty. All is of a cool grey stone; at the back, stairs wind up to right and left, with statues at their feet; on the walls are horns of wapiti and bison, shot by Lord Fitzwilliam's sons; and beside the fireplace are comfortable seats, for the hall is used sometimes as a room for receiving visitors who have business with the Earl.



THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S BED-ROOM.

Immediately above this hall is the saloon, into which the grand portico leads; indeed a noble room—square, lofty, and very spacious and bright. Round it are yellow pillars of scagliola, but all the rest is white; a marble floor, white walls, with recesses in which statues stand, and, higher up, a gallery running round the room. Red curtains to the windows—that look across the wide sweep of lawn and distant hill almost into Nottinghamshire—and great vases of a deep blue-green give colour, so that the saloon does not look cold or bare; all is stately and satisfying, as in the great room of a great house it should be.

Turning from this room to the next on the right, even in the doorway you see, face to face to you, the famous picture of the great man of the house, Vandyke's Strafford. What strikes one in the massive, thoughtful face, is its enormous *sense*. Looking at the splendid lofty brow—fine as that of some Elizabethan poet, of Beaumont or Jonson—one can believe in the power of eloquence for which Wentworth was unrivalled; but the quality that comes home to one is the practical sagacity of the statesman, the grasp of men and things. It is the face of a master, indeed; one looks back upon it again and again—and here in his house all seems to group itself round Strafford.

Thus, in this room, one looks at his contemporaries — Rupert's rough soldier face, and the somewhat lackadaisical Earl of Derby, whose head fell in the same cause as Strafford's—sooner than even at the magnificent "Adoration of the Shepherds," in which Sir Joshua has painted himself and his friend Jarvis. In the next—called the Vandyke Room — one goes directly to another portrait of Wentworth, only less fine than the first; then to his queer companion, Laud, with his silly, senile face; to his Queen and enemy, Henrietta Maria, charming, childish, weak; to Charles himself, looking (in this picture) every inch a scamp; and to the next generation—Strafford's son, weak but amiable enough, and Charles's ugly, but no fool.

And, while we think of it, shall we not visit Strafford's own rooms, in the oldest corner of the house?—still, no doubt, very much as he left them (not that he *has* left them altogether, as you shall see). Two quaint, dark little rooms they are—hardly such as a great Earl would choose for his lodgings now-a-days. They overlook the little Chapel Court, of plain, dark-red brick, and face the grey old Well-gate—Inigo Jones's, they say—through which Strafford passed from his own house for the last time, and over which Lord Rockingham is said to have planted the little tree, which still grows and flourishes, in no earth worth speaking of. Beyond is a pleasant peep of a slope of garden, with its smooth green grass and pink pathway.

But the rooms themselves are as unpretending as may be. The first, the dressing-room, is a small dusky chamber, with white pillars standing out against a background of dark yellow; and the bed-room is, if anything, yellower still, with pillars across, which cut off a little sombre recess for the bed.

Yet hither, as they say, the Earl returns occasionally. I have been to many great houses, but never, to my disappointment, have found in any one of them the traces of a ghost; but here, I am assured, the maid-servants go in terror of the great Earl himself, who passes down the Oak Staircase—and the Oak Staircase is there, and I saw it—at eleven o'clock on Friday nights; and, for convenience, carries his head under his arm.

Another legend, of precisely equal truth, tells how Strafford, being in danger of arrest at Tankersley Old Hall near here, where he sometimes lived, was fain to climb into a great oak-tree as a hiding-place; but his favourite dog came after him to the tree—not, I believe, climbing up—and so betrayed *him*. And, indeed, there is the dog in his picture in the Vandyke Room.

Of another nature are the memorials of Strafford in the library—his own collection of books, with many fine Elzevir and Aldine classics; a portrait of his two plain daughters; and a Bible and prayer-book, richly adorned, given to him by his King, to whom he gave so much.

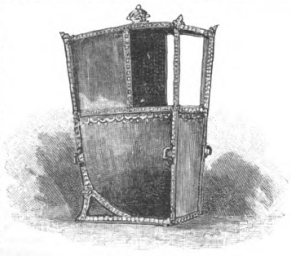


THE PICTURE GALLERY.

The Wentworth library consists of several adjoining rooms, and contains, besides the large collection of books, some curious paintings and engravings. One ancient picture shows us the figures of two Fitzwilliams slain at Flodden "in doing their duty against the Scots"; and there is a quaint old print of "His Honour of Wentworth and Margaret Gascoyne, his wife."

Returning to the state-rooms of Wentworth Woodhouse and the pictures thereof—or, rather, the very few that space will permit one to mention—the first place must needs be given to the splendid "Whistle-jacket Room." "I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistle-jacket," says Tony Lumpkin; and here is the famous racer, with a stately drawing-room all to himself but for two other pictures, and one of them unfinished—a bright and beautiful room, lofty, whitewalled, with a gold arabesque to enrich it, gay with rich blue furniture, rich screens, and other magnificence. His portrait, by Stubbs, is a noble picture of a noble horse—entirely unlike the trim pictures of slim racers one knows so well: a great canvas with no background, but only one massive, bright chestnut charger, with sweeping mane and tail, rearing magnificently at the universe.

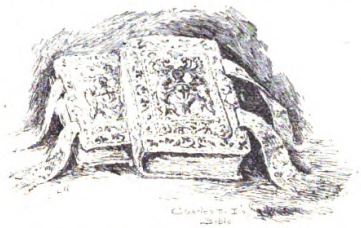
The two other pictures in the room are worthy companions for this one. Over the chimneypiece is one of the loveliest of Reynolds's child pictures — the little Lord Fitzwilliam, his sweet face and pretty childish figure coming from a dark landscape to meet us. The child grew up to be a noble man — and when his rule, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, proved too humane and liberal for the Government of the day, his recall was mourned in Dublin as a national calamity. A singularly fine portrait by Lawrence of this nobleman, in his old age, is the third picture in the room.



OLD SEDAN CHAIR.

Of the rooms on the other side of the saloon the first is the sculpture-room, where stands a little regiment of busts and statuettes: a fine bust of the Marquis of Rockingham is one of the many memorials of the good Prime Minister, which we have, I fear, a little overlooked, in our devotion to him whom

Pym called the "wicked Earl." His portrait hangs in the dining-room, to which we come next, among many other interesting portraits and excellent pictures. In this room, they used to say, it was settled as the elections came on who



should be member for Yorkshire—a matter hardly to be settled in any dining-room now-a-days!

More pictures in the billiard-room, a chamber whose prevailing colour is an old-fashioned green; pictures of racers of the last century, ridden by jockeys, apparently, of the century before, and attempting some original mode of progression on their hindfeet; and other horse-pictures in the manner of the Whistle-jacket portrait—very good and pleasant in colour. Here, too, is a remarkable cabinet of tortoiseshell, which purports to be an exact representation of King Solomon's Temple.

Then there is the picture gallery—a long, red and white, comfortable room; much used, indeed, as a sitting-room—by no means a bare abode for painted people only. I will not try to catalogue its contents; but there are, among many others, a portrait of Shakspeare, said to have belonged to Dryden, a group of Italian poets—Dante, with his severe nose, the most prominent—a sleeping (one might even say a snoring) Cupid, by Guido, and an infant Hercules, the sturdy handiwork of Sir Joshua.

A Holy Family, by Raffaelle, and the somewhat faded beauty of a Magdalen, of Titian, represent the Old Masters; who are in great force—in the typical manner which has somewhat marred their popularity—in the Chapel down-stairs. This is a plain building, roomy, and quiet in colour, with a high gallery for the Earl and his family; and is decorated with Martyrs and Virgins who enjoy their martyrdom and virginity with becoming severity.

In the Chapel Gallery—pleasant, cosy, and rather dark—are chiefly family portraits. There is an interesting black bust of Charles I.; and Lady Milton's sedan-chair stands here, to remind us of the days when London was as Constantinople in the matter of paving.

Of the other rooms of Wentworth—and there are hundreds, literally—one would fain speak, but cannot. Only two interesting little rooms just by the Pillared Hall may be mentioned—in one are portraits of the Wentworths, and in the other, called the Ship Room, is preserved—besides some pictures of Lord Fitzwilliam's steam-yacht, and other vessels—one of the curiosities that serve to remind us of the fact which at Wentworth there is no danger of forgetting.

This is, that we are in Yorkshire. Every association of the house brings to mind one or other of the two main characteristics of the great county—hospitality and horse-racing. Here in the Ship Room, as in the Whistle-jacket Room above, we find the memorial of a great racer—a shoe of Bay Malton, the famous horse who is said to have won for his owner the money with which was built the splendid quadrangle of the Wentworth stables, perhaps the finest in England. Hence came the first winner of the St. Leger, the Marquis of Rockingham's Sampson; here stand every winter some seventy-eight hunters—proofs of the love of horseflesh and of hospitality at once.

There are, it is to be feared, not many great country houses where the traditions of a generous past are kept up as they are at Wentworth. For six months in the year the great house is full of guests; at the rent-days in May and November three hundred guests a day feed in hall and kitchen for the best part of a week; and ancient customs are kept up here, to be found, I believe, nowhere else in England.

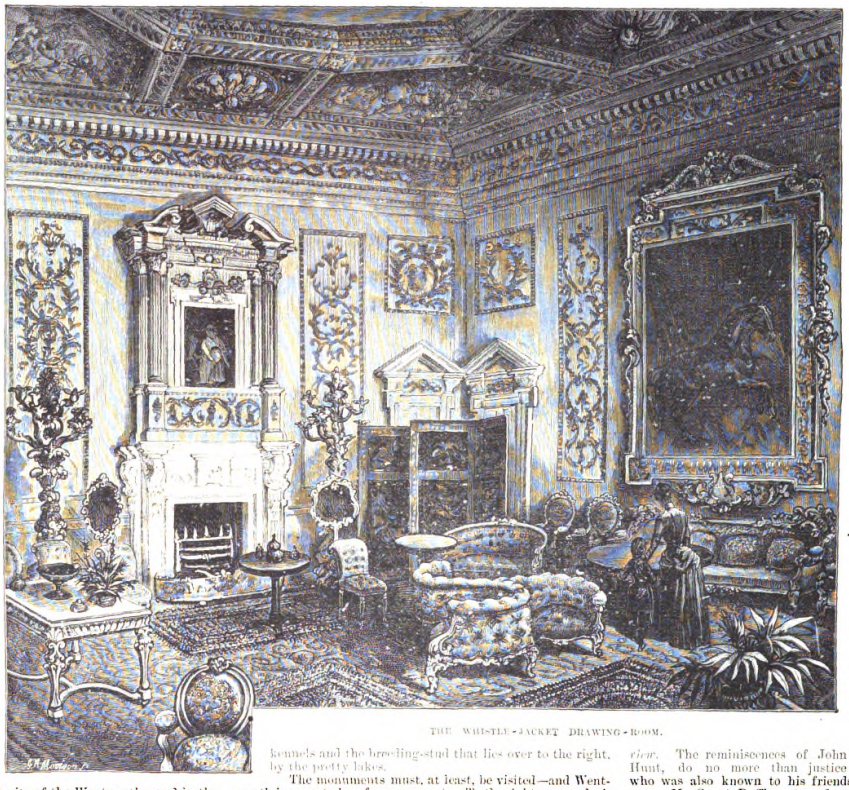
Some, indeed, have had to be discontinued, in deference to the growing sobriety of the age, or because of the neighbourhood of a great town like Sheffield. It is not so very long since, at the rent-day, all tenants were given as much beer as they could drink—and due provision of straw to "sleep it off" on; and every tramp who passed through the park had but to ask, and he was given a horn of ale and a crust of bread.

These customs have passed away; but yet survives an ancient usage by which, on every Tuesday in November, neighbours from all the country round invite themselves to dine with the Earl and Countess. Each day, sixty or seventy commonly avail themselves of this pleasant right.

This hospitality keeps in full work the great old kitchens, the bakehouse, and the old-fashioned brew-house where twice a year Wentworth brews its own excellent beer and ale. Moreover, it finds tenants for the enormous cellars which are one of the greatest "sights" of the house. Dark vaults of immense length, "like the crypts of a cathedral," with massive pillars none too large for the weight they have to uphold, extend far and wide under the halls and galleries of Wentworth. Their ancient gloom is now lighted here and there with gas; but yet there is something weird, a damp air as of the dwelling of gnomes, in their dark shadows and heavy ceilings fungus-grown. In long lines down their sides stand the huge casks—for the most part holding over a hundred and twenty gallons each—filled with strong ales, sometimes twenty, sometimes fifty years old; the former a pure and glorious beer of immense potency—the latter now cousin-German to vinegar. These beer-cellars were once upon a time full, or nearly full; but it is a sober age—by comparison—and there is now room and to spare. There is, nevertheless, huge store of the true Yorkshire stingo; and of wine—let us say, some eighteen thousand bottles. Much is of the rarest and most precious vintages; and there are not less than six thousand bottles of admirable sherry, waiting till the day of champagnes and clarets be past, and Xeres and his old friend Oporto come to their own again.

Perhaps the most noteworthy among these many ancient vaults is the Water Cellar: a strange and gloomy place, where you look down into a kind of dark inner chamber, where is a great black pool of water fed by a running stream, as to which no man knows whence it comes or whither it goes. A ghostly place, and admirably suited for a secret murder.

It is not without relief that you step back into the open air, and look out upon the wide park. Here is still much to be seen—even if you are no sportsman, and neglect the great



THE WHISTLE-JACKET DRAWING-ROOM.

kennels and the breeding-stud that lies over to the right, by the pretty lakes.

The monuments must, at least, be visited—and Wentworth is a great place for monuments. To the right, as you look from the grand entrance, is Keppel's Column, erected in honour of the famous Admiral, a great friend of the first Marquis; to the left, a memorial of the same period—when there was certainly a burst of memorials—is Hoober Stand, which describes itself in an inscription as "This pyramidal building"; and directly in front of the house, near the edge of the park—perhaps three-quarters of a mile away—is the splendid mausoleum built on the untimely death of Lord Rockingham, in 1782.

It stands in a pretty wood by the lodge gate, a very high three-storey building of freestone, by no means ungraceful, with a lofty cupola, supported by Ionic columns; and at each corner of its little plot of grass a tall obelisk. In the lower storey is a domed chamber, in which stands a lifesized marble figure of the Marquis, by Nollekens; the attitude is that of an orator, with outstretched hand, but very simple, touching, and dignified. Round the chamber are the busts of the famous Whigs of Rockingham's day—Fox, Edmund Burke, and the rough face of Keppel; and Burke's noble tribute to his friend is inscribed on the marble. As a statesman, he says, Lord Rockingham far exceeded all others "in the art of drawing together, without the seduction of self-interest, the concurrence and co-operation of various dispositions of men, whom he assimilated to his character and associated in his labours."

It is at Wentworth Park, this week, that is to be held the greatest festival it has ever known—a golden wedding must necessarily be one of the rarest of celebrations; and all the miners, tenants, schoolchildren, will have cause long to remember the rejoicings of this happy anniversary. On Monday—the day itself—will be held a great garden-party, with maypole dances, addresses from the tenants of the Malton estates, and all manner of festivity. Two days before this will be the grand gathering of four thousand children from the schools round about; and at the end of the week—on Saturday, Sept. 15—another mammoth garden-party, when twelve hundred miners and workmen and their wives, with tenants and others employed on the estates—say in all some four thousand people—will have a hearty meal, athletic sports, and other "diversion." Many interesting presentations are being prepared—a picture of the hunt, with Lord Fitzwilliam's portrait, by Hopkins and Havell; a painting of Lady Fitzwilliam, by Herkomer; a coloured window in the church, given by Lord Fitzwilliam's family; and an illuminated address, with an album and a representation of Sprotborough Cross, from the miners of Elsecar and Low Stubbin Collieries.

EDWARD ROSE.

MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER.

Nineteenth Century.—Miss Beatrice Potter's knowledge of the conditions of female labour at the East-End of London accredits the painful revelations of "Pages from a Work-Girl's Diary." An outline of the positions assumed by industrial Socialists in America is contributed by General Lloyd S. Bruce. Sir Lyon Playfair replies to Lord Armstrong's strictures on Technical Education. The Marquis of Lorne gives an account of searches for the wreck of a galleon of the Spanish Armada, called the "Florida" or "Florencia," sunk off the coast of the island of Mull. "Chaucer and the Italian Renaissance," a topic of much literary interest, is discussed by Mr. F. T. Palgrave. The miners of Scotland, many of whom are now Irishmen, are described as a class by Mr. Robert Hadow. Ethical inquiry is indulged by Mr. Leslie Stephen with a severely logical essay on "Belief and Conduct." The breeding of mankind on scientific principles, with a view to the elimination of physical and mental hereditary defects, is recommended by Mr. Julius Wertheimer under the title of "Homiculture." Mr. E. Pulsford compares the economic progress of New South Wales under a Free-Trade policy, with that of Victoria, which has preferred a Protectionist tariff. Co-operative stores for Ireland—why not for the agricultural districts of England?—are advocated by the Hon. Horace Curzon Plunkett. A memoir of Millet, the truthful painter of rustic life in France, by Mrs. Henry Ady, should be interesting to friends of sincere art. Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, though no Englishman knows and loves the Portuguese more fairly, does not spare finding fault with their East African administration in his remarks on the slave trade. The recent biography of the late Mr. W. E. Forster draws forth a circumstantial endeavour by Mr. Gladstone to prove that the Chief Secretary for Ireland who resigned office in May, 1882, was not justified in complaining of faint support from the Liberal Government of that date.

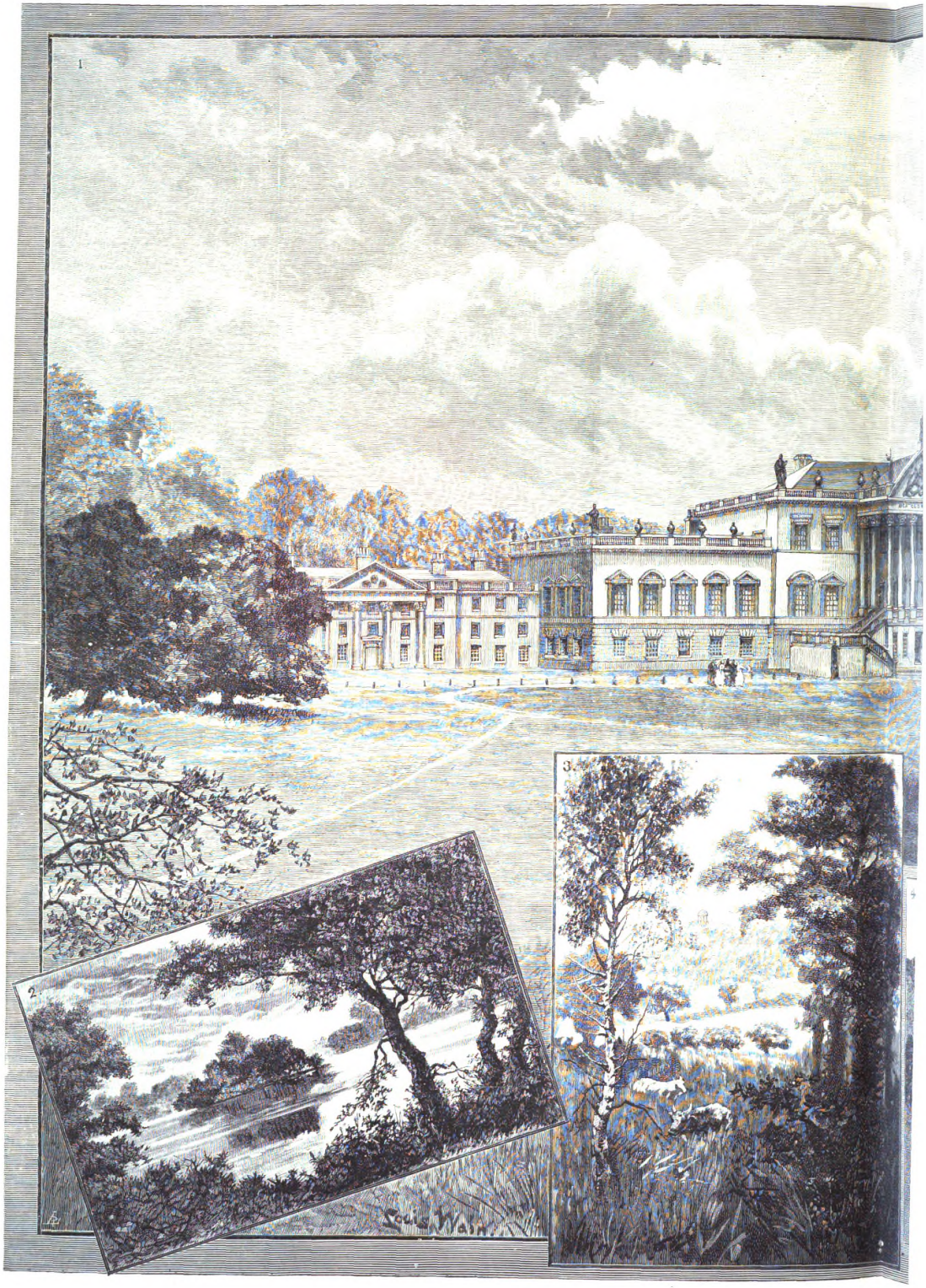
Contemporary Review.—Sir W. W. Hunter, a great official and statistical authority on the present condition of India, boldly and ably sets forth the urgent problems of financial and political reform. He lays much stress on the proposals of the late Indian Congress and of the Calcutta and Madras Chambers of Commerce, and on the opinions expressed by Sir Richard Garth, the late Chief Justice of Bengal, and in the August number of the *Westminster Review*, by Mr. Holman Hunt, do no more than justice to that gifted artist, who was also known to his friends as a good and amiable man. Mr. Grant Duff's notes of a visit to Mount Carmel in Syria, where he was the guest of Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, contain some facts worthy of notice. Professor J. R. Seeley estimates the chances of any modern author obtaining what might be considered "literary immortality"; but supposing that none ever can, "let each write to his ideal." Dr. John Rae continues his analysis of "State Socialism," as expounded by some German writers. Of Henry More, the mystical Christian Platonist of the seventeenth century, there is an interesting study by Mr. Arthur Benson, of Eton. The legal protection of children against parental cruelty or neglect is the subject of an article by Mrs. Tabor; while Mr. J. Scott Keltie advocates the study of commercial geography, and Mr. W. T. Stead describes his impressions of Petersburg. Archbishop Walsh disputes the statistics of Mr. G. Wyndham regarding the Irish Land question.

Universal Review.—A well-known political supporter of Mr. Gladstone, the Rev. Canon MacColl, advocates Home Rule for Ireland. The editor, Mr. Harry Quilter, comments on the genius of the late Mr. Frank Holl, and regrets that portrait-painting turned him aside from his true mission of depicting pathetic and tragic scenes. Mr. Henry James continues his romance, "The Lesson of the Master." The quality in sculpture sometimes termed "couleur," a mystery to the uninitiated, is defined by Mr. Alfred Gilbert as just relief, harmony of light and shade and gradation, and due relation of one part to another, which one would have thought were the essential qualities of all fine art. A prose treatise, by Mr. W. Hazlitt



LEATHER BOTTLES.

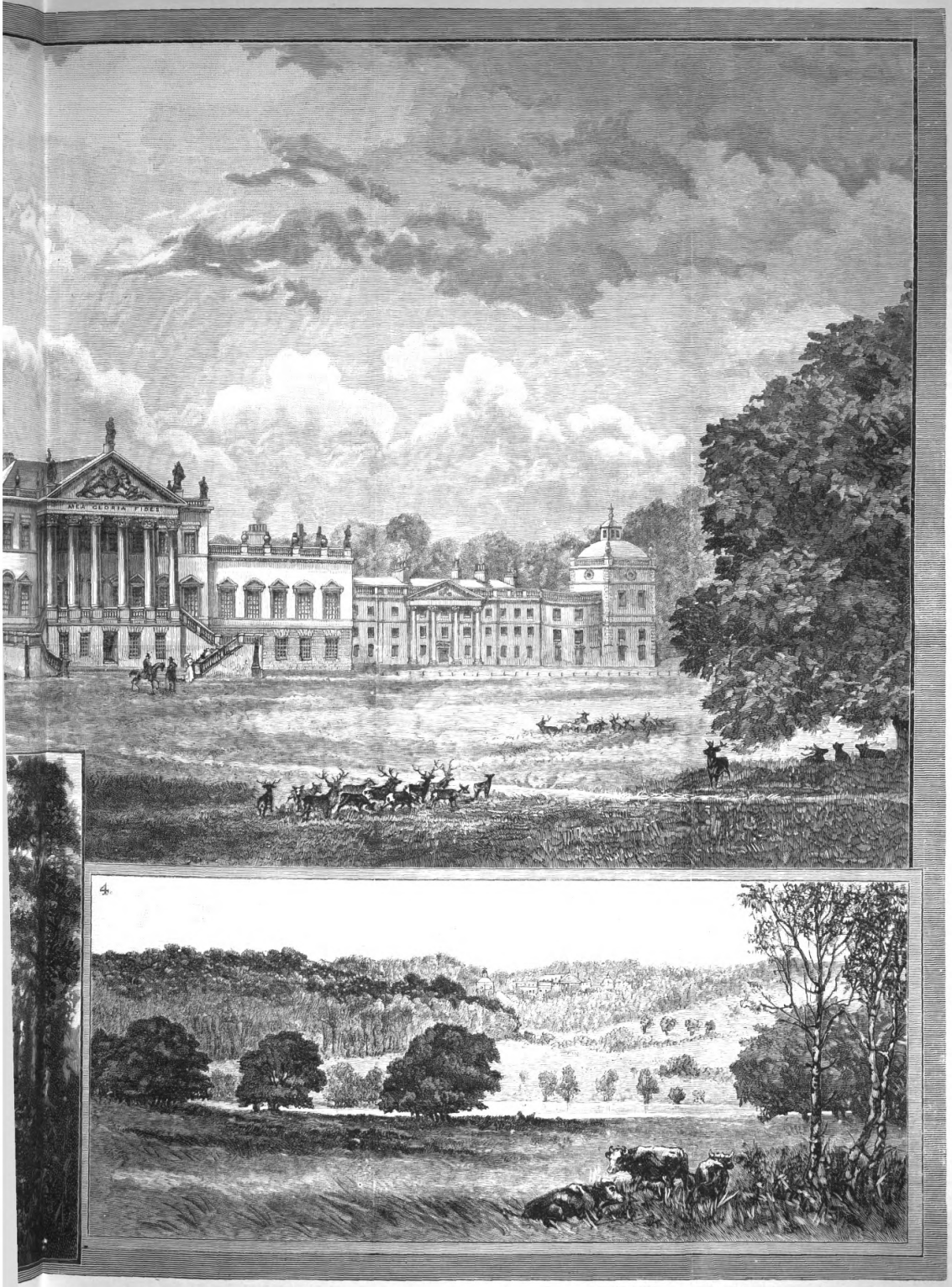
ENGLISH HOM



1. South-east Front of Wentworth Woodhouse. 2. On the Lake. 3. The

WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE: THE SEA

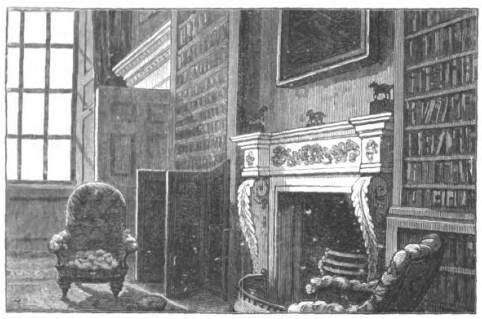
COUNTRY HOMES. No. XV.



3. Mausoleum, from the Park. 4. Wentworth Woodhouse, from Rockingham Woods.

THE SEAT OF EARL FITZWILLIAM, K.G.

Roberts, on the co-operative system, is followed by Mr. Lewis Morris, the poet, with an ode on "The Triumph of Labour." Mr. F. Gale's recollections of the cricket-field are accompanied by a portrait of William Dorrington, of Town Malling; and he considers that cricket was as good fifty years ago as it is now. A brief sketch of Bayreuth and the Wagner performance, by Mr. E. H. Bell, and a further instalment of Alphonse Daudet's "One of the Forty," occupy some remaining pages.



THE LIBRARY, WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE.

Fortnightly Review.—Lord Wolseley, who wrote last month on military courage, now gives us an essay on military genius, comparing the skill of Napoleon, Julius Cæsar, Marlborough, and General Lee, who were commanders as well as strategists, having the "personal magnetism" to impart confidence to their soldiers, of which he thinks Wellington had less. The Parliamentary business of the Session is reviewed by Mr. A. Baumann, M.P. An anonymous critic severely condemns the romances of Mr. Rider Haggard. Judge Chalmers explains and disapproves of the still remaining form of imprisonment for debt on failure to satisfy County Court judgments. Mrs. Lynn Lynton's review of the memoirs of the scandalous Abbé Galiani exposes the state of French morals and manners in the eighteenth century. The domestic and social condition of women in India, especially with regard to compulsory marriage in childhood, is shown by Mr. Lester de Fonblanque to be intolerably oppressive. "A Hundred Years Ago," by Colonel Knollys, is a striking contrast to the present state of England. A complete and methodical account of the late Naval Manœuvres may be recommended as useful reading. Professor Dowden's study of "Shakspeare's Wisdom of Life" is guided by much critical and ethical insight.

National Review.—The frontier quarrel with Thibet, which just now embarrasses our Indian Government, is examined by Mr. R. S. Gundry. Mrs. Jeune gives her personal recollections of the late Mr. W. E. Forster. The old and the new style of partridge-shooting are compared by Mr. T. E. Kebbel. An inquiry concerning the value and effect of music in mental culture, by Mr. J. F. Rowbotham, is followed by Mrs. Lane-Fox with one estimating the possibility of a national school of opera. Mr. Paul Sylvester reviews some modern Spanish novels. The Irish Coercion or Crimes Act of 1882 is compared with that of 1887, clause by clause, in an article by Mr. George Alexander. Professor Sayce relates a few popular stories gathered by him in Syria and Egypt. "The Gates of Hades," by Mr. Percy Greg, is a treatise of dreams and hypnotic hallucinations with reference to the belief in ghosts and the like. Mr. J. G. Bettram's remarks on oyster-cultivation in England, France, and America, are of some practical value. Captain Penrose Fitzgerald questions the correctness of some of Sir Samuel Baker's views regarding our maritime defences.

Murray's Magazine.—The disparaging observations of Sir Lepel Griffin upon the United States of America are replied to by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who also vindicates his countrymen from the milder imputation of lack of taste and sensibility to grace or beauty, and "want of distinction," ascribed to them by Mr. Matthew Arnold. "The Reproach of Annesley" is continued, and there is "A Tale of a Ten Pound Note." Articles on partridge-shooting, on "village opinion," and on early English music, occupy some pages. The defects of our army organisation are held up to scorn in a supposed letter from a Prussian officer visiting England. Mr. W. M. Acworth concludes his account of the working of our great railways with a description of the Great Eastern Railway.

Blackwood's Magazine.—The story of "A Stiff-necked Generation" arrives at its twenty-fifth chapter. A literary and romantic conversation, reported by the late Miss E. J. Hasell, between congenial friends on an isle of Derwentwater, introduces pleasing versions of several of Firdousi's Persian tales. There is a short story, "My Treasure"; an account of General Colby's work in the Ordnance Survey of Scotland; a translation from Uhland, by Sir Theodore Martin; a narrative of rough Irish campaigning experiences "in a proclaimed district," by Mr. F. Noel Paton; a review of contemporary French novelists; a political article on Mr. Forster and Ireland; and a commentary on the Naval Manœuvres.

Macmillan's Magazine.—Mr. Bret Harte proceeds with his new Californian tale of "Cressy," the name of a girl. A pleasing account of the birds in a rural part of Wales is supplied by Mr. Wardc Fowler. The critical notice, by Mr. Saintsbury, of Praed's graceful and lively verse-compositions, and Professor Minto's discourse on Pope and eighteenth-century poetry, will suit readers of literary taste. Of more value, indeed, is the admirable study of Montaigne's life and character in Mr. Walter Pater's historical romance, "Gaston de Latour." Professor T. E. Holland relates the festival at Bologna on the eighth centenary of the famous University in that city. The practice of sportsmen and game-preservers in America is described by Mr. A. C. Bradley. Mr. Stephen Wheeler exposes the libellous and seditious character of the native press of India.

Longman's Magazine.—"A Dangerous Catspaw," by Mr. D. Christie Murray and Mr. Henry Murray, is a story of a barrister with a burglar client and with embarrassing female acquaintance. Archdeacon Farrar reviews "John Ward, Preacher," a powerful American tale which exhibits the distress caused by gloomy Calvinistic views of religion. "The Cruel Priest" is a Scottish ballad narrating a grim tragedy of the olden time. "Poor Harry," by Mr. W. E. Norris, is a little rustic story, gracefully and neatly told. Mr. W. J. Henderson describes with exactness and with much animation the annual manœuvres of the New York yachting squadron along the New England coast. The mild attractions of Picardy for landscape artists and tourists are described by Mr. Graham Tomson. Mr. Edmund Gosse furnishes a love-song. "Orthodox," by Miss Dorothea Gerard, is the story of a Jewess in Galicia, and of her lover, a young nobleman in the Austrian army.

Time.—"Work and Workers," by Mr. John Pendleton, lies this time in the collieries of the West Midlands. Mr. Karl Blind contrasts the French Republic with that of Switzerland. The centenary of New South Wales suggests to Professor Strong an historical retrospect of Australian progress. Mrs. Power O'Donoghue narrates an excursion in Wicklow, with a visit to the home of Mr. Parnell. The coral-reef controversy is examined by Mr. H. B. Guppy, with reference to Darwin's early view, recently disproved by Mr. John Murray. Mr. Arthur Grant collects some anecdotes of the splendid Moorish ladies in Spain of the Middle Ages. Bologna and its ancient University are treated of by Mr. G. B. Stuart. The sport of shooting wild geese in Northern India is described by Mr. H. H. Sharpe. A lecture to the Ethical Society, by Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, defines the respective spheres of individual and social reform. Anecdotes of rats are collected by Mr. T. Leyland There is a short tale, by Mr. Walter Raymond, called "A Complete Change"; and further chapters are added by Mr. Julian Corbett to his romance of "Kophetua XIII."

Harper's Monthly.—Wood-engravings, as usual, exquisitely finished, adorn this and two other New York magazines. The rambles of Mrs. Pennell and her husband, a well-known artist, have often entertained us; but instead of the conjugal tricycle, which carried them through France, they tried walking with knapsacks through the Western Highlands of Scotland, and found it a grievous mistake; her present narrative leaves them in the island of Mull, but going to Skye. The caribou, one of the finest wild animals of North America, has a chapter to himself. Another chapter is devoted to Japanese china, the old Satsuma ware. The city of Memphis, on the Mississippi, with the States of Tennessee and Arkansas, is selected for this month's "Studies of the Great West." Helena and Butte, in Montana, are also described. The new gallery of Italian tapestry at Florence is the subject of an instructive article. We find Barbadoes, Demerara, Trinidad, and other West Indian colonies, treated with skill by the pen and pencil. Mr. William Black's Highland story, "In Far Lochaber," and tales by Mr. W. D. Howells and others, provide a sufficiency of fiction.

The Century.—Many Englishmen will thank the American writer and editor for the interesting account of Uppingham School and of its late head-master, the Rev. Edward Thring, with his portrait, and with sketches by Mr. Joseph Pennell. The history of Lincoln's Presidency and of the Civil War is continued. Industrial or handicraft instruction, in the schools of Massachusetts, appears an example worthy of imitation. A pathetic story is told of the Trappist monastery in Kentucky, some account of which was given last month. Mr. George Kennan proceeds with his reports of the condition of Russian political exiles and prisoners in Siberia. There is a story of Americans in Mexico, with reminiscences of the war in that country forty years ago. The various student "fraternities," clubs, or friendly societies, formed at the American Universities and Colleges, present a phase of social life not undeserving of notice. Some curious particulars are stated with regard to the shifts and privations imposed on the people of the Southern States by the exclusion of imported commodities during the Civil War. There are also many fine engravings.

Scribner's Magazine.—Mr. W. H. Mallock describes "Scenes in Cyprus," with some good illustrations from photographs taken by himself. Personal recollections, by Mr. Hugh McCulloch, of several eminent Americans of the past forty years, are deserving of notice. The articles on American railway passenger travel are continued, and merit the attention of railway managers here. The story of "A London Life," by Mr. Henry James, is concluded. "Presidential Campaign Medals" have some value as memorials of the political history of the United States. On Fuji, or Fusiyama, the Sacred Mountain of Japan, there is a poem by Mr. Percival Lowell. Mr. T. D. Seymour gives some account of Modern Greece.

English Illustrated Magazine.—Mr. Henry James, in "The Patagonia," brings his Americans over to Europe, landing them at Liverpool. A picturesque region, little known, that of the Polish Carpathians, is delineated by Mr. Adam Gielgud. Mr. Ashby Sterry's "London Street Studies," with accompanying sketches by Mr. W. D. Almond, and the article on Hampton Court, illustrated by Herbert Railton and A. D. M'Cormick, keep us at home. Professor Minto has finished his carefully studied historical romance of "Ralph Hardelot."

The following magazines for the month appear to contain articles of fair average quality, *The Cornhill, Temple Bar, Gentleman's Magazine, Belgravia, London Society, Tinsley's, The Argosy, The Theatre, Atalanta, The Naval and Military, Good Words, The Leisure Hour, Cassell's, The Sun, All the Year Round,* and *Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion.*

ART MAGAZINES.

A prominent work in the London art exhibitions of the season just closed was Mr. Arthur Hacker's picture, "By the Waters of Babylon," which forms the frontispiece to the September number of the *Art Journal.* Current art is further illustrated by an interesting account of the Scottish pictures in the Glasgow Exhibition. There is also an illustrated account of the Fürstenberg Gallery of Pictures, Donaueschingen, a little town on the borders of the Black Forest, near the source of the Danube. A prettily-illustrated article on "Old England's Boston"—that is, Boston in Lincolnshire—will probably cause the reader, like Oliver Twist, to "ask for more," if he be interested in this picturesque and historic old town. The account of William of Wykeham is continued from a former number; and in "A Plea for Schools of Art," the writer insists on the necessity of teaching workmen to draw and colour well before they can hope to become successful designers. Not the least interesting article in a varied and readable number is Mr. Joseph Hatton's account of "Some Provincial Clubs," wherein the tastes and habits of London club-men and their provincial fellows are pleasantly contrasted. Mr. Marcus B. Huish continues his "Notes on Japan and its Art Wares."

If a carping critic were to turn over the pages of the current number of the *Magazine of Art* for the express purpose of finding fault, and after the superficial examination which is supposed to be common to critics he pronounced the number a little dry and wanting in variety, he would, at all events, bestow a word of admiration on the frontispiece, "The Convalescent," after Sir J. E. Millais, which, despite the sooty shadows of the face, is a charming picture. The "Orpheus and Eurydice" of G. F. Watts, R.A., is scarcely so well rendered as that great work deserves. Both these subjects illustrate an account of one of those private art collections which are scattered in such numbers all over Great Britain—the Kepplestone Collection, in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, belonging to Mr. Alexander Macdonald. The account of the French painter Rousseau is interesting, and the examples of his work are excellent. Articles on "Poetical Treatment in Art," by J. R. Hodgson, R.A.; "Sculpture at the Royal Academy;" "The Stopping-Point in Ornament;" "Bernard Van Orley," a Flemish painter, make up the rest of the number.

SURGICAL APPLIANCES FOR THE POOR.

It is very distressing to know that any difficulty should be experienced by the poor in obtaining surgical appliances. The funds at the disposal of the hospital authorities, and of the Hospital Sunday Fund in particular, are, it must be admitted, quite inadequate to meet the demands of the suffering poor of the metropolis; while in the case of the more important of the surgical aid societies the rule of compelling cripples to canvass for a number of subscribers' letters is, in most cases, an insurmountable difficulty. Another obstacle, one equally great, and which it would be quite impossible to meet without the aid of the press, is the widespread ignorance which prevails as to the duties of guardians and district medical officers, upon whom the Law imposes the duty of supplying surgical appliances to all poor persons who are unable to pay for them. The printed instructions issued by the Local Government Board to guardians, medical officers, relieving officers, churchwardens, and overseers of the poor are perfectly explicit on this point, and leave no room for doubt that the poor, whether paupers or not, have a direct claim on their parishes for all necessary appliances. This fact should be more generally known; if it were, then the harsh and cruel letter system adopted by certain of the voluntary charities would soon be seen to be wholly unnecessary, and a considerable saving would be effected in the distribution of charitable funds. It would also be greatly beneficial to the afflicted if the committee of the Hospital Saturday Fund would reserve a small percentage of their receipts for the gratuitous issue of instruments, instead of compelling, as they now do, all applicants to pay half the cost of the same. The Hospital Sunday Fund apportions four per cent of its gross receipts for the purpose of procuring surgical appliances, but this only yielded last year about £1820, and proved to be, as in former years, inadequate. It is understood that at the next meeting of the council of the Hospital Sunday Fund, a proposition, influentially supported, will be made to increase the percentage, and which it is hoped will be carried *nemine contradicente.* Since it is a step in the right direction, and as the Charity Voting Reform Association has recently issued a paper on surgical aid to the metropolitan clergy, calling attention to the powers conferred on guardians by the Poor Law, there is every reason to believe that, before long, some of the difficulties standing in the way of the afflicted with regard to surgical appliances will be entirely removed.

In recognition of their services at the recent Conference at Washington on the subject of the North American Fisheries, the Queen has conferred a baronetcy upon Sir Charles Tupper, G.C.M.G.; the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George upon the Hon. Sir Lionel Sackville-West, K.C.M.G., her Majesty's Minister at Washington; and Knight-Commanderships of that Order upon Mr. J. S. D. Thompson, Q.C., Minister of Justice, Canada; Mr. J. S. Winter, Attorney-General, Newfoundland; and Mr. J. H. G. Bergne, C.M.G., Superintendent of the Treaty Department of the Foreign Office.



THE VANDYKE ROOM, WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

GERMS: GOOD AND BAD.

Turning out the contents of a portmanteau the other day, a pair of boots, which had evidently been deposited therein in a damp condition, came to light covered thickly in some parts with a growth of blue mould. To the attentions of this mould, of course, no housewife is a stranger. It grows on her cheese and invades her jelly-pots, and does not despise even damp boots, as we have seen, in its selection of a local habitation. The question of the mould's origin leads us in the direction of more than one great and grave theory regarding the beginnings of life at large. Where the mould comes from may best be answered, as a philosophical query, by saying that it springs from a germ or germs, derived from a parent-mould. These germs, microscopic in size, are carried by the air, and are given off from the parent-mould as minute living particles. Like drift-wood on the sea, they are borne hither and thither in company with many thousands of neighbour-germs, like and unlike, and when they find a suitable soil (as in the cheese or the jelly) they spring up into the mould whereof they are the early and legitimate representatives. The air around us, as Tyndall long ago proved and expressed it, is a "stir-about" of minute particles, some of mineral and inorganic nature, others of organic and living kind. It is an ocean having particles, living and dead, for its floating things; and the living particles, in brief, are the "germs" whereof we hear so much that is interesting in the science of the day. It is true that we are encompassed about by a great cloud of living particles; but it is not true to assert that these particles are all equally noxious to man or equally innocuous in so far as human interests are concerned. Some germs, like those of the blue mould, may be deemed harmless enough in their character. Others again, like those of the yeast-plants, are more destructive, it is true, or may be sometimes pressed into the service of man. That bottle of claret you left uncorked after dinner two days ago has gone to the bad. You declare it to be as sour as vinegar; and well may it be so, for vinegar it has become. Into your wine from the air there dropped sundry microscopic germs of yeast-plants. These bred and multiplied in the soil they found ready to hand in the shape of the wine. Through the exercise of their own chemical powers they produce vinegar by a process of fermentation, just as certain other and nearly-related yeast-germs manufacture alcohol out of sugary solutions. By the air also are carried the germs of diseases; and that many of our epidemics are air-borne in their nature and propagation remains a sure fact of health-science. These germs of disease, dispersed broadcast, like the germs of the yeast-plants and of the blue moulds, seek a soil in the shape of the animal frame. Once found, this soil is utilised, and there is witnessed in the case of the body an analogous process to that seen in the wine. The little leaven (of disease) which leavens the whole lump (of the body) is exactly represented by the fever-germ. With the Apostle, one might go further and assert that, sown in weakness, the germ appears in strength. In each case the little living particle, whether of the mould, the yeast-plant, or the fever, reproduces its like. It multiplies exceedingly: the few germs become thousands, and all we see happening, alike in fermentation and in the fever, is merely the result of germ-growth. "Like begets like," and thus the germ reproduces in each case, sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, the likeness of the parent to which it owed its origin.

Questions of size are always difficult to settle or determine from a popular point of view, and, when we seek to gain some adequate idea of the dimensions of germs, we are met with the difficulty of translating into terms of common life those of the infinitely little. If we speak of a germ which in length is the one ten-thousandth part of an inch—that is, equals one part of an inch which has been divided, as to its length, into ten thousand parts—we utterly fail to grasp any notion of the size indicated. An appeal to figurative description, while more graphic in character perchance, yet leaves us with the dimmest conceptions of the dimensions of germs. One writer tells us that on the area of a single square inch we could place, in a single layer, a population of common germs or *bacteria*, 100 times as great as the population of London. Graphic as is this estimate, the idea of the actual size of the individual germs remains simply unattainable. It is this diminutive size compared with the great results in the way of disease certain of these germs may and do produce, which is more than sufficient to appal us. Think for a moment of that fatal "wool-sorters' disease" which was formerly prevalent in Bradford. This ailment is caused by the entrance into the human frame of a minute germ, or *bacillus*, with which we are, microscopically, perfectly well acquainted. Sown somehow in the body through handling the wool of animals which have died of a similar disease (known in the animal as "splenic fever") this particle grows and multiplies as we have seen, and kills mankind through its abundant self-reproduction into thousands within the human tissues. Upon human life it would, therefore, seem that disease-germs work their will unmolested. Yet this is by no means the case. Science has, in truth, been up and doing for years past, teaching us how we may scorch and destroy these particles, how we may limit their spread, and how we may protect ourselves and our goods and chattels against their attack. We are far from being helpless in the war we wage against germs, and every year that passes over our heads proves this statement true. The deaths from germ-produced fevers and allied ailments show a steady decrease year by year, and in due season we may reduce such a death-rate to a miserable minimum if the people could only be well trained up in the sanitary ways wherein they should safely and readily walk.

But all our germs are not hurtful, as we have seen, and some exercise in the domain of Nature a decidedly useful function. Long ago, De la Tour showed the world that fermentation was not a result of death, but a consequence of life. It was the result of the growth and multiplying of the yeast-plants in their appropriate soil. Similarly, we open our eyes to the fact that putrefaction and decay are really works and actions wherein the omnipresent "germs" are playing the beneficent part of natural scavengers. They are removing from the earth's surface the fragments of life, and are preventing the world from becoming a perennial charnel-house. Still further may you dive into the useful ways of germs, aided by the eye of science. Darwin has told us of the part played by the earthworm as an underground farmer. Fertility of ground is brought about by the perpetual turn-over which the subsoil receives at the hands of the worm. Our germs probably accomplish as much for us in this latter direction. They break up and decompose the refuse of life and aid its incorporation with the soil everywhere. If the world might be much the better for the absence of certain germs, it is no less true it would certainly be rendered much the worse by the absence of others. If, on the one hand, certain germs kill or wound us, others, again, make the world purer and sweeter as the result of their work. It is in this, as in so many other things, we are apt to grumble at things as they are because we do not see, or care to notice, the reverse and kindlier side of the medal.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G ADAMSON.—Many thanks. Your substituted paragraph appears below.

F DALY (Clapham).—The problems are essentially the same, although No. 2 is certainly the better version. We had no intention of imputing anything wrong beside you in the matter. Hope to hear from you again.

E ST. JOHN CRANE.—Thanks for the problem. We unfortunately are suffering from a glut of two-movers, and cannot promise early insertion, even if suitable.

MRS D B NASH (Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.).—We are sorry we cannot answer by post. The problem is quite right, as you will have probably discovered by this time. The solution runs: 1. K to Kt 8th, P to Q 4th; 2. Kt to R 8th, &c.

F N BRAUND.—Game and notes duly to hand, for which we are much obliged.

J F COLE (Sutton).—Black is supposed to play his best, and, therefore, cannot be mated in two moves. A mate in four is beyond the conditions of the problem. There is no mate in three by your proposed solution.

A BEGINNER.—There is no British weekly chess periodical. Staunton's "Hand-book" is as good as anything for your purpose.

E VON KORNATZKI.—We think the position quite sound, and are surprised that your ingenious but unnecessary emendation has not led you to the correct solution.

R B MORTIMER.—Very fair indeed, but too elementary for our column. What is the piece on White's K Kt sq? A Pawn is clearly impossible.

J AMYGDALIS and L. DESANGES.—Received, with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2315 received from S Parry, Columbus, Nos 1 Redin, W Fry (Saltaire), J D Tucker (Leeds), Lieut.-Col. Loraine, Shuldham, C E P, Bernard Reynolds, R H Brooks, Mrs Kelly (Lifton), R E Bamborough, W H B (Wrexham), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), G J Veale, Sergeant J Sage, and A Newman.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2316 received from G T Addison (York), J Hall, R F N Banks, T Roberts, Columbus, E E H, Mrs Kelly (Lifton), Alpha, E Lowden, Howard A. W Hillier, E Casella (Paris), Jupiter Junior, E Lacey, E Phillips, Peterhouse, Sergeant J Sage, A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), A Newman, Rev. Winfield Cooper, J Dixon, T G (Ware), J Hepworth Shaw, J D Tucker (Leeds), W R Raillem, Thomas Chown (Brighton), Julia Short (Exeter), R H Brooks, Bernard Reynolds, Dr F St, Lieut.-Col. Loraine, C E P, Shuldforth, R H Wotten (Canterbury), S B Gower, J Drew, and Colonel R.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2314.

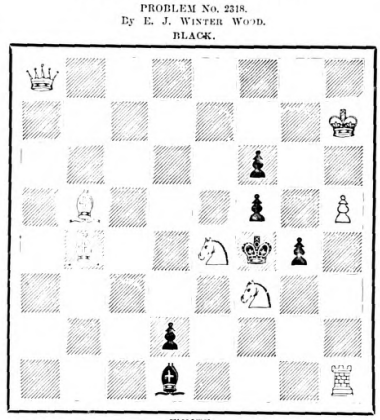
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K R sq	P to B 3rd
2. B to Q 5th	K takes Kt
3. Q to R 5th, mate.	

If Black play 1. K to B3rd, then 2. Q to R 4th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2318.

By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

BRADFORD CHESS CONGRESS.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament between Messrs. GUNSBERG and MORTIMER.

(Giuoco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. P to R 4th	R to Q 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	The Queen is now in danger, and precautionary measures are necessary for escape.	
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th		
4. P to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
5. P to B 3rd	Castles	18. Kt to K 4th	Q to Q sq
6. P to Q Kt 4th	B to K 2nd	Another oversight; Q to K 2nd is the correct move.	
Loss of time. The Bishop is better posted at Kt 3rd.			
7. Q to Kt 3rd	P to K R 3rd	19. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)	K to R sq
8. P to Q R 4th	P to Q 3rd	20. Kt to B 7th	R takes Kt
9. Kt to R 4th		21. B takes R	Q to B 3rd
		22. B to Q 5th	P to K 5th
An excellent move, gaining White the better opening.		23. P to K Kt 5th	Q to B sq
9.	P to Q 4th	Black's game is not to be saved. With a little care victory is only a question of time for White.	
10. P takes P	Kt takes P		
11. Kt to Kt 6th	P takes Kt	24. Q takes P	R to K sq
		25. Q to B 3rd	B to B 4th
There seems no alternative.		26. B takes Kt	P takes B
12. B takes Kt (ch)	K to R 2nd	27. P takes P	P takes P
13. Q to B 4th	Q to Q 3rd	28. K to Q 2nd	P to K R 4th
Black here exposes his Queen too much to the batteries of the enemy. B to Q 2nd is better and threatens R to K Kt 4th.		29. Q takes B P	Q to B 2nd
		30. K R to K sq	B to Q 2nd
14. B to K 3rd	Q to B 3rd	31. B to Q 4th (ch)	K to R 2nd
15. Kt to Q 2nd		32. B takes R	B to B 5th (ch)
White takes prompt advantage of the noteworthy lack of Mr. Mortimer's usual acumen in the last few moves.		33. K to B 2nd	Q takes R
		34. Q to K 4th	Q to B 2nd
15.	B to K B 4th	35. K to Kt 2nd	B to R 3rd
Presumably overlooking White's simple reply.		36. R to K sq	B to K B sq
		37. Q to K 5th	Q to Kt sq
16. P to Kt 4th	B to Q 2nd	38. Q takes B P	Q to B 2nd
		39. Q to K 8th	Q to Kt sq
		40. R to K 4th, and wins.	

Game between Mr. LOCOCK and Mr. GUNSBERG.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. B to Kt 2nd	R to Kt 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	Black's game requires some care at this point. Mr. Gunsberg is equal to the occasion.	
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd		
We look upon this as better than P to Q R 3rd.		17. Kt to K 4th.	
		Too soon. Mr. Locock has an excellent game, and he might have maintained it by simply playing K R to Q sq; if then B takes Kt, Q retakes with a fine position	
4. Castles	B to K 2nd		
5. P to Q 4th	K Kt takes P		
6. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q 3rd		
7. B takes Kt	Kt P takes B		
8. P takes P	Kt to Kt 2nd	17.	B takes R
9. Kt to Q 4th	Castles	18. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to R sq
10. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to B 4th	19. Q to R 6th	
11. R to K sq	R to Kt sq	Clearly a miscalculation, overlooking the advance of the K B P at the right moment. There is nothing better than to take the B with R, which still leaves some play in the game.	
12. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to K 3rd		
13. Kt to B 5th	B to Kt 5th		
14. Q to K 3rd	P to Q 4th		
15. P tks P (en pass.)		19.	P takes Q
This lets Black's Q R into play; but as White wanted the open file for his B, it suits both parties.		20. Kt to R 8th (dis ch)	P to B 3rd, and White resigns.
15.	P takes P		

We have received the first six numbers of Vol. III. of the *Columbia Chess Chronicle*, an American chess weekly. The whole of its contents is devoted exclusively to this elegant pastime, and much enterprise is shown in giving the necessary variety and interest to its pages. The humours of our cousins' journalism are well illustrated by its editorials, and their chess skill no less admirably shown in the games and problems. We learn that there is a project on foot to found an American Chess Association, which ought to be a great success, seeing that America holds the honours in both departments of the game.

For the third time in succession Mr. E. J. Winter Wood has won the first prize for the three-movers in the *Sheffield Independent* tourney. We publish above the position with which he has secured this recent honour.

The *Kentish Mercury*, one of the best known of suburban newspapers, has started a chess column, another evidence of growing public interest in the game. London is now fairly well supplied in this respect; but the editing too often lacks the vigour displayed by many of the northern journals, where the ardour of editor and contributors is of a most amusing intensity.

DR. W. G. GRACE.

Few men have obtained, even in these days of hero-worship, a prouder position than the subject of the present sketch. His exceptional, one may justifiably say his phenomenal, excellence at the national game of Englishmen has made his name known far and wide; the fame of it has been carried to the uttermost parts of the earth; throughout that vast empire on which the sun never sets it is a household word. Frenchmen, and even Germans, who understand not cricket, but regard it as merely a more than usually extravagant outcome of British eccentricity, have heard of our great player, and know the pedestal whereon he stands among us, even if they pity us for having raised it for him.

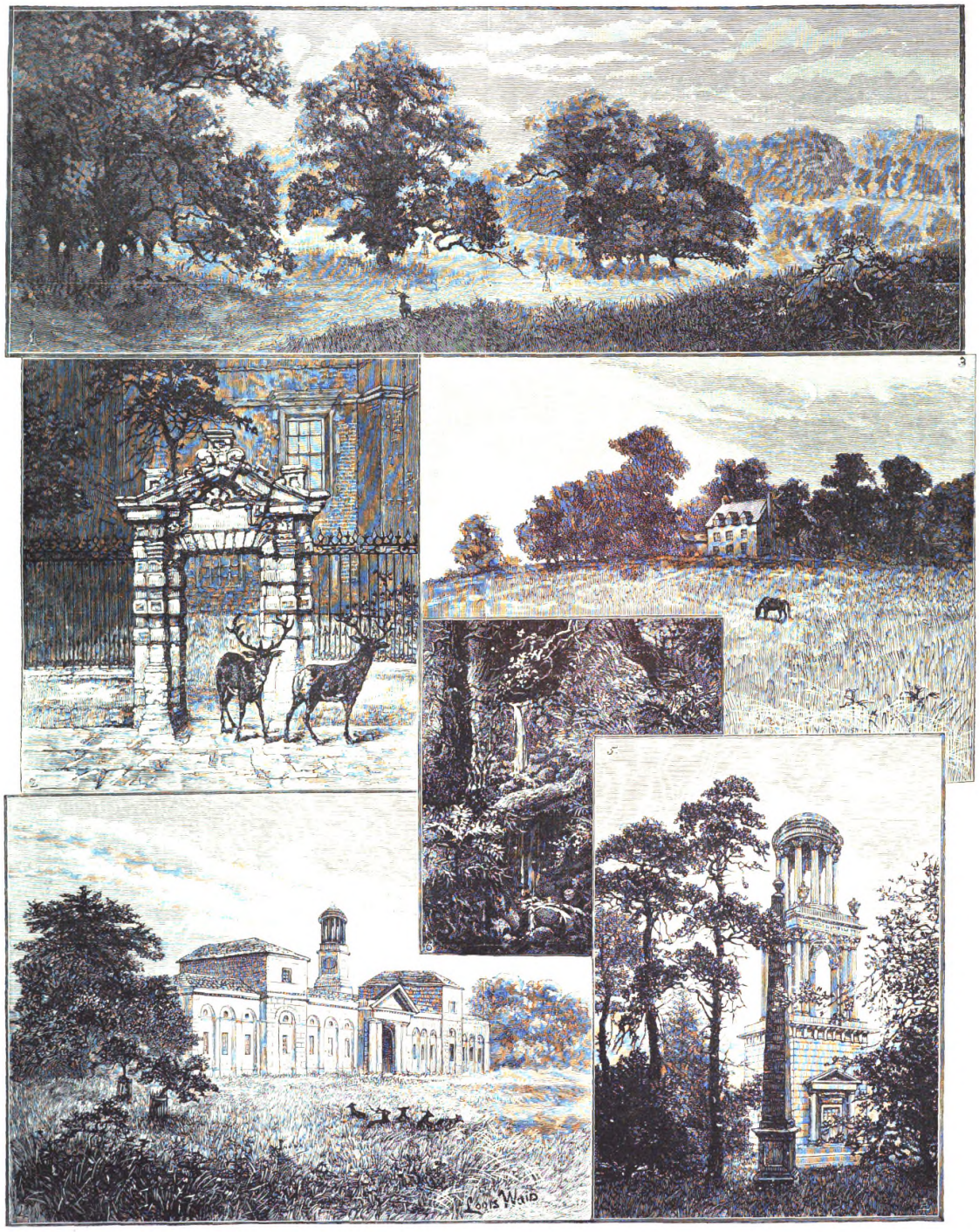
Needless to say, it is no ordinary, no ephemeral champion of whom such words as these can be truthfully written. The leviathan of the cricket-field is not one of those who, by laborious perseverance or spasmodic energy, attain the highest pinnacle in their sphere, only to be promptly cast from it by the ceaseless efforts of their rivals. The supremacy he gained at the outset of his career was too great to be disputed, and now, after the lapse of more than two decades, we find the abilities which first made him famous so little impaired by time that he still towers above all competitors, and he is as undeniably the king of cricket as he was in his dashing prime of fifteen years ago. Dr. Grace's record is unique in the world of sport; there never has been in any other branch of it, at any period soever, so marked and long-continued a superiority on the part of one man over all his fellows.

Naturally, such a cricketer as this is, like the poet, "born, not made," however greatly judicious instruction and assiduous practice may have developed the inherited talent. William Gilbert Grace comes of a good athletic stock. His father, Dr. Henry Mills Grace—and we may here mention incidentally that all the males of this Gloucestershire family have belonged to the medical profession—was an excellent performer with bat and ball, who by managerial energy and active assistance in the field worked up the local club (the "Mangotsfield") to such a pitch of excellence that the older and larger "West Gloucestershire" body was fain to amalgamate with it. And his mother, who had been a Miss Pocock, had the true Anglo-Saxon blood in her veins, and took as keen a delight in cricket as any member of her family. This, by-the-way, included five sons and four daughters; all the former cricketers and all the latter keen and sympathetic onlookers, though we must regretfully discredit the pretty story that they were the earliest instructors of the subsequent champion. His father, his elder brothers, and his uncle, Mr. Pocock, were his tutors in the pastime, and there was not one among them from whom the young aspirant could not derive some valuable cricket lesson. The eldest of the boy Graces was Henry, the second, Alfred; and both of these were good average players, able on occasion to enrich a total with a three-figure innings. Edward Mills Grace, the first to make the patronymic famous, came next, having been born in 1841, seven years earlier than the brother whose doings were to cast all others in the shade. William Gilbert saw the light on July 18, 1848, and in 1850 George Frederick arrived to complete the famous trio of younger sons. "The Three Graces," with whose renown every schoolboy is familiar. Before W. G. came into prominence, his brother, E. M., was undoubtedly the best batsman for run-getting in England, and to this day, veteran as he is, he is still a terror to loose bowlers. Poor Frederick passed away from the sport he loved so well in 1880, having played for his county versus Australia a short time before his death, and being considered inferior only to his brother Gilbert.

To give a complete record of the myriad deeds which have made the latter celebrated would require more space than we have at command; but certain statistics we are bound to furnish, lest anyone should feel inclined to cavil at what may seem the exuberance of the foregoing remarks. W. G.'s first public appearance in the field was for West Gloucestershire v. Bedminster, when, at the early age of nine, he scored 3, not out. In 1860, in his twelfth year, he played an innings of 51 for West Gloucestershire v. Clifton; and for the same club, against the same antagonists, he commenced the season of 1863 with an innings of 86. In his sixteenth year, playing for South Wales v. Gentlemen of Sussex, he scored, after it had been suggested that he should stand out of the team for a more experienced player, two fine innings of 170 and 56, not out. At seventeen he made his first appearance for the Gentlemen v. the Players—a contest the record of which his individual skill entirely revolutionised during subsequent years. Since 1865 he has played in these matches alone over eighty innings at an average of about 45 runs per innings. At eighteen years of age he proved his exceptional powers by a grand innings of 224, not out, for England v. Surrey; and since that time his three-figure innings have been altogether too numerous to specify here. Suffice it to say that he has compiled one score of 400, not out; two of over 300; ten of over 200; and 124 of 100 and upwards! When it is considered that the large majority of these scores have been made in first-class matches, comment becomes, indeed, superfluous! His 400, not out, does not happen to be the largest score on record, for Mr. Stoddart compiled 485 in a small match at Hampstead; though it is a matter of certainty that, had Dr. Grace been able to spare time for a fair proportion of second-class cricket, the glory of the biggest individual scorer would have been his also. He is the only batsman who has ever aggregated over 2000 runs in a season, in first-class matches: *he* has more than once surpassed 3000! He is the only batsman who has ever, in first-class matches, compiled two "centuries" in one match: *he* has done it three times—once in the present (his forty-first) year! He has made the largest score on record in a first-class match—viz., 344 for M.C.C. v. Kent; and within a fortnight he made the largest recorded score in a *county* match—318, not out, v. Yorkshire. The last-named is probably his greatest achievement; though the 400, not out, being made with twenty-two men of Great Grimsby in the field, runs it hard. For fifteen consecutive years he was at the head of the batting averages, being temporarily deposed, in 1881, by Mr. A. N. Hornby, a player who, for pluck, endurance, and knowledge of the game, has for more than twenty years been a keen rival of the champion, and who even now is worthy of a place in an England Eleven. Dr. Grace's record in all first-class matches since the outset of his career is an aggregate of over 33,000 runs at an average of over forty-five runs per innings! In Australian matches he has been uniformly successful, making runs even when all others have signally failed, and the unanimous opinion of colonists is that there never has been, and never will be, a batsman like him.

As a bowler he has always been near the top of the tree, and in one season, 1877, he was absolutely the most successful performer with the ball in all England. As a field, he is marvellously good everywhere; and, as a cricketer generally, he has always been "thorough." His merits were publicly recognised in 1879, when he was presented with a testimonial, to which cricket-lovers, from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales downwards, cheerfully subscribed. In conclusion, we may add that in his youth he was one of the fastest runners in England, winning over seventy prizes, and that at present he has few superiors at the totally different pastime of whist!

ENGLISH HOMES, No. XV.—WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE.



1. The Park, from Wentworth House. 2. The Well Gate. 3. Paddock Lodge. 4. The Stables. 5. The Mausoleum. 6. Waterfall in the Grounds.

THE FITZWILLIAM HUNT.

Earl Fitzwilliam commenced keeping hounds at Wentworth in 1860. The Fitzwilliam hounds from Milton, Northamptonshire, up to that time used to come for cub-hunting. For many years after his Lordship established a pack at Wentworth, it was usual to do the early cub-hunting on his Coolattin estate in Ireland, with part of the pack and two of the whips, under his own management; the other part of the pack hunting the Wentworth country. Of late years, since his Lordship gave up the "horn"—that is to say, hunting the hounds himself—this custom has been discontinued, and cub-hunting has usually begun about Doncaster race-week in the home coverts. Up to the second Monday in November, Lord Fitzwilliam hunts a portion of the Badsworth country, which, notwithstanding the fact that several of the coverts belong to the Fitzwilliam family, has, by fox-hunting laws, to be handed over to the Badsworth hunt. Probably, no country in England is hunted under such great difficulties, in consequence of its large population, railways, and other obstacles. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, his Lordship has always shown good sport, no expense having been spared in the breeding of his hounds; and the greater portion of his stud consists of thoroughbred horses. These are mostly bred by himself, and among the sires used in recent years have been Warlock, Burnton, Exchequer, Lecturer, King of Scots, Reveller, Xenophon, and others. One feature of this country is the number of fine gorse coverts which have been planted in suitable places entirely at his Lordship's expense, and without which it would be impossible to preserve foxes. Among his hunt servants have been Butler, Harry Ayres, Joe Oriell, James Roffey, George Kennett, and Will Dale, and the present efficient and popular huntsman is Frank Bartlett.

The hunting gentlemen of Sheffield, Rotherham, Doncaster, and the surrounding country, are greatly indebted to Lord Fitzwilliam for providing such excellent sport in their immediate locality, and for turning out a pack of hounds three days a week, with all their equipments, second to no other pack in the kingdom; and this entirely at his own cost, in every way. Were it not that Lord Fitzwilliam owns such extensive estates, and is liberal with his purse and a thorough sportsman, hunting could not be carried on in this locality.

There is no more exhilarating scene than to see the hounds meet on the lawn at Wentworth, with Lord Fitzwilliam and his sons and daughters mounted on most perfect hunters, and with the "four-in-hand" carrying Lady Fitzwilliam and her friends.

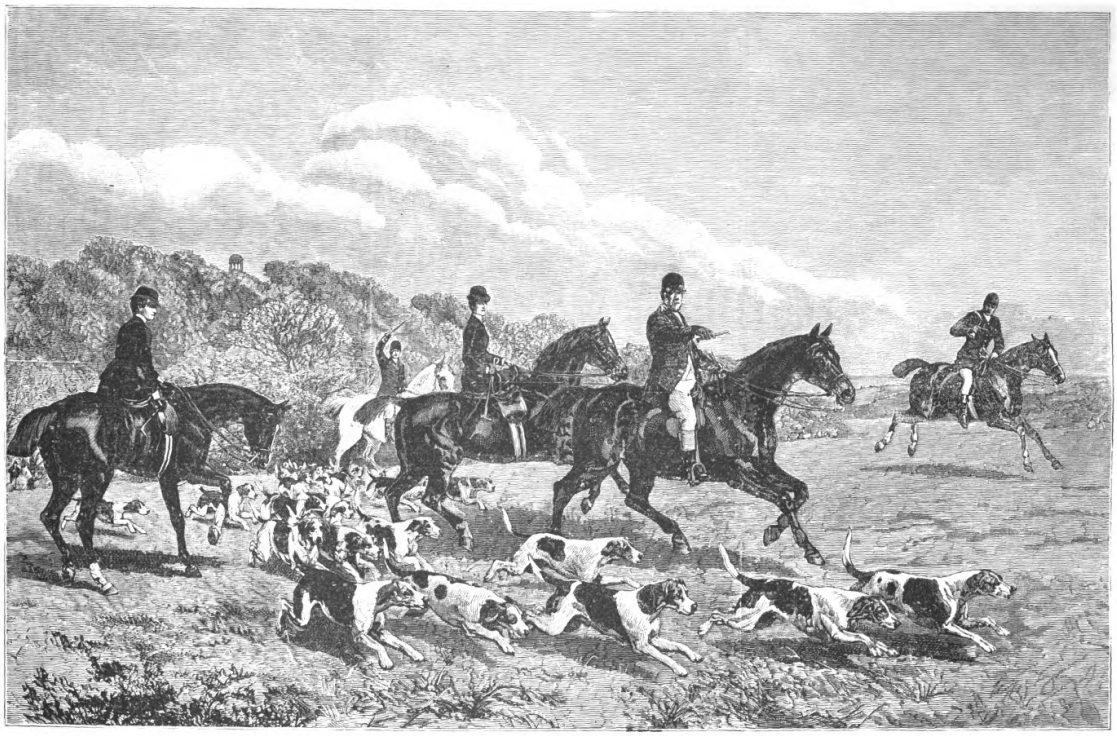
About a year ago it was decided by the hunting people to ask Lord Fitzwilliam if he would accept an oil painting of himself on horseback, with portraits of some of his favourite hounds, and he consented to sit for the same. When the project became known throughout the hunt, the subscriptions flowed in so rapidly that the committee found themselves in a position to include in the picture, besides his Lordship, the Ladies Alice and Albreda Fitzwilliam, the huntsman, Frank Bartlett, and his Lordship's faithful second horseman, George Treton. Mr. W. H. Hopkins was the artist selected to paint the picture, and this he has done most successfully, with the assistance of Mr. Havell, who is responsible for the portraits.

Steamers arrived at Liverpool last week with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports, bringing 3004 cattle, 2781 sheep, and 5150 quarters of beef.

The Jewish High Festival in celebration of the commencement of the new year of the Jewish calendar commenced on Thursday—an exceptionally early date. Last year it was thirteen days later, and in 1886 twenty-four days later.

EARL FITZWILLIAM'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

Among the numerous presentations made to the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam in celebration of their golden wedding, Sept. 10, 1888, not the least interesting is that from the miners and workpeople employed at the Fitzwilliam Collieries, Elsecar and Low Stubbin. This consists of an illuminated address, with a beautiful illuminated album, containing 1000 signatures of the subscribers, and a Norman cross, carved in oak, which reproduces the form of the ancient Sprotborough cross. The illuminated address is a very handsome and artistic piece of workmanship. The body of the address is inscribed in Old English Text, and above it are emblazoned the Fitzwilliam arms. The whole is enclosed in an elaborate and tasteful floral border, of modern design. At the top, and at the two sides, are vignettes, in sepia, one containing a view of Wentworth House, one a representation of the Norman cross, and the third a trophy of miners' tools. The address is placed in a handsome gilt frame, with the Fitzwilliam arms carved to form a centrepiece. The illuminated album is also a work of art. On the first page is a photograph of the framed and illuminated address: the second page bears an inscription recording the gift and its occasion; the names fill eleven pages, with a view of the collieries. The album is handsomely bound in cream morocco, with ornamental pierced gold corners and clasp, and a centrepiece engraved with the Fitzwilliam arms. It is enclosed in a morocco case with a lock, with gold mountings. The decorations of the address and album were designed and executed by Mr. R. C. Honey, of the firm of Parker and Honey, law-stationers, bookbinders, and lithographers, Bank-street, Sheffield. The carved-oak reproduction of the ancient Norman cross was executed by Messrs. Thornhill and Co., New Bond-street, London.



THE FITZWILLIAM HUNT: PICTURE PRESENTED TO EARL FITZWILLIAM ON HIS GOLDEN WEDDING.

ASCENSION ISLAND.

It has at length been finally decided by the Admiralty to abandon the use of the isle of Ascension as a coaling-station for ships of the Royal Navy. Ascension, which has been a British naval station since 1820, having been first garrisoned in 1815 by a detachment of troops from St. Helena, and subsequently by a company of Marines, is well known to all officers of the naval service. It is situated in the South Atlantic Ocean, 900 miles from Africa, 760 miles from St. Helena, and nearly 3500 miles from England, the geographical position being in latitude 7 deg. 56 min. south of the Equator, and longitude 14 deg. 25 min. west of Greenwich. The island is but seven miles and a half long, from west to east, and six miles and a half broad, from north to south, with a surface of thirty-eight square miles. It is very rugged and barren, consisting of extinct volcanic craters, lava streams and beds, more or less decomposed, and ravines filled with scoria and pumice-stone. The Green Mountain, however, rising to a height of 2820 ft., is wooded and in some parts, towards the summit, has pieces of fertile soil cleared for cultivation. The climate is esteemed one of the most salubrious in the world; the air is very dry, and the heat is constantly tempered by the south-east trade-wind; in the hottest months the temperature ranges from 85 deg. on the shore to 76 deg. on the high land. There is little rain at any season, and the few springs discovered in the woods yield but a limited supply of fresh water. The sea-turtle come from Christmas to Midsummer (which is not summer in Ascension) to lay their eggs in the sand. They are caught and turned over, to prevent them from escaping, and are confined in ponds, from which they are sold to the ships; a turtle, weighing from 600 lb. to 800 lb., fetches a price of £2 10s. The eggs of a migratory bird, called the "wide-awake," are also collected and sold for food. There is no good harbour, but a bay on the west side of the island, often with a heavy swell and high surf, which makes landing troublesome in the earlier months of the year. On the shore of this bay is Georgetown, a little station, with store-houses, tanks, and a small fort, governed by a post-captain of the Royal Navy. The inhabitants, as well as the garrison, are under naval discipline, insomuch that the whole island is rated as a stationary vessel belonging to her Majesty's Fleet, and is often called, in joke, H.M.S. Flora, tender to the guardship at the Cape. All the work of building and road-making, and laying out gardens, has been done by the garrison of Royal Marines. Ascension was useful in former times as a dépôt for the squadron employed in suppressing the slave-trade between West Africa and Brazil. Since then, the Royal Naval Hospital established on the top of Green Mountain has been found beneficial, though its maintenance in such a situation is too costly, and the scarcity of water is a serious defect. The gardens of the hospital, and the "Home Gardens," have often been praised by visitors, and are very pleasant. The inhabitants of Ascension number about two hundred people, and probably but few families will remain when the patronage of the Royal Navy is taken away. It would then be a safe place of retirement for any gentleman of a solitary and contemplative disposition, who could there dine on turtle more cheaply than in the City of London.

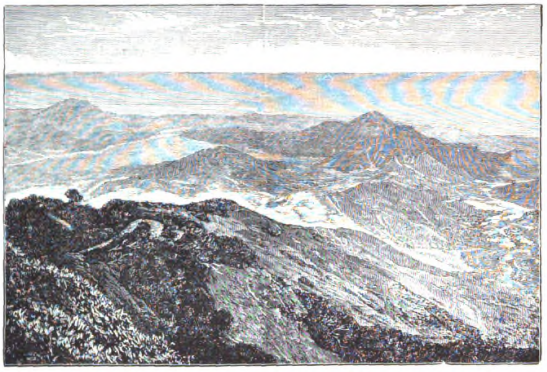
We are indebted to Surgeon Miller, R.N., of the Naval Hospital at Ascension, for sending us a series of photographic views, taken by himself.

The marriage of Colonel Frank Shirley Russell, of Aden, with Miss Philippa Baillie, younger daughter of the late Right Hon. Henry James Baillie, of Redcastle, and Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Albany, took place in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on Sept. 1. Captain Burn Murdoch (Royal Dragoons) attended the bridegroom as best man; and the six bridesmaids were the Misses Eila and Ida Baillie, the Ladies Isabel and May Browne, and Miss May Colville, all cousins of the bride, and Miss Augusta Webb, of Newstead. The Duchess of Albany, accompanied by the Duke of Albany and Princess Alice, was present. The bride was led to the altar by her uncle, Colonel Hugh Baillie, who afterwards gave her away. The service was fully choral. The wedding presents to the bride include from the Duchess of Albany a gold bracelet set with diamonds and rubies, and an enlarged photograph of herself; the Duke of Albany, a silver tea-caddy; and Princess Alice of Albany, a piece of knitting worked by herself. The officers of the Royal Dragoons presented the bridegroom with a massive silver bowl.

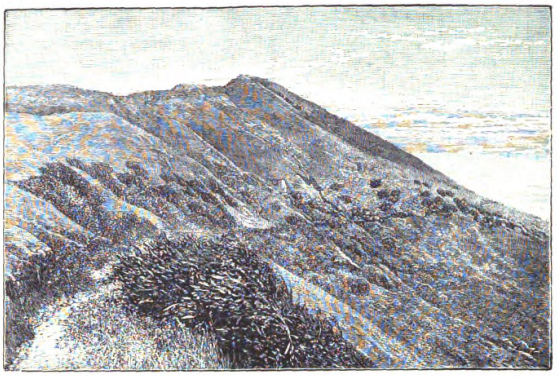
"The Beginner's Guide to Photography," published by Messrs. Perken and Rayment, of Hatton-garden, treats clearly and concisely of the apparatus and requirements necessary to engage in the delightful pastime of photography, and will be found most useful to amateurs.

The Printers' fête at the Alexandra Palace, in aid of the funds of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation ("Drummond" Pension), will take place on Saturday, Sept. 8. The programme includes two variety entertainments, military tournament, athletic sports, Caxton Minstrels, grand English opera, Professor Baldwin's balloon ascent, a display of fireworks, and a quadrille party in the evening.

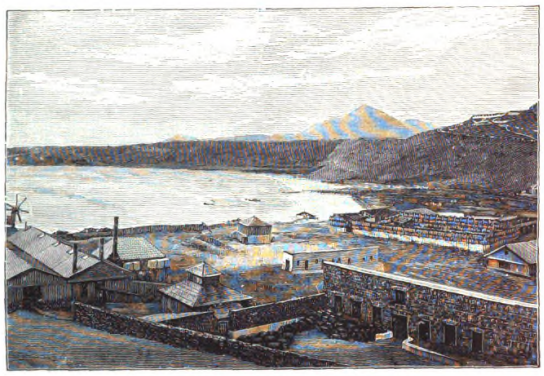
From statistics just published, dealing with the richest men living, we learn that there are about 700 with over a million sterling, of whom 200 reside in England, 100 in the United States, 100 in Germany and Austria, 75 in France, 50 in Russia, 50 in India, and 125 in other countries. The richest amongst those millionaires are the following:—Jay Gould, the American railway king, worth £55,000,000, annual income, £2,800,000; Mackay, £50,000,000, £2,500,000; Rothschild (England), £40,000,000, £2,000,000; Vanderbilt, £25,000,000, £2,250,000; J. B. Jones (United States), £20,000,000, £1,000,000; Duke of Westminster, £16,000,000, £800,000; J. J. Astor (United States), £10,000,000, £500,000; W. Stewart (United States), £8,000,000, £400,000; J. G. Bennett (United States), £6,000,000, £300,000; Duke of Sutherland, £6,000,000, £300,000; Duke of Northumberland, £5,000,000, £250,000; Marquis of Bute, £4,000,000, annual income £200,000.



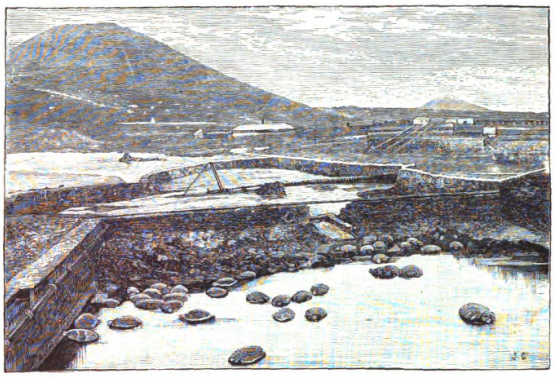
GENERAL VIEW OF ASCENSION ISLAND, FROM GREEN MOUNTAIN.



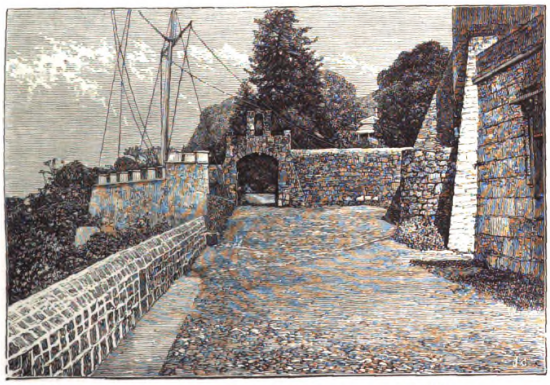
MOUNTAIN PEAK AND ELLIOT'S PASS, ASCENSION ISLAND.



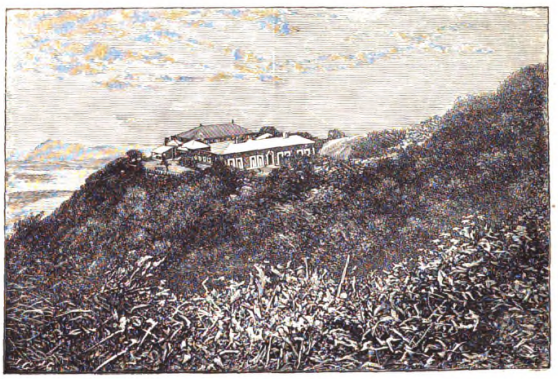
BUNG-HOLE-SQUARE, FACTORY, AND STABLES.



THE TURTLE PONDS.



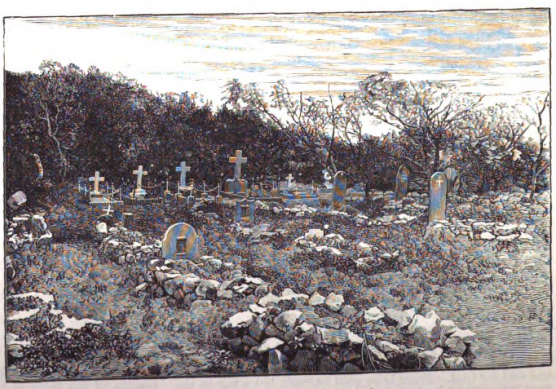
END OF ROAD UP HILL, ENTRANCE TO HOME GARDENS.



ROYAL NAVAL HOSPITAL, GREEN MOUNTAIN.

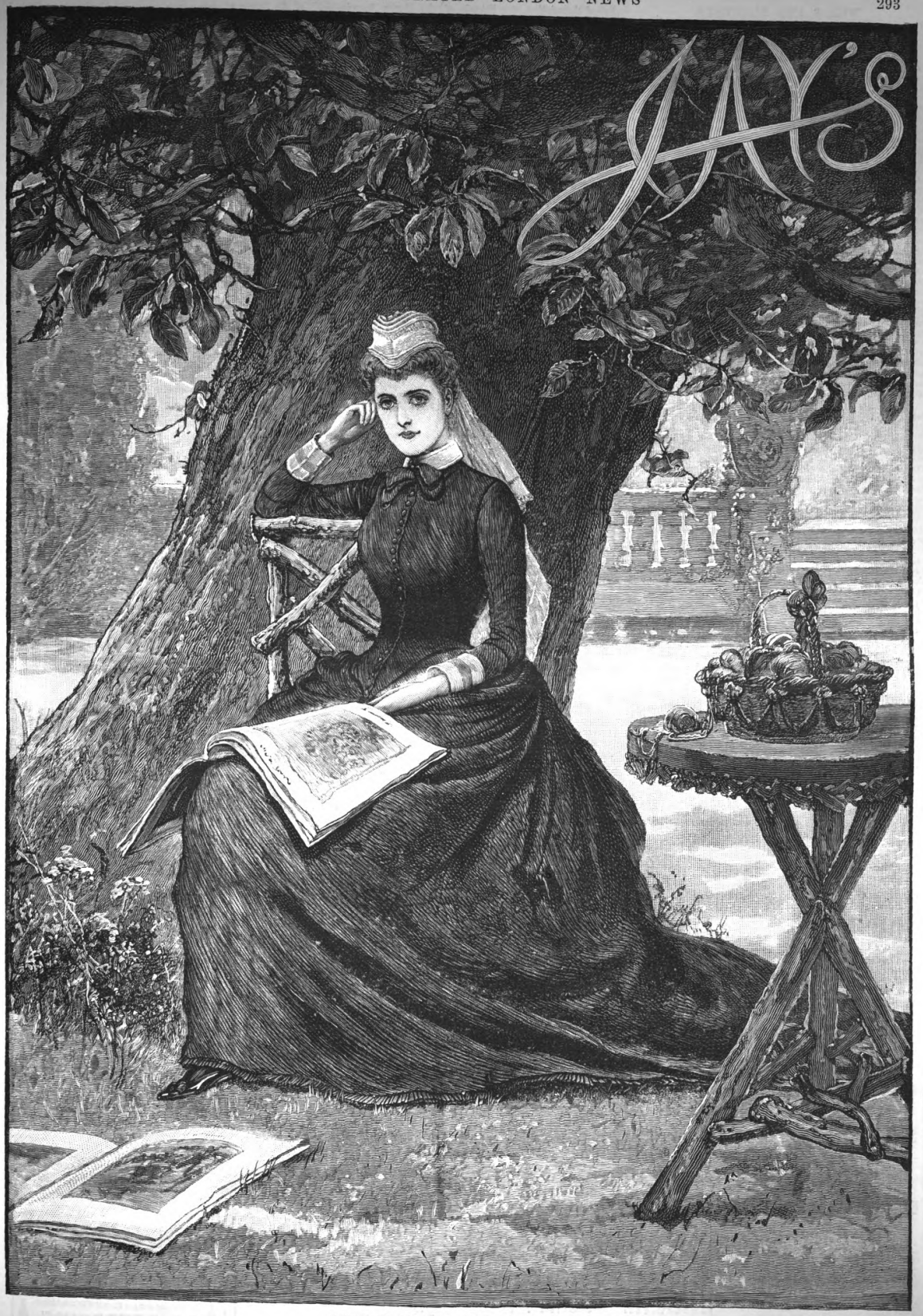


BACK GATE OF MOUNTAIN HOSPITAL.



GREEN MOUNTAIN CEMETERY.

ASCENSION ISLAND, BRITISH NAVAL STATION, IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN.



MOURNING.

"In reply to many inquiries, we recommend the Maison Jay's. This house, long established, makes mourning a specialty, and is excelled by no other house in London or Paris for the beauty of the work, the quality of the materials, or the style of manufacture."

JAY'S, REGENT-STREET, LONDON.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and three codicils of the late Gustavus Lambart Basset, Esq., have been proved by the executors and trustees, William Francis Higgins, Esq., and Edmund Chase Marriott, Esq. The will recites that under a family settlement (dated March 3, 1854), and under the will of John Francis Basset, the testator was tenant for life and his son tenant in tail of the Basset estates, which became the property of the Basset family in the twelfth century, and had since that time been held in the direct male line, and the testator desires that his son on coming of age shall resettle the estates in the manner indicated in the will. The testator bequeaths to his widow, Mrs. Basset, legacies, pecuniary and specific, in addition to the provisions made for her by marriage settlement. The testator further bequeaths to each of his trustees £1000, and to Mr. Marriott the further legacy of £1000 and his gold watch; to his aunt, the Hon. Jane Moreton, an annuity of £100; to Henrietta Price and Helène Price, and the survivor, an annuity of £120; to William Bond the elder, an annuity of £120; to his butler, Uriah Rice, an annuity of £80; to Mary Elizabeth Connor, £1 per week; to Edward Young, 5s. per week; to Walter Buckerfield, a legacy of £30 and an annuity of £25; to Jane Wilson, an annuity of £30. The residue of the testator's estate is bequeathed to the trustees of the will, upon trust, for his only son, Arthur Francis Basset, if he should attain the age of twenty-one and execute the resettlement directed by the will; but if he should die under twenty-one, upon trust, for Mrs. Basset, during her life, and, after her death, upon trusts corresponding to the present settlement of the Basset estates; and if he should attain the age of twenty-one and not execute the resettlement, then, upon trusts, for the benefit of the testator's friend William Henry Campion and his family; and if such trusts should fail, then, upon trust, to pay the annual sum of £600 to the Miners' Hospital at Redruth, and the annual sum of £300 to the Women's Hospital at Redruth, and to hold the residue, upon trust, for St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park-corner. The net value of the personal estate is sworn at £102,596 5s. 5d.

The will (dated March 8, 1888) of Mr. Joseph Sherwood, late of No. 61, Westbourne-terrace, Hyde Park, who died on June 27 last at Westgate-on-Sea, was proved on Aug. 21 by Carr Wigg and Thomas Henry Sherwood, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £95,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Clergy Ladies' Homes (Formosa-street, Maida-hill, and Westmoreland-road, Westbourne-park); £300 to the London Diocesan Deaconess Institution (Tavistock-crescent, Westbourne-park); £200 each to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates in Populous Places, the National Society for the Education of the Poor, King's College Hospital, and St. Michael's Convalescent Home (Westgate-on-Sea); £100 each to the Asylum for Female Orphans, the School for the Indigent Blind, the Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Children, the Friend of the Clergy Corporation, the Philanthropic School (Redhill), the Clergy Orphan Corporation, the Infant Orphan Asylum, the London Orphan Asylum, the Church Penitentiary Association, the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, the Curates' Augmentation Fund, St. John's Foundation School (Leatherhead), the Blue-coat School (Westminster), the British Orphan Asylum, the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, the National Benevolent Institution, the Foundling Hospital Benevolent Fund, the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood), the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution, the City of London Truss Society, the Seaside Convalescent Home (Seaford), the East London Church Fund, and the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation; and considerable legacies, upon trust, for nephews and nieces, including £10,000, upon trust, for his niece Mrs. Sarah Gay and her children; and legacies also to friends, executors, late clerk, and servants. The ultimate residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nieces and nephews Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Oliver, Mrs. Anna Hedley, Carr Wigg, and Thomas Henry Sherwood, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 24, 1880), with a codicil (dated Sept. 8, 1885), of Mr. Frederick Vickers, late of Dykes Hall, Wadsley, Ecclesfield, York, steel manufacturer, who died on April 30 last, was proved on Aug. 25 last by Thomas Edward Vickers, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £71,000. Subject to a legacy of £1000 and his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Maria Vickers, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay half the annual income thereof to his wife during her life or widowhood, but in the event of her again marrying she is only to receive an annuity of £600. Subject thereto, he leaves all his property to his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 29, 1887) and four codicils (three dated Aug. 23, 1887; and one, March 19, 1888) of the Rev. George Edward Prescott, Rector of Digswell, Herts, who died on June 25 last, were proved on Aug. 13 last by Mrs. Caroline Mary Prescott, the widow, Charles Henry Prescott, and Henry Warner Prescott, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £55,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, all his household furniture, plate, horses and carriages, and live and dead stock to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Mary Prescott; £20 each to the Clergy Orphan Association, the Poor Clergy Relief Association, the Friends of the Clergy Association, the Bishop of St. Albans Fund and the Herts Local branches of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Society for the Employment of Additional Curates, the Hertford General Infirmary, and the Herts Seaside Convalescent Homes; £1 each to the present members of the Digswell Coal and Clothing Club, and numerous legacies and annuities to relatives and servants. He devises the advowson, donation, right of patronage, and presentation of the living of Digswell to his nephew, Arthur Phillimore; and his messuages, hereditaments, marsh and other lands in the county of Kent, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and, at her death, to his grandnephew and godson William George Prescott Decie, and his heirs. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and, at her decease, between the children of his sister, Mrs. Harriet Phillimore (except Georgiana Phillimore), his late sisters, Lady Preston and Mrs. Preston, and his late brother, Colonel Prescott.

The will (dated Dec. 3, 1870) of Captain James St. Clair Doyle, late of No. 49, Cobham-street, Gravesend, formerly of the 53rd Foot, who died on July 15, was proved on Aug. 24 by Mrs. Anne Doyle, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £30,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate whatsoever and wheresoever to his wife, Mrs. Anne Doyle, absolutely.

The will (dated March 11 1886) and a codicil (dated June 30, 1887) of Mr. Joseph Withers, formerly of No. 1, Shorters'-court, Old Broad-street, stockbroker, and late of Burleigh House, Enfield, who died on July 12, were proved on Aug. 2, by Mrs. Emma Mary Withers, the widow, George John Braikenridge, and Henry John Winney, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. The testator leaves all his property to his wife, Mrs. Emma Mary Withers, for her own use and benefit.

The will (dated May 2, 1876) of Mr. Robert Alexander Clarke, late of Moses Gate, No. 41, Bolton-place, Farnworth, Lancaster, who died on June 13 last, was proved on Aug. 23 by Mrs. Agnes Clarke the widow, John Holden Clarke and James Macfarlane Clarke the sons, and William Alexander Ferguson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator directs that all his real and personal estate is to be converted into money, and then equally divided between all his children.

FOREIGN NEWS.

King Humbert unveiled at Ravenna on Sept. 1 monuments to the Martyrs to Liberty, and to Anita, wife of Garibaldi. On his Majesty's departure from the town there was another outburst of popular enthusiasm, and it was noticed that in the crowd were a number of Garibaldians, who wore red shirts. On the 3rd, King Humbert visited Faenza, where he received a hearty welcome. His Majesty afterwards returned to Forli, and, accompanied by the Crown Prince, the Duke of Aosta, and his son, the Count of Turin, proceeded to the railway station to meet Queen Margherita. On her Majesty's arrival the Royal party drove to the palace through the streets thronged with people, who cheered vociferously, and threw showers of flowers into the Royal carriage as it passed. The King and Queen afterwards appeared several times on the balcony. In connection with the manœuvres of the Italian army, King Humbert, the Queen, Crown Prince, and Minister for War, on the 4th, reviewed the troops on the parade-ground near Forli. The people cheered the soldiers and the Royal family.

The German Emperor left Potsdam early on Aug. 30, met the Crown Prince of Greece and Prince Henry, and inspected some infantry and cavalry, afterwards heading a squadron to the late Emperor's palace. His Majesty subsequently received the Austrian Archduke Karl Ludwig, the Archduchess, the King of Sweden, and other distinguished personages. The Emperor, accompanied by his future brother-in-law, the Crown Prince of Greece, went on Sept. 4 to the manœuvres near Jüterbogk. His Majesty returned in the afternoon to Potsdam, but the Crown Prince of Greece remained with the troops until the end of the week.—The christening of the youngest of the Hohenzollern Princes, the first born son of a reigning German Emperor, took place on Aug. 31 in Frederick the Great's Library in the Potsdam Palace, in exact accordance with the traditional usage of the House of Hohenzollern—the child receiving the names of "Oscar, Carl, Gustav, Adolf."—The betrothal of Princess Sophie, daughter of the Empress Frederick and third sister of the Emperor William, with the Duke of Sparta, Crown Prince of Greece, took place at Potsdam on Sept. 3. The Princess, who is, of course, a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, is eighteen; while the Greek Crown Prince, who is a nephew of the Princess of Wales, is a little over twenty.—The Empress Frederick has been on a visit to the Prince of Wales and Princess Christian at Homburg.—Prince Bismarck has dispatched a telegram to the Pope, in which he explains the reasons of the approaching visit of the Emperor William to Rome. The Chancellor says that the alliance with Italy is indispensable to Germany, and that its object is to secure the predominance of peace principles in Europe.—The anniversary of the Battle of Sedan was celebrated at Berlin on Sept. 1 by a review of the Guards by the Emperor, in the presence of the King of Saxony and other distinguished visitors.

The Emperor of Austria paid a visit on Sept. 1 to the Czarina at the Villa Cumberland, at Gmünden. He subsequently called on the Princess of Wales. The distinguished visitors all lunched together, after which his Majesty took his departure. The Czarina left in the evening for Russia.—The Emperor Francis Joseph, the Crown Prince Rudolph, the Archduke Albrecht, the Austrian War Minister, and the Chief of the General Staff have been at Pisek, in Bohemia, where manœuvres with two complete Infantry Divisions and one brigade of the Landwehr were to have taken place on the 3rd. The rain of the last week, however, so completely converted the manœuvre ground into a lake that all operations were impossible. Under these circumstances, the Emperor contented himself with a march-past of the assembled troops. On the 4th the Emperor left Pisek for Budweis, in Bohemia, which has been completely flooded by the overflow of the Moldau. His Majesty has had a most enthusiastic reception in Bohemia.—The national rifle meeting of Austria, held in Vienna this year in honour of the Emperor's fortieth year of reign, was opened on the 2nd under most depressing conditions of weather. All the principal streets of the city were beflagged, and crowds assembled to witness the arrival of deputations of riflemen from every part of the country. But it rained incessantly.—The International Congress of Geologists and Engineering Miners assembled at Vienna on the 3rd. Of the 400 members the majority are Austrians and Hungarians; but there are also delegates from Germany, France, Belgium, and Italy.

The Emperor of Russia, with his younger son, Michael, returned to Peterhof on Sept. 3 from the Grand Duke Serge's country seat at Ilinskoe, near Moscow. The Empress, with the Heir-Apparent and his sister Xenia, also returned to Peterhof from Austria. The Czar, accompanied by the Czarina, has started on a two months' tour through the southern Governments of the Empire.—General Prjevalsky started on Aug. 30 on his exploring expedition in Central Asia. His intention is to penetrate as far as Lhassa, in Thibet, travelling by way of the Lob Nor Lake in Eastern Turkestan.

The King of Denmark, accompanied by his brother, Prince John of Glücksburg, returned to Copenhagen on Sept. 4, from Wiesbaden; they were received by the Queen and other members of the Danish Royal family, including the King of the Hellenes.

The Consistorial Court at Belgrade, to which was referred King Milan's petition for a divorce from Queen Natalie, has adjourned the proceedings for three months.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Constantinople on Aug. 29, and, after being welcomed by Turkish Ministers on behalf of the Sultan, he landed, and was conveyed with his suite in Imperial carriages to Yildiz Kiosk, where the Sultan received him. Sir William White, the British Ambassador, gave a dinner in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh on the 30th. There were present at the banquet Kiamil Pasha, Said Pasha, the members of the Diplomatic Body, and some of the principal Court and State functionaries. After the dinner a reception was held at the Embassy. The illuminations on both banks of the Bosphorus, on the 31st, to celebrate the anniversary of the Sultan's accession, were on a grander scale than usual because of the presence of the Duke of Edinburgh. On Sept. 1 his Royal Highness dined with the Sultan, and attended the regatta. In the evening he dined at the Embassy. The Sultan has conferred upon the Duke the gold and silver medals of the Nichan-i-Imtiaz Order. His Royal Highness left Constantinople on the 2nd.

The United States House of Representatives have passed a Bill making it unlawful hereafter for Chinese labourers to return to the United States after having left the country.

Sir John Macdonald, the Premier, arrived at Ottawa on Aug. 30 from his recent tour. The Cabinet will shortly arrange for the discussion of the admission of Newfoundland into the Canadian Confederation.

The Queensland Ministry has resigned, in consequence of the refusal of the Governor to sanction the release, under the Offenders Probation Act, of a prisoner under sentence for larceny.

We learn from New Zealand that a serious earthquake took place on Sept. 1 throughout both islands. Five distinct shocks were felt, causing the inhabitants to flee from their homes. At Christchurch the cathedral spire was injured, and other buildings were damaged, but no lives were lost.

The great firework festival of the year is undoubtedly Brock's Benefit, at the Crystal Palace, which took place on Sept. 6, with, as usual, a long and varied day's enjoyment, ending with the great display and illumination for which the natural and artistic beauties of the Crystal Palace are so splendidly adapted.

The lists of the names of those persons liable to serve as special and common jurymen in England and Wales during the year are exhibited on the doors of every church, chapel, and other public places of worship over England and Wales, where they can be inspected by everyone, and where they will remain during the next two Sundays.

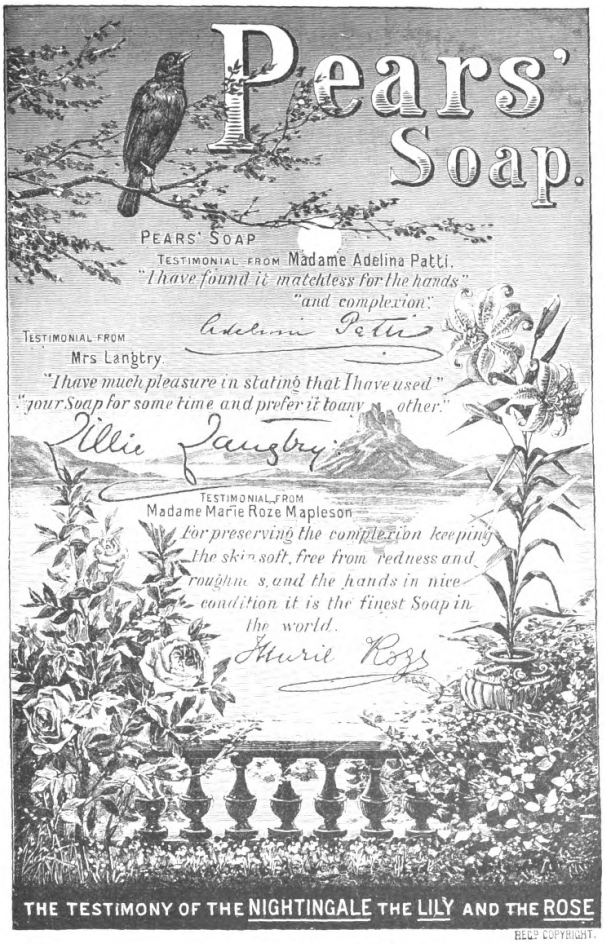
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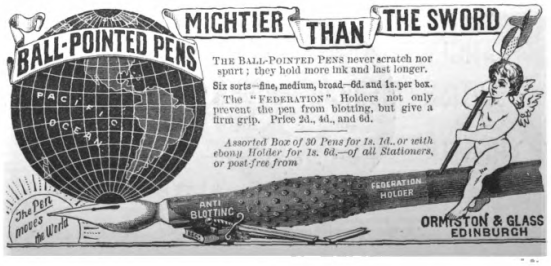
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A SCENE IN NORTH DEVON.

HOME-TRAVEL.

"Perfect summer weather in England," says Hawthorne, "is the most delightful weather in the world"; and if sunshine and blue sky can be secured in September, what greater pleasure can a man desire than a walk, or drive, or a ride on horseback through some lovely English county? Which shall he choose? So beautiful and so varied is the scenery of this island that every taste can be gratified. And not only is there scenery to attract, but every town, every village, we had almost said every hamlet, has some association that links the present with the past. We learn history as we travel in England; the history which ought to have the greatest interest for us; and how pleasantly acquired is the knowledge gained in this way! When on a holiday, indeed, the delight to be won from Nature will be our first object. We ask for perfect freedom to wander where we list, with or without a definite purpose; we don't want to see sights or to gain acquaintance with all the "lions" of the guide-books. Independence is the happy traveller's first law; you mar his enjoyment if you tell him to visit some great house or picture gallery, a famous church, or half-ruined castle! Let him take his chance of seeing or not seeing, for it is what is unexpected in travel that gives the greatest delight to the traveller. The man who in his eagerness to get knowledge and to miss nothing follows with the minutest attention the directions of his Hand-book, is not the kind of companion I should choose in a tour about England. And, indeed, unless by special good fortune one finds a friend whose likes and dislikes harmonise with one's own, I feel inclined to agree with Milton that "solitude sometimes is best society."

The most wayward tourist is supposed to make his choice of locality before starting on his travels—though I know men, and have a fellow-feeling with them, who trust to what is called the chapter of accidents, and who, after starting, let us say, for a tour in Dorsetshire, find themselves at nightfall in Devon.

There is beauty enough in either county to fill eye and heart to overflowing through many a month's pilgrimage. Charles II. said of Dorset, which he knew only too well, that he had never seen a finer country in England or out of it; and assuredly the western part of the shire is worthy even of this eulogy. The coast line is very fine, and the county, though destitute of rivers, abounds in streams; the land is hilly, though not mountainous; the views in all directions are beautiful; and it has been justly said that few counties so thoroughly repay the pedestrian tourist. The fine scenery in the neighbourhood of Lyme is dear to all who know it; and don't we all remember (for, of course, every reader of this paper is familiar with Jane Austen) the youthful party that drove on a November day to the old town, and how one adventurous young lady, jumping off the Cobb, materially assisted the novelist's plot by hurting herself in doing so! "Persuasion" should be a popular volume among summer readers at Lyme.

This, however, is not the place to talk of books, though it is scarcely possible to visit North Devon without a thought of "Lorna Doone" and of Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" Emerson said that to know England well would take a century; to know Devonshire as it deserves to be known, even in its northern district, will need many a week of pedestrian travel. One of the finest bits of scenery in Devonshire is said to be the descent into Lynmouth by the Barnstaple road; but the scenery all round Lynton and Lynmouth is so superlatively beautiful that no single view can fairly claim precedence. I do not know anything even in the Lake country that will satisfy more fully the lover of nature. The Lyn, bounding over its rocks until, on reaching Lynmouth, the sea rushes up to meet it, has not the serene beauty of some of the South Devon rivers; but in its own vehement, eager way it is unrivalled. Sad to say, no poet has sung its charms; but no matter! A river that can never be forgotten by those who have once known and loved it may well be content with the affection that is more humbly expressed in prose. Lynmouth, it has been asserted, is, for a few summer months—and assuredly September may be included among them—the Paradise of England; but later on the narrow valley surrounded by lofty hills loses its sunshine, and with sunshine its joyousness departs. Lynmouth is but one spot among a hundred in Devonshire that may allure the rambler. When he has seen Clovelly, with its ladder-like street and lovely Hobby Woods; when he has boated on the Tamar and the Dart; when he has explored Dartmoor, through all its wildest recesses—then he will be able to say that he knows a little about Devon, and I am sure he will add also that he longs to know more.

Another English county in which a month of travel may be spent cheerily is Surrey—which has the smoke of London in one corner, while in another Nature seems to be far removed from the gloom and stir of town, so fair are its rural solitudes, its noble woods, its heath-covered commons, its half-wild, half-cultivated parks, and the prospects from its hills. In Surrey, near as it is to London, the traveller comes face to face with Nature, for there is many a spot in the little county where he may wander for some distance and hear no voices but hers. Let him find his way, for example, from Albury to Ewhurst, from Abinger to Leith Hill, from Hindhead to Blackmoor, and if he love solitude and his own thoughts he can enjoy them to the full.

Sussex, too, like Surrey, is a county full of natural charms, but being at the Londoner's door it is apt to be neglected. Its watering-places are familiar enough, but the characteristics of Sussex scenery are not to be found at Brighton or Bognor, at Eastbourne or Hastings. It is on the Downs and under their shadow that the lover of nature will find a rich reward. The "tremendous height" of these Downs appalled the poet Cowper a little unreasonably; and I don't agree with Gilbert White, who, however, seldom uses the wrong word in describing nature, when he called them a "chain of majestic mountains." The writer of Murray's "Hand-book of Sussex," however, says, with truth, that the South Downs, which extend for fifty-three miles in length, with an average height of about 500 feet, are quite as interesting as many parts of the Continent that enjoy a far higher reputation. Any tourist unfamiliar with these fine heights, and the out-of-the-world villages that nestle beneath them, should read Mr. Jennings's "Field-Paths and Green Lanes," a volume it is impossible to lay down without wishing to follow in the author's track.

Looking over the map, what happy memories cheer the man who has been accustomed from year to year to wander about England! He will agree with the saying of Thomas Fuller, that it is well to know his native land before going over the threshold. Would that leisure were as inexhaustible as the charms of our English scenery! But if the late summer and pleasant autumn time is not in too great a hurry to fade into winter, much lasting delight may be gained even from a few weeks of travel. Thanks to the railroad, it is easy, in a few hours, to reach the district we may select for our rambles; and whether it be Derbyshire, with its lovely dales, or Yorkshire, which in its vast space includes almost every variety of scenery; or the Lake country, with its thousand poetical associations; or the still wild border-land of which Scott has written so delightfully—whether the tourist choose Norfolk for its churches, or Somersetshire for the fine scenery of its Mendips and Quantocks, or Cornwall for its unrivalled coast views, he can hardly fail to gain a store of happy memories for winter hours. And such memories have no drawbacks, for we forget or laugh at the little annoyances to which all travellers are liable, and think only of the things of beauty that served to make the way cheery. J. D.

The Cheshire Agricultural Society's show opened at Chester on Aug. 31 in brilliant weather, under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster, with a total of 475 entries, a larger number than last year at Crewe; for although the entry of cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs show a slight falling off, the deficiency is more than made up in the splendid show of cheese and butter, seeds and vegetables, and farm produce. In the cheese classes there was a keen competition.

The three months during which the Inner Temple Gardens were open to the public nightly ended on Aug. 31, and it is satisfactory to state that, notwithstanding the large numbers of children who visited these gardens on every fine evening, there was not the slightest damage done to either plants, shrubs, or trees.—The gardens of Lincoln's Inn will remain open for the benefit of the poor children inhabiting the surrounding densely-populated districts until the end of September from five o'clock in the evening until dusk.

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OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF BERKELEY.

The Right Hon. George Lennox Rawdon Berkeley, seventh Earl of Berkeley, died on Aug. 27. He was born in 1827, the youngest son of General Sir George Henry Frederick Berkeley, K.C.B., by Lucy, his wife, eldest daughter and coheiress of Sir Thomas Sutton, Bart., and succeeded to the earldom in 1882 at the decease of his cousin, Thomas Moreton Berkeley, who was sixth Earl of Berkeley, but did not assume the title. The nobleman whose death we record was formerly an officer in the army. He married, Feb. 22, 1860, Cecile, daughter of Count Edward De Melfort Drummond, and leaves a son and successor, Randal Thomas Moreton, Viscount Dursley, Lieutenant R.N., now eighth Earl of Berkeley.

SIR SAMUEL ROWE.

Surgeon-Major Sir Samuel Rowe, K.C.M.G., late Governor of Sierra Leone, died at Madeira, on Aug. 24, aged fifty-three. He was educated at Aberdeen University (M.B., 1855; L.S.A., L.M., and M.R.C.S., 1856), and entered the Army in 1862, became Surgeon in 1870, and Surgeon-Major in 1873. He served throughout the Ashantee War of 1873-74, and was present with the force under Colonel Festing at the defeat of the Ashantees in the two engagements at Elmina on June 13. For these services he was several times mentioned in despatches, and given a medal with clasp. He was Administrator of the Gambia, 1875 to 1876; Commander-in-Chief of the West African Settlements, 1876 to 1881; Governor of the Gold Coast Colony, 1881 to 1882; and Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Sierra Leone from 1884 up to the time of his death. Sir Samuel was created a C.M.G. in 1874 and a K.C.M.G. in 1880.

MAJOR-GENERAL LYNCH.

Major-General William Wiltshire Lynch, C.B., of Pareora, near Guildford, Surrey, died of cholera on Aug. 4 at Allahabad, while in command of the Allahabad Division of the Bengal Army. He was born in 1831, and was educated at King's College, London. He entered the Army in 1850, became Captain in 1858, Major in 1861, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1871, Colonel in 1877, and Major-General in 1887. He served in the Persian Expedition of 1857, and in the Indian Mutiny of 1857-58. He was mentioned in despatches, received three medals with clasps, was thanked by Governor-General of India, and was given a year's service. He was Brigade-Major of the Chatham District, 1866 to 1870; Assistant Military Secretary West Indies, 1870 to 1872; Deputy Judge-Advocate, 1875 to 1876; and Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General at Aldershott, 1886 to 1887. He married, in 1876, Mary Florence, eldest daughter of the late Mr. J. D. Maclean, of Queensland, Australia.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Augustus William Gurney, M.A., Vicar of Little Hereford, Tenbury, on Aug. 28, aged sixty-two.

Colonel Henry Albert Platt, late of Lincolnshire Regiment, at 12, Archway-road, Highgate, on Aug. 28, aged fifty-three.

Mr. Charles Brownlow Brind, Assistant-Commissioner Indian Civil Service, accidentally drowned in Upper Burmah on July 27.

Major the Hon. Robert Baillie, on Aug. 29, aged eighty-one. He was brother of George, tenth Earl of Haddington, and uncle of the present Peer.

The Venerable John Wright Bowles, M.A., Archdeacon of Killaloe and Incumbent of Nenagh, suddenly on Aug. 24, aged sixty-four.

Lady Reid (Lavinia Lucy), wife of General Sir Charles Reid, G.C.B., and eldest daughter of the late Captain John Fisher, at 97, Earl's-court-road, on Aug. 24, aged fifty-nine.

Louisa Anne Erskine, Lady Hamilton, wife of General Sir Frederick William Hamilton, K.C.B., and daughter of Sir Alexander Anstruther, formerly Judge in Madras, on Aug. 29, at Pitcorthie, Fife.

Captain Alfred Nelson Fairman, R.N., only son of the late Colonel William Blennerhasset-Fairman, at 14, Charleville-road, S.W., on Aug. 29, aged eighty-two. He entered the Navy so far back as 1818, and obtained his first commission in 1829.

Colonel Duncan Scott Pemberton, Royal Artillery, at Cashmere, on Aug. 23. He entered the Army in 1856, and became Colonel in 1885. He served with distinction at the siege of Delhi, for which he received a medal with clasp, and in the Boer war of 1881.

The Hon. Mrs. Henley (Georgiana Caroline Mary), wife of the Hon. Anthony Ernest Henley, second son of the present Lord Henley, and only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Michael Williams, brother of Sir Frederick Williams, second Baronet, of Tregullow, at Southend, Essex, on Aug. 26.

M. Chevreul, the eminent French chemist, celebrated on Aug. 31 his 102nd birthday. On Sept. 4 he visited the Sanitary Exhibition at the Palace of Industry. Arm-in-arm with a friend he mounted the stairs and walked through the exhibition. He is in excellent health.

Mr. Gladstone's addresses at Wrexham on Sept. 4 proved that he retains unimpaired the faculty of making eloquent and interesting speeches on any subject, from the Welsh leek to King Bomba. In his growing friendliness for Sir Edward Watkin, Mr. Gladstone seized the opportunity to express the indebtedness of Wales to the hon. Baronet for using his influence to increase railway communication with the Principality. Mr. Gladstone's speech to the large gathering of Liberals at Wrexham amounted to little more than a repetition of the charge that King Bomba did not, as a rule, treat political convicts as badly as he alleged the Government treat Irish political prisoners. Mr. Osborne Morgan, from his own personal observation, corroborated the right hon. gentleman on this point. Proceeding to the Eisteddfod, Mr. Gladstone delivered a wonderful panegyric on Welshmen, and quoted Shakspeare in praise of the Welsh as "trusty, loving, and hardy."

THE COURT.

Her Majesty, who is at Balmoral, takes walks and drives daily. On Aug. 29 the Duke de Chartres (who is staying at Invercauld) dined with the Queen and Royal family. The Grand Duke of Hesse went out deer-stalking. Sir Archibald and the Hon. Lady Campbell had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. On the 31st the Queen went out in the morning with Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse, and her Majesty in the afternoon drove with Princess Frederica and Princess Alice. Princess Beatrice and the Grand Duke of Hesse drove to the Glassalt Shiel with Sir Archibald and the Hon. Lady Campbell. Princess Frederica dined with the Queen and Royal family on Sept. 1. The Duke of Hesse goes out deer-stalking nearly every day. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday morning, Sept. 2, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household, by the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, B.D., of St. Maxwell parish, Glasgow. The Rev. Archibald Campbell and the Rev. W. Tulloch had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. On Monday morning, the 3rd, her Majesty drove and walked out attended by Lady Southampton, and in the afternoon drove with Princess Beatrice and the Hon. Lady Campbell, of Blythswood, attended by Lady Southampton and the Hon. Harriet Phipps, to the Glen Gelder Shiel. Princess Beatrice in the morning rode, attended by the Hon. Rosa Hood. The Grand Duke of Hesse went to a grouse drive, at Invercauld, attended by Major Sir Fleetwood Edwards, K.C.B.

TRADES UNION CONGRESS.

The twenty-first annual Trades Union Congress was commenced at Bradford on Aug. 3. Mr. George Shipton, who opened the proceedings in the absence, through illness, of Mr. Crawford, M.P., Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee, referred, in the course of his remarks, to the Sugar Bounties Convention, and urged the delegates to repudiate the idea of cheapness, regardless of the conditions by which that cheapness was produced. Mr. J. Wilson submitted that the Chairman was out of order in alluding to this subject; but Mr. Shipton justified his allusion on the ground that he was acting in accordance with precedent. Mr. Shaftoe, of Bradford, being elected president, introduced Alderman Morley, Mayor of Bradford, who welcomed the congress to the town. The report of the Parliamentary Committee, which was read by Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., touched upon the various legislative proposals of the past Session dealing with labour questions, and entered at considerable length upon the House of Lords' inquiry into the sweating system. Mr. Shaftoe gave the opening address on the 4th, and alluded to the saving of 40 per cent in human labour which had been effected by machinery. This, he said, pointed to a reduction in the hours of labour, and remarked that the railway monopoly was a grievous sinner in the matter of overwork. The labour party was meant for the redemption of labour, and the Trades Unions would never be the slaves of parties. Questions connected with the operation of the Factory Act and the Employers' Liability Act were afterwards discussed.

The Rev. David Evans, Vicar of Abergele, has been appointed to the deanery of St. Asaph, vacant by the resignation of Dean James, formerly head-master of Rossall School.

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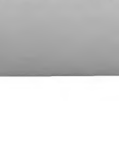
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EPILEPSY.—ARTHUR HIPWELL, Esq., Wood-road, Geddington, Kettering, June 4, 1888, writes:—"I cannot speak too highly of your Electropathic treatment, it has been a great boon to me. I used to have the fits several times a day, but now I have none, and the peculiar sensations incidental to this distressing disease entirely left me after wearing your appliances."

"COMPLETELY CURED."

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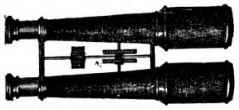
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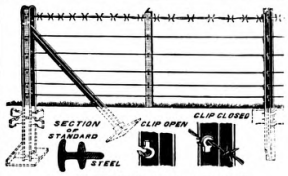
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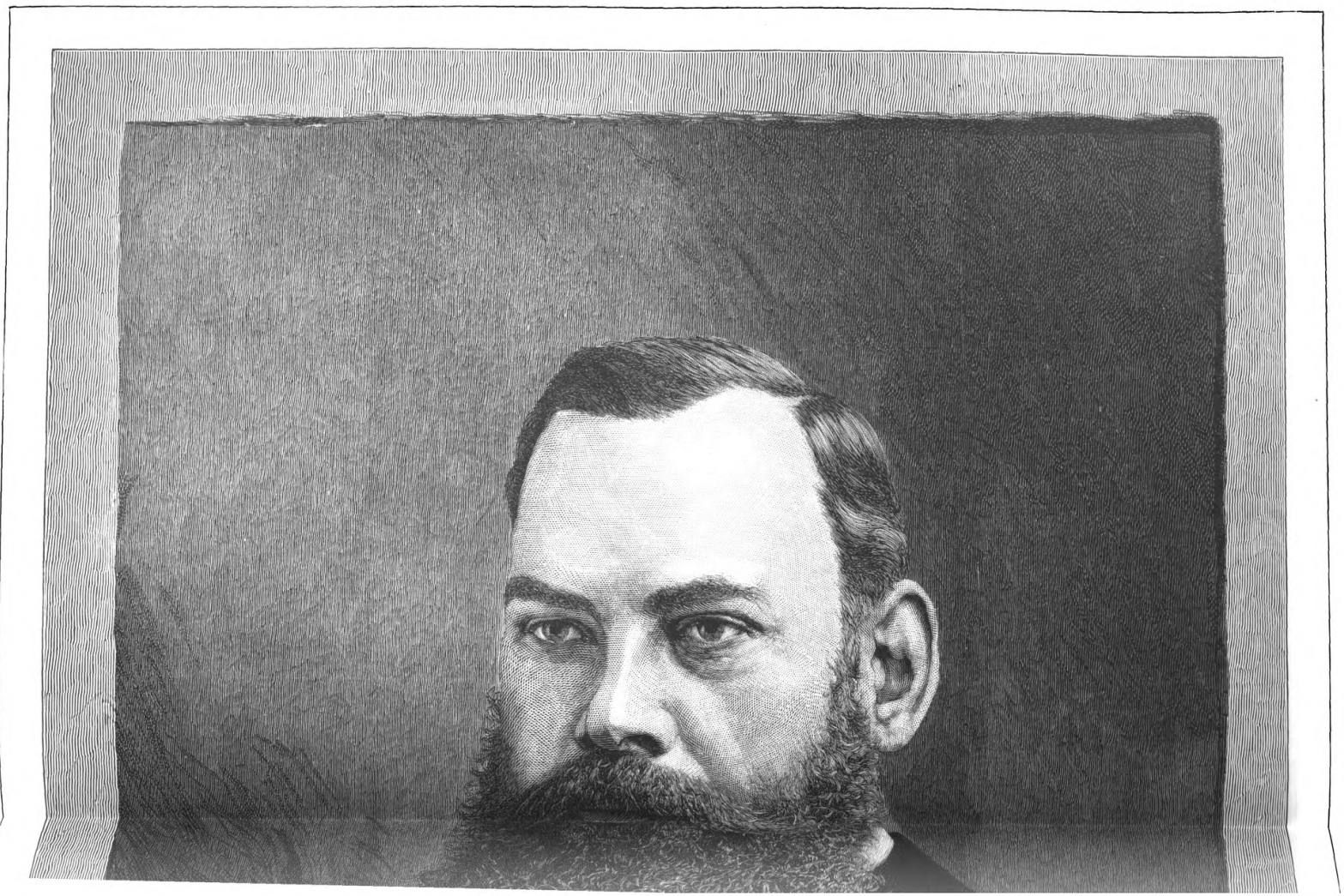
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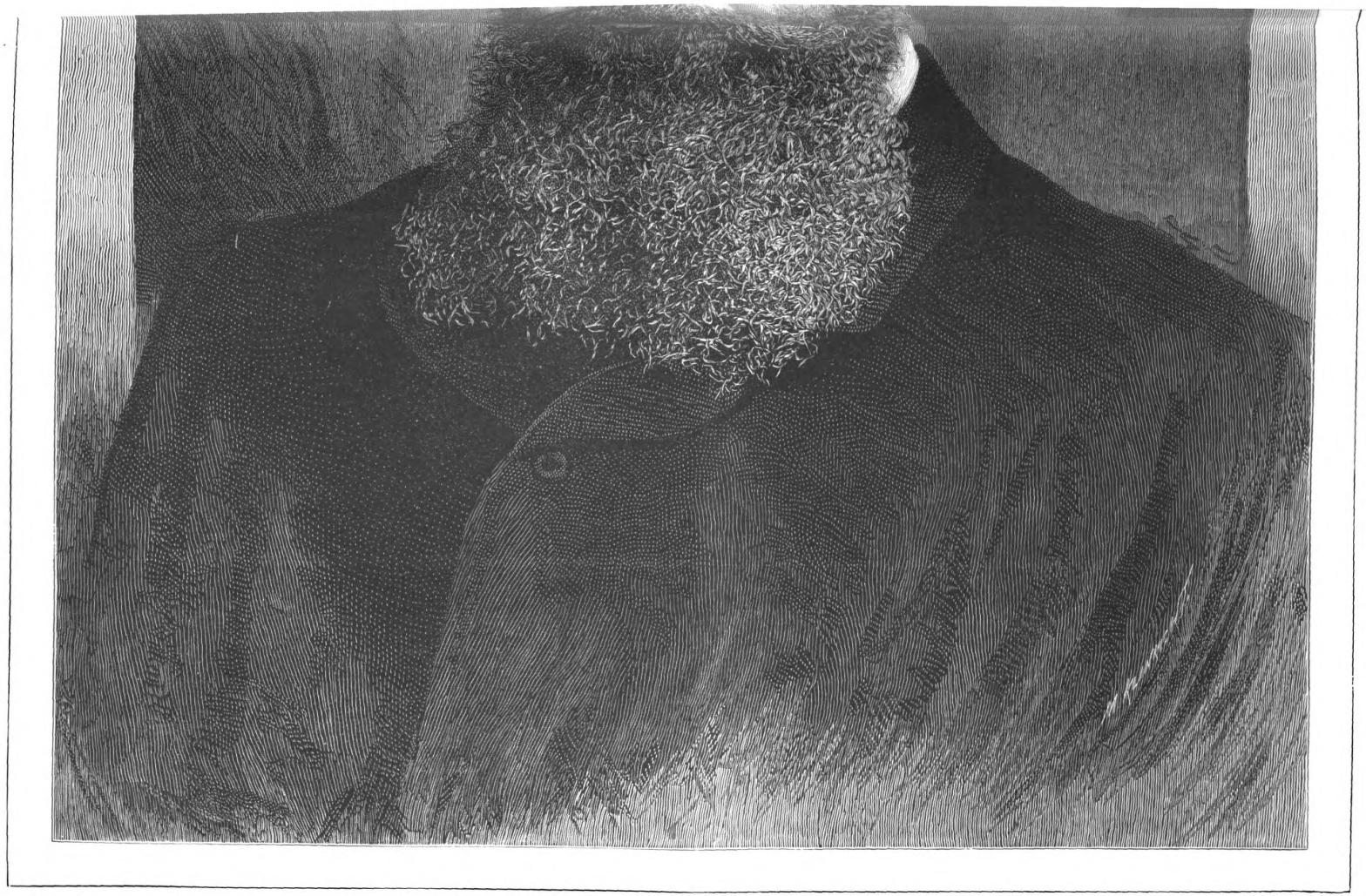
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MEN OF THE DAY.

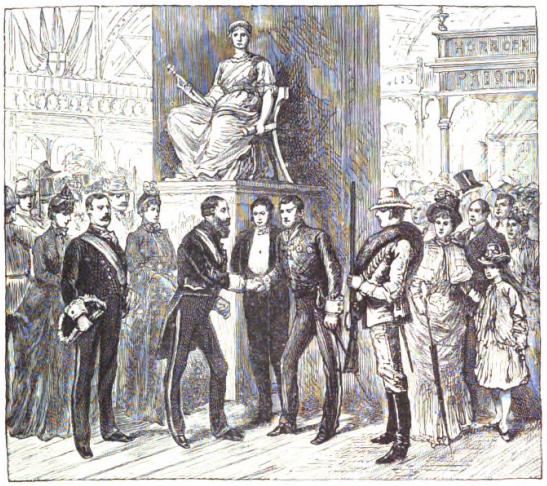
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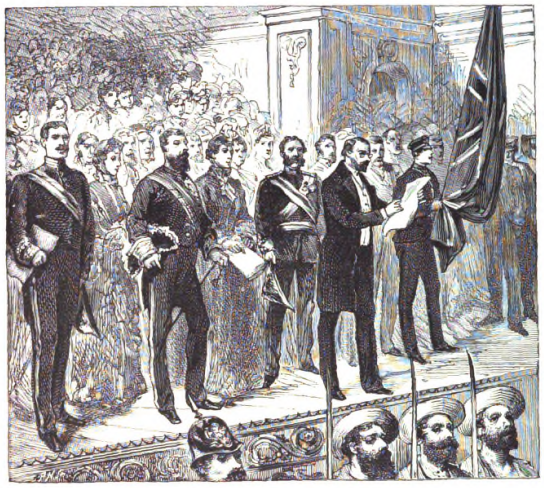
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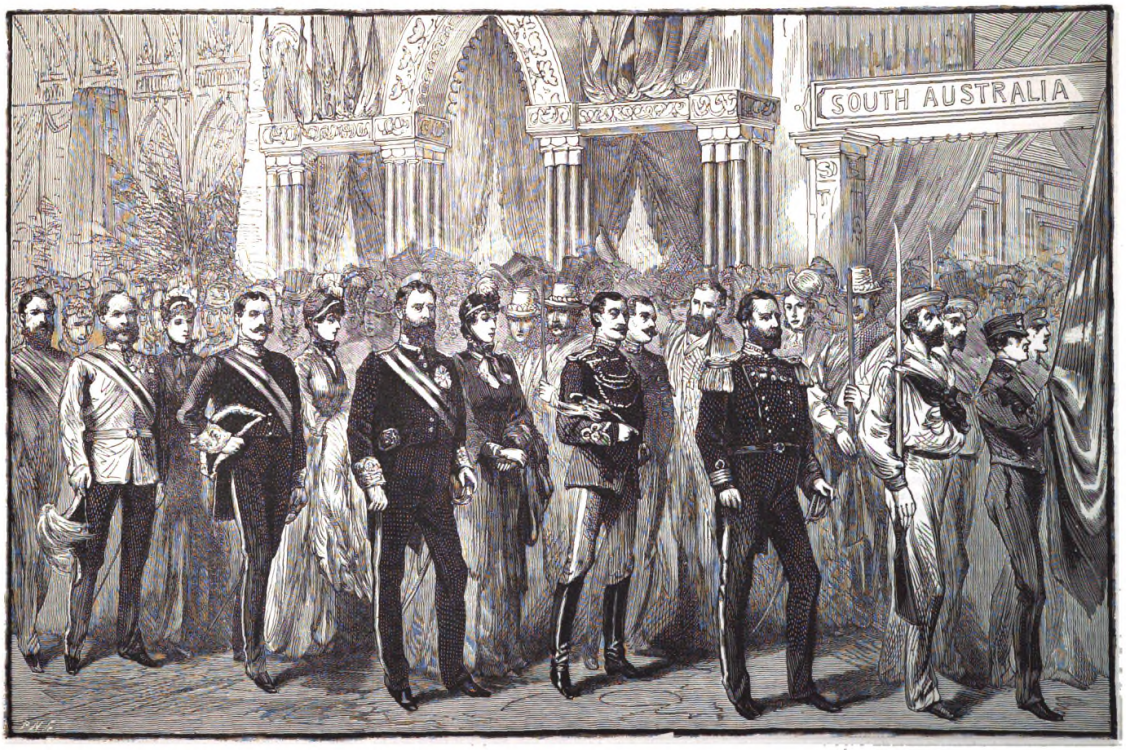
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READING THE QUEEN'S TELEGRAM.



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OPENING OF THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I hope one of the good fellows who took charge of the sixty Polytechnic boys on their month's holiday on the Continent the other day will give the world his reminiscences of it. It is a long time since the delightful Voyages en Zigzag" appeared, and though the Boy has not changed (it is not in the power of any Polytechnic upon earth to change him) the conditions of travel have greatly altered since that time. The book should have illustrations, of course—instantaneous photographs of what its French author called their "scenes of anarchy" (bolsterings and the like), while to the *édition de luxe* might also be attached a phonograph, stating exactly what they said in commendation of the sublime scenery and foreign "tuck." Travels among savages may be exciting, but think of travels *with* savages! "The Boy Abroad, and How he Made himself at Home There," would be an excellent title. They did it for five pounds apiece, too, and seem to have stolen nothing but a few cherries. Why are not all young persons taught to make their money "go" this distance? The sunburn on our boy's cheek, which delights his mother so, disappears when his holiday is over; but however short it may have been, and however ample his allowance, we never see "the colour of our money" again. If the Polytechnic can teach its pupils economy, it can teach them anything. I had once a lesson there, on another subject, myself (from the Electrical Eel), which I never forgot; but that was under the old regime. The present institution seems a still more admirable one; and it speaks well, indeed, for the courage and conduct, as well as kindness, of its promoters that they should have played "the schoolmaster abroad" with such complete success. They certainly do not share what is said to be the weakness of the present age—the shrinking from responsibility. I once took charge of *one* boy on his travels abroad (from Saturday to Monday), and that is why (though I am quite young) my hair is grey.

It would be an exaggeration to say that I never knew a youth who made his allowance go a long way, but the experience in question was rather an exceptional one. His father, a man of wealth, but who hated extravagance, sent him, when he was seventeen or so, to improve his mind by a month's travel on the Continent; ten shillings a day, including his railway fare, was considered to be ample, so off he went with thirty pounds in his pocket. Three days afterwards he found himself at Wiesbaden with *only two* pounds left. It was no use to him (as he afterwards explained to me) for pursuing his journey; whether he lost it at the tables at the Kursaal, or spent it on his necessities, he would, all the same, have had to write home for more; so he tried the tables, and won a hundred pounds. Being an intelligent lad, he was satisfied with that achievement; went to Paris and other places, living like a fighting-cock everywhere, and returned home at the month's end with thirty shillings in his pocket. Great were the rejoicings over him (for it had been whispered that he was inclined to be prodigal), and enormous the satisfaction with which his parent dilated upon his economy; he was a lad "with his wits about him" (he *was!*) and who "knew how to husband his resources." Not a word did that youth ever whisper about those tables at Wiesbaden, and it was felt quite a loss to economical science that his accounts had been lost, where, no doubt, every item of expenditure had been set down in its proper place. The worst part of the business was that the example of financial success he had set caused all the fathers in the neighbourhood to send *their* sons abroad on ten shillings a day; somehow or other they had not "the head for travel" which our young friend had shown himself to possess, and, instead of exhibiting a reserve fund of thirty shillings, they had to telegraph for funds to bring them home.

In China a gentleman has only to commit suicide upon his enemy's doorstep to make that individual miserable for life: his blood is for the future on the householder's head, and, what is more material, the maintenance of his family upon his shoulders. This custom, in the Flowery Land, where folk do not mind putting themselves (or, indeed, other people) to death upon the smallest provocation, is found to be inconvenient: yet, strange as it may seem, we are gradually adopting it in England. The law, it is true, is not so exacting, nor are Englishmen so ready to sever their "mortal coil" (as the poets term the jugular vein), as Chinamen; but, when they do so, it has now become almost customary with them to leave a statement behind them, explaining their reasons for departure, and pointing out with vindictive finger the person at whose door they wish the catastrophe to be laid. Sometimes, of course, the terrible punishment which this involves is a just one; but sometimes it is not so—as, considering the vehemence of passion which often drives the accuser to leave this world, is not to be wondered at; whether sound or unsound, his state of mind can hardly be a judicial one. In old times this habit was almost unknown among us, except in the best families, which were accustomed to be anathematised, root and branch, by some wronged retainer, and, if we are to believe in ancestral legends, with excellent effect (no male child ever reaching his majority from that moment, and no female being unprovided with a hump, like a dress-improver in the wrong place); but now there is no family, however humble, which is not subject to these post-mortem maledictions. It is noticeable that they are of two kinds: one in which individuals are denounced by their full name and address, as though the writer were making his will, and exceedingly anxious that they should not be excluded from its benefits; and the other, wherein he only mentions them by their initials—a sort of half measure by which he leaves them to their own unpleasant reflections, but spares them the indignation of the world. This milder method is, however, accompanied by the disadvantage of innocent persons with the same initials—since there is always plenty of malicious guessing—being identified with the wrongdoers, and suffering, like Mr. Besant's hero, who was "haunted" by a misinformed spectre for a deed which he had never done. I note this week no less than three initial denunciations. One poor fellow is so soft-hearted in his revenge as to confine himself to writing the letters A. B. C., like a proposition in Euclid. The terms in which he expresses himself are also exceedingly vague. "If I had of been something like done to by one who could I should not have taken to what I have been forced into." Whatever may be said against this unfortunate person—of whom nothing good or bad, however, seems to be known by anybody—no one can accuse him of being a Grammarian.

That large class of our fellow-creatures whose chief topic of conversation is "the weather" must have had a hard time of it, as regards variety, this summer. In Vienna, however, they have got a weather *plant* to talk about, which must be a great relief. It is, we are told, "a legume"—a piece of information which, to many people, will have the advantage of not disclosing too much at once, and thereby spoiling the story; its botanical name is the *Abrus peregrinus*, but it is also called the "paternoster pea," which, to *my* ear at least, sounds much more familiar. It is published—I mean grown—chiefly in Corsica and Tunis; but they seem to have an *édition de luxe* of it in Vienna. "Thirty-two thousand trials of it in two years," writes an extremely cautious disciple of science, "tends to prove its infallibility." On the leaves of its upper branches one can read the state of the weather forty-eight hours in advance, but in those of the lower it is inscribed for three days to come. To us in England, it would have been useless; for we have been able, by reasoning from analogy, to say "wet" for the last three months, and the prophecy has never failed. Meteorologists tell us that the notion of a change of climate here is all rubbish; but certainly there have been seasons even in Scotland, where not only sunshine seems to have occurred, but people got so spoilt as to look for the most delicate gradations of favourable weather, and, when they didn't get them, to apply for them (it strikes one rather peremptorily) to the proper quarter. In one of the northern counties of Scotland, says Dean Ramsay, the minister, in his Sabbath sermon, expressed the needs of his agricultural parishioners for a wind *to* raise the corn for the sickle with a very detailed particularity. "O Lord, we pray Thee to send us wind; no' a rantin', tantin', tearin' wind, but a noughin', soughin', wiruin' wind." "More expressive words," remarks the Dean, "cannot be found in any language," nor, it may be added, words more suggestive of dictation. Our poor farmers in England would certainly have been thankful this summer for much less: a few hours of sunshine, for example, on alternate days. It is hard to have one's holiday spoilt by the weather, but how much worse one's harvest!

I am not an Alpine climber myself; I could never get over the Mauvais Pas at Chamounix, nor even the "precipice path" at Dolgelly. It is said that mountain air has all the effect of champagne, and when the mountain is steep it certainly makes my head go round. But I have known a good many climbers—human "creepers" that can cling to anything, and, when there is nothing to cling to, "hang on by their eyelids;" yet one of the very boldest who once looked with me at Beachy Head from the sea acknowledged that it was beyond him. "I am not a gull, Sir," he observed, in a tone which seemed to imply (though quite unnecessarily, for I was not thinking anything of the kind), "I am not a fool." And now a Belgian has accomplished it. Six hundred feet of sheer cliff, with only an interstice here and there for a finger-nail! I should like to know what his feelings were (I know what his "view" was) when within ten feet of the top. Of course his example will set our own cliff-climbers at work, and before the year is out there will be plenty of vacancies in the Alpine Club. I should not wonder if the thing was taken up professionally by some Baldwin of the cliffs. "On Saturday, the — inst., Professor Sharptoe will ascend Beachy Head from the sea at two p.m.; special steamers (half the fare to go to the Professor, or his widow) will run from London Bridge direct." When this feat begins to pall, the Professor will only have to take some lady or gentleman on his back to attract new thousands.

The virtues of hot water have had a great development of late years. People of fashion, whose digestions have been impaired, fancy that they still can eat half-a-dozen courses at dinner, if the water they drink with them is only hot enough. "I must trouble you," they whisper to their hostess, "to let it be very hot; merely warm water, you know, has—ahem!—an unpleasant effect." The water is, therefore, brought as if for shaving purposes, and generally cracks the tumbler. The broken glass in one's pantry which the butler used to attribute to "the cat," is now set down to the guests who adopt this new regime. Another purpose for which it is used is to send people to sleep at night. It is a little inconvenient to have to supply boiling water in the small hours of the morning to one's wakeful visitors; but, to do them justice, most of them bring spirit lamps and kettles of their own. I have a private suspicion that they put something *in* the water, to induce somnolency; but, as they bring this with them also, that is not my business. The Russians have now discovered that hot water has a quieting effect upon prisoners who are insubordinate—by means of a short hose, specially made to resist the heat, and attached to a steam-pipe nozzle, they squirt boiling water upon the offenders, and at once produce peace and quietness (by par-boiling). The proverbial phrase of being "in hot water" has, therefore, not so much lost its meaning in Russia as obtained a precisely contrary signification. This will, probably, form a supplementary chapter in the next edition of "The Language of Thought," and need not therefore be here enlarged upon.

The Duke of Cambridge made his annual inspection on Sept. 10 of the troops at Woolwich. Next day he proceeded to Edinburgh, in order to commence a tour of inspection in Scotland and the northern counties.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Sept. 11.

On returning to Paris from pseudo-holiday wanderings in summerless lands it is a relief to find that Parisian matters in general have undergone very little change, and that although one may not have seen a newspaper for two months past, very little effort is needed to enable one to catch up and realise the political situation. The pivot on which the thoughts of men turn is still Boulanger, who has found a new means of advertising himself. He is lost. The most assiduous reporters cannot discover his whereabouts. Where is Boulanger? is the question of the day, which has taken the place of the antiquated puzzle, Where is the Bulgarian? Meanwhile, as usual, President Carnot is making a triumphant progress, this time through Normandy, the Ministers are airing their rhetoric all over the country, and the sessions of the departmental councils have transferred political interest from Paris to the provinces. The manifestations of opinion thus obtained are important, because they represent the average opinion of the country. The burden of all the speeches is the sacred obligation, or rather the imperious necessity, imposed upon all Republicans to forget their quarrels and to unite in one supreme and common effort to save the Republic and secure it from the enterprises of reaction or dictatorship. The difficulty is to reconcile the Radicals and the Opportunists even temporarily, and in the general confusion the platform of discussion has become the reform of the system of voting. In his day, Gambetta used to declare that the cause of all the evil was the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, and now the heirs of Gambetta declare that France is in a mess because the system of voting is the *scrutin de liste*, and not the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. What will come of all this raging and reforming? And what about this sacro-sanct principle of universal suffrage, which we have been taught to look upon as the bulwark of liberty and democracy, and which proclaims Boulanger a new Cæsar, preferring a déclassé soldier to Bourbons and Bonapartes alike? No wonder that Republicans and Conservatives feel equally at a loss!

The Parisians are reading with avidity details about the swindler, Allmayer, who escaped from Mazas more than a year ago, and who has since been continuing his exploits in Paris and in various towns in France. Although Allmayer has no blood on his hands, he is having an immense *succès de curiosité*, which he deserves to a certain extent, for he is the very incarnation of the modern adventurer—good-looking, elegant in dress and manners, capable of playing to perfection the rôle of a gentleman, and possessing the multitude of physical gifts and acquired talents that are necessary for one who wishes to be a Casanova and to satisfy intensely his unreasoning instincts. After all, however, this Allmayer is not a very great adventurer, audaciously as he has played with magistrates and gendarmes; he has not the gift of languages; he has not dared to travel; his field of action is limited to Aix-les-Bains and the casinos of Norman seaside resorts.

France will soon be as thickly populated with statues as was ancient Italy. On Saturday, at Pontivy, in Morbihan, was unveiled a statue to Dr. Guépin, who had been a militant Republican ever since the Restoration. On Sunday, at Lorient, MM. Ernest Renan and Jules Simon presided over the inauguration of a statue of Brizeux, the Breton poet, author of a delicate poem, "Marie," who died in 1858. On Sept. 22 will be inaugurated, at Nantua, in the Department of Ain, his native town, a statue of Bandin, the deputy who was killed on a barricade on the day of Napoleon's *coup d'état*. On Sept. 17 his native town of Montbard (Côte d'Or) will raise a statue to the memory of the natural historian, Buffon; and on Sept. 30 Landrecies, in the Nord, will unveil a statue of the great coloniser Dupleix, Governor-General of India from 1730 to 1750. Is it not strange that money should be forthcoming for all these statues, and that in this material age people should be animated with those pious sentiments of sympathy, gratitude, or civic pride which cause them to send in their subscriptions?

One of the features of the Exhibition of 1889 will be a complete Breton town, constructed at the Trocadéro, and comprising reproductions of the most famous houses, monuments, and curiosities of Brittany.

Since M. Grévy has left the Elysée, the office of public executioner has not been a sinecure in France. Within the past few days two criminals have been guillotined, the Corsican bandit Rocchini and the man Schumacher, who strangled his benefactress for the sake of obtaining a few francs. T. C.

The marriage of the Duke of Aosta, brother of the King of Italy, with his niece, Princess Marie Letitia, daughter of Prince Napoleon, took place on Sept. 11 at Turin. The religious ceremony was held in the chapel of the Santissimo Sudario, the Archbishop of Turin officiating. The occasion was celebrated by a grand flower festival. The bridal procession proceeded to the Place Victor Emmanuel, each Royal carriage being preceded by thirty cavaliers in costumes of the beginning of the last century. The scene was most brilliant. Our last issue contained portraits of the Royal pair.

On Monday morning, Sept. 10, the Emperor William attended a parade of the Third Army Corps on the Tempelhof Common. After the review, which was a most brilliant military spectacle, his Majesty rode back to Berlin at the head of the Colours Company of the 8th Infantry Regiment. Thousands of people lined the road, and the cheers given for the Emperor were unceasing. The Emperor William left Berlin for Bremerhaven in the evening, in order to attend the naval manœuvres to be held there.

The Czar and Czarina, accompanied by their children, arrived at Elizabetgrad, in the south of Russia, on Sept. 7, and, proceeding to the Cathedral, were welcomed by the Archbishop of Odessa. Next day, they were present at the military manœuvres, and visited some of the public institutions.—The great annual fair at Nishni Novgorod was officially closed on Sept. 6. Business, on the whole, showed an improvement, as compared with last year.

Some loss of life and considerable destruction of property have been been caused by an earthquake near Patras, Greece. All the villages in a large district have suffered severely.

The letter of President Cleveland formally accepting the Democratic candidacy for the Presidency has been published. It is devoted almost exclusively to the subject of the tariff, and makes no mention of the fisheries question.—The American Senate has voted in favour of the Bill for excluding Chinese immigrants from the United States; but the number voting was not sufficient to pass the Bill, and another vote must be taken. The House of Representatives have passed the Retaliation Bill with practical unanimity, the numbers being—ayes, 174; nays, 4.—The death at New York of Mr. Lester Wallack, the well-known actor, and former proprietor of Wallack's Theatre in that city, is announced.—The reports of the American crops show a considerable amount of damage arising from weather and insects to cotton, wheat, oats, and barley. Indian corn is stated to be a fine crop.

OPENING OF THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, having made his passage from England to Australia, "Across Two Oceans," the Atlantic and the Pacific, arrived at Melbourne, from San Francisco, in time for the opening of the International Exhibition, which has been got up to celebrate the memorable centenary of the foundation of the first of the Australian Colonies—not that of Victoria, which has the city of Melbourne for its capital, but New South Wales—which is nearly half a century older.

It was one hundred years ago that the great island, which Torres called "Terra Australis," and which Flinders afterwards shortened to "Australia," was taken possession of by Captain Cook for the British Crown. He cast anchor in Botany Bay, a few miles to the southward of Sydney Harbour. Previously to this, Dampier, Tasman, Carpenter, and others had examined the coasts. The history of the Australian Colonies begins with the landing of the first shipload of convicts at Botany Bay, in 1788, under the command of Captain Phillip. In 1795 Governor Hunter formed settlements on the Hawkesbury. During Governor King's term of office, about 1803, Macarthur started wool-growing at Camden, with a couple of Spanish merino sheep, given him by George III. In 1803 a settlement was formed in Tasmania by Judge-Advocate Collins. Hobart Town was founded, and in 1829 separation from New South Wales was effected. In 1815 Governor Macquarie built a road across the Blue Mountains, and thus opened up a highway for the squatters. The first quarter of a century was occupied with the inland explorations of Oxley, Cunningham, Hume, Hovell, Sturt, Macleay, and Mitchell. But in 1802, Port Phillip was discovered by Lieutenant Murray, and Mr. Charles Grimes, Surveyor-General of New South Wales, entering Port Phillip on a surveying expedition, sailed up the river Yarra. This was the first trip, probably, made by a white man. It appears, from the records available, that thirty-two years elapsed before the second white man went on a similar trip. The first attempt at settlement was made by the Hentys, of Launceston, Tasmania, who, in 1834, established a whaling-station at Portland Bay. In the year following, John Batman formed a settlement on the western shore of Port Phillip; and Melbourne practically commenced its existence from that date. In 1851, the Port Phillip district was merged in the newly-constituted separate Colony of Victoria, and Mr. C. J. Latrobe, who had been Superintendent of the district, became the first Governor.

The territory of Victoria extends from the 34th to the 39th degree of south latitude, and from 141 deg. to 150 deg. east longitude. It is separated from New South Wales by the river Murray, and by a line from Forest Hill to Cape Howe, whilst the 141st meridian of longitude separates it from South Australia on the south-west. Its extreme length is 480 miles, its breadth 240, and its area 87,884 square miles, or 56,245,760 acres. The territorial divisions consist of four districts and thirty-seven counties. Gipps Land is characterised by colossal mountains, chiefly of volcanic formation, magnificent streams, and fertile plains. The Murray district is also mountainous, and well watered; some parts are noted for auriferous wealth, others are adapted to agriculture; in the north-east are extensive pastoral plains. Wimmera district, covering about 25,000 square miles of the north-west of the colony, and Loddon district, occupying the north central portions, are chiefly adapted to pastoral pursuits. The climate of Victoria is generally healthy and pleasant. Victoria had a population of 1,003,043 at the census of 1886.

The city of Melbourne, which was incorporated in 1842, stands on the north bank of the river Yarra, six or seven miles from the sea at Hobson's Bay. It is encircled by populous suburbs—some of them, indeed, are called cities—the number of inhabitants ranging from 5000 to 26,000. The total population of Melbourne and the suburbs is estimated at 371,630. The city streets, which aggregate 100 miles in length, are straight, and run at right angles through the entire length and breadth of the town. The main thoroughfares are Collins-street, Bourke-street, Flinders-street, Swanston-street, and Elizabeth-street, all with cable tramways. The most important public edifices are the Parliament Houses, the Treasury, the Law Courts, the University, the Public Library, the National Museum, the Townhall, the Mint, and the two cathedrals, the latter not being completed. Some of the banks, insurance companies, and woolbrokers occupy magnificent buildings, bluestone and freestone being the material mostly used. The Governor's residence, on the south side of the Yarra, is a large mansion, occupying one of the most elevated sites. The Botanic Gardens, which have an area of 109 acres, are tastefully laid out. The water supply of Melbourne is obtained from the Yan Yean reservoir, in a valley among the Plenty Ranges, eighteen miles from the city.

The International Exhibition at Melbourne to celebrate the centenary of the Australian Colonies was opened on Aug. 1, with great ceremony, by Sir Henry Brougham Loch, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., the Governor. His Excellency, with Lady Loch and a number of their guests, entered the city by way of New Prince's Bridge, under a salute from the batteries. An immense procession was formed, and accompanied the Governor's party to the Exhibition buildings, marching through Collins-street and other thoroughfares. The procession was headed by a number of seamen, marines, and men of the naval brigade, followed by rifles, artillerymen, and militia. Then came the fire brigades and trades and Friendly Societies, which had mustered several thousands strong, with banners flying and bands playing. The streets were thickly lined with people, who displayed great enthusiasm; and the whole route presented a brilliant appearance, the windows being crowded with spectators, who cheered heartily, and the houses profusely decorated with flags.

The specially-invited guests, to the number of 7000, had previously assembled inside the Exhibition building, at the entrance of which a guard of honour, with colours, was drawn up. The Grand Avenue of Nations, 1350 yards long, was lined with troops, while the seamen of the Imperial fleet were drawn up round the Grand Hall.

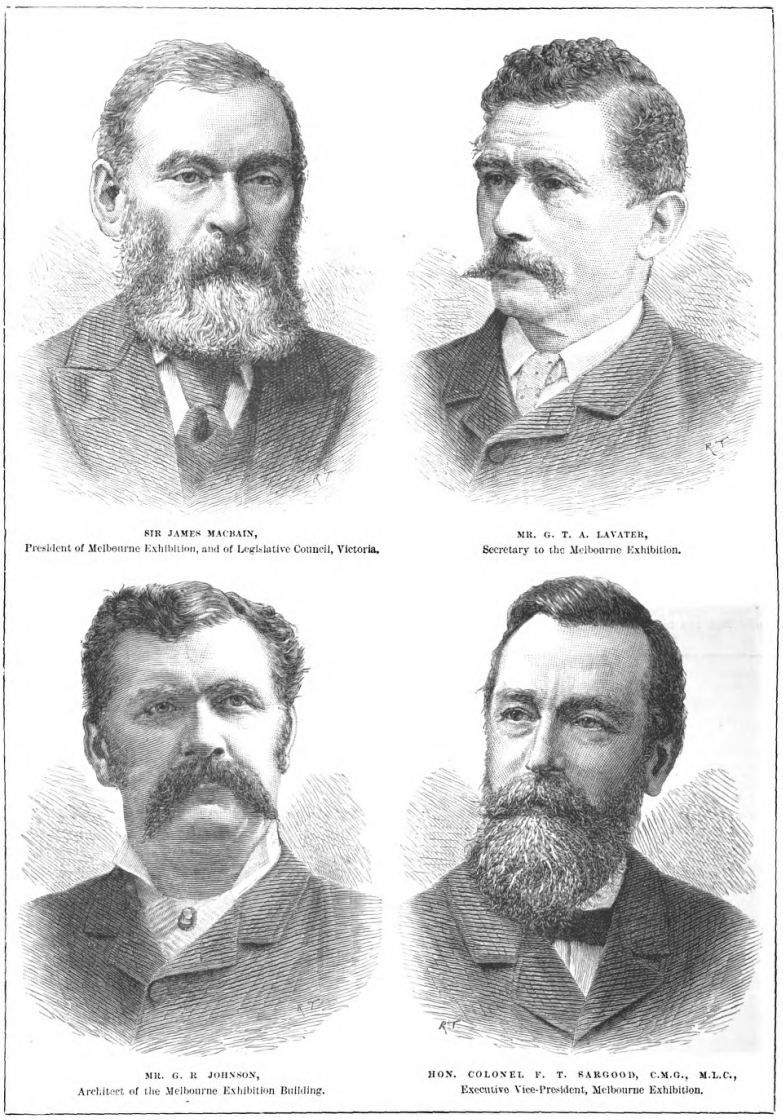
The Governor entered the Exhibition by the north door, where he was received by Sir J. MacBain, the President, the Hon. F. T. Sargood, the Executive Vice-President, the Executive Commissioners, and the members of the Ministry, his arrival being heralded by a flourish of trumpets. His Excellency was then conducted to the dais by the distinguished persons present, the procession being in the following order:—The Marshal of Ceremonies, the Deputy-Marshals, the Imperial Naval and Military officers, the officers of the foreign ships of war, the various Colonial commandants, the Ceremonial Committee, the Mayor of Melbourne, the Colonial Judges, the executive commissioners and the secretary, the members of the Australian Cabinets, the Colonial Chief Justices, the Speakers of the various Legislative Assemblies, the Hon. Duncan Gillies, the Victorian Premier; Sir W. Foster Stawell, the Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria; the Hon. F. T. Sargood, the executive vice-president; Sir J. MacBain, the president of the Exhibition; Admiral Fairfax, commander on the Australian station; the Aides-de-Camp of the Governor; the Governor, with Lady Loch and family; the other Governors and their wives; the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the Colonial Courts, and the foreign Consuls and Commissioners. The Governors of Australasian Colonies present, besides Sir Henry Loch, were Lord Carington, Governor of New South Wales; Sir W. F. Drummond Jervois, Governor of New Zealand; Sir Anthony Musgrave, Governor of Queensland; Sir W. C. F. Robinson, Governor of South Australia; and Sir Robert Hamilton, Governor of Tasmania.

As the procession passed up the Grand Avenue of Nations the National Anthems of America, Germany, Austria, and France were played by bands stationed in each of the courts named, and when the Grand Hall was reached the British National Anthem was sung, Mr. F. H. Cowen conducting. The President then offered prayer, and the "Old Hundredth" was sung in a very impressive manner, after which the "Song of Thanksgiving," specially composed for the occasion by Mr. Cowen, was brilliantly rendered by an orchestra of 100 performers and a chorus of 800 voices.

Sir J. MacBain read an address to his Excellency, welcoming him to the Exhibition and conveying an assurance of the Colony's loyalty. The President then thanked the various Governments, exhibitors, and peoples for their flattering responses to the invitation to participate in the Exhibition, and, after presenting the Governor with the official catalogue, concluded his speech by expressing the hope that the inspection of so many products of the world's thought and labour might educate the people to higher enterprises in art and industry in the future, to the enhanced prosperity and happiness of all. He then handed to his Excellency a beautifully-wrought golden key, and requested him to declare the Exhibition open.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the Governor dispatched a telegram to the Queen informing her Majesty that the Exhibition was open. A telegram was also sent to the Prince of Wales. The arrangements for the ceremony are much commended. There was an immense attendance at the Exhibition.

Our large Engraving shows the scene when the Governor, in the Queen's name, declared the Exhibition open; other Illustrations are those of the Governors of the several Colonies of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, walking in the procession; and that of the Governor of Victoria inspecting the British section. We also give the Portraits of Sir James MacBain, President of the Legislative Council of Victoria, who is President of the Exhibition Commissioners; Colonel the Hon. F. T. Sargood, the Executive Vice-President; Mr. G. T. A. Lavater, the Secretary; and Mr. G. R. Johnson, architect of the Exhibition building, which has been prepared for this occasion at a cost of nearly £150,000, and is situated in the Carlton-gardens, a central position in the city.



SIR JAMES MACBAIN,
President of Melbourne Exhibition, and of Legislative Council, Victoria.

MR. G. T. A. LAVATER,
Secretary to the Melbourne Exhibition.

MR. G. R JOHNSON,
Architect of the Melbourne Exhibition Building.

HON. COLONEL F. T. SARGOOD, C.M.G., M.L.C.,
Executive Vice-President, Melbourne Exhibition.

The annual show of the Royal Manchester, Liverpool, and North Lancashire Agricultural Society, whose area embraces Lancashire, Cheshire, Denbighshire, and Flintshire, has been held at Lancaster. Of the £2250 offered in prizes, over £500 was given by local contributors. The Hereford cattle-breeders gave £50 in prizes, and the Lancashire and Cheshire Beekeepers' Association gave £20. There were 250 horses, 200 cattle, 300 sheep and pigs, 436 pens of poultry, 230 dogs, 104 entries of cheese, and 72 entries of butter. There was a large display of implements, machinery, and appliances.

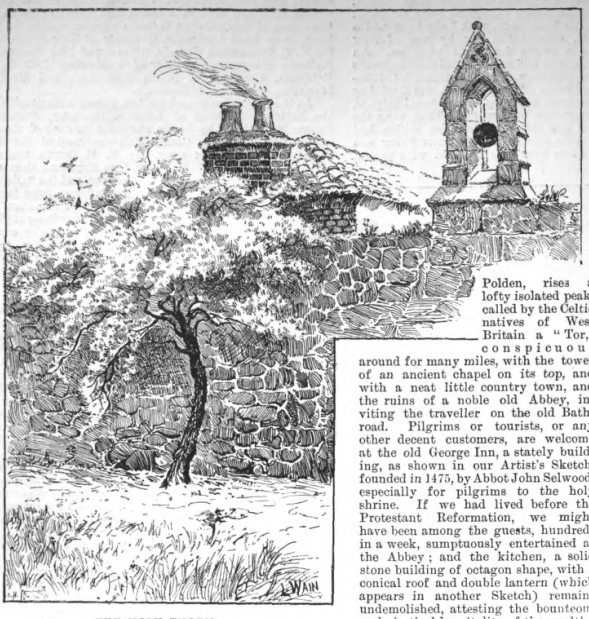
"Brock's benefit" at the Crystal Palace took place on Sept. 6, and the display of fireworks was one of great splendour.

Classes for all-round readings from Shakspeare and other great authors, and for speaking in song, will reopen on Sept. 25, at Mrs. Dallas-Glyn's residence, 13, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square.

Subject to the approval of the Board of Trade, it has been decided to erect a new promenade pier at Dover, at a cost of about £25,000. It will run out a distance of 750 ft. from the promenade, and will be a handsome structure, with a commodious pavilion and a stage large enough for concert purposes.

Her Majesty's Government have awarded a gold medal to Mr. Antonio Dionisio Lussich, in recognition of the services rendered by his firm to the crews of the following vessels, wrecked on the English Bank outside the Port of Montevideo—viz., Mabel, of Swansea, Sept. 6, 1886; Amoor, of Liverpool, June 11, 1887; Livingstone, a Canadian vessel, October, 1887.

SKETCHES AT GLASTONBURY, VISITED BY THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

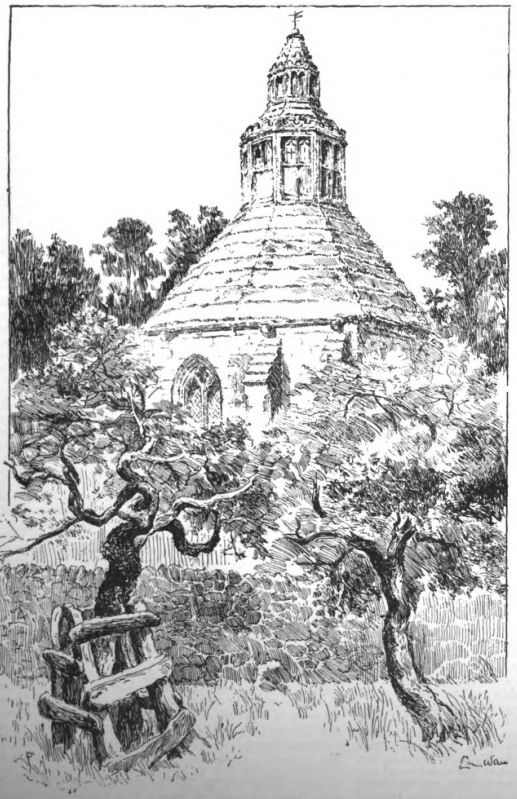


THE HOLY THORN.

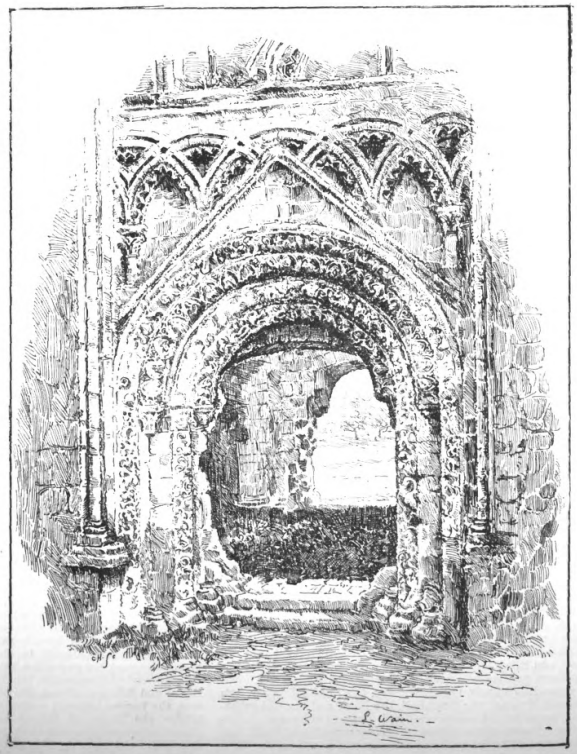


The Congress of the British Association covers a variety of pleasant excursions, which may have an interest that is topographical and historical or antiquarian, if not exactly scientific. To which section of the modern sciences, expressly represented by this Association, belongs the determination of the locality of the fabulous Isle of Avalon, famed in the Arthurian Legend? or the mediæval religious myth of St. Joseph of Arimathea planting the first Christian church on this island among the Somerset marshes and lakes? or the miraculous Christmas flowering, year after year, of the sacred Glastonbury Thorn?

Six miles south-west of the quiet little episcopal city of Wells, in the wide plain of soft and moist verdure that spreads between the Mendip limestone hills and the moorlands of Polden, rises a lofty isolated peak, called by the Celtic natives of West Britain a "Tor," conspicuous around for many miles, with the tower of an ancient chapel on its top, and with a neat little country town, and the ruins of a noble old Abbey, inviting the traveller on the old Bath-road. Pilgrims or tourists, or any other decent customers, are welcome at the old George Inn, a stately building, as shown in our Artist's Sketch, founded in 1475, by Abbot John Selwood, especially for pilgrims to the holy shrine. If we had lived before the Protestant Reformation, we might have been among the guests, hundreds in a week, sumptuously entertained at the Abbey; and the kitchen, a solid stone building of octagon shape, with a conical roof and double lantern (which appears in another Sketch) remains undemolished, attesting the bounteous ecclesiastical hospitality of the wealthy monks. The Abbey, founded by Saxon Kings, and further endowed by the Normans and the Plantagenets, had been magnificent, its buildings, cloisters, courts, and gardens occupying sixty acres of ground. Of the grand church and its five chapels, in the finest style of later Norman architecture, only some pieces of walls, pillars, arches of windows and other remains are to be seen; except the beautiful porch of St. Joseph's Chapel, with its doorway and characteristic ornamentation, which our Artist has sketched. Outside of the building a thorn-tree is growing, said to be an offshoot, by continued grafting, of the original Holy Thorn, which was once a dry hawthorn stick, the walking-staff of Joseph during his long journey from Palestine. He and his twelve companions, having arrived in Britain, sent by St. Philip the Apostle to convert this heathen nation and to cast out the Druid superstition, found their way to "Yniswytryn," as the place was then named. They were all weary; so here on "Weary-all Hill," so called to this day, Joseph stuck his walking-stick into the earth, and it blossomed into flower.



THE ABBOT'S KITCHEN.

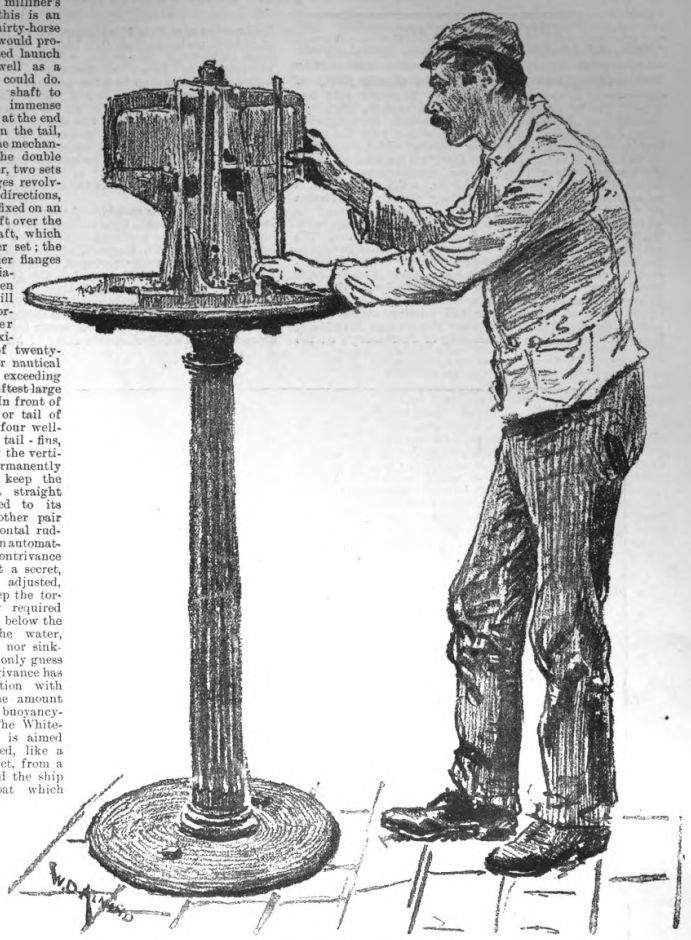


NORMAN PORCH, ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL.

WOOLWICH ARSENAL: TORPEDOES AND SHELLS.

The Government manufactory of Ordnance at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, comprises the production not only of guns for the armament of forts and batteries, for the Royal Navy, and for the Field and Horse Artillery, but that of shells of various descriptions to be discharged from the guns, and of torpedoes, the modern instrument for destroying hostile ships. Many of our readers will feel some interest in the construction of these implements of warfare, and by permission of General Maitland, C.B., Director-General of Ordnance Factories, our Artist, Mr. W. D. Almond, has been allowed to make a few Sketches of the work going on there, in explanation of which the following statements may be found sufficient for the ordinary reader.

The manufacture of Whitehead torpedoes is carried on in a fine new building, certainly one of the most spacious, lightest, and most convenient workshops in or near London, recently erected at the eastern side of the Arsenal grounds, near the Marshes. Submarine mine apparatus is prepared at Chatham; this factory at Woolwich is devoted entirely to Whitehead torpedoes, of which it makes about two hundred and fifty in a year, all of one pattern; but they are made also for our Government by a private firm, Messrs. Greenwood and Batley, of Leeds. The Whitehead torpedo is a wonderful machine, whatever may prove hereafter to be its actual value in naval warfare. The destructive power of its head, which is charged with 70 lb. of wet gun-cotton, to be ignited by a primer and detonator on striking the side of a ship, is not the most wonderful feature of this machine. It may be regarded as a mechanical swimming fish, rivalling in its independent alacrity the living creatures of the sea, with an automatic locomotive faculty, exerted for a short time, hardly surpassed by any marine animal. The reader must imagine a fish made of metal, 14 ft. 6 in. long and fourteen inches in diameter, somewhat resembling a very large shark in general outline. Its head, of phosphor-bronze, though it opens no dreadful jaws full of sharp teeth, can bite an immense hole in the timber or iron side of the stoutest ship; for its skull or brain-pan is charged with explosive matter that will rend anything, even a solid rock, with which the detonator comes in contact. The middle part or body of the fish, made of Whitworth steel, contains what one might call its heart and lungs, and the source of its muscular activity for swimming. This force of the torpedo as a locomotive engine is the elasticity of condensed air, filling the air-chamber of the breast, and having a force equivalent to the pressure of 1350 lb. on the square inch. Behind the air-chamber is the "buoyancy-chamber," of sheet steel, which enables the torpedo to float. In front of this are placed the engine and gear, worked by the power of the compressed air, to drive the screw-propeller at the tail of the vessel, if a torpedo may be called a vessel. These engines, which are elsewhere employed also for working the machinery of the electric light and for various other purposes, are patented and manufactured by Mr. P. Brotherhood, of Belvedere-road, Lambeth. We do not know the mechanical construction of the engine; but its external appearance is remarkably unassuming; one sees only a cluster of small cylindrical cases, placed obliquely crosswise, and painted red, with a small wheel outside; the whole thing is very compact, and might be lifted with one hand and put into a common milliner's bonnet-box; this is an engine of thirty-horse power, which would propel a good sized launch or boat as well as a steam-engine could do. It causes the shaft to revolve with immense rapidity; and at the end of the shaft, in the tail, as it were, of the mechanical fish, is the double screw propeller, two sets of spiral flanges revolving in opposite directions, one set being fixed on an outer tube-shaft over the inner solid shaft, which bears the other set; the screw-propeller flanges having a diameter of thirteen inches. This will give to the torpedo, under water, a maximum speed of twenty-seven knots or nautical miles an hour, exceeding that of the swiftest large steam-ships. In front of the propeller, or tail of the fish, are four well-proportioned tail-fins, one pair being the vertical rudders, permanently adjusted, to keep the torpedo in a straight course directed to its object; the other pair are the horizontal rudders, acted upon automatically by a contrivance which is kept a secret, and, when adjusted, serving to keep the torpedo at any required certain depth below the surface of the water, neither rising nor sinking. We can only guess that this contrivance has some connection with regulating the amount of air in the "buoyancy-chamber." The Whitehead torpedo is aimed and discharged, like a military rocket, from a tube on board the ship or torpedo-boat which carries this weapon of war; but no sooner is it off than its engine is automatically set working, and its propeller drives it on.

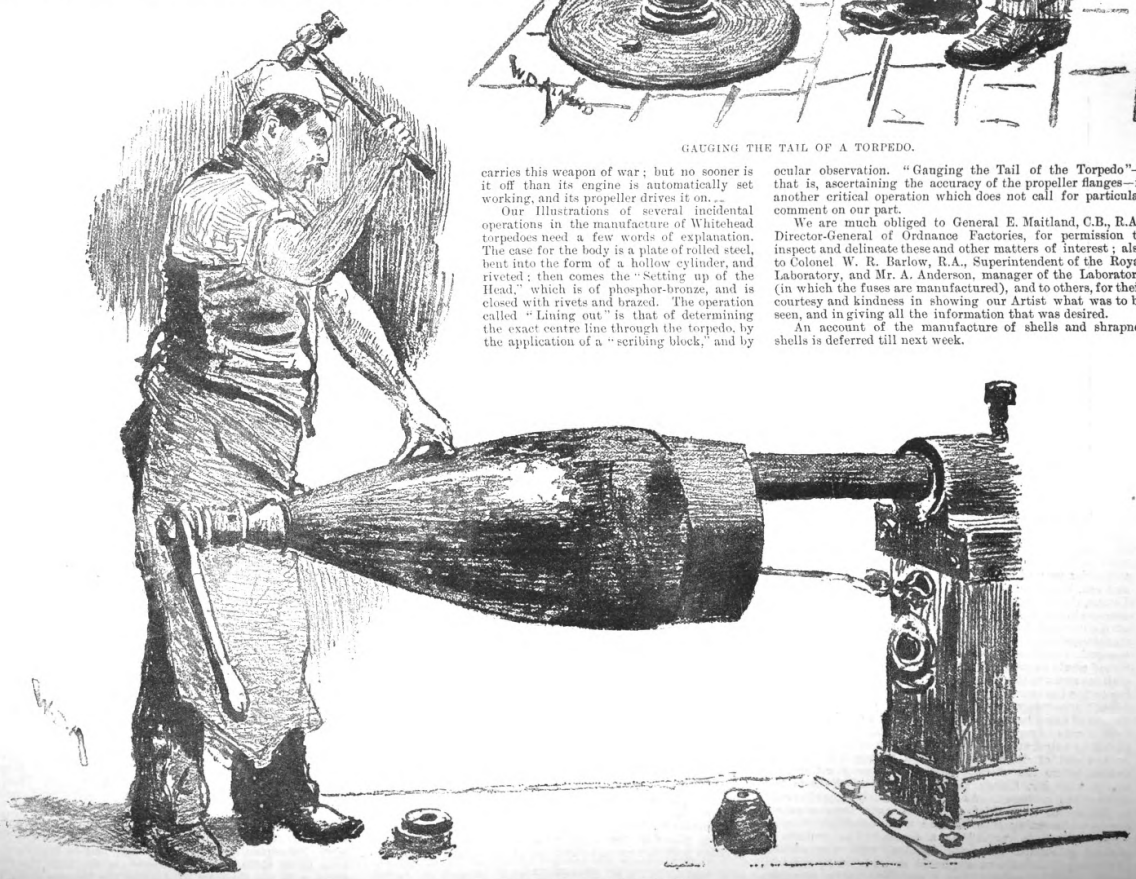


GAUGING THE TAIL OF A TORPEDO.

Our Illustrations of several incidental operations in the manufacture of Whitehead torpedoes need a few words of explanation. The case for the body is a plate of rolled steel, beat into the form of a hollow cylinder, and riveted; then comes the "Setting up of the Head," which is of phosphor-bronze, and is closed with rivets and brazed. The operation called "Lining out" is that of determining the exact centre line through the torpedo, by the application of a "scribing block," and by ocular observation. "Gauging the Tail of the Torpedo"—that is, ascertaining the accuracy of the propeller flanges—is another critical operation which does not call for particular comment on our part.

We are much obliged to General E. Maitland, C.B., R.A., Director-General of Ordnance Factories, for permission to inspect and delineate these and other matters of interest; also to Colonel W. R. Barlow, R.A., Superintendent of the Royal Laboratory, and Mr. A. Anderson, manager of the Laboratory (in which the fuses are manufactured), and to others, for their courtesy and kindness in showing our Artist what was to be seen, and in giving all the information that was desired.

An account of the manufacture of shells and shrapnel shells is deferred till next week.



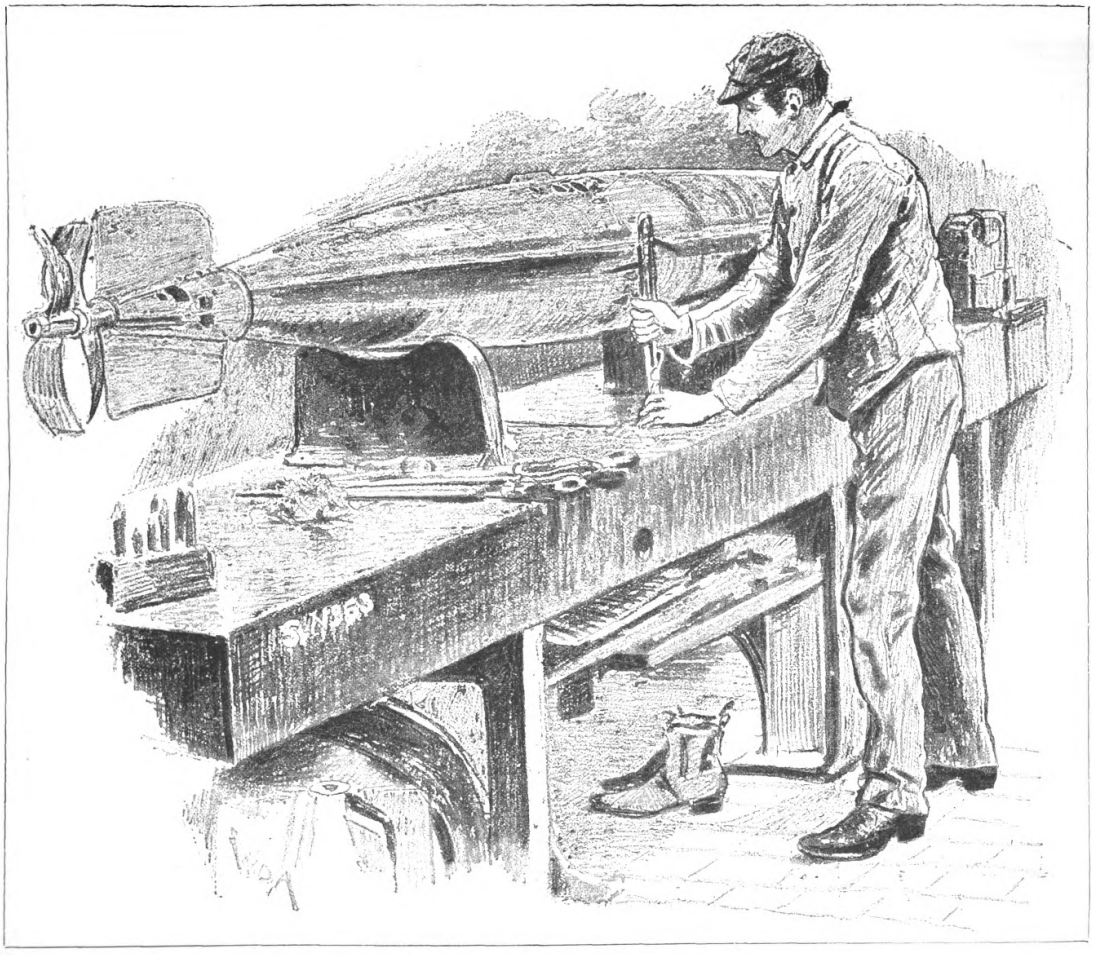
SETTING UP THE HEAD OF A TORPEDO.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"Hyde and Jekyll," drama, melodrama, farcical comedy, drawing-room drama, English opera, opéra bouffe, ballet divertissement, marionettes — there are already plenty of amusements to choose from in town. The cry is, still they come! The Strand offers "Kleptomania" and the brightened burlesque of "Aladdin" on the Fifteenth of September. Drury-Lane reopens on the Twenty-second with the grand new spectacular drama of "The Armada," which the authors further describe as "a romance of 1588." On the Twenty-fourth, the brand-new Court Theatre, near Sloane-square, under the direction of Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Chudleigh, is to be inaugurated with Mr. Sydney Grundy's adaptation of "Les Surprises du Divorce," entitled "Mamma," in which the popular comédienne, Mrs. Wood, appears with Mr. Hare, Mr. Arthur Cecil, and an excellent company. The same evening witnesses the return of Mr. Thomas Thorne to the Vaudeville with "Joseph's Sweetheart." On the Twenty-seventh, the Opéra Comique reopens with Madame Julia Woolf's new "romantic comic opera," "Carina." The new Gilbert-Sullivan opera, having for theme an historical romance in the Tower of London, is in full rehearsal at the Savoy. And Mr. George R. Sims, Mr. Henry Pettitt, and Herr Meyer Lütz have been actively collaborating at Scarborough on the forthcoming new Gaiety burlesque, which is to be "Faust" in a fresh garb. Enough fare here in all conscience for the most enthusiastic theatregoer, without reckoning the new playhouses, the Lyric, the Shaftesbury, and the Garrick, which will also be open in a few months!

The representation of Mr. H. Rider Haggard's weirdly supernatural romance of "She" on the stage may be regarded as an arduous undertaking. The wealth of imagination and poetic sentiment in that powerful story of a female "Claudian" demanded the seductive accompaniments of sensuous music, in addition to artistic acting, and the perfection of scenic illusion, such as Mr. Irving has accustomed us to at the Lyceum, to render the dramatic version of "She" a certain triumph.

Cheerfully making molehills of the mountains of difficulties in her way, Miss Sophie Eyre fulfilled her promise, and on the Sixth of September produced the elaborate drama of "She," by permission of Mr. Haggard, at the Gaiety. The strong and intensely dramatic prologue, written by Mr. Edward Rose with notable skill, may be said to have begun the story of "She" at the very beginning. It transported us to the ancient African city of Kor, two thousand years back. There, the Queen Ayesha stabbed the Greek priest Kallikrates, because he would not return her love, and brought down upon herself the terrible curse of his wife Amenartas (Miss Fanny Enson). This prologue, admirably constructed by Mr. Rose, was powerfully acted, and started "She" well on her life through the centuries. Therefrom, two thousand years being supposed to elapse, the course of Mr. Haggard's stirring tale was pretty closely followed. The strange legend inscribed on the potsherd and papers was interpreted at his Cambridge rooms by Leo Vincey with the aid of his guardian, Horace Holly. Finding himself heir to the vengeance of his ancestress, Amenartas, Leo Vincey there and then determined to set sail for the far distant African city to wreak vengeance on the Queen of Kor for the murder of Kallikrates. With remarkable rapidity, the voyage and the wreck were forcibly illustrated, and the cannibalistic Amahagger people introduced. In accordance with the peculiar habits of the Amahaggers, the fair Ustane fell in love at first sight with stalwart Leo Vincey, who reciprocated her fondness; and Leo's low-comedy valet, Job, inspired another native with affection. This second act, undeniably picturesque, was brought to an effective close by the endeavour to "hot-pot" Mehomed, the Arab captain of the wrecked dhow, by a vigorous fight between Leo and his party and the natives, and by the sudden appearance of the radiant figure of "She," before whom all the Amahaggers quailed. With undoubted power did Miss Sophie Eyre from first to last enact the supernatural part of "She-who-must-be-obeyed," doomed by the curse of Amenarta



"LINING OUT" A TORPEDO (MAKING A CENTRE LINE).

to live for ages. As Queen, arrayed in flowing white garments and veil, Miss Eyre was commanding. As the jealous rival of Ustane, the accomplished actress was intensely earnest in her vituperation and fell revenge; and as the impassioned lover of Kallikrates' descendant, Leo Vincey, she was suddenly transformed into the arch enchantress again, soft-voiced and honeyed. Considerable curiosity existed as to how the death of "She" would be managed. After guiding Leo and Holly over the perilous rocks to the "Cavern of the Fire of Life," and imparting to Leo the secret of prolonging life by inhaling the flame, "She" apparently passed through the pillar of fire, but, instead of being turned to the mummy of a monkey, as in the book, Queen Ayesha became transformed into a grey and shrieking witch, and fell dead at the feet of Leo and Holly. At the end of "She," Mr. William Sidney led Miss Clo. Graves before the curtain, that clever young writer being named with Mr. Sidney as joint author of the acts succeeding the prologue. As Mr. H. Rider Haggard stated, in the course of a brief speech he made from a private box, complimenting Miss Eyre on the production, there are "possibilities" in "She" as a drama. The excision of phrases calculated to excite derision, with the addition of the embellishments we suggested in our opening remarks, would possibly make "She" an exceedingly attractive play. It was assuredly capably acted by Miss Eyre, by Miss Mary Rorke as Ustane, Miss Fanny Enson as Amenartas, Mr. Edmund Maurice as Kallikrates and Leo, Mr. Julian Cross as Holly, Mr. James East as timid Job Round, Mr. E. Cleary as Mehomed, Mr. H. Maxwell as the white-bearded Billali, Mr. Edmund Gurney as the Chief Ugogo, and by the Amahaggers whom Mr. John D'Auban trained.

"When in doubt, play 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man'!" That seems to be the standing rule at the Olympic, which Miss Agnes Hewitt reopened on the Eighth of September with a remarkably bright and interesting revival of Tom Taylor's powerful drama. It was very strongly cast. Miss Agnes Hewitt was a prepossessing and charming May Edwards, Mr. Henry Neville renewed his youth as Robert Brierly. Injunction scorning, Mr. Charles Sugden played Jem Dalton with quiet force. Mrs. Stephens, the original Mrs. Willoughby, was missed; but Mrs. Huntley made a good substitute in that mirth-moving part. Miss Jennie Lee was rather too demonstrative as Sam Willoughby. Mr. J. P. Burnett was the Hawkshaw, and Mr. F. Motley Wood, Melter Moss. Mr. Compton Coutts's quaint Green Jones well matched the vivacious Emily St. Evremond of Miss Helen Ferrers (a sister of Miss Fortescue). Mr. Jerome St. Jerome, author of one of the most sympathetic one-act pieces on the stage, "Barbara," furnished a neatly-written poetical "curtain-riser" in "Pity is Akin to Love."

The Duchess of Albany and family arrived at Ballater by Queen's Messenger train on the morning of Sept. 11. Her Royal Highness drove to Birkhall.

THE COURT.

Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, who is staying at Glen Muich, dined on Sept. 6 with the Queen and Royal family at Balmoral, and Viscount Cranbrook and Mr. Mackenzie of Kintail also had that honour. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Grand Duke of Hesse, went out on the morning of the 7th, and her Majesty in the afternoon drove with Princess Alice of Hesse, attended by the Dowager Lady Churchill. The Grand Duke of Hesse took leave of the Queen and left the castle for London and Germany. On the morning of the 8th, the Queen again went out with Princess Beatrice. Divine service was performed at the castle on Sunday morning, the 9th, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated. In the afternoon her Majesty drove with Princess Alice of Hesse to the Mains of Abergeldie, and visited Princess Frederica. Princess Beatrice joined the Queen there, and drove home with her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales arrived in Vienna on Sept. 10. In the course of the day the Emperor called on his Royal Highness. Subsequently, the Crown Prince had an interview, and both these visits were returned. On the 11th the Prince dined with the Emperor of Austria, the banquet being held in honour of the Czar's fête day. His Royal Highness afterwards left Vienna for Bel'ovar with the Emperor and the Crown Prince.

THE RISING IN ZULULAND.

The prompt energy of General Smyth, and the experience and ability of his staff, have succeeded, so far as can be judged from the news up to this date, in stopping what at first promised to be another of those "little wars" which have made South Africa so great a drain on the British Exchequer. There have, however, not been wanting several exciting engagements with the enemy in this latest Zulu outbreak.

In the midst of steeply undulating grassy downs is situated the head-quarters station of the Resident Commissioner of the Lower Umvolosi, Mr. Pretorius. Early in June, this representative of the paramount British authority was besieged by several thousand insurgent Zulus. He had with him five or six whites, fifty native police, and several hundred native allies. He made two successful sallies, though losing, perhaps, fifty of his native allies killed. The General arrived in Zululand towards the end of June, and at once sent a flying column of regular cavalry, mounted rifles, and infantry, under Major M'Kean (Inniskilling Dragoons) and Captain Baden-Powell (13th Hussars), who successfully relieved Mr. Pretorius, built a fort, left a hundred infantry in garrison, and dispersed the insurgents.

The military head-quarters were fixed at Ekowe, or Etchowe, a place notable for the siege there sustained by Colonel Pearson (now General Sir Edward Pearson) in the great Zulu war. In one of our Sketches, General Smyth, with his chief of the staff, Colonel Curtis, C.M.G., is taking the verbal report of a mounted messenger, whose Zulu orderly holds the horses on which they have just reached head-quarters. On one occasion a flying column was dispatched to relieve a beleaguered police fort at Nwandwe, at which a loyal Zulu tribe had taken refuge. The station had to be abandoned, and the natives were brought away to a place of security. We give a Sketch, by one who was there, of an incident common on that march, when the Inniskillings frequently helped the native women along by relieving them of their baby burdens, showing that dragooning in Zululand is not inconsistent with kindly feeling.

The telegrams do not tell us much of the work done by the Native Contingent, which the Civil authorities seem always attempting to raise; but the General made special arrangements with the well-known "Zulu Englishman" John Dunn, who supported our expedition with 2000 of his tribesmen. We give the Sketch-portrait of this useful Chief in the act of leading off one impi of his followers on the war-path, while some of those who remain perform the usual ceremony of a farewell war-dance.



NEWS FOR THE GENERAL.



MR. PRETORIUS'S FORT.



JOHN DUNN AND HIS IMPI.

DESTRUCTIVE VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN JAPAN.

The recent eruption of a volcano in the Bandai-san mountain range, which is situated in the principal island of Japan, above Lake Inawashiro, about 150 miles north of Yokohama, proved terribly destructive, causing the loss of nearly 600 lives, demolishing 200 houses, and devastating a very large extent of land. In July, soon after this disaster occurred, an English party from Yokohama, consisting of General Palmer, R.E., Captain Brinkley, R.A., Mr. Henry Norman, Mr. Trevethick, and Mr. Edgar Abbott, went to view the effects of the eruption. Mr. Edgar Abbott made the Sketches with which he has furnished us; one of which shows the view from the centre of the valley, looking up at the crater wall, a newly-formed cliff 600 ft. high, behind which, to the right hand, steam appears issuing from the crater. Quite one-third of this part of the mountain, in front of the cliff, was blown away by the eruption, and here 250 people were buried alive by the enormous mass of mud, rocks, and earth, and volcanic substance. The other Sketch is that of the villages of Kawagami and Kigasaka, with a mine and some huts on the slope of the hill to the left hand, and with a vast heap of mud and stones that issued from the side of the mountain, and beneath which 157 persons lost their lives belonging to these unfortunate villages.

An interesting description, written, we believe, by General Palmer, was published in the *Times* of Sept. 11, from which we learn that the Sho Bandai-san Mountain, 5800 ft. high, was by this volcanic eruption, on July 15, almost in the twinkling of an eye, "blown into the air and wiped out of the map of Japan," and a deluge of falling earth and rocks, mud or hot sand and dust, fell upon a dozen upland hamlets, pouring down the neighbouring valleys to a distance of five or six miles. The river Nagase, which flowed along the foot of the mountain range, to the left hand in our View, is now blocked up by a barrier of mud 200 ft. high, and it is expected that the whole of the Nagasegawa valley will be converted into a lake, as many pools have already formed. No lava has been ejected, or any of the burning cinders discharged by some volcanoes; the explosion was that of subterranean steam, as in the Tarawera eruption of New Zealand. The Mikado and the Imperial Government are making great efforts to relieve the surviving families and the distressed people of the district.

The Manchester City Council has applied to the Board of Trade for leave to borrow nearly half a million of money to be spent on sewerage works. Ninety-four acres of land have been bought as a place for the deposit of refuse.

A memorial to the late Lord St. John has been erected in the chancel of Bletsoe Church, Bedfordshire, in the shape of a beautiful three-light window, representing the "Angel at the Tomb," with the text, "He is not here, for He is risen." The inscription at the foot is—"In memory of St. Andrew, 15th Baron St. John, of Bletsoe, born Oct. 5, 1840, died Nov. 2, 1887. Erected by his wife and children." The work was designed and executed by Messrs. Mayer and Co.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

LINKED LIVES.

Somewhere or other, I fancy, I have heard of a story, or novel, which bore the title I have chosen for this paper. Doubtless the tale in question, if it possesses an existence at all, deals with existences which are bound together by one or other of the ties that link human lives in the bonds of friendship, love, trust, or their opposites—love, hate, and even crime itself. In the lower life that pulsates around us, all unsuspected and unknown, one comes across not a few illustrations of "linked lives." Animals seem to be tied by mystic bonds to other and often widely different animals; plants are often bound to other plants in ties of close but apparently meaningless relationship; while animals and plants may be associated by bonds that literally no man may put asunder. There is a well-known case of linked lives seen in the association of a well-known hermit-crab with an equally well-known sea-anemone—the Cloak species. The latter is stuck firmly on the whelk-shell within which Mr. Pagurus, as the hermit-crab is named, ensconces himself. When this crustacean anchorite moves about, he carries his friend the anemone on the roof of his house. It is not exactly a repetition of the sore perplexity of Sinbad, with his Old Man of the Sea, but it is something nearly approaching to the case of that famous mariner. Between the two animals there is some association or other, deeper than a mere accidental companionship can explain. You never find this species of hermit-crab without the anemone reposing peacefully on its shell, like a mahout on his elephant's back. The companionship is invariable in its character; nay, more, it is a matter of one-sided esteem, apparently, on the part of hermit Pagurus. For he has been seen to feed the anemone with his big claws, which bar the entrance to his shell when he has withdrawn into his abode. When Pagurus removes to a new shell his anemone-friend is not left in the lurch. It is detached by the crab from the old shell, and placed triumphantly on the new one. I have called this esteem a one-sided affair; for, considering what a sea-anemone is—an almost nerveless creature, while the crab is at least respectably organised as to nerves and senses—we can hardly suppose the former has much to say in the matter of the domestic and other arrangements included in its co-tenancy with the crab.



INNISKILLINGS TO THE RESCUE.

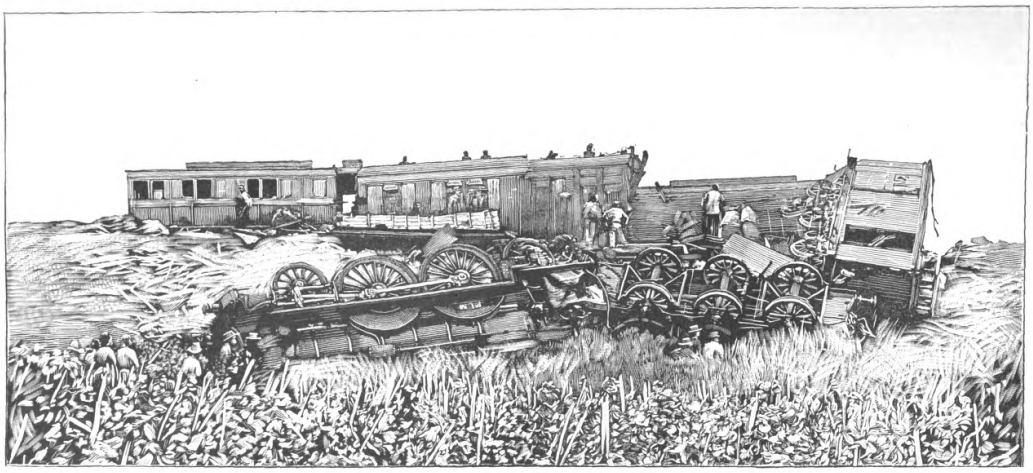
But the anemone race returns the compliment, not exactly to the crab-kind but to the fishes, in the matter of linked lives. A big tropical anemone is known which gives shelter to small fishes within its body. The fishes have been seen to swim freely in and out of their strange shelter. Now, to a sea-anemone all that enters its mouth, or comes within reach of the feelers that surround that aperture, is fair game in the way of food. An ordinary anemone engulfs and digests the crab or periwinkle that has been unfortunate enough to stumble across its feelers. So it is, I confess, a somewhat inexplicable fact that other anemones should, in the manner noted, act as willing hosts to fish-guests. Perchance, on the theory of that habit which becomes second nature, this association may be reasoned out. That which began as a chance companionship, became strengthened into a permanent one. We can go no further in arguing out such a case as that before us, because there appears to be no advantage save, perhaps, that of shelter enjoyed by the fish, and no return at all, apparently, given by the fish to its gelatinous host. That there are creatures living in or upon other creatures, on the principle of Dean Swift's fleas, is, of course, a well-known fact. These are the "parasites" of zoology and botany. We can very well understand an animal or plant becoming not only a lodger but a boarder also, on another animal or plant; and, like certain discontented tenants in these latter days, not only paying no rent, but dishonestly absorbing the nutriment manufactured by the host for its own use. Parasites, we can appreciate, as to the selfishness of their motives. They live rent-free, often in the very kitchen of their host, and are the gainers in the sense of the easy life they lead, although Nature does work out her revenges by making the idle parasite mostly a rudimentary being, and by depriving it of the organs which other independent and honest-living animals possess. "Linked lives" of this latter nature are not difficult to comprehend.

Within recent years, an idea has been gaining ground in the minds of natural historians that many examples of linked lives are to be discovered in quarters where their existence could scarcely have been suspected. For instance, what are we to think of the case of those well-known plants the cycads? In certain species grown in pots, branches shoot upwards from the roots, showing a different structure from the ordinary root-processes of the plant. In these peculiar roots are discovered collections of a species of the lowest forms of plants (or algæ) known by the name of Nostoc. Into the cycad-roots these lesser neighbours creep and multiply. They tinge the layer of the root where they are found with a blue colour, and they even cause alterations in the root-structure itself. Nothing is known of the reason of these linked lives of high and low plants. All we can say is that the association is constant and continuous; its object is unknown. Again, the well-known lichens seem now to be capable of being resolved by botanists each into two distinct kinds of plants leading thuswise their linked lives. The apparently uniform and single lichen really consists of a fungus *plus* an alga, or lowest form of plant-life. It would seem, in truth, that the latter plays the part of lion's provider to the fungus, and that it supplies the fungus with food; but none the less is it a striking fact in modern botany to find that the lichen resolves itself to-day into two distinct but closely-united plants.

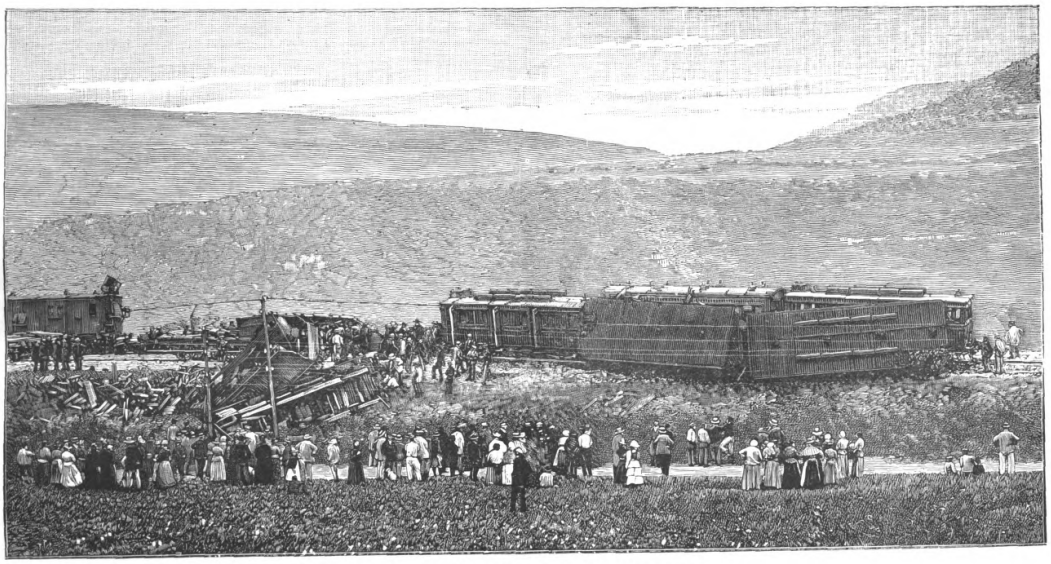
Among the animal denizens of the pools we find the little green hydras, each consisting of a minute tubular body, attached to the waterweed by an extremity, and having a mouth and tentacles at the free end of the body. Now, certain species of hydras are coloured green, and of late it has been suggested that this green hue (which is certainly due to the presence of the green colouring matter of plants) is really contributed by microscopic algæ; and these, doubtless, live on the waste matters which are excreted or given off from the animal whose tissues they inhabit. These green algæ perform a service to the lichens and fungi of reverse nature. These latter are not green, and cannot, therefore, feed as do green plants. The little algæ, however, can, and do, manufacture food-stuffs from the carbonic acid gas of the air, and, in truth, supply the fungus with ready-made nutriment. The truth is, that probably when we have become better accustomed to regard linked lives in nature and their meanings, we shall discover many additional examples of such relationships. The whole subject is only a new phase of the old interdependence of life. The lion cannot live without the antelope; and the antelope, in its turn, cannot exist where there are no grasses to eat. The linked lives here include the grass, the antelope, and the lion, in a cycle wherein is no break or gap at all. When the lion dies, his elements go back to the world of non-living matter to feed the grasses, and thus the cycle revolves. So far from linked existences being rarities of nature, they would seem in this broad sense to represent the ordinary method of life's working—so true is it that nothing either in lower nature or in human life stands utterly solitary and alone. ANDREW WILSON.

RAILWAY COLLISION IN FRANCE.

The terrible accident of Sept. 5, on the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway, by which twelve persons were killed and forty others were injured, several English travellers being among those who suffered, was a disaster that must have caused much anxiety at this period of the tourist season. It took place at Velars, five miles from Dijon, where the express train coming from Italy by the Mont Cenis tunnel route, and going to Paris, having passed Mâcon and Dijon, ran off the rails, obstructing both lines, and was run into, a few minutes afterwards, by the express-train coming from Paris on the way to Geneva. This happened in the night, or about half-past two in the morning. The collision was extremely violent, as the express-train from Paris, being late, was going at full speed down an incline; both engines were knocked over the embankment, eight carriages of the other train were crushed to pieces, and few of the passengers escaped some hurt. Among those killed was Miss Edith Marriott, of Cromwell-road, London, while Captain Edward Marriott was seriously injured; Mr. M. Bachet, of Asnières, near Paris, with his wife and brother, all killed; a French gentleman named Lorette, on his way, accompanied by his wife, to visit a sick son at Belley; a French officer and his child, while his wife remained unhurt by their side; and the driver and guard of the train. One, who seems to have been looking out of the carriage window, had his head cut sheer off by the other train dashing close past the carriage. Those in the sleeping-car were not much hurt, if at all. Among those injured were Miss Muriel, of Chester, a lady governess, Miss Green, and Mr. and Mrs. Blumberg, of London, and Mr. E. L. Owen, a young English student.

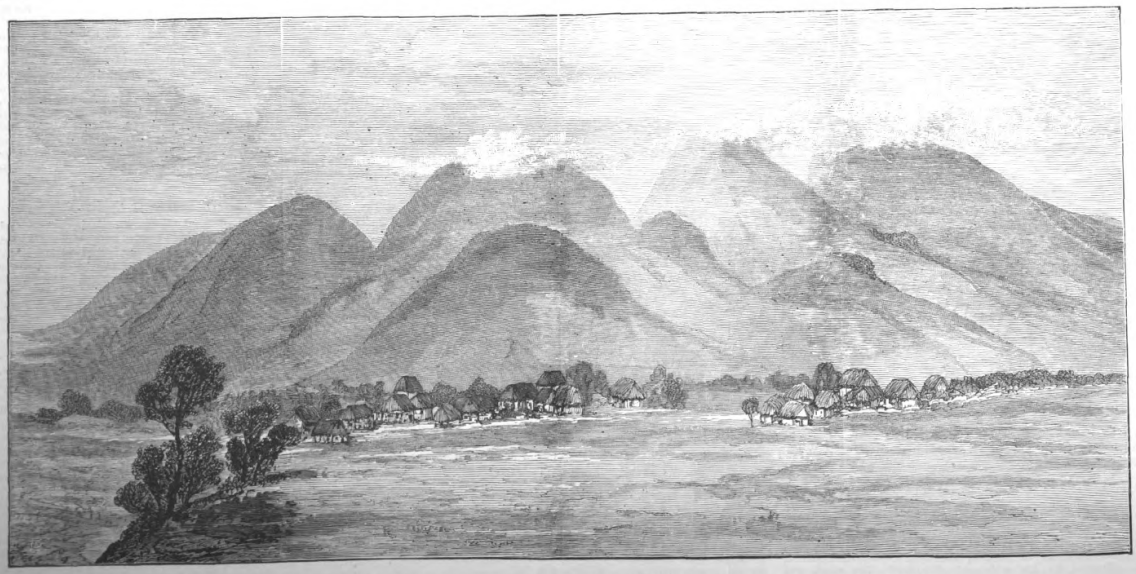


WRECK OF THE EXPRESS-TRAIN FROM ITALY.

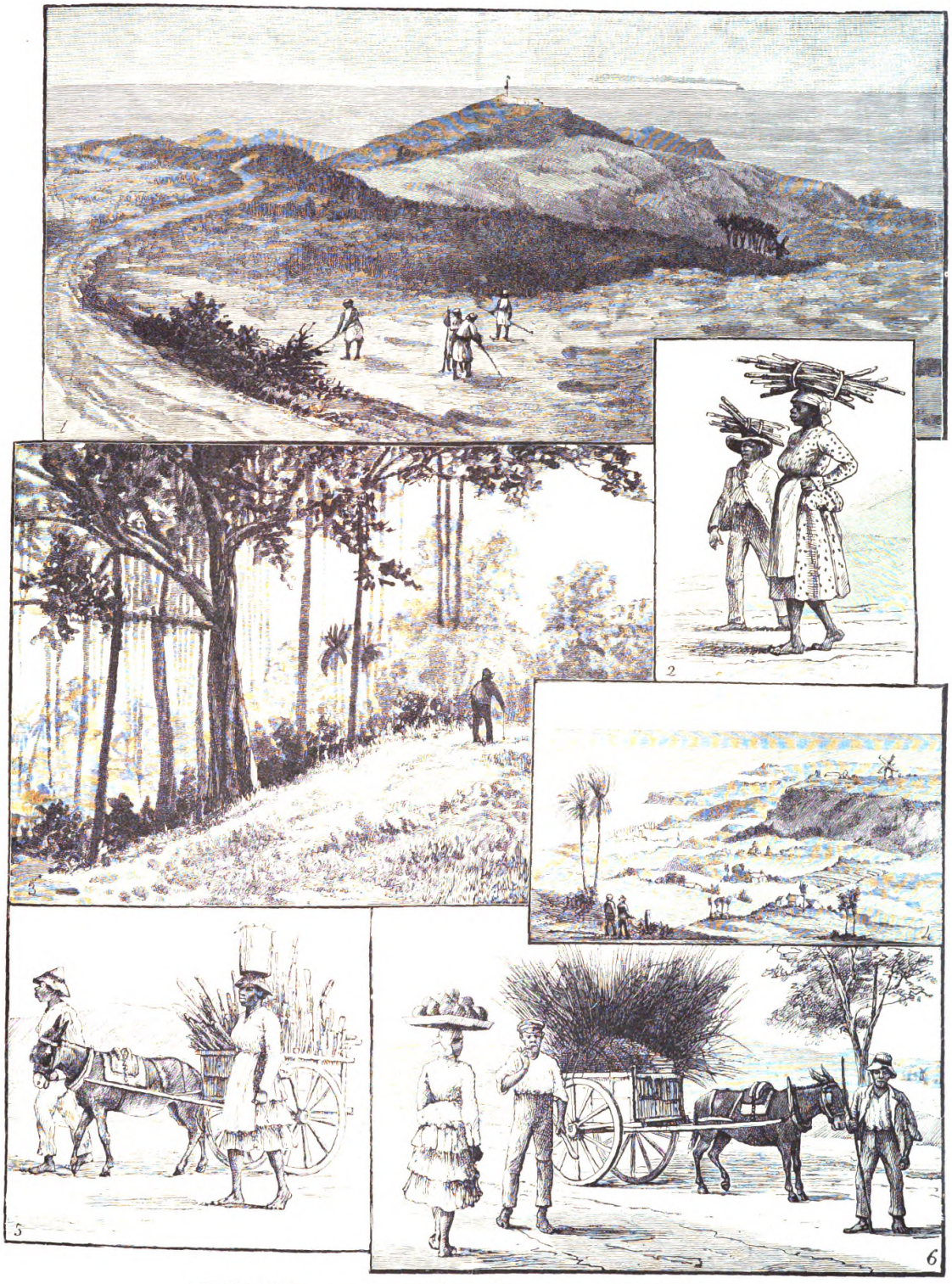


WRECK OF THE GENEVA EXPRESS-TRAIN FROM PARIS.

DISASTROUS COLLISION ON THE PARIS, LYONS, AND MEDITERRANEAN RAILWAY, NEAR DIJON.



THE BANDAI-SAN MOUNTAIN, IN JAPAN, WHERE THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION DESTROYED FIVE HUNDRED PEOPLE.



1. Bissex Hill, St. Joseph.
2. "Sugar-cane, a halfpenny a stick!"
3. The Bearded Fig-tree.
4. View from St. John's Church.
5. Sugar-cane going to market.
6. Sugar-cane tops for cattle fodder.

ACROSS TWO OCEANS: BARBADOES.—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

BENJAMIN'S WARNING.



Once I have so much to tell, before long, of Benjamin's evil conduct, it must in justice be recorded of him that at this juncture he endeavoured, knowing more of the world than we of Somerset, to warn and dissuade his cousins from taking part in any attempt which should be made in the West. And this he did by means of a letter written to his father. I know not how far the letter might have succeeded, but, unfortunately, it arrived two or three days too late—when our boys had already joined the insurgents.

"Honoured Sir," he wrote, "I write this epistle, being much concerned in spirit lest my grandfather, whose opinions are well known, not only in his own county but also at the Court, should be drawn into, or become cognisant of, some attempt to raise the West Country against their lawful King. It will not be news to you that the Earl of Argyll hath landed in Scotland, where he will meet with such a reception which will doubtless cause him to repent of his rashness. It is also currently reported, and everywhere believed, that the Duke of Monmouth intends immediately to embark and cross the sea with the design of raising the country in rebellion. The Dissenters, who have been going about with sour looks for five-and-twenty years, venture now to smile and look pleased in anticipation of another civil war. This may follow, but its termination, I think, will not be what they expect.

"I have also heard that my cousin Humphrey, Dr. Eykin's favourite pupil, who hath never concealed his opinions, hath lately returned from Holland (where the exiles are gathered), and passed through London accompanied by Robin. I have further learned that while in London he visited (but alone, without Robin's knowledge) many of those who are known to be friends of the Duke and red-hot Protestants. Wherefore, I greatly fear that he hath been in correspondence with the exiles, and is cognisant of their designs, and may even be their messenger to announce the intentions of his Protestant champion. Certain I am that should any chance occur of striking a blow for freedom of worship, my cousin, though he is weak and of slender frame, will join the attempt. He will also endeavour to draw after him everyone in his power. Therefore, my dear father, use all your influence to withstand him, and, if he must for his own part plunge into ruin, persuade my grandfather and my cousin Robin to stay quiet at home.

"I hear it on the best authority that the temper of the country, and especially in your part of it, hath been carefully studied by the Government, and is perfectly well known. Those who would risk life and lands for the Duke of Monmouth are few indeed. He may, perhaps, draw a rabble after him, but no more. The fat tradesmen, who most long for the conventicle, will not fight, though they may pray for him. The country gentlemen may be Protestants, but they are mostly for Church and King. It is quite true that his Majesty is a Roman Catholic, nor hath he ever concealed or denied his religion, being one who scorns deception. It is also true that his profession of faith is a stumbling-block to many who find it hard to reconcile their teaching of Non-Resistance and Divine Right with the introduction of the Mass and the Romish Priest. But the country hath not yet forgotten the sour rule of the Independent; and rather than suffer him to return, the people will endure a vast deal of Royal Prerogative.

"It is absolutely certain—assure my grandfather on this point, whatever he may learn from Humphrey—that the better sort will never join Monmouth, whether he comes as another Cromwell to restore the Commonwealth, or whether he aspires to the Crown and dares to maintain—a thing which King Charles did always stoutly deny—that his mother was married. Is it credible that the ancient throne of these Kingdoms should be usurped by the base-born son of Lucy Waters?

"I had last night the honour of drinking a bottle of wine with that great lawyer, Sir George Jeffreys. The conversation turned upon this subject. We were assured by the Judge that the affections of the people are wholly with the King; that the liberty of worship which he demands for himself he will also willingly extend to the country, so that the last pretence of reason for disaffection shall be removed. Why should the people run after Monmouth, when if he were successful, he could give no more than the King is ready to give? I was also privately warned by Sir George that my grandfather's name is unfavourably noted, and his actions and speeches will be watched. Therefore, Sir, I humbly beg that you will represent to him and to my cousins, and to Dr. Eykin himself, first the hopelessness of any such enterprise and the certainty of defeat; and next the punishment which will fall upon the rebels and upon those who lend them any countenance. Men of such a temper as Dr. Comfort Eykin will, doubtless, go to the scaffold willingly with their mouths full of the texts which they apply to themselves on all occasions. For such I have no pity, yet for the sake of his wife and daughter I would willingly, if I could, save him from the fate which will be his if Monmouth lands on the West. And as for my grandfather, 'tis terrible to think of his white hairs blown by the breeze while the hangman adjusts the knot; and I should shudder to see the blackened limbs of Robin stuck upon poles for all the world to see.

"It is my present intention, if my affairs permit, to follow my fortunes on the Western Circuit in the autumn, when I shall endeavour to ride from Taunton or Exeter to Bradford Orcas. My practice grows apace. Daily I am heard in the Courts. The Judges already know me and listen to me. The juries begin to feel the weight of my arguments. The attorneys besiege my chambers. For a junior I am in great demand. It is my prayer that you, Sir, may live to see your son Chancellor and a Peer of the realm. Less than Lord Chancellor will not content me. As for marriage, that might hinder my rise; I shall not marry yet. There is in your parish, Sir, one who knows my mind upon this matter. I shall be pleased to think that you will assure her—you know very well whom I mean—that my mind is unaltered, and that my way is now plain before me. So, I remain, with dutiful respect, your obedient son,

"B. B."

This letter arrived, I say, after the departure of Robin with his company of village-lads.

When Mr. Boscorel had read it slowly and twice over so as to lose no point of the contents, he sat and pondered a while. Then he arose, and with troubled face he sought Sir Christopher, to whom he read it through. Then he waited for Sir Christopher to speak.

"The boy writes," said his Honour, after a while, "according to his lights. He repeats the things he hears said by his boon companions. Nay, more, he believes them. Why, it is easy for them to swear loyalty and to declare in their cups where the affections of the people are placed."

"Sir Christopher, what is done cannot be undone. The boys are gone—alas!—but you still remain. Take heed for a space what you say as well as what you do."

"How should they know the temper of the country?" Sir Christopher went on, regardless. "What doth the foul-mouthed profligate Sir George Jeffreys know concerning sober and godly people? These are not noisy Templars; they are not profligates of the Court; they are not haunters of tavern and pot-house; they are not those who frequent the play-house. Judge Jeffreys knows none such. They are lovers of the Word of God; they wish to worship after their fashion; they hate the Pope and all his works. Let us hear what these men say upon the matter."

"Nay," said Mr. Boscorel; "I care not greatly what they say. But would to God the boys were safe returned."

"Benjamin means well," Sir Christopher went on. "I take this warning kindly; he means well. It pleases me that in the midst of the work and the feasting, which he loves, he thinks upon us. Tell him, son-in-law, that I thank him for his letter. It shows that he hath preserved a good heart."

"As for his good heart"—Mr. Boscorel stroked his nose with his forefinger—"so long as Benjamin gets what he wants—which is Benjamin's mess, and five times the mess of any other—there is no doubt of his good heart."

"Worse things than these," said Sir Christopher, "were said of us when the civil wars began. The King's troops would ride us down; the country would not join us; those of us who were not shot or cut down in the field would be afterwards hanged, drawn, and quartered. Yet we drove the King from his throne."

"And then another King came back again. So we go up, and so we go down. But about this expedition and about these boys my mind misgives me."

"Son-in-law," Sir Christopher said solemnly, "I am now old, and the eyes of my mind are dim, so that I no longer discern the signs of the times, or follow the current of the stream; moreover, we hear but little news, so that I cannot even see any of those signs. Yet to men in old age, before they pass away to the rest provided by the Lord, there cometh sometimes a vision by which they are enabled to see clearly when younger men are still groping their way in a kind of twilight. Monmouth hath landed; my boys are with him; they are rebels; should the rising fail, their lives are forfeit; and that of my dear friend Dr. Comfort Eykin's—yea, and my life as well belike, because I have been a consenting party. Ruin and death will in that event fall upon all of us. Whether it will so happen I know not, nor do I weigh the chance of that event against the voice of conscience, duty, and honour. My boys have obeyed that voice; they have gone forth to conquer or to die. My vision doth not tell me what will happen to them. But it shows me the priest flying from the country, the King flying from the throne, and that fair angel whom we call Freedom of Conscience, returning to bless the land. To know that the laws of God will triumph—ought not that to reconcile a man, already seventy-five years of age, to death, even a death upon the gallows? What matter for this earthly body so that it be spent until the end in the service of the Lord?"

CHAPTER XXI.

WE WAIT FOR THE END.

I have said that my father from the beginning unto the end of this business was as one beside himself, being in an ecstacy or rapture of mind, insomuch that he heeded nothing. The letters he sent out to his friends the Nonconformists, either brought no answer or else they heaped loads of trouble, being intercepted and read, upon those to whom they were addressed. But he was not moved. The defection of his friends and of the gentry caused him no uneasiness. Nay, he even closed his eyes and ears to the drinking, the profane oaths, and the riotous living in the camp. Others there were, like-minded with himself, who saw the hand of the Lord in this enterprise, and thought that it would succeed by a miracle. The desertions of the men, which afterwards followed, and the defection of those who should have joined—these things were but the weeding of the host, which should be still further weeded—as in a well-known chapter in the Book of Judges—until none but the righteous should be left behind. These things he preached daily, and with mighty fervour, to all who would listen; but these were few in number.

As regards his wife and daughter he took no thought for them at all, being wholly enwrapped in his work; he did not so much as ask if we had money—to be sure, for five-and-twenty years he had never asked that question—or if we were safely bestowed; or if we were well. Never have I seen any man so careless of all earthly affections when he considered the work of the Lord. But when the time came for the army to march, what were we to do? Where should we be bestowed?

"As to following the army," said Robin, "that is absurd. We know not whither we may march or what the course of events may order. You cannot go home without an armed escort, for the country is up; the clubmen are out everywhere to protect their cattle and horses, a rough and rude folk they would be to meet; and the gipsies are robbing and plundering. Can you stay here until we come back, or until the country hath settled down again?"

Miss Blake generously promised that we should stay with her as long as we chose, adding many kind things about myself, out of friendship and a good heart; and so it was resolved that we should remain in Taunton, where no harm could befall us, while my father still accompanied the army to exhort the soldiers.

"I will take care of him," said Barnaby. "He shall not preach of a morning till he hath taken breakfast, nor shall he go to bed until he hath had his supper. So long as the provisions last out he shall have his ration. After that I cannot say. Maybe we shall all go on short commons, as hath happened to me already; and, truth to tell, I love it not. All these things belong to the voyage, and are part of our luck. Farewell, therefore, mother. Heart up!—all will go well! Kiss me, Sis; we shall all come back again. Never fear. King Monmouth shall be crowned in Westminster. Dad shall be Archbishop of Canterbury, and I shall be Captain of a King's ship. All our fortunes shall be made, and you, Sis, shall have a great estate, and shall marry whom you please—Robin or another. As for the gentry who have not come forward, hang 'em, we 'll divide their estates between us and so change places, and they will be so astonished at not being shot for cowardice that they will rejoice and be glad to clean our boots. Thus shall we all be happy."

So they marched away, Monmouth being now at the head of an army seven thousand strong, and all in such spirits that you would have thought nothing could withstand them. And when I consider, and remember how that army marched away, with the cheers of the men and the laughter and jokes of the young recruits, the tears run down my cheeks for thinking how their joy was turned to mourning, and life was exchanged for death. The last I saw of Robin was that he was turning in his saddle to wave his hand, his face full of confidence and joy. The only gloomy face in the whole army that morning was the face of Humphrey. Afterwards I learned that almost from the beginning he foresaw certain disaster. In the first place, none of those on whom the exiles of Holland had relied came into camp. These were the backbone of the Protestant party—the sturdy blood that had been freely shed against Charles I. This was a bitter disappointment. Next, he saw in the army nothing but a rabble of country lads, with such officers as Captain Hucker, the Serge-maker, instead of the country gentlemen, with their troops, as had been expected; and from the beginning he distrusted the leaders—even the Duke himself. So he hung his head and laughed not with the rest. But his doubts he kept locked up in his own heart. Robin knew none of them.

It was a pretty sight to see the Taunton maids walking out for a mile and more with their lovers who had joined Monmouth. They walked hand-in-hand with the men; they wore the Monmouth favours: they had no more doubt or fear of the event than their sweethearts. Those who visit Taunton now may see these women (now grown old) creeping about the streets lonely and sorrowful, mindful still of that Sunday morning when they saw their lovers for the last time.

When I consider the history of this expedition I am amazed that it did not succeed. It was, surely, by a special judgment of God that the victory was withheld from Monmouth and reserved for William. I say not (presumptuously) that the judgment was pronounced against the Duke on account of his sinful life, but I think it was the will of Heaven that the country should endure for three years the presence of a Prince who was continually seeking to advance the Catholic religion. The people were not yet ripe, perhaps, for that universal disgust which caused them without bloodshed (in this island at least) to pull down King James from his throne. When, I say, I consider the temper and the courage of that great army which left Taunton, greater than any which the King could bring against it; when I consider the multitudes who flocked to the standard at Bridgwater, I am lost in wonder at the event.

From Sunday the 21st, when the army marched out of Taunton, till the news came of their rout on Sedgemoor, we heard nothing certain about them. On Tuesday the Duke of Albemarle, hearing that the army had gone, occupied Taunton with the Militia, and there were some who expected severities on account of the welcome given to the Duke and the recruits whom he obtained here. But there were no acts of revenge that I heard of—and, indeed, he did not stay long in the town. As for us, we remained under the shelter of Miss Blake's roof, and daily expected news of some great and signal victory. But none came, save one letter. Every day we looked for this news, and every day we planned and laid down the victorious march for our army.

"They will first occupy Bristol," said Miss Blake. "That is certain, because there are many stout Protestants in Bristol, and the place is important. Once master of that great city, our King will get possession of ships, and so will have a fleet. There are, no doubt, plenty of arms in the town, with which he will be able to equip an army ten times greater than that which he now has. Then with—say, thirty thousand men—he will march on London. The Militia will, of course, lay down their arms or desert at the approach of this great and resolute army. The King's regiments will prove, I expect, to be Protestants, every man. Oxford will open her gates, London will send out her train-bands to welcome the Deliverer, and so our King will enter in triumph and be crowned at Westminster Abbey, one King James succeeding another. Then there shall be restored to this distracted country"—being a schoolmistress Miss Blake could use language worthy of the dignity of history—"the blessings of religious freedom; and the pure Word of God, stripped of superstitious additions made by man, shall be preached through the length and breadth of the land."

"What shall be done," I asked, "with the Bishops?"

"They shall be suffered to remain," she said, speaking with a voice of authority, "for those congregations which desire a prelacy, but stripped of their titles and of their vast revenues. We will not persecute, but we will never suffer one Church to lord it over another. Oh! when will the news come? Where is the army now?"

The letter of which I have spoken was from Robin.

"Sweetheart," he said, "all goes well so far. At Bridgwater we have received a welcome only second to that of Taunton. The Mayor and Aldermen proclaimed our King at the High Cross, and the people have sent to the camp great store of provisions and arms of all kinds. We are now six regiments of foot with a thousand cavalry, besides the King's own body-guard. We have many good friends at Bridgwater, especially one, Mr. Roger Hoar, who is a rich merchant of the place, and is very zealous in the cause. Your father preached on Sunday evening from the text, Deuteronomy vii. 5—"Ye shall destroy their altars and break down their images and cut down their groves and burn their graven images with fire." It was a most moving discourse, which fired the hearts of all who heard it.

"They say that our chief is downhearted because the nobility and gentry have not come in. They only wait for the first victory, after which they will come in by hundreds. But some of our men look forward to depriving them of their estates and dividing them among themselves: and already the Colonels and Majors are beginning to reckon up the great rewards which await them. As for me, there is but one reward for which I pray—namely, to return unto Bradford Orcas and to the arms of my sweet saint. Lord Churchill is reported to be at Chard; there has been a brush in the Forest of Neroche between the scouts, and it is said that all the roads are guarded so that recruits shall be arrested or at least driven back. Perhaps this is the reason why the gentry sit down. Barnaby says that so far there have been provisions enough and to spare; and he hopes the present plenty may continue. No ship's crew can fight, he says, on half rations. Our march will be on Bristol. I hope and believe that when we have gotten that great town our end is sure. Humphrey continueth glum."

Many women there were who passed that time in prayer, continually offering up supplications on behalf of husband, brother, lover, or son. But at Taunton the Rector, one Walter Harte, a zealous High Churchman, came forth from hiding, and, with the magistrates, said prayers daily for King James II.

To tell what follows is to renew a time of agony unspeakable. Yet must it be told. Farewell, happy days of hope and confidence! Farewell, the sweet exchange of dreams! Farewell

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

The last I saw of Robin was that he was turning in his saddle to wave his hand, his face full of confidence and joy.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

well to our lovely hero, the gracious Duke! All the troubles that man's mind can conceive were permitted to be rained upon our heads—defeat, wounds, death, prison—nay, for me such a thing as no one could have expected or even feared—such a fate as never entered the mind of man to invent.

When the Duke marched out of Bridgwater, across Sedgemoor to Glastonbury, the weather, which had been hot and fine, became cold and rainy, which made the men uncomfortable. At Glastonbury they camped in the ruins of the old abbey. Thence they went to Shepton Mallet, the spirits of the men still being high. From Shepton Mallet they marched to a place called Pensford, only five miles from Bristol. Here they heard that the bridge over the Avon at Keynsham was broken down. This being presently repaired, the army marched across. They were then within easy reach of Bristol.

And now began the disasters of the enterprise. Up to this time everything had prospered. Had the Duke boldly attacked Bristol—I speak not of my own wisdom, having none in such matters, but from others' wisdom—he would have encountered no more than twenty companies or thereabouts of Militia, and a regiment of two hundred and fifty horse. Moreover, Bristol was full of Dissenters, who wanted nothing but encouragement to join the Protestant Champion. Not only the Duke's friends, but also his enemies, agree in declaring that it wanted nothing but courage to take that great, rich, and populous city, where he would have found everything that he wanted—men and money, arms and ammunition. I cannot but think that for his sins, or for the sins of the nation, a judicial blindness was caused to fall upon the Duke, so that he chose, of two ways open to him, that which led to his destruction. In short, he turned away from Bristol, and drew up his forces against Bath. When he summoned that city to surrender, they shot his herald, and scoffed at him. Then, instead of taking the town, the Duke retired to Philip's Norton, where, 'tis said, he expected some great reinforcements. But none came; and he now grew greatly dejected, showing his dejection in his face, which could conceal nothing. Yet he fought an action with his half-brother, the Duke of Grafton, in which he was victorious, a thing which ought to have helped him. In this action Lieutenant Blake, Miss Blake's cousin, was killed. From Philip's Norton the army marched to Frome, and here such was the general despondency that two thousand men—a third of the whole army—deserted in the night and returned to their own homes. I think, also, it was at Frome that they learned the news of Lord Argyll's discomforture.

Then a council was held, at which it was proposed that the army should be disbanded and ordered to return, seeing that the King had proclaimed a pardon to all who would peacefully lay down their arms and return home, and that the Duke, with Lord Grey, and those who would be certainly exempted from that pardon, should make the best of their way out of the country.

Alas! here was a way open to the safety of all those poor men; but again was the Duke permitted to choose the other way—that, namely, which led to the destruction of his army and himself. Yet they say that he himself recommended the safer course. He must have known that he wanted arms and ammunition; that his men were deserting; and that no more recruits came in. Colonel Venner, one of his principal men, was at this juncture sent away to Holland in order to get assistance in arms and money. And the King's proclamation of pardon was carefully kept from the knowledge of the soldiers.

On July the 4th the army returned to Bridgwater, and now Dr. Hooke, chaplain to the army, and some of the officers were sent away secretly in order to raise an insurrection in London and elsewhere; the only hope being that risings in various parts would call away some of the King's forces from the West. Some of the Taunton men in the army rode from Bridgwater to see their friends. But we women (who, for the most part, remained at home) learned no news save that as yet there had been no signal *victory*: we did not hear of the large desertions nor of the Duke's despondency. Therefore, we continued in our fool's paradise and looked every day for some great and crowning mercy. Those who are on the side of the Lord are always expecting some special interference; whereas, they ought to be satisfied with being on the right side, whether victory or defeat be intended for them. In this enterprise I doubt not that those godly men (there were, I dare say, some godly men) who fell in battle or were afterwards executed, received their reward, and that a far, far greater reward than their conduct deserved—for who can measure the short agony of death beside the everlasting life of glory and joy unspeakable.

The last day of this fatal expedition was Sunday, the fifth day of July: so that it took no more than three weeks in all between its first beginning and its failure. Only three weeks! But how much longer was it before the punishment and the expiation were concluded? Nay, are they even yet concluded when thousands of innocent women and children still go in poverty and mourning for the loss of those who should have worked for them?

In the morning my father preached to the soldiers on the text (Joshua xxii. 22), "The Lord God of Gods, the Lord God of Gods, He knoweth, and Israel He shall know if it be in rebellion or if in transgression against the Lord save us not this day."

And now the time was come when the last battle was to be fought.

The Earl of Feversham, who had been at Somerton, marched this day across Sedgemoor, and encamped at Weston Zoyland, which is but five or six miles from Bridgwater.

Now it chanced that one William Sparke, of Chedzoy, hearing of this advance, climbed the church tower, and, by aid of a spying-glass, such as sailors use at sea, he discerned clearly the approach of the army and its halt at Weston. Being a wellwisher to the Duke, he sent one of his men, Richard Godfrey by name, with orders to spy into and learn the position and numbers of the Earl's army, and to carry his information straightway to Bridgwater. This duty the fellow promised, and most faithfully performed.

The Duke had already learned the approach of Lord Feversham, and, being now wellnigh desperate with his continued losses, and seeing his army gradually wasting away, with no fresh recruits, he had resolved upon not waiting to be attacked, but on a retreat northwards, hoping to get across the bridge at Keynsham, and so march into Shropshire and Cheshire, where still he hoped to raise another army. But (says he who hath helped me with this brief account of the expedition) the retreat, which would have been harassed by Lord Feversham's horse, would have turned into flight; the men would have deserted in all directions; and when the remains of the army arrived at Keynsham Bridge they would certainly have found it occupied by the Duke of Beaufort.

The carriages were already loaded in readiness for this march; it was to begin at nightfall; when the arrival of the man Godfrey, and the news that he brought, caused the Duke to change everything. For he now perceived that such a chance was offered him as had never before occurred since his landing: viz., a night surprise, and if he were fortunate, the rout of the King's best troops.

It is said that had the Duke shown the same boldness in the matter of Bristol that he showed in this night attack, he would have gained that city first and his own Cause next. Nor did it appear at all a desperate attempt. For though Lord Feversham had 2500 men with him, horse and foot, with sixteen field-pieces, the Duke had nearly 3000 foot (counting those armed with pikes and scythes) and 600 horse with four field-pieces, and though the King's troops included many companies of Grenadiers, with a battalion of that famous regiment the Coldstream Guards, and some hundred horse of the King's regiment and dragoons, the Duke had with him at least 2000 men well armed and resolute, as the event showed. Besides this, he had the advantage of the surprise and confusion of a night attack. And, in addition, the camp was not entrenched, the troopers had all gone to bed, the foot-soldiers were drinking cider, and the officers were reported to be all drunk.

Therefore, it was resolved that the intended flight into Shropshire should be abandoned, and that the whole matter should be brought to an issue that very night.

Had the attack succeeded, all might yet have gone well with the Duke. His enemies boasted that his raw country lads would be routed at the first charge of regular soldiers; if he proved the contrary, those who had deserted him would have returned; those who held aloof would join. It was not the Cause which found men lukewarm; it was the doubt—and nothing but the doubt—whether the Duke's enterprise would be supported. And I have never heard that any found aught but commendation of the boldness and spirit which brought us the battle of Sedgemoor.

All that day we spent in quiet meditation, in prayer, in the reading of the Bible, and in godly discourses, and herein I must commend the modesty as well as the piety of Miss Susan Blake, in that she invited my mother as her elder and the wife of an eminent minister to conduct the religious exercises, though as the hostess she might have demanded that privilege. We stirred not abroad at all that day. The meeting-houses which had been opened when the Duke marched in were now closed again.

In the evening, while we sat together discoursing upon the special mercies vouchsafed to the people of the Lord, a strange thing happened. Nay, I do not say that news may not have reached Taunton already of the Duke's intentions, and of the position of the King's forces. But this seems incredible, since it was not known—except to the Council by whom it was decided—till late in the afternoon, and it was not to be thought that these would hurry to spread the news abroad, and so ruin the whole affair. The window being open, then, we could hear the voices of those who talked in the street below. Now, there passed two men, and they were talking as they went. Said one—and these were the words we heard—

"I tell thee that the Duke will have no more to do than to lock the stable doors, and so seize the troopers in their beds."

We all started and listened. The voice below repeated,—

"I say, Sir, and I have it first hand, that he hath but to lock the stable doors and so seize all the troopers in their beds."

Then they passed on their way.

Said my mother: "My husband hath told me that not only may the conscience be awakened by a word which seemeth chance, but the future may be revealed by words which were perhaps meant in another sense. What we have heard this evening may be a foretelling of victory. My children, let us pray, and so to bed."

(*To be continued.*)

The Cutlers' Feast at Sheffield was held on Sept. 6, the Master Cutler presiding. Lord C. Beresford, M.P., in responding for the Navy, urged the need of better organisation and more ships. Among the other speakers were the Duke of Rutland, Lord Ashbourne, and Sir Charles Tupper, who referred at some length to the Fisheries question.

During the first eight months of this year 118,297 English, 26,972 Scotch, and 58,801 Irish emigrants left the kingdom, a total of 204,070. Of these, 145,719 went to the United States, 29,193 to British North America, and 19,359 to Australasia. Last month the numbers were 19,504 English, 3960 Scotch, and 6645 Irish; of whom 21,537 went to the United States, 3840 to British North America, and 3236 to Australasia.

A new life-boat, the gift of an anonymous donor, and presented to the Ramsey Station, Isle of Man, by the Life-Boat Institution, through the Manchester branch, in place of the old boat presented twenty years ago, was publicly launched on Sept. 6. The Bishop of Sodor and Man conducted a short service, gave an address on the work of the institution, and named the new boat—Mary Isabella—which was safely launched. Subsequently, it was tested, and on being capsized in the harbour it righted itself in two seconds. The old boat, which has been instrumental in saving 116 lives, is to be placed in the public park lake.

The lists of certificates granted by the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board show that for the higher certificates there were 1115 candidates at the last examination, of whom 40 girls were for letters only, and the results arrived at were that 637 gained the higher certificates and 49 obtained letters. Of those who have passed, 839 offered for Latin, 583 of whom passed, 33 with distinction; 783 offered in Greek, 590 of whom passed, 42 with distinction; 554 offered in French, 437 gaining certificates, 71 with distinction; 114 offered in German, 85 passing, 28 with distinction; 1053 offered in elementary mathematics, of whom 736 passed; while 437 offered for additional mathematics, 233 passing, 54 with distinction.

The marriage of Mr. W. Arthur Wigram, son of the late Mr. W. Knox and the Hon. Mrs. Wigram, with Edith, second daughter of Colonel the Hon. W. P. and Lady Emma Talbot, was celebrated in Esher Church, Surrey, on Sept. 6. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by six bridesmaids—namely, Miss Helen Talbot, her sister; Misses Margaret and Madeline Wigram, sisters of the bridegroom; Miss Agnes Bateman, Miss Florence Wigram, and Miss L. Kerr. The jewels worn by the bride included diamond stars, the gift of the Earl of Derby; pearl and diamond brooch, from her father; diamond flower, from the Earl and Countess of Lathom; gold bracelet, set with pearls, from the Countess of Derby; gold and pearl bangle, from the Countess of Crawford; diamond bee from the Hon. Mrs. Wilbraham; and diamond ring, from Lord and Lady Stanley of Preston.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny;* THIN EDITION, *One Penny.* To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (*viâ* United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence;* THIN EDITION, *One Penny.* To China (*viâ* Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny;* THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence.*

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.

SKETCHES IN BARBADOES.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, who is roving "Across Two Oceans" for sketches of shores and islands of the West Indies, of South America, Central America, and North America, with the Pacific coast, and beyond the farther Ocean to Australia, used his pencil while at Barbadoes to delineate a few scenes in the tidy little sugar-growing island, which have been engraved and kept in hand till now. In the way of comments on these subjects we might refer to Mr. Froude and the late Canon Kingsley, the authors of two interesting books on the West Indies, which almost everybody may have read; but Mr. Melton Prior has written his own account of his observations. After paying his respects to the Governor of Barbadoes, Sir Charles Cameron Lees, who received him very kindly, remembering him as our Artist in the Ashantee Expedition in 1873 and 1874, he was shown over Government House, and the grounds, which are full of trees and shrubs. The one most interesting was the "cannon-ball tree," which the late Lady Brassey describes. There is another very curious tree in the island, which is called the "bearded fig-tree," from the fact that the branches throw out shoots, or creepers, resembling long grizzly beards, and these on reaching the ground take root, and in a very short time grow to a large size and form props, or supports, to the tree itself. It seems an extraordinary provision of Nature, as the tree is very heavily overweighted at the top, and would soon fall but for these props.

On leaving Government House, our Artist called on Colonel Elliott, the head of the police, who kindly offered to drive him round the island and show him all its beauties. Accordingly, early next morning, in company with Mr. Tufnell, the vice-chairman of the Royal Mail Steam-packet Company, after having partaken of breakfast, they started off in an American buggy, with a pair of ponies, for what promised to be a delightful drive; and so it turned out.

The whole of the island of Barbadoes is under cultivation of some kind; and in times gone by, that of the sugar-cane was the sole industry. But since competition with the beet-root, the sugar-cane growers have scarcely realised enough profit to pay for the necessary labour, and the natives have taken to growing coffee and cocoa. Mr. Prior says:—One of the things that struck me most was the immense amount of vegetables that are raised in the island. Every kind is to be seen under cultivation—magnificent French beans, peas, cabbages, spinach, and potatoes—not only for the supply of the island, but for export in the West Indies; and this, I was told, gave the most profitable returns for the labour of tilling the soil. Water, however, is very scarce; and at times not only does everything dry up and wither, but the people are often troubled for water for household use, and have to travel great distances for the precious liquid, got from stagnant pools, many of which we passed in our drive.

The ordinary work-people in the cultivation of the soil are women, who are to be seen in every field hard at work, their long flowing dress tucked up at the waist. In the cane or vegetable field they have spade or hoe in hand, working in a manner that should be a disgrace to the lazier sex.

In the parish of St. John's the soil is reddish, and though good of its kind, is not at all deep, so that, little more than a spade down, you come to solid rock. Nevertheless, as we approach the Bulkley sugar-mills, we see magnificent mahogany and flambeaux trees lining the road and standing in clumps, also the stately palms. There is the cabbage and the cocoa palm. The spike at the top of the cabbage-palm, which is in reality a new leaf coming out, always points towards the East, whatever part of the island you are in, and in all the West Indies. The stem of the cabbage-palm is quite straight, while the cocoanut-palm is always bent.

Windmills abound throughout the island. We see natives of all sizes and sexes carrying the sugar-cane to be crushed, as in England the corn is ground by mill-owners for the small growers.

We also pass by fields of corn, not to be confounded with the well-known Indian corn or maize; it grows quite differently. The head of it is a large clump of small seeds with brown husks, the size of a split pea, each containing a little ball of flour.

The characteristic and universal white costume of the female natives of Barbadoes is in striking contrast to the brilliancy of colour in the Indian, Burmese, or Eastern native generally; in fact, what with the white roads and the white dresses, the eye becomes quite tired of white, and longs for colour. The roads all over the island are made of a rock or stone that is quite soft when dug out, but which becomes very hard after exposure to the air. The houses in the towns are built of this rock, and the older the house is, the harder is the stone; it very much resembles chalk when first dug out of the quarry, but very soon becomes as hard as granite.

Approaching the parish of Saint George's by the road on high ground—we can almost imagine we are in Hampshire but for the absence of the hedges—we now pass the residence of Mr. Archibald Pyle, the Speaker of the House of Commons of Barbadoes; and so English are the house and grounds that once more we are reminded of old England. In the distance are what appear like little country farmsteads dotted all about, but on close inspection they turn out to be sugar-cane crushing-mills, with the owners' and labourers' houses.

Still driving on through lanes of sugar-cane, which forms the only hedges in the island, we pass the residence of Mr. Sealy, which is seven miles from town. Orchards abound, and enormous quantities of shaddocks and tree fruits of all kinds are growing in them. Demerara people may well boast of Georgetown in comparison with Bridgetown; but the country in Barbadoes is very charming, while that around Georgetown consists simply of mud flats.

We now arrive at St. John's Church, and as we descend from the carriage, we almost step on to a tombstone under the porch, with an inscription recording the death of a young married lady in 1666. There is a beautiful pulpit in this little country church—made of different kinds of Barbadian woods, exquisitely carved by native workmen. Close by this church, and between us and the sea, is a spring which supplies Bridgetown with water and which is conveyed over fifteen miles in pipes.

Leaving the church we continue our drive, and come up with women and donkey-carts laden with sugar-cane. The women had been to some sugar estate and have bought sugar-cane, which they retail in the town at a halfpenny a stick, this being a very favourite food or sweetmeat of the natives. The sticks are about four feet long; the leaves of the sugar-cane are collected and piled in enormous heaps and allowed to rot, which is said to make the very finest manure. It is also used when green as food for horses and cattle.

Very soon we come in sight of Bissex-hill Police-station. I only mention this from the fact that a curious custom is observed here, and at all police-stations throughout the island. Clocks are very scarce, and to enable the country folk to know the time a black ball is run up at a quarter to nine; at nine o'clock precisely, a signal is given from the head police-office in Bridgetown, and the black balls drop all over the country, and children may then be seen running to school.

AUSTRALIAN CITY AND SUBURBAN INVESTMENT AND BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

REGISTERED UNDER "THE COMPANIES' STATUTE, 1864."

CAPITAL £5,000,000, IN 2,500,000 SHARES OF £2 EACH.

First Issue: 1,400,000 Shares, of which 900,000 are Issued Paid Up to £1, in Part Payment of Purchase Money, and 500,000 Shares are now Issued for Subscription, Payable—5s. on Application; 5s. on Allotment; 5s. at Three Months; 5s. at Six Months.
The various Instalments of Shares may be Paid under Discount at the Rate of Six Per Cent per Annum.

Directors:

THE HON. ALFRED DEAKIN, M.P., Chairman. | ORLANDO FENWICK, Esq., J.P.
THE HON. JAMES BELL, M.L.C. | J. M'A. HOWDEN, Esq.
G. W. TAYLOR, Esq., J.P., will join the Board after Allotment.

POWER IS TAKEN TO APPOINT A DIRECTORATE IN LONDON.

General Manager: FREDERICK PALMER, Esq.

Bankers:

COMMERCIAL BANK OF AUSTRALIA, LIMITED.
NATIONAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA.

Registered Offices: No. 20, COLLINS-STREET WEST.

Solicitors: MESSRS. FINK, BEST, and P. D. PHILLIPS.

Brokers:

THE MERCANTILE, FINANCE, TRUSTEES, AND AGENCY COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA, LIMITED, 46, ELIZABETH-STREET.

THIS COMPANY is formed to acquire from G. W. TAYLOR, ESQ., the extensive properties set out in the Schedule hereafter appearing, and comprising the magnificent area of 35,024 Acres, OR THEREABOUTS, and to carry on the business of a PROPERTY, FINANCE and BANKING COMPANY, as empowered by its Memorandum of Association annexed.

LAND INVESTMENT is known in all countries to be the most assured and permanent of all investments, and property secured within a reasonable radius from any great centre, and possessing facilities for easy communication, must always command an adequate return. In connection with the commercial metropolis of Australia this must always be so. This continent has now a limited but ever-increasing population, but it has few places marked out by Nature for great centres. Melbourne, by its position, climate, and other natural advantages, occupies the prominent place, and is so situated that it must grow with the growth of the country and commonwealth. Consequently any institution based upon landed property, possessing the above characteristics, must participate in the steady advancement which necessarily follows the increase of population and growth of the nation.

Unlike other INVESTMENT and FINANCE COMPANIES, this one begins operations under more than ordinarily favourable auspices through having already secured the Properties referred to.

THE PROPERTIES have been specially selected with regard to the future development of favoured districts upon a comprehensive scale, and combine in one company the advantages arising from large interests in various localities.

Situated in the leading progressive suburban districts, large interests are held along the sea coast from BRIGHTON to MORDIALLOC—in the east in CAULFIELD, GLEN IRIS, OAKLEIGH, and the surrounding neighbourhood; in the north-east PRESTON is well represented; in the north ESSENDON, PASCOE VALE, and the adjacent country commands a leading place. Valuable areas are also held in LILLYDALE, DANDENONG, BERWICK, BACCHUS MARSH, and other advancing neighbourhoods within easy distance from the metropolis. On the whole, there is such a variety and selection that has, perhaps, never before been attained.

Under one administration, every want can be supplied—SEASIDE RESORTS, SUBURBAN and COUNTRY RESIDENCES may be obtained upon reasonable terms—ample powers being taken for granting special facilities to those acquiring any portion of the company's property, and giving them every advantage in connection with their improvements.

In the Articles of Association full powers are taken to carry on the business of a PROPERTY, MORTGAGE, and LAND BANK, in addition to providing for all requirements in connection with the development, improvement, and gradual disposal of this great Estate.

The organisation of this Company for business is complete, and no delay will take place in its beginning its operations. For its obligations in connection with these purchases, COMPLETE FINANCIAL ARRANGEMENTS have been made.

THIS COMPANY is launched under exceptional circumstances through the very large interest which Mr. Taylor retains in it. In addition to retaining so large an interest THE VENDOR GUARANTEES A DIVIDEND OF EIGHT PER CENT PER ANNUM FOR THREE YEARS, lodging with the Company 250,000 Shares as security.

THE POSSIBILITIES of this Company may oe measured by the operations of existing LAND and PROPERTY INVESTMENT COMPANIES upon a more limited scale, which have been highly successful, as indicated by the following schedule of the leading institutions:—

Name.	Paid up Value of Share.	Market Price.	Last Dividend, per Cent per Annum.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
Australian Property and Investment Company	5 0 0	11 7 6	17½
Colonial Investment and Agency Company	1 0 0	2 16 6	25
Freehold Investment and Banking Company	3 0 0	15 7 6	23
General Land Company	5 0 0	12 10 0	30
Henry Arnold Company	5 0 0	14 0 0	15
Real Estate Bank	2 10 0	8 10 0	30
Victorian Land Company	0 10 0	2 0 0	12½

THE WHOLE OF THESE PROPERTIES, which have been valued by Messrs. FRASER and COMPANY, LIMITED, and Messrs. GEMMELL, TUCKETT and COMPANY, as per copy valuation annexed, which amounts to £4,524,416 1s. 4d. as security, have been secured for the sum of £3,850,000.

THE DIRECTORS HAVE FURTHER ARRANGED THAT THE SUM OF £500,000 SHALL BE RETAINED BY THE COMPANY out of the purchase money, which shall constitute a RESERVE for the benefit of all the Shareholders. This AMOUNT may be applied by the Directors in FURTHERANCE OF THE COMPANY'S OBJECTS.

A SPECIAL APPROPRIATION is made by the vendor of £50,000 for the construction of either RAILWAYS OR TRAMWAYS through or adjacent to the properties of the Company which may, by this means, in the opinion of the management be best advanced.

THESE SPECIAL APPROPRIATIONS to RESERVE AND FOR RAILWAY PURPOSES make a TOTAL of £550,000. The company thus starts at once with a LARGE RESERVE, in addition to the large deduction from the VALUATIONS OF TWO OF THE LEADING VALUATORS, whose certificates are attached, and upon unequalled conditions as to its future operations.

THERE ARE NO PREFERENTIAL OR FULLY PAID UP SHARES, AND THE VENDOR PAYS ALL CHARGES EXCEPTING USUAL BROKERAGE AND LEGAL EXPENSES.

It is proposed at a later stage to offer an issue of shares upon the London market, and power is taken to establish a London directorate, as well as machinery for the investment of British capital in the business of the Company. Mr. G. W. Taylor is going to London shortly, and his services will be utilised there to the best advantage.

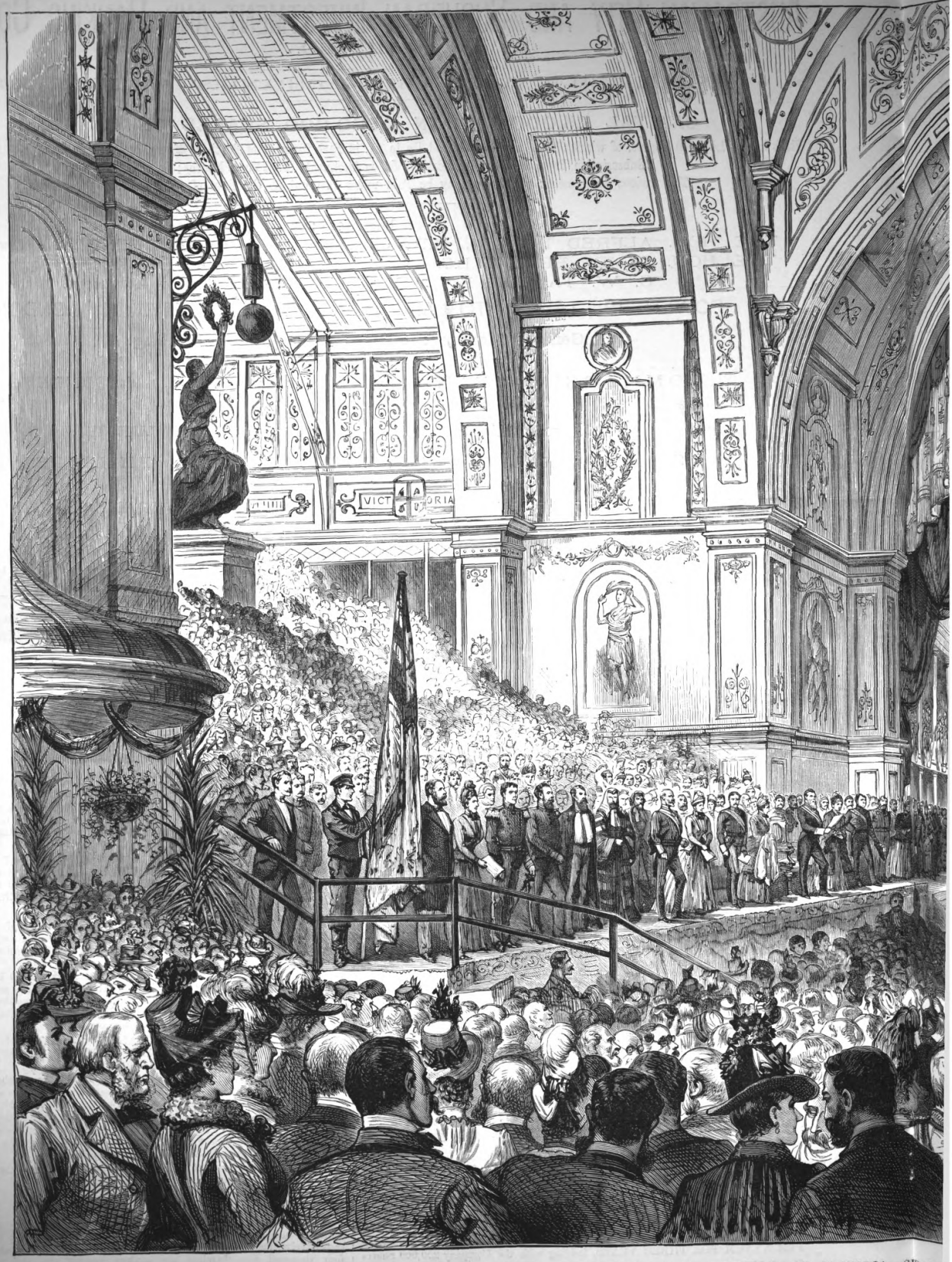
Detail Plans of the Properties and Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company may be inspected at the offices of the Company, No. 20, Collins-street West, where all additional information will be supplied.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from the brokers, or from any members of the stock exchanges of Melbourne.

VALUATORS' CERTIFICATE.

We have carefully inspected the whole of the properties contained in this schedule, and declare the marketable value to be the amount set opposite each respectively, and making a total of four millions five hundred and twenty-four thousand four hundred and sixteen pounds one shilling and fourpence (£4,524,416 1s. 4d.). (Signed) FRASER AND CO., LIMITED.
(Wm. Lamb Smith, Managing Director.)

Melbourne, 29th June, 1888. (Signed) GEMMELL, TUCKETT, and CO.



OPENING OF THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION: THE GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA, SIR H.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST,



IR H. B. LOCH, DECLARING THE EXHIBITION OPEN IN THE QUEEN'S NAME.

ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

NOVELS.

Eve. By the Author of "John Herring," "Mehalah," &c. Two vols. (Chatto and Windus).—The harsh drawing of characters, and the grotesque fatalism of the plot, in some of this author's stories, affect us like an uncomfortable dream. He has a forcible grasp of strange situations, and works out the predestined course of errors and consequent sufferings with relentless energy; but there is no harmony in his lights and shadows, as of open daylight; it is a phantasmagoria of violent action, of implacable conflict, unrelieved by the softening influences that temper human life. A quaint company of persons more or less related to each other by ties of kindred is here presented. There is not one "Eve," but three, of successive generations, though only the youngest is living. Her grandmother, the first Eve, was a strolling actress, whose beauty, when she danced in Totnes Marketplace, fascinated Ezekiel Babb, the woollen-manufacturer of Buckfastleigh. Having been taken by him to wife, she ran away from him, leaving her child, the second Eve, who ran away from her father seventeen years later to become an actress in her turn. This second Eve, while travelling with the theatrical company, fell sick on the road between Launceston and Plymouth, and was left in the house of Mr. Ignatius Jordan, a retired, studious, helpless widower, occupying Morwell Lodge, on the banks of the Tamar. She remained with him, though not legally married, giving birth to the third Eve, whom we find a pretty, silly, childish girl, with an "artistic temperament," fond of gay dressing, of music and dancing, and eager to go to town and to see theatres, or even to figure on the stage. The vein of such frivolity and vanity, running through all these three Eves, is extremely obnoxious both to old Ezekiel Babb, a hard miser and a fanatical Calvinist, and to Mr. Jordan, an austere Roman Catholic, devoted to rustic seclusion, and of a gloomy, dismal temper. Eve the second, whom he had treated as a wife, having privately exchanged with her some religious vow of mutual fidelity in a ruined ancient chapel, suddenly disappears just at the beginning of this story. He allows it to be supposed that she has, like Eve the first, eloped from her home with an actor; but the truth is that he has shot her dead, in a fit of jealousy; and we see him first, an hour after, cleaning his gun, which he lays down across the cradle of her babe, the innocent and unconscious Eve the third. Just then, old Babb comes in, to ask what has become of his daughter; and Mr. Jordan lends him fifteen hundred pounds, without security, to buy some fields, on a bare promise of repayment after seventeen years. This money is intended for the dowry of the infant Eve, No. 3, who grows up in Mr. Jordan's melancholy old house, tenderly cared for by her elder half-sister Barbara, a wise, brave, and steadfast young person. Now the "dramatis personæ" are reinforced by three new characters, arriving by the lonely road over Dartmoor, and introduced to those two young ladies by the stumbling of a horse, which consigns a young man, grievously hurt, to Miss Jordan's nursing care. These three brothers, Jasper, Martin, and Watt, are Miss Eve's uncles, little as she knows it; for they are the sons of old Ezekiel Babb and of Eve the first. The unfortunate second Eve was their sister; but it is some time before even Mr. Jordan knows who they are, for Buckfastleigh is distant, and he never had much correspondence with old Mr. Babb. The trio is oddly assorted: Jasper is good, unselfish, and discreet; Martin is a handsome rascal, who has robbed his father of the £1500 put by to repay Mr. Jordan's loan, has been prosecuted for the theft and sent to penal servitude, but has escaped from Prince's Town prison; Watt is a Flibbert-i'-gibbet, and an elfin imp, one of those ugly dwarfs known in romantic fiction who lurk among trees and caves, hooting like owls, and pop out to frighten the girls by making faces and uttering hideous threats. But he plays the fiddle, and can talk of the Italian opera; he adores Martin, who is an eloquent tragedian and has fine eyes and an aquiline nose; while Jasper, who is also musical, assists Watt in contriving Martin's escape from prison. Jasper does more: the convict's prison dress being left at Morwell, while Jasper is lying there with a broken head, he tells Miss Jordan that it belongs to him, in order to divert pursuit from his brother Martin. Some novelists do not perceive that deceit is not the less immoral when an innocent person takes on himself the reproach of crime in order to screen the guilty. Miss Jordan, hating and dreading Jasper at first, will not betray his secret, and cannot therefore prevent her father engaging him as confidential steward. Eve, who has not an ounce of heart or brains, soon runs wild, to the distress of her father and sister, puts on a stage-dancer's fancy costume, which had been left by her mother, and skips about to the sound of her tambourine. She can sing all the airs in Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and Weber's "Preciosa," and is mad for the opera; worse than all, she secretly meets the unprincipled Martin, who does not know that she is his niece, and who persuades her to elope with him. An attempt is made to bind her in matrimonial captivity to Mr. Coyshe, the country doctor, who is a conceited professional braggart and sordid fortune-hunter, but this proposal is a failure. The prison warders, police, and parish constables, summoned by Mr. Jordan, presently surrounding the house, seize Martin and lock him up; but they are made drunk, one regrets to see, by the connivance of the virtuous Barbara, who is now in love with Jasper, and Martin gets away by a hole in the roof. Mr. Jordan, who has accidentally wounded himself with a scythe, stealthily arises, loads his fatal old gun, and crawls to a rock overhanging the Tamar, in pursuit of Martin and Eve. He shoots Martin, who grasps Eve and falls over the precipice with her. People come to look after them; Watt is killed in descending the rocks; Mr. Jordan dies on the spot, after confessing his murder of Eve the second; but Eve the third is saved alive, though doomed to be a hopeless cripple. Jasper and Barbara marry, a short time afterwards, the family curse having spent its fury, and Morwell becomes a home of peace, with another baby in it, bearing still the name of "Eve."

The Academician. By Henry Erroll, Author of "An Ugly Duckling." Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—That extreme moral depravity, of a base and sordid quality, is compatible with the fine æsthetic perception, the creative imagination, and the consummate technical skill of a great artist, will scarcely be denied. The wicked lives of several of the famous Italian painters and sculptors of the Renaissance period were conspicuous even amidst the almost unequalled general immorality of their age and country. In portraying the character of an imaginary villain, standing high in the ranks of modern English artists, and enthusiastically devoted to the successful practice of his noble profession, the clever author of this story has undertaken a naturally painful subject. Yet we cannot say that it is an absolute outrage to conceive of such a man as Stephen Baring, an eminent member of the Royal Academy in London of the present day, being not merely a vicious egotist, a cunning hypocrite and dissembler, addicted to coarse and vile habits of secret profligacy, but a greedy miser, a domestic tyrant, and capable of intending the most heinous crimes. It is but too true that the talent for no professional career, not the holiest and most exalted in public esteem, is a positive security against private vice in its unfaithful possessor. The gallant soldier, the eloquent and sagacious statesman, the scientific physician, the seeming saintly priest, the scholar, the philosopher, may possibly be one of the meanest of mankind. Such a deplorable example is "the Academician" of this rather unpleasant fiction, which has a plot contrived with much strength of grasp, and not deficient in romantic interest, but in which the really attractive characters are those of women, represented as struggling against the selfishness and injustice of men. "Henry Erroll" must be a lady writer, though she affects a knowledge of male dissipation which many novelists of the more refined sex would prefer to disavow. The plot is not too complicated for summary recapitulation. Mabel Moore, a noble-minded young person with aspirations to the study and mission of Art, living in the house of her stepfather and her mother, Mr. and Mrs. Chesham, has a friend, Constance Durant, an orphan heiress of £20,000, a pretty, childish, innocent girl, who becomes the wife and victim of Mr. Baring, R.A., a man nearly old enough to be her father. As there is no marriage settlement, and nothing is known of the Married Women's Property Act, Mr. Baring takes every shilling of her money, and keeps his wretched, squalid household under the control of a grim old aunt in the dirty kitchen, who grudges cold mutton or red herring, or a tallow candle for the bed-room, to the unhappy young wife. No society or amusement is allowed her, and she finds herself a starved, penniless, neglected prisoner in her husband's home, a fine town mansion which he has built, with a grand studio and show-rooms containing artistic adornments, splendid hangings, and rare old-fashioned carved-oak furniture, merely to attract customers for his paintings. It might be objected to the likelihood of this manner of living, that a very shrewd London artist, eager to win fame and fortune, would see the advantage of a handsome employment of the large additional income brought to him by this marriage, and of the charming presence of his wife; he would furnish the drawing-room for her, give nice dinners, attend to dress, invite fashionable company, and practise the social arts of pleasing which help towards professional success. Mr. Baring, however, sticking to his former tastes and habits as a rude "Bohemian" and a grubby old bachelor, content for his own part with a ragged coat, a scrap of any cheap food, a pipe of tobacco, and a glass of whisky-and-water, denies Constance everything of comfort or elegance to which she has been used. We do not think a man of his worldly ambition would adopt such a course, under the circumstances, however selfish, cruel, and avaricious he might be; and, though he has no love for his wife, he is very anxious to avoid scandal when she attempts to run away from him. Presently, wishing to get rid of her, but afraid to commit a murder, he engages as her lady's maid a person named Mary Reid, a cast-off mistress of his youth, who conspires with him, while they are in Paris, to carry her to London and shut her up in strict confinement, under the threat of being put in a lunatic asylum, when he gives out that she has died of cholera and is buried in the cemetery of Père La Chaise. On his return to London, this artful monster of the Royal Academy makes love to Mabel Moore, whose face he admires and whose companionship would be serviceable in his professional business. She regards Baring with worshipping reverence, as she does not believe that he has ever treated Constance unkindly; but a previous attachment to Hubert Durant, the brother of Constance, prevents her accepting Baring's offer of marriage. It is an amazing notion that a man in Baring's position should propose to run the risk of bigamy while his lawful wife, whom everybody had known, was in London forcibly detained by his accomplice in a private dwelling. The situation could not last long, in any case; Mary Reid, in a secret conference with Baring, declines or evades a suggestion that she should contrive the death of Constance; but that unfortunate young lady becomes very ill, and a medical man is called in, who happens to be her own cousin, Dr. Harry Lockyer. Her brother Hubert's suspicions have already been aroused, and with the aid of a French colleague, Victor Barthélemy, inquiries are being made which tend to disprove Baring's story of her death in Paris. She is now released, but in a dying condition, from the clutches of Mary Reid, and Baring's wickedness is exposed, though his punishment is described no farther than Mabel's showing him, with silent anger, the dead body of his betrayed and almost murdered wife. The relations between Mabel and Hubert are of secondary importance; but it may be observed that Hubert, being also an artist, has fallen into disgrace with Mabel by abusing his talents, as the Frenchman's instigation, in producing sensational pictures of a bad and corrupt style; and that he is not forgiven until after some time and due repentance of his fault. In the Chesham family there is a husband whose pompous egotism and valetudinarian caprices, obsequiously served by a timid wife, are humorously portrayed; so that the balance of merits as between the two sexes is vastly against the men, and in favour of the women, except Mary Reid, in the summing up of this remarkable novel. In its predecessor, "The Ugly Duckling," we judged it to be all the other way.

The Mystery of Askdale. By Edith Heraud. One vol. (Digby and Long).—The daughter of that well-known literary veteran, the late Mr. J. A. Heraud, poet, critic, and philosopher, Miss Heraud has earned for herself a share of public esteem in dramatic and literary circles, predisposing some readers to a favourable reception of this short story. Its theme, if not quite new, being the concealed existence of a lady dwelling in the shut-up apartments of a large country-house, and by rumoured occasional glimpses of her presence giving rise to a belief that the mansion is haunted by a ghost, has been skilfully treated by the authoress, and is combined with the incident of a blind girl recognising by his voice the man who killed her father some years before. Mrs. Sedley, whose ghost was long supposed to abide in the rooms that she had inhabited in her lifetime, was the victim of false suspicions of infidelity to her husband, the Squire of Askdale. She died in childbirth, after being expelled from his house; but her child, a daughter, was reared in secret by Mrs. Grantley, the housekeeper, who brought her up in those rooms, Mr. Sedley being kept ignorant of the fact. The blind girl, Agatha, niece of the wife of a neighbouring innkeeper, constantly visited Mrs. Grantley, and was the hidden young lady's companion. Agatha was with her father, Paul Lemiere, when he was carrying a sum of money from the bank, and when he was knocked down by one of two robbers on a lonely road. Hearing again the murderer's voice, as a stranger calls at the inn, she tracks him to a cottage, where he, one Robert Landon, with his accomplice, is devising a new villainy. This Landon, formerly steward to Mr. Sedley, and cousin to Mrs. Sedley, against whom he had then intrigued, being now aware of the existence of the daughter, and having the means of proving her legitimacy, designs to carry her off that he may extort ransom. How the plot is baffled, how the family mystery is revealed, how the Squire owns his daughter, how Agatha's eyesight is restored by a surgical operation, and what happy marriages are promised in conclusion, let Miss Heraud tell in her own way. The reader will find in this tale rather interesting occupation for a couple of hours.



NEW LIBRARY OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END-ROAD.

PROGRESS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

Perhaps the lamented Prince, the late Duke of Albany, was right in saying that "the greatness of a nation must be measured, not alone by its wealth and apparent power, but by the degree in which its people have learned together, in the great world of books, of art, and of nature, pure and ennobling joys." If this be true, the establishment of the People's Palace in East London was a greater national benefit than the annexation of a new province to the British Empire. No territorial conquest in our times has been immediately followed by such ready and glad acceptance on the part of a vast population, as this social conquest of frank goodwill and liberal assistance, of wise design, comprehensive knowledge, and diligent administration—above all, of genuine human sympathy—by which Sir Edmund Hay Currie and his colleagues of the Beaumont trust have won the hearts, and are effectually improving the minds, of myriads of the working classes. Three hundred thousand visitors, each paying twopence in the day-time or one penny in the evening, have within six weeks come to see the exhibition of paintings, opened early in August by the Duchess of Albany, which was closed on Sept. 15; an Exhibition which any lover of modern Art would think it worth while to see, comprising fifteen of the works of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and others by Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A., the late Mr. Poole, R.A., Mr. Faed, R.A., Mr. Calderon, R.A., Mr. H. Moore, A.R.A., Mr. McWhirter, R.A., Miss Clara Montalba, and many more artists of recognised merit. The Catalogue itself, with its admirably written copious notes, giving clear, exact, and impressive explanations of the subject of every picture, is delightful and instructive reading; and it proves that the managers of this exhibition have taken more thought and pains than was ever done before to aid the understanding of such works. In so doing, they have paid a high and deserved compliment to the serious intelligence of English men and women of the working classes, who would not be content, like too many ignorant visitors to the Royal Academy and other fashionable exhibitions, with the mere pleasure of the eye.

This exhibition was placed in the Queen's Hall and in the New Library: we have now to speak of the latter building, which was completed and opened a few months ago. The Queen's Hall—or the Hall of Queens, adorned as it is with the statues of twenty-two Queens famous in the world's history—is already known to be one of the finest halls in London, unsurpassed at least in the completeness of its decorations.

Its magnificence was worthy of a hall in which Queen Victoria met her people on the day of its opening; but it was the idea of the founders of the People's Palace, though building in Whitechapel, that nothing could be too good for the people; and when that splendid hall is filled, as it often is, with an audience of 5000 persons, men, women, and children, intently listening to fine music—if it be only that of the organ, admirably played by blind Mr. Hollins, a pupil of the Norwood School for the Blind—no one can deny that it is occupied for a worthy purpose. The collection of books, numbering at present about 20,000 volumes, has been removed from the Queen's Hall into the New Library built at the rear, the interior of which is shown in our Illustration. It is octagonal in shape, 75 ft. long and broad, and 52 ft. high from floor to roof; the design is singularly elegant and agreeable, doing much credit to the architect, Mr. E. R. Robson, of Palace-chambers, Bridge-street, Westminster, who was also the architect of the Queen's Hall and the other buildings of the People's Palace. For practical use as a Public Library, it is planned like the Reading-room of the British Museum; but newspapers, reviews, and magazines are laid on its tables; while the dispensation of books, from an enclosing counter in the centre, is managed by young ladies, under the direction of Miss Black. Below the Library, there will be another reading-room of equal extent, and there will be a smaller reading-room at the side. If the pictures, the sculpture, and the music are appreciated by the visitors to the People's Palace, as we have seen, not less freely and constantly do they avail themselves of the Library and Reading-room. Hundreds come to read in the evenings; and on Sunday, when of course there is no charge for admission, there will be 1400 or 1500 in the morning, and twice or thrice as many in the evening, to look at the pictures, to hear the organ, or to read; and by far the greater part of these are genuine working men.

Such is the provision for intellectual entertainment, apart from direct teaching, at the People's Palace; but there is a great deal more, a great variety of rational and wholesome recreations, through the association of members in 'the Palace Institute," and in their different "clubs," the chess and draughts playing club, the debating society, the choral society, the orchestral and military bands, the Art Society and the sketching club, the literary club, the dramatic club, the photographic society, and the Girls' Social Club; not to mention the cricket, lawn-tennis, football, swimming, Harriers', Ramblers', cyclists', billiard-players', gymnastic, boxing, and other clubs; each of which clubs is managed by its own members without interference. The gymnasium, under an excellent teacher, is doing much for the physical and athletic training of boys and men; and there is a separate gymnasium for women or girls. The swimming-bath, 90 ft. long, the gift of Lord Rosebery, is one of the best in London, and the cheapest in England artificially provided; the water is changed daily, and the floor and sides of the bath scrubbed, as is scarcely done in any other for public use.

We have not yet told half what there is in this marvellous People's Palace, and must defer some account of the department of direct instruction, which might be styled the People's Palace College; the Technical and Handicraft Schools, endowed by the Drapers' Company of London, already attended by four hundred pupils; the Science classes, the Art and Design classes, the laboratories for chemistry and electricity, the engineers', carpenters', smiths', and metal-workers' shops, the music classes, the grammar, writing, arithmetic, French, and German classes, and the classes for girls, in needlework, dress-making, millinery, and cookery. The eastern wing, with upper floors and corridors, is approaching completion, at the cost of the Drapers' Company, and will be opened some time in October. During the summer months the People's Palace and its rather extensive grounds—which will ultimately be converted into a pleasant garden—with the gymnasium and several large temporary buildings, have been the scene of a daily and nightly festival, attracting several hundred thousand visitors, whole families coming together. In one building, 200 ft. long, beautiful plants and flowers were arranged on both sides, forming a delightful promenade; and here, at Christmas, will be a wondrous imitation of an ice-cave, with a Santa Claus bestowing pretty gifts on all children good or naughty. The spacious gymnasium, with an orchestra at one side, became a promenade concert-hall, illuminated at night by variegated Chinese lanterns. A steam merry-go-round, with beautiful horses to ride, to the sound of steam-organ music, afforded great delight to the youngsters. The People's Palace has witnessed continual opportunities of enjoyment for several months past, and at a price within reach of the poorest of the labouring classes.

IMPERIAL BRITISH EAST AFRICA COMPANY.

The *Gazette* publishes the charter granted to the Imperial British East Africa Company, upon a petition to her Majesty in Council. The charter is granted to Mr. William Mackinnon, Lord Brassey, General Sir Donald Stewart, Sir John Kirk, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., Mr. Robert Palmer Harding, and Mr. George Sutherland Mackenzie, the petitioners. The objects of the petitioners were set forth to be the promotion of trade, commerce, and good government in the territories and regions comprised in certain concessions to and treaties with the British East Africa Association by the Sultan of Zanzibar and sundry chiefs and tribes. The charter binds the Company to remain British in character and domicile, and to have its principal office in Great Britain, its principal representative in East Africa, and all the directors being British subjects, and to discourage the slave trade and slavery. Any difference between the Company and the Sultan of Zanzibar, chiefs, or tribes, is to be submitted to the Secretary of State for decision.

OPIUM-SMOKING.

The Colonial Surgeon of Hong-Kong, in the course of his report for the past year, refers to the subject of opium-smoking, and especially to the consequences to confirmed smokers of being deprived of the pipe while in jail. He says the experience obtained in the Hong-Kong Jail is that the habit of opium-smoking is far less deleterious than spirit-drinking. Old confirmed smokers were found to have preserved a good appetite and healthy digestion, and it was further found that the suffering attendant on the deprivation of opium, which is not allowed to anyone in the prison, was not more than in the case of a tobacco-smoker deprived of his pipe. There was no evidence of suffering from the deprivation, though opium in any form is carefully excluded, and, though they are subject to exactly the same diet as all other prisoners, they remain of the average weight. "Opium-smoking, held forth as the Chinaman's greatest vice, is certainly not to be compared in its evil effects with the European vice of spirit-drinking, a habit to which the Chinese, as a nation, are not given."

OLD MEETING-HOUSE AT LAMBETH: BUNYAN'S PULPIT.

The quaint old building of which we give an Illustration, and which has just been pulled down, stood in Lambeth-road, opposite St. Mary's Church. It was doubtless the remains of what must at one time have been a famous hostelry. In the



JOHN BUNYAN'S PULPIT, FORMERLY IN THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE AT LAMBETH.

courtyard of this old inn "Lambeth Fayre" was held; and the immediate neighbourhood has associations of much historical interest. No doubt the old building stood there in 1641, when the London apprentices attacked Lambeth Palace opposite and tried to capture Archbishop Laud. Close to this old building, too, Mary of Modena, Queen of James II., rested in 1688, when she fled from the palace on the other side of the river, disguised as an Italian washerwoman, with her infant son in her arms. During a long period the upper room of this old building was a Nonconformist meeting-place, and in comparatively recent years it was the scene of much useful and unselfish labour. For many years this old "meeting-room" contained the pulpit of John Bunyan. This pulpit had been removed from the old Nonconformist meeting-house in Zoar-street, Southwark, where Bunyan used to go when he visited London, and where he was allowed to deliver his discourses, by favour of his friend, Dr. Thomas Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, to whom the old Southwark house belonged. It is not known what has become of this old pulpit.

Mr. Watts, of Messrs. Doulton and Watts, founded here a ragged school, which was frequently taught by Mr. W. R. Selway, now a prominent member of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Here Mrs. Carlile, the founder of the "Band of Hope" movement, taught a class of children, and the room might almost be called the birthplace of the Temperance movement on the Surrey side, as it was the scene of the labours of Meredith, Howlett, and other pioneers of Teetotalism. John Mountford, one of the most zealous followers of the Rev. Rowland Hill, held together a congregation in this old building until his death at an advanced age. Recently the old building was a coffee-shop, and a coffee tavern will be erected on the site.

The Dean and Chapter are about to restore the Chapter House of Lincoln Cathedral, at a cost of at least £7000.

According to the Board of Trade Returns, the value of the exports of British and Irish produce during August exceeded



OLD MEETING-HOUSE AT LAMBETH, LATELY DEMOLISHED.

by £1,399,460 those of the corresponding period of last year, the increase for the first eight months of the year being £11,362,298. The imports for the month show an augmentation of £307,120, and for the eight months of £13,026,743.

"Lays and Lyrics," by Clement Scott, is a recent addition to the monthly volumes of prose and verse forming Messrs. Routledge's Pocket Library. It contains many pieces which charmed at their first appearance in print, delighted still more when appropriately recited, as they frequently were, and which will be the source of further delight at many a recital.

TOURISTS IN RUSSIA.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

As I was sitting in the reading-room of the Hôtel de l'Europe at St. Petersburg, a few weeks ago, smoking miserable Russian cigarettes, and resting from the fatigue of the dreary journey from Berlin, my attention was attracted by an American voice speaking words from Murray's "Hand-book for Russia." "Moscow," said the voice, "is spread over a circumference of about twenty-five miles, its greatest length, from south-west to north-east, being nine miles, and its maximum breadth, from east to west, about six miles."

"Twenty-five miles! Great Scott! We shall want a week to see Moscow, then!"

"The profusion of churches and chapels—nearly four hundred in number"—resumed the voice of the reader.

"Four hundred churches, George! I'm sick of churches!" struck in a feminine voice. "I only wish I could find a decent candy store in this city!"

"Well, if you did find one you wouldn't know what to ask for, Jane; so you may as well help us to lay out this Moscow trip."

"You can see Moscow in two days easily," piped a sharp-faced American from another corner of the room, taking pity on his countrymen, who were poring over the guide-book. "I have just come back from there. Very little to see. Best hotel is Dussaux, where they speak English and take Cook's coupons."

"Did you get any buckwheat cakes there?"

"There aint no buckwheat cakes in all Moscow," was the reply; "and if you ask me my real opinion, I'll tell you that Moscow and Russia is no country for a white man; and I'm just going to take the express to-night, and I won't get off them cars till I am on the other side of the frontier, out of their blessed bird-cage."

"Have you not had a good time in Russia?"

"Can't have no good times when you can't read even the names of the stations," was the peevish reply. "Have to have chump-headed guides attached to one's person all the time. No; I tell you I'm sick o' Russia, and I have not had a single cocktail since I left Berlin three weeks ago. This is no country for a white man."

"Have you got your passport visad?"

"Yes. Had to wait over a day to get that done. The officials are in no hurry here. What a system! My passport is quite spoilt with their stamps and imprints, and in fees and what not it has cost me over twenty dollars already."

We need not give the conversation further. The above citation suffices to show that the tourist, and especially the American tourist of the cheapest kind, has at last penetrated into Russia. In June, July, and August St. Petersburg and Moscow are now-a-days visited by between two and three thousand Americans, and by a small sprinkling of English, and for the comfort of these travellers certain arrangements have been made. In some hotels at St. Petersburg and in one at Moscow the porter speaks English, and some of the waiters comprehend more or less. French and German are more widely understood and spoken, but it is useless to disguise the fact that the language of Russia is Russian, and without, at least, a little Russian the tourist must, as the American said, have a "chump-headed guide" attached to his person. St. Petersburg and Moscow are both vast towns; the distances from point to point are enormous; the squares are so broad that one can hardly think of walking across them; the streets measure miles in length and furlongs in width. The consequence is that in Russia nobody walks; even the kitchen-maid who goes to market to buy a cabbage or a water-melon rides in a swift droshka. Now, these droshkas are subject to no fixed tariff: in real Oriental fashion you must bargain each time you hire one. That wonderful writer, Baedeker, tells us, it is true, that we may, and ought to, abuse and even maltreat the droshka driver, who will never lose his good temper; but how can you abuse him if you cannot speak his language? In the museums, the churches, the public monuments, and the shops this same difficulty of language stands very much in the way of the tourist's comfort. The veracious guide-books affirm that in the best shops in St. Petersburg and Moscow French is spoken currently, and yet I remember one day visiting thirteen cigar-shops in the Nevsky Prospect, the Regent-street of St. Petersburg, and in not one of them was there a soul who could understand German or French, much less English.

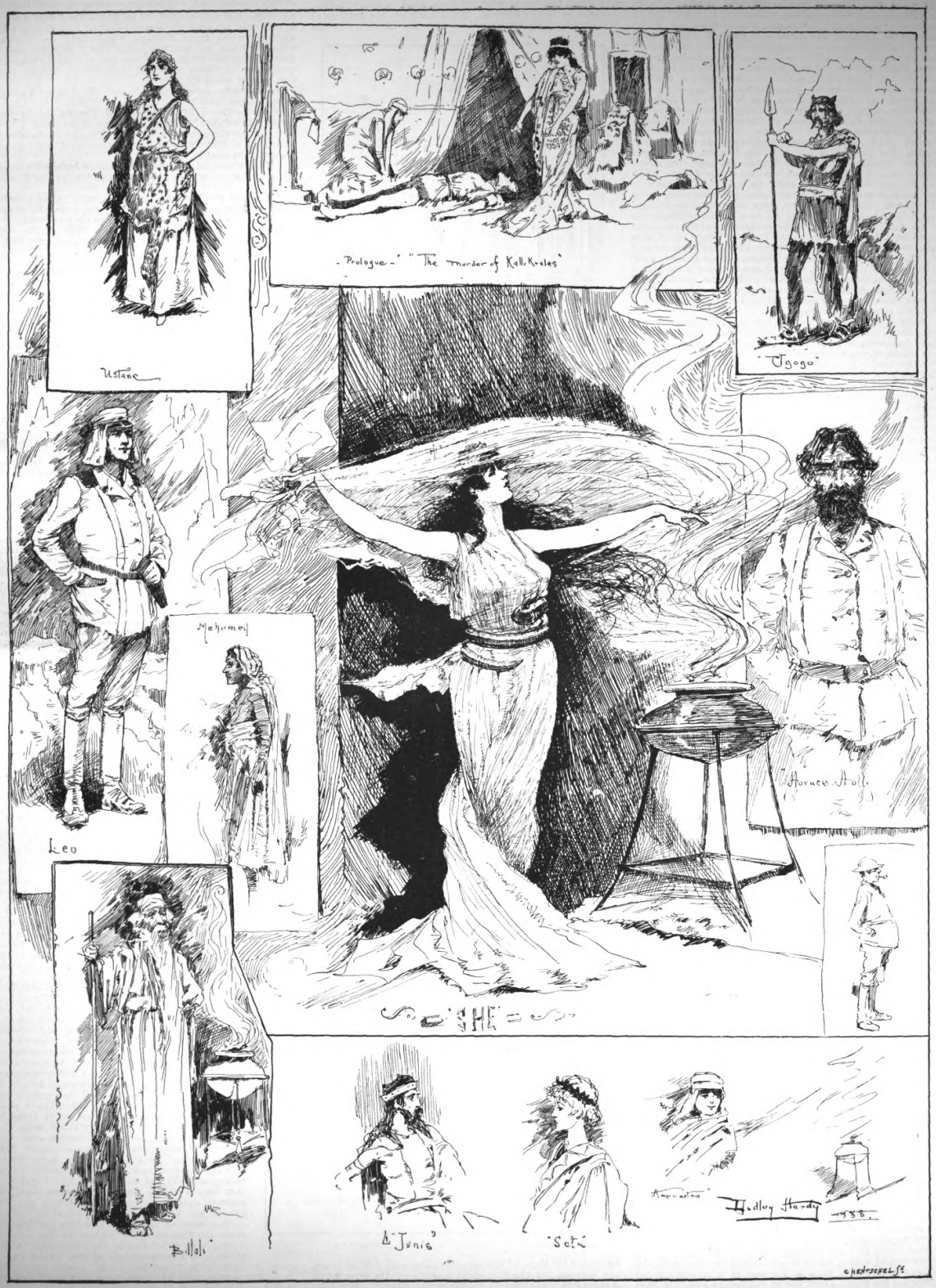
Such being the case in the capitals, what must be the state of affairs in minor towns? How delightful is the situation of the tourist who starts on a seventy-hour railway journey, in the course of which he may have to change trains four or five times, drive across towns from one station to another, explain to porters, ask information from station-masters or train-conductors, who understand nothing but the language of Gogol and Pouchkine! Remember, too, that the tourist who arrives unprepared in the country cannot read even the names of the stations, which are inscribed in Slavonic letters only. In the hotels the bill of fare is unintelligible, and communication with the waiter can only take place through pantomime.

On the other hand it must be stated that in a first-class carriage on a Russian railroad you never fail to find some passenger who speaks French, and the educated Russians seem never to tire of showing kindness and courtesy to foreigners, and piloting them through travelling difficulties. Nevertheless the tourist who ventures outside the great towns, like St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw, must know the Russian alphabet and a few necessary phrases—the more the better—otherwise he will be so worried that his journey will be anything but pleasurable, or else he will have to hire one of those "chump-headed guides" who are to be found in limited numbers in St. Petersburg and Moscow.

In reality, the stream of tourists—the vast majority of whom are Americans—scarcely flows beyond Moscow, for the present, at least. Russia does nothing to attract tourists or to facilitate their movements. To say, as our American friend does, that Russia is "no place for a white man," is, perhaps, excessive; nevertheless, I have met few tourists who were not glad to get out of it.

One note to conclude. Few foreign journals reach the Russian reader without several columns having been obliterated by the censorship. A few weeks ago, I noticed half of Mr. James Payn's genial paragraphs in "Our Note-Book" cruelly obliterated. As for the present series of observations, they will inevitably appear on the tables in Russian reading-rooms as a dismal black-ink smudge. T. C.

The Lord Mayor of London laid the foundation-stone of the new Technical Schools at Stockport of Sept. 8, with full Masonic honours. Lord Egerton of Tatton, Grand Master of the Cheshire Freemasons, was present. The friendly societies walked in the procession, and the town was gaily decorated.



"SHE," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

SEE "THE PLAYHOUSES."

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Town mouse, visiting her country sister at this season, cannot but think commiseratingly of the dull times which that poor creature must have when all that now makes the country delightful, or, indeed, one might say tolerable, will have faded with the roses and vanished with the verdure. Tennis and tea out-of-doors, swinging in a hammock in the orchard and driving to meet half the county at a garden-party, sketching and amateur photography, woodland rambles and tricycling—everything, in short, that seems to make the country enjoyable, goes with the summer. Of course, a large country-house party in winter may be merry and bright enough, but it is a question now of the resident in her own quiet home. Country mouse declares with proper spirit that her days are full of duties, making the time seem all too short. Her domestic vocations, her correspondence (it is only in the country that people have time to write letters—in town we scribble notes), her cottage and sick visiting, her management of the penny bank and the sewing club, her calls at the village school and her church work, amply occupy her days. But, no doubt, the great resource for the country in winter is needlework, both plain and fancy. It is the "stand-by" which fills up all odd crevices of leisure. To those women who can take an interest in needlework it is the most fascinating and even sedative of employments. It appears, indeed, to be to many of our sex what tobacco is to some men: a never-failing resource against *ennui* and vexation.

Those women who can find such enjoyment in the use of the needle are to be envied. There are many of us to whom the occupation is irritating in the extreme. Generally speaking, I think that the women who take much delight in sewing of any sort are those with quiet temperaments and brains not over-active. At all events, intellectual women generally have not liked the occupation. Even in the days when it was considered inevitable for all women to do much needlework—and when, indeed, it was inevitable, for there were no machines to relieve them from the positive necessity, so it was truly a female duty to sew much—even then women of active intellect could often not refrain from bearing testimony to the painfulness of the labour. Mdme. De Maintenon, the severe mentor of Louis XIV. of France, for instance, said that she wished the girls in her school for demoiselles of family at St. Cyr to do much needlework, as a salutary discipline, because it was such an unpleasant occupation, and one allowing so much scope for painful self-examination and solemn reflection. The more fortunate sisters who can delight in the mechanical action which results in the manufacture of pretty things ought to be sorry for those less happy amongst us who find that "that way madness lies." I do not observe that they are so sympathising.

Great scope is given to artistic feeling by fancy work, and as the mechanical part of it—the mere doing of the various stitches—is comparatively easily acquired, the pleasure of the achievement of making something pretty is open in this direction to many who have not leisure or training for painting, etching, or modelling. Every woman who has to live much alone does wisely to try if she can find satisfaction in the use of the needle. The several stitches once learned—chain stitch, feather stitch, coral, cross, and satin stitches, and French knots, and the rest—it is easy to combine them into broideries and designs either out of one's own head or from the innumerable patterns now procurable. Lace stitches and painting on satin are more elaborate and ambitious undertakings: but there is enough variety for most people in the many different ways in which the ordinary embroidery stitches can be utilised.

A pretty centre for a dinner-table may be made by working with coloured thread on a white linen ground, or with white cotton on an écru ground. For this purpose, a conventional pattern should be traced along each edge of a strip of linen about twelve inches wide, and a corresponding design worked rather thickly at each end—the length depending on the size of the table. This is very effective if worked either in blue or red ingrain cotton, with a second line close by everywhere in the design, of écru thread if the ground be white, or white thread if the ground be string-colour. Another dinner-table centre is more elaborate, the material being that "satin-sheeting" which, while having a surface gloss almost like silk, can yet be cleaned repeatedly. This was covered with an "all over" design of running stems and occasional leaves in blue cotton, with a little bird every here and there in raised stitch of white silk, the shape backed up and marked out from the flat white ground by being outlined with gold. Sideboard cloths are generally worked in designs to match; but in this case a coarse Russian canvas was substituted for the ground—as, of course, a sideboard cloth must be more frequently cleaned than a dinner-table centre.

Portières are made out of the roughest-looking materials, such as great common grey, blue, and brown blankets, or the rough Irish frieze, or the coarsest of serge. The colours must be well chosen to harmonise with the ground; and then these common materials become gloriously beautiful with comparatively small expenditure of time and labour, the designs being bold and the stitches chosen those which rapidly fill a large space. Sunflowers, with their leaves in the natural colours, and the hearts of the flowers brightened up with a little orange silk amongst the brown, form an effective broad bordering for a very dark red serge. A peacock-blue serge curtain looks well with embroidery in a sort of Greek key design, straight down it, in a series of rather broad lines, the colours being dark brown, in various tones, with a little intermixture of gold. "Bed-spreads" have superseded spotless counterpanes in artistic households: the "spread," of course, being only intended for day use, and being taken off, with the frilled and monogrammed "pillow-shams" that during the day cover the pillow-case, when the room is prepared for the night by the housemaid. The bed-spread is generally of silk, and is worked nearly all over with embroidery. A running design of flowers is very popular for this use, such as cornflowers and clematis in strips, on a white silk or Roman satin ground, or white roses on a red ground, &c. Geometrical shapes make very effective embroidery for this purpose. Diamonds or squares worked in white crewels, or, better still, in purse-silk on scarlet silk, may offend a severe taste, but give a not unpleasing bit of colour in a large room hung in pale neutral tints.

Enamelling with Aspinall's paint, which gives at once colour and gloss, is one of the latest workable amusements for ladies. It is having quite a run, some country houses showing rooms entirely re-painted by the mistress or her daughters in this way; while plain white wood articles are to be found in great variety in the fancy shops in London, and are specially designed to be enamelled. Tables, square, octagon, or corner, rush-seated chairs, overmantels, book-shelves, milking-stools, and a multitude of other articles are procurable in white wood. Japanese leather paper is another great resource for home decorators. It fills in the panels of doors, the fronts of coal-boxes, the skirtings beneath windows, &c., with very pleasing effect. Painted panels are popular, too—i.e., a plain ground with a flight of birds, a bunch of bulrushes, or some other easily-executed design, painted somewhat roughly across. Stencil-plates can be had for this work by ladies who cannot manage without their aid. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

M N KUKA, M.A. (Bombay).—The defence you suggest does not appear in any book because analysts have never considered it sound enough for serious notice. We would invite you to study the effect of White playing 4. Kt takes P, P to Q 4th; 5. B takes P, Q to Kt 4th; 6. P to Q B 3rd, Q takes R P; 7. Q to Q R 4th (ch), &c.

CAPT GREY (R.N.).—We have no knowledge of anyone ready to play; but if you wish we will publish your desire.

S D G.—No, there is no flaw. Look again.

MRS KELLY (Lifton).—Your solution was quite right, and duly acknowledged last week.

J BRYDEN.—Thanks for your kindly appreciation of the collection.

H B ROBERTSON.—Thanks for notice and kind offer. We shall be always glad to report the doings of the club.

GODFREY HEATHCOTE.—Thanks for problem. David Nutt, foreign bookseller, Strand, can probably supply your want.

C EDDERINGTON.—In Problem 2312 if White play 1. Kt to Q 4th, Black answers with 1. R takes P, and no mate follows.

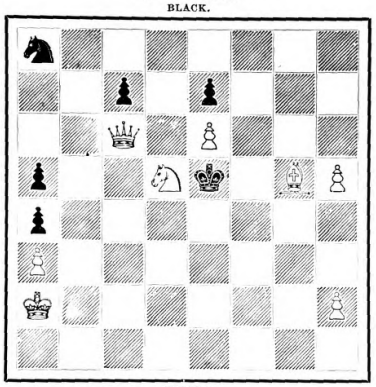
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2314 received from Dr F St and E R (Bombay); of No. 2315 from Joseph T Pullen, S B O, and P R; of No. 2316 from Major Prichard, C Etherington, Hereward, J Bryden, and P R.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2317 received from J Bryden, Mrs Kelly, Joseph T Pullen, Dr F St, A H Austen, Howard A, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Jupiter Junior, E Phillips, E Von Kornatzki, E Casella (Paris), Peterhouse, J Hepworth Shaw, E Lacy, W Hiller, Shadforth, Rev Winfield Cooper, Hereward, Dawn, E E H, R Louden, A W Hamilton Gell, P Drew, E Crane, W R Raillem, T Roberts, Ruby Rook, Julia Short, J Dixon, Colonel R Matthew, J Hall, J D Tucker (Leeds), D T (Ben Rhydding), James Sage, Colour-Sergeant H S B (Ben Rhydding), Lieutenant-Colonel Loraine, F T Horton, Carslake W Wood, Mrs W J Baird, R H Brooks, D McCoy, J A Schmucke, Thomas Chown, C E P, B Reynolds, R Worters (Canterbury), G J Veale, S B O, A Newman, J D Taylor, F W Ensor, R F N Banks, and Percival.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2315.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K 8th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly	

PROBLEM No. 2319.
By J. W. ABBOTT.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in four moves.

BRITISH CHESS CONGRESS.

Game played in the Masters' Tournament between
Herr VON BARDELEBEN and Mr. POLLOCK.
(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Herr B.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K B 4th
2. Q Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 4th
3. B to B 4th	P to K 3rd
4. P to K 3rd	K Kt to B 3rd
5. Kt to B 3rd	

Premature. He should have prevented the opposing Kt from occupying his K 4th by B to Q 3rd.

5.	B to Kt 5th
6. P to Q R 3rd	B takes Kt (ch)
7. P takes B	Kt to K 5th
8. Kt to Q 2nd	

White's last few moves have steadily cramped his game, but this seriously jeopardises it. Kt to K 5th would have recovered lost ground, and considerably improved his position.

8.	Kt takes Q B P
9. Q to R 5th (ch)	P to Kt 3rd
10. Q to R 6th	Q to K 2nd
11. P to K R 4th	

Wasting time on an attack with no force to support it. Why not bring out the K B and then Castle?

11.	R to Kt sq
12. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K 5th
13. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
14. B takes Kt	

All this leaves the Queen's side dangerously weak.

14.	B P takes B
15. Kt to K 5th	Kt takes Kt
16. B takes Kt	B to Q 2nd
17. Q to Kt 5th	Q to B 2nd
18. Q R to Kt sq	

His efforts to draw being frustrated, and his onslaught exhausted, a diversion is sought on the Queen's flank. Black

WHITE (Herr B.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)

continues with admirable judgment and coolness.

18.	K R to B sq
19. Q to Kt 3rd	

White's forces are most curiously out of play, and he ought here to have taken advantage of the opportunity to Castle. He altogether ignores the gathering counter attack.

19.	B to B 3rd
20. B takes P	Q to Q 2nd
21. P to R 5th	

Returning to the offensive, when he can at best hope for a draw. Q to Q 6th was his last chance of staving off defeat.

21.	P to K Kt 4th
22. R to K 5th	B to Kt 4th
23. Q takes P	B to R 3rd
24. B to B 4th	

The object of this is not easy to see. Q to Kt 7th seems the best move at command.

24.	Q R to B sq
25. R to Kt 2nd	Q to B 3rd
26. K to Q sq	B to Q 6th
27. B to Q 6th	

Sheer desperation, but there is nothing else to do. It is an instructive evidence of the strength of Black's position that this does not even lead to an exchange of Bishops.

27.	Q takes B
28. Q to K 5th	Q takes Q
29. P takes Q	K R takes P
30. R takes P	Q R takes P
31. R to Kt 8th (ch)	K to Q 2nd,

And White resigns, Black finishing the game in masterly style.

CHESS IN NORFOLK.

Mr. J. O. HOWARD TAYLOR gives odds of Q R and move to Mr. E. S.

WHITE (Mr. E. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
4. P to Q Kt 3rd	B to Q B 4th
5. B to Kt 2nd	P to Q 3rd
6. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K R 4th
7. Kt to Q B 3rd	

A recent match odds is presumably unacquainted with the openings; but White could have scarcely blocked himself more thoroughly had he devoted his best energies to that object.

7.	Kt to K B 5th
8. Q to K B sq	P to K Kt 4th
9. P to Kt 3rd	Q B to K R 6th
10. Q to Kt sq	Kt takes B (ch)

WHITE (Mr. E. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
11. P takes Kt	Q to K B 3rd
12. K to K 2nd	Q takes Kt (ch)

The game so far has been very tame, but Black now continues it rather prettily; White's moves are forced, and the odds are practically recovered.

13. K takes Q	Kt to Q 5th (ch)
14. K to K 3rd	Q B to K Kt 5th
15. P to K B 3rd	Kt takes K B P (dis ch)
16. P to Q 4th	P takes P (ch)
17. K to Q 3rd	Kt takes Q
18. Q R takes Kt	P takes Kt

And the odds-giver wins, through disparity of skill, in the end game.

The City of London Club is now arranging another of its gigantic tournaments, which will be commenced early in October. In addition to the usual prizes, which will amount to about £40, Mr. Anger has this year presented for competition a special prize of £5, and Mr. Mocatta a special prize of £4.

The annual meeting of secretaries of metropolitan chess clubs to arrange the dates of matches for the ensuing season, will take place at Oliphant's, Ludgate-circus, on Sept. 18, at seven o'clock.

The Zukertort Chess Club, which has been established under the fostering care of Mr. Bird to "afford facilities to the working classes for the cultivation of chess" is giving effect to this object by bringing some of the leading masters to meet its members in friendly fight. On Wednesday, Sept. 5, at the club-room, Mr. Gunsberg played twenty simultaneous games, of which he won eighteen, drew one, and lost one. There was a large and encouraging attendance, and other similar gatherings are being arranged, in one of which Herr Von Bardeleben is to give a blindfold exhibition. Whilst we do not share the enthusiastic expectation of some of its supporters of this new mission to working men, we trust the club may have a long and prosperous career.

The east wing of the Star and Garter, at Richmond, comprising banqueting and other rooms, was destroyed by fire on Saturday, Sept. 8.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

Some weeks ago, in a speech in the House of Commons, Sir William Harcourt referred to the conduct of a certain person as resembling that of Dogberry, in writing himself down an ass. Now, every reader of Shakspeare knows that Dogberry did nothing of the kind, since writing was not one of the worthy constable's accomplishments; but that which he really said was: "O, that he" (his companion, Verges) "were here to write me down an ass!" This looseness of quotation is, now-a-days, only too common. One constantly sees the last line of Milton's "Lycidas": "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new!" perverted into the vile tautology: "To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new!" The other day I came across Pope's uncomplimentary allusion to the fair sex, "Woman's at best a contradiction still," improved into "Woman's at least." How often do you find Butler's famous couplet correctly given?—

> Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to.

This, indeed, is a favourite lay-figure with ready speakers and easy writers, who dress it up in every variety of disguise. Another quotation, almost as frequently distorted, is—

> He that complies against his will
> Is of his own opinion still;

which sometimes makes its appearance in the following form:—

> He that's *convinced* against his will
> Is of his own opinion still—

a very different thing; and we may be sure that Butler would never have written so manifest an absurdity. Even such well-known (and mildly insipid) lines as those of Dr. Watts—

> Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
> For God hath made them so—

undergo the modifying process, and come out as—

> Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
> It is their nature to.

The saying ascribed to Fouché, who borrowed it, perhaps, from Talleyrand—"It is a blunder; it is worse than a crime; it is a political fault," has been cut down to, "It is not a crime but a blunder." It would be easy to multiply examples of the audacious coolness with which—not in common parlance only, but in grave discourse; and not in leading articles only, but in works of matured pretension—even the most familiar quotations are transposed, twisted, and tortured, until their authors would find it as difficult to recognise them as mothers do to recognise their children who have been kidnapped by gipsies and transmogrified accordingly. (An image we adapt from Sheridan, who conveyed it from Churchill.) Yet, surely, when we borrow from an author, the least we can do is to preserve the article borrowed in its original condition. We may be satisfied that it is what he wished and meant it to be, and that he does not thank us for any of our alterations. We may be equally satisfied that our alterations will not be improvements. If he lends us his guineas, what right have we to clip them?

It is interesting to observe what are the essential points in those quotations which have become "household words." Take such examples as—"Pity's akin to love;" "We have scotched the snake, not killed it;" "Virtue is her own reward;" "He who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day;" and we shall perceive that the primary condition is Brevity. The words must be few, and so put together as to be easy of remembrance. Then, if few, they must be fit—that is, aptly chosen; conveying, without surplusage, the exact meaning of the author. Here is an example—

> A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
> 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

In this couplet every word *tells*, every word is the right word, and the whole is the apt expression of what is, no doubt, a common truth, but is so put as to have all the force of novelty and all the air of freshness. But this leads us to the third essential—that the truth, or the idea conveyed, shall be, as we have said, "common"—patent to everybody, intelligible to everybody, and therefore accepted by everybody. In fact, a phrase or passage obtains extended currency exactly in proportion to its *obviousness*. Any recondite image or remote inference would have no chance of acceptance. We do not get our familiar quotations from Hobbes's "Leviathan" or Sir William Hamilton's "Discussions on Philosophy." The multitude adopt a quotation, and make it their own, when it expresses for them, in a form which they can understand and remember, their own sentiments on subjects connected with their everyday life. On this principle one may explain the popularity of such quotations as Burns's "Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn" (where, by-the-way, the alliteration helps to fix it in the memory); or Longfellow's "Still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labour and to wait"; or Tennyson's "Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood." The multitude have also an ear for poetical rhythm, and swiftly seize upon a phrase which has a musical turn, or is graced by a pretty image, or brightened by an antithesis; as, for instance, "God made the country, and man made the town" (Cowper); "He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow" (Byron); "Coming events cast their shadows before" (Campbell); "Immodest words admit of no defence, For want of decency is want of sense" (Roscommon); "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen" (Gray)—and so on.

A story is told of a critic who, during the recital of a new poem by a young versifier, was observed to lift his hat at almost every other line, and excused himself on the ground that he always bowed to old acquaintances. The courtesy is one which we might incessantly practise if we made a point of acknowledging all the veteran faces, worn and furrowed with age, that greet us in the guise of "Familiar Quotations." Recently a proposal was made, we think, to banish them from our daily speech and writing, on the ground that the world was weary of their constant reappearance. We are not so sure of that! No doubt one is somewhat sick of "Audi alteram partem," and "Just as the twig is bent," and many of the same class; but, on the other hand, not a few of our old friends appeal to our sympathies with their venerable air and kindly habit, no less than with their reputed wit and wisdom. We have no patience with the cold-blooded ingratitude which would thrust strangers into their accustomed places. They have served us well for years, and our fathers, and our fathers' fathers: shall we turn them adrift into the howling wastes of oblivion? "We have heard the chimes at midnight," "I had rather be a dog and bay the moon," "To err is human; to forgive, divine"—let not the cynic think he will easily get rid of these old familiar faces! Like the poor, they are always with us. Besides, it is but an act of ordinary gratitude to cherish the friends who have served our fathers and our grandfathers so faithfully; to respect them in their old age; and not to jeer at the rags and tatters which are due, after all, to the freedom with which we have treated them. Even now, when an author is gravelled for lack of matter, they come readily at his call, while the reader is seldom unwilling to receive them with cordiality. W. H. D.-A.



It is a happy family party in which the father is a hale and active elderly gentleman still able to enjoy a walk of ten or twelve miles, and the daughters have been trained in habits of outdoor exercise, so that their brother, as good a pedestrian as most young Englishmen, will not be sacrificing his own due allowance of healthy exertion by keeping company with them in a ramble of five hours over the moors and through the forest on this fair September day. Few pleasures of life are more genuine, or seem to be a more just and natural reward of wise and temperate living, than to preserve at fifty or sixty years of age the bodily vigour, as well as the cheerful alacrity of mind, which enable a parent, or even an uncle—that often delightful degree of relationship, free from parental cares and expenses—to share the joys of beloved youth; to be still associated with two or three boys and girls, or those who recently were so considered, in some active recreation where his earlier experience may qualify him to be their guide and adviser. He may have local knowledge of the scenes which they are now visiting for the first time. Before they were born, when he was a roving bachelor of adventurous and aesthetic predilections, long before the new palatial hotel was built and its gardens and park were laid out, on this sunny slope overlooking the beautiful Lake, he lodged in a rustic cottage and climbed the steep hill-paths, where to-day, as he trudges along with his juvenile companions, he will fondly look for remembered turns leading to the rocky point of vantage whence the eye penetrates a deep mass of foliage to see the foaming cascade that rushes down the opposite cliff; or to the sudden opening of a fairyland valley spreading its green meadows at the margin of the stream. These fair sights of nature which have frequently haunted his memory, and have sometimes consoled his thoughts amidst the troublesome business of manhood, perhaps in distant lands where he toiled for wealth and distinction, are now re-visited with his grown-up children; and let us hope that their mother, who cannot walk so far with them, is resting or quietly strolling with their aunt in the hotel gardens, expecting on their return to be told of a day of pure and fresh delight. Such holidays in Westmoreland or Cumberland, in Derbyshire, or in Wales, or in the romantic Scottish Highlands, or on the shores of Killarney, or in Norway or Switzerland or Bavaria, if they please, may again and again be enjoyed by the happy and prosperous father, his son and his two daughters, the former preserving, the latter inheriting, that priceless gift, "a sound mind in a sound body," with affectionate fellowship in all the innocent pleasures that earth abundantly provides.

THE TOURIST SEASON: SETTLING THE DAY'S WALKING EXCURSION.

"THE OUT-PATIENT."

A Tale of a Dog.

REPRINTED FROM THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE," MARCH 31, 1888.

CANIS SUM: HUMANI NIL A ME ALIENUM PUTO.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All creatures, great and small.



From the Original, by the Celebrated Dog Painter, YATES CARRINGTON, exhibited at the Royal Academy, London. Purchased by Messrs. **PEARS.**

On Sunday morning, July 31, 1887, a hospital porter heard a dog barking at the door; he, though a kindly man, thought of his patients, and went to drive the dog away. Instead of finding one dog, he found three. Two white-and-tan fox-terriers were standing up on the top of the flight of steps, while a long-haired collie lay beside them, looking very sorrowful, for he was sorely wounded, and lay in a thick pool of blood. The moment the good porter showed his face the two terriers bolted, leaving their lame comrade at the door. At this moment a medical student came in, and he at once treated the collie as an ordinary patient. On examination, it was found that the dog had an artery cut on his right foreleg, with a gaping wound three inches long. The leg was dressed and bandaged, the hæmorrhage was arrested, and the dog lay outside the hospital on the grass for a couple of hours, and then went away. Such is the story of Bob, a drover's collie. The friendly hospital was KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL, and the touching incident made a great sensation at the time. While some were sceptical, many were touched by the simple pathos of the little drama. Mr. Yates Carrington, the eminent dog painter, happened to read the incident in the papers, and at once went down to the hospital to make inquiries. He was also struck by the kind and intelligent sympathy for the distress of their comrade shown by the fox-terriers. "If it is true," he said, "why should I not tell the story on canvas?" He made his inquiries; Mr. Mosse Macdonald, the secretary of the hospital, gave him every help; the dogs in the drama were discovered, and the result is the picture which Mr. Carrington exhibits at the Academy this year.

Of this picture we were favoured with a private view. There was the picture on its easel, occupying the place of honour in the cosy studio, flanked by half-a-dozen other pictures of dogs—toy dogs, terrier dogs, mongrel dogs—which Mr. Carrington loves to paint. The famous Teufel had just left the platform on which he had been sitting to his master, and Mr. Carrington told us how he painted the "Out-patient." "I read the story, set off at once to the hospital, and Mr. Macdonald kindly gave me every assistance. A thick patch of blood was still on the hospital steps, and starting from that we traced it all round the back of the hospital to a spot in Clement's Inn, called Yates's-court. In the hoarding between the court and the enclosure of the Law Courts there was a hole just large enough to admit the dog. Below the hole was a piece of glass. This discovery, and the state of the pavement, which was like a slaughter-house, left no doubt in our minds that this was the scene of the 'tragedy.' While we were talking, Mr. Hutt, the bookseller, came out and informed us that his terrier was one of the actors in the drama, and thus No. 1 was secured. The second terrier belonged to his brother. The patient was the property of a drover, who in driving his cattle was frequently in the vicinity of the hospital. You see the three dogs were evidently in the habit of meeting one another, for two lived close by the hospital, and the third often passed it. They were playing together on the Sunday morning. The collie cut his foot, and his little friends induced him to follow them to the out-patients' door of the hospital. The interesting point to me was that the dogs took their shortest cut through the various alleys past the back entrance to the hospital to the *front door*, mind you. The conclusion I came to was that the terrier had constantly seen patients carried in that way. The end of it all was that I got the drover to lend me the collie, and was also able to borrow the terriers. The collie was the most intelligent dog sitter I ever had. 'Jack,' one of the terriers, did not at all approve of studio life, for on the fourth morning after his arrival here my servant informed me at breakfast that he had vanished. Little thinking that 'Jack,' who lived four miles away, and had never been up in St. John's Wood before, had been cute enough to find his way through Marylebone and Holborn, I wired his master, and received the reply that 'Jack' arrived safely at 6.30 a.m., barking for admission in time for breakfast. You see the blood in the picture," said Mr. Carrington, pointing to the red splashes on the door. "To paint that part of the picture I sent to the butchers for some, and dabbled the collie's paw into it, but he would persist in licking it off, and with evident relish."

This pathetic and interesting painting—of which a replica is to hang in the Hall of King's College Hospital as a memento of the event—has been bought by

Messrs. PEARS,

and can be seen, together with the celebrated Picture of "Bubbles," by Sir JOHN E. MILLAIS, Bart., R.A., on presentation of visiting-card, in the Art Gallery, at their Offices, 71-75, NEW OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES.

At the Wrexham Eisteddfod, on Sept. 4, the opening day, the great choral competition was the chief event of the morning. Three choirs sang—the Wrexham Philharmonic Society, the Carnarvon Choral Union, and the Birkenhead Cambrian Choral Society. The adjudicators unanimously resolved that the first prize of £150 should be given to the Carnarvon Choral Union; and the Birkenhead choir took the second prize, value £20. The prize of £20 offered for the best English essay on the influence of Celtic genius on English literature was divided between Mr. J. Jones, of London, and Mr. A. Lewis, of Bala. The prize of £20 offered by the National Eisteddfod Association for the best critical essay on the works of Ceiriog was secured by the Rev. Evan Lewis, Congregational minister, of Hull. In the evening there was a concert, under the presidency of Sir John Puleston, M.P.

Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., was one of the presidents on the second day, and he gave an interesting address. Professor Rhys took the chair at a meeting of the Cymmrodorion Society, and Mr. Lewis Morris read a paper on the proposed University for Wales. A resolution urging the Government to establish a University organisation in the Principality was carried unanimously. There was a choral competition for persons under sixteen years of age, and prizes were awarded for this, for an essay on the leading scientific discoveries during the reign of her Majesty, for the best poem on the Sabbath in Wales, for the best Welsh novel, and the best carved bardic chair. In the evening Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was performed: and Miss Helen Gladstone presided at a meeting of the Association for Promoting the Education of Girls in Wales.

Sir Watkin Williams Wynne presided on the third day. The Rev. T. T. Jones was "chaired" as the successful bard who had sent in the best ode. The Clwydian Male Voice Choir from Ruthin was adjudged the male choral prize, the second prize being gained by the Arvonic Choir from Carnarvon. Other prizes for essays, &c., were decided, and meetings of societies connected with the occasion were held. A list of subjects for competition at the Brecon Eisteddfod next year was presented, among them being a prize of £100 for the best landscape in oil or water-colours which takes in the town of Brecon. This handsome prize was supplemented by £50 for the best landscape from any point south of the Usk. It was decided to hold the Eisteddfod of 1890 at Bangor. At night there was a miscellaneous concert in the Pavilion, the Hon. George T. Kenyon, M.P., presiding. The principal artistes were Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mrs. Glanffrwd Thomas, Miss Annie Roberts, Mr. James Sauvage, and Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys.

The Gorsedd which preceded the meeting on the fourth day was rendered additionally interesting from the fact that two ladies were among those invited into the bardic fraternity; these were Madame Antoinette Sterling and Mrs. Mary Davies. This was the concluding day of the Eisteddfod, which is stated to have been the most successful ever held. Sir John Puleston, M.P., who presided, announced that when he was at Homburg lately, the Prince of Wales desired him to express his regret at his inability to attend the Eisteddfod, and to say that his Royal Highness hoped at some future Eisteddfod to have the pleasure now denied him. At the conclusion of his address, he moved that a vote of condolence should be sent to Mrs. Richard on the death of her husband. This was unanimously agreed to. The prize gold bâton and the first prize of £50 were won by the Newton Competitive Choir. Mr. T. E. Jacob took the £50 prize for the best essay on Wales under Queen Victoria, and Mr. L. W. Lewis £20 for the best heroic poem. In the evening Handel's "Messiah" was performed in the Pavilion.

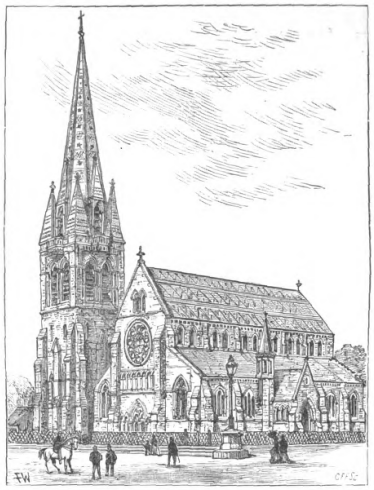
The total sum received in admission fees amounted to nearly £3000, and another £1000 was subscribed. This is stated to be the largest sum ever taken at an Eisteddfod.

Sir John Pender had a private audience of the Sultan on Sept. 8, and received from his Majesty the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh.

Through the Foreign Office the Board of Trade have received a binocular-glass and two silver medals and diplomas, which have been awarded by the French Government to Captain G. W. Lash, master, and Messrs. A. Scott and J. E. Burnside, officers of the British steam-ship Stephanotis, in recognition of their services to the shipwrecked crew of the French steam-ship Suez, which vessel was sunk, on Jan. 24 last, off Lisbon, after having been in collision with the German steam-ship Dittmarschen.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN NEW ZEALAND.

The earthquake felt in both the North and South Islands of New Zealand, on Sept. 1, was not attended with any great mischief, and the first reports concerning it were much exaggerated. The spire of the Cathedral Church in the city of Christchurch, the capital of the Canterbury Province, in the South Island, was said to have been destroyed; but it was only partially damaged. We are obliged to Mr. F. T. Haggard, of Tunbridge Wells, for sending us a photograph of the Cathedral,



CATHEDRAL OF CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND, THE SPIRE OF WHICH WAS DAMAGED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

which is a handsome building, with nave, two aisles, tower and spire, the transepts and permanent chancel being not yet added to it. It was consecrated in 1881, but the diocese of Christchurch was founded in 1856; its first Bishop, the Right Rev. H. J. Chitty Harper, D.D., was in 1868 elected Primate of New Zealand by the General Church Synod; but there are Bishops of Auckland, Wellington, Waiapu, Dunedin, and Nelson. The earthquake shocks, five times repeated in half-an-hour, also damaged some chimneys in the city, but caused no loss of life, and were scarcely more destructive than the similar visitation in Essex, three or four years ago, and others which have taken place in our own country.

The British Pharmaceutical Conference concluded at Bath on Aug. 5. An invitation to visit Newcastle-on-Tyne next year was accepted; and Mr. Charles Umney, of London, was elected president for the year 1889.

The Trades Union Congress at Bradford concluded its proceedings on Saturday, Sept. 8, when resolutions were adopted condemning the Merchant Seamen's Widows and Orphans Pension Fund Bill, and taking exception to the interpretation put upon the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act by Mr. Justice Stephens and Mr. Justice Hawkins. The debates and resolutions and amendments on the many subjects about which the congress was engaged throughout the week were of interest all through; the interest of the proceedings lying mainly in the information which they give us about the wants and wishes of the working classes as we find them stated by the representatives of their own choice. Dundee has been chosen as the place of meeting next year.

HYDE PARK ON SUNDAY.

In the height of the fashionable London season, on a fine Sunday afternoon of June or July, the scene in the park, which our Artist has delineated, is one of considerable social interest. This crowded promenade, in which ladies and gentlemen have a good chance of meeting their acquaintance, takes place, weather permitting, with tolerable regularity at that period of the year. There is, at any rate, a breath of fresh air to be got, with a little foliage, pleasant until it becomes dusty and sooty, and the view of a certain extent of grass, to say nothing of the pretty flower-beds. Those who have secured chairs may indulge in talk which easily finds its topics among the passing groups and figures. Any gentleman who feels a craving for his cigar will, of course, retire to a sufficient distance from the ladies' walk. Dignified English womanhood is well represented in this assemblage of correctly-behaved people, and few will object to such a harmless way of passing one or two hours on Sunday.

MUSIC.

THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL.

This celebration (the one hundred and sixty-fifth meeting of the cathedral choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, held in yearly alternation at each city) closed on Sept. 14. Having already given details as to the object of these festivals, and the arrangements made for that which has just taken place, but brief record must now suffice, as most of the performances occurred too late for present notice, and must be referred to hereafter. The inaugural service in the cathedral included the co-operation of the three cathedral choirs and other choristers; and, in the morning, the delivery of a sermon special to the occasion by the Rev. Canon Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart. At the evening service, on the Sunday, a sacred cantata, entitled "Samuel," was performed, in place of the anthem. It is the composition of Dr. Langdon Colborne, organist of Hereford Cathedral and conductor of the festival. It includes narrative passages for a bass voice, solos for a treble, and choral writing, with the association of a small string band. The most effective portions were those for chorus, which included the introduction of several more or less familiar hymn-tunes. Dr. Colborne has purposely aimed at simplicity rather than elaborateness of style, with the object of rendering the work widely available by parish choirs.

As at most of these Three Choir festivals, the first of the oratorio performances in the cathedral (on Sept. 11) was appropriated to "Elijah," the principal solo vocalists in which were Misses Anna Williams and Ambler, Madame Enriquez, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. Comment on such familiar details would be superfluous. The evening of the same date was devoted to the first concert in the Shirehall, Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend" having been selected for the occasion, with Madame Albani, Miss H. Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Brereton as chief solo vocalists. No new compositions were commissioned for the festival, the important specialties announced having been Mr. Cowen's "Song of Thanksgiving," composed for, and performed at, the recent opening of the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition; and the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley's oratorio, "St. Polycarp"; the first-named work given for the first time in England, the other having been seldom heard since its first production some thirty years ago. These and other features of the festival must be spoken of hereafter.

There is as yet nothing to record of London music beyond the promenade performances at Covent-Garden Theatre, which are fully maintaining the high character gained for them in Mr. Thomas's previous five seasons. Large and enthusiastic audiences are attracted nightly, the classical programmes on Wednesday evenings being special features of each week. All tastes, indeed, are amply provided for in each evening.

The next important revival of serial performances will be that of the Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace, which will enter on their thirty-third season on Oct. 13.

The remaining important provincial festival of the year will be that of Bristol, where the sixth triennial celebration will be held (in the Colston Hall) on Oct. 16 and three following days.

An endeavour is being made (under the competent direction of Dr. C. Swinnerton Heap) to establish festivals at Hanley (Staffordshire), the initial experiment being fixed for Oct. 11.

LIFE, FORTUNE, AND HAPPINESS.



Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Tennyson.

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HEADACHE, DIARRHŒA, &c.—"Hôtel de Couronne, Morat, Switzerland, Jan. 28, 1882.—Dear Sir,—Whilst staying at the town of Morat, I met a patient of mine, who was on a tour for the sake of his health. He had been suffering from giddiness when rising in the morning, perpetual nausea, and constant attacks of severe diarrhœa. He had consulted several London and Parisian doctors without receiving any lasting remedy; he now consulted me. I examined him and was puzzled at his case. He was in a bad state, and I feared he was not long for this world. Bethinking me of the wonderful remedy my wife had given me whilst I was an invalid (suffering under somewhat similar yet much slighter circumstances), I resolved me to recommend it to him. This remedy was ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I directed my patient to take two doses per day, morning and night, and in a short period he expressed himself cured. Sir, I write to you (as a professional man) to thank you for your great invention, which has not only cured myself, my patient, and many other sufferers, but has procured me a handsome fee from the grateful man. I recommend ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' as a sure cure for Headache, Diarrhœa, Nausea, Giddiness, &c., and as a pleasant drink to those needing a mild aperient.—I am, yours sincerely," (an M.D.).

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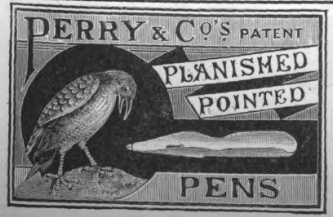
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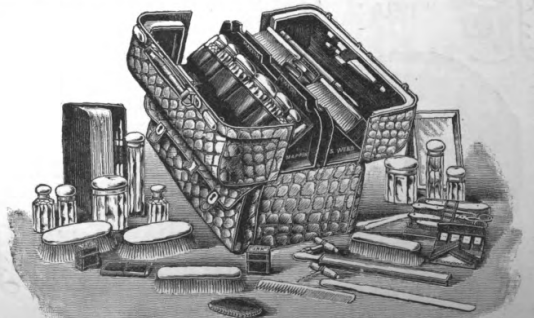
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 16, 1888) of the Right Hon. Henry Richard, Baron Wolverton, late of Iwerne Minster, Dorset, and No. 67, Lombard-street, who died on July 2 last at Coombe Wood, Kingston-on-Thames, has just been proved by the Hon. Pascoe Charles Glyn, the uncle, the executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £42,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his estate and hereditaments at Iwerne, Dorset (subject to the life interest of the Right Hon. Georgiana Julia Maria Baroness Wolverton, in such parts thereof as may be in her occupation) to his brother, Frederic, together with the furniture, plate, glass, pictures, carriages, horses, farm stock, &c., in and about the mansion-house, and the medals, swords, and decorations of their father, the late Admiral Henry Carr Glyn; and £300 each to his housekeeper and valet. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his two sisters, Rose Riversdale Lady Norreys, and Alice Coralie Glyn, for life, and at their death, to their respective children as they shall appoint.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1883), with a codicil (dated Oct. 1, 1886), of Mr. Benjamin Piercy, C.E., J.P., late of Marchwiel Hall, Denbigh, and Drapers-gardens, E.C., who died on March 24 last, was proved on Sept. 5 by Mrs. Sarah Piercy, the widow, Francis George Whitwham, Edmund Bower Bernard, and Evan Morris, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £324,000. The testator bequeaths one tenth of what he may die possessed of over £110,000 to such charitable institutions and objects as his executors may determine, and at such times and in such manner as they may think fit. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay one fifth of the income to his wife, for life, or during the time she shall remain his widow; and the remaining four fifths of income between his children, his brother, Robert, and his sister, Jane. At the death or second marriage of his wife, the capital and income are left in equal shares between his children and his said brother and sister; but the shares of his children and his brother are to be held in trust for them, for life, and at their death to their respective children.

The will (dated Feb. 12, 1883) of Mr. Charles Joseph Lambert, formerly of No. 3, Queen's-street-place, Upper Thames-street, afterwards of No. 29, Park-lane, and late of No. 1, Crosby-square, merchant, who died on July 11 last, was proved on Aug. 16 by Mrs. Susan Lambert, the widow, and John Alexander Weir, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £274,000. The testator bequeaths £60,000, and all his pictures, bronzes, plate, furniture, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Susan Lambert; and £1000 to his executor and partner, John Alexander Weir. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, during the life of his wife to pay annuities of £300 to each of his children and the surplus of the income thereof to his wife; at her death, he leaves the capital sum between his children, in such shares as his wife shall by deed or will appoint, and, in default of such appointment, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 26, 1877) of Miss Rachel Pinckard, late of No. 23, Tavistock-square, who died on July 26 last, has been proved by John Coles, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £53,000. The testatrix bequeaths her leasehold house, with the furniture and effects therein, to her niece Louisa Stebbing; £1000 to Agnes Pinckard; £150 to her executor, and various legacies and specific gifts to friends and relatives. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves between her six nieces, Louisa Stebbing, Anne Stebbing, Emiline Clough, Amelia Coles, Clara Lathbury, and Jane Slocock, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 3, 1883) and a codicil (dated Jan. 30, 1886) of Mrs. Julia Cave, formerly of Brook House, Sunbury, but late of Boxwell Court, Gloucester, who died on July 7, were proved on Aug. 30, by Thomas Sturmy Cave, the son, and Joseph Lancaster Wetherall, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. Subject to a legacy of £1000 to the eldest daughter who shall be living at home, for the purpose of carrying on the management of the house, the testatrix leaves all her property, upon trust, as to two tenths thereof, for her son, Thomas Sturmy; two tenths for her son Herbert; and one tenth each for her daughters, Mrs. Emma Henrietta de Carteret, Mrs. Catherine Louisa Hewitt, Mrs. Louisa Johnson, Fanny Blanch Cave, Georgiana Cave, and Julia Cave. She also declares that, during the life of her husband and herself, certain sums of money have been advanced to some of her children, and that such sums are to be taken into account upon the distribution of her estate.

The will (dated Aug. 8, 1888) of Mr. Allen Fletcher, late of No. 6, Lord Mayor's-walk, York, who died on Aug. 19 last, was proved on Aug. 29 by William Pulleyn and William Hood, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator bequeaths £25 each to the Wilberforce School for the Blind, the York Bluecoat Boys' School, the York County Hospital, and the York Infirmary; his house, No. 6, Lord Mayor's-walk, the furniture and effects therein, and £100 to his wife, Mrs. Annie Fletcher; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood (in the event of her marrying again she is to have the income of £6000), and subject thereto for his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 8, 1888) of Mr. John Beale, late of Belle Vue, Eastern Villas-road, Southsea, Southampton, who died on May 28 last, was proved on Sept. 3 by Henry Beale and William Beale, the brothers, Mrs. Maria Beale, the widow, and William Saunders Messiter McCallum, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testator bequeaths all his furniture and effects and £200 to his wife, and also the income of £10,000 during her life or widowhood; £500 each to the London Hospital for Incurables and the Cancer Hospital (London); £1000 to his nephew, Roland Lang; £500 each to his godson, Methuen Wilson, Mrs. Hoffmeister, and Edgar Hoffmeister; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves between his brothers, Henry, Charles, and William, his sister Anna, Frederick Beale, and Augustus Roper, share and share alike.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1879) and a codicil (dated Aug. 7, 1888) of Mr. John Diplock, formerly of No. 94, Upper Tulse-hill, and Ivy House, Clapham, but late of St. Germains, Honor Oak-road, who died on Aug. 8 last, were proved on Sept. 4 by Thomas Diplock, the son, and Elizabeth Diplock, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £24,000. The testator bequeaths a legacy of £50 and an annuity of £50 to his wife, Mrs. Hannah Diplock; and gives and devises very many freehold and leasehold houses round London to his children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves equally between his children. He also directs that he is not to be buried for seven clear and whole days after his decease or supposed decease.

The will (dated May 25, 1886) of Mrs. Emma Mary Ann Maria Knowles, the widow of the late James Sheridan Knowles, the well-known dramatist, formerly of No. 34, Southwick-street, Cambridge-terrace, Hyde Park, but late of No. 29, North Bank, Regent's Park, who died on May 10 last, was proved on Aug. 25 by Richard Brinsley Knowles; Emma Webb, the niece; and Heber Coghlan, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £5000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to the Pastors' College in connection with the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the Midnight Meeting Movement (Red Lion-square), and the Stockwell Orphanage for Boys (Clapham-road); £100 to the minister, deacons, and elders of Ardberg Baptist Chapel (Rothsay, Isle of Bute), for general purposes; £300, and all the manuscripts and writings and the interest arising from the acting of the dramas of James Sheridan Knowles, to Mary Knowles Rice; £500 to her niece Mrs. Emma Webb, and other legacies and specific gifts. The residue of her property she leaves to her said niece Emma Webb, absolutely.

FRUIT-CULTURE FOR PROFIT.

A conference of fruit-growers was held at the Crystal Palace on Friday, Sept. 7. Mr. F. T. Rivers read a paper on "Fruit-Culture for Profit," and advocated the adoption of means for drying fruit in seasons when there is a glut. Other papers were read on the packing, carriage, and marketing of fruit, and on the land-tenure of fruit-growers. As regards the picking and marketing of fruit, it was stated that the Frenchman was far more careful than the English grower, and, consequently, got a better price for his produce. It was said, for instance, that strawberries sent from Cornwall are often packed in ferns, which sweated the fruit and altered its colour and taste. English fruit-growers, it was also remarked, rarely troubled whether their fruit was bruised or not, and many of them only picked their apples because they were not ripe enough to be shaken off. In France the grower always hand-picked his finest fruit, and, as he packed it carefully, his mark became known, and he could always rely upon a good price.

The conference was resumed on the 8th, when Mr. D. Tallerman read a paper on "The Science of Fruit Distribution," in which he urged the importance of getting fruit to market in good condition, and of distributing the supply so as to bring the fruit to the consumers in the various large towns. In discussing the subject, it was urged that land capable of growing good fruit could be had at low rents. It was resolved to establish an association of fruit-growers, for the promotion of profitable fruit culture, and the improvement of the present system of fruit distribution; and the Executive Committee was asked to make its first report on Oct. 11.

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THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science began on Sept. 5 at Bath with an address from the president of the year, Sir Frederick Bramwell. In this he maintained that whatever contributions civil engineers have made to past science by original research, they have by their applications of scientific discoveries done much to advance science, the discoveries in science and the applications of science acting and reacting upon each other. In these applications success had attended the civil engineer mainly because of his attention to small things. The gradual introduction of prime movers to supplant the muscular power of man or beast was described as the greatest feat in our civilisation since the introduction of printing by movable type. The prodigies performed by the steam-engine were referred to; but Sir Frederick prophesied that its place would be taken by some more economical form of heat-engine driven by combustion of gas or petroleum vapour. The impulses given to engineering by the improvement in the making of steel were also dwelt upon.

The eight sections sat on the 6th, the best attended being that of Mechanical Science, where, after the opening address by Mr. Preece on "The Applications of Electricity to Mankind's Needs," Colonel Gourand described Edison's phonograph, the audience being greatly delighted with its reproduction of the human voice in speech and song; and Mr. Edmunds read a paper on the graphophone. In the Economical Section Lord Bramwell's address, read by his brother, upheld the *laissez faire* doctrine in political economy, and condemned legislative intermeddling with property and contracts; in the Geographical Section Sir C. Warren treated on the means of extirpating the slave-trade in Africa; in the Geological Section Professor Boyd Dawkins spoke of the impossibility of measuring geological time in years; Professor Tilden discoursed to the Chemical Section on the need of concentration and thoroughness in study; Mr. Thiselton Dyer addressed the Biological Section on the rise of botany from an elegant accomplishment to a serious study; and Professor Fitzgerald addressed the Physical Science Section.

On the 7th, Mr. G. W. Hastings, M.P., presided in the Economic Section, where Professor Sidgwick gave an address on the current conceptions of State Socialism. Professor Foxwell read a paper on the tendency of competition to result in monopoly, and said that all the most characteristic tendencies of the age favoured the growth of monopoly. Mr. B. Shaw treated of Social Democracy, and considered the municipalisation of urban rents, the speedy nationalisation of the land, and the abolition of the House of Lords to be fast approaching. There was a long discussion. Sir John Lubbock entertained a large audience in the Zoological Department with accounts of the habits of solitary bees and wasps. In the Physiological Department, Professor Roy read a paper in favour of wearing waist-belts and stays, which gave rise to an animated discussion. Sir Charles Wilson again presided over the Geographical Section, where some interesting papers were read.—At night, Professor Ayrton gave a popular address on the subject of the electrical transmission of power.

On Saturday, Sept. 8, the weather being fine and several excursions having been arranged to places of interest, the sections were somewhat thinly attended. In the Chemistry Section the report of the committee on chemical education was presented and discussed at some length. In the Anthropological Section the Rev. B. Danks and Rev. R. H. Codrington described the marriage customs of people in the Eastern Archipelago and Polynesia. Sir John Lubbock, M.P., discoursed to working men in the Drill Hall on the "Mental Condition and Ideas of the Savage Races."

The services at the Abbey and other principal churches were all fully attended on Sunday. At the Abbey, the Bishop of Sydney (Dr. Barry) preached in the morning, and the Rev. Dr. Tristram in the evening: at St. Mary's, Bathwick, the Rev. Hayes Robinson; at St. Michael's, the Rev. T. J. Bonney, Professor of Geology at the London University; and the Venerable Archdeacon Browne, of Madras; the Bishop of Nelson, at St. Andrew's; and at the Octagon Chapel, where for many years the first Herschell was the organist, Prebendary Davis, of Cullompton, was the preacher.

There was a great deal of activity shown in the sections on Monday, the 10th. In the Geographical Section a paper was read on the condition of Central Africa, Bechuanaland, the Transvaal, the Cameroons, Tunis, and South Morocco. In the course of the discussion, Sir Charles Wilson, Sir Francis de Winton, and the Rev. John Mackenzie agreed from their African experiences in thinking that there is not yet any cause for alarm respecting Stanley. In the Economic Section, the variations in the monetary standards, the use of index numbers, and the amount of gold and silver in use as money and in the arts were discussed. In the Technical Science Section, various new applications of electricity to lighting and to other purposes were described. In the Anthropological Section, prehistoric commerce, the early races of Western Asia, and discoveries in Asia Minor, occupied attention.—During the afternoon a large party of the members of the Association were taken over the new baths by Major Davis. These baths incorporate all the portions of the old Roman work which lies beneath them.—Professor Bonney lectured in the evening at the Drill Hall, which was densely filled. He dealt with the structural characters of the gneissic and schistose rocks of the Laurentian and Huronian systems of Canada, and of the pre-Cambrian period of the British Isles.

The sections were very busy on the 11th, which practically saw the conclusion of the Association's work. One of the best attended sections was the Economic Science Section, where a discussion took place on the leasehold system in our towns, and considerable support was given to the enfranchisement project. The industrial education of women was also discussed. Mr. Isaac Pitman was heard in support of his views on spelling reform. The Physical Science and Mechanical Sections discussed the question of lightning-rods. The Chemical Section had before it the action of light on water colours.—In the evening there was a soirée in the Assembly Room.

The General Committee met at the Guildhall on the 12th to receive the report of the Committee of Recommendations, and the concluding meeting was held in the Assembly Rooms; the Mayor entertaining a large party in the evening.

Professor Flower, director of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, has been elected president of the Association for the meeting at Newcastle-on-Tyne, beginning on Sept. 1 next year; and an invitation from Leeds to meet there in 1890 has been accepted.

EARL AND COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

There were great rejoicings at Wentworth Woodhouse on Monday, Sept. 11, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding day of Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam. A garden-party was given, to which about two thousand invitations were issued to the tenantry and leading residents in the district. In the afternoon there was a gathering in the marble saloon, when a series of presentations were made to the noble Earl and Countess. The tenantry and friends at Wentworth, to the number of three hundred, presented to the Countess her portrait, by Herkomer, and an illuminated address. The followers of the Fitzwilliam Hunt presented to his Lordship a picture of a hunting group in Wentworth Park; in it are portraits of the noble Earl, Ladies Alice and Albreda Fitzwilliam, and the first and second huntsmen. Presentations were also made by the Magistrates of the West Riding, the past and present officers of the Yeomanry Cavalry, the Corporation of Peterborough, and the inhabitants of Malton.

Our last issue contains Portraits of the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, a two-page Engraving of Wentworth Woodhouse, with many smaller illustrations of the historic building, and a representation of the Fitzwilliam Hunt picture.

At Doncaster on Sept. 11 the Duke of Beaufort's Button Park won the Great Yorkshire Handicap Plate, Mr. J. Charlton's Treasurer being second, and Lord Durham's Drizzle third. Mr. C. Perkins's Chitabob won the Champagne Stakes, Mr. C. Archer's Frapotel the Fitzwilliam Stakes, Mr. Leybourne's Goldseeker the Doncaster Welter Plate, Sir R. Jardine's Sweetbriar the Clumber Plate, Mr. Abington's Master Bill the Glasgow Plate, and the Duke of Westminster's Rydal had a walk over for the Filly Stakes. On Wednesday Lord Calthorpe's Seabreeze won the St. Leger Stakes, Chillington being second, and Zanzibar third. Lord Penrhyn's Noble Chieftain won the Bradgate Park Stakes, and Mr. Leybourne's Goldseeker the Cleveland Handicap.

MARRIAGE.

On Sept. 5, at St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Glasgow, by the Rev. F. E. Ridgeway, Vicar; Sydney Barnet Hopkins to Olive, daughter of the late Thomas B. Johnson, Esq., both of Jamaica, West Indies.

DEATH.

On Sept. 6, at Bucklen, Major-General Crompton Stansfield, of Esholt Hall, Yeadon, aged fifty-three.

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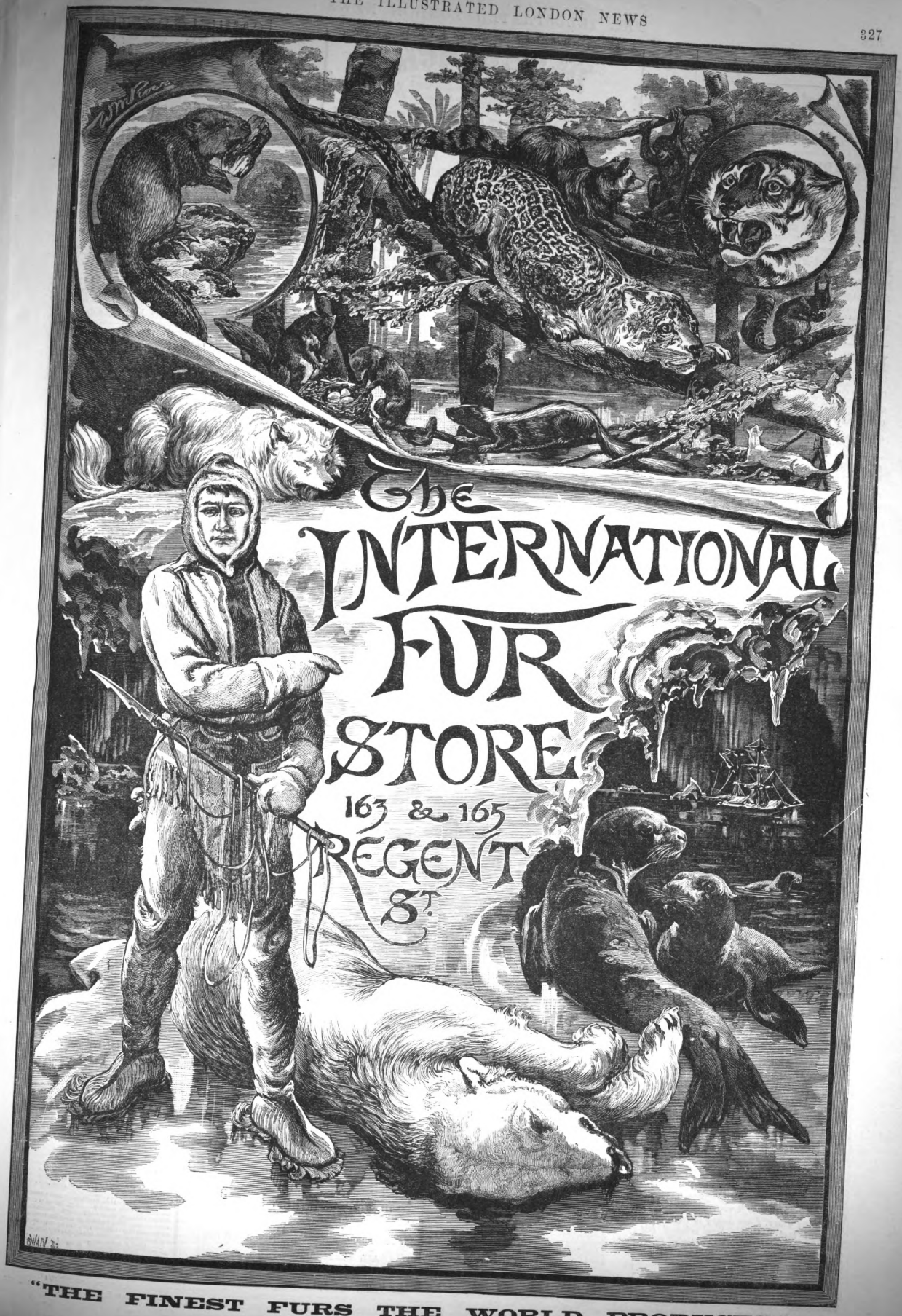
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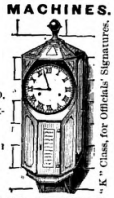
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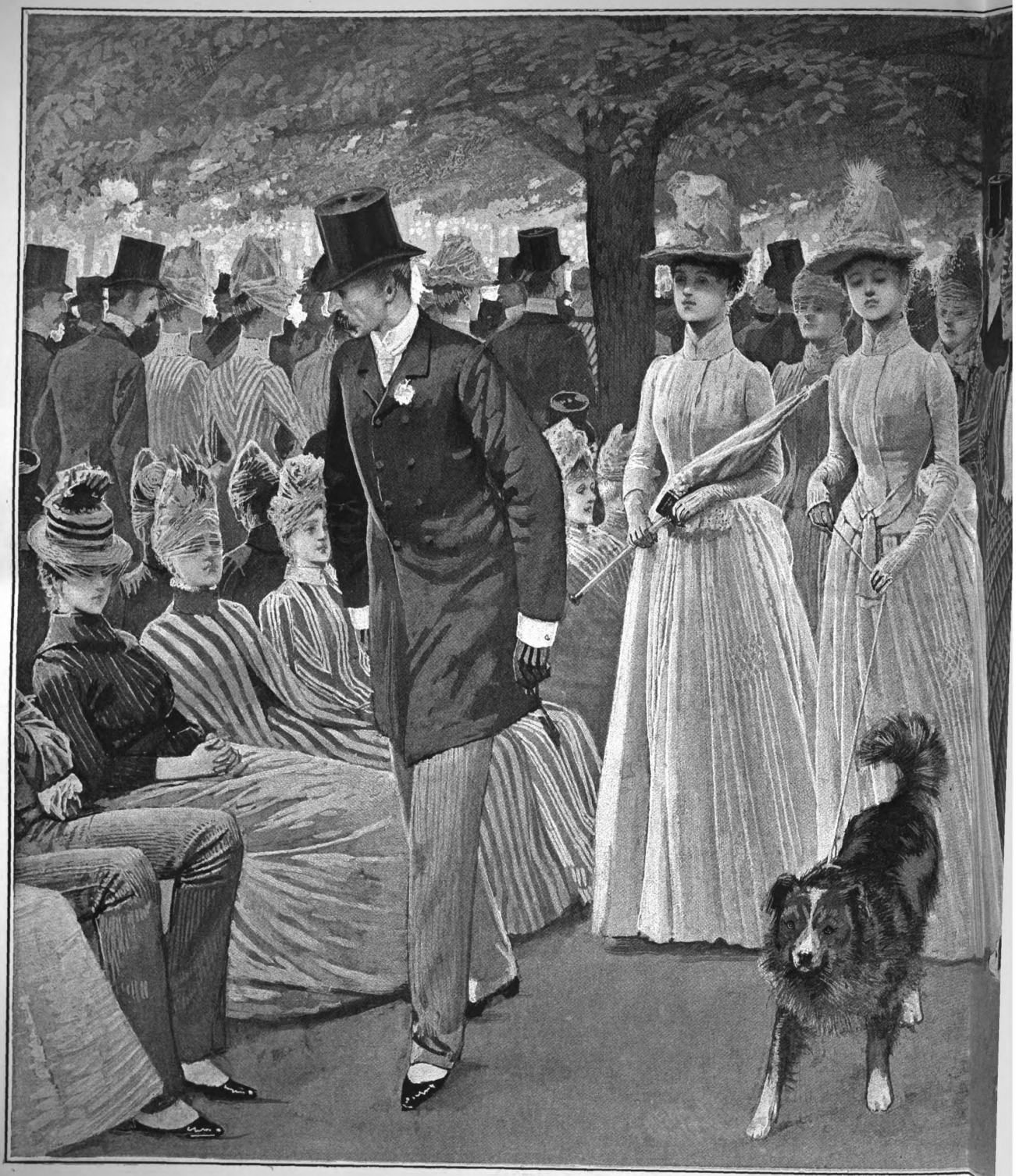
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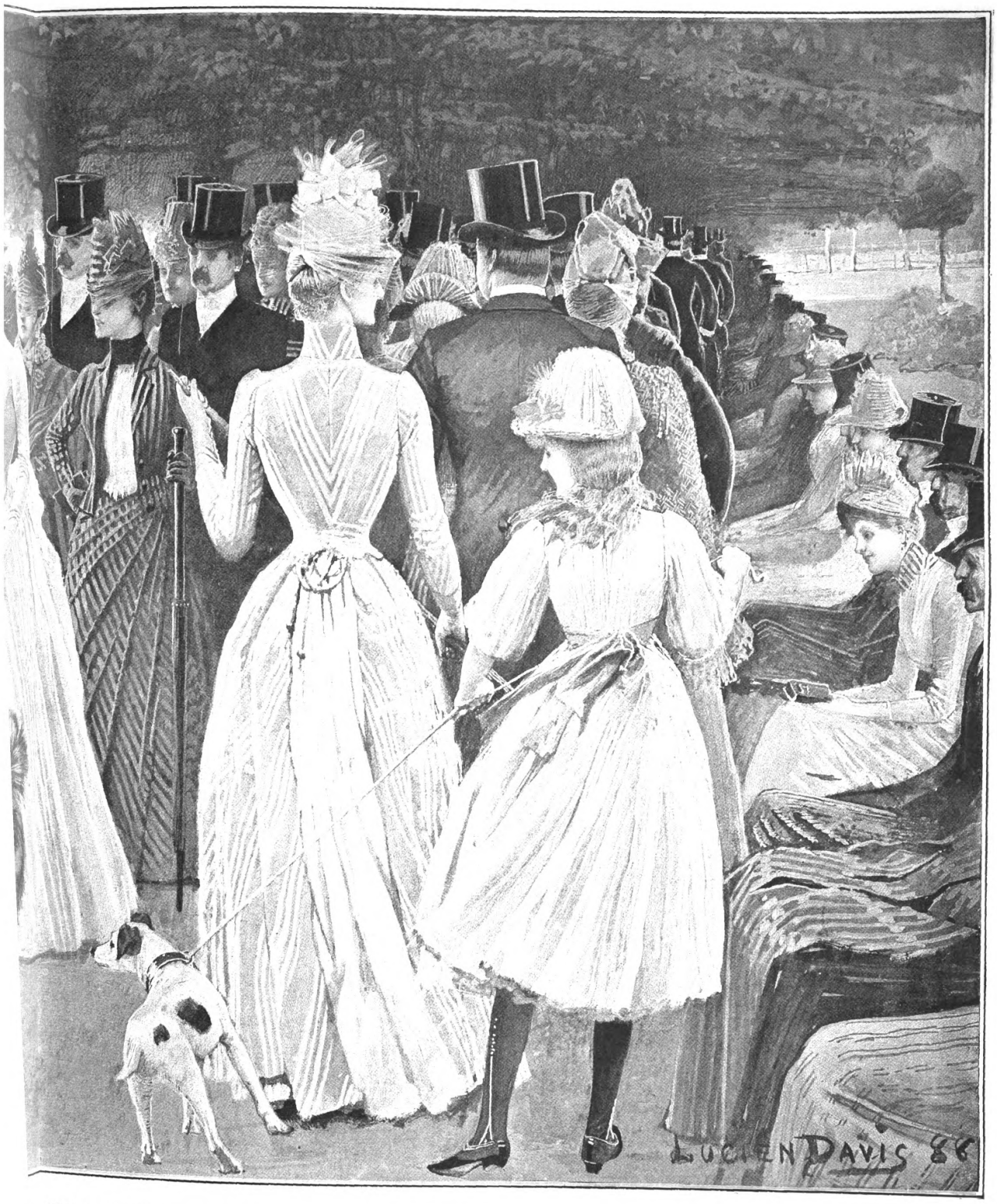


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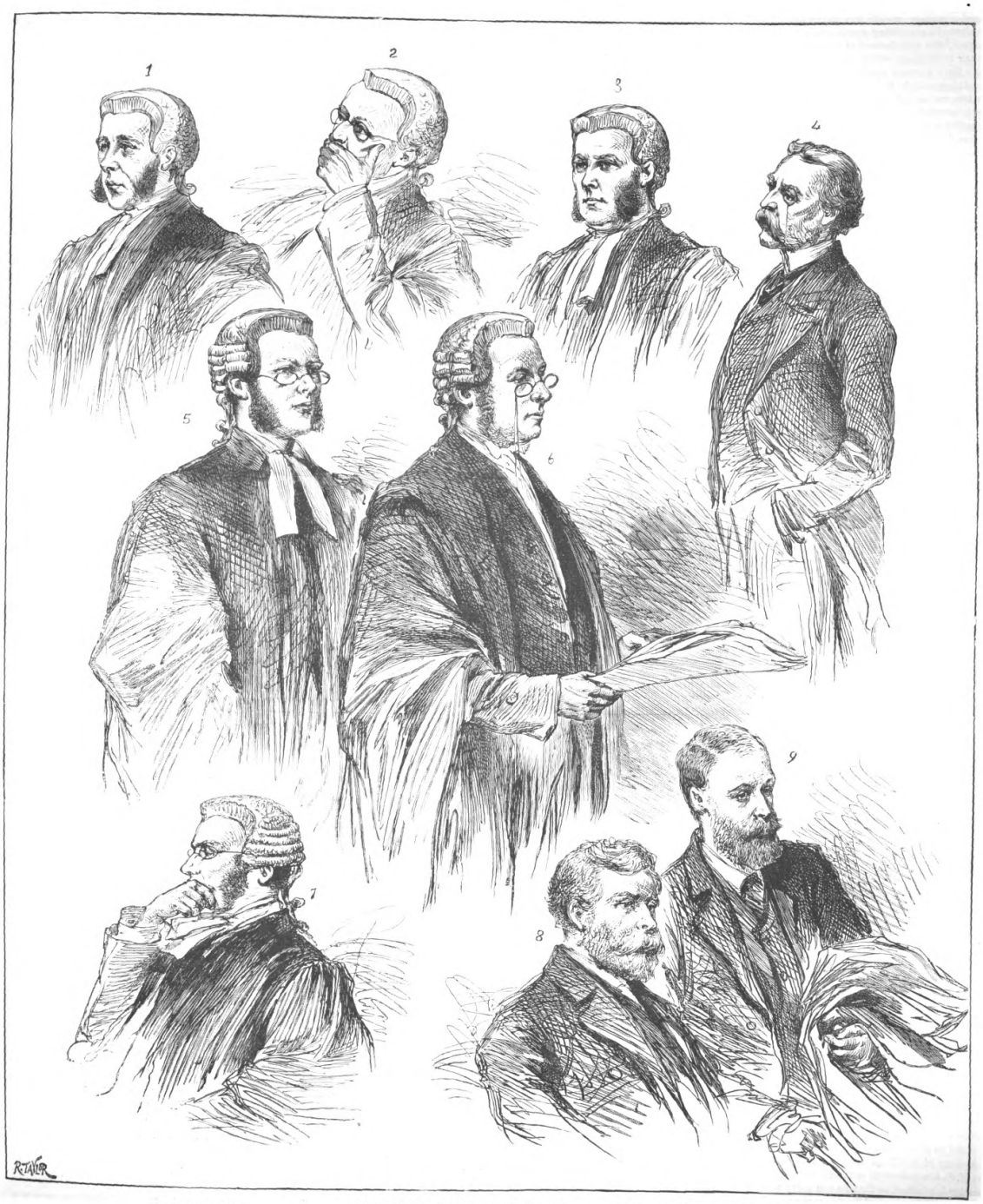
: ON SUNDAY.

BY LUCIEN DAVIS.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2579.—VOL. XCIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888. TWO WHOLE SHEETS } SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.



1. Mr. Justice Day.
2. The President, Sir James Hannen.
3. Mr. Justice A. L. Smith.
4. Mr. George Lewis, Solicitor to Mr. Parnell.
5. Mr. W. Graham, Counsel for the *Times*.
6. Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., Counsel for Mr. Parnell.
7. Mr. Cunynghame, Secretary to the Commission.
8. Mr. T. Quinn, M.P.
9. Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P.

THE OPENING OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Some purists (who live in the West-End of London) have expressed their contempt for the panic in Whitechapel, and their indignation at the interest that is excited there by half a dozen murders, committed by some uncultured person. They are confident that an essay by Ruskin, or a poem by Browning, would not be received just now by an East-End public with half the satisfaction it would derive from some information about this malefactor. Of course these highly-educated and elegant-minded individuals are quite right. But it sometimes strikes one that there are people in the world who have not enough of human nature about them. This is especially noticeable in small literary folk, and still more so in amateur artistic circles. They are full of sympathy, but with only printed matter, chiefly in verse, and with doubtful works on canvas, on which they will dilate by the hour. They have apparently had no experience of life as it is whatever, and only a nodding acquaintance even with vice. Their language is like a prolonged stammer, which the sanguine listener expects will culminate in something worth hearing, but which never does. Humour, the disinfectant of Coarseness, they do not possess, so that everything which is not delicate is coarse to them; while their nervous organisation is so "highly strung" that everything which is tragic is morbid. There are moments ("when we 've had our wine, and say d—canters") in which one is tempted to think that the dreadful person who reads the police reports with gusto and says, "Well, for my part, I confess I like a good murder," is preferable to these ornaments of society.

The device adopted of late by a negro minister of introducing dramatic effects into his discourse has, as one would naturally expect, more of the "revival" in it than of novelty; it is, in fact, only another form of the old "miracle play," but it doubtless makes a great impression. The Prodigal Son appearing *in propriâ personâ* out of the forest must have given a point to a discourse upon that parable beyond the reach of eloquence, though his indecent clamour for the fatted calf (before a word had been said about it in his hearing) might, to less simple natures, have suggested collusion. Unhappily, this is a sort of surprise which will not bear repetition: "What would you say, my brethren, if at this very moment there should emerge from yonder forest, spiritless, ragged, and emaciated from his diet of husks, the Prodigal Son himself? Why, goodness, gracious, there he *is!*" may do for once and away, but it would be on his first appearance only that the performer could make a success. In the case under consideration the experiment was rather expensive, for the Prodigal's hunger was far from feigned. We have had nothing so realistic in Church services in England for many a day; the last instance of the kind was one in which a Methodist minister, wishing to convince his congregation of the actual personality of the Father of Evil, suddenly produced a black man from the pulpit, like a Jack-in-the-Box. The effect was tremendous, but unsatisfactory: a few hardened sceptics laughed, while the others, and all the faithful, went into fits.

Is it possible what the *Railway Press* has been telling us of the cost of getting a railway Bill through Parliament can be correct? That the Parliamentary costs of the Brighton line were £4806 a mile, the Manchester and Birmingham £5190, and the Blackwall £14,414! And this, when many lines, under favourable circumstances, themselves cost but £10,000 a mile. To whom do these immense sums go? Is it to the solicitors? The solicitor's bill of one line mentioned by the paper in question (though I do not name it here, because, though doubtless true, it has the appearance of a monstrous libel) "contained 10,000 folios, occupying twelve months in taxation, and amounted to £248,000!" The solicitors, of course, lay the blame upon the barristers. "You have no idea, my dear Sir, of the fees exacted by counsel in these cases"; but it is for the shareholders, and eventually the public, who have to pay for it all. John Bull is known to be the most patient of all beasts of burthen—next to the ass; but when one considers how long he has put up with this wasteful and useless expenditure, it strikes one that he is the ass itself.

There is no one who has fallen so much of late years in public estimation as "the Noble Savage." I can remember the time when, thanks mainly to Fenimore Cooper, he was at the very top of the tree. Our philosophers used to point to him as (with some trifling drawbacks, such as his fancy for wearing false hair with the scalp attached to it) a model for civilised man. Our poets idolised him; at the least cross (such as a decrease in their circulation), they threatened to exchange their furnished lodgings in Mayfair for a wigwam in the wilderness: "I will wed some savage woman; *she* shall rear my dusky race!" Even from the pulpit we were told that we might learn much from the simple virtues of the savage! Then the Red Man, as the Laureate tells us, laughed and danced about his tree; now, he is "the Red Man and still"—played out, exploded; those who know most about him even use the expression "bust up." The bull's-eye of the explorer has been brought to bear upon him; and those who imagined that, whatever record leapt to light, the noble savage never could be shamed, have had reason to alter their opinion. We have long, in fact, known him for a lying cruel thief, much less fitted to point a moral than adorn a tale; but till lately we did believe that he had the merit of being unconventional—a virtue which, since very few of us possess it ourselves, we are inclined to estimate at a fancy price. And now, from the joint testimony of Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Tyler we learn that the N. S. **is a martyr to convention, swathed in it as his squaw swathes his infant, so that he can move neither hand nor foot. "When wild in woods the noble savage ran" is a time, it seems, that, socially speaking, had no existence. He never did run alone, untrammelled by his mother's apron-string or his wife's. For when he was married, he was less his own** master than even an Englishman. Until a son was born to him, his mother-in-law—though he had to live in her house—never spoke to him. No wonder the savage tribes are dying out! Of course he remained childless. If we had this system here, half the letters in the *Daily Telegraph* about the results of matrimony would never have been written. Then again, if he was so imprudent as to have children, he was not allowed to claim relationship to them; his heirs were his nephews and nieces. The attention shown to married uncles under these circumstances must have been much greater than is experienced among ourselves. To myself, who once believed in the N. S., it is painful to pursue these revelations of the professors of anthropology concerning him. I would rather have learnt that my old friend with the philosophic air and the expressive "ugh," had had no existence than that he was fettered with the same bonds as we are, with even less opportunities of escaping from them. A chief might leave his wigwam occasionally on pretence of going to a "palaver," but it could never have been so good as a club; while for the inferior "braves" there does not appear to have been even the refuge of a public-house; they had "fire-water" (which it is no wonder they cottoned to, as a relief from the conventionalities), but they must have drunk it at home or (very uncomfortably) on the war-path; no light from the hospitable windows of "The Stake and Scalping-knife" ever tempted them to spend their evenings "out."

"Odd and even" is not a game to which the energies of even our sporting population have been much directed, but under the name of "Fantan" it has so taken the fancy—and more than "the Fancy," for it pervades all classes—of the Chinese nation that it is prohibited by the Government under pain of death. A double handful of copper coins under a bowl, with a couple of chopsticks to rake them out four at a time, are the simple ingredients of this gambling game. The only peculiarity of it is that the bankers are always "naked to the waist"—which is unusual in financial establishments in this country. At this "amusement," we are told, the losers stake their homes, their wives, their children, and eventually themselves—with a spit or a small-sword.

The method of this madness seems childish in the extreme, but your true gambler in all countries thinks the simplest and quickest way to wealth the best. He prefers poker to whist, and baccarat to poker, and "the putting the pot on" some insignificant event, to be settled instantly, to anything. The backing one drop of rain upon the window at "White's" to reach the bottom of it before another for a thousand pounds, and the same sum laid against the recovery of the man in the fit—with the stipulation that no doctor should be sent for—fall under this head. Some people seem to live only to bet. The Lord Mountford who blew out what he called his brains (doubtless for a bet) in 1755, was said "to have reduced his natural affections to the doctrine of chances." When asked, after his daughter's marriage, whether an heir to the estate was not expected, he replied, "I really don't know; I have no bet upon it." The most humorous story, perhaps, next to that of "the Jumping Frog," and one which has the advantage of being a true one, is that of the caterpillar owned by a nobleman of the Regency, which, placed in the centre of a soup-plate, he backed at odds to make its way off it more quickly than any other caterpillar. It had not more legs than its fellows, but somehow it always ran faster, and was the cheapest racer that ever man kept. It was not until his Lordship had won many thousand pounds that it was discovered that he used to warm the plate.

In the end, however, even that sagacious nobleman did not come out of his gambling transactions with anything to the good; and it is very, very seldom that such people do. When luck is with them on the green baize they flourish, of course, *like* green bays; but when they come to grief, they do so utterly. It is only a Marshal Blücher who—if all stories of the Occupation are true—can lose at *rouge-et-noir* with the serene security of having the Bank of Paris behind him; and it is but a very few who retire upon their laurels, or the fruit of them. Colonel Panton, whose name is still borne by a rather unfashionable London street, was one of these exceptions. He was the proprietor of the gaming-house called Piccadilly Hall at the time of the Restoration, and in one night won as many thousands as purchased him an estate of above £1500 a year. "After this good fortune," says an annalist of the day, "he had such an aversion to all manner of games that he would never handle cards or dice again, but lived very handsomely on his winnings to his dying day, which took place in 1681." The incident is headed, with some stretch of charity, "A Reformed Gamester."

It is always a satisfaction to a journalist to know that a word he has dropped in season (or even "out of the season") has done good. He may be mistaken, of course, in supposing that what he has written has had anything to do with the matter; but if so he errs in good company. I notice that even the *Little Pedlington Chronicle* and the *Entanwell Gazette* always attribute whatever happens on the Continent, and even in Central Asia, to "the advice we ventured to offer to the Powers" (to my mind a charming word, "the Powers") "a week or two ago." I may be excused, therefore, for modestly drawing attention to the fact that the remonstrance I addressed to suicides the other day in connection with their habit of anathematising those they leave behind them has already had a good effect. A young gentleman, crossed in love, who took a dose of oxalic acid last week, but who subsequently, I am glad to say, was recovered, like Mr. Jingle's Spanish adorer, by the stomach-pump, left this last testament (as he thought) behind him, instead of the usual malediction. . . . "Tell her I thought of *her* to the last. . . . She was quite right in giving *me* up, for I was not good enough for her. Tell her from me that I hope she will get some real good young man who is worthy of her." He has been remanded "for the Chaplain's advice"; but he doesn't seem to need it. I hope he will find some real good young woman—with no acid about her—and be worthy of *her*.

OPENING OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

The Special Commission of judicial inquiry, created by the Act of Parliament last Session, to investigate and report upon the charges and allegations made against Mr. Parnell and certain other members of Parliament, and other persons, in the trial of an action for libel brought by Mr. Frank O'Donnell against the proprietors of the *Times*, was opened at the Royal Courts of Justice, in the Strand, on Monday, Sept. 17. The Commissioners, the Right Hon. Sir James Hannen, Judge of the Divorce Court, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith, three Judges of the High Court of Justice, were present, with the secretary, Mr. Cunynghame, sitting in the Probate Court. The counsel engaged in the case sat in two rows of seats, while the rest of the floor was occupied by newspaper reporters; and persons admitted only by ticket formed the general audience, in the jury-box and in the galleries, so that there was no crowding. Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Asquith were counsel for Mr. Parnell and many other Irish members of Parliament, whose solicitor was Mr. George Lewis. In the absence of the Attorney-General, Mr. W. Graham appeared as counsel for Mr. J. Walter, M.P., chief proprietor of the *Times*, and for Mr. Wright, printer of the *Times*, instructed by Mr. J. Soames, solicitor. Mr. G. Kebbel, solicitor, watched the case on behalf of Mr. Moser, late Inspector of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Metropolitan Police. Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P., Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Mr. Quinn, M.P., Mr. T. Gill, M.P., Dr. Fox, M.P., Mr. Arthur O'Connor, M.P., and Mr. H. Campbell, M.P., formerly Mr. Parnell's private secretary, were present.

The President of the Royal Commissioners, Sir James Hannen, briefly stated the authority and scope of the inquiry, observing that they had all the powers vested in the High Court of Justice for the trial of any action, and would call before them any persons whom they might think able to throw light on the truth or falsehood of the allegations that had been made; but they would hear that day such applications, with regard to procedure, as might be submitted to them by the parties interested in this inquiry. The counsel then stated who were the parties for whom they appeared.

Sir Charles Russell first asked which party would be expected to begin opening the case; and Sir James Hannen said it was the opinion of the Court that the counsel for Mr. Walter and the *Times* should open the case, and should tender evidence in support of the charges that they had made, to which the counsel for Mr. Parnell and others should reply.

Sir Charles Russell then applied for an order to allow his side to inspect the original letters alleged to have been written by Mr. Parnell and by Mr. Patrick Egan, formerly treasurer of the Irish Land League, and to obtain photographs of those letters, which, as he was instructed, were forgeries. This was agreed to by Mr. Graham for the proprietors of the *Times*, having the letters in their possession.

The next application was for a general "order of discovery," compelling them to reveal by affidavit all the documents of which they were, or had been, in possession, bearing on the charges at issue. Mr. Graham contended that the Commissioners had no power, by the Act of Parliament, to make such a general order, as his clients were not litigant parties to an action in this case. Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Asquith, however, maintained the contrary, and quoted decisions of the High Court of Justice to show that the Judges had this power. Much was said also of notices which had been given to Mr. Parnell, Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., Mr. Justin M'Carthy, M.P., Mr. Biggar, Mr. Quinn, and others, that they would be required to make a full affidavit of all documents in their possession, "relating to the matters in this Commission," or belonging to the Irish Land League or National League. The Commissioners retired for three quarters of an hour to consult upon this question. On their return into court it was further discussed until luncheon-time; after which, the Judges having again taken their seats on the bench, Sir James Hannen announced their decision. They held that they had power to order the persons who now appeared at this inquiry to make a full discovery of all documents that might be of use in getting at the truth, and they would direct Mr. Graham's clients, the proprietors of the *Times*, to prepare a schedule of all the documents in their possession, and to present it before the inquiry was to be resumed.

Sir Charles Russell's third request of the Court was to order that the proprietors of the *Times* should set forth what were the charges and allegations, and against what persons, they intended to stand by, and of what they meant to bring evidence. Mr. Graham endeavoured to avoid this demand by pleading that it was the Land League organisation, not any particular persons, as individuals, against which the charges were made; and that it was the object of the Commission to discover the individuals who were personally implicated. After much debate on this point, Sir James Hannen said that Mr. Graham's clients would be expected to particularise the charges; but if they failed to do so it would be the duty of the Commissioners to gather the particulars for themselves. Mr. Graham said that his clients would do their best to carry out his Lordship's view, but it would necessarily be a work of great labour, involving much consideration, to frame specific charges against every individual who might be implicated.

It was arranged that the next sitting of the Court should be on Monday, Oct. 22, and that these particulars of the charges should be furnished a week before that date.

Two other applications were made by Sir Charles Russell; the first was to allow the evidence of Mr. Patrick Egan to be taken in America by commission, instead of obliging him to come to England. He is engaged in business as a corn-merchant at Lincoln, in the State of Nebraska, and is a State delegate for the Presidential election towards the close of this year. The application was considered premature, as the Court thought he might attend here in person at a later time. It was also requested that the Court should order the release of Mr. John Dillon, M.P., from his imprisonment at Dundalk, on his giving bail and promising not to speak at public meetings. The Court signified that an order to this effect, not insisting on bail, should be issued three or four days before Oct. 22, to which date the sitting of the Court is adjourned. Mr. Dillon has already been unconditionally released, on account of ill-health.

No fewer than 350 ladies entered for competition at a Beauty Show at Spa.

A fire broke out on Sept. 17 on a wharf at Cardiff, where a large quantity of petroleum was stored. The fire raged with great violence, and destroyed two landing-stages and three warehouses.

The quinquennial festival of the Royal Albert Asylum for Idiots and Imbeciles of the Northern Counties was held on Sept. 17 at Lancaster. The occasion was utilised for the opening of the Winmarleigh Recreation-hall. A recreation-hall for large assemblies of the patients, combining a suitable and commodious hall for the associated entertainments as well as a spacious play-room for the use of the girls and junior boys in inclement weather, had long been regarded as essential to the smooth and efficient working of the institution.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Sept. 18.

The Republicans are rejoicing over the success of the journey of M. Carnot in Normandy, which is all the more important as the Normans are prudent and conservative people, who do not give themselves away readily. From the many speeches made by the local authorities in presence of M. Carnot it is to be gathered that the Normans demand concentration of the Republican forces against the attacks of Cæsarism and Dictatorship and the maintenance in France of a strong practical Government. The re-opening of Parliament is fixed for the beginning of October, and the idea is that M. Carnot will hope to see the Floquet Cabinet overthrown early in the Session, whereupon he will form an Opportunist Ministry, obtain the dissolution of the Chamber and get the general elections over well before the opening of the Universal Exhibition. M. Floquet, it appears, is rapidly approaching the end of his tether, for, in matters of Ministers as in matters of rulers, the French nation resembles a servant who is always wanting to change masters, and no sooner has it a new master than it begins to criticise, find fault, and finally ridicule. M. Floquet has entered upon the phase of ridicule, and then, as people say, "Il est si peu Parisien." And to be a Minister in France a man must be a "Parisian." What all this means it would be hard to say; but it is so, and probably will always remain so. France is an easy prey—if there were only a man strong enough to seize her.

In spite of the warm summer weather the theatres are all reopening their doors, and the critics are being summoned to judge the new pieces. The Odéon has opened with an adaptation of Dostoievsky's famous novel, "Crime et Châtiment." In this long book Dostoievsky presents with prodigious subtlety the sentiments and sufferings of Russian souls ravaged by Nihilist doctrines, and with minute psychological analysis dissects the slender and manifold threads by which these seeming madmen are still connected with ordinary life and humanity. Unfortunately, it is impossible to retain on the stage the many details of the novel, and the consequence is that the characters appear wild, improbable, and, therefore, uninteresting. The seven tableaux of this sombre melodrama are curious; they provoke the same sensations as a lugubrious waxwork show; but we do not feel any interest in the half-crazy student Rodion, who preaches the doctrine of justifiable assassination, carries out his doctrines on the person of an old money-lender, apes Hamlet, feels remorse, and finally gives himself up for punishment. M. Paul Mounet, however, has made an admirable creation out of the student Rodion; his acting is very fine, and suffices to classify him amongst the remarkable contemporary French actors.

The French follow with great interest the news from Africa concerning Stanley, Emin Pasha, and the various schemes of European occupation, the more so on account of Cardinal Lavigerie's anti-slavery campaign. At the request of the Cardinal and of M. Goblet, the Minister of Marine has ordered all French war-ships in African waters to chase the slave-ships, especially if they carry the French flag. There is talk of organising a big volunteer military force, with a view to a humanitarian expedition in Central Africa, and several ardent Churchmen are trying to induce Cardinal Lavigerie to issue an appeal for men and arms. Meanwhile, a Société Française Anti-Esclavagiste has been formed, with a number of eminent public men as members of the council.

Germany, Denmark, Montenegro, Sweden, and Turkey are at present the only European countries not represented at the Universal Exhibition. According to the definitive calculations now made, foreign countries will occupy at the Exhibition of 1889 more than 100,000 square mètres of space—a larger area than in 1878. The preparations are advancing rapidly, and all kinds of marvels are being prepared to attract all the world to this World's Fair next year. The Eiffel tower has now reached more than half its projected elevation. A curious detail: a manufactory has been established specially in order to make paper-weights, candlesticks, medals, penholders, and various "souvenirs" out of the waste bolts and fragments of iron that are picked up at the base of the tower.

Last week Paris boasted seven centenarians, five women and two men. By the death of Mdlle. Flore le Thuillier, in her hundred and first year, this number is reduced to six. This lady, who has been living for the last thirty years in the Rue Charlot, was a favourite pupil of the botanist Linnæus, had lived in interesting literary and political society under the Consulate, the Empire, and the Restoration, and was altogether a cultivated and distinguished person. In her younger days she placed a sum of 6000f. in a tontine of two thousand subscribers, and being the sole survivor during the past twenty-five years, Mdlle. le Thuillier was in receipt of an income of more than £12 a day. For a long time this old lady had suffered from heart disease.

M. Isidor, the Grand Rabbi of France, died last week at the age of seventy-five. An Alsacian, a strong orator, a man of great authority, and universally respected in France, M. Isidor was officer of the Legion of Honour. He will be succeeded by M. Zadok Kahn, Grand Rabbi of Paris.

On the occasion of the anniversary of the battle of Valmy, M. Paul Déroulède, and about a thousand members of the Patriots' League, placed wreaths around the pedestal of the Belfort lion at Paris. The patriots summed up their demands in two phrases: "Revision of the Treaty of Frankfort" and "Revision of the Constitution of Versailles"; and gave their creed in three cries, "Vive l'Alsace Lorraine!" "Vive la France!" "Vive la République!"

Two congresses were opened simultaneously at Venice on Sept. 15—one of literary men and artists, and the other of meteorologists. Speeches of welcome were delivered by the local authorities, and it was announced that King Humbert had consented to become the patron of the congress.

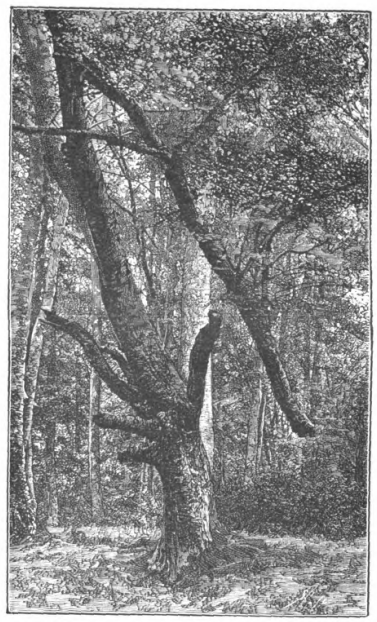
The Queen-Regent of Spain has signed a decree granting the Golden Fleece to the Duke of Edinburgh. The decree delegates the Prince of Wales to invest the Duke with the collar of the Order.

In the absence of the King, who was not well enough to be present, the Session of the Netherlands States-General was opened by the Prime Minister, Baron Mackay. The speech from the Throne, after announcing that the relations of the Netherlands with foreign countries were of the most friendly character, proceeded to state that the condition of the national finances was fairly satisfactory, and that no increase of taxation would be necessary.

On Sept. 17 began the German field-manœuvres of the corps of the Guards and Third Army Corps, following up the exercises of the past week. The Third Army Corps made an advance towards Berlin with the object of attacking the capital, the defending force being the Regiments of the Guard. After a hot engagement the attack was repulsed, the Emperor in person commanding the retreating troops. Favoured by a continuance of the splendid weather, the sham-fighting was resumed on Sept. 18. The Emperor himself commanded the Third Corps, and entrusted the conduct of the manœuvres in general to Field-Marshal Moltke's successor, Count Waldersee.—The sixty-first annual meeting of German scientists and surgeons—an institution corresponding in some degree to the British Association—met on Sept. 18 at Cologne.

The Emperor of Austria called upon the Prince of Wales on Sept. 12. In the afternoon his Royal Highness, accompanied by the Crown Prince Rudolph and the Archduke Otto, witnessed the public festivities in honour of the Imperial visit. A Court banquet was given in the evening at which the Prince of Wales, the Archdukes Charles Louis and Otto, the principal military officers, and a number of other distinguished personages were present. On the 13th the Emperor, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince, Archduke Otto, and their suites, rode out to the manœuvres. The troops had been on the ground since six o'clock. The General in command of the 13th Army Corps, Baron Ramberg, is conducting the manœuvres. The Prince of Wales rode beside the Emperor from place to place all the morning. The Prince of Wales arrived at Gödöllö on the 15th with the Emperor, and went out deer-stalking. Sunday was spent quietly. The Prince of Wales, having abandoned his original intention of attending the review near Gödöllö, left Pesth on Sunday, late in the afternoon, for Keszthely, on a visit to Count and Countess Tassilo Festetics. His Royal Highness took part on the 17th in a great hunt that his host had arranged in his honour. The Prince had a splendid reception at Keszthely, the whole town being gaily flagged, and the newly-built castle of Count Festetics brilliantly illuminated for his Royal Highness's arrival, which took place at night.—The Princess of Wales is still at Gmünden. On the 13th the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland gave a *soirée dansante* at the Villa Cumberland. Among the brilliant company present were the Princess of Wales and her three daughters, the Queen of Hanover, the Archdukes and Archduchesses Rainers and Karl Salvator, and the Duke and Duchess of Würtemberg.

The Czar and Czarina, accompanied by the Czarewitch and Grand Dukes George Alexandrovitch, Vladimir Alexandrovitch,



SELF-GRAFTED TREE IN THE NEW FOREST.

and Nicholas Nicolaievitch, left Novaja Praga on Sept. 13 for Spala, in Russian Poland. The official announcement of the betrothal of the Grand Duke Paul, who is the youngest brother of the Czar, to the eldest daughter of the King of Greece, will be made during the stay of his Imperial Highness at Athens. A Russian Imperial ukase, dated in July, has been promulgated on the 12th by which the Minister of Finance is empowered to authorise the Imperial Bank of Russia to issue credit notes as the necessities of the currency may require.

At Copenhagen on Sunday, Sept. 16, the christening took place, according to the Lutheran rite, of the infant son of Prince Waldemar and Princess Marie, daughter of the Duc De Chartres. The child was born on Aug. 13. The scene of the ceremony was the Amalienborg Palace, and among the distinguished people present were the King and Queen of Denmark, the King of the Hellenes, and other members of the Danish Royal family.

A telegram from St. Paul de Loanda states that Major Barttelot was shot dead by his Manyema carriers on July 19. Mr. Jameson is said to be at Stanley Falls arranging with Tippoo Tib for a fresh expedition. Mr. Rose Troup, who, in consequence of ill-health, had left Major Barttelot before the latter was killed, expresses no uneasiness whatever as to the success of Mr. Stanley. He rejects the suggestion of treason on the part of Tippoo Tib.

On the reassembling of the Democratic State Convention of Colorado in Denver, on Sept. 12, Mr. T. M. Patterson was nominated Governor by acclamation. The New York Democratic State Convention met on the same day at Buffalo. Governor David Bennett Hill was renominated by acclamation. The Republican State Convention of Massachusetts, held at Boston, renominated Governor Ames. The national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, in session at Columbus, Ohio, have elected the Hon. William Warner, of Missouri, Commander-in-Chief for the ensuing year.

The Ameer has reported to the Indian Government that his troops have captured the Kancard Fort and many prisoners, among whom is the father-in-law of Ishak Khan.

By a proclamation, dated Sept. 4, published in the Brisbane *Gazette*, Queen Victoria's sovereignty has been declared formally over British New Guinea.

TWO AUSTRALIAN GOVERNORS.

The Right Hon. Lord Carrington, C.C.M.G., Governor of the Colony of New South Wales, is Charles Robert Carington, third Baron Carrington, who was born in 1843, was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, held a Captain's commission in the Royal Horse Guards, was M.P. for Wycombe from 1865 to 1868, and succeeded to his father's peerage in the year last mentioned. The first Peer of this family was Mr. Robert Smith, M.P., who was created Baron Carrington, of Upton, Notts, in 1797; his son, the second Baron, in 1839, assumed the name of Carington, by Royal license, instead of Smith, and married a daughter of Lord Willoughby D'Eresby. Lord Carrington is Joint Hereditary Lord Chamberlain, and was aide-de-camp to the Prince of Wales during his visit to India, and has been a Captain in the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. He married, in 1878, Cecilia, daughter of Lord Suffield. In 1885, his Lordship was appointed Governor of New South Wales.

The Right Hon. Sir Henry Brougham Loch, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., Governor of the Colony of Victoria, was born in 1827, son of Mr. James Loch, M.P., of Drylaw, Midlothian, and began life as a midshipman in the Royal Navy, but soon entered the military service of the East India Company, in the Bengal Cavalry, became aide-de-camp to Lord Gough in the Sikh War, and was Adjutant of Skinner's Horse. In 1854, he was sent, with the local rank of Major, on special service to Turkey. He entered the Diplomatic Service, and accompanied Lord Elgin's Mission to China, where he was employed from 1857 to 1860; he was treacherously captured and cruelly ill-treated by the Chinese, but performed important services in negotiating the treaty of Pekin. He was private secretary to Sir George Grey as Secretary of State for the Home Department in 1861. From 1863 to 1882 he was Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, and in 1884 was appointed Governor of Victoria. Sir Henry Loch married, in 1862, a daughter of the Hon. Edward Ernest Villiers, a relative of the Earl of Clarendon.

THE MAORI COLLEGE, NEW ZEALAND.

The Te Aute Maori College is located thirty miles south of Napier, Hawke's Bay, on the east coast of the North Island of New Zealand. It is an endowed institution, and consists of a handsome and well-appointed block of buildings. During the last few years the school has made great strides, and now ranks, according to the reports of the Government Inspector, amongst the best secondary schools of New Zealand. Its pupils are drawn from all parts of the country, the number now in residence amounting to sixty-one. It educates up to the standard of the matriculation examination of the New Zealand University. A considerable number of "old boys" have taken good positions, and are proving that the Maori is not only capable of receiving a high educational and social culture, but that he can settle down to steady work, even of a decidedly sedentary character. Three, at least, of the team of Maori footballers now in our midst received their education at the College, and their memory is still green on its football ground. Mr. J. Thornton is the head-master of the Te Aute College.

EXTRAORDINARY TREE, NEW FOREST.

A correspondent tells us that in the past summer, while on a visit to Mr. W. Everett, J.P., near Lyndhurst, he was taken for a walk into the depths of the New Forest, between Lyndhurst and Boldre Wood, and was shown there a singular curiosity, in the shape of an accidental tree graft; of which, having a photographic apparatus with him, he got a photograph, and it is represented in our Illustration. It is said that a gale or cyclone must have torn away a very large branch; when, in falling, the broken and smaller end of this branch had evidently struck against the parent tree, had lacerated the bark, and had so grafted itself again to the trunk, once more to be nourished and kept alive by the sap of this tree, which is a fine beech. The self-grafted offspring, reunited, is now in full leaf and flourishing growth. To all appearance the healed bark at the graft has been many years in this remarkable position. Our correspondent is a medical gentleman, Mr. T. W. Blake, of Bournemouth.

TECHNICAL INSTITUTES FOR NORTH LONDON.

A meeting was held at the Hackney Townhall on Sept. 17 for the purpose of promoting a scheme for providing North London with technical and recreative institutes. It is proposed to appeal for £200,000, the Charity Commissioners promising a similar amount, provided that this sum is raised, to erect an institute in each of the divisions of Finsbury, Hackney, Islington, and St. Pancras. Sir Charles Russell said that the object that they had met to promote was an eminently desirable one. While a great deal had been done in this country in recent years in the direction of helping elementary education, practically nothing had been done by the State in aid of technical education. All that had been left almost entirely to private effort; and when he recollected the contrast which that state of things presented when compared with many Continental countries, he was bound to confess that there remained a great deal to be done. The time was when England, engaged in productive commercial pursuits, could afford to neglect the aids which modern times required, and when, from her position, and from her command over certain markets, she might be said to be without a rival in productive enterprise. But these conditions had greatly changed in modern days, and if England was to maintain her productive position in the world she must follow the rest of the world in the matter of technical and scientific training. Such institutions as those referred to were greatly needed in the four North London districts, which had a population of one and a half millions, with a rateable value of five millions, and he hoped that they would unite and work till they had succeeded, as South London had succeeded, in establishing their technical schools. Resolutions were adopted approving of the scheme and appointing local committees to put it into operation.

A geodetic conference was opened at Saltzburg on Sept. 17 for the purpose of discussing the adoption of an international system of longitudinal measurement. Among the twenty-five members present were representatives of Germany, England, France, and other European nations.

Sir Thomas McIlwraith, the Premier and Colonial Treasurer of Queensland, made his annual Budget statement in the Legislative Assembly on Sept. 12. The Minister announced that he expected a deficit of £135,000, but declared that it was not the intention of the Government to introduce a land or income tax, since the proposed changes in the Customs' tariff would, he expected, remove the deficit and leave a surplus of £72,000. Fixed duties would be imposed whenever practicable, and the *ad valorem* duties would be raised to 15 per cent. The Minister, in conclusion, declared that he looked to future years to alleviate other taxation by means of an amended Land Act, and expressed the belief that the finances of the colony would shortly be in a sound condition.



SIR H. B. LOCH, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.
GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.



LORD CARRINGTON,
GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE NEW ITALIAN AMBASSADOR.

In selecting Count Di Robilant, a former Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Kingdom of Italy, late Ambassador to Vienna, and a member of the Italian Senate, to be the Ambassador of King Humbert at the Court of Queen Victoria, the Italian Government has paid a high compliment to Great Britain; for he is a statesman and a soldier, and one of the most distinguished public men belonging to Italy. Carlo Felico, Count Di Robilant, a Lieutenant-General of the Italian Army, is a Piedmontese, having been born at Turin in August, 1826. At the age of thirteen, he entered the Royal Military College, and obtained his commission as sub-lieutenant six years later. He fought in all the wars of Italian independence against Austria, firstin 1848, and in the following year; when, at the battle of Novara, he had his left hand shot off by a cannon-ball. In 1853 he attained the rank of Captain of Artillery. Having served with great distinction in the campaign of 1859, he was gazetted a Major in the following year. In 1860 he took part in the campaigns of Ancona and Central Italy, and he was also in the Austrian war of 1866. He was President of the Commission for the delimitation of the Austro-Italian frontier in 1867, and was then appointed Commandant of the Superior Military College, a position he held till 1870. In 1871, Count Di Robilant was sent as Special Envoy to the Court of Austria, and was Ambassador there during many years. The Count was nominated a member of the Italian Senate for life in 1883. He became Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1885, an office which he retained two years. Count Di Robilant has received every distinction his country could bestow, such as the silver medals "for valour" of Sommacampagna (1848), Novara (1849), the Cross of Savoy, the Grand Cross of the Crown of Italy, and the Grand Cross of SS. Maurice and Lazarus, besides many decorations conferred by foreign Sovereigns. His wife, Countess Di Robilant, is a daughter of Prince Edmond Clary-Aldringen, by his wife, Princess Elizabeth, née Countess Fiquelmont.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Montabone, of Turin.

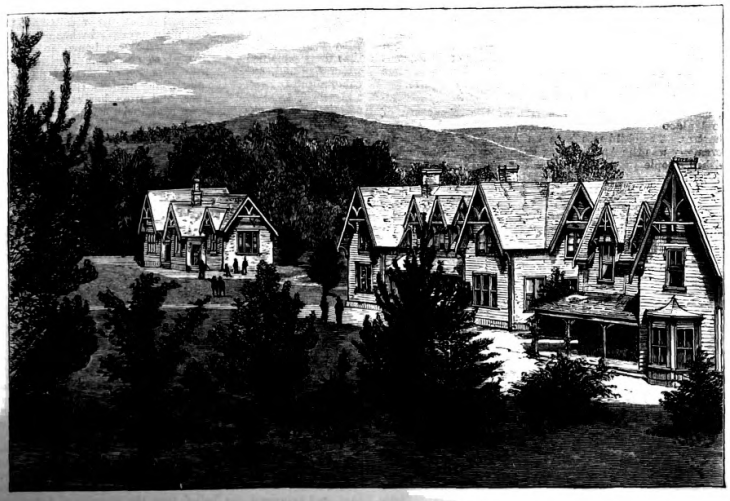


COUNT DI ROBILANT,
THE NEW ITALIAN AMBASSADOR.

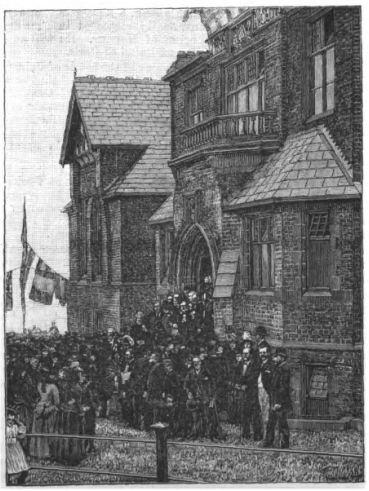
NOBLE'S HOSPITAL, ISLE OF MAN.

At Douglas, Isle of Man, on Sept. 4, the hospital erected by Mr. H. B. Noble and his late wife, as a gift of public charity, was formally delivered to the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Spencer Walpole, as representing the island community. The building, of which an Illustration is presented, has been constructed at a cost of about £5000, from the designs of Messrs. Bleakley and Cubbon, architects, of Birkenhead and Douglas. It is situated in Windsor-road, an elevated position overlooking the sea. Its external face is of red pressed brick with terra-cotta dressings and half-timbered gables. The plan of the building is that of two projecting pavilions, one to the right, the other to the left, of the central block. This central block contains the administrative offices, the medical and surgical officers', matrons and nurses' apartments, the committee-room, and the operating theatre. The wards for male patients are in one of the side pavilions, and the female wards in the other, giving accommodation for nearly thirty patients altogether. The central hall and staircase are handsome. Those who attended the ceremony, headed by the Right Rev. Dr. Bardsley, Bishop of Sodor and Man, with the Vicar-General, Deemster Drinkwater, and members of the committee, walked in procession from Villa Marina, Mr. Noble's residence, to the hospital, where that gentleman received them and the Lieutenant-Governor, who was accompanied by Mrs. Walpole. After the singing of a hymn, reading a Psalm, and offering prayer, the Bishop dedicated the new hospital to the glory of God, for the relief of the sick poor: Mr. Noble handed over the key, and a deed of conveyance of the building, to Governor Walpole, who responded in a short speech, followed by the Deemster (Judge of the Isle of Man) and the Vicar-General. The building was afterwards opened for public inspection.

Mr. James L. Bowes, of the well-known firm of Messrs. J. L. Bowes Brothers, has been appointed honorary Consul for Japan at Liverpool.



TE AUTE MAORI COLLEGE, NEW ZEALAND.



PRESENTATION OF NOBLE'S HOSPITAL, ISLE OF MAN.



ACROSS TWO OCEANS: NEWCASTLE, JAMAICA, FROM THE MORTON D'ORSAY BRIDLE-PATH.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

MUSIC.

THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL.

Our previous notices of the one hundred and sixty-fifth meeting of the cathedral choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, have to be supplemented by remarks on performances which occurred too late for record until now. The specialties of the occasion were: Mr. Cowen's "Song of Thanksgiving," produced at the recent opening of the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition, and Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley's oratorio, "The Martyrdom of St. Polycarp."

Mr. Cowen's work is a setting of words taken from the Psalms, appropriate to the occasion. The music is scored for chorus and orchestra, and consists of three movements, one of which is entirely choral, and affords a good contrast to the other two, in which somewhat excessive use is made of the more demonstrative instruments. The general style is well suited to the festive and jubilant purposes for which the work was produced.

Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley's composition is the work of the occupier of the chair of music at the University of Oxford. His knowledge of the art, theoretical and practical, has been successfully manifested on many occasions by didactic writings, lectures, and musical compositions. That now referred to was produced as the exercise for his degree some thirty odd years ago. It is a scholarly work, both scientific and interesting in style, contrapuntal learning being successfully manifested without pedantry. Several portions proved highly effective, particularly the march, the tenor and baritone duet—finely sung by Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Santley—"Polycarp's Prayer"; a very pleasing trio—excellently rendered by Misses Anna Williams, Ambler, and H. Wilson—the double chorus of Christians and Pagans; and the final "Amen," also a double chorus. In addition to the vocalists already specified, Mr. C. Banks contributed some incidental passages. The two works just referred to were performed on the third day of the festival, Sept. 13; the previous morning having been occupied by a selection from Handel's "Samson," with additional accompaniments by Mr. E. Prout; and the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's sacred cantata, "The Woman of Samaria." The selection from Handel's noble work was not judiciously made, and the performance was far from satisfactory, with the exception of that of the solo vocalists—Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Enriquez, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Brereton. "The Woman of Samaria" (originally produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1867) is replete with grace and charm, if not altogether reaching the height of the sublime style. Its great and undoubted merits should have secured for it more frequent hearing than it has received, and its revival at the Hereford Festival was a welcome feature of the programme. It received a far better rendering on the occasion now referred to than the mutilated selection from "Samson." The solo vocalists in Bennett's work were Misses Anna Williams and H. Wilson, Mr. C. Banks, and Mr. Brereton. The sacred performances in the cathedral, on the evening of Sept. 12, included the first and second parts of Haydn's "Creation" (with Madame Albani, Mr. C. Banks, and Mr. Santley as solo vocalists), followed by Spohr's cantata, "God, Thou art great" (soloists, Misses Anna Williams and H. Wilson, Mr. C. Banks and Mr. Brereton); Schubert's "Song of Miriam" (soloist, Miss Anna Williams) having completed the evening's programme.

Cherubini's Mass in D minor (one of the grandest of his many grand productions) was given on Thursday morning, Sept. 13, when the compositions of Mr. Cowen and Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley (above referred to) were produced; between these latter having been placed Dr. C. H. H. Parry's effective setting (for chorus and orchestra) of Milton's ode, "Blest pair of Sirens," the composer having conducted. The soloists in the mass were—Madame Albani, Miss Ambler, Madame Enriquez, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. C. Banks, and Mr. Santley.

The closing oratorio performance, the "Messiah," in the cathedral, on Sept. 14, calls for only brief record. The soloists named in the programme were Madame Albani, Misses Anna Williams and H. Wilson, Mr. C. Banks, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Brereton.

The miscellaneous concerts in the Shirehall on Sept. 11 and 13 included, on the first occasion, a performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata, "The Golden Legend" (as already recorded by us). The composer conducted, and he and his work were enthusiastically received. The second concert comprised a varied selection of orchestral and vocal music, to which some of the principal solo singers contributed, special features having been the fine singing of the Leeds choristers in several instances. A graceful gavotte and minuet, for strings, by Mr. C. Lee Williams, was much appreciated. A chamber concert on Friday evening, Sept. 14, closed the proceedings of the festival week.

The general duties of conductor have been fulfilled by Dr. Langdon Colborne, organist of Hereford Cathedral, Mr. Done, of Worcester, having rendered good service at the organ, as did Mr. C. L. Williams (of Gloucester), as pianoforte accompanist, and organist at the evening performance in the cathedral. The co-operation of the excellent Leeds choristers was a valuable feature on several occasions.

The Covent-Garden Promenade Concerts have now completed five weeks of their seventh season under the lesseeship of Mr. W. Freeman Thomas, whose arrangements this year are of unprecedented interest, and are being attended with a corresponding amount of success. It is stated that the present season of these concerts will terminate on Oct. 1; a series of performances of Italian opera (under Signor Lamperti's management) being arranged to begin on Oct. 13, closing on Nov. 10; after which, the theatre will be required for the preparation of Mr. Freeman Thomas's Christmas pantomime.

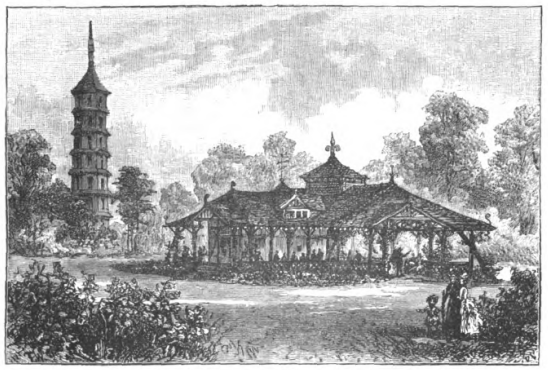
In London 2488 births and 1331 deaths were registered in the week ending Sept. 15. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 217, and the deaths 77, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 27 from measles, 24 from scarlet fever, 18 from diphtheria, 31 from whooping-cough, 12 from enteric fever, 1 from an undefined form of continued fever, 122 from diarrhœa and dysentery, and 1 from choleraic diarrhœa. No death from smallpox was registered. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs were 184, exceeding the corrected average by 2. Different forms of violence caused 61 deaths; 45 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 18 from fractures and contusions, 7 from burns and scalds, 5 from drowning, and 12 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Fifteen cases of suicide were registered.

NEWCASTLE, JAMAICA.

When Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist, was in the West Indies, on his way from London to Melbourne "Across Two Oceans," he visited Jamaica, and went up to look at Newcastle, the head-quarters of the British troops, which is about thirteen miles from Kingston, up a high mountain. He writes the following account of this trip:—"I had to take an hour and a half's drive to Gordon-town, where a mountain pony is provided for the rest of the ascent. The barracks and officers' quarters are built on a lofty spur of the Blue Mountains. The site is undoubtedly healthy; and the wife of Major Garnett, whose guest I was, informed me that she quite liked the place, and much preferred it to living in Kingston. It is well that the British soldier was sent up to this salubrious height, but they say that some great personage made a very large fortune by the purchase in one instance, and the sale of it in the second, to the British Government. After passing Gordon-town, the way up is by a bridle-path, so narrow in parts that a pony making a false step would quietly topple you over into a mountain torrent many hundred feet below. There is luxuriant foliage on all sides, and occasionally, through gaps in the trees, you obtain a view of Newcastle, perched up on high, even in the clouds, or so it appears. There is a magnificent view of the surrounding country from Major Garnett's house and the officers' mess. All species of flowers grow here—violets and forget-me-nots, as well as the geranium and rose, in all their beauty. New potatoes and vegetables of all kinds are brought to perfection. The Blue Mountain trout abounds in the streams, and is one of the great delicacies of Jamaica. I should like to thank the officers of the garrison of Newcastle for the hospitality with which they treated me; and I was glad to see one of the finest sights of this island."

REFRESHMENT PAVILION, KEW GARDENS.

The propriety of allowing refreshments to be supplied to the public in Kew Gardens has been debated for some years past, and has been discussed in all the papers as a matter of public interest and convenience. Recently official permission was obtained by Mr. G. Ewens, of the Royal Albert Hall, for the erection of a refreshment pavilion, and probably other pavilions will shortly be erected in other parts of the gardens. The structure, of which we give an Illustration, was designed



NEW REFRESHMENT PAVILION, KEW GARDENS.

by Messrs. Gordon and Lowther, architects, of Finsbury-circus, who have also instructions for a proposed building under the trees, near the Diana pond in Bushey Park.

CONFERENCE OF GEOLOGISTS.

The fourth triennial Congress of geologists began its sittings on Sept. 17 at the London University. In the evening, the president, Professor Prestwich, of Oxford, gave an address in French. He expressed sincere regret that Professor Huxley, the honorary president, was, through ill-health, unable to welcome the foreign visitors, representing more than twenty different countries. He proceeded to a critical review of the work done at former congresses, and to suggest the paths which should immediately be followed. At the first congress, at Paris, in 1878, the fundamental questions of nomenclature and classification of rocks were taken up, and the suggestion of applying the solar spectrum as the basis of colouring geological maps was accepted. But the scale of red, blue, and yellow was found to be too limited, and the scale had to be very largely increased. One result of the Bologna congress had been the giving of practical illustrations of the seventy-six signs and engravings of different colours by a map of the Swiss mountains; and on it was also inserted the conventional sign for indicating the inclinations of the strata, the faults, the fossiliferous regions, the water-springs—cold, thermal, and mineral—the quarries and mines, &c.; the result being a veritable hieroglyphic chapter of universal significance. It had been decided to publish a geological map of Europe, in like manner, upon a scale of 1-1,500,000th; and the execution was far advanced, under the direction of the committee elected at the Berlin congress. The unification of geological terms was in the hands of nine national committees, eleven individual geologists of eminence also rendering assistance. The object of their deliberations was to reduce the various terms to be used to the expression of definite objects. This group would be applied to the great rock divisions—primary, secondary, tertiary. The sub-divisions would be called systems, as, the Silurian system. The minor divisions would be series, as the Oolitic series, the terms *étage* and *assise* being introduced for the smaller sub-divisions. In like manner, in regard to time, the terms recognised would be era, period, epoch, and age. In regard to the nomenclature of fossil organic remains, the name which would be retained for each species would be that under which it was first known, on condition that it was then properly described; but no date before the twelfth edition of Linnæus, 1766, would be recognised as to priority. The President and Mrs. Prestwich afterwards held a reception in the library of the University.

The meetings follow each other daily, and afterwards a series of excursions will be made to North Wales, West Yorkshire, the Isle of Wight, Bridlington, and other places. There will also be receptions at Eton, Kew, the Natural History Museum, the Geological, and other learned and scientific societies.

THE COURT.

The Queen went out on the morning of Sept. 13, attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps; and in the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Frederica and attended by Miss Phipps, drove through Braemar and down by the Lion's Face. Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse drove to Loch Callater. The Earl of Fife arrived at the castle, and, as well as Viscount Cranbrook, had the honour of dining with the Queen. On the morning of Sept. 14 the Queen went out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove with Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice. Prince Albert Victor of Wales went out deer-stalking. The Queen went out on Saturday morning, Sept. 15, accompanied by Princess Beatrice; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove out with Princess Alice of Hesse. Princess Beatrice, attended by Miss Cochrane, also drove. Sir Maurice and Lady FitzGerald had luncheon at Balmoral Castle, and were afterwards received by her Majesty. The Rev. Dr. Macgregor arrived at the castle and had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. Divine service was performed at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, Sept. 16, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Rev. Dr. Macgregor, Minister of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, officiated. The Duchess of Albany and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein drove over from Birkhall and attended Divine service at the castle and remained to luncheon. The Rev. Dr. Macgregor had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. On the morning of Sept. 17 the Queen went out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Alice of Hesse, and Prince Albert Victor of Wales; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove with Princess Frederica, attended by the Dowager Lady Churchill, through Ballater. Princess Beatrice, Princess Alice of Hesse, and Prince Albert Victor, attended by Miss Minnie Cochrane, drove to the Falls of Corriemulzie. The Duchess Dowager of Marlborough and Lady Sarah Spencer Churchill lunched at the castle, and afterwards had the honour of being received by her Majesty. Earl Cadogan arrived as Minister in attendance, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family.

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT AND POLISH INDUSTRY.

In the course of a recent report on the trade of Warsaw, Mr. Grant, the British Consul-General there, refers to certain measures of the Russian Government which will tell seriously against Polish industry. Ever since 1815 the immigration of foreigners to Poland for commercial and industrial purposes has been greatly favoured by the Government. Various ukases granted subsidies to immigrants, gave them grants of public land selected by themselves, supplied timber for building gratis, exempted them perpetually from military service and from the payment of taxes, and sometimes even ordered grants of money to be made them. The rising industries were also fostered by the establishment of chambers of industry and a bank. The industrial development of Poland was, in consequence, very remarkable, especially in the districts nearest to Germany. Suddenly, in 1887, the policy of seventy-three years was reversed; foreigners were prohibited from acquiring land in any way, in Poland and the Baltic provinces, and immigration was thus stopped. Building, except by peasants, within a mile and a quarter of the frontier is also prohibited, and the owners are not allowed to repair the existing buildings. In two governments alone, this order affects 193 factories. Polish industries will also suffer by the application of an old law which has never before been enforced in Poland—viz., that forbidding foreign Jews to engage in trade without the consent of three Ministers, and as this permission is being systematically refused, foreign Jews are virtually excluded from taking part in the trade and industry of Poland. A still greater danger threatens in the proposed measures for protecting Russian industries against those of Poland. If these are carried the protective system will be applied, probably for the first time, to the internal industry of the same State, for the purpose of protecting one province against another. Polish cotton-mills are already handicapped in their competition with Moscow by imposing a higher duty on raw cotton imported by sea to that imported by land. The effect has been to increase the cost of raw material for the Polish spinners and to decrease it for the Moscow ones, for the former must either pay the higher freight or the higher duty. If they import by Germany they must pay the higher freight, if by sea to Riga or Libau they must pay the higher duty, the Moscow spinners being clear gainers by the arrangement. These and other measures in contemplation are attributed to the jealousy of the Moscow manufacturers, who, at the last fair of Nijni Novgorod, addressed a memorial to the Government asking for protection against the Polish industries. The Polish cotton-spinners petitioned against the differential duties, showing the disadvantages under which it places them, but in vain.

FRENCH CENTENARIANS.

A paper was recently read before the French Academy of Sciences by M. Emile Lavasseur on the "Centenarians now living in France." The first report collected gave the number of persons who had attained one hundred years and upwards as 184, but on these being thoroughly sifted no less than 101 were struck out, leaving eighty-three; but even of these there were no fewer than sixty-seven who could not furnish adequate proof of their reputed age. In sixteen cases, however, authentic records of birth or baptism were found, including that of a man born in Spain, and baptised Aug. 20, 1770. His life was spent almost wholly in France. All the other centenarians were reputed to be between 100 and 105 years of age, with the exception of a widow claiming to be 112 years old. Of the eighty-three persons said to be centenarians women formed a large majority, the proportion being fifty-two women to 31 men. There were but few married couples, six male and sixteen female celibates, twenty-three widowers, and forty-one widows. One of the latter was Madame Rostkowski, 103 years of age. She enjoys a pension of 60f. per month, allowed her by the French Government in consideration of her late husband's military services. More centenarians exist in the south-western Departments than in the rest of the Republic, while the basin of the Garonne—from the Pyrenees to the Puy-de-Dôme—contains as many as all the rest of France put together. M. Lavasseur finds that the chances of a person in the nineteenth century reaching 100 years of age are one in 18,800.

Another very important addition has been made to the Navy by the launching at Portsmouth of the powerful twin-screw cruiser Melpomene, six guns, 2350 tons, 9000-horse power, which was commenced in October last.

FAINT-HEARTED READERS.

There was a time when men sat down to a book with the patience and courage needed to bombard a well-fortified town. They girded up their loins for the encounter, and read every



page of a black-letter folio without a moment's thought of the degenerate practice of skipping. To treat an author thus frivolously would be to show themselves unworthy scholars; and it never occurred to these patient plodders to ask whether in all instances the good gained was worth the hours consumed.

Charles Lamb, who dearly loved old books and old ways of study, wrote in one of his letters:—"I mean some day to attack Caryl on 'Job,' six folios. Whatever any man can write surely I may read!" This was the feeling of students in earlier days, when to gain learning at all it was necessary to dig deep, since there were no royal roads to knowledge, such as "coaches," classes, free libraries, and the school-books which, if we may credit the compilers, leave no difficulties unexplained. If the food then provided was a little tough, there was a compensatory power of digestion. Probably there is no man living courageous enough to attack the amazing works left behind him by "voluminous Prynne." But in his lifetime he had readers—that Peter Heylin was one of them Prynne found to his cost—and we know, too, that the public licenser, whose position must have been as painful as that of a cemetery chaplain, was forced to read his works. But now even the 1100 quarto pages of his "Histriomastix," the cream of his life's labours, will, as Carlyle says, "nevermore be read by mortal." A like comment may be passed on many a work over which long nights of toil have been spent. In the Puritan days, Englishmen appear to have been endowed with a patience wellnigh superhuman. How men endured seven hours, with a single break of one quarter, spent in preaching and praying—and this by John Howe's confession he sometimes inflicted upon his congregation—is inconceivable to us; but the same power of prolonged attention was demanded by the pious writers of the period, some of whose works are wellnigh interminable. There was Baxter, who wrote the narrative of his life in folio, and who published more than one hundred books; there was Thomas Fuller, the wittiest and most original of divines, and also one of the most voluminous authors in the language, whose works may be said to form a small library; there was our English Chrysostom, Jeremy Taylor, whose hospitable board, as Coleridge said, "groans under the weight and multitude of viands"; and there was Milton, whose prose works in English and Latin, weighty in bulk and power, contain passages unsurpassed for eloquence, and passages not a few in which language is abused and Christian charity forgotten. That there must have been in that age a good amount of iron in the constitution of authors, readers, and publishers, goes without saying.

Even the lighter literature then in vogue would be deemed by modern young ladies intolerably heavy. Is there one of them that would dare to read Sidney's "Arcadia," or the ten volumes of the "Grand Cyrus"; or Lord Broghill's "Parthenissa"; or even Spenser's incomparable "Faerie Queene"? Why, there are educated English women living—and, it may be feared, men too—who have never read "Paradise Lost," one of the world's greatest poems; and who, to descend considerably in the poetical scale, are ignorant of Thomson's "Seasons," than which few poems, if any, won so much admiration from youths and maidens in the last century; and how greatly they admired "Pamela" and "Clarissa Harlowe," and that exquisite prig "Sir Charles Grandison," is a fact of literary history. Never was novelist so surrounded by female flatterers and devotees as Richardson; but now young ladies



have not the patience to read him, and prefer the dainty, if somewhat slight, refection provided for them by Mr. Henry James.

Exactly in the middle of the last century, Miss Talbot, writing to Mrs. Carter, of blue-stocking renown, said that she had set her whole heart on the success of "The Rambler." An essay is, or ought to be, easy reading, if it is not easily written; but Dr. Johnson, the liveliest and wittiest of talkers, lost the greater part, both of his wit and liveliness, when he took the pen in hand. There is meat in "The Rambler" both plentiful and wholesome, but it is not for babes, and it is to be feared that even a Newnham or Girton scholar would reject it also. Neither an essay nor a short sermon can always escape the charge of dullness. Rogers relates that when Legge was made Bishop of Oxford he had the folly to ask two wits, Canning and Frere, to be present at his first sermon. "Well," said he to Canning, "how did you like it?" "Why, I thought it rather short." "Oh, yes; I am aware that it was short: but I was afraid of being tedious." "You *were* tedious."

Is it the hurry and excitement of life, the variety of magazines and novels, and a growing love of amusement that make the modern reader so much less patient than his forefathers? or is it that he is generally content with being simply a reader and not a student? Literature, like tinned meats and soups, is now sold in the most portable form possible. A man will not read the greatest poets of his country or even the most popular of living poets unless in selections. In earlier days, when Young's "Night Thoughts" was read as a pastime, it would have needed little heroism to read the entire works of such fine poets as Lord Tennyson, Mr. Coventry Patmore, and Mr. Matthew Arnold; but now we profess to be satisfied with their "Beauties"; as if it were possible to understand a poet's full scope and charm by reading him in fragments! Such volumes may be serviceable to the traveller who has little space in his portmanteau, but the reader shows a strange lack of courage who dallies with selections when he has access to a library. Into all departments of literature the process of abridgment is carried. The late George Henry Lewes encouraged a young gentleman to attempt the astounding feat of reducing Boswell; and Lockhart's Scott has undergone the same treatment. Even the Waverley novels, works unsurpassed since Shakspeare for imaginative power, for elevation of tone, and for the sweetness and light that no English writer has possessed in a larger measure than Scott, have been considered too solid food for the fitful appetite of the modern novel-reader. He can swallow without much difficulty a "shilling dreadful"; he can read after dinner, and when supported in an easy-chair, the society papers; but a noble work of art, the interest of which is not due to thrilling incidents and impossible adventures in every page, is a weariness to the flesh.

The passion for strong sensations is a remarkable feature of the time, and of late a new danger has invaded England, against which Sir Theodore Martin has recently warned his countrymen. The grossest literature of France, which represents, as its chief exponent admits, the rottenness of Parisian society, is now translated and scattered broadcast over England. What toleration, Sir Theodore asks, should be shown to Englishmen who make a trade of translating and propagating this poisonous trash! and truly does he add that to keep works of fiction of this class out of the hands of their sons and daughters "must now cause many an anxious hour to English parents." Such fiction is easily read, but it is not easily forgotten; and the amusement of an hour may be the ruin of a life. A taste for what is noble and of good report in literature is, no doubt, the best antidote against this poison; but the faint-hearted reader has not enough energy of purpose to gain this taste. He reads simply to pass away the time, and, without any wish to go astray, is in danger of doing so from sheer love of excitement. Simple and wholesome food no longer suits him, and he longs for a new mental sensation, just as Keats, eager for a new bodily one, covered his tongue with cayenne pepper, in order, as he said, to appreciate "the delicious coolness of claret in all its glory."

J. D.

"CAPTAIN SWIFT" AT THE HAYMARKET.

The romantic play of "Captain Swift," by that clever young Australian writer, Mr. C. Haddon Chambers, has so quickly secured public favour at the Haymarket Theatre that the principal personages of this effective drama well merit portrayal. The central figure in our Illustration is the supremely artistic actor-manager, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, as Mr. Wilding (the alias the quondam Australian bushranger, Captain Swift, bears in England), inflicting chastisement on the venomous servant, Marshall (Mr. Brookfield), for his insulting references to the past life of Wilding. Captain Swift, it will be remembered, is in a most trying position. Guest of his new friend, Mr. Seabrook, at Fernshawe Park, he has a double reason to banish his bushranging recollections. He is in love with the gentle niece of Mr. Seabrook, Stella Darbisher, who returns his affection; and he learns, to his amazement, that he is the natural son of his hostess, Mrs. Seabrook. The masterful way in which Wilding plucks this love from his heart, and, at the prayer of his agitated mother, quits the house, and all that makes life worth living, commands the warmest sympathy of the audience; and, when the troubled outcast at last shoots himself to save his mother's secret from being divulged, it is felt that the motto of the piece is realised, however painfully, and that "There is some soul of goodness in things evil." As that deeply-moved gentlewoman, Mrs. Seabrook, Lady Monckton acts with emotional power in every phase; her anguish for the sin of her young days being as eloquently expressed as her strong attachment for her fond husband (Mr. Kemble) is feelingly conveyed. Lady Monckton could not possibly have a better foil than Miss Rose Leclercq in the adroitly enacted part of the cold-blooded woman of the world, Lady Staunton, Mrs. Seabrook's sister. Mrs. Tree has rarely, if ever, been seen to such advantage. She is delightfully natural as Stella Darbisher, beloved at one and the same time by the two half-brothers, Captain Swift and Harry Seabrook, his jealous rival (Mr. Fuller Mellish). The influence of Mr. Tree's example has had an excellent affect on Mr. Macklin, who has never acted better than he does as the frank and good-hearted young Queenslander, Mr. Gardiner, who recognises Wilding as a bushranger assailant of his, Captain Swift, but is induced for a sentimental reason to refrain from unmasking him, as he indubitably would do in real life in common justice to his host and hostess, particularly as he is betrothed to pretty Mabel Seabrook (Miss Angela Cudmore). It remains to add that Mr. Charles Allan infuses individuality into the part of the Australian detective, Michael Ryan, who comes to England to arrest Captain Swift, and finds a ready confederate in the vindictive Marshall, of which rascally person Mr. Brookfield has made quite a character-study.

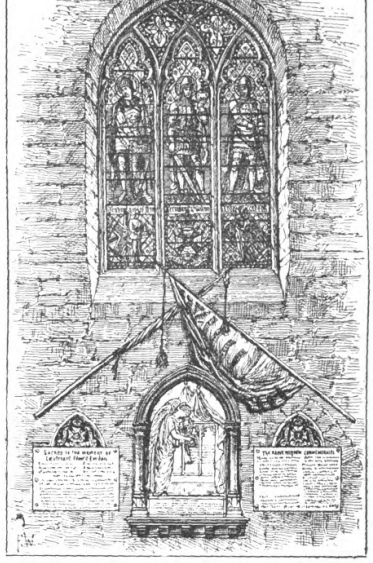
The Portrait of the Emperor of Brazil is from a photograph by M. Numa Blanc, of Paris; that of Lord Carrington, Governor of New South Wales, from one by Messrs. Charlemont and Co., of Sydney; and that of Sir H. B. Loch, Governor of Victoria, by Messrs. Foster and Martin, of Melbourne.

In the list of candidates for the vacant chair of chemistry at Aberdeen University are the names of Dr. Snape, Aberystwith; Professor Masson, Melbourne University; Professor Japp, South Kensington; Dr. Hartley, Dublin; Dr. Scott, Durham; and Dr. Senior, London. The salary attached to the office is £1000 per annum, and the candidates are very numerous.

MEMORIALS OF 34TH CUMBERLAND REGIMENT, CARLISLE.

An incidental consequence of the localising of regiments of our army, by the territorial system, may be observed in Cathedral and county towns of England. It is the placing of regimental memorials in the Cathedrals, a very appropriate custom where the regiment historically belongs to the county. At Carlisle, now the home of the Border Regiment, comprising, in its 1st and 2nd or Line battalions, the 34th Cumberland and the 55th Westmorland Regiments, and embracing the whole of the fine auxiliary battalions of these counties, the Dean and Chapter have allotted a bay in the Cathedral, for the collection of the old 34th, Cumberland, regimental memorials.

After the Crimean war, the battalion was stationed in Edinburgh Castle, having halted, on its home journey up country, at Carlisle. In memory of its late comrades, the preparation of a beautiful marble monument was entrusted to Sir John Steell. But the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, in 1857, and the sudden dispatch of the 34th, which was the first of those battalions specially sent to arrive in India, prevented their seeing its erection in Carlisle Cathedral; and its completion was kindly superintended by the late Sir George Scott-Douglas, of Springwood, one of their old Captains. The inscription beneath this graceful sculptured design records the names of Captains Shiffner and Robinson, Lieutenants F. R. Hurt, Hector Lawrence, H. D. Alt, W. Jerdan, R. J. Brown Clayton, and Norman Ramsay, and enumerates thirteen sergeants, eleven corporals, four drummers, and 289 private soldiers, who were killed in action, or died from the effects of labour in the trenches, during the Crimean campaigns. The tablet was erected by General Sir Thomas Macdougall Brisbane, Bart, G.C.B., G.C.H., Colonel of the regiment, and the surviving comrades, in 1857. Two pairs of the regimental colours were subsequently received, with befitting ceremony, by Dean Close, to be deposited in the Cathedral. The death of General Lord Airey, who had served in the 34th Regiment, and had been its Colonel, was followed by that of their commanding officer, Colonel Trevor Chapman, from cholera, at Dum-dum; and Captain Archibald Balderson, Station Staff Officer, was killed about the same time, while endeavouring to rescue those buried



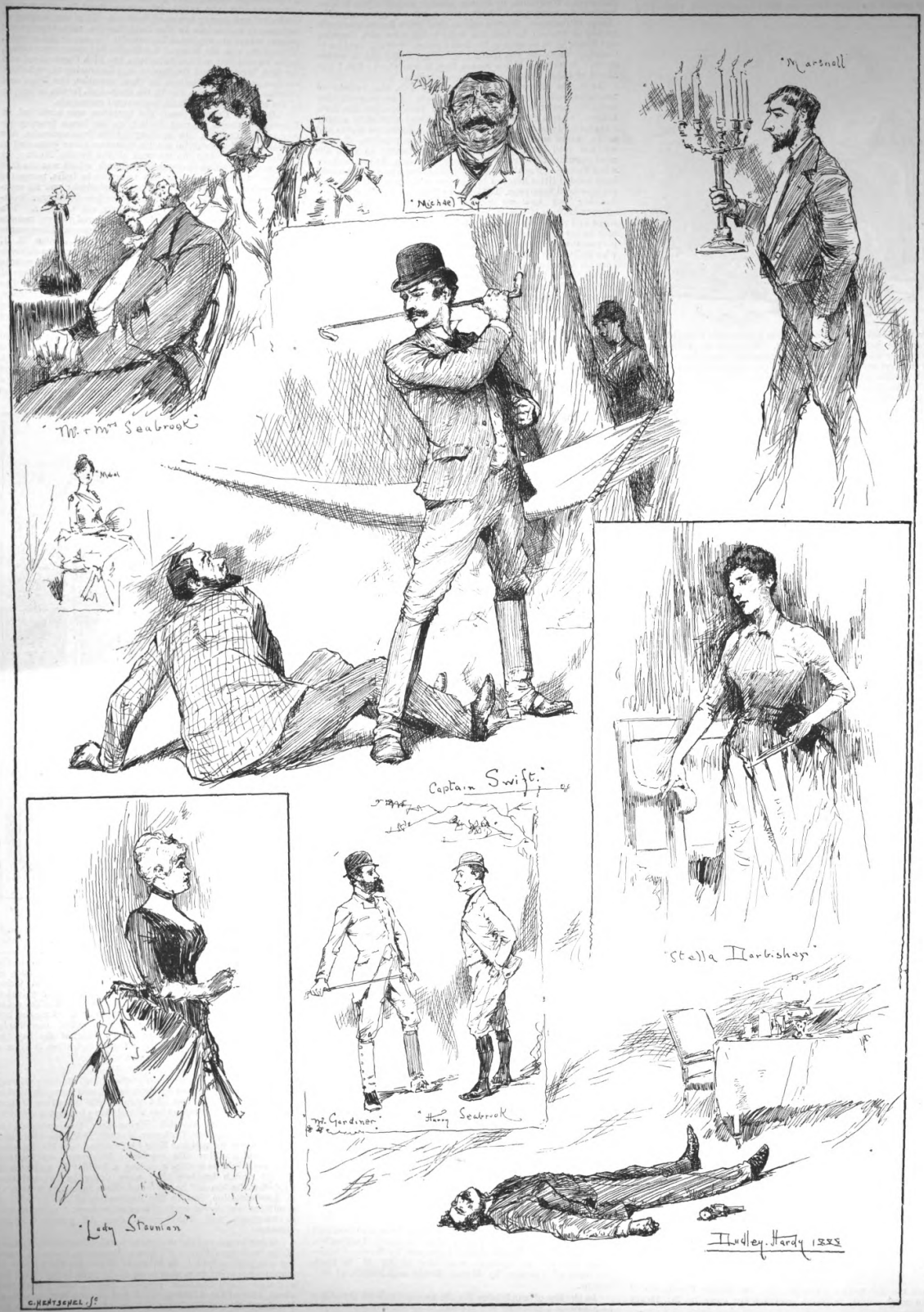
MEMORIALS IN CARLISLE CATHEDRAL TO THE 34TH REGIMENT.

in the landslip at Nynee Tal. The officers, past and present, erected a noble window in Carlisle Cathedral to the memory of those lost during that tour of foreign service. They have also caused to be engraved, on a brass tablet, a duplicate of the inscription in the Cawnpore Memorial Church, in memory of Lieutenant Edward Jordan, Ensigns Applegate and Grier, several non-commissioned officers, and twenty-four privates, killed in action at Cawnpore in November, 1857. The set of colours borne by the regiment throughout the Crimean and Indian campaigns are crossed above the mural monuments, and, with the second pair, masking the front of the bay, the arrangement is highly effective. Our Illustration is from a photograph by Messrs. Wnaite, of Carlisle.

The miners and ironworkers in the Ebbw Vale have rejected the compromise proposed by the masters, and have decided to remove their tools from the mines. It is estimated that upwards of £6000 in wages has already been lost to the district.

At a crowded Scottish Home-Rule demonstration in Glasgow on Sept. 18, Professor Hunter, M.P., the chairman, said whatever form Home Rule for Scotland took the Imperial Parliament would remain supreme. At present the Scottish members might as well be spending a holiday in Switzerland for all Scotch business they were doing in Westminster. Professor Blackie said he did not believe in centralisation or in Londonisation, but in the nationality of the Scotch. A resolution was passed urging the establishment of a Legislature in Scotland, with full control over all purely Scottish questions.

In furtherance of the movement to celebrate the bicentenary of the landing of Prince William of Orange in Torbay, a meeting was held on Sept. 18 at Brixham, Devon, for the purpose of obtaining support from that town to the fund being raised for a statue. Lord Churston presided, and it was stated that about £400 of the £1000 required had already been promised. Representatives of the Huguenot societies of London and the Protestants of Hull supported the object of the meeting, and a resolution was passed endorsing the action of the committee. The event will be celebrated on Nov. 5, and it is proposed to erect the statue on Brixham Beach, at the spot where the Prince landed.



SKETCHES OF "CAPTAIN SWIFT" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

WOOLWICH ARSENAL: THE SHELL FACTORY.

The Shell Factory at Woolwich Arsenal produces shells of thirty-seven different measures, from the smallest, one inch in diameter, used instead of a bullet in the Nordenfeldt machine-gun, up to the largest, of sixteen and a quarter inches diameter, used for the great gun that weighs a hundred and ten tons. All these shells are of the cylindrical, conical-headed form; no spherical shells are now made at Woolwich, but the Arsenal will repair those of that pattern which may have been handed over to the Artillery Volunteers for their practice. A shell of the largest size contains 85 lb. of gunpowder, which is calculated to burst its steel wall or case, two inches and a half thick; if the shell were made of iron, instead of steel, this charge would burst it four inches thick. The scattering of the fragments of the exploded shell is, of course, the mode of its destructive effect, not here considering the shrapnel shell, which contains a large number of bullets, to kill or wound many men at a time. The shell is discharged like a solid shot from a gun; the gun-charge to throw the largest shell that is made at the Arsenal would be 800 lb. of gunpowder, in the 110-ton great gun, which can throw such a projectile five miles. The apparatus for igniting the charge of gunpowder contained within the shell itself, and so causing it to burst when it has reached the enemy, is placed in the conical head of the shell. It may either be a detonating percussion cap, which acts by striking against the first obstacle in the flight of the shell, whether it be the side of a ship, the wall of a fort, or the hard ground; or it may be a "time fuse," which is ignited by the flame of the gun at its discharge, and which consists of a metal tube filled with a slowly-burning composition, the fire of which reaches the gunpowder charge of the shell in a certain time, not less than five seconds or more than fifteen seconds, according to the range of distance and other considerations. The fuses are readily put on the shells when required for service; in the head of every shell is a brass fuse-hole, with an internal conical screw, made so that the fuse can be quickly screwed into it; all the fuse-holes, of all kinds and sizes of shells, are exactly alike, so that any fuse can be applied to any shell, which is a great practical convenience, preventing the chance of any shells being rendered useless by a mistake in not having their proper fuses at hand. As the shell, discharged from a rifled gun, is to have a rotatory movement, like that of a rifle-bullet, the base or hinder end of the shell is surrounded with a ring of copper, a softer metal, which takes the groove from the rifled calibre of the gun. There are shells of the hardest steel, for penetrating iron or steel plate armour; but we believe these are not made in the Shell Factory at Woolwich. It may be observed that the inside surface of every shell is coated with a red lacquer, which is a composition of resin and other substances, and the utility of which is more important than one would suppose. When the projectile rushes forward through the gun, the powder within the shell has such violent friction with the inner surface of the shell that it might be prematurely ignited by the heating of the steel surface, and so the shell might burst even before leaving the gun, bursting the gun and all. Such accidents are known to have formerly happened with very disastrous effects. The inside coating of resinous lacquer tends to prevent this heating from the friction of the powder on the steel of the shell.

The shrapnel shell is of more complex construction. It has a powder-cup at the base, the hinder end of the cylinder, with a separating diaphragm between the charge of gunpowder there and the middle length; a connecting-tube from the head of the shell to the powder-charge, descends through the centre of the cylinder, and the space all round this tube is filled with bullets; the upper end of the tube fits into a socket in the conical head of the shell, where it communicates with a time-fuse; the head is made of Atlas metal, and is not designed to pierce the armour-plate of ships, but to pour out the multitude of bullets. The fire from the fuse, of course, is transmitted by the connecting tube to the gunpowder in the cup at the base of the shell, and the bullets are shot forward. A shrapnel shell of six and a half inches calibre will contain nearly 240 leaden bullets, each weighing above an ounce. The largest shrapnel shell, discharged by the Elswick 110-ton gun, having a diameter of sixteen and a quarter inches, contains 2330 iron bullets, each weighing four ounces, the effect of which must be terrible when poured amongst a body of men, or in the interior of an enemy's ship. A shrapnel shell made of cast iron will burst, like an ordinary shell, and scatter its fragments; but a shrapnel shell of steel will only project its contents through the head. The bullets are effective at a distance of from fifty to a hundred yards from the shell, spreading from 10 ft. to 15 ft.



PAINTING SHELLS.

The Woolwich Shell Factory, as well as the foundry of the Arsenal, is now working night and day, and issuing shells of all sizes at the rate of ten thousand a week; but at present, we understand, about four thousand of them weekly made are those of one-inch measure for the machine-guns. It will be understood that every shell has to be carefully tested; and, when it comes from the foundry, an apparatus is applied to its interior, as shown in one of our Illustrations, to find whether its sides are of perfectly uniform thickness; if it were faulty in this respect, it would twist irregularly, and might even break in the gun. Any shell not answering this requirement is at once condemned and returned to the foundry.

With reference to our description and Illustrations of the Torpedo Factory, which appeared last week, it should be observed that the man who was shown "ganging the tail of a torpedo" applies his measurement not to the propeller flanges, which are not yet fixed on, but to what may be called the tail fins, as we likened the torpedo to a mechanical swimming fish. In front of the double-screw propeller, which is the tail, are four well-proportioned tail fins, on one pair of which are to be fitted the vertical rudders, permanently adjusted to keep the torpedo in a straight course directed to its object; on the other pair are the horizontal rudders, acted on automatically by a secret contrivance, and serving, when adjusted, to keep the torpedo at the required depth below the surface of the water.

The cost of manufacturing a Whitehead torpedo is roughly estimated at about £300. It can travel through the water, by its own locomotive power, a distance of probably one mile; but its velocity would diminish after a run of six hundred yards. The maximum speed is twenty-seven knots or nautical miles an hour; and six hundred yards may be taken as the practical range, being the distance to which the torpedo would maintain sufficient velocity to explode its gun-cotton charge by the impact of its detonator against the side of a ship.

We shall give further Illustrations of the manufactures in the Royal Arsenal.

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.

A meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was held on Sept. 13 at its house, John-street, Adelphi; Sir Edward Birkbeck, Bart., M.P., in the chair. Rewards amounting to £208 were granted to the crews of life-boats belonging to the institution for services rendered during the past month; also to the crews of shore-boats and others for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £3842 were ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £2000 from the trustees of the late Mr. Edward Boustead, of Clapham Park; £1700 from the residuary legatees of the late Sir Joseph Whitworth, being a further contribution towards providing and permanently maintaining a life-boat to be named the Joseph Whitworth; and £700 from Mrs. Martin, of Pershore, to defray the Rhyl new life-boat, to be named the Jane Martin. New life-boats were sent during the past month to Ramsey, Wells, Dover, Jersey, Guernsey, Berwick-on-Tweed, and New Brighton.

At the recent conference at Harrogate of the industrial department of the Girls' Friendly Society, under Mrs. Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, Otley; Lady Louisa Lascelles; and Mrs. Jerome Mercier, of Kemerton, it was decided to offer prizes at diocesan and branch festivals, to members, for the best butter, cheese, and bread (plain and fancy), with the object of reviving that practical part of a country-girl's education which of late has been too much neglected, to the detriment of the farming interest.

Before summer can be said to have properly visited us, giving merely a side-smile in passing, behold we are favoured with Christmas and New-Year greetings, in the form of floral cards, from the Religious Tract Society.



FILLING SMALL SHRAPNEL SHELLS WITH BULLETS.

NOVELS.

The Lindsays: A Romance of Scottish Life. By John K. Leys. Three vols. (Chatto and Windus).—It would seem that the manners of rural life in Scotland, especially under the peculiar religious influences of the Kirk, or the Free Kirk, or the "U. P." Connexion, artistically contrasted with less sharply defined customs of the English middle classes, afford a field of social varieties in culture and growth suitable to the novelist's purpose. The family of Mr. Lindsay, of the Castle Farm, Muirburn, somewhere in Clydesdale, being visited by a gentleman from London, Mr. Hubert Blake, an amateur artist of roving disposition, exhibits three strong individual characters—the father, a strict Presbyterian of severe integrity, but cold and austere to his children; one of the sons, named Alec, who is ambitious of a liberal education and profession, but refuses to become a Minister of the Kirk; and the beautiful daughter, Margaret, whose romantic piety, nourished by tales of the Covenanters and Martyrs, rejects the offered love of a generous worldling too sceptical of the creed she has been taught. There are two other young ladies, who are English, and who have a fair share of mental accomplishments and fashionable experiences. One is Miss Laura Mowbray, a charming and rather daring flirt, who desires to marry somebody likely to be rich; the other is Hubert Blake's cousin, Sophy Meredith, who lives quietly with her old uncle at Highgate. When Alec Lindsay goes to Glasgow as a University student, which must have been some twenty years ago, the College being then in the old High-street buildings, he calls on a wealthy relative, a Mr. James Lindsay of Dramleck, the owner of valuable oil-works; is invited to dinner there, and meets Laura Mowbray, with whom he falls in love. In a summer holiday sojourn at Arrochar, on Loch Long, rowing her in a boat at evening, and assisting her in a perilous climbing adventure on the Cobbler mountain, the heart of the unsophisticated young man is irrecoverably lost. She, for her part, though liking Alec Lindsay, has a shrewd eye to his unworthy cousin, James Semple, who is a confidential clerk in the great oil-works business, expecting to succeed to its managing partnership with a large fortune. Alec therefore obtains no substantial encouragement, and, resolving to go to the Bar at the end of his University studies, is admitted into the office of a London firm of solicitors, Messrs. Hatchett, Small, and Hatchett, in the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn. The managing clerk of this firm is a Scotchman, a Mr. Beattie, of course some years older than Alec, plausible, crafty, and dishonest, who receives Alec with a show of friendly candour. The law affairs of old Mr. Lindsay of Dramleck, a demi-millionaire, are entrusted to these solicitors; that old gentleman, being in ill-health, coming to consult a London physician, is warned of approaching death. He has to make his will, and, not caring to bestow a great inheritance on any of his kindred, determines that the oil-works and all his business property shall be sold, and that the Free Kirk of Scotland shall be endowed with £500,000. There are legacies of £10,000 to his sister, Miss Joan Lindsay, and to Alec's father; small legacies to Margaret and to Laura Mowbray, who is living in his house with his sister; and only the residue, estimated at £10,000, is left to James Semple and Alec Lindsay, as residuary legatees and executors of this will. Alec is employed by Mr. Hatchett, at the testator's special request, to prepare the draft of the will, and performs his task with scrupulous fidelity; but the senior clerk, Beattie, had previously taken the testator's instructions, and this man, being an artful rogue, communicating with James Semple, who is equally dishonest, contrives an audacious though easy trick. He gets a drunken engrossing-clerk to make a false copy of the document for signature, omitting the word "hundred," so as to reduce the Free Kirk bequest to five thousand pounds. There is no violent improbability in the manner in which the fraudulent substitution of this copy for the true copy is effected by Semple, after the reading over of the correct will aloud by Alec to the bedridden and feeble testator, who is then induced to sign the false will in the presence of two witnesses, Alec's attention being called away by a pretended message from the office. Semple had also taken care to steal the draft prepared by Alec, which was in the old gentleman's bed-room; but in this he was obliged to ask the aid of Laura, who was ignorant of his nefarious purpose. The effect of the false will, obviously, would be to divide between James Semple and Alec Lindsay, as residuary legatees, nearly half a million of money, deducting the specified legacies and bequests. Its genuineness, however, is furiously denied, after the death of the testator, by the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, a Free Kirk minister, with whom the testator had conferred, and who had both seen the original draft and heard the true will read over before its signature. Alec Lindsay is therefore arrested on the charge of fraudulent conspiracy to falsify the will, and is presently brought to trial at the Central Criminal Court, where he is about to be found guilty, when Laura comes forward, of her own accord, to give evidence against Semple concerning the draft; and the sudden reappearance of MacGowan, the engrossing clerk, whom Beattie had shipped off, as he thought, to Australia, completes the proof of Alec's innocence. All this is very well told, with a natural and probable concatenation of circumstances; but, when the will is found to be invalid, and the property has to be distributed among the next of kin, it seems rather silly that Alec should decline his just and lawful share. Nevertheless, he marries Laura; while Hubert Blake, his generous friend, makes Sophy Meredith happy; Margaret chooses a single life, and James Semple comes to a miserable end.

The Black Arrow, a Tale of the Two Roses. By R. L. Stevenson. One vol. (Cassell and Co.).—Few of our popular writers of fiction have greater mastery of the mechanism of plot and incident, or a more concise and effective style of narrative, than the author of "Kidnapped" and "Treasure Island." In this historical romance, illustrating the troubled domestic condition of England during the civil wars between the rival factions of York and Lancaster, the main interest belongs to a band of desperate outlaws, men driven wild by the oppression of local tyrants, notably of a cruel and covetous Knight, Sir Daniel Brackley, infesting the Tunstall Woods in the East Riding of Yorkshire. The symbolic token of their conspiracy for vengeance is the "Black Arrow," with which they constantly threaten the lives of Sir Daniel and his accomplices in many wicked acts—Bennet Hatch, his right-hand man; Sir Oliver Oates, the parson, who is also a cunning lawyer; and old Appleyard, a soldier of Agincourt, over eighty years of age. Menacing papers signed "John Amendall" are found in the neighbourhood, but the actual ring-leader is Ellis Duckworth, who has been robbed of his home and property by Sir Daniel's unjust machinations. The former landlord, Sir Harry Shelton, died a violent death under mysterious circumstances, and Sir Daniel and the parson are suspected of having contrived his murder; but his only son, young Richard Shelton, now emerging from boyhood, has been made a ward of Sir Daniel, and has been kept ignorant of the dire injury that was done to him and to his parent. In those times, as we know, the wardship of an orphan heir or heiress, with the opportunity, sometimes, of appropriating the revenue of an estate, was often purchased of the Crown by unscrupulous Court favourites; and Sir Daniel has likewise got hold of a young lady, Joanna Sedley, whom he has stolen, in the disguise of a boy, from the custody of Lord Foxham, her other guardian. There is no doubt that powerful men in the country, able to bring scores or hundreds of armed retainers to join either of the contending armies, could practise these and worse crimes with impunity during the Wars of the Roses; and the contemporary existence of freebooting foresters, at least in the North of England, not unlike the famous Robin Hood and his followers three centuries before, is also matter of history. The period to which this tale must be ascribed is in the winter preceding the battle of Towton, early in 1461; and Sir Daniel Brackley, being a shameless turn-coat, musters his force of men-at-arms, billmen, spearmen, and archers, in the village of Kettley, with the base intention of joining whichever may prove to be the stronger party. While professedly an adherent of King Henry VI., he sends secret messages to the Yorkists, among whom the deformed but terrible figure of young Richard Plantagenet, shortly afterwards Duke of Gloucester, and ultimately King Richard III., with his characteristic valour in fight, his cunning, and his merciless cruelty, is forcibly portrayed. Young Richard Shelton, commonly called "Dick," presently discovering the villainy of Sir Daniel, assists Joanna, whom he mistakes at first for a boy like himself, to escape through the marshes and forests, seeking a refuge at Holywood Abbey; but she is recaptured and shut up in Sir Daniel's house. The outlaws welcome Dick Shelton as the son of their former popular landlord, and beleaguer the mansion for some days, in hopes of revenge and plunder. After much confused fighting and many incidental perilous adventures, dropping from walls into ditches, running away, losing the way, scrambling to and fro, putting on the dress of a friar to enter the house, finding Joanna there, failing to deliver the captive maid, stabbing a spy behind the arras, seizing a small vessel and conducting an attack from the sea, in all which an old sailor, soldier, and sometime friar named Lawless does useful service, Dick seems to be little nearer his object. Joanna, indeed, is about to be married, under compulsion, to Lord Shoreby, a hateful old profligate, when a black arrow strikes the bride's groom dead as the wedding procession enters the church. But a detachment of the Yorkist army, led by the fierce Richard of Gloucester, to whom Dick is sent by Lord Foxham with valuable military information, marches on the Lancastrian garrison of Shoreby-on-Till, where Sir Daniel, under the Earl of Risingham, is still obliged to be on service. Dick Shelton is put in command of an important post, fights with great skill and bravery, and earns the honour of knighthood. Joanna Sedley is set free, and her wedding with Sir Richard Shelton, by the consent of Lord Foxham, is joyfully solemnised in Holywood Abbey. Sir Daniel Brackley falls by the "black arrow" from the bow of Ellis Duckworth; and one would suppose that there was another black arrow reserved for the parson; but Dick intercedes for him, and the league of vengeance is dissolved. Homicide, of one kind and another, is frightfully abundant in this story; and Dick's poniard is busily employed, on many occasions, without the slightest remorse, in perforating the breasts of vulgar clowns and serving-men who stand in his way. The amount of bloodshed here, quite apart from the battles of "The Two Roses," exceeds that which is found in any of Mr. Rider Haggard's African romances. But there are readers, probably, who like plenty of that ingredient; stabbing, shooting, and splitting skulls are undeniable resources of literary sensation, and it is always entertaining to describe the various manners in which people are killed.

Helen, the Novelist. By J. W. Sherer, C.S.I. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall).—It will not be expected of any critic that the merits of Miss Helen Clare, as a "novelist," should be estimated in a review of these volumes. From them we indeed know nothing of the stories that she wrote and published. The present story, in which Helen figures less as an active or passive heroine than as a friendly spectator of the doings and sufferings of other persons, would lose nothing essential to its plot if she had never attempted to write a novel. It would be as complete, if she had contented herself with her first occupation of daily governess, until her rich uncle from Australia provided the means of comfort for his widowed sister and his niece. Helen's two pupils, however, Julia and Margaret Rathbone, the daughters of a prosperous and ambitious barrister, undergo much more serious adventures than she does herself in the way of lovemaking and marriage. These are attended with disastrous results in the case of Julia, but in Margaret's case with a rather ludicrous escapade, while Helen's agency in these affairs is of no real importance. The most amusing episode is that of the Indian experiences of Arthur Geneste, the young artist, who was engaged as Court painter to the Maharajah of Madhopore. As the mutual affection between Arthur and Helen, when they lived with their two neighbourly mothers, respectively, at No. 9 and No. 13 in the same street at Kensington, and often met at supper-time, never expressly declared itself on either side, its apparent quality is scarcely vivid and intense enough to become a source of romantic interest. The only considerable endeavour to exhibit the sustained passion of love, as powerfully influencing the characters and conduct of any leading personages in this tale, is in the quickly interrupted relations between Harry Beaumont, or Lister, the rightful name which he resumes, and Julia Rathbone. That unfortunate young lady, being denied her father's consent to receive Harry as a suitor, because his stepfather had been hanged for poisoning his wife and child, forthwith allows herself to be disposed of to a drunken and reckless man of aristocratic family, Lord Gilbert Vandeleur, and then, having become his wife, listens to the seducing voice of a more vicious profligate, Sir Eric Campbell, with whom she agrees to elope from her husband. Harry Beaumont or Lister, a young gentleman of high principles, the soul of honour, generosity, and refined sensibility, ought, perhaps, to be congratulated on his failure to win the hand of Julia. The repulsive figure of Broughton Williams, a boorish blockhead and drunkard some degrees more odious than Lord Gilbert, but with large pecuniary expectations, occupies a small space; and there is a grotesque audacity in the notion that he and Margaret Rathbone, pretending to accept their marriage at the behest of their elders, contrive, each separately and independently, to run away on the wedding morning, and each to marry somebody else. Helen Clare, certainly, in her original function as governess of Julia and Margaret, could not be proud of her pupils; nor could she be very proud of either of her lovers; while the value of her novels is problematical, unless they were worth more than this one.



TAKING THE THICKNESS OF A LARGE SHELL, AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

OBITUARY.

SIR EDMUND LACON, BART.



Sir Edmund Henry Knowles Lacon, M.A., third Baronet, of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, J.P. and D.L., died on Sept. 6, at Ormesby House. He was born Aug. 14, 1807, the eldest son of Sir Edmund Knowles Lacon, second Baronet, by Eliza Dixon, his wife, eldest daughter and co-heir of Mr. Thomas Beecroft, of Saxthorpe Hall, Norfolk, and grandson of Sir Edmund Lacon (created a Baronet in 1818), by Eliza, his wife, daughter and co-heir of the Rev. Thomas Knowles, D.D., Prebendary of Ely. He was educated at Eton and Emmanuel College, Cambridge; and served for a short time in the Diplomatic Service. He succeeded to the title in 1839, and in the following year married Eliza Georgina, eldest daughter of Mr. James Esdaile Hammet, of Lawn Cottage, Battersea, and had four sons and two daughters. Sir Edmund sat in Parliament as M.P. for Great Yarmouth, 1852, 1859, and 1865; and for North Norfolk, 1868 to 1886. He was High Steward of Great Yarmouth, Hon. Colonel 4th Battalion Norfolk Regiment, and Norfolk Artillery Volunteers. His eldest son, now Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Edmund Broughton Knowles Lacon, fourth Baronet, married, in 1878, Florence Amelia, daughter of Morgan H. Foster, C.B., of Brickhill, Beds.

SIR C. R. ROWLEY, BART.



Sir Charles Robert Rowley, fourth Baronet of Tendring Hall, in the county of Suffolk, died on Sept. 8. He was born May 5, 1800, the third son of Sir William Rowley, second Baronet, by Susannah Edith, his wife, youngest daughter of Admiral Sir Robert Harland, and succeeded his brother as fourth Baronet on March 18, 1857. He was formerly a Captain in the Grenadier Guards, and was a Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for Suffolk. He married, Sept. 14, 1830, the Hon. Maria Louisa Vanneck, only daughter of Joshua, second Lord Huntingfield, and by her (who died March 16, 1878) leaves, with other issue, a son, now Sir Joshua Thellusson Rowley, fifth Baronet, who married, in 1887, the Hon. Louisa Helena Brownlow, late Maid of Honour to the Queen, third daughter of Charles, second Lord Lurgan, K.P.

GENERAL WILLIAM INGLIS.

General William Inglis, C.B., late Royal Engineers, of Hildersham Hall and Rickling Hall, in the county of Cambridge, died at 1, Talbot-place, Blackheath, on Sept. 2, in his sixty-fourth year. He was the eldest son of General Sir William Inglis, K.C.B., by Margaret Mary, his wife, daughter of General Raymond, of The Lee, Essex; and entering the Army in 1840, became General in 1881. He served in the Crimean campaign in 1854-55, including the battles of Balaclava and Inkermann, the siege and fall of Sebastopol, the assault of the Redan, and the expedition to Kinbourn. For his services he received the Crimean and Turkish medals, and was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour and the Fifth Class of the Medjidieh. The decoration of C.B. was given to him in 1867. General Inglis married, in 1860, Mary, daughter of Mr. Hector William Bower Monro, of Edmondsham, Dorset, and Ewell Castle, Surrey, and leaves issue, a son and a daughter.

GENERAL MORDEN CARTHEW.

General Morden Carthew, C.B., late Madras Army, died at his residence, Denton Lodge, Harleston, Norfolk, on Sept. 4. He was born Oct. 25, 1804, the eldest son of the Rev. Morden Carthew, Vicar of Mattishall, Norfolk, by Emily, his wife, daughter of Mr. George Tweed Pyke, of Baythorn Park, Essex, and inherited the Woodbridge Abbey estates from his grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Carthew, M.A., F.S.A., of Woodbridge Abbey, which he subsequently sold to Mr. Peter Carthew, whose son now possesses that property. General Carthew entered the Indian Army in 1821, became Captain in 1836, Major in 1842, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1848, Colonel in 1854, Major-General in 1859, Lieutenant-General in 1870, and General in 1877. He served in the Goomsoor campaign in 1837 and in the Indian Mutiny campaign in 1857-58 (medal). He was made a C.B. in 1867. The deceased General married, firstly, in 1827, Jemima Borland, daughter of Mr. John Ewart of Romana; and secondly, in 1866, Mary, youngest daughter of Mr. Roger Hunter, of Liverpool, and widow of the Rev. J. Clarke, Rural Dean and Rector of Stretford. His eldest son is Mr. Morden Carthew-Yorstoun, of East Tinwald, Dumfriesshire.

MAJOR-GENERAL STANSFIELD-CROMPTON.

Major-General William Henry Stansfield-Crompton, of Esholt Hall, and Azerley Hall, Yorkshire, J.P. and D.L., died at his shooting-box at Buckden Moors, near Skipton, on Sept. 6, in his fifty-fourth year. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. Joshua Samuel Crompton, of Azerley Hall, formerly M.P. for Ripon, by Mary, his wife, youngest daughter of Mr. Claude Alexander, of Ballochmyle, and assumed the additional name and arms of Stansfield on succeeding to the estates of his uncle, Mr. William Rookes Crompton-Stansfield, of Esholt. He was educated at Harrow, and entered the Army in 1854; he became Captain in 1856, Major in 1870, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1871, Colonel in 1876, and Major-General in 1882. He served with the 42nd Highlanders in the Crimea, including the siege and fall of Sebastopol, for which he received a medal, with clasp, and the Turkish medal. He married, in 1858, Frances Elizabeth, fifth daughter of Mr. John Dalton, of Fillingham Castle, Lincoln, and Gleningford Park, York; and leaves three daughters.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Earl of Mar and Kellie, on Sept. 16. His Memoir will be given in our next Number.

Colonel Herbert Mends, late of the 2nd West India Regiment, at 29, Shepherd's Bush-green, aged eighty-seven.

Mr. Alfred Backhouse, of Pilmore Hall, county of Durham, J.P., High Sheriff, 1883, suddenly, at Dryderdale, near Wolsingham, on Sept. 2, aged sixty-six.

Mr. Walton Howland Roberts, only son of Sir Randal Howland Roberts, Bart., at Bournemouth, on Aug. 30, aged twenty-nine.

Lady Emilie Caroline Gray, at 3, Templeton-place, S.W., on Sept. 4. She was the third daughter of Henry Lord Glentworth, second son of Edmond, first Earl of Limerick, and sister of William, second Earl. She was born March 20, 1815, and married, May 14, 1835, the Rev. Henry Gray, Vicar of Almondsbury, Gloucestershire, and was left a widow on June 5, 1864. The deceased lady was raised to the rank of an Earl's daughter in 1846.

Rev. George Craig, M.A., late Rector of Aghanloo, in the county of Derry, on Sept. 4, at Portrush, Antrim, aged eighty-eight.

Mr. Richard Proctor, the well-known astronomer, at a private hospital in New York, on Sept. 12, of yellow fever contracted recently in Florida.

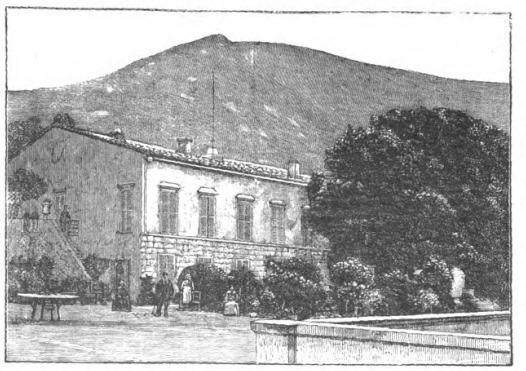
Helen, Lady Dunbar, widow of Captain Sir James Dunbar, R.N., first Baronet, of Boath, and daughter of Mr. James Coull, M.D., of Ashgrove, Elgin, at 3, Richmond-terrace, Tunbridge Wells, on Sept. 1, aged ninety-two.

Mr. Arthur Buchheim, M.A., late scholar of New College, Oxford, recently, in his twenty-ninth year. He was a young mathematician of very great promise, and after having gone through a brilliant University career, he contributed a number of articles to various mathematical journals and read several papers before the London Mathematical Society, of which he was elected member only last year. Mr. A. Buchheim was the son of Professor Buchheim, of King's College, London.

Mr. Thomas Holt, lately a member of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, suddenly, at Halcot, Bexley, on Sept. 6, aged seventy-seven.

Mr. John Herbert Orpen, LL.D., barrister-at-law, of St. Stephen's-green, Dublin (the representative of the Orpen family), at Philpotstown, county of Meath, on Sept. 3, aged eighty-two.

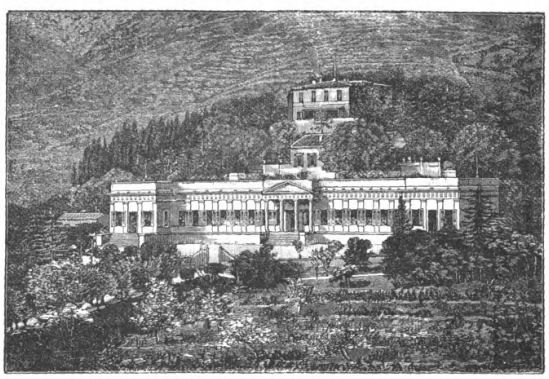
General Peter Thomas Cherry, Madras Army, at Hayward's-heath, on Sept. 3, aged seventy-nine. He entered the Army in 1826, and became full General in 1877. He served with the 1st Madras Cavalry during the Coorg campaign, in 1834, and was present at the siege and surrender of Bolourjee, in 1841.



NAPOLEON'S VILLA AT ELBA, WITH TREE PLANTED BY HIM IN 1814.

NAPOLEON'S HOUSE AT ELBA.

The island of Elba, in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Tuscany, was the appointed residence of the first Emperor Napoleon, after his abdication at Fontainebleau, from May, 1814, to Feb. 26, 1815, when he escaped and returned to France. We present two Views of his house, and of the building which has been erected below it, and which is occupied as a museum of historical relics. The island is opposite to Piombino, a strait five miles wide dividing it from the mainland of Italy, and is about eighteen miles long and from six to ten miles broad—a small extent of dominion for him who had been the conqueror of more than half Europe. It is mountainous, the highest summit, the Monte della Capanna, having an elevation of 3600 ft. The hills are planted with the vine and olive; mulberries and other fruit are grown abundantly, and there are fields of wheat and Indian corn. The tunny fishery is profitable; there are valuable iron mines, worked ever since the early times of the Roman history, and probably by the Carthaginians; but the scarcity of fuel makes it necessary to send the iron ore to be smelted in the mainland. The population of the island exceeds twenty thousand. Porto Ferrajo, the chief town, on the north coast, has a good harbour, and is strongly fortified, with two citadels on the hills above the town. It is connected, by a road which Napoleon made, with Porto Longone, on the east coast; the other towns are Rio, Marciana, Campo, and Capo Liveri. Elba formerly belonged to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and now belongs to the Kingdom of Italy. Our Illustrations are from photographs recently taken.



NAPOLEON'S VILLA, WITH MUSEUM BENEATH IT.

ABOUT NOISES.

Readers of Miss Austen will remember her remark in "Persuasion" that all persons have their taste in noises as well as in other matters, and that "sounds are quite innoxious or most distressing by their sort rather than their quantity." This delightful novelist illustrates her assertion by adding that when Lady Russell called on Mrs. Musgrove she found the noise of that lady's children insupportable; but that when Lady Russell drove through the streets of Bath, amidst the heavy rumble of carts and drays and the bawling of milkmen and newsmen, she made no complaint, since these were noises which belonged to the pleasures of the place, and her spirits rose under their influence.

Miss Austen was right. There are noises which the most sensitive person can bear with equanimity. A mother rejoices in the shouts of her boys; and the sound of a mountain stream is not so sweet to the mill-owner as the whirl of his machinery. The demagogue can endure the loudest acclamations of the crowd he addresses, the soldier on a battle-field is not stunned by the thunder of artillery, and we never heard of an engine-driver who disliked the shriek of his whistle. In all barbarous tribes and among the lower orders in a civilised country noise seems to be loved for its own sake. They cannot have too much of it, and on festive occasions he is the happiest man who makes the most clatter. Custom, too, makes noise dear to some men. Mr. Ruskin tells the story of a City merchant who was not able to endure more than three days in Venice owing to the silence of the streets; and an essayist of the last century relates that a wealthy old lady took lodgings on Ludgate-hill in order to be enlivened by the noise of that busy thoroughfare. It may be admitted that on certain occasions noise is of service. The stump orator, when argument fails, understands the advantage of a loud voice; and, in days far later than those alluded to by Butler, fists have done good service in the pulpit. A triumphal procession unaccompanied by music and huzzahs would lose half its attraction, and how flat and stupidly dignified a University Commemoration would be if the undergraduates were tongue-tied! On every occasion that brings together a large number of people, noise is inevitable, and the man must be oversensitive whose nerves are irritated by it. To the lover, silence may be "the perfectest herald of joy"; but it is not so to the mob, who prefer to show their happiness by shouting.

If we must admit that noise has its uses in the world, there are few London residents who do not regard it as one of the serious troubles of life. Civilisation, while it has given us more excitable nerves than our forefathers, has done little towards soothing them. The sound of the scythe, which so distressed poor Leech, is music when compared with the mowing machine; and the shrill whistle of the engine is an ill exchange for the coachman's horn. The constant slamming of doors on suburban railway journeys is an intolerable nuisance to the man of business who would fain read his newspaper in peace; and the voices of the small boys upon the platforms do not discourse sweet music. Music, by-the-way, or what is popularly known by the name, is a fruitful source of misery. The church bells ringing from a village steeple awaken happy memories, but the dull tolling of a bell at all hours of the day in a London suburb is not an aid to reflection or to cheerfulness. We know what pain the street-organ inflicted upon Babbage when he was making his intricate calculations, and there are few men who have not suffered in a less degree from that instrument of torture. The piano, too, owing to the thin walls of modern houses, is a daily trial to the man of letters cursed with a musical neighbour. If it is his ill-luck to live in what is known as a quiet street, he may cry in vain for peace. The organ-grinder loves a quiet street, so does the costermonger, so does the psalm-singing beggar who carries a squalling baby in his arms. There the muffin-man's bell is heard, there the conjuror exhibits his tricks, and there, to the joy of little people, "Punch" sets up his show. There are squares in Brighton, and in other fashionable watering places, in which idleness is compulsory. One discordant noise is followed in swift succession by another, and the man who had vainly hoped to do some solid reading at the seaside is reduced to a sensational novel.

The roar of vehicles in a busy thoroughfare is less distressing to a sensitive ear than the noise which comes with intermissions and may be expected at any moment. Carlyle, who denounced in his vehement language "mankind's brutish, bedlamitish creation of useless noises," found his rest disturbed by a cock. He used to say that it was not so much the actual crowing of the cock in the early morning that prevented sleep as the expectation that the bird would crow. The monotonous sound of a waterfall or of a mountain river does not distract the mind by day or prevent sleep at night; but all tranquillity of mind and body is destroyed by the coarse voices of hawkers and by the midnight music of cats. It is said that in the old Dutch taverns travellers were charged for the noise they made. If the Government were able to tax our street noises, what a splendid sum would be added to the revenue of the country!

It is a happy thing for us that Nature, with a few grand exceptions, performs her works in silence. If there is the roar of the waves, the crash of the tempest, and the mighty thunder of the avalanche, there is far oftener the still, small voice. The morning dawns on us in peaceful beauty, and the shadows of the evening fall in peace, the moon and stars shed their light silently, the flowers open and close without a sound. Even man, the great noise-maker, is quiet in the supreme moments of life; he thinks in silence and in silence he dies. J. D.

The Rev. T. A. Nash, Rector of Lowestoft, has been appointed an hon. Canon of Norwich Cathedral.

The cathedral church of St. Patrick, Armagh, which has been closed for some months, was reopened on Sept. 15 by the Archbishop of Armagh.

The new Roman Catholic College at Tooting has been opened for the reception of students. With the exception of Stonyhurst College, it is said to be one of the largest educational establishments in this country connected with the Roman Catholic Church. The building has been erected on the Hill House estate, immediately adjoining Tooting Beccommon. The mansion and estate, which cover an area of nearly twenty acres, were purchased for the purposes of the college for about £15,000. The highest point on the estate has been selected for the college buildings.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DAY AFTER THE FIGHT.



It WAS five o'clock when I awoke next morning. Though the hour was so early, I heard a great trampling and running about the streets, and, looking out of window, I saw a concourse of the townspeople gathered together, listening to one who spoke to them. But in the middle of his speech they broke away from him and ran to another speaker, and so distractedly, and with such gestures, that they were clearly much moved by some news, the nature of which I could not guess. For in some faces there was visible the outward show of triumph and joy, and on others there lay plainly visible the look of amazement or stupefaction; and in the street I saw some women weeping and crying. What had happened? Oh! what had happened? Then, while I was still dressing, there burst into the room Susan Blake, herself but half dressed, her hair flying all abroad, the comb in her hand.

"Rejoice!" she cried. "Oh! rejoice, and give thanks unto the Lord! What did we hear last night? That the Duke had but to shut the stable-doors and seize the troopers in their beds. Look out of window. See the people running and listening eagerly. Oh! 'tis the crowning mercy that we have looked for: the Lord hath blown and His enemies are scattered. Remember the strange words we heard last night. What said the unknown man?—nay, he said it twice: 'The Duke had but to lock the stable-doors.' Nay, and yesterday I saw, and last night I heard, the screech-owl thrice—which was meant for the ruin of our enemies. Oh! Alice, Alice, this is a joyful day!"

"But look," I said, "they have a downcast look; they run about as if distracted, and some are wringing their hands"——

"'Tis with excess of joy," she replied, looking out of the window with me, though her hair was flying in the wind. "They are so surprised and so rejoiced that they cannot speak or move."

"But there are women weeping and wailing: why do they weep?"

"It is for those who are killed. Needs must in every great victory that some are killed—poor brave fellows!—and some are wounded. Nay, my dear, thou hast three at least at the camp, who are dear to thee; and God knows I have many. Let us pray that we do not have to weep like those poor women."

She was so earnest in her looks and words, and I myself so willing to believe, that I doubted no longer.

"Listen! oh! listen!" she cried, "never, never before have bells rung a music so joyful to my heart."

For now the bells of the great tower of St. Mary's began to ring. Clash, clash, clash, all together, as if they were cracking their throats with joy; and at the sound of the bells those men in the street who seemed to me stupefied as by a heavy blow, put up their hands to their ears and fled as if they could not bear the noise, and the women who wept, wrung their hands, and shrieked aloud in anguish, as if the joy of the chimes mocked the sorrow of their hearts.

"Poor creatures!" said Susan. "From my heart I pity them. But the victory is ours, and now it only remains to offer up our humble prayers and praises to the Throne of all mercy."

So we knelt and thanked God.

"O Lord! we thank and bless Thee! *O* Lord! we thank and bless Thee!" cried Susan, the tears of joy and gratitude running down her cheeks.

Outside, the noise of hurrying feet and voices increased, and more women shrieked, and still the joy-bells clashed and clanged.

"O Lord! we thank Thee! O Lord! we bless Thee! Susan repeated on her knees, her voice broken with her joy and triumph. 'Twas all that she could say.

I declare that at that moment I had no more doubt of the victory than I had of the sunshine. There could be no doubt. The joy-bells were ringing: how should we know that the Rev. Mr. Harte, the Vicar, caused them to be rung and not our friends? There could be no manner of doubt. The people running to and fro in the street had heard the news, and were rushing to tell each other and to hear more—the women who wept were mothers or wives of the slain. Again, we had encouraged each other with assurances of our success, so that we were already fully prepared to believe that it had come. Had we not seen a splendid army, seven thousand strong, march out of Taunton town, led by the bravest man and most accomplished soldier in the English nation? Was not the army on the Lord's side? Were we not in a Protestant country? Were not the very regiments of the King Protestants? Why go on? And yet—oh! sad to think!—even while we knelt and prayed, the army was scattered like a cloud of summer gnats by a shower and a breeze, and hundreds lay dead upon the field, and a thousand men were prisoners; and many were already hanging in gemmaces upon the gibbets, where they remained till King William's coming suffered them to be taken down; and the rest were flying in every direction hoping to escape.

"O Lord! we thank Thee! O Lord! we bless Thee."

While thus we prayed we heard the door below burst open, and a tramping of a man's boots; and Susan, hastily rolling up her hair, ran down-stairs, followed by mother and myself.

There stood Barnaby. Thank God! one of our lads was safe out of the fight. His face and hands were black with powder; his red coat, which had been so fine, was now smirched with mud and stained with I know not what—marks of weather, of mud, and of gunpowder; the right-hand side was torn away; he had no hat upon his head, and a bloody clout was tied about his forehead.

"Barnaby!" I cried.

"Captain Barnaby!" cried Susan, clasping her hands.

"My son!" cried mother. "Oh! thou art wounded! Quick, Alice, child—a basin of water, quick!"

"Nay—'tis but a scratch," he said; "and there is no time for nursing."

"When—where—how?" we all cried together, "was the victory won? Is the enemy cut to pieces? Is the war finished?"

"Victory?" he repeated, in his slow way—"what victory? Give me a drink of cider, and if there is a morsel of victual in the house"——

I hurried to bring him both cold meat and bread and a cup full of cider. He began to eat and drink.

"Why," he said, talking between his mouthfuls, "if the worst comes 'tis better to face it with a—— Your health, Madam": he finished the cider. "Another cup, Sister, if you love me: I have neither eaten nor drunk since yesterday at seven o'clock, or thereabouts." He said no more until he had cleared the dish of the gammon and left nothing but the bone. This he dropped into his pocket. "When the provisions are out," he said wisely, "there is good gnawing in the shank-bone of a ham." Then he drank up the rest of the cider and looked around. "Victory? Did someone speak of victory?"

"Yes—where was it? Tell us quick!"

"Well, there was in some sort a victory. But the King had it."

"What mean you, Barnaby? The King had it?—what King?"

"Not King Monmouth. That King is riding away to find some port and get some ship, I take it, which will carry him back to Holland."

"Barnaby, what is it? Oh! what is it? Tell us all."

"All there is to tell, Sister, is that our army is clean cut to pieces, and that those who are not killed or prisoners are making off with what speed they may. As for me, I should have thrown away my coat and picked up some old duds and got off to Bristol and so aboard ship and away, but for Dad."

"Barnaby," cried my mother, 'what hath happened to him? Where is he?"

"I said, mother," he replied very slowly, and looking in her face strangely, "that I would look after him, didn't I? Well, when we marched out of Bridgwater at nightfall nothing would serve but he must go too. I think he compared himself with Moses who stood afar off and held up his arms. Never was there any man more eager to get at the enemy than Dad. If he had not been a minister, what a soldier he would have made!"

"Go on—quick, Barnaby."

"I can go, Sister, no quicker than I can. That is quite sure."

"Where is he, my son?" asked my mother.

Barnaby jerked his thumb over his left shoulder.

"He is over there, and he is safe enough for the present. Well, after the battle was over, and it was no use going on any longer, Monmouth and Lord Grey having already run away"——

"Run away? Run away?"

"Run away, Sister. Aboard ship the Captain stands by the crew to the last, and if they strike, he is prisoner with them. Ashore, the General runs away and leaves his men to find out when they will give over fighting. We fought until there was no more ammunition, and then we ran with the rest. Now, I had not gone far before I saw lying on the moor at my very feet the poor old Dad."

"Oh!"

"He was quite pale, and I thought he was dead. So I was about to leave him, when he opened his eyes. 'What cheer, Dad?' I asked. He said nothing; so I felt his pulse and found him breathing. 'But what cheer, Dad?' I asked him again. 'Get up if thou canst, and come with me.' He looked as if he understood me not, and he shut his eyes again. Now, when you run away, the best thing is to run as fast and to run as far as you can. Yet I could not run with Dad lying in the road half dead. So while I tried to think what to do, because the murdering Dragoons were cutting us down in all directions, there came galloping past a pony harnessed to a kind of go-cart, where, I suppose, there had been a barrel or two of cider for the soldiers. The creature was mad with the noise of the guns, and I had much ado to catch him and hold the reins while I lifted Dad into the cart. When I had done that, I ran by the side of the horse and drove him off the road across the moor, which was rough going, but for dear life one must endure much, to North Marton, where I struck the road to Taunton, and brought him safe, so far."

"Take me to him, Barnaby," said my mother. "Take me to him."

"Why, mother," he said kindly, "I know not if 'tis wise. For, look you—if they catch us, me they will hang or shoot, though Dad they may let go, for he is sped already—and for a tender heart like thine 'twould be a piteous sight to see thy son hanging from a branch with a tight rope round his neck and thy husband dead on a hand-cart."

"Barnaby, take me to him!—take me to him!"

"Oh! Is it true? Is it true? Oh! Captain Barnaby, is it really true? Then, why are the bells a-ringing?"

Clash! Clash! Clash! The bells rang out louder and louder. One would have thought the whole town was rejoicing. Yet there were a thousand lads in the army belonging to Taunton town alone, and I knew not how many ever came home again.

"They are ringing," said Barnaby, "because King Monmouth's army is scattered and the rebellion is all over. Well: we have had our chance and we are undone. Now must we sing small again. Madam," he said earnestly, addressing Susan, "if I remember right, they were your hands that carried the naked sword and the Bible?"

"Sir, they were my hands. I am proud of that day."

"And they were your scholars who worked the flags and gave them to the Duke that day when you walked in a procession?"

"They were my scholars," she said proudly.

"Then, Madam, seeing that we have, if all reports be true, a damned unforgiving kind of King, my advice to you is to follow my example and run. Hoist all sail, Madam, and fly to some port—any port. Fly false colours. When hanging, flogging, branding, and the like amusements set in, I think they will remember the Maids of Taunton. That is my advice, Madam."

"Sir," said Susan, bravely, though her cheek grew pale when he spoke of floggings and brandings, "I thank you. Whither should I fly? Needs must I stay here and bear whatever affliction the Lord may lay upon me. And, since our Protestant hero is defeated, methinks it matters little what becomes of any of us."

"Why," Barnaby shook his head, "King Monmouth is defeated, that is most true; but we who survive have got ourselves to look after. Sister, get a basket and put into it provisions."

"What will you have, Barnaby?"

"Everything that you can find. Cold bacon for choice, and bread, and a bottle of drink if you have any, and—all you can lay hands upon. With your good leave, Madam."

"Oh! Sir, take all—take all. I would to God that everything I have in the world could be used for the succour of these my friends!" And with that she began to weep and to cry.

I filled a great basket with all that there was in the house, and he took it upon his arm. And then we went away with many tears and fond farewells from this kind soul who had done so much for the Cause, and was now about to pay so heavy a penalty for her zeal.

Outside in the street the people recognised Barnaby for one of Monmouth's Captains, and pressed round him and asked him a thousand questions, but he answered shortly.

"We were drubbed, I tell you. King Monmouth hath run away. We have all run away. How should I know how many are killed? Every man who doth not wish to be hanged had best run away and hide. The game is up—friend, we are sped. What more can I say? How do I know, in the Devil's name, whose fault it was? How can I tell, Madam, if your son is safe? If he is safe, make him creep into a hiding-place"—and so on to a hundred who crowded after him and questioned him as to the nature and meaning of the defeat. Seeing that no more news could be got from him, the people left off following us, and we got out of the town on the east side, where the road leads to Ilminster; but it is a bad road and little frequented.

Here Barnaby looked about him carefully to make sure that no one was observing us, and then, finding that no one was within sight, he turned to the right down a grassy lane between hedges.

"'Tis this way that I brought him," he said. "Poor old Dad! he can now move neither hand nor foot; and his legs will no more be any use to him. Yet he seemed in no pain, though the jolting of the cart must have shaken him more than a bit."

The lane led into a field, and that field into another and a smaller one, with a plantation of larches on two sides and a brook shaded with alders on a third side. In one corner was a linney, with a thatched roof supported on wooden pillars in front and closed in at back and sides. It was such a meadow as is used for the pasture of cattle and the keeping of a bull.

At the entrance of this meadow Barnaby stopped and looked about him with approbation.

"Here," he said slowly, "is a hiding-place fit for King Monmouth himself. A road unfrequented; the rustics all gone off to the wars—though now, I doubt not, having had their bellyfull of fighting. I suppose there were once cattle in the meadow, but they are either driven away by the Club-men for safety, or they have been stolen by the gipsies. No troopers will this day come prying along this road, or if they do search the wood, which is unlikely, they will not look in the linney; here can we be snug until we make up our minds what course is best."

"Barnaby," I said, "take us to my father without more speech."

"I have laid him," he went on, "upon the bare ground in the linney; but it is soft and dry lying, and the air is warm, though last night it rained and was cold. He looks happy, mother, and I doubt if he hath any feeling left in his limbs. Once I saw a man shot in the backbone and never move afterwards, but he lived for a bit. Here he is."

Alas! lying motionless on his back, his head bare, his white hair lying over his face, his eyes closed, his cheek white, and no sign of life in him except that his breast gently heaved, was my father. Then certain words which he had uttered came back to my memory. "What matters the end," were the words he said, "if I have freedom of speech for a single day?"

He had enjoyed that freedom for three weeks.

My mother threw herself on her knees beside him and raised his head.

"Ah! my heart," she cried, "my dear heart, my husband, have they killed thee? Speak, my dear—speak if thou canst! Art thou in pain? Can we do aught to relieve thee? Oh! is this the end of all?"

But my father made no reply. He opened his eyes, but they did not move: he looked straight before him, but he saw nothing.

And this, until the end, was the burden of all. He spoke no word to show that he knew anyone, or that he was in pain, or that he desired anything. He neither ate nor drank, yet for many weeks longer he continued to live.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN HIDING.

Thus we began our miserable flight. Thus, in silence, we sat in the shade of the linney all the morning. Outside, the blackbird warbled in the wood and the lark sang in the sky. But we sat in silence, not daring so much as to ask each other if those things were real or if we were dreaming a dreadful dream. Still and motionless lay my father's body, as if the body of a dead man. He felt no pain—of that I am assured; it makes me sick even to think that he might have suffered pain from his wound; he had no sense at all of what was going on. Yet once or twice during the long trance or paralysis in which he had fallen, he opened his lips as if to speak. And he breathed gently—so that he was not dead. Barnaby, for his part, threw himself upon his face, and laying his head upon his arm, fell asleep instantly. The place was very quiet: at the end of the meadow was a brook, and there was a wood upon the other side; we could hear the prattling of the water over the pebbles; outside the linney, a great elm-tree stretched out its branches; presently I saw a squirrel sitting upon one and peering curiously at us, not at all afraid, so still and motionless we were. I remember that I envied the squirrel. He took no thought even for his daily bread. He went not forth to fight. And the hedge-sparrows, no more afraid than if the linney was empty, hopped into the place and began picking about among the straw. And so the hours slowly passed away, and by degrees I began to understand a little better what had happened to us, for at the first shock one could not perceive the extent of the disaster, and we were as in a dream when we followed Barnaby out of the town. The great and splendid army was destroyed; that gallant hero, the Duke, was in flight; those of the soldiers who were not killed or taken prisoners were running hither and thither trying to escape; my father was wounded, stricken to death, as it seemed, and deprived of power to move, to feel, or to think. While I considered this, I remembered again how he had turned his eyes from gazing into the sky, and asked me what it mattered even if the end would be death to him and ruin unto all of us? And I do firmly believe that at that moment he had an actual vision of the end, and really saw before his eyes the very things that were to come to pass, and that he knew all along what the end would be. Yet he had delivered his soul—why, then, he had obtained his prayer—and by daily exhortation had doubtless done much to keep up the spirit of those in the army who were sober and godly men. Did he also, like Sir Christopher, have another vision which should console and encourage him? Did he see the time to follow when a greater than the Duke should come and bring with him the deliverance of the country? There are certain gracious words with which that vision closes (the last which he did expound to us), the vision, I mean, of the Basket of Summer Fruit. Did those words ring in his mind and comfort him even in the prospect of his own end? Then my thoughts, which were swift and yet beyond my control,

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

I went to the pony's head, and Barnaby, going behind the cart, lifted it over the rough places.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

left him and considered the case of Barnaby. He had been a Captain in the Green Regiment; he would be hanged, for certain, if he were caught. My sweetheart, my Robin, had also been a Captain in the Duke's army. All the Duke's officers would be hanged if they were caught. But perhaps Robin was already dead—dead on the battlefield—his face white, his hands stiff, blood upon him somewhere, and a cruel wound upon his dear body! Oh, Robin! Yet I shed no tears. Humphrey, who had been one of the Duke's chyrurgeons, he would also be surely hanged if he were caught. Why—since all would be hanged—why not hang mother and me as well, and so an end!

About noon Barnaby began to stir; then he grunted and went to sleep again; presently he moved once more; then he rolled over on his broad back and went to sleep again. It was not until the sun was quite low that he awoke, sitting up suddenly and looking about him with quick suspicion, as one who hath been sleeping in the country of an enemy, or where wild beasts are found.

Then he sprang to his feet and shook himself like a dog.

"Sister," he said, "thou should'st have awakened me earlier. I have slept all the day. Well; we are safe, so far." Here he looked cautiously out of the linney towards the wood and the road. "So far, I say, we are safe. I take it we had best not wait until to-morrow, but budge to-night. For not only will the troopers scour the country, but they will offer rewards; and the gipsies—ay, and even the countryfolk—will hasten to give information out of their greedy hearts. We must budge this very night."

"Whither shall we go, Barnaby?"

He went on as if he had not heard my question.

"We shall certainly be *safe* here for to-night; but for to-morrow I doubt. Best not run the chance. For to-day their hands are full: they will be hanging the prisoners. Some they will hang first and try afterwards; some they will try first and hang afterwards. What odds, if they are to be hanged in the end? The cider orchards never had such fruit as they will show this autumn, if the King prove revengeful—as, judge by his sour face, he will be."

Here he cursed the King, his sour face, his works and ways, his past, his present, and his future, in round language which I hope his wounded father did not hear.

"We must lie snug for a month or two somewhere, until the unlucky Monmouth men will be suffered to return home in peace. Ay! 'twill be a month and more, I take it, before the country will be left quiet. A month and more—and Dad not able to crawl!"

"Where shall we be snug, Barnaby?"

"That, Sister, is what I am trying to find out. How to lie snug with a couple of women and a wounded man who cannot move? 'Twas madness of the poor old Dad to bring thee to the camp, Child. For now we cannot—any of us—part company, and if we stay together, 'twill maybe bring our necks to the halter."

"Leave us, Barnaby," I said. "Oh! leave us to do what we can for the poor sufferer, and save thyself."

"Ta, ta, ta, Sister knowest not what thou sayest. Let me consider. There may be some way of safety. As for provisions now: we have the basket full—enough for two days, say—what the plague did Dad, the poor old man, want with women when fighting was on hand? When the fighting is done, I grant you, women, with the tol acco and punch, are much in place. Those are pretty songs, now, that I used to sing about women and drink."

"Barnaby, is this a time to be talking of such things as drink and singing?"

"All times are good. Nevertheless, all company is not fitting: wherefore, Sis, I say no more."

"Barnaby, knowest thou aught of Robin? Or of Humphrey?"

"I know nothing. They may be dead; they may be wounded and prisoners; much I fear, knowing the spirit of the lads, that both are killed. Nay, I saw Humphrey before the fight, and he spoke to me"—

"What did Humphrey say?"

"I asked why he hung his head and looked so glum, seeing that we were at last going forth to meet the King's army. This I said because I knew Humphrey to be a lad of mettle, though his arm is thin and his body is crooked. 'I go heavy, Barnaby,' he said, speaking low lest others should hear, 'because I see plainly that, unless some signal success come to us, this our business will end badly.' Then he began to talk about the thousands who were to have been raised all over the country; how he himself had brought to the Duke promises of support gathered all the way from London to Bradford Orcas, and how his friends in Holland even promised both men and arms; but none of these promises had been kept: how Dad had brought promises of support from all the Nonconformists of the West, but hardly any, save at Taunton, had come forward; and how the army was melting away and no more recruits coming in. And then he said that he had been the means of bringing so many to the Duke that if they died their deaths would lie upon his conscience. And he spoke lovingly of Robin and of thee, Sister. And so we parted, and I saw him no more. As for what he said, I minded it not a straw. Many a croaker turns out in the long run to be brave in the fight. Doubtless he is dead: and Robin, too. Both are dead. I take it, Sis, thou hast lost thy sweetheart. Cry a little, my dear," he added kindly; "'twill ease the pain at thy heart. 'Tis natural for a woman to cry."

"I cannot cry, Barnaby: I wish I could. The tears rise to my eyes, but my throat is dry."

"Try a prayer or two, Sister. 'Twas wont to comfort the heart of my mother when she was in trouble."

"A prayer? Brother, I have done nothing but pray since this unfortunate rebellion began. A prayer? Oh, I cannot pray! If I were to pray now it would be as if my words were echoed back from a wall of solid rock. We were praying all yesterday: we made the Sabbath into a day of prayer without ceasing: and this morning, when you opened the door, we were praising and thanking God for the mercy of the great victory bestowed upon us. And at that time the poor brave men"——

"They were brave enough to the end," said Barnaby.

"The poor brave men lying cold and dead upon the field among them, maybe, Robin's, and the prisoners huddled together somewhere, and men hanging already upon the gibbets. We were praising God—and my father lying on the ground stricken to death, and thou a fugitive, and all of us ruined! Prayer? How could I pray from such a pit of woe?"

"Child," my mother lifted her pale face, "in the darkest hour pray without ceasing. Even if there happen a darker hour than this, in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known—with thanksgiving, my daughter."

Alas! I could not obey the apostolic order. 'Twas too much for me. So we fell into silence. When the sun had quite gone down Barnaby went forth cautiously. Presently he came back.

"There is no one on the road," he said. "We may now go on our way. The air of Taunton is dangerous to us. It breeds swift and fatal diseases. I have now resolved what to do. I will lift my father upon the cart again and put in the pony. Four or five miles sou'-west or thereabouts is Black Down, which is a No-Man's-Land. Thither will we go and hide in the combs, where no one ever comes, except the gipsies."

"How shall we live, Barnaby?"

"That," he said, "we shall find out when we come to look about us. There is provision for two days. The nights are warm. We shall find cover or make it with branches. There is water in the brooks and dry wood to burn. There we may, perhaps, be safe. When the country is quiet we will make our way across the hills to Bradford Orcas, where no one will molest you, and I can go off to Bristol or Lyme, or wherever there are ships to be found. When sailors are shipwrecked, they do not begin by asking what they shall do on dry land: they ask only to feel the stones beneath their feet. We must think of nothing now but of a place of safety."

"Barnaby, are the open hills a proper place for a wounded man?"

"Why, Child, for a choice between the hills and what else may happen if we stay here, give me the hills, even for a wounded man. But, indeed"—he whispered, so that my mother should not hear him—"he will die. Death is written on his face. I know not how long he will live. But he must die. Never did any man recover from such evil plight."

He harnessed the pony to the cart, which was little more than a couple of planks laid side by side, and laid father upon them, just as he had brought him from Taunton. My mother made a kind of pillow for him, with grass tied up in her kerchief, and so we hoped that he would not feel the jogging of the cart.

"The stream," said Barnaby, "comes down from the hills. Let us follow its course upwards."

It was a broad stream with a shallow bed, for the most part flat and pebbly; and on either side of the stream lay a strip of soft turf, broad enough for the cart to run upon. So that, as long as that lasted, we had very easy going; my mother and I walking one on each side, so as to steady the pillow and keep the poor head upon it from pain. But whether we went easy, or whether we went rough, that head made no sign of feeling aught, and lay, just as in the linney, as if dead.

I cannot tell how long we went on beside that stream. 'T was in a wild, uncultivated country; the ground ascended; the stream became narrower and swifter; presently the friendly strip of turf failed altogether, and then we had trouble to keep the cart from upsetting. I went to the pony's head, and Barnaby, going behind the cart, lifted it over the rough places, and sometimes carried his end of it. The night was chilly; my feet were wet with splashing in the brook, and I was growing faint with hunger, when Barnaby called a halt.

"We are now," he said, "at the head of the stream. In half an hour, or thereabouts, it will be break of day. Let us rest. Mother, you must eat something. Come, Sister, 't is late for supper, and full early for breakfast. Take some meat and bread and half a cup of cider."

It is all I remember of that night.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

The King of Italy, acting on the recommendations of the Minister of Public Instruction, has issued a decree regulating the manner in which Italy proposes to celebrate the fourth centennial of the discovery of America by Columbus. This will consist mainly in the publication of the collected works of the great navigator, and of all the documents and charts which will throw any light upon his life and voyages. This will be accompanied by a biography of the works published in Italy upon Columbus and the discovery of America from the earliest period down to the present time. The head of the Royal Commission charged with the preparation of this edition is Cesare Correnti, President of the Italian Historical Institute; and among its members are Signors Amari, Cantu, and Desimoni, and the Marquis Doria. An appropriation of 12,000 lire has been made to cover the expenses of this work, which is now fairly undertaken for the first time. Various editors have published portions of the writings of Columbus, as Navarrete the account of his voyages, and Major his letters; but no one has yet collected all his writings into a single edition, though an index to them was published in 1864.

SURGICAL APPLIANCES FOR THE POOR.

In reply to a paragraph under the above heading in our issue of Sept. 8 a correspondent—who is a member of the council of the Saturday Hospital Fund and of the Surgical Appliance Committee—states that all cases that come before the committee are inquired into, and if the applicant is not in a position to pay for what he or she requires the appliance is given free of cost. He cites an instance that occurred recently: A young woman applied for an artificial arm. She stated she was a general servant, had a sick mother and two young sisters to support, and that she had no means of paying for the appliance. The committee decided to give her an order on the surgical appliance maker to get what was suitable for her, such appliance costing the committee £7 14s. Another case was that of a poor girl, who was both blind and deaf. An ear-trumpet, which cost 12s., was given her free. The correspondent states, in conclusion, that any applicant applying to the Surgical Appliance Committee with a subscriber's or collector's letter to the Saturday Hospital Fund is not sent away because they have no money to pay for what they require.

A rifle-match held at the Park Ranges, Tottenham, resulted in Corporal Rothon, London Rifle Brigade, being declared champion shot of Middlesex for the year.

The Board of Trade have received through the Colonial Office a binocular glass, which has been awarded by the Canadian Government to Captain Zabala, master of the Spanish steam-ship España, in recognition of his services to the ship-wrecked crew of the barque Billy Simpson, of Nova Scotia, which vessel foundered in the China Sea on Sept. 12, 1887.

Lately there has been a great increase in the articles, such as lace, embroidery, underclothing, painting, knitting, wood-carving, &c., sent over to the Old Irish Market Place, in the Irish Exhibition, by poor peasants in Ireland. In most cases this work is the senders' sole means of support, and it is most desirable that it should not be returned to them unsold. Visitors to the Irish Exhibition would be giving material help and encouragement to these poor peasants by making some purchases, however small.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that *copies of this week's number* forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates: To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (*viâ* United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (*viâ* Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It was a misfortune for the British Association when the Social Science Association "went under" and left all the grocheteers and social sensation-makers adrift. The discovery by two pathologists that, after all, the stays which have been banned by so many doctors are beneficent institutions, would just have suited the Social Science Association. There was a flavour of science about it, while its conclusions were "social"—fit for newspaper discussion and gossip. The argument of these learned defenders of stays was that compression of the trunk causes the blood to pass more rapidly out of the veins of the part, and hence the vital fluid is, "as long as the compression continues, available for the use of the other regions of the body, for the brain, muscles, &c." Women who are without proper tone in those muscles which the stays are designed to support, "are rather the rule than the exception amongst the sex. We are, therefore, brought to conclude that among women some form of waistbelt is very advantageous—be it from muscular weakness or from a desire to obtain easily a condition of good mental and bodily activity." This is rather obscure; it sounds as though the waistbelt were the ambitious character who wants to easily obtain activity. However, it has unhappily been understood to mean that two learned professors have found out that squeezing yourself in is good for you.

This is sad hearing. To anybody who has the least conception of the broken health, diminished general power, and incapacity for the performance of the dearest womanly duties that result from the use of stays, it is really painful to hear such theories put forth as scientific facts. The grounds on which they are based are surely inadequate. Temporary pressure on the stomach of a dog no doubt did, as they say so, increase for the time the volume of blood going to other parts of the body; but to leap thence to a conclusion that this would be a permanent result is not justified; persistent compression would surely have exactly the opposite result! Would the hounds run better well laced up in corsets, as our new mentors seem to infer! The heart beats faster, doubtless, for the moment, when pressure is put on the stomach of the dog, in a great effort to overcome the obstacle to the circulation; but the ultimate tendency of such an obstacle being continuously applied must needs be to congest instead of to assist the movement of the blood—just what so many women suffer from because of their stays. Then again the result of not fully using the muscles of any part is to render them weak and fatty and incapable; so that to give constant artificial support to the muscles about the waist tends directly to deprive those muscles of their natural force, and to bring about the "flaccid condition" which makes continued pressure necessary. Nature knows her own business best, and where she has given elastic and muscular structures, we may rely upon it that cages of whalebone and steel are superfluous, and constriction and pressures injurious. Diseased conditions need their appropriate treatment, but conclusions cannot be drawn from the needs of the sickly about what should be done by the healthy.

Stays are, nevertheless, necessary for many women, because they have been rendered dependent on such artificial aid by the habits of a whole life. Stays are necessary, too, so long as heavy skirts are worn depending from the waist; the stiff busk throwing the chief weight round to the strong bones of the hips cannot be dispensed with in that case. Anybody who wants to give up stays must take care to simultaneously adopt "combinations," and to hang the dress-skirt from the shoulders, either by buttoning it on to a jean or other firm petticoat-bodice, or by the ladies' braces, now sold by most outfitters. The tide of dress reform sets, I think, too strongly for the paper referred to, with its insufficient consideration of antecedents and its too hasty generalisations, to check progress. Ill-considered enthusiasm for reform is still its greatest danger.

Any very interesting social event in early autumn, such as the first night at the Haymarket was, serves to bring home to one how different a meaning has the saying "town is empty" now from that which it bore fifty years ago. In these railroad days, an occurrence of interest will always bring back many whom it specially concerns, and on any given day there will always be numbers of people just "passing through"—resting at their own homes for a day and a night. There was little of that sort of thing before railroads joined the ends of the land, and gave us all the winged feet of the messenger of the gods. In the early part of the century, my people, when they removed from town to their country place in the North, were three days on the journey, driving in the private carriage. Half the furniture of the house, it seems, used to go too; curtains, cushions, silver, china, knick-knacks of every description, and even the old Colonel's pet bedstead and bedding—all travelled between the houses when the family moved. But then, London, once forsaken, was not to be seen again for at least six months. How different life must have been in those days!—so different that we cannot realise it, I expect. One gets a glimpse of it occasionally, more by chance than by deliberation. The old inventory of what was moved, and where the travellers spent three successive nights on a journey which now takes eight hours, was one such flash of revelation to me. Another was when the late eminent educationist, William Ellis, who was "the age of the century," said to me casually in conversation: "The population of the kingdom has quadrupled since I was a boy." An old lady whom I met a few days ago told me that she, as a girl, went with some young friends to view as a curiosity, on its stand in Piccadilly, the first hackney coach that ever plied in the streets of London. It is such trifles as these, contrasted with the way in which we now rush from one crowded place to another, and in which "town" is never really "empty," that bring home to one the changed conditions of modern existence. I was not in London for the first night of "Captain Swift" at the Haymarket, but one who was there tells me that, notwithstanding the season, there was exactly the brilliant gathering customary to Mr. Tree's "first nights"; and on the fourth night, when I enjoyed the performance, the house was as completely filled as though we were in June.

Metropolitan Police Magistrates are under no obligation to give gratis legal advice to applicants; but when they do so their observations are so widely reported that it is of great consequence that the impression conveyed should be correct. A Magistrate has twice over informed a poor woman that she has no remedy against a husband who has deserted her and then returned to her home and seized the furniture—which she had bought out of her own earnings—selling her bed for five shillings, and threatening to sell everything else. Now, the fact is, that in such a case the poor woman has by law just the same remedy as she would have against any absolutely strange man who entered her house and stole her goods. She has a legal right to call a policeman and give the thief into custody, or the Magistrate should issue a warrant for his arrest; and any person buying the goods from the husband, knowing them to be the wife's property (that is, to have been bought by her own earnings since 1870), would be a receiver of stolen goods. The law can do no more to protect the earnings and goods of poor wives from drunken and deserting husbands.

FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.

FEMALE CLERKS AT THE POST OFFICE.

It is a very prevalent idea that the notion of employing female clerks is a comparatively recent institution at the Post Office, and that the late Mr. Fawcett was the first to attempt it. As a matter of fact, however, the experiment was first made seventeen years ago, shortly after the Government had acquired the telegraphic system of the country. The first germ of the idea was probably derived from the fact that the old telegraph companies employed a large number of young women to manipulate the instruments—a system that has been continued with great success by the Post Office. At the present time 719 young women are employed in the great galleries of the Central Telegraph Station at St. Martin's-le-Grand; while if we take into account the number of those who are engaged at the district offices and throughout the country generally, the total is considerably over 1000 persons. The Postmaster General, in his last published report, gives the total number of female telegraphists, together with the counter-women employed for postal purposes, as 3121. It was not, however, until the latter end of 1870 that Mr. Scudamore, who was then the moving spirit of the Telegraph Department, conceived the idea of *employing ladies upon actual clerk-work*. It occurred to this enterprising official that a periodical examination of the telegraph messages forwarded and delivered by the Post Office, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they had been correctly and promptly transmitted and delivered, and whether the rules of the Department had been generally observed with regard to them, was rendered necessary for maintaining the efficiency of the service. It was obvious that in an undertaking like that of the telegraphs inefficiency of management would be certain sooner or later to result in loss of business and revenue. People who receive messages that are promptly transmitted and delivered, are accurately rendered, and are clearly and distinctly written out, are almost insensibly tempted to send telegraphic messages. On the other hand, if the telegrams are delayed, or are inaccurately rendered, or are unintelligible either from bad writing or bad transmitting, the public are by no means disposed to trouble their friends with similar annoyances. Mr. Scudamore fully appreciated these matters, and he was, moreover, well aware that the people who are annoyed are not always the ones to complain, and he very rightly considered that something ought to be done for those long-suffering people who sit down calmly under their grievances and never let the Department know what they have endured. These are briefly the circumstances which suggested the establishment in 1871 of what is now known as the Clearing House Branch, and in electing to have a staff of female clerks for the performance of the work to be allotted to this new branch, Mr. Scudamore seems to have been guided by the idea that, as it would for the most part consist in fault-finding, it would be well within the capacity of such clerks. Nor was he disappointed in his anticipation, for the work was performed in a highly satisfactory manner, and the operation of the check thus instituted proved so salutary that it led the telegraph clerks throughout the country to pay attention to the rules of the Department, to use their utmost exertions to get the messages off promptly, to write out the received messages carefully, and to expedite the delivery of those messages to the best of their ability.

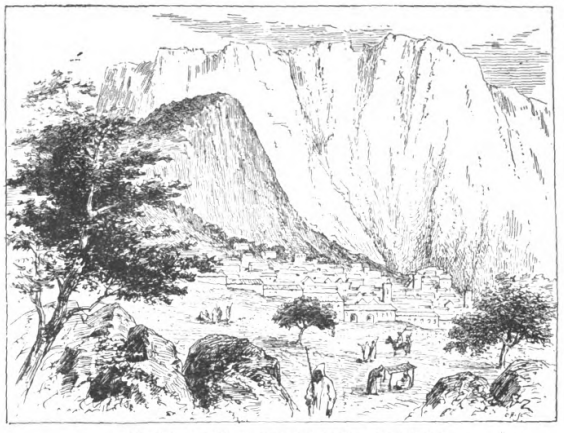
This practical demonstration of the success of female employment on purely clerical work soon led to the extension of the scheme, for it was found that they could be entrusted with work of a more important character, such as the preparation of the accounts against all the newspaper proprietors in the United Kingdom who send telegrams without prepayment. The work is of a somewhat intricate and difficult nature, and was formerly performed by male clerks; the fact, therefore, that it has now for many years past been successfully accomplished by females is a weighty argument in favour of their employment to a limited extent as clerks. In dealing with the newspaper telegraph accounts, and also those of the various Press associations, these lady clerks have the handling of work that yields to the Post Office a revenue of nearly £114,000 a year. The Clearing House Branch clerks have now also the preparation of the accounts rendered against the Royal family, Government Departments, &c., for telegrams, and the examination and checking of certain accounts between the railway companies and the Post Office in connection with telegraphic work, and so satisfactorily has this latter work been performed that the auditors into whose hands the accounts subsequently pass have been able to find but little or no fault.

The quantity and variety of work now performed at the Clearing House necessitate, of course, the maintenance of a considerable force of clerks, and the staff of that branch now numbers 174 ladies in all. The branch, which is under the control of the Receiver and Accountant General of the Post Office, is directly governed by a superintendent, who receives a yearly salary on a scale from £210, rising by annual increments of £15 to £400. There is also an assistant superintendent, with a fixed salary of £200 a year. The general staff comprises five principal clerks, whose salaries are from £120 to £170, rising by £10 a year; twenty first-class clerks, with salaries from £85, rising by £5 a year to £110; and 147 second-class clerks, whose salaries are from £65, rising by £3 a year to £80.

It was, no doubt, the success that had been experienced in the employment of female clerks at the Clearing House Branch which induced the Post Office, on the establishment of the Postal Order System in 1881, to appoint a staff wholly composed of female clerks to perform the manifold duties arising out of that service. The late Mr. Fawcett, when Postmaster General, alluded with pardonable pride in some of his public speeches to the efficient manner in which this work had been performed. That it is of considerable magnitude may be gathered from the fact that the number of postal orders issued in a year at the present time is at the rate of not less than 37,000,000 a year, amounting to something like £15,000,000. It may be imagined that these orders have all to be examined as they come in as paid, and to be credited to the respective postmasters by whom they are paid; that they have to be sorted and put away in numerical order for reference as occasion may require; and that there is a large amount of work also in connection with the orders presented by bankers, in supplying postmasters with sufficient stocks of orders, and in attending to applications from the public respecting lost orders, &c., together with general correspondence arising out of the postal order business. It is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that the staff now employed upon that work is very large, and numbers in all no less than 294 persons. The higher establishment of this branch comprises one superintendent, one assistant superintendent, six principal clerks, thirty-one first-class clerks, and 148 second-class clerks; while the lower establishment consists of a force of 107 female sorting clerks, who are, of course, of an inferior rank, and are employed in sorting and finally disposing of the orders. The major establishment of clerks is paid on a scale precisely similar to that enumerated in the case of the Clearing House Branch; the sorting clerks receive weekly wages of 12s., rising by 1s. a week to 20s. a week, except twelve, who rank on what is called the first-class of female sorters, and receive 21s., rising by 1s. 6d. a week to 30s. a week. This branch, like the Clearing House Branch, is under the control of the Receiver and Accountant General of the Post Office.

Female labour has also been introduced with marked success into the Savings Bank Department of the Post Office, dating from 1875. The work performed in that department by these clerks is of a varied, and in some cases difficult, character, and its performance by lady clerks has been, as already stated, very successful. In a very interesting pamphlet on the "Employment of Women in the Public Service," published by Lady John Manners (now Duchess of Rutland), that lady remarks that "the public has been well served by ladies, to whom the work has furnished an honourable independence." The staff now employed upon the work, which needs no detailed description, as it can be readily imagined from the nature of the business that gives rise to it, is very large, and comprises both higher and lower establishment clerks. Of the former, there are a superintendent and assistant superintendent, eight principal clerks, thirty-six first-class clerks, and 229 second-class clerks. The latter comprises eight first-class sorters and fifty-nine second-class sorters. In each case the scale of pay is the same as that of the Clearing House and Postal Order Branches.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that the greater part of the Returned Letter Office is now manned, if such term may be here used, by female clerks. The work of this office is altogether of a more simple character than that already alluded to, and consists chiefly in returning to the senders the letters which the Post Office is unable to deliver. The number of letters and post-packets of all kinds dealt with in the Returned Letter Office last year was 13,436,600. The work, of course, is simple enough; but some of the clerks are employed on higher class duties, such as endorsing inquiry papers referred to the Returned Letter Office, and ledgering letters of small value, concerning the disposal of which there can be no mistake. The results of the experience of female labour at the Returned Letter Office, which dates from 1873, have been very satisfactory.



SHESHOUAN, A TOWN OF FANATICAL BERBERS IN MOROCCO.

The female clerks here have been found to be both quick and accurate in the performance of their work, and have completely surpassed the expectations that were formed of them, while they have proved themselves perfectly amenable to discipline. The number of female clerks employed in the Returned Letter Office is fifty. The superintendent receives wages at the rate of 40s. a week, rising by 2s. every year to 50s. a week; the first-class clerks receive 28s., rising by 1s. 6d. to 34s. a week; and the wages of the second-class commence at 14s., rising by 1s. to 17s., and thence by 1s. 6d. to 27s. a week.

In addition to the female clerks already mentioned as being employed at the Post Office, there is a certain number attached to the account branches of the post offices at Edinburgh and Dublin. At the former place there are at present nineteen employed, of whom one is superintendent, receiving a salary of £120, rising by £10 annually to £170 a year. The remainder of the staff is divided into a first class and a second class, the former receiving £75, rising by £5 to £100 a year, and the latter £55, rising by £3 to £70 a year. In Dublin there are seventeen female clerks, who are apportioned in like manner, and enjoy similar scales of pay as in Edinburgh.

The hours of attendance for female clerks in the Post-Office are six daily, being from ten till four, with a half-holiday on Saturdays, and they are allowed an annual holiday of one month. The female sorters do not fare quite so well. They are required to attend eight hours daily—from nine till five—and till two on Saturdays, whilst they are only allowed an annual holiday of a fortnight, except those on the first class, who receive three weeks.

It only remains to say a few words as to the mode of admission for female clerks, &c., to the post-office, which, as regards both classes—namely, female clerks and female sorters—is by open competitive examination. In the latter class the examination is comparatively easy, consisting of reading and copying manuscript, handwriting, spelling, arithmetic (first four rules, simple and compound), and geography of the United Kingdom. Preliminary examinations are held in the first four subjects, and candidates failing in any one of them are disqualified from taking part in the competition, which comprises, of course, all the five subjects above named. Application for admission to attend an examination must be made at such times and in the manner prescribed by the Civil Service Commissioners, and a fee of one shilling is required from every candidate attending the examination. The limits of age are from fifteen to eighteen years of age, and candidates must satisfy the Commissioners that they are unmarried or widows, and that they are duly qualified both in respect of health and character. Similar conditions apply to candidates for female clerkships; but the limits of age are from eighteen to twenty years, and the examination is, of course, of a severer character; the subjects being arithmetic, English composition, geography, and English history. The fee required of every candidate attending a preliminary examination is 1s.; and a further fee of 1s. 6d. is required from every candidate attending a competitive examination. For the rest, it need only be added that examinations for appointments as female clerks or female sorters are held, as a rule, every half-year; and that full particulars as to the mode of admission, &c., can be obtained on application to the Civil Service Commission, Cannon-row, Westminster.

A. G. B.

SHESHOUAN.

Sheshouan is a town of the fanatical Berbers, situated on the borders of the Riff country, in the northern part of Morocco. So far as is known, it has only twice been visited by Christians. The last time was in July of this year, when Mr. W. B. Harris, a young Englishman, contrived to reach the town, and remained twenty-four hours within its walls. But the suspicions of the natives were aroused, and Mr. Harris had to fly from the town in the middle of the night; and, remaining hidden during the day-time and travelling at nights, arrived safely at Tetuan two days later. Mr. Harris visited Sheshouan in the disguise of an Arab, accompanied by an Arab boy who acted as guide. Our View of the place is from a sketch taken by Mr. Harris on the spot.

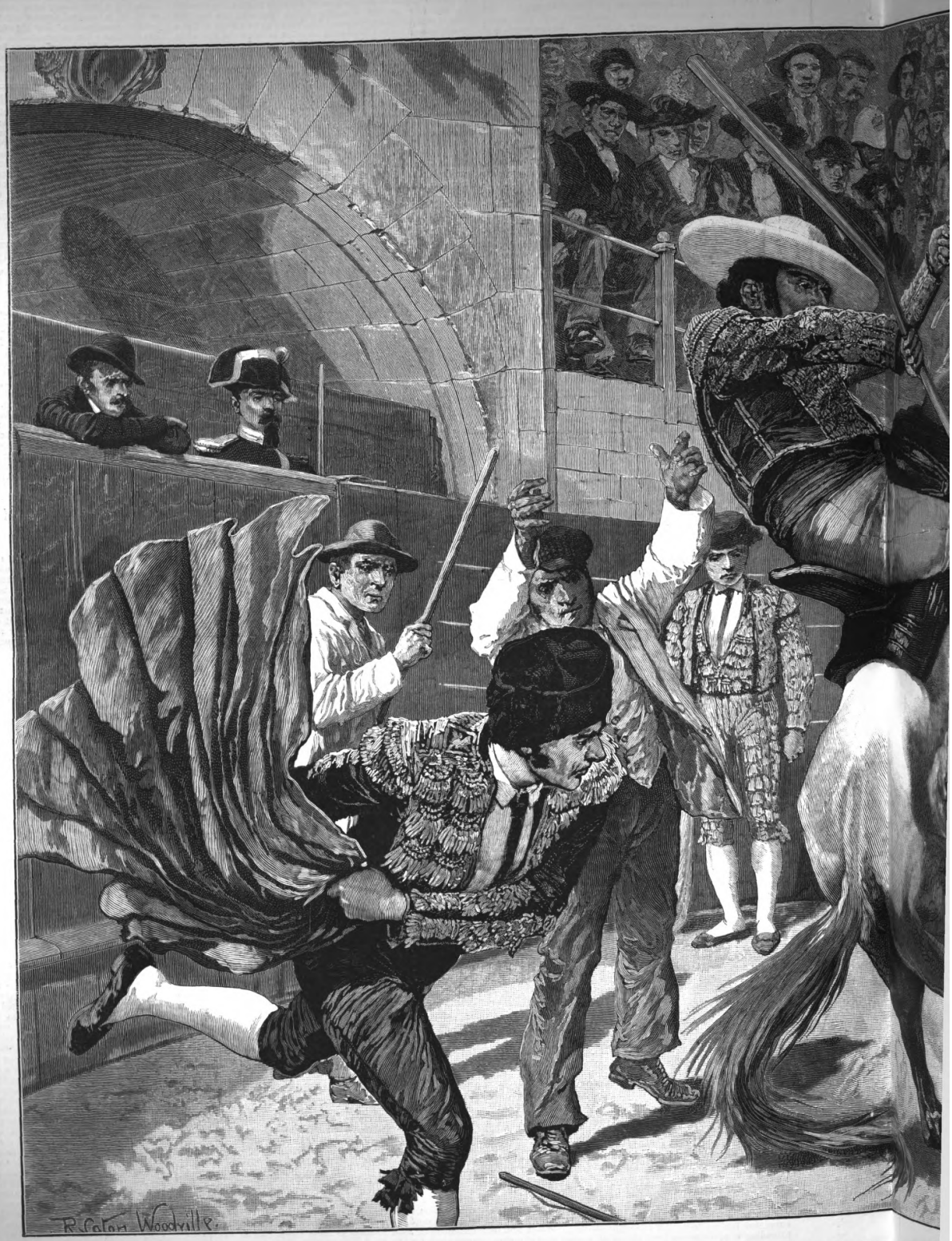
ART NOTES.

The Hellenic Society has been well inspired in publishing, separately, Miss J. E. Harrison's interesting summary of the progress of archæology in Greece during the past season. For those not immediately connected with the studies for which the various schools and museums have been established, the chief interest lies in the number and variety of the art-treasures which are being brought to light. For these, abundant space has been or will be found in the two museums in the Acropolis, in the Central Museum in Athens, and in the projected "Antiquarium" for minor antiquities. At the same time, a museum has been built at Syra for the reception of treasures found in the islands—Delos excepted—and another at Tripolitza, which will contain those from Mantineia, Tegea, and the neighbourhood. The excavations in the Acropolis, which will probably be brought to a close during the ensuing season, have brought to light the walls of the old house of Erechtheus, and the foundations of the Temple of Roma and Augustus, both lying to the eastward of the Parthenon. The Erechtheion, it seems, is now considered to have originally extended over a large portion of the Acropolis, some portions of it having been removed to make room for the buildings in the time of Pericles; just as the site of some prehistoric building had previously been built over by the Erechtheion. Amongst the sculptural fragments discovered, Miss Harrison refers especially to the archaic figure of a priestess in a style of dress hitherto unknown, and to the head of a "Triton," in which the colours—blue hair and beard and green eyes—are vividly preserved. In bronze work nothing has been unearthed equalling in beauty and completeness the Athene found last year to the north of the Erechtheion; but a small Athene Promachos about to hurl her spear, and an archaic bronze of the Apollo type, with both arms extended, deserve notice. The general works carried on by the Greek Government have in view the levelling up of the surface of the Acropolis to its presumable height in the fifth century B.C., whilst the base will be freed from the accumulated débris of centuries; and by next May it is hoped that some idea of the form and actual extent of the Acropolis rock may be brought home distinctly to the ordinary spectator.

Outside Athens the most important discovery of the year is that of the Kabeiroi Temple at Thespiæ, about five miles from Thebes, by Dr. Wolters and the German Institute. The American school has been still more fortunate in its excavations of the buried city of Sicyon, and the still richer results of their work at Dionuso, to the north-east of Pentelicus, and the supposed site of the earliest temples raised to Apollo and Dionysos when they first came to Attica. At Mantineia, the French school has discovered the site of a temple of Hera, together with a large number of bronzes and terra-cottas; and at Amorgos, one of the Cyclades, the same body has been almost equally successful. Mycenæ, Tanagra, Eleusis, Epidaurus, and Ægina, have all yielded, though in a less degree, fresh testimony to their importance in bygone times—and finally Dr. Schliemann has identified the site of the present Christian church at Cerigo with the world-famous temple of the Cytherean Aphrodite, and that learned German is convinced that the church has been almost entirely constructed out of fragments of the temple.

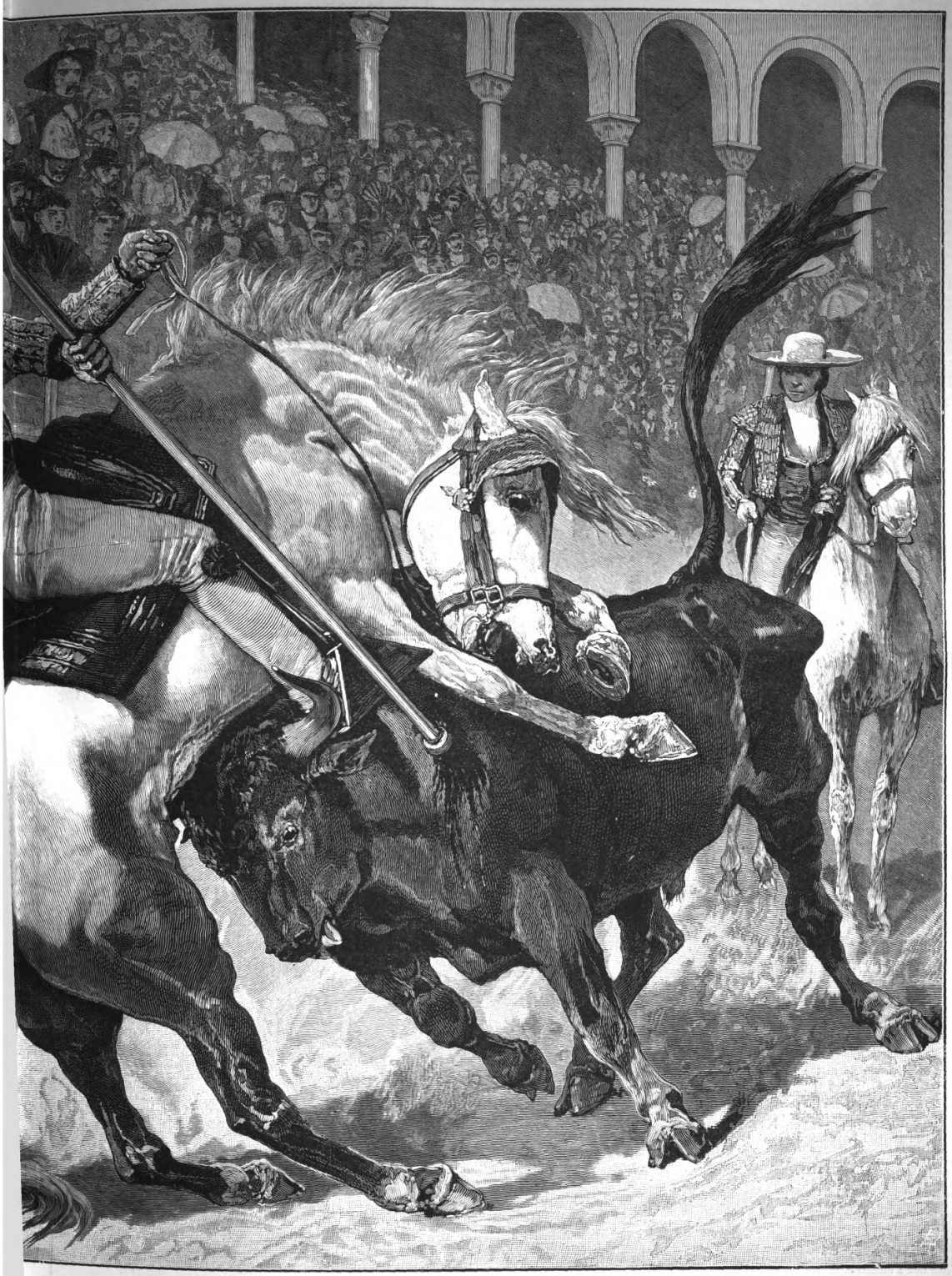
Of the many thousands of tourists, English and French, who make Dieppe the starting point or the limit of their travels, only a score or two seem to think it worth while to make a visit to Envermeu, a little village or township about ten miles off, pleasantly situated on the right bank of the Eaulne. It has, nevertheless, at various times attracted the attention of archæologists, and now has suddenly come into notoriety by the discovery of a picture which M. Gervex, the well-known Belgian artist, unhesitatingly ascribes to Roger Van der Weyden. Envermeu at some remote period was a more important place than now appears. It can boast traces of a "campo santo" dating from the Merovingian period, the memories of a castle whence started some of the companions of the Conqueror, and the ruins of a priory dedicated to St. Lawrence. Its church or abbey, built about 1415, seems never to have been finished; but the interior contains some wood-carving of extraordinary delicacy and merit. The pictures on the walls, however, have never attracted any notice, and it was generally supposed that they belonged to a much later date than the abbey itself. M. Gervex, however, was struck by "A Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," which hung in perhaps the most obscure corner of one of the side aisles. By degrees he became convinced of the great artistic merit of the work; and he at length discovered that Roger Van der Weyden had at one period of his life taken refuge at the Priory of Envermeu, and that he had introduced into this picture the portrait of the Prior Turold (whence the English Thorolds) in recognition of the hospitality he had received. Van der Weyden died in 1464, so that this picture must have been transferred from the priory at the time of its suppression in 1510, shortly before the present church was commenced.

The legatees of Sir Joseph Whitworth, who have given £10,000 to the Stockport Technical School, intend granting £1000 to the new Girls' Industrial School just built at Stockport.



A SPANISH BULL-FI

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



BULL-FIGHT.

.TON WOODVILLE.

A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

We had left Morocco, crossed the Straits, and arrived at the Royal Hotel, Gibraltar, where we heard that we should be just in time to see a bull-fight in the Spanish town of La Linea that same afternoon. We procured a vehicle, and drove over the frontier to that place. On alighting in the Square, I saw the loveliest girl that I ever beheld, waiting there with her duenna. In disputing with my driver, who demanded four times his proper fare, I had time to study my Spanish beauty's features. We had a walk of two miles to the bull-ring through dirty streets decorated with flags overhead and with holes underfoot. Banners were flying from the roofs, and draperies floating from the balconies; on each side of the way were tents and booths to supply the thirsty with wine and spirits, or the handsome and picturesque women with large fans on which scenes from the bull-fight were painted. The streets were crowded with carriages and foot-passengers, the ladies being dressed in black satin or silk, with black lace veils or mantillas floating from the tortoise-shell combs at the back of their heads, and every one of them flirting an enormous fan. There was a large crowd outside the bull ring when we arrived. From without, the building looks like a huge amphitheatre, with ticket-offices and turnstiles guarded by gendarmes and soldiers with fixed bayonets all round it. We paid two dollars apiece for our stalls—or, rather, the seats in the best portion of the circle—and when we got inside found that we were left entirely to our own devices to obtain sitting room, for there were no attendants; and finally, as the place was quite full, we had to be content with standing room.

The ring, as near as I could judge, was about sixty yards across, and was surrounded by tiers of seats rising one above another, like a Roman amphitheatre, and holding about six thousand persons. The spectators are well protected from the bull, as there is a double barricade all round the ring, with a space between the two fences, in which the bull-fighters who are not engaged in the ring stand and watch the performance until it is their turn to enter the arena. Behind these men sit Spanish ladies, row above row, some dressed in the latest Parisian fashions, with exaggerated hats piled up with feathers and bows—though most are dressed in the more becoming Spanish costume; old women and young women; gentlemen in top hats and frock coats, and peasants in shirt-sleeves and wideawake hats—the Spanish national costume being conspicuous only by its absence; English soldiers from Gibraltar, looking very smart in their red, blue, and green uniforms and white helmets, and forming a very appreciative part of the audience; and strong pickets of Spanish soldiers distributed here and there among the people with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets, to prevent any sudden disturbance or tumult. A military band, which played extremely well, gave us the latest airs from Europe. "Africa begins at the Pyrenees," and we by no means felt that we had arrived at the nineteenth century civilisation even though we had crossed over from Morocco. The great gates of the arena were thrown open, and the procession of bull-fighters, both horse and foot, defiled into the ring in a double line with due formality. Then an alguazil, mounted on a good horse, and dressed in a black mediæval costume of the Philip IV. period, rode up to the Alcalde, and asked him for the keys of the inclosure where the bull is kept. This request having been granted, the alguazil backed his horse all across the arena and retired. Then the first bull was let out. The animal trotted about with an astonished air, and looking for a way of escape: he was by no means frightened, and seemed very fierce with his bushy tail stuck up on end, and evidently thought himself fit to fight the whole world. When the bull had shown himself, the gates on the right of the bull's entrance opened, and four or five picadors entered mounted on miserable broken-down screws. These wretched horses had a bandage slanting over their faces across the right eye, so that they might not see the bull charging upon them, but might stand, blindly and without a movement, to be gored by the horns till they could no longer stand. The picadors were seated on heavy and clumsy black Moorish saddles with high back and peak, and their legs were cased in buff leather overalls lined with bars of steel and lead, so that they might not be injured by the bull's horns touching them instead of their horses. In fact, they were so heavily accoutred that they could scarcely walk, and could not get up when thrown, so that they would stand but a small chance of getting away from an infuriated bull were it not for the assistance of their comrades in the ring. Behind the picadors followed a number of dirty-looking rascals in shabby everyday European dress, whose duty it is to prod the tottering horses into a walk with long pointed sticks, to help dismounted horsemen to rise, to obliterate bloodstains with sand, and to do the dirty work of the arena. They may be useful, but they are certainly not ornamental. The horses on which the picadors are mounted are only put up as ninepins for the bull to knock down, and to gratify the Spanish passion for blood. They are miserable screws, generally broken down cab-horses from Gibraltar and the country round. The poor starved things could hardly move under the weight of their riders, and were quite unable to avoid the bull when he charged. The men behind thrashed them and drove them on to meet the bull's repeated charges; and it is no exaggeration to say that the wretched brutes were goaded into tottering towards the charging bull, stumbling over their own entrails, as long as they could stand on their feet. The sight was a sickening and disgusting one, and yet well-dressed women gloated over and applauded it, and if at least four or five horses were not supplied for each bull to gore to death, joined with shrill screams in the cry of "Caballo! Caballo!" for more victims to be driven up to the bull. There is no sport in it; the head of the picador's spear is only about an inch long, and is merely intended to enrage the bull, a circular stop being placed near the point to prevent it entering too far. When a sufficient number of horses have been killed, the picadors make their bow and withdraw. The chulos further enrage the bull by waving a red flag in front of him, and eluding him when he charges. Time after time the bull rushes at the red flag, to find nothing but an impalpable foe; but, some time ago, an English bull from Gibraltar was brought into the ring and teased by the chulos. The first time he charged at the red flag; but when the chulo tried to deceive him again, he disregarded the flag and charged the man. This was not playing fair according to Spanish notions, and so the chulo declined to have anything to do with a bull which was so intelligent as to butt at a man and not to go blindly for the red flag. Before the matador entered, the banderilleros played all sorts of tricks with the bull to irritate him. One man took a banderilla in each hand and faced the bull as he charged. Just as it seemed as if he must be knocked over, the banderillero deftly stuck his weapons one into each of the bull's shoulders, and the animal, on feeling the prick, instantly stopped dead, leaving the daring man unmoved and unhurt. Another trick sometimes done is for a man to sit in a chair in the centre of the arena and await the bull's charge, turning a somersault just in the nick of time, and leaving the enraged animal to tumble over the empty chair. Occasionally a chulo will take a leaping-pole in his hand and face the bull, springing into the air when the animal charges, and dropping down behind the bull after the pole has been knocked out of his hands. This is a very pretty feat; but a bull—probably the intelligent English one—has been known to see through it, and, at the man's second jump, to stop short, leaving him to descend ignominiously to the ground, and seriously goring him before assistance could arrive.

Then, at last, when the bull had been sufficiently tormented, the matador entered the ring, sword in hand. The matador is the most important personage in the bull-ring, and is the admired of all beholders. A celebrated matador is paid as much as £300 a day for his performance, and always has to be in strict training, though he looks rather fleshy to an English eye. He enters the ring alone, armed only with his Toledo blade, and with a red flag, about a yard square, over his arm. The matador begins as a chulo, and, after proving himself an expert toreador, is promoted to the post of bull-slayer. Though bull-fighting is looked upon as a very low-caste trade, yet a successful matador becomes a huge favourite with all classes, and is generally known by some endearing nickname, from the place of his birth or from a personal peculiarity. The most celebrated matadors of Spain were Joseph Delgado and Francisco Montes. Joseph Delgado, who was known by the nickname of "Pepe Illo," was the favourite at the end of the last century. He was a first-rate swordsman, and wrote a book on bull-fighting, which is a text-book on the subject. He was killed at Madrid, on May 11, 1801. On the morning of the bull-fight he felt ill, and had a presentiment that he was going to lose his life; but he would not disappoint the public, and so entered the ring, where he was gored to death by the bull. Francisco Montes, who also wrote a book on his profession, was known as "The First Sword of Spain." After a most successful career, he was severely wounded on July 21, 1850; but was rescued by his nephew, "El Chiclanero," who afterwards became as celebrated as Montes himself. Amongst remarkable toreadors must be placed the woman who became a matador and killed her bull, like a man, for love of the ring. A story is told of a lawyer in Seville, named Mazantini, who was in love with a beautiful girl in the city. But she was so fond of the bull-ring that she declared to her lover that she would never marry him, or anyone else who had not killed a bull. The lawyer was so in love that he threw up his profession and



PEDRO II., EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

turned bull-fighter, and not only did he kill his bull but he became one of the most celebrated matadors of the day. He became so rich and famous, and was so run after by women of all ranks, that his head was quite turned; and when it was intimated to him that now he was worthy to marry his lady-love, he laughed at the idea; for the girl, who was a great match for a lawyer, was far too insignificant a person to be looked at by a successful toreador. It is also said that an English officer, who had sold out at Gibraltar for reasons of his own, went into Spain and turned matador; but he soon grew so successful at his trade that he had to give it up, for the Spaniards were jealous enough of his fame always to leave him alone with the bull, and never to distract the animal's attention, so that he knew that sooner or later he must be killed.

The matador was armed with a very sharp sword about three feet long, and carried a red cloak, with which he engaged the bull. When the animal charged into his cloak, he plunged some ten inches of his blade into its shoulder. As the bull, maddened by the pain, dashed furiously round the ring, we could see the long keen sword gradually sinking by its own weight into the flesh, but before it touched the heart one of the chulos twisted his cloak round the hilt and jerked the sword out. Then it was thrust in again, until the bull was too weak to charge any more and lay down on the sand very sick. The poor brute refused to get up, and so his death-blow was given in the nape of the neck with a short heavy knife like a hunting-knife. This rather ignominious death was inflicted as the bull would not face the matador a third time; the succeeding animals were more courageous, and charged the red flag up to the last, receiving the death-thrust from the long keen sword just in front of the shoulder-blade, amid the enthusiastic cheers and plaudits of the spectators. The people screamed themselves hoarse with delight, and threw hats, caps, and cigars into the ring for the toreador. The victor bowed his thanks all round, and, picking up one of the cigars thrown him by his admirers, lighted it out of compliment to the donor. It was easy to understand why every Spanish boy wishes to be a toreador, and every Spanish girl to have the king of the bull-ring for a lover. He is the hero of the hour, and even a King of Spain would cut a very poor figure beside him.

When the bull has been killed, a team of mules, gaily harnessed with bells, is driven in, the bull is dragged out, and the arena sprinkled with sawdust. The same is done with the dead horses, and then the ceremony begins all over again. All bulls do not take their badgering quietly; some of them jump over the barrier into the passage between the two fences. I saw one bull do this no less than eight times, trying to escape from the banderilleros, and lie down between the inner and outer barriers. Then one of the great gates was thrown back, so that it closed the circular passage and opened a way to the ring. The bull was driven round until he came to the gate, when, the path being blocked, he perforce re-entered the arena.

A bull-fight in Spain is a very ceremonious affair. It lasts from two p.m. to six p.m. for two or three days, and on each day some thirty horses are horribly gored to death, and about six bulls slaughtered. The crowded audience sit watching the butchery with breathless interest, every now and then bursting into loud applause or laughter as some point rather tickles their fancy, and all the time the venders of water and sweetmeats wander about among the audience with their monotonous cries. During the early part of the performance the object is not to kill the bull, but to kill the horses; and if any picador or other were officious enough to put an end to the tormented animal he would get anything but praise from the rough peasants, or from the dainty ladies shading their delicate faces from the sun under their white parasols. The women of the lower classes bring their babies and enjoy every point of the performance, shouting and cheering their favourite toreadors, or howling abuse and insults at the bull; but the ladies, though they are just as keen after their amusement, and appreciate just as much every display of skill and dexterity made by the fighters in the ring, yet generally contrive to hide with their fans the more painful and disgusting incidents of the combat. No doubt, in the great cities, such as Seville, Madrid, Ronda, Granada, and the like, where bull-fighting has its home, and where the performance is carried out in the fullest and most ceremonious manner, there may be more sport in the show. I have heard of picadors being tossed by the bull and having their ribs and legs broken, of chulos and banderilleros being caught and gored in spite of their agility, and even of matadors finding the bull more than a match for them. I am only concerned with what I saw in the arena at La Linea, where none of the men were injured, and where there was apparently very little danger. But wherever and however the performance is conducted, whether there is danger to the toreadors or not, there is still the same ghastly horror of trembling screws goaded on blindfolded to meet the charges of the bull in order to gratify a lust for blood that calls for the bull-ring to be turned into a shambles or knacker's yard. In the early days of bull-fighting the combat was a real one from the beginning; if horses were used they were good ones, and the horseman was as anxious to preserve his mount from the horns as to guard himself. Though bulls were killed in the ancient arenas among the Romans, yet the present methods and procedure of the bull-fight are modern, and are not derived from classical times, but were in all probability devised by the Moors of Spain. Originally the bull-fight was conducted solely by gentlemen, who entered the arena armed only with a short heavy spear about four feet long. This was a terribly dangerous sport; but in spite of the thunders of the Church it flourished, until the chivalrous habits of the Spaniards began to die out, and after the accession of Philip V. bull-fighting became unfashionable and professional, though it was still patronised by all classes, as much as the prize-ring used to be in England. Real bull-fights were presented only on the occasion of some great Court ceremonial or rejoicing, and the last that were held were at the marriage of the late King Alfonso, eight or ten years ago.

When the last bull had been killed, the huge audience broke up, and we drove home through the streets of La Linea with a very motley crowd. There were carriage-loads of Spaniards in horrible imitations of the most ridiculous Paris fashions, and toreadors in full costume going back to their hotels amid the "Vivas!" of their admirers; and jostling along with the best of them came Tommy Atkins, lounging in an open carriage, smoking a huge cigar, and altogether looking an awful swell. We were well satisfied at having managed to see a Spanish bull-fight during our short stay at Gibraltar, though I cannot say that any of us felt very desirous of seeing another such spectacle. R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

The precarious health of the Emperor Pedro II. of Brazil, while sojourning in Italy and other parts of the South of Europe, has during some months of this year caused much anxiety to his many personal friends. His Majesty is as well known in almost every European country, which he has often visited, and in the United States of America, as in his own dominions. He is a man of frank and amiable character, and of varied intellectual accomplishments, taking great interest in science and in literature; and, though an excellent constitutional Sovereign of the Brazilian nation, is quite a citizen of the world. Don Pedro is sixty-two years of age, having been born on Dec. 2, 1825, the son of the first Emperor of Brazil, Pedro I., and of the Empress Leopoldina, an Archduchess of Austria. He is a direct descendant, in the male line, of the ancient Royal House of Braganza, which was elevated to the throne of Portugal in 1640, when the Portuguese threw off the yoke of Spain, and which, through the marriage of Queen Donna Maria, restored to her rightful inheritance in 1834, with a Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, is represented by her son, the reigning King Louis of Portugal. In 1807, when the French had overrun Spain and Portugal, the Portuguese Royal family took refuge in the great South American colony, which was constituted a separate Kingdom by the Congress of Vienna in 1815. The King of Portugal, John VI., returned to Europe and reigned in his old kingdom, but his eldest son, Don Pedro of Alcantara, chose rather to reign in Brazil, and became Emperor there in 1822. He abdicated in 1831, and his son, the present Emperor, being declared of age in 1840, was crowned in the following year. The Emperor married in 1843 Princess Teresa, a daughter of King Francis I. of Naples. His daughter is married to the Count D'Eu, one of the Princes of the French Royal House of Orleans; and he has three sons, the eldest of whom, Pedro, heir to the Brazilian Crown, is nearly thirteen years of age. The Constitution of Brazil is Parliamentary, with an elective Senate and Congress and responsible Ministry, and with a Council of State nominated by the Emperor, who has also the prerogative of selecting a senator from one of three elected candidates, and that of temporarily withholding his sanction from any legislative act which he disapproves. The empire is of vast extent, and rich in natural resources; its population, of Portuguese, natives, and mixed races, exceeds ten millions; it has a yearly revenue of more than twelve millions sterling, a national debt exceeding sixty millions, and a respectable army and navy. Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco, are the principal cities and commercial ports of Brazil. The recent abolition of slavery is an act which reflects great credit on the Emperor's Government.

The Lord Mayor has remitted to the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute £21,917 5s. 7d., being the amount subscribed for the institute through the Mansion House Fund since September, 1886. The question of establishing a commercial museum in the City remains in abeyance.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 5, 1873) of Mr. William Johnstone Newall, late of No. 33, South-street, Park-lane, and No. 122, Cannon-street, E.C., a partner in the firm of Messrs. M'Calmont Brothers and Co., who died on July 26, was proved on Sept. 6 by Robert Stirling Newall, of Gateshead-upon-Tyne, the brother and residuary legatee, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £257,000. The testator leaves all his property to his said brother, absolutely.

The will (dated Sept. 1, 1884), with a codicil (dated Sept. 2, 1885), of Mr. Arthur Potts, J.P., late of Hoole Hall, Hoole, Chester, who died on April 10 last, was proved at the Chester District Registry, by Mrs. Elizabeth Potts, the widow, Frederick Potts, the brother, and William Rogers, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £37,000. The testator bequeaths £400 and his furniture and household effects to his wife; his plate, books, china, and pictures to his wife, during life or widowhood, and, subject thereto, to his daughter, Edith; £100 to his sister, Annie Dixon; £50 each to the Plemondestal Parochial Day Schools and the Chester Female Home; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and at her death or remarriage, upon further trust, for his daughter, Edith, and then to her children as she shall appoint, and, in default of such appointment, in such proportions that each son shall receive twice as much as each daughter.

The will (dated April 4, 1887), with a codicil (dated April 7, 1887), of Mr. Griffiths Lewis, late of Alltycham, Pontardawe, Llanguicke, Glamorgan, colliery proprietor, who died on Sept. 13, 1887, was proved on Sept. 7 last by Mrs. Mary Ann Hedley, the daughter, the Rev. John Charles Thomas, and the Rev. Joseph Pollord Lewis, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. Subject to the legacies of £200 to his first daughter, £360 to his second, and £1000 to his third daughters, the testator leaves his colliery called the Primrose Colliery, at Pontardawe, and all the remainder and residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his three daughters—Mrs. Mary Ann Hedley, Mrs. Anna Jeannette Thornley, and Mrs. Margaret Laura Gwenllian Thomas for life, and at their death to their respective children.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1887), with a codicil (dated June 12, 1888), of John Harry Eyres Parker, J.P., Commander, R.N., late of Ware Park, Herts, who died on Aug. 14 last, was proved on Sept. 5, by Francis Parker, Major Herbert Scott Gould Miles, Lieut.-Colonel Sydney William Bell and William Christopher Higgins Burne, the executors—the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. The testator leaves his mansion house and premises, called Ware Park, and all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property, upon trust, for his son Francis William, until he shall attain the age of twenty-five; on his attaining that age he gives and devises all the said lands and premises to him, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail. After confirming his marriage settlement he bequeaths £500 to his wife, Mrs. Alice Parker; £3000 to his sister, Mrs. Sarah Bell; £200 to his bailiff, George Piggott; and £15,000, upon trust, for his daughter, for life, and then for her children. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his said son, Francis William.

The will (dated July 17, 1888) of Colonel Reginald John Manningham Buller, late of the Grenadier Guards and Dilhorn Hall, Stafford, who died on Aug. 9 last, was proved on Sept. 3 by William Morton Philips, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £24,000. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, Mrs. Marianne Henrietta Buller, for life, and after her death he gives £5000 each to his nieces, Evelyn Mary Manningham Buller, Adelaide Marion Manningham Buller, and Lilian Manningham Buller, and the ultimate residue of his property to his nephew, Robert Edward Philips, and his two nieces, Mrs. Evelyn Adelaide Lane, and Nina Margaret Philips, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 18, 1880), with a codicil (dated May 10, 1886), of Mrs. Hannah Morland, late of Heath Lodge, Croydon, widow, who died on July 16, was proved on Sept. 10 by Miss Lucy Morland, the daughter, and John Morland and Charles Coleby Morland, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £22,000. The testatrix gives all her jewels and wearing apparel to her daughter, Lucy; her plate and articles of vertu between her four children and stepson; £1100 to her stepson, Thomas Morland; £2000 each to her sons, John and Charles Coleby; and a few other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, as to one fourth thereof, to each of her four children, John, Lucy, Charles Coleby, and Mrs. Jane Kemp.

The will (dated Sept. 6, 1883), with three codicils (dated Nov. 11, 1886; and July 14 and 26, 1888), of Mrs. Janet Barr, late of Oak Villa, Riddlesdown Park-road, Kenley, Surrey, widow, who died on Aug. 5, was proved on Sept. 8 by Edward Dadswell, George Verney Hall, and Henry John Mead, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £18,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the National Life-Boat Institution, to found a life-boat in memory of her late husband, John William Barr, and to be called the "John and Janet"; £100 to the Caterham Cottage Hospital (Caterham Valley); £500 to Edward Dadswell; her house, Oak Villa, to her nephew, James Hall; and other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves between her nephews and nieces (except James Hall), the children of her brothers, James and William Hall.

The Council of University College, Dundee, have appointed Mr. Patrick Geddes, of Edinburgh, to be Professor of Botany, and Mr. Andrew Paterson, Lecturer at Owen's College, Manchester, to be Professor of Anatomy. These chairs were recently founded by the merchants of Dundee.

The Town Council of Dundee, at the suggestion of the Provost, have resolved to present the freedom of the burgh to Mr. Ritchie, President of the Local Government Board, in recognition of the ability and tact with which he had carried the Local Government Bill through the House of Commons. Mr. Ritchie is a native of Dundee.

The first turf in the works of the Belfast main-drainage scheme was cut on Sept. 12 by Mr. William M'Calmont, chairman of the Town Improvement Committee of Belfast. The Mayor and Corporation, and the leading merchants of the town, attended the ceremony. The work will be the most costly undertaking ever entered upon in Ireland, the outlay being nearly £300,000.

The first grand flower-show of the season at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, was held on Sept. 12 and 13, under the auspices of the National Chrysanthemum Society. The exhibition was held at a period too early for any large display of the particular flower from which the society takes its name. This deficiency, however, was more than atoned for by the splendid show of dahlias and gladioli which formed the prominent feature of the exhibition, and by the miscellaneous collections of floral beauty which were contributed.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

COLUMBUS (Alexandra-road).—Your problem shows some constructive skill, but Black's defences are so weak that no interest attaches itself to the solution.

J W PYBUS.—We are not sure that we rightly make out your diagrams; but, in any case, White is too "brutally" strong.

W PARSONS (Holmstone Camp).—One of our rules is that all problems must be submitted on diagrams.

E F.—We have not got the solutions you require at hand. It is not necessary to indicate every defence.

J D.—In the amended position the problem is much improved. You may look for a report shortly.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from J Pierce and E Holt.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2314 received from A L Gaskin, Ethel, and J Rudge; of No. 2315 from E Holt, A Wheeler, A L Gaskin, and J Ryder; of No. 2316 from A L Gaskin, J Ryder, E Holt, D McCoy, A Wheeler; of No. 2317 from E Holt, X De Morayptre (Hayfort-sur-Meuse), Delta, T G (Ware), Frank Proctor, Nellie Lowry (Belfast), and H S H (Ben Rhydding).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2318 received from T G (Ware), E Holt, A Wheeler, Howard A, Jupiter Junior, H Hillier, E Casella (Paris), Thomas Chown (Bradford), Bernard Reynolds, J D Tucker (Ilfracombe), R E H, R Worters (Canterbury), R H Brooks, Hugh Brooks (Worcester), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), E Louden, Peterhouse, T Roberts, D McCoy, Dawn, Colonel B F Phillips, Percy Ewen, J Dixon, J Ryder, J Newman, W S (Cheltenham), and T A-bby.

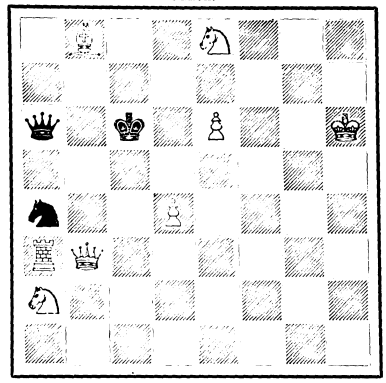
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2316.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Kt 6th	Kt takes R
2. Q takes P	Any move
3. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM NO. 2320.

By B. W. LA MOTHE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the British Chess Club between Mr. F. N. BRAUND and another AMATEUR.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Amateur)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Amateur)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	23. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	24. B to B 3rd	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	B to K 3rd seems preferable.	
4. P to K 5th	K Kt to Q 2nd	24.	Kt to K 3rd
5. P to B 4th	P to Q B 4th	25. R to Kt 4th	P to K R 4th
6. P takes P	B takes P	26. P takes P	
7. Q to Kt 4th		Weakening his position; P to K R 3rd is better.	
A blessing innovation, favoured by Mr. Steinitz.		26.	R to R sq
7.	R to Kt sq	27. R to B sq	R to Q 2nd
Castles is inferior, as it invites an attack on the King's side.		28. R to B 5th	R to K 6th (ch)
8. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B sq	29. K to Kt 2nd	R to Kt 4th
9. Kt to B 3rd	P to K R 3rd	30. R to Q 6th	R takes P
10. B to Q 2nd	Q to K 2nd	31. R to R sq	
11. Castles	P to B 3rd	An unfortunate blunder, which loses the exchange. White's position is, however, somewhat inferior, as Black threatens P to B 3rd.	
12. P to B 5th	P takes P	31.	R to R 8th (ch)
13. B takes P	B takes B	32. K takes B	R takes R
14. Q takes B	Q to K 3rd	33. P to B 4th	P takes P
15. Q to R 5th	Kt to B 3rd	34. P takes P	P to B 3rd
16. Kt to Q R 4th	R to B 2nd	35. R to Kt sq	R to Kt 4th
17. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	Why not P takes P?	
18. R R to K sq	Castles	36. R take R	P takes R
19. Kt to Kt 2nd	K Kt to K 2nd	37. Kt to Kt 4th	R to K B 2nd,
20. Kt to Q 3rd	Q to B 4th	and White resigns.	
21. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q		
22. P to K Kt 4th	K Kt to Q 5th		

CHESS IN NORFOLK.

Mr. J. O. HOWARD TAYLOR gives odds of Q R to Mr. E. F.

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. R takes K B P (ch)	K to B sq
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	13. Kt to K B 4th	Kt takes Q P
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	This move, as Mr. Taylor jots down, spoils his intended capture of R P.	
4. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	14. K to R sq	Kt takes K P
Black carefully avoids the beaten track, and his originality savours more of temerity than discretion.		15. B to K R 5th (dis. ch)	K to Kt sq
5. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 3rd	16. Kt to Q 5th	B to Q B 4th
6. Q B takes K B P	Kt to K B 3rd	17. Kt to K 7th (ch)	B takes Kt
7. R to K Kt 5th	Q to K 2nd	18. Q takes Kt	Q to Q 3rd
8. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to Q Kt 5th	19. Kt to K B 5th	P to Q B 4th
9. Q to Q 3rd	Q takes P	20. Q to Q 5th (ch)	Q takes Q
10. Castles	Q to R 6th	21. Kt takes B.	
11. P to K 5th	Kt to Kt 5th	Mate.	

Mr. R. A. Proctor, whose death has made such a gap in the ranks of literature and science, was a chess-player of no mean skill, and always took an interest in matters relating to the game. Whist, perhaps, had more fascination for him, on account of the mathematical reasoning involved in the chances of cards and the opportunity thus afforded to his facile pen of popularising an abstract study; but, as a mental recreation he probably put each on the same level. His periodical, *Knowledge*, contained a "Chess Column" from the beginning, and by his writings and otherwise he has laid chess under some obligation to his memory.

Herr Bardeleben gave his promised blindfold seance, at the Zukertort Chess Club, on the evening of Sept. 12, when a large attendance of members and friends gathered to witness the performance. The German master had for his opponents six fairly strong players, to half of whom he gave the move—a considerable advantage in such cases—whilst from the others he took it. The result was that he won two and drew one of each set—a very creditable score. In one game, mate was forced in twenty moves; and the others were played in almost equally good style, although the fight was more protracted. Mr. Guest, the amateur champion, will probably be the next distinguished visitor to the club, when he will play a large number of simultaneous games.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of Captain J. S. Hay, C.M.G., to be Governor of Sierra Leone, and of Mr. Gilbert T. Carter to be Administrator of the Gambia.

Detailed reports respecting the cyclone which burst over Cuba on Sept. 4 state that the damage done to the shipping was the greatest ever known. Throughout the island all communication except by boat is suspended.

Mrs. Charles Turner, of Liverpool, has placed at the disposal of the Archbishop of York £20,000 towards the creation of a fund for assisting with pensions the clergy of the diocese who may have become unfit for the discharge of their duties through infirmity. Mrs. Turner made an equal gift to Liverpool some time ago for the same benevolent purpose.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE NIGHT-LIGHTS OF THE SEA.

It is a calm, clear night, this, on which the good ship Adelaide lies at Parkeston Quay, Harwich, blowing off her superfluous energy in the shape of clouds of steam, while waiting for the Rotterdam contingent of passengers, who are being hurried down at sixty-miles-an-hour speed from Liverpool-street. Presently, there is a flash of light seen now and then along the fen-sides which mark the near approach to Harwich, and with a muffled roar the great engine, followed by a goodly array of carriages, comes to rest under the full glare of the electric lights of the station. Then the carriage-doors open, and the vehicles belch forth their crowds, who hurry down the wooden slope to the quay-side. Forward go the passengers for the "Ankwork's package," as Mrs. Gamp named the prototype of the fine Antwerp steamer of to-day. The Rotterdam boat lies aft on the quay. As I step on board and survey that crescent moon overhead, which a short time before at Claygate, in the garden of Surrey, was a full orb, and, as I contemplate the still clouds and the calm sea, I prophesy an even keel for the Adelaide on her coming voyage to the land of dykes. In truth, it is a lovely night; and when we have cast off our ropes and hawsers, and go half-speed ahead round that curve in Harwich Bay towards the open sea, one may well be excused if even a rhapsody on the moonlit sea flowed from lip or pen. The whole seascape is a nocturne in moonlight. The twinkling lights of Harwich show up the darker background of hill and church spire in true Rembrandt fashion. Out in the bay the yachts and ships sleep peacefully on the bosom of the deep, and the rays of each twinkling lantern rise and fall with the swell. Away beyond, in the sea whither every dip of our paddles carries us fast, there are seen the light-ships, each with its twinkling eye that gleams luminous for a moment and then vanishes away with the regularity of unvarying mechanism. The deck is still and quiet, although there is noisy clatter of knives and forks in the saloon below. On the steamer's bridge you can discern three or four dark figures—those of our guides through the deep. Soon things settle down to a still more monotonous state than before. Save for the throbs of the engines, and the occasional rattle of the steam-steering gear, all is at rest, and the good ship ploughs her way easily over the calm waters of the sea.

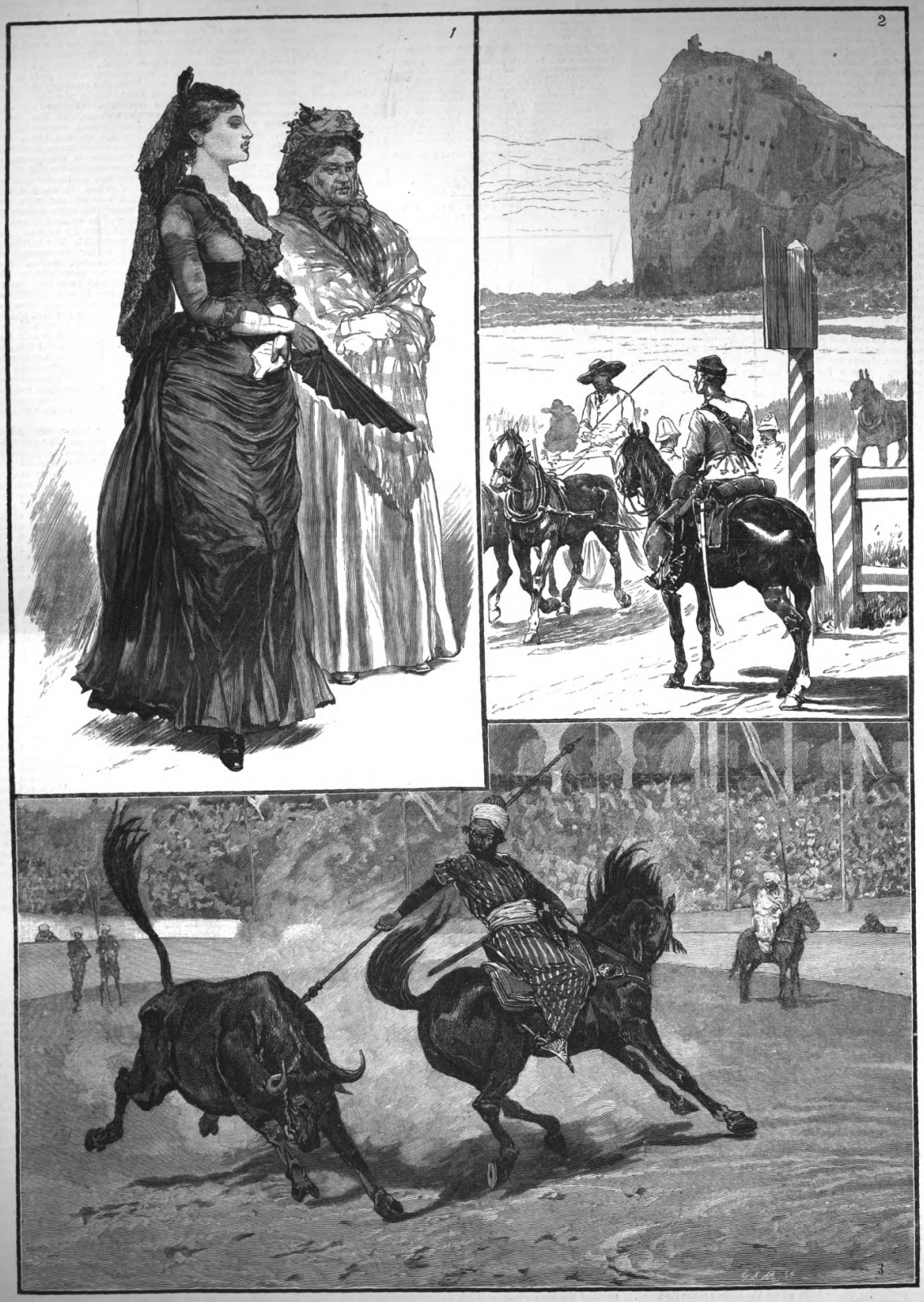
One may sit on the paddle-box on this autumn night revelling in the beauty of the seascape around. Far away the light-ships continue their mechanical illumination of the deep; but as you glance over the ship's side into the sea you become aware that the lights of man's contriving are not the only illuminations which meet the eye to-night. Watch the waves which spring into existence as the bow of the steamer ploughs the main. A long crest of foam passes away at a wide angle from the bow, and loses itself in the wash of the paddles behind. What is that strange gleam of light which ever and anon you see tipping the foam-crest with a weird effulgence and an uncanny gleam? As the moon passes behind a cloud, and the night grows darker for the obscuring of the Queen of Night, this strange light on the waves literally glows with its fiery sheen. You are fortunate to-night in that you can see this "phosphorescence of the sea," as it is named, in all its splendour. Look how every fleck of spray seems tinged with a radiance as of jewelled kind. Flashes of lambent fire play among the foam, and now and then a long ripple of flame plays along the whole course of the wave that rushes aft from the bow. Suppose you could lift a bucket of water from the sea to-night, and that in your deck-cabin you had your miscroscope in full array, let us endeavour to see what such a scrutiny of the waves would tell us about the cause of the phosphorescence of the deep. The water would be seen to be alive with animalcules, each the mere fraction of an inch in length. Closely studied, each animalcule—the *Noctiluca* by name—is in shape not unlike a bean. It is curved or convex on its outer margin, while on the inner side it is concave and deeply indented. On the hollowed side it bears a single tentacle or "feeler," which is in active movement. Of structure or organisation this Noctiluca possesses little or none. It is an animalcule belonging to one of the lowest grades of animal life. Its substance consists of that life-matter of which, under the name of protoplasm, you have heard so much in days gone by. It is a little living speck, and nothing more. Here and there it seems to exhibit spaces and gaps in its substance, and you may discover traces or beginnings of definite tissues in the soft mass whereof it consists. This, then, is the Noctiluca, which emphatically constitutes the "night-light" of the sea. Swarming in myriads in the waters of the ocean, these animalcules, under favourable conditions of heat and other phases relating to their vital activity, give forth the strange weird gleam you see shooting along the crest of the waves. You can recall Coleridge's lines with apt force, when on this quiet night you sit and watch the play of phosphorescence on the sea:—

> Beyond the shadow of the ship, I watched the water-snakes;
> They moved in tracks of shining white,
> And when they reared the elfish light
> Fell off in hoary flakes.
>
> Beyond the shadow of the ship, I watched their rich attire;
> Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
> They coiled and swam, and every track
> Was a flash of golden fire.

How and why these and other animals exhibit a phosphorescent light is a problem towards the solution of which science has, at least, advanced within reasonable distance. The Noctiluca is undoubtedly the cause of the diffused phosphorescence of the sea. The myriads of animalcules give to the ocean the appearance of a universal effulgence. But other animals are solitarily phosphorescent. Jelly-fishes, and their neighbours, the "Venus's girdles," show such a light. Some fishes also possess phosphorescent qualities; and, as regards insects, our familiar glow-worm has only to be named to call to mind an analogous example of light-producing powers. The why and wherefore of the phosphorescence lies in a nutshell. You have only to hark back to a great and leading principle in science to find the clue to the mystery. That one force of Nature can be transformed into an equivalent of another force, is plain language of science. Fire a bullet at a target. When the bullet hits the mark its motion has become transformed into an equivalent of heat. Similarly out of motion you may get electricity, and out of electrical motion of another kind you may get light. So is it with life and living structures. So much of vitality, or life-force, goes to produce motion, and so much in particular cases (that of our Noctiluca included) to produce light. Just as by the discharge of its nerve-force into its electrical organ, a species of skate produces electricity, and gives you a powerful shock; so your animalcule, transforming a modicum of its life-force in a special fashion, gives you "the night-light of the sea."

But it is time to draw rein to these thoughts. Here is the light-ship close on our starboard bow. "To rest we repair," as the old song has it; yet the animalcules will not cease their phosphorescence, even when the faint rays of the morning have brightened more and more into the perfect day.

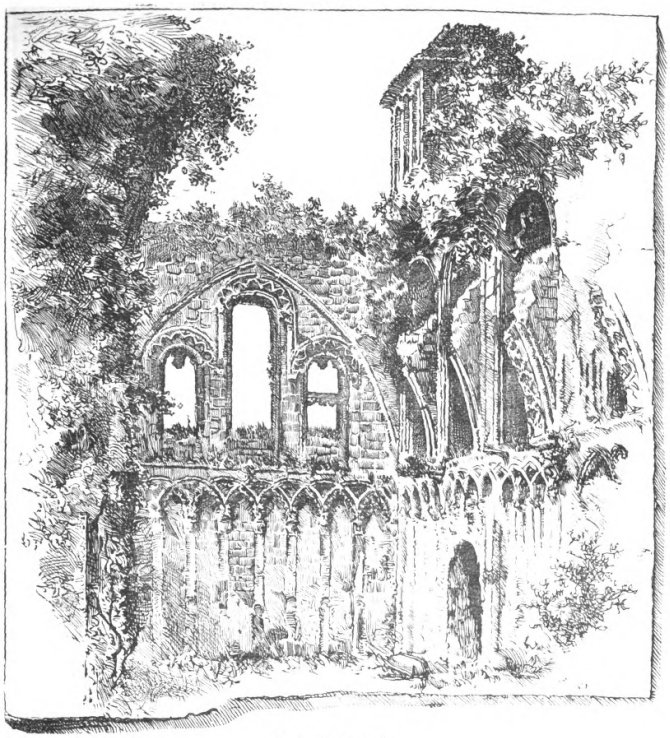
ANDREW WILSON.



1. A Spanish young lady and her duenna. 2. Passing the Spanish frontier under the Rock of Gibraltar. 3. Bull-fighting in the days of the Moors.

SKETCHES AT A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

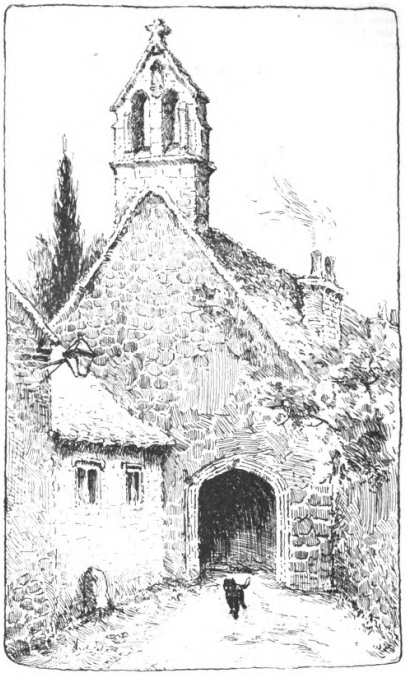
BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



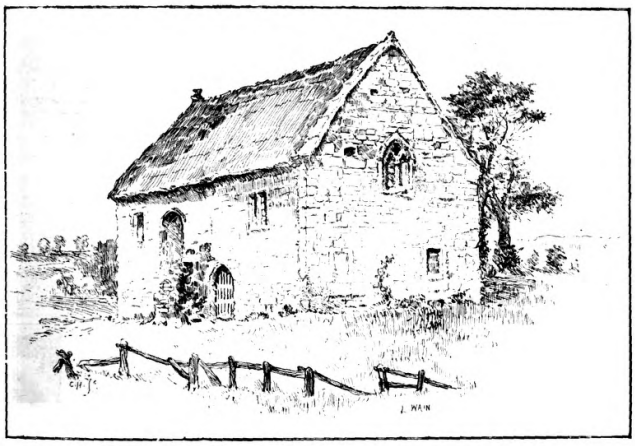
ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL.



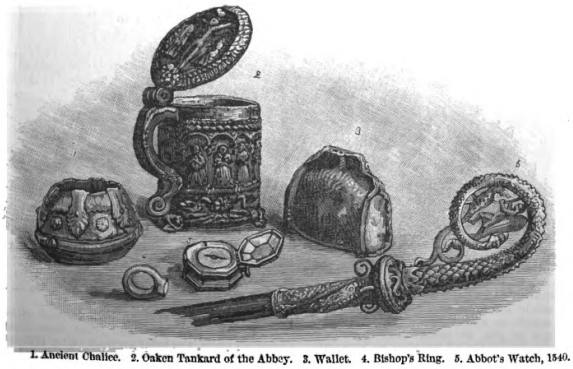
THE HOLY WELL.

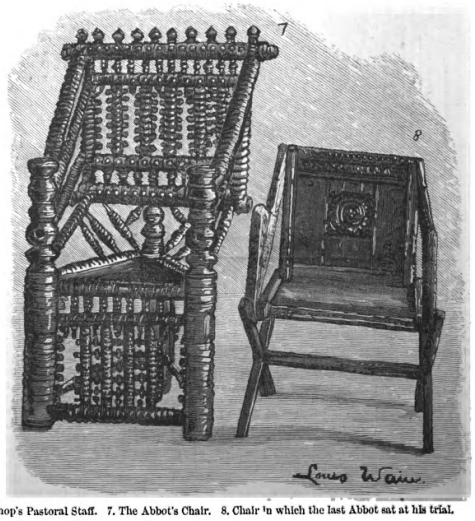


THE ALMS-HOUSES.



FISH HOUSE AT MEARE.



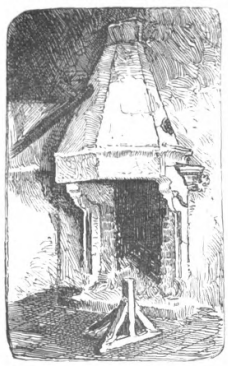


1. Ancient Chalice. 2. Oaken Tankard of the Abbey. 3. Wallet. 4. Bishop's Ring. 5. Abbot's Watch, 1540. 6. Bishop's Pastoral Staff. 7. The Abbot's Chair. 8. Chair in which the last Abbot sat at his trial.

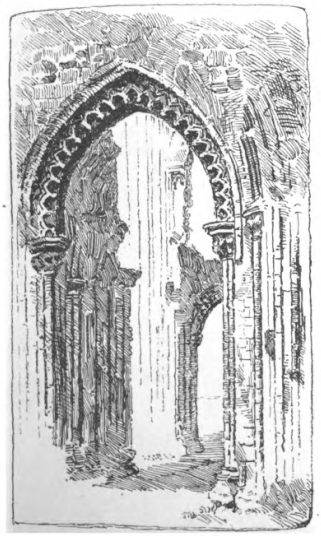
SKETCHES OF GLASTONBURY.

SKETCHES OF GLASTONBURY.

The ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, one of the places visited by the excursions of members of the British Association during their assembly at Bath, were partly described in our last. We may give little credit to the old monkish legends of the founding of the first Christian Church in Britain on this spot by St. Joseph of Arimathæa, with the attendant miracles of the Holy Thorn, Joseph's blossoming staff; the Holy Grail, or chalice from which Christ had drunk at the Last Supper; the Holy Well, some drops of which, perhaps, turned red by the impregnation of the water with iron, were said to be the blood of our Saviour; and other romantic marvels of the "ages of faith." They concern true archæology no more than the fabled removal of the dying hero, King Arthur, by the black-veiled women in the funeral barge on the lake, to the sacred Isle of Avalon, or "Avillion" as Tennyson makes it, which some would identify with Yniswytryn, the "glasten" or grey-green island, amidst the floods and swamps of this region in the sixth century of the Christian era. But the antiquity of the local monastery, dating probably from the mission of St. Augustine to the Saxons, and from the increase of the kingdom of Wessex, is scarcely surpassed. It was largely endowed by King Ina, in 708 and 725; was the chosen burial-place of the Kings Edmund the Elder, Edgar, and Edmund Ironside; the residence for a time of St. Patrick, St. David of Wales, St. Dunstan, and other Archbishops of the early Church in this country; and grew up, in the Norman and the Plantagenet reigns, to be one of the most important English Abbeys. Henry II. was one of its great patrons, and most of the existing architectural remains belong to his time, or not much later; a fine specimen is seen in St. Joseph's Chapel, with its semi-circular arched windows, adorned with zigzag mouldings, the roses, crescents, and stars in the spandrils of the springing arches, and the interlaced round arches below rising from slender shafts. The transept arches show a tendency to the pointed form of Early English or Gothic. The Abbot's house, with his kitchen, described last week, and the refectory, great hall, and dormitory, which are demolished, were on a magnificent scale. It appears that the Abbot, besides exercising a sumptuous hospitality to guests visiting the Abbey, kept a sort of college for the education of nearly three hundred sons of noblemen and gentlemen. The social and political services rendered by this great ecclesiastical community were of considerable importance. Its possession of extensive lands was also beneficial to the country, in the vast work of draining and cultivating the Somersetshire marshes, and settling an industrious rural population, which would hardly have been accomplished under Barons and Knights and lay territorial proprietors. At Meare, two miles and a half from Glastonbury, the



OLD FIREPLACE AT MEARE.



TRANSEPT, GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

Abbot had a manor-house, built at the beginning of the thirteenth century, which still remains, though in a dilapidated state; near it is the old Fish-house, where the fish abundantly caught in the "mere," or pool, were dried and stored. We give a Sketch of the building, another of the entrance to the Alms-houses and one of the old fireplace in the manor-house at Meare. Returning to Glastonbury Abbey, we note the Holy Well, a famous chalybeate spring, of medicinal virtues, which fails not, in summer or winter, to yield the uniform quantity of 23,000 gallons of water daily, conveyed formerly to the Abbey by wooden pipes made of the bored trunks of trees. This water is of proved efficacy in the cure of scrofula, cancerous humours, eye-diseases and deafness of certain kinds, and in the relief of asthmatic complaints. So lately as 1742, it was used by ten thousand patients resorting thither in the course of the year. It was guarded of yore by some of the monks, living as anchorets in a neighbouring hermitage, which was thence called the "Anchorage," giving a name to the Anchor Inn, in the town of Glastonbury. This we learn from a lecture recently delivered by Mr. G. W. Wright to the local Antiquarian Society, under the presidency of Mr. Alderman Bulleid, at the opening of the permanent Museum of Antiquities, which has been established with the aid of many gentlemen in that part of Somersetshire. Among its patrons are the Bishop of Bath and Wells and the Dean and Chapter of Wells, also the Right Rev. Bishop Hobhouse and Mr. H. Hobhouse, M.P., the Mayor of Glastonbury, the Mayor of Wells, Lord Arundel of Wardour, Admiral Sir A. Hood, and Mr. R. Neville, of Bulleigh Court. A loan exhibition, at the Glastonbury Townhall, contained many interesting relics, which included the pastoral staff and episcopal ring of Savaricus, one of the two Bishops of the See of Bath and Glastonbury; the Chalice of the Abbey Church; the Grace Cup, a large and richly-carved oaken tankard of Saxon workmanship; the Abbot's Chair, and the other chair, from Wells, in which the last Abbot of Glastonbury, Richard Whytyng, sat on his trial before the King's Commissioners, at the end of 1539, when he was condemned for high treason. His only crime was that of refusing to surrender the monastery to the King, for which he was cruelly hanged, with two other monks, on the Tor Hill at Glastonbury; his head was stuck up on the Abbey gate, and the four quarters of his body were affixed to gates or buildings at Wells, Bath, Ilchester, and Bridgewater. The watch belonging to this unfortunate Abbot Whytyng was one of the relics shown in the Antiquarian Exhibition. The Abbey buildings, with the church, were for the most part destroyed by Royal order; the estates and manors, in the time of Edward VI., were granted to the Duke of Somerset, by whose attainder they soon reverted to the Crown, and have since been distributed by sale among different owners. Glastonbury has, therefore, a remarkable authentic history, independently of King Arthur and Joseph of Arimathæa, and is a place worth visiting for the sake of its associations with the former condition of England during nearly a thousand years from the Saxon Kingdom of Wessex.

A SPITALFIELDS LODGING-HOUSE.

The licensed common lodging-houses of London are under official inspection; their managers are responsible for order and decency, and for cleanliness and the observance of sanitary rules. The police may visit them at any hour of the night, and sometimes will come there in search of persons suspected of crime, for which reason it is more likely that the fugitive criminal will seek a private lodging. Most of the inmates are comparatively innocent vagrants, either tramps who have wandered into London from the country, perhaps seeking honest employment, or regular haunters of the streets, beggars, idle loungers, and waiters for odd jobs, runaways from irksome employment, deserters of wives and children, and women deserted by their husbands, with those who have no ties of home or kindred. Social waifs and strays, the culpable and the unfortunate, some with a few pence or shillings to keep them from day to day, others not knowing where or how to get food on the morrow, others hoping to find the abode of a friend whom they believe to be living in this huge city, they are received indiscriminately, paying from twopence to fourpence for a bed, and they behave quietly, saying little to each other, taking their sleep as soundly as if they were in the grandest hotel. The dreams that visit poor weary people, often hungry people, in such a dormitory, where the beds cover all the allotted space on the floor of each room, may be as bright and sweet as were those of happy youth in a rural home of peace and comfort, where the morning sunlight, when it entered the cottage window, was accompanied with the twittering of birds and the rustling of a fresh soft breeze in the summer leaves of trees. As death, which finally releases the unhappy from life's troubles and griefs, is said equally to knock in due time at the palace doors and at the humblest of human dwellings, so does the kindly boon of slumber, the temporary oblivion of present woes, "sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care, the death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, balm of hurt minds," condescend to solace the forlorn twopenny bedfellows of a Spitalfields lodging-house. It is not, however, in the sleeping attitude, which no doubt would make an interesting picture, that our Artist has sketched the figures of a few of these poor folk, but awake in the daylight, fully conscious of their actual position, some of them painfully oppressed with anxiety, others tolerably indifferent, being old customers of Fortune, relying on her continued favours more than on their own deserts. One of the latter class is the aged professional beggar, whose venerable visage, with his ample white beard, might have qualified him to earn a fair income in the painter's studio, as a model for saints and sages, if the temptation of rum or gin, at inconvenient morning hours, did not render him incapable of keeping an appointment. Another is the perfectly contented philosopher who lives on an allowance of ten shillings a week from his respectable son-in-law, and who has realised the truth that "man wants but little here below," only a suit of clothing, warm though shabby, a bit of something to eat, with a cup of



A YOUNG LONDONER.

coffee, and a "turn-in" at night. Very different is the situation of the anxious mother, widowed or forsaken, with her babe in arms and the hungry little boy at her side; or the misguided and betrayed girl-mother, pondering the last desperate chance of pursuing him who has brought her to shame and sorrow. For these, indeed, there is still a refuge in the workhouse, and they will do well to claim it without hesitation. The puzzled and somewhat frightened boy, who has evidently left his friends and repudiated his



A GIRL MOTHER.

bounden duty with a view to precocious independence, should be narrowly watched by the police, and be consigned to a Reformatory on his first positive transgression of the law.

Seven steamers arrived at Liverpool on the week ending Sept. 15 with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports, the total arrivals being 1495 cattle, 2081 sheep, and 4361 quarters of beef.



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WIDOWED AND FATHERLESS.

THE LONDON POOR: SKETCHES IN A COMMON LODGING-HOUSE IN SPITALFIELDS.



The public mind has during several weeks past been painfully excited by the unsuccessful attempts of the police to discover the perpetrator of repeated atrocious murders in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel and Spitalfields. Those who are well acquainted with the East-End of London will not assent to the unfavourable notion of its general character and condition which is often ignorantly expressed in conversation among persons in society remote from that part of the metropolis. Whitechapel, Mile-end-road, Stepney, Bow, and Bromley, form a manufacturing town district which will bear comparison with similar abodes of the honest and industrious working classes in such towns as Manchester and Leeds and other places of the north of England. The wide and airy thoroughfares, frequented by decent, orderly, and cheerful people, most of whom are in pretty constant and regular employment at various factories; the neatness and comfort of their habitations, and their orderly domestic and social life, may be an agreeable surprise to visitors. To the north of Whitechapel, however, in Bethnal-green and Spitalfields, where the decay of older industries has long caused much of that quarter to be left for occupation by a miserable class, renting single rooms in ill-built and dilapidated tenement houses, there is a sad amount of wretchedness, and probably of vice, concentrated within a small space — not worse, certainly, than might have been found, a few years ago, in the neighbourhood of Drury-lane or St. Giles's, but less easily watched and kept back from breaking out to the disturbance of respectable society. The police force at the East-End of London is apparently deficient in strength of numbers, considering the large extent of its beats; and it has been suggested, also, that the new system of frequently transferring the constables from one quarter to another forbids them to acquire a precise knowledge of places and people. This question may be referred to official consideration; and there is something to be said for the institution of a small permanent detective staff, independent of the street patrol, at every police-station in London.

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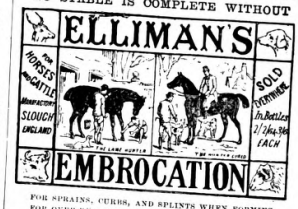
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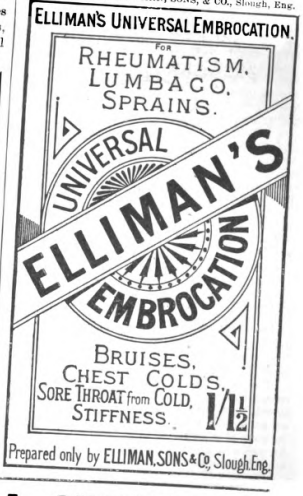


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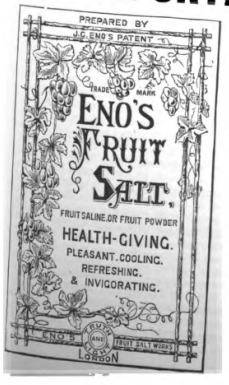
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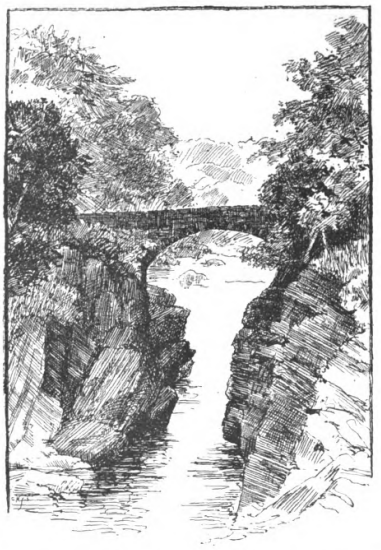
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A SCOTTISH RIVER.

The charm of running water is infinite. There is the constant play of light and shade upon its changing surfaces; the rainbow glint in the foam-bubbles that float, like fairy skiffs, along each gliding wave: the incessant variation of form, as the current shifts, slants, or eddies in its course; the various voices which mingle in one full harmony as it swirls beneath a grassy bank, or chafes against a mossy boulder, slips round a ferny promontory, or glides into a sheltered bay. There is this—and more. There is the obvious analogy which it suggests between the passing stream and the passing life; each coming—we know not whence, each flowing—we know not whither; each chequered by swift alternations of darkness and sunshine; each with its shallows, its sandbanks, and dangerous places; each with its promise of future power and performance; and each overarched by the radiant blue of heaven. I have seen the most indifferent persons stand on the bank of a great river and become steadied and sobered, as it were, by the fullness of the message it conveyed to them—a message received almost unconsciously, and yet not without its effect even upon the idle mind. As for persons with an imaginative temperament, I suppose nothing else in nature appeals to them so strongly—touches so strenuously the keynote of passion and feeling—harmonises in so subtle a manner with their finer instincts and higher impulses. That Shelley should compose the word-music of his "Alastor" floating along the Thames at Bisham, and Spenser weave the rich fancies of his "Faerie Queene" by "Mulla's stream," and Burns sing his wood-notes wild on the banks of "bonnie Doon," seems to me natural enough: the sweet singers found the accompaniment they needed for their melodies in the flowing, flowing waters.

But here, in the heart of the Highlands, where the mountain-torrent leaps from the rocky height in a cloud of foam and spray, so densely dazzling that one can hardly see through its shining folds the brown flood in its swift descent, how the sound of the waters comes home to the soul! I know not with what vague, indefinable suggestions—with what hints of might and majestic force—with what thoughts of awe and reverence—for I make no attempt to realise or distinguish them: I prefer to lose myself in a kind of dream of wonder, in which vague forms and scenes blend with vague recollections and vague imaginations—a dream which borrows something from the roaring voices and something from the Iris-curves of colour which wax and wane athwart the falling stream. I am borne away to the tiny tarn amidst the purple heather, where, surrounded by the mighty bulks of the thunder-smitten mountains, their splintered crags and blackened precipices, with no other companionship than that of the lonely eagle, it wells out into light and life. I see it forcing its way down many a rugged declivity, and through thick close growths of moss and heather; then fretting and seething in the narrow gorges which in times long past it cut deep into the solid granite. I follow it as it storms through the wild, dark glens, gathering up the rains which ceaselessly moisten the brushwood knolls, and the burns that tumble from the purple sides of the moorland, until, with increased volume and velocity, it emerges upon the open strath, where the small farmer grows his scanty crops or pastures his little herd. Past a deserted sheiling or two, built of reddish-tinted stone, and roofed with "fog"—which may have sheltered some stern-eyed Covenanter in the days of religious trouble—under a rude one-arched bridge which carries across it the unfrequented road, it strikes into the cool shade of a wood of birch and mountain-ash, until, seized with a wild desire for the peace and plenty of the rich lowland plains, it suddenly falls, a sheet of silver, over an abrupt ledge of rock, and into a basin of rock, where it seems to pause and, one might almost say, take breath—for it is difficult to think of the rushing, plunging, clamorous river as other than a creature endowed with life as well as motion—to take breath (as well it may) before, in three mighty strides or bounds, it carries its accumulated waters, with a welter, as it were, of confused lights and shadows, and all manner of sounds—strident, vibratory, clanging, thunderous—over an incline of some two hundred feet in all, and reaches the lower ground in a tumult of leaping columns of spray and tossing wreaths of foam. What a freshness in the air! What a greenness in the surrounding coppice, which the spray mist bathes so unceasingly that, even in the hottest summer noon, not an aspen-leaf shrinks or shrivels! In the sunshine yonder triple cascade bursts into a glory of broken, wavering, rainbow lights—delicate, luminous, magical—which no words can describe; while in the moonlight it shimmers like a veil diaphanous, of pearly gauze, which Nature has dropped over the radiant scene; or it flutters like a white, wan phantom or wraith, which may, perhaps, have given rise to the story associated with it: how a fair young girl, betrayed by her lover, sought forgetfulness in the still pool beneath the overhanging thorns, and now appears, at each full moon, with white raiments and wringing hands, to wail on the haunted bank for him who never comes.

The traveller who follows the course of a Scottish river comes continually upon enchanting surprises. For example, it will take him first into the bosom of a deep glen, bounded on each side by a range of serrated heights, the rough projections of which, however, are half hidden by thick woods of fir, while their lofty tops flush "celestial rosy-red" in the glow of a September noon. Much, by-the-way, has been said and written depreciatory of the Scotch fir; but for my part I hold it to be a handsome and striking tree, even as an individual; while in ample groups and clusters it produces an impression little short, I think, of grandeur. So straitly here do the rocks confine the brawling waters, that the narrow roadway scarce finds room to follow up the windings of the glen: these rocks are fantastically streaked and patched with moss and lichen, and among them lightly spring the frail stalks of the delicate blue harebell. Of each bold mountain mass towering above you the peasant can tell you the Gaelic name, such as Struanna-Barin, Craig-an-Caillach, and Craig-na-Gaur—the Queen's Promontory, the Old Woman's Rock, and the Rock of the Goats—names the origin and associations of which have long since been forgotten, but recalling a remote antiquity and a social state which has disappeared before the march of civilisation. When the river gets clear of the glen—the profound stillness of which is broken only by the murmur of its waters—it passes into a valley of softer and more pastoral formation; where the slopes, green with birch and larch, descend in gentle



undulations, and flocks of sheep are nibbling the crisp, close, fragrant herbage. Having ceased for a while its contention with immovable crags, and tormenting itself no longer in agonies of rapid and whirlpool, our stream pours onward with a measured, even flow, like the rhythm of solemn music. The mountains are with it still, but have lost much of their sternness, owing to the dark seas of fir which roll up into the intervening hollows, and fill them with emerald waves of foliage.

But now comes another change. Our river clangs and clatters over its rocky bed like an onset of horses; then dashes through a long irregular avenue of green boughs, broadening here into shining shallows, and deepening and darkening there into silent pools, where the fishermen stand knee-deep, anxious to fill the baskets that, as yet, lie empty on the neighbouring bank. At one point the river-channel has opened out too wide for its modest current—except when, swollen with the winter rains, our river runs "in spate"—and there you may see the bonny village girls, with bare white ankles, stepping deftly and gracefully along the wave-worn stones which, stretching from bank to bank, form quite a natural causeway. Thrifty housewives, down by the waterside, lay out to dry and bleach in the open air the piles of snowy linen which, with industrious hands and toiling feet, they have vigorously cleansed. A couple of urchins, with flax-white hair, are watching the gyrations of a paper boat in the eddies of the stream; while, near by, their sisters sit on the grassy brae, picking the gowans to make wreaths and posies. A group of cattle have drawn together under an old hawthorn, where they can ruminate, or drink their fill, undisturbed; while, just beyond, a water-wagtail, on restless wing, is hunting for its insect prey.

Our river, on leaving this bit of Arcady, swirls round the front of a tall grim promontory, on the breezy open summit of which stands a feudal fortalice, grey with the antiquity of five hundred years—a square keep, lofty and massive, with corner turret and machicolated walls. Truly, there were builders in those days! How solidly the tower seems rooted to its rocky base, as if for centuries to come it could afford to defy the assaults of Time! The ivy in luxuriant masses hangs about its battlements; straggling gilliflowers bend to the breeze in many a chink and cranny; at night the owl, from its nest on the turret stair, repeats its doleful cry; and the flitter-mice skim and skurry in the grass-green courts and round about the shattered portals. But with a slight effort of the imagination it is easy to restore the castle to its whilom splendour, to fill the windows with the light of cressets, to rebuild the ramparts and replace at his post the watchful warder—while, through the open gateway, the bright procession issues of Queen and courtiers, knights and nobles, with the pomp of banners and the sheen of spears.

Yet another picture. Standing on a bridge of mediæval masonry, you may see our river expand into a beautiful, shining, glowing, gleaming loch, with waters clear as crystal, transparent as that magic glass of old in which the poet-earl saw his fair Geraldine—cool with the snows of far-off mountains, and bright with the reflections of a firmament which is just now all alive with sunshine. Away to the westward rolls a grand array of dark pinnacles and spires and precipices of granite, their sides purple with patches of heather, or flecked with silver threads—the tiny rills which ooze out of unknown recesses, and, after much tribulation, sigh and sob themselves asleep in the bosom of the loch-like river. Eastward rises an isolated pyramidal mass, which the earliest inhabitants of our land, in times long past, regarded as a vast altar, sending up from it their orisons to the Sun-god—the god of day, and light, and life—the god which gave them all they valued most—the god that, night and morning, touched the mountain-tops with his finger of fire, and filled the earth with the splendour of his presence. Finer inspiration for his pencil can no artist desire than the majesty of this tremendous height, with the waters of the broad river trembling in its shadow; and, in the distance, peak towering above peak, and mountain soaring above mountain—like so many gigantic steps in a ladder which, like Jacob's, seems to lead up to the visions and the mysteries of heaven.

If you ask for a scene of less grandeur, our Scottish river shall wander with you among the green holms and the waving fields of flax and barley, where the sough of its placid current is almost inaudible in the multitudinous murmur of the humble-bees that bask in the "honeyed flowerage" around. Then it will frolic for a while in the rocky linns, and wind past the old mill and mill-lade into a sweet grassy dell, where the sheep-bell tinkles on bank and brae, and among the broom and brackens the lintwhite builds her nest, and the sandpiper flits from stone to stone. Whitewashed houses, straw-thatched, look down upon it from sheltering trees; and the kirk-spire rises above the "auld brigg"; and on a knoll just beyond it stands the manse, with creepers about its porch; and, forgetful of its noble place of birth among the mountains, and its wild career down crag and precipice, and its brawling and strife in savage glens, our river, hushed and subdued, steals away in many a coil and link to swell the basin of another river—a river of larger course and fuller volume—which, in its turn, will pour the tribute of its waters into a spacious estuary, and that estuary will widen into the grey old sea. Thus the lives of individuals are swallowed up in the larger life of the nations, and the life of the nations melts away into the boundless eternity of the Past.

W. H. D.-A.

A young man named Charles Percy on Sept. 16 attempted to shoot the Niagara Rapids in a small boat. The boat capsized directly after starting, and Percy was thought to be lost. He, however, rose again, and, skillfully avoiding the obstructions in the way, finally landed safely in the Devil's Pool, having performed a feat never before accomplished.

Anglers are enjoying an extraordinarily successful season in North Wales. On the Conway, Major Bennett, Mr. Blackwell, and other gentlemen have been killing five and six salmon daily. A small party caught sixty-eight on the Lledr, while a large number have been taken on the Conway. It is the best season for many years.

At the lecture-hall at the Young Men's Christian Association in Aldersgate, on Sept. 17, a meeting was held in view of the departure to Canada of nearly a hundred girls from Dr. Barnardo's Village Homes. Mr. Robert Paton occupied the chair. Following an address by Captain Mandeville, Dr. Barnardo explained that this was the fourth party sent out to Canada this year, and the only party of girls. Twenty-three of the girls are between six and twelve, the youngest is a girl of six and the eldest twenty-two. Forty had been in the Homes from one to three years, twenty-two under one year, and thirty for three years. Thirty-nine were rescued from positions of special danger. These all came from the Village Home for Girls at Ilford, accommodating 1000 girls in fifty separate cottages. The occupants were now being sent out to Canada, after being trained for domestic service. This batch makes 3216 boys and girls who have been sent to Canada by Dr. Barnardo. The bulk of Dr. Barnardo's address was devoted to a defence of his plan of sending these girls out to Canada while there is yet so large a demand for domestic servants at home. He showed that it cost less to send them to Canada than to keep them in this country.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The publishers of one of the leading society papers of London have taken to analysing some of the leading patent medicines, also to investigating their published testimonials, with the result of creating quite a commotion among certain proprietors. Injurious effects likely to follow the use of patent medicines, published testimonials given from addresses which only exist in the mind of a clever writer in the company's employ, are fully exposed. Suits for heavy damages have been threatened by the proprietors of the remedies thus exposed. Injured innocence puts on a bold front, but the publishers of the paper in question do not frighten easily; they have taken up a question of vital interest to the public, and they propose to turn on the full light of intelligent investigation. One most excellent feature of this exposure is that the public are enabled to discriminate between worthless nostrums and those really good remedies. The publishers evidently take this view of the question, for their last investigation is a most flattering one for the proprietors of that noted remedy St. Jacobs Oil. The following is the report, headed—"The Verdict of the People of London on St. Jacobs Oil":—Mr. William Howes, civil engineer, 66, Red Lion-street, High Holborn, W.C., was afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years. Sometimes his hands swelled to twice their natural size; his joints were so stiff that he could not walk, and his feet so sore that he could not bear any weight on them. Nothing relieved him till he applied St. Jacobs Oil. The result was marvellous. Before using the contents of two bottles all pain left him, and he is now in perfect health. Mr. C. H. Palmer, Secretary of the Conservative Defence Association and Overseer of the District of Islington, said:—"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in my face and head, and rheumatism in my limbs. After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the use of which completely removed every trace of pain." Mr. Edward Peterson, electric light engineer, of 36, Wheatstone-park, W.C., said:—"There can be no two opinions respecting the value of St. Jacobs Oil. I was completely used up with rheumatism in my arms and shoulders; a few good rubbings with that famous Oil drove all pain away." Mr. Henry John Barlow, of 4, Staple's Inn-buildings, Holborn Bars, W.C., said:—"I had rheumatism in my feet and legs, which became so bad that I was hardly able to walk. St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain and completely cured me." Mrs. Wolfsberger, matron of Moore-street Home for Poor, Crippled, and Orphan Boys, 17, Queen-street, Edgware-road, said that "St. Jacobs Oil has been used in the Home, and that it is powerful in relieving neuralgia and general rheumatism." Mr. Charles Cartwright, of No. 7, Alfred-place, Bedford-square, W.C., said:—"Having for years been a great sufferer from rheumatism in my limbs, I used St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me directly, after other remedies had signally failed." Henry and Ann Bright, hon. Superintendents of the North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women, say that "St. Jacobs Oil has proved unfailing; that rheumatism and neuralgia have in every case been removed by using the Oil; and many old ladies, some of them ninety years old, instead of tossing about in agony, now enjoy good nights' rest through its influence." Mr. N. Price, of 14, Tabernacle-square, Finsbury, E.C., said:—"My wrist, that I had strained two years before, and which had given me pain without intermission, yielded like magic to the application of St. Jacobs Oil." Mr. J. Clark, of 21, South Island-place, Brixton-road, London, said:—"Although I was not able to rise from a sitting position without the aid of a chair, I was able to stand and walk after the application of St. Jacobs Oil." Mr. J. Wilkinson, 88, Bentham-road, South Hackney, suffered from rheumatism in his feet and legs for twenty years. The contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil drove away all pain, and brought about an effectual cure. Robert George Watts, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., of Albion House, Quadrant-road, Canonbury, N., said:—"I cannot refrain from testifying to the very great efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in all cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgia." The Rev. Edward Singleton, M.A., 30, Bournevue-road, Streatham, said:—"St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain directly." The Rev. W. J. Caulfield Browne, M.A., Rector, Kittsford Rectory, said:—"My parishioners, under my recommendation, use St. Jacobs Oil." Mr. E. J. Feusey, Brixton-rise, London, was treated for sciatica by eminent medical gentlemen in private practice and in the Convalescents' Home, Bexhill-on-the-Sea, near London. He obtained no relief, but the contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil practically cured him. This journal concludes its article as follows:—"It is a source of the greatest satisfaction to us, in conducting these investigations, to be able to report a medicine which is so highly indorsed as the above-mentioned. Since making the above investigation, we have learnt that St. Jacobs Oil has such a world-wide reputation that her Majesty's troop-ships, as well as the Cunard Line and other steamers, are never considered ready for sea until a supply of the Oil is on board." Perhaps there is no preparation in the world which enjoys the same degree of success and popularity as St. Jacobs Oil. Its sale far exceeds that of any other Proprietary Medicine, and exceeds by ten times that of all other liniments and embrocations combined. This wonderful success rests on the solid foundation of merit which St. Jacobs Oil possesses, combined with original, dignified, and systematic advertising, which has always characterised the announcements of the Proprietors. The name of St. Jacobs Oil has become a household word in every civilised country in the world. The great success and popularity of the Oil have become the subject of comment by almost the entire Press of the country. In many instances the leading articles of large and influential papers have been devoted to the details of what seemed to be almost magical cures effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil in local cases, coming under the immediate attention of the publishers. St. Jacobs Oil is indorsed by statesmen, judges, the clergy, the medical profession, and people in every walk of life.



"I'm weak and weary!"—
so the maiden sighed—
My spirits droop, of late—my
roses pine!
Oh, for the days when I might
row or ride,
And glowing health made light
this heart of mine!
Are there no medicines that can recall
My fresh young strength, and
rid me of my ills?
I sometimes think that
I have tried them all—
But stay—I have not
yet had
Beecham's
Pills!"
And thus,
by hope and
doubt alternate
swayed,
She, tired
with musing,
sought her
couch once
more;
When dreams
of gladness
came to cheer
the maid
And tell how
Beecham's
Pills
could
yet
restore!



Oh, kindly vision!
And oh, maiden wise,
Who flew to this never failing friend
in need!
Her merry laugh, bright cheeks,
and sparkling eyes,
Now prove that Beecham's Pills
brought strength, indeed!
And gaily can she ride or row, to day,
For health from every hour new
joy distils;
Her happy face remains—so people
say—
The best advertisement of
Beecham's Pills



PIRATES.

When, as Lord Tennyson prettily sings, the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free In the silken sail of infancy—(the poet's "infancy" must be construed as synonymous with boyhood, for an infant muling and puking in its nurse's arms knows nothing, and, if possible, cares less, about "joyful dawns" and the like)—the present writer was greatly given, he confesses, to a sympathetic perusal of the stirring history of the pirates. Most boys, I think, are—or, at all events, in my time were—enthusiastic admirers of the old sea-rovers. There is something about a free life on the ocean wave which appeals strongly to their most cherished inclinations. They love the odour of the brine and the strong salt winds; the roll of shining waters; the scream of passing sea-birds; the clang of breakers on the iron rocks; or the snow-white line of foam on the coral reef. The vision of a corsair bark, swift-winged as an eagle, speeding "o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea," and suddenly swooping upon some rich argosy, or desperately attacking some strong town on the shores of El Dorado, fascinates their imaginations. They are not great moralists—the boys. Many a fair apple-orchard has witnessed to their lax interpretation of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*. They have been known to rifle mulberries even from the trees on the Rector's garden-lawn. They will pick filberts under the nose of the lord of the manor himself, and poach fearlessly in streams as rigorously tabooed as any South Sea island sanctuary. Therefore, the ethics of piracy trouble them not. They have a kind of feeling, I think, that a maritime life is outside the legislation made by drowsy home-dwellers. Why should Red Beard or Black Beard, Olonois or Captain Kid, submit to the canons of morality formulated by land-lubbers who have never ventured a mile from shore? The question seems (to them) to involve an unanswerable argument. As for the maiming and slaying in which even the mildest-mannered of the pirates (like Byron's *Don Lambro*) indulged pretty freely, I suppose that that "love of blood," recently imputed by journalistic authority as a fault to our English race, induces the boys to regard it leniently. When Black Beard *runs* a plank out of a lee-scupper—I hope the term is nautically correct—and compels his prisoners to step it nimbly with the disagreeable certainty of tumbling into the waves when they reach the end—what can a boy admirer say but that it is the fortune of war? If Spaniards were foolish enough to go down to the sea in ships, with the certainty of being caught by a Red Rover or a Yellow Buccaneer, they must put up with the dismal consequences. Hurrah for the black flag, and down with skulking traders and all such small deer!

I remember the eager interest with which we boys devoured the pages of Cooper's "Waterwitch" and "Red Rover," Scott's "Pirate," and Byron's "Corsair"; and how we chafed and fretted because the glorious tales were all too brief! How we covered our slates and exercise-books with "Skimmers of the Sea" and other piratical galleys of wonderful swiftness—all very low in the water, all with very sharp prows and very big sails, all with gilded figure-heads, and portentous flags emblazoned each with a skull and cross-bones! Those were the days *ante Agamemnona*—before "freehand" drawing had begun to torment the young idea; the days of Skeat's "1d. plain and 2d. coloured" sheets of "characters" designed for use in the boys' portable theatre; and oh! how we delighted in the possession of a sheet of his glowing and graphic illustrations of pirates!—who, I recollect, were always attired in wide open jackets, striped vests, loose neckties, short petticoats or kilts, high boots, a couple of cutlasses, and twice as many pistols—truculent personages, whom to make still more formidable of aspect, we invariably provided with moustachios of tremendous length and eyebrows very thick and black! Then there was a most delightful book—a small octavo volume, I fancy—entitled "Lives of the Pirates and Buccaneers," with superb portraits of Kid, Tench, Morgan, and other worthies, which, as our tutors and guardians had placed it (very unnecessarily) on their *Index Expurgatorius*, we were compelled to read in secret, and to conceal carefully in our lockers beneath a pile of the "Eton Latin Grammar," Valpy's "Delectus," the "Gradus ad Parnassum," Lindley Murray's "English Grammar," Enfield's "Speaker," and similar works of approved repute. Few boys, I suspect, escaped, in those days, a touch of the *pirate-fever*. It ran through a school like the measles. Happy they who lived near a pond or stream, on which they could launch their trim "Waterwitches" and "Ocean Serpents," each mounted with a couple of tiny brass guns, loaded to the mouth with slate-pencil-dust! How often would we lose ourselves in a noon-day dream of far-away palm-islands, where we reigned as pirate-chiefs, with no end of "sea-rovers" always at our beck and call! Our tents were planted on green lawny slopes in front of the sapphire sea, commanding a fine view of "the offing"—it was indispensable, that "offing"!—and of our pirate-schooners, lying at anchor in sheltered bays, the blue waves "kissing their taffrails," their tall masts standing erect like Norway pines, every rope "taut" and every "sheet" hauled home, and their grim mariners all on the alert to obey their dreaded commander if he should suddenly call them to action. On the hill above was erected an imaginary fort, armed with cannon captured from a Spanish galleon; and beneath was sunk a deep cave, wherein were stored the spoils of our victorious expeditions, the entrance to this cave being known only to ourselves and our trustiest followers, who were bound by a solemn oath to secrecy. Well, those dreams were foolish enough, no doubt; but they did no harm. Perhaps, indeed, the stimulus they gave to the imagination was, on the whole, advantageous; and I believe that the boys who went most deeply into the sea-rover line of business were by no means the worst scholars.

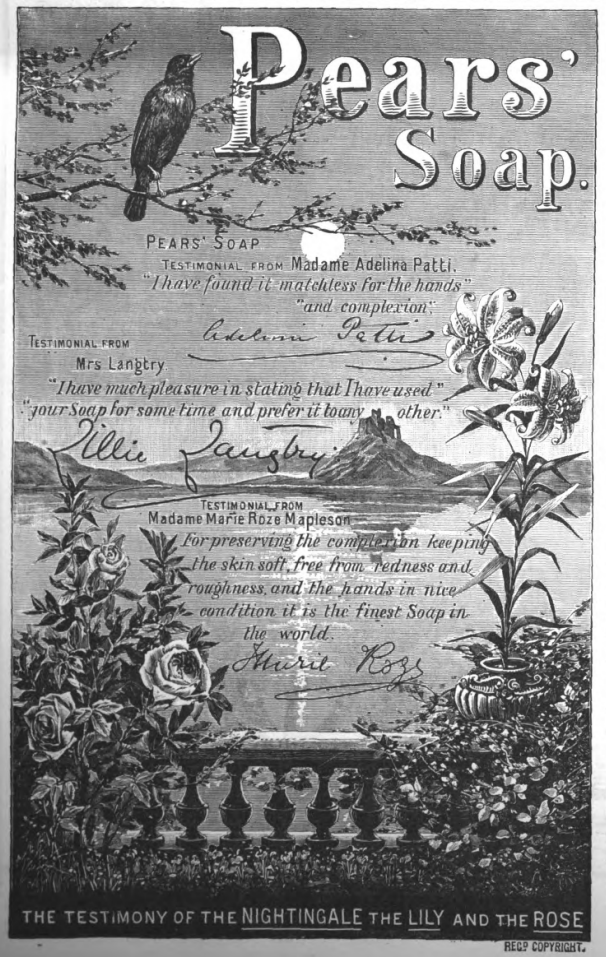
As we grew older, however, we boys found that the world was too carefully partitioned out to permit of our seizing upon an island anywhere for our personal behoof. We learned, too, that the romance of piracy (such as it was) had passed away; and that the seas were too well patrolled for any repetition to be possible of the exploits of the old filibusters. We came to the conclusion that the race of pirates was extinct—a conclusion which, however, a larger and wider knowledge of the social state compelled us very considerably to modify. For, as Shylock tells us, "There be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves," and the truth of the old Jew's assertion is forced upon most of us by experience. In literature and art you may see the critical pirate lying in wait to pounce suddenly upon some unsuspecting craft, to board it, scuttle it, and sink it to the bottom—unfortunate craft which, if it had but enjoyed a fair voyage and reached a safe haven, might have yielded hereafter a fair return for its owner's venture! In Society, too, pirates are always on the prowl. They hoist, perhaps, the black flag of scandal—as full of evil augury as any ever hoisted by an Olonois or a Montbars—and bringing their calumnies to bear upon the weak and defenceless, rest not until they have done them mortal injury. Then there be the pirates of trade and commerce, who molest the honest trader and prey upon his invention and resource, who entrap the unwary, who get up bogus companies and swindle the widow and the orphan out of their little all. Pirates? You cannot take up your daily paper without coming upon the sad record of the sufferings they have caused, the plunder they have carried off, the tall ships which they have shattered into water-logged wrecks. When I see the terrible mischief wrought by these social pirates—these "land-rats"—who wage clandestine war against woman's honour and man's reputation, who prey upon the defenceless, and attack the weak and innocent, I wish that our laws dealt with them more severely, and that some of the worst offenders might be gibbeted in chains, like the corsairs of old, as a warning to the whole pirate brood. For there is no "romance" about *them* or their doings—it is the ugliest, meanest, coarsest prose. And I solemnly affirm that to compare with the fraudulent speculator, the dishonest trader, the slanderer, the corrupter of youth, and the social pest, such straightforward, such open-and-above-board adversaries as a Lebasque, a Mansvelt, or a Morgan, is to fling an unmerited reproach on the older and manlier race of—Pirates!

Mr. William Redmond, M.P., has been convicted of inciting the people to resist the Sheriff on the occasion of an eviction at Coolroe, and a sentence of three months' imprisonment, without hard labour, was pronounced. He said he did not intend to appeal.

Her Majesty has approved the appointment of Sir Guy T. Campbell, Bart., for the adjutancy of the 2nd City of London Rifles, of which General Sir Frederick Roberts is honorary Colonel, and Lieutenant-Colonel Cantlon the commanding officer. Sir Guy Campbell served in the Afghan campaign.

At a meeting held in Birmingham on Sept. 14, the Mayor presiding, a resolution pointing out the advantages of Cannock Chase for the purposes of the national rifle competitions was carried unanimously, and on the motion of Mr. Powell Williams, M.P., an invitation in the name of Birmingham was given to the National Rifle Association to hold their meeting at that place.

The Winter Session of the Charterhouse Science and Art Schools and Literary Institute will begin on Monday, Oct. 1, 1888, under the presidency of the Rev. Henry Swann, M.A. During the late session upwards of 1000 students, mostly elementary teachers, availed themselves of the privileges afforded by this institution, and of this number nearly seven hundred presented themselves for examination, and were successful in obtaining a large number of class certificates and also a fair number of honours certificates, awarded by the Science and Art Department of South Kensington.



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

The pretty and pathetic story of Lesbia and her sparrow, told originally by the Latin poet Catullus, is not wholly new to the stage. It is certain that Rachel, the great French actress, played in a dramatised version of the tale called "Le Moineau de Lesbie," and it has been thought that Mr. R. Davey has done little more than translate the French play, in order to provide the brief preliminary entertainment for the American artists who are now to be seen at the Lyceum Theatre. But this is not the case. Mr. Davey, in graceful language, has told the story in his own fashion, and when in doubt has gone to the fountain head—namely, the Poet Catullus himself. Lesbia, a wealthy, gifted, and witty courtesan of Rome, has left her exalted station, her position, influence, and innumerable admirers, in order to gratify the ambition and minister to the whims of a fanciful and conceited poet. Poor woman, she has done all that faithful companion can do to make her lover happy. But his ambition must be gratified. He frets under the silken chains of Lesbia's unselfish devotion, so he needs must abandon his mistress, in order to marry a wealthy old widow, whose social influence may improve the fretful poet's position. The news of the desertion of Catullus bids fair to break poor Lesbia's heart; but she determines to win the truant back by woman's artifice. She first pretends, with tears in her eyes, that she does not care a straw for her poet, and then she takes to weeping over the supposed loss of the sparrow that Catullus has presented to her in their love-days. The poet's vanity is tickled, and Catullus promises to abandon the widow, who has been cruelly deserted and left in the lurch at the altar, and return to Lesbia if she will only forgive him. In these days of irreverence, the mention of so humble a bird as a sparrow seemed to tickle the Cockney part of the audience. They had no mind for Catullus or romance, and could not associate a poet's love-gift with the chirpy and cheeky little denizen of our house-tops. But the majority of those assembled to see the little play were grateful for Mr. Davey's clever work, and gave the American artists all credit for excellent intentions. Miss Beatrice Cameron would be an actress of the first consequence if she could adequately convey the various passions and emotions that even so small a drama encompasses. She did her best, however; and gave a pretty, if not a very powerful or convincing, rendering of the loving Lesbia. But, somehow or other, the modern actor and actress seem to be ill at ease when they are engaged in portraying character other than that of the age in which they live. A Catullian conceit of this kind does not appear to harmonise with the American diction. But Mr. Mansfield has done his best to give an entertainment in some way worthy of the stage on which it was produced.

When the playgoing world returns to London again, or when the patrons of the theatre pass through town on their way to country houses and shooting-boxes, they will, no doubt, find time to study, if not admire, that curious modern product known as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It was unfortunate for Mr. Mansfield that he was compelled by the action of Bandmann to open at the Lyceum a full month before he originally intended. August is not the best month in the year to produce a play quite out of the ordinary category and that appeals to the more observant and intellectual of sight-seers. However much the mere subject of such a drama may startle or shock the sensitive, it is, unquestionably, a remarkable *tour de force* on the part of a young actor—this dual impersonation. Such a play can never amuse or edify anybody, but the student of acting will find in Mr. Mansfield's realism much to astonish and to provoke admiration. England, so far, has not taken to Mr. Louis Stevenson's morbid psychology so keenly as did our American cousins. They have no taste for the unadulterated horrible in art. But whilst expressing distaste for the play they have not hesitated to award full praise to the actor. Unless there is a sudden rush to see Dr. Jekyll and the ghastly Hyde during the next few weeks Mr. Mansfield will produce his English version of Octave Feuillet's "Roman Parisien," in which he plays with rare art a horrible old man. After that we may have the promised "Nero," or a revival of "Prince Karl," in which Mr. Mansfield shows his powers as a linguist and a vocalist, as well as an actor.

For the first time for many years past several theatres have got the start of Old Drury in the honour of starting the autumn dramatic season. But on Sept. 22, if all be well, Mr. Augustus Harris and Mr. Hamilton will give us their long-promised spectacular drama, founded on incidents connected with "The Armada." According to the programme, there will be several brilliant scenes, in addition to a realisation of the defeat of the Spanish Armada under the celebrated old Admirals of history. Seymour Lucas's Academy picture of the historic game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe will be realised; and we are to see "good Queen Bess" going in procession to St. Paul's, to give thanks after the victory. Mr. Leonard Boyne will make his first appearance at Old Drury, and the cast is otherwise a strong one. This is the first time that Mr. Harris has departed from modern life in connection with his autumn dramas, and it may be hoped that the experiment will prove successful. This would open up a new field for historical drama, that might prove of incalculable service. Mr. Chatterton, it may be remembered, did very well at Drury with the dramas by Andrew Halliday founded on the historical novels of Sir Walter Scott.—Sept. 24 has been fixed for the opening of the New Court Theatre that was to have belonged to the late John Clayton, but will now be identified with the names of Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Chudleigh. The opening play is to be Mr. Sidney Grundy's version of "Les Surprises du Divorce," called "Mamma." Considering the subject, an even more effective title might have been found in the now popular query "Is Marriage a Failure?" Mr. Hare will play the leading comic character that was so inimitably rendered at the Royalty—in French—by Coquelin, as that popular actor will not be wanted at his own new theatre, The Garrick, until Christmas time.—On Sept. 24 also the Vaudeville will be re-opened by Mr. Thomas Thorne with a revival of Robert Buchanan's popular play "Joseph's Sweetheart." So that in a very few days' time the season will be in full swing again.

Mr. Willie Edouin has made still another attempt to restore the shifting fortunes of the little Strand Theatre. He seems to be a little unwise in his selection of plays, although he commands a clever company, of which his wife, Miss Alice Atherton, is first lieutenant. Mr. Mark Melford's play, called "Kleptomania," has in it a certain cleverness of construction and neatness in form; but if there really be such a form of madness, concerning which many doctors differ, it is a disease that should inspire our pity rather than provoke our laughter. It is always a mistake to ridicule any affliction on the stage, for no one ever knows what pain may be innocently caused to the casual spectator. Madness in any form is not a thing to be laughed at. And surely the well of inspiration from which burlesque writers used to draw so freely is not so dry as to necessitate a revival of H. J. Byron's "Aladdin," that was produced at the old Strand in April, 1861, and performed seven-and-twenty years ago by that merry company consisting of Charlotte Saunders, H. J. Turner, Fanny Josephs, Marie Wilton, John Clarke, Kate Carson, Danvers, Nellie Bufton, and James Rogers. Mr. Edouin is amusing enough as the Widow Twankay, and he receives excellent support from Miss Atherton and Miss Susie Vaughan, a versatile and excellent actress. But the manager of the Strand should call on such veterans as Burnand or Robert Reece, or summon to his aid the twin brethren Richard Henry, or Robert Martin, in order to give us some fun of a newer pattern than "Aladdin." Playgoers will not be put off with old lamps for new, even when they were made originally by such a humourist as H. J. Byron.

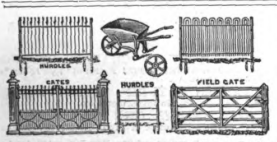
The Queen has presented an engraving of herself bearing a gracious inscription, signed by her Majesty, to Miss Emily Faithfull, who has just completed the thirtieth year of her work in promoting the educational and industrial interests of women.

The marine painter Herr Salzmann, who accompanied the German Emperor on his recent voyage to Russia, has received, in recognition of the merits of his picture at this year's Exhibition, the highest distinction for artists—namely, the great gold medal.

MARRIAGE.

On Sept. 12, at Christ Church, Wellington, Salop, by the Rev. T. Owen, Vicar, assisted by the Rev. T. L. Butler, M.A., Vicar of Adbaston, the Rev. Dr. Bullinger, Vicar of Walthamstow, the Rev. G. E. Yate, Vicar of Madeley, and the Rev. James Dixon, cousin of the bride, William Parkin, great-nephew and heir of the late George Moore, the philanthropist, to Lucy Josephine Cranage, the only daughter of Dr. Cranage, of Wellington, Salop.

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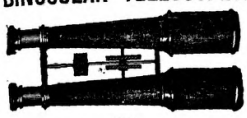
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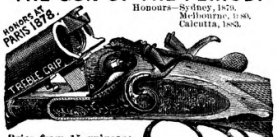
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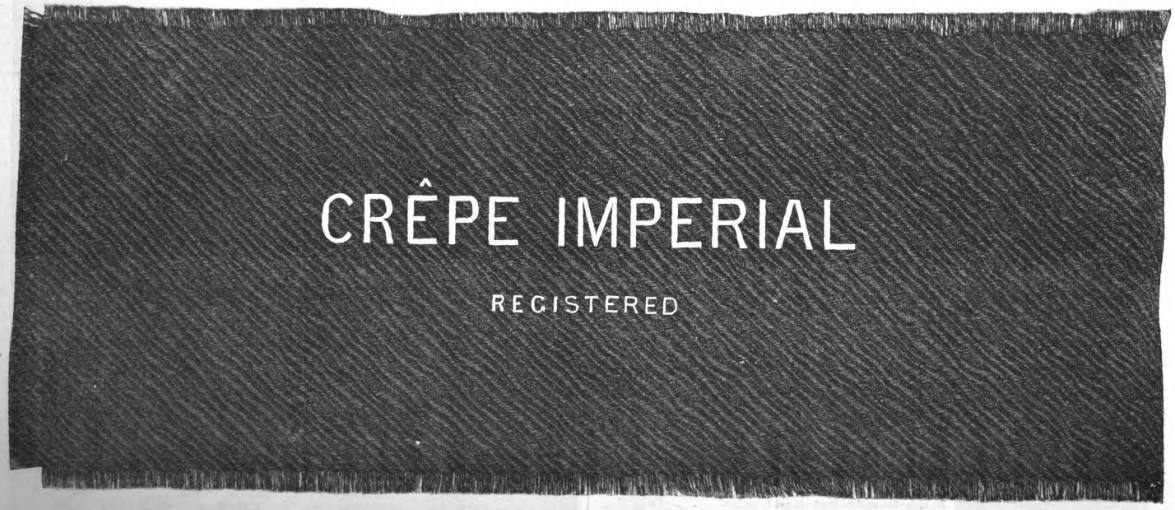


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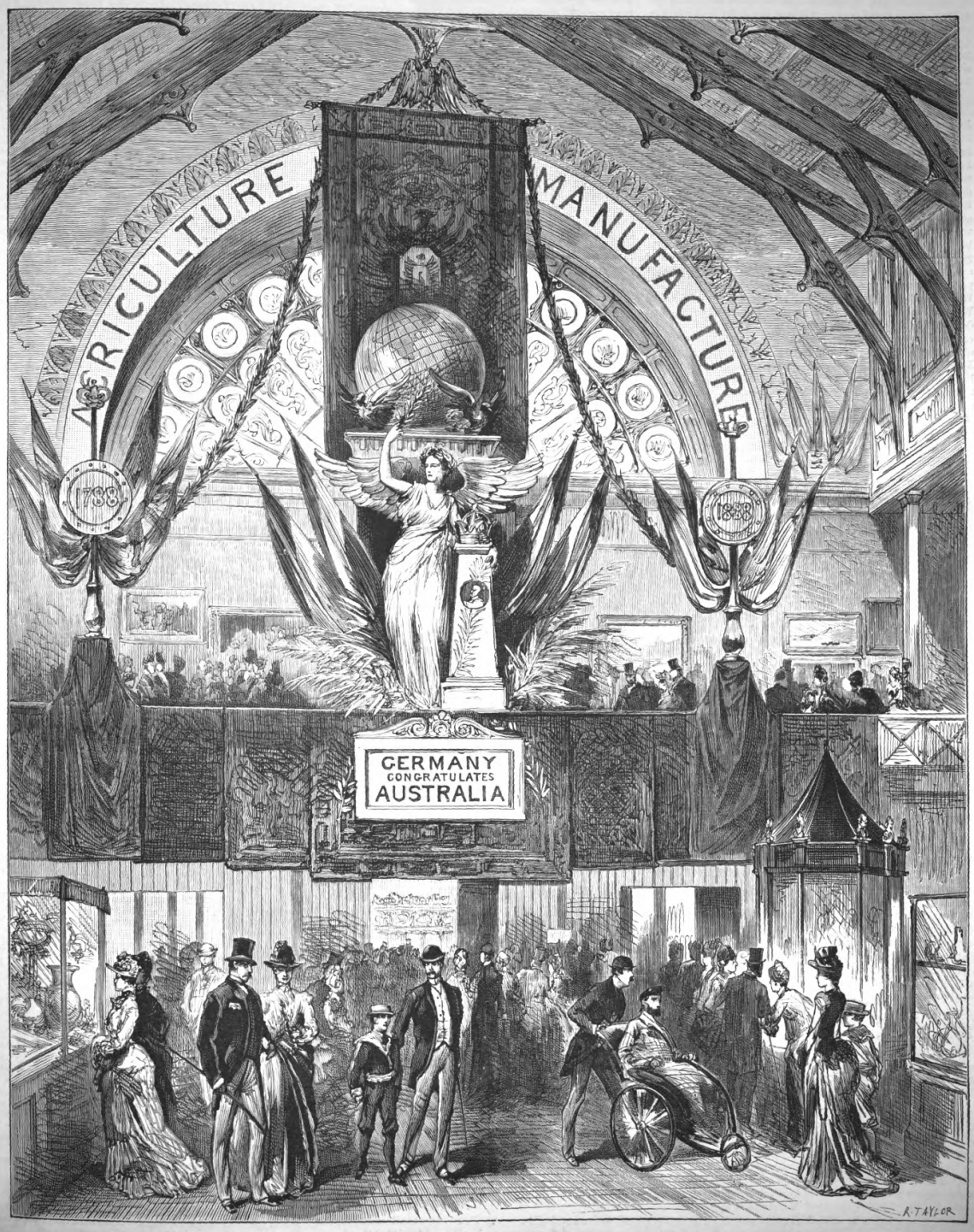
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ENTRANCE TO THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION, SHOWING THE GERMAN TROPHY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The reading of the last published Judicial Statistics is calculated to astonish a good many people who have a general notion that save "in exceptional cases, don't you know, like this Whitechapel business," murders are pretty sure to be found out. It appears by the Government report that every year, exclusive of infanticides (which are not so alarming to the adult reader), there are no less than fifty undiscovered murders! Impunity in some cases multiplies the offence ("You see how one black sin brings on another, like little nigger pickaninny riding pickaback upon *him* mother"), and it is possible that two or three of these murders may be committed by one criminal; but even that deduction leaves a handsome average of forty murderers per annum at large. This disproves, for one thing, the comfortable theory that the consciousness of "the guilt of blood" is something that no man can rid of, and which renders life insupportable; and, indeed, the man who gives himself up for a long undiscovered murder is almost never the man who has committed it. It is probable, therefore (since it is the well-to-do who oftenest escape justice), that all of us who mix much in society number at least one murderer among our acquaintance; and it will be an interesting exercise of the fancy to guess who it is most likely to be.

The German Emperor has enacted that henceforth at the Imperial dinners a German menu shall take the place of the hitherto unavoidable French bill-of-fare. It is a patriotic act in any ruler, but especially so in one who reigns over a country in which there is little (to speak of, and much less to write of) to eat. I sincerely hope that this custom of calling national dishes, at least, by their national names will be developed. In England, where we have the best eatables that are to be found anywhere, it is especially absurd to call our dishes by foreign titles. If there must be a French *menu*, let it, at all events, be provided by a French cook. Anything more ludicrous than the aping of foreign names for the dishes that are set before us at an English hotel is not to be conceived. As a rule, the more pretentious are their *cartes*, the more abominable is their food. Why cannot plain English be used to describe English fare? What in the sacred name of gastronomy is meant by "Aloyan de bœuf"? A friend pointed out to me, the other day, on the *carte* of a great hotel at a health resort, "Demoiselles d'honneur"—a dainty which, though familiar enough to us English, would be absolutely meaningless to a Frenchman. I have never seen it done, but I believe hotel-keepers—and, for that matter, hosts who ought to know much better—are quite capable of setting before their guests a French rendering of Devonshire cream and raspberry and currant tart—delicacies. I am proud to say, indigenous to my native land, and about which there is only one drawback: they are a little "too *good* for human nature's daily food." As an honest man grows old, the thing he gets to hate most is affectation; and a French menu prepared by an English cook, out of English ingredients, seems to me the very height of it.

A man was given into custody, the other day, for attempting to commit suicide from London Bridge. His defence was that his hat blew over, and that he jumped into the river after it; and certainly, when he was picked up, half-drowned and dripping, his first inquiry was after his hat. The Magistrate thought it a very strange thing that he should risk his life for an article of such little value; yet very likely, in walking to the court himself that morning, his worship had stepped on to the wet wooden pavement in front of a railway-van, rather than lose one second of his time (which was of no sort of consequence) by waiting till it had passed by. Even the wise man whose motto is "No risk, as the goose said when she stooped under the barn-door," is constantly making a fool of himself in this way; for the most calculating of men are, in such matters, often the creatures of impulse. Comparison—the relative value of one object to another—is a thing which, on the instant, seldom presents itself to men, and not even when they have time to think about it, to women. When the wit utters his sarcasm that makes an enemy for life; when the Cit of "full habit" runs up the incline to save ten minutes by catching the early train, they are both jumping after their hats—and poor hats, too—off the river bridge.

At a watering-place in Somersetshire, where threepence is charged in the local paper for the insertion of the word "Esquire" after the name of a visitor, I read that "in the present weekly issue not a single individual has availed himself of the privilege." This is really very encouraging. One would have expected that "Threepence more and up goes the donkey!" was a cry that on this occasion would certainly have evoked that animal. One can hardly hope, however, that such conduct indicates any decay of snobbism: I am afraid it arises from the experience of the Jury List, in which it is notorious that those who call themselves Esquires are (very properly, as having, presumably, not to work for their bread) more often selected than those who do not aspire to that ambitious title. Lists of visitors at "health-resorts," as watering-places are now called, form a literature of their own: Mr. Brown adds "of London" to his name, as though it were a territorial title. At a southern seaside place (it was, it must be confessed, at rather a slack time) I once read among the fashionable arrivals, "Captain Jones and lady and baby."

If Miss Kilmansegge had been a pauper, she would have had a wooden leg instead of a gold one, and the world would have lost a fine poem; but it is certain (except for the look of the leg) that in that case she would have been more comfortable. The disadvantages of having even a wooden leg are, indeed, serious; but, as one would have imagined, obvious. It is clear that it is liable (like good Mr. Gamp's) to get fast in the water-plugs, and to be carried off (with you on it) by some Newfoundland, who mistook it for another bit of wood for which he is "seeking"; half your "care for a cold" (as Hood drew it) is gone when you have only one leg to put in hot water; you can never stand on tip-toe, nor, however necessary may be caution and secrecy, enter a room without "tapping"; the necessity, when sitting, of keeping it at right angles, like a bayonet brought to the charge, must also be very inconvenient. But all these drawbacks are on the surface, though you can scarcely call them skin deep. No one would have imagined, had it not been disclosed in a debate among the Guardians of the City of London Union, the other day, that a wooden leg was liable to be "tampered with." In the flesh jokes have often been played on legs, but surely not in timber! Where would be the fun of "splashing" a wooden leg, or running a pin into the calf of it? and if "tampering" doesn't mean practical joking, what *does* it mean? The rest of the story is simple enough, though by no means of every-day occurrence. A pauper applied to the Guardians to have his wooden leg repaired, an article which they had themselves procured for him at the cost of fifty shillings. As the estimate for "repairs" reached this sum the "economic section" of the Board, not unnaturally, objected to this item. They proposed that a pound should be paid for absolutely necessary expenses, and so far they have my sympathy as a practical man; but they added this extraordinary "rider"—that, in their opinion, "no alterations would have been required had not the leg been 'tampered with.'" I must have this explained if the "economic section" wishes for my continued support. I shrink from an alliance with persons who make these dark allusions to a crime the very nature of which my intelligence is unable to grapple with. How *can* you "tamper with" a wooden leg!

The "Merry, merry Swiss Boy" has much to comfort him; it is no wonder that he "jodels," and makes other noises indicative of happiness, and which he confidently believes to be harmonious. His purse at the end of the season is heavy with English and American money; the mountains, if not "a glorious heritage" to him, afford him a considerable income. If he is good, we know that he is happy; if he is not good, and wants to commit a murder, there are cantons close at hand in which the punishment of death has been abolished. Moreover, in one of them at least, there are no taxes. "Our cash in hand," says the Government of Unterwalden, "is sufficient to provide for the public expenditure, and no taxes will therefore be levied during the current year." Imagine the British Government making such an observation! In an admirable article on "Taxation," it was once observed of the dying Englishman that, after being taxed all his life, "he pours his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent, into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid 22 per cent, makes his will on an £8 stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of £100 for the privilege of killing him." Its unparalleled freedom from imposts has caused of late a great deal of nonsense to be written about Switzerland. "Look how admirably *she* manages! How extremely limited are her naval expenses! If we had the same form of government, we should be governed with equal cheapness." But the fact is, it is a great advantage to live in a country that nobody wants to enter—far less to conquer—except in the summer months. Switzerland is in the happy position of the crow, as described by the author of "Festus"—

> Oh! 'tis jolly to live like the great black crow,
> For no one doth eat him wherever he go.

It is known that Switzerland is not rich, and also that she is exceedingly tough, so nobody wants to eat her.

The question of "Is Life worth living?" has given place to the more sensible one of "Is Life worth living long?" The former, except to that small minority who were meditating suicide, was a purely theoretic investigation: nothing could come of it, even if it was answered to the general satisfaction, of which there was no sign: but whether it is worth while, by keeping one's temper, bathing in ice-cold water, abstinence from tobacco, or any other disagreeable device, to prolong our three score years and ten to five score years is an inquiry that has some practical interest. It seems pretty clear that if we take trouble enough, and consent to do without many things that seem essential to our comfort, it is as easy to live a little longer as it is to make money. The same sort of sacrifice is demanded in each case, but the advantage is much more clear in the latter. If twenty-five years of health and strength could be added to human life, then, indeed, the discovery would be a boon to man; but the modern advocates of longevity do not seem to hold forth any such expectation. A little less rheumatism, a little less weakness, perhaps, purchased by the lack of many enjoyments, is all that they promise to the septuagenarian, who (like the ancient, not modern, knight almost as witty as Falstaff) would be "buried in a Centry box."

The apostle of this new faith, in urging its claims upon humanity, inquires, "Who knows how often, since the dawn of modern science, the chill of death has palsied a hand that had all but lifted the veil of the Isis in the Temple! Or in how many thousand lives time alone would have solved all discords into harmony!" An eloquent appeal enough, but how contrary in its arguments to human experience! The septuagenarian rarely, indeed, employs himself in the occupation indicated, and if he does—or in other words endeavours to pursue the same path that led him to glory and to fame in his maturity, what a mess he generally makes of it! How often do we hear it said, "What a pity it is that this or that great man (politician, poet, painter, or what you will) did not die ten years ago!" Then as for longevity making harmonies of discords, can anyone acquainted with human nature believe that misunderstandings with our fellow creatures are likely to be dissipated by a few more years added to the sum of our lives? Among the moral attractions of old age can certainly not be reckoned freedom from prejudice, or a readiness to make allowance for the shortcomings of others: no man is so old and feeble but that he can be stubborn in his own opinion; he may be weak as regards his cook-housekeeper, but he is generally resolute enough (though often wrong) in the judgment he has formed of his relatives and belongings. The best and wisest of the greybeards I have known have accepted their old age in patience, but with none of that pretence of welcome that is to be found in sermons and essays *de Senectute*; it is, at best, a bathos, and I have noticed that the desire of abnormally prolonging it, which some old persons entertain, is seldom shared by those who have most to do with them.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty has walked and taken drives daily in the neighbourhood of Balmoral. On Sept. 19 the Duchess of Albany dined with the Queen and Royal family. Earl Cadogan and Sir Robert Collins were included in the Royal dinner-party, and Lady Collins and the other ladies and gentlemen joined the Royal circle in the evening. Prince Albert Victor of Wales left the castle for York on the 20th. Earl Cadogan had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On the 21st, Princess Frederica and Baron Von Pawel Rammingen dined with the Queen and the Royal family; Miss Trotter and the other ladies and gentlemen joining the Royal circle in the evening. Earl Cadogan had the honour of dining with the Queen. Monsieur Johannes Wolff, violinist to the King of the Netherlands, accompanied by Mr. Raphael Roche, had the honour of playing before the Queen and the Royal family. The Queen went out on the morning of the 22nd, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove with Princess Alice, attended by the Dowager Lady Churchill, to Birkhall, to visit the Duchess of Albany. Princess Beatrice also drove out. Earl Cadogan had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Divine service was performed at the castle on Sunday morning, the 23rd, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the household. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated. Earl Cadogan had again the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Queen drove out on the morning of the 24th, attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps, and afterwards went out, attended by the Dowager Lady Churchill. In the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Alice of Hesse, and attended by the Dowager Lady Churchill, drove out and honoured Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick with a visit at Invercauld. Prince Henry of Battenberg, attended by Colonel Clerk, drove to Glen Muick, and joined Mr. Mackenzie in a grouse drive. Earl Cadogan and Lord Rowton, C.B., had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family.

The Queen's reply to the address which was forwarded by the Archbishops and Bishops recently assembled at Lambeth Palace on the subject of the rapid and continuous extension of the Anglican Church throughout the British Empire and the continent of America, during her Majesty's reign, was published in a supplement to the *Gazette* on Saturday. Her Majesty assures the prelates that it will ever be her anxious duty to promote all measures which may tend to maintain and extend the spirit of true religion.

The Prince of Wales returned to Vienna on Saturday morning, Sept. 22, from Hungary, having concluded his visit to Count Festetics. He again alighted at the Grand Hotel. In the evening his Royal Highness and the Crown Prince Rudolph were present at the Theater an der Wien, and witnessed the comic opera of "The Zigeunerbaron." The composer, Herr Johann Strauss, who conducted, was summoned to the Royal box and congratulated upon his work. On Sunday, Sept. 23, the Prince, after attending Divine service at the British Embassy, entertained at lunch at the Grand Hotel the Crown Prince Rudolph, the Archduke Otto, and several other distinguished guests, among whom was Baron Hirsch. The Prince, on Monday, Sept. 24, called upon his brother-in-law, the King of Greece, at the Hotel Impérial, Vienna, and then visited Professor Angeli's studio, where he saw the half-finished portrait of the German Emperor, and also that just painted of Field-Marshal Moltke. The Prince during the day received General Lawton, the Minister of the United States. He subsequently lunched at the British Embassy, and in the evening, with the Crown Prince and several guests, dined at "Sacher's Garten," in the Prater. Later in the evening the two Princes visited the Theater an der Wien. On the 25th, the Prince entertained the King of Greece at luncheon. In the afternoon, the Archduke Wilhelm gave a dinner in honour of the King of Greece and the Prince of Wales at his Palace on the Ring Strasse. The Prince and the Crown Prince Rudolph left in the evening for the chamois-hunting expedition near Radmer, in Upper Styria.

The Princess of Wales, with her three daughters, ended her visit to the Duchess of Cumberland at Gmünden, on Saturday, the 22nd, arriving in London on the 25th; and next day the Princess and her daughters left Marlborough House for Abergeldie, where they will be joined by the Prince of Wales on his return from Austria.

The Australian cricketers won the match on Sept. 19, with the South of England, at Hastings, by nine wickets. Their tour came to an end on the 22nd, when they beat Surrey, the champion county, by thirty-four runs. Of the forty games they played, they won nineteen, fourteen were lost, and seven were left drawn.

Lord Hampden gave his annual address on agriculture at Glynde (Sussex) harvest-home recently. His Lordship said that although the crops this year were uneven, there was a better average than had been expected, considering the bad weather. In some respects agriculturists were better off this year than last, notwithstanding the fine weather of 1887. Then his shepherds complained that there was nothing in the fields for the sheep to eat, while now they had so much they scarcely knew what to do with it.

The archery season is fast drawing to a close as far as the home counties are concerned. Mrs. Ainsworth, who recently obtained again the National Bronze Medal for Lancashire, has won the Lady Champion badge for the season of the North Lonsdale Archers. Mrs. H. Clarke taking the second badge. Miss Mary Winwood has obtained the silver challenge medal of the Bath Archers. The contest for the silver challenge badges for the highest aggregate score at four of the bow meetings of the Vale of White Horse Archers has resulted in the success of Mrs. Compton and Mr. T. T. S. Metcalfe. Mrs. Tindal-Carill-Worsley has entitled herself to the champion distinction of the Kersal Archers for the best score of the season, and also the champion belt of the Cheadle Archers; Mr. Jepson taking the challenge cup and Miss Hampson the unmarried ladies' badge. The championship medals of the Wyeside Bowmen have been won by Mrs. Crichton and Mr. Battiscombe; the club challenge medals of the West Somerset Society by Miss E. Palmer and Mr. T. Crump; of the Culm Vale, by Miss Sweet and Mr. Snow; while the club badge for highest score with the Fakenham and Dereham has been gained by Miss Norgate.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Sept. 25.

On the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Baudin, the celebrated Republican martyr and victim of the *coup d'état*, the Minister of Public Works the otner day delivered an important speech on the actual danger of the Republic and the miserable comedy of Boulangism. The Minister of Public Works would wish all Republicans, at the forthcoming elections, to go to the poll with this word of order: "The enemy is Cæsarism—Le Césarisme, voilà l'ennemi. What matter who holds the flag? What matter the imperfections of the edifice or the projects that may be formed for rebuilding it? These disagreements are forgotten in face of the enemy." Certainly it would be a great blessing for the Republic if the political platform could be rid of the question of revision of the Constitution which divides the Republicans against themselves, and must keep them divided. This is why foreign observers declare France to be ungovernable, whereas in reality there is no country more governable—for a time, at least. The fact is that the vast majority of Frenchmen have no opinions at all; but they delight to read newspapers that proclaim advanced views, because they find them piquant and amusing. This has been the case from time immemorial. All the people who go about reading Rochefort's articles and listening to revolutionary speeches are ready to accept any régime that will give them order and security; but the moment that régime is established they will continue as usual to read opposition newspapers, and be quite happy, whether the régime be Napoleon I., Louis Philippe, the Republic, Napoleon III., or General Boulanger. General Boulanger's name has appealed to a million electors "of various opinions," we are told. It would be more correct to say "of no opinions at all." The "brav Général," it appears, will cease to be "lost" next week, when he will return to the capital from his hiding-place, wherever that may be, and resume his campaign against the existing order of things. At the moment of the forthcoming General Elections, in the beginning of 1889, the General will be a candidate in every Department in France—a move which will cost some ten millions of francs; but the Boulangists do not seem to be wanting in funds. One of the active spirits of the party—a militant journalist—declared calmly, the other day, that with liberty of the press, three thousand *camelots*, or newspaper-criers, and a few millions he was ready to accept contracts for changing the Government of France in less than a year. And the worst of it is that this is not altogether a vain bonst.

The theatres during the past week have kept the critics and the "first-nighters" busy, and though it cannot be said that we have assisted at the birth of any great dramatic work, we have seen two pieces which promise to be highly successful. The Gymnase has begnn its season with a comedy-vaudeville, by MM. Blum and Toché, called "Les Femmes Nervenses," a most amusing fantaisie. The Renaissance has opened its doors with an opéra-comique in three acts, "Miette," with music by Audran. The score of this piece is really elegant and charmingly melodious; out of the fifteen morceaux of the piece there are eight or nine that will not be soon forgotten. The chief rôle is held by a new diva, Mdlle. Aussourd, who is pretty and witty and a clever singer, likely soon to become famous. The Comédie-Française, in order to ratify the classification of George Sand among the great dramatic writers of France, has annexed to its repertory and revived with much solemnity that author's play "François le Champi." Certainly we listened with some pleasure to the harmonious periods which George Sand puts into the mouths of her Berry peasants; but these latter, it must be confessed, appear too idealised and too goody-goody for our modern analytic and realistic tastes. George Sand's plays have passed into the domain of *vieux jeu*.

The Paris papers notice generally in moderate and dignified terms the death of ex-Marshal Bazaine at Madrid. In the eyes of every patriotic Frenchman, Bazaine ceased to exist the day when he was condemned to death as a traitor to his country. The Bazaine who survived this condemnation, thanks to the clemency of Marshal MacMahon, and thanks to his escape from the Ile Sainte Marguerite, does not belong to history.

Statuemania continues to rage in France. On Sunday at Arcis-sur-Aube, a statue of Danton was unveiled, and M. Lockroy, on behalf of the Government, took part in the commemorative ceremony in honour of this contestable hero. If Danton has his statue, why should not Marat and Robespierre be similarly honoured?

French Academic art has just experienced a severe loss in the person of the painter Gustave Boulanger, who died suddenly on Sept. 21, at the age of sixty-four. A pupil of Paul Delaroche, Prix de Rome, Professor at the Ecole des Beaux Arts and member of the Institute, Boulanger was an ardent enemy of modernism and especially of impressionism in art. He himself painted scarcely anything but subjects relating to the events and daily life of Imperial Rome. Outside the Greeks and Romans he found few things worthy of his correct brush except occasionally an Arab or a portrait of a friend. Boulanger was a fine draughtsman.

It is proposed to arrange the Fine Arts Section of the Exhibition of 1889 in six sections, which will comprise a retrospective exhibition of French art from 1789 to 1878, and a decennial exhibition of French and foreign art from 1878 to 1889, together with sections of historical monuments, casts, enamel, goldsmith's work, drawing, theatrical construction, scene-painting, machinery, and costume. The national porcelain, tapestry, and mosaic manufactories will be represented by specimens of their products from 1789 to 1889. T. C.

There was a remarkable demonstration in Rome on Sept. 20, the occasion being the celebration of the anniversary of the entry of Italian troops into that city. The Syndic read a telegram from the King, who said that during eighteen years Rome had proved that she was able to accomplish her high mission towards Italy and the civilised world.—His Majesty was present the same day at the unveiling a monument to Quintino Sella at Biella. The ceremony was marked with much popular enthusiasm.—The International Literary and Artistic Congress at Venice have decided that an author's copyright should include the rights of translation, and expressed the wish that the United States would accept the Convention of Berne.

The Spanish Minister of Public Works inaugurated on Sept. 21 one of the most important public works in Spain. The scheme is to construct for Bilbao an outside harbour, or secondary port, at the entrance of the river Nervion, to be known as the port of Abra. The effect will be to supersede the existing dangerous entrance to the river, produced by the open bar, which, especially during the prevalence of north-west winds, renders Bilbao one of the most dangerous and difficult ports on the Atlantic coast.

The Netherlands Minister of Finance has prepared his Budget for 1888-89. It shows a deficit of 13,000,000 fl., which, it is expected, will be reduced to 5,000,000 fl. by an increased yield from taxation and various economies. The total deficit at the end of 1889 is estimated at 25,000,000 fl., but the Minister states that new loans can be avoided for a long time in consequence of the abundance of money in the Treasury.

The Emperor of Germany arrived at Potsdam on Sept. 22. On the 23rd the Emperor and Empress visited the new Casino for the officers of his Majesty's Body Guard Hussars, and afterwards received a visit from the Empress Frederick. The Emperor was present on the 24th at the inauguration of the new club of the Hussars of the Guard. After giving audience to Prince Bismarck, who came from Friedrichsruh on purpose, on the 25th, his Majesty proceeded to Detmold on a visit to the Prince of Lippe-Detmold; and the Empress, accompanied by her children, left for Primkenau.—Public interest



THE LATE EARL OF MAR AND KELLIE.
SEE "OBITUARY."

continues to be greatly excited by the publication of the late Emperor's diary, from which it appears that he was the real moving spirit in the foundation of the new empire. Some doubts have, however, been expressed of the genuineness of the diary.

THE LATE MR. R. A. PROCTOR.

The death of this eminent scientific astronomer, and popular writer and lecturer on the facts of astronomy, took place on Sept. 12, at New York, where he had arrived two days before from his chosen home among the orange-groves of Florida, on his way to England. Mr. Richard Anthony Proctor was a Londoner, born in Chelsea on March 23, 1834, and was educated at private schools, at King's College, London, and at King's College, Cambridge, where he was a wrangler in mathematics, and took his degree of B.A. He was for a short time a clerk in the London Joint Stock Bank, but inherited a small independence, which he lost in 1867 by the Overend and Gurney failure. Having been married several years, and having already written astronomical papers for the *Cornhill Magazine*, and published an important treatise on the planet Saturn, which appeared in 1865, Mr. Proctor resolved to earn an income by literature descriptive of the interesting results of modern



THE LATE MR. R. A. PROCTOR, ASTRONOMER.

astronomical research. In this department, both as an author and as a lecturer, his abilities were such as have rarely been equalled; his lectures, delivered from memory without the aid of any written notes, were admirable compositions, perfectly methodical in arrangement, clear, concise and graceful in style, and replete with exact particulars for which he never hesitated a moment. They were eagerly listened to by his audiences all over the United Kingdom, America, and Australia, while he continued to write magazine articles and popular books, which proved a literary success. "Other Worlds than Ours," "Orbs around Us," "The Borderland of Science," "Half-hours with the Stars," and "Light Science for Leisure Hours;" also "Planetary Orbits," "Sun Views of the Earth," and "Constellation Seasons," are well known. He also performed much really scientific work of research, producing a revised edition of the great catalogue of stars, discussing the method of observing the transit of Venus, examining the mathematics of astronomy, and making observations in solar spectroscopy. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society in 1866, and was afterwards appointed honorary secretary and editor of its "Proceedings," but soon resigned that office. He was an honorary Fellow of King's College, London.

THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION.

The grand International Exhibition at Melbourne, held in commemoration of the centenary of the settlement of Sydney, New South Wales, in 1788, which was the commencement of the Australian Colonies, has been partly described. Illustrations, from sketches by our special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, of its opening by Sir H. B. Loch, the Governor of Victoria, accompanied by the other Governors of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, have appeared in this Journal. The Exhibition buildings, a great enlargement of those erected for the Melbourne Exhibition of 1880, in Carlton-gardens, with the architectural front to the south, but with the main entrance from Nicholson-street, on the east side, are intersected from north to south by the "Grand Avenue of Nations." In this Grand Avenue, a quarter of a mile long, passing down it from the north end, are the entrances to the Courts, respectively, on the right hand side, of the United States of America, Germany, Austro-Hungary, Belgium, France, and Great Britain; on the left hand side, those of Canada, New Zealand, Queensland, South Australia, the large Court of Victoria, Tasmania, and New South Wales. A dome of the building covers the intersection of the Eastern and Western Avenues with the Grand Avenue of Nations; at the south end of which, passing to the right a large compartment allotted to Lancashire manufactures, are the great hall, the fernery, the nave and transept; the grand dome, 200 ft. high, the State reception-rooms, and the offices of the Exhibition Commissioners, with galleries, courts, and various departments specially ornamental or attractive. Here, in the east gallery of the nave, above the concert-hall, is the German Trophy, which represents Germania congratulating Australia on the attainment of her centenary: and in the south gallery is the statue of Victory, which was left by the Germans as a legacy to Victoria after the Exhibition of 1880. The British, French, German, Belgian, and Victorian Art Galleries are in the balconies on the north and south sides of the nave, in this part of the buildings. Proceeding thence up the Grand Avenue of Nations, and passing the Courts of Great Britain and France, on one hand, New South Wales and Victoria on the other, and several foreign and colonial courts, the visitor, approaching the north end, reaches that of Germany, and the United States Court next it, the entrances to which are shown in our Illustrations. The entrance to the German Court is through an immense arch, hung with rich draperies, which leads directly into a saloon filled with pianos, and some of these are continually being played. The United States Court is distinguished by the stars painted on columns, and by the name in large gold letters under the side lights; its front is occupied by Singer's sewing machines, and Edison's phonographs attract much curiosity. In the machinery annexe, at the north end, Great Britain, America, and Germany divide the space between them; the collection of British machinery is said to be the most important ever brought together. There is not very much ground outside the buildings, or anything worthy of note except two portable railways and the inevitable "switch-back," now a popular amusement at all Exhibitions. As a well-furnished and well-ordered show of leading arts and industries, European, American, and Australian, and of Colonial products, the Melbourne Exhibition is tolerably complete.

The Natal Council has passed a resolution declaring that it is undesirable, in existing circumstances, to consider the question of the annexation of Zululand to Natal.

The anniversary of the union between Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia has been celebrated with great rejoicing at Sofia and the principal Roumelian towns.

From Zanzibar we hear that there has been fighting at Bagamoyo between the German colonists and the natives, upwards of one hundred of the latter having been killed.

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Sergius and the Grand Duke Paul of Russia were received by the Sultan on Sept. 25, at Constantinople, his Majesty subsequently paying them a visit at the Yildiz Châlet.

Souakim seems to be regularly invested by the rebel Dervishes. Trenches have been dug, guns mounted, and shells thrown into the town. A hot fire is kept up by both sides, and the boldness of the insurgents seems to be increasing.

A singular affair is reported to have happened on the Southern Pacific Railway, in Texas, where a gang of robbers stopped an express. An armed force on the train put the robbers to flight, and shot two of them; but by mistake they also killed the engine-driver.

The Queen has conferred the Albert Medal of the Second Class upon Lieutenant Pulteney Malcolm, 4th Ghoorka Regiment, in recognition of the conspicuous gallantry displayed by him on June 10, 1887, in attempting to save the life of a comrade who had fallen over a precipice, near Dalhousie, East India.

Colonel Graham has attacked the Thibetans in the Jelapla Pass, and completely defeated them, capturing their camp. The Thibetans lost four hundred killed and wounded. On the British side Colonel Bromhead lost his right arm, and nine Sepoys were wounded. Colonel Graham is now advancing upon Rinchigong, in the Chumbi Valley, which is in Thibetan territory.

A scheme for the promotion of evening educational classes is being set on foot by the London Young Women's Christian Association. There are over 140 branches of the Association in London, and of these nearly forty are institutes and homes. Several of these institutes have held evening classes for their members, but an endeavour is now being made to increase the number and the efficiency of the classes, and so bring them within reach of the large numbers of young women not at present enrolled among the 15,000 members of the London Y.W.C.A. The subjects to be taught will include book-keeping, shorthand, French, music, dress-cutting and draping, ambulance, housewifery, and cookery. The classes will be open to all young women, the teaching will be thoroughly efficient, and the fees extremely moderate. A list of institutes in all parts of London where these classes are to be held will be forwarded on application to the Secretary, 16A, Old Cavendish-street, W.

The Portrait of the late Earl of Mar and Kellie, whose death is noticed in our Obituary, is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, of Regent-street; and that of the late Major Edmund Musgrave Barttelot, murdered in Central Africa by the mutineers of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, is from a photograph by Mr. Marshall Wane, of Edinburgh. The photograph of the late Mr. R. A. Proctor, copied in our Portrait of him, is by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street. Among our Illustrations of the Chelmsford festivities at the creation of the new Municipal Corporation for that town, we give the Portraits of Mr. Frank Whitmore, architect, who is nominated by the Charter to be the first Mayor and Alderman; and of Mr. Arthur J. Furbank, solicitor, who is appointed Town Clerk; both these are from photographs by Mr. F. Spalding, of Chelmsford. A series of views of the ceremonies, taken by Mr. F. E. Everard, photographer, of that town, has been received with much approval.



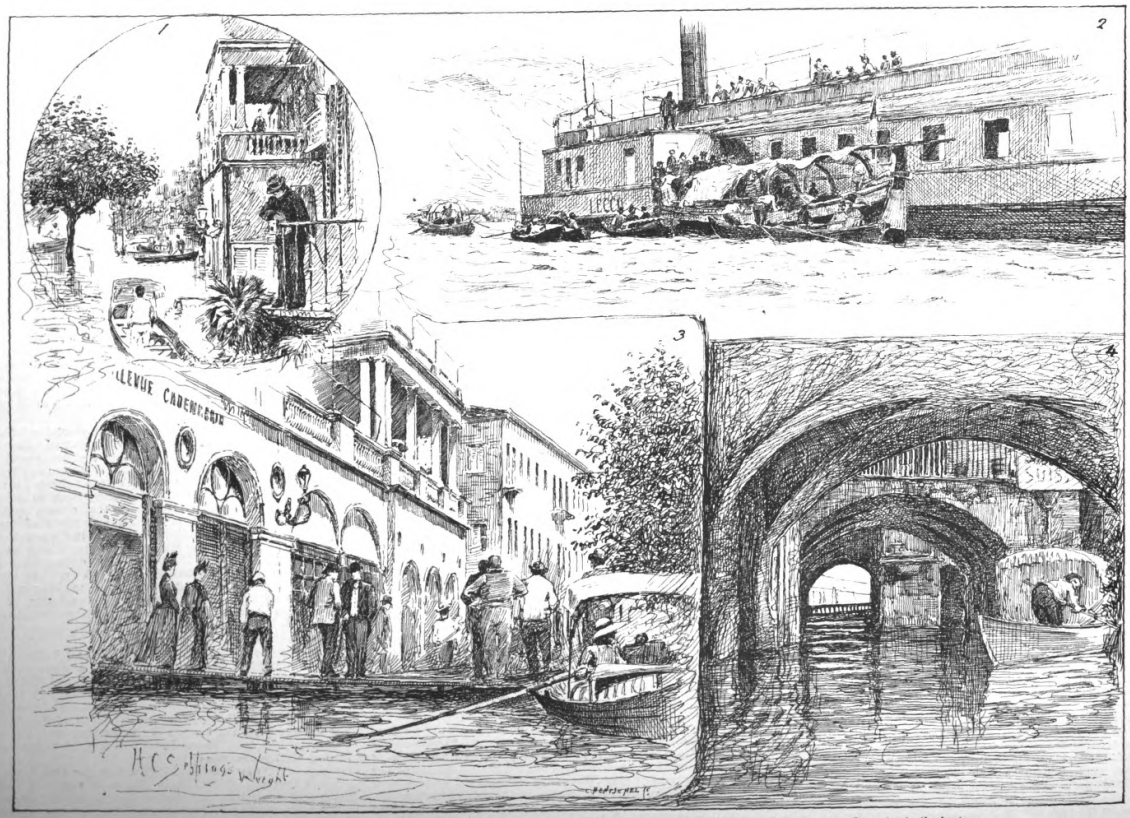
THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION: ENTRANCE TO THE GERMAN COURT.



THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION: ENTRANCE TO THE UNITED STATES COURT.

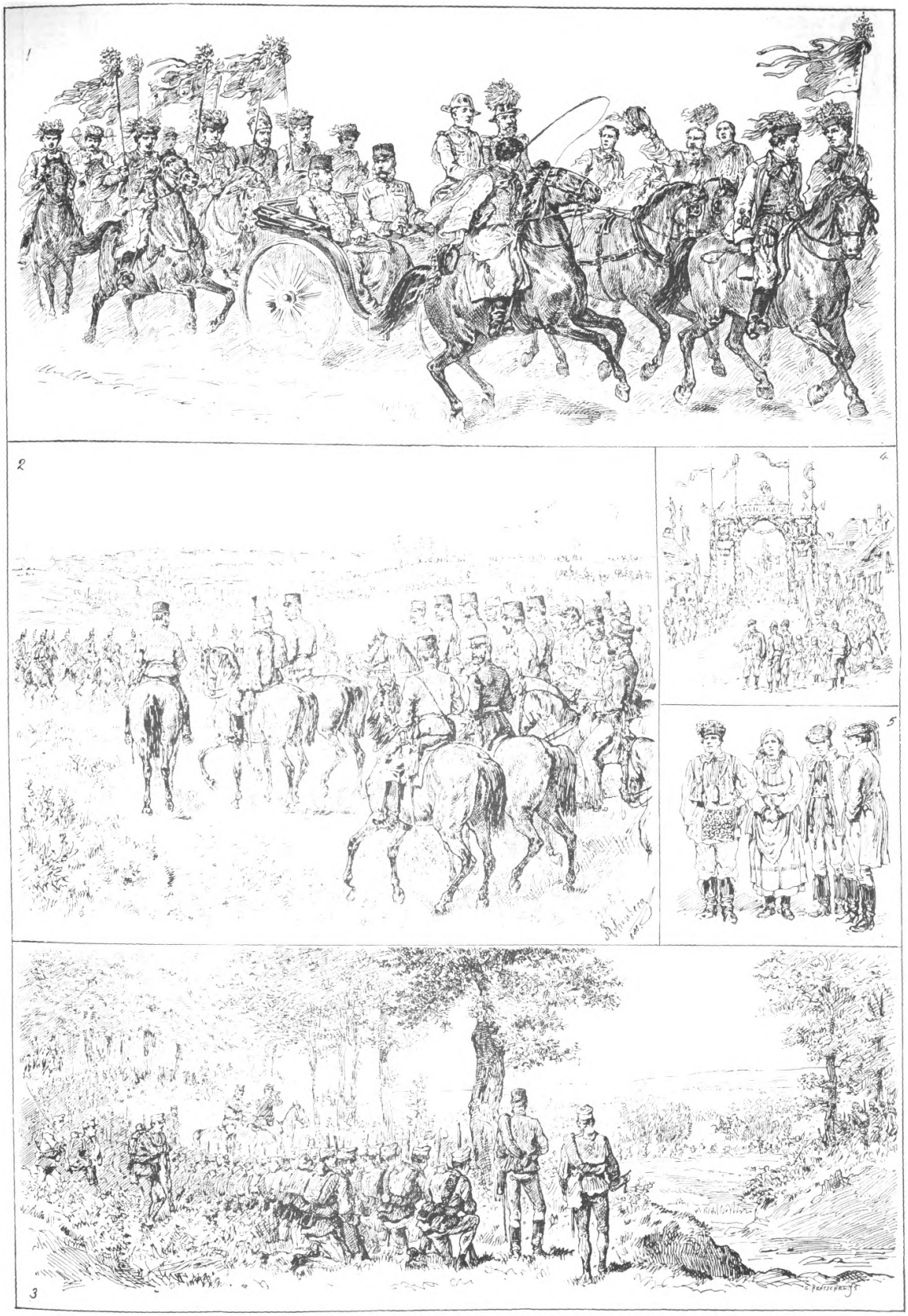
THE FLOODS IN NORTH ITALY.

The romantic valleys on the Italian side of the Alps, especially those about the Lake of Como and in the Italian Tyrol at the head of the Lake of Garda, have been visited by extensive floods, causing much inconvenience to September tourists, but no real danger, and we believe no great amount of damage. On the Lake of Como, so much frequented by English families, the water rose about ten feet, owing to incessant rains during four days, but not to the height it reached on Sept. 2, 1829, nor that of Oct. 6, 1868, though it exceeded by a few inches the height it attained on May 29, 1810. By Sept. 14 it was slowly receding, and should the weather continue fine, would return to its usual level in the course of a few days. Bellagio and Cadenabbia, towns nearly opposite to each other at the entrance to the south-western branch of the lake, which leads to Como and to Milan, experienced the effects of the flood. At the former place the lower floors of the smaller hotels were invaded by the lake, but the large hotels and more recently built ones are untouched. At Cadenabbia, the salons and dining-hall at the Belle Vue hotel were partially submerged, while the Hôtel Britannia and the Hôtel Belle Île remained completely free from all signs of the inundation. Lieutenant-Colonel T. B. Jervis, who was staying at the Hôtel Belle Vue, has favoured us with some photographs of the scenes he witnessed there. He says that, after the heavy thunderstorm and rains on the night of Sept. 11, the sight of the rapidly rising lake frightened the visitors, so that next morning about eighty persons left the hotel, and were taken off in boats, to which they walked from the door over a platform of planks, embarking on the steamers for Lecco or Como. One of our Illustrations is that of the Arcades at Bellagio, where the floods did a good deal of damage to the contents of the shops for the sale of silks, rugs, and objects of art or curiosity. We take this opportunity of noticing the latest descriptive account of the various interesting places on the shores of the Lake of Como, their beautiful scenery, antiquities, and historical associations. "Como and Italian Lake-land," a volume published by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co., is the work of the Rev. T. W. M. Lund, Chaplain to the School for the Blind at Liverpool. It includes, moreover, the fullest and most exact account of Milan with which we are acquainted.



1. Front of the Bellevue Hotel at Cadenabbia, on the Lake of Como.
2. Boats taking people from the Hotel on board the Lake steamer.
3. Visitors leaving the Hotel door by a platform across the water to the boats.
4. Arcades at Bellagio flooded.

THE FLOODS IN NORTH ITALY.



1. Escort of Mounted Croatian Peasants accompanying the Emperor and the Prince of Wales to Belovar.
2. The Emperor, the Crown Prince, and the Prince of Wales, witnessing the Manœuvres, on the hills near Greda.
3. Croatian Honveds in the Belo Forest.
4. Triumphal Arch erected at Kreutz.
5. Peasants in the Croatian national costume, awaiting the Emperor and the Prince of Wales.

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES AT BELOVAR, IN CROATIA.



SKETCHES FROM "THE ARMADA" AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

SEE "THE PLAYHOUSES."

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION UP THE CONGO AND ARUWIMI.

Readers of the articles which have from time to time appeared under the above heading in *The Illustrated London News* will have been more or less prepared for startling incidents in the history of the Emin Bey Expedition. The serious difficulties that threatened the advance have been dwelt upon, but with caution—my correspondent being under articles of agreement with Mr. Stanley which neither he nor I would willingly disregard. Mr. Ward has forwarded to me sketches and notes, portions of which I am privileged to publish in these columns, the object being rather to illustrate some of the country through which the expedition has passed, than to offer any special references to its policy or management. The fatal disaster which has befallen Major Barttelot is by many regarded as indicative of the previous death of Stanley; but the fact of the news of poor Barttelot's assassination travelling home so quickly is rather encouraging than otherwise as touching the fate of the famous journalistic explorer. "Ill news travels apace" even in Africa; and as long as there is no definite intelligence of the death of Stanley, so long may we continue to have not only good hope of his welfare but of the ultimate success of his expedition. Stanley's career is the best answer to the various rumours and reports of his intentions in Central Africa. The latest announcement is that he went out to found a new Empire, and intended to proclaim himself Emperor. A New York correspondent says Stanley offered him a position as one of his Ministers. Mr. Stanley had probably been amusing himself in this romantic suggestion. Those who saw him last on this side of the Atlantic, and who are associated with him in his arduous work, know well enough that his mission was the relief of Emin Bey; and if he has gone out of the prescribed route it is under the pressure of circumstances over which he has had no control.

The accompanying Illustrations are from drawings by my Congo correspondent, Mr. Ward, made principally at Stanley Falls and in the neighbourhood of the Aruwimi camp, so often mentioned of late in connection with the expedition, and which Major Barttelot broke up to follow his chief. Bolobo, which forms one of our first Illustrations, has been mentioned in former notes. Its history is more or less tragic. In connection with the present expedition it has, however, a pacific and uneventful record. It is the great centre of the ivory and cam-wood powder trade. The native merchants do their business through agents at Stanley Pool. Bolobo, during Mr. Stanley's experience of it, had been twice at war and twice burned to the ground. Eventually, peace was established all round, and the station has become more or less safe; but to secure outposts of this importance, they ought to be efficiently garrisoned. In a district where, as Stanley confesses, the most trivial incidents will bring on a battle, an efficient garrison is needed at all times. The Bolobo country commences with the picturesque little village of Itimba, the tropical prettiness of which is artistically suggested in Mr. Ward's Sketch. It is situated on a low hill, thickly wooded. "Then, as you sail up the river," says Mr. Stanley, "village after village appears, in a nearly continuous line, for about an hour, when the station (Bolobo) comes into view on the open higher ground behind the narrow belt of tall timber lining the riverside." The station is healthy; and some day, when Europeans have learnt the diplomatic art of managing the natives, the district may develop into a fine agricultural settlement. "Imagine a strip of the left bank of the river, about twelve miles long, a thin line of large umbrageous trees close to the water's edge, and a gently sloping background of cleared country rising to about thirty feet above the tallest tree. Just above the centre of this strip, on the open ground, is the station of Bolobo, consisting of a long mat-walled shed, a mud and wattle kitchen, a mud-walled magazine with grass roofs, and about seventy huts arranged in a square, on the outside of the inner group of buildings. Above and below it, close to the water side, amid banana and palm groves, are sheltered about fifteen villages. Seven of these—Itimba, Mimgolo, Biangulu, Ururu, Mongo, Manga, Yambula, and Lingenji—are below the station. Eight are above, among which is Mbanga and a few villages of the Banunu tribe. These form what is called Bolobo."

It is hardly necessary to describe Stanley Falls and the river scenery. But the accompanying fresh Illustrations of the locality are interesting. The drawings were made in the autumn of 1887. They are quite in keeping with the eloquent accounts we have had of the two main channels of the river that are almost bridged at the falls. The stakes and nets in the Illustrations below the falls are familiar objects of the river, and mark the various cataracts. Most of the local tribes are fishermen: the tremendous operations of the Wenya people have been graphically chronicled by Mr. Stanley, not the least interesting of whose latter chapters of "The Congo Free State" is the history of Tippoo Tib's cunning dealings with the hardy Wenya men, whereby he was enabled to navigate the river and establish himself at Stanley Falls. The house of Tippoo Tib is from a drawing made from the site of the Stanley Falls station, Aug. 30, 1887. In the Illustration of Mr. Ward's house at the falls we have a suggestion of "home" in the construction of the high doorway and ample windows; and on the walls, I glean from his letters, were photographs of friends and reminiscences of *The Illustrated London News*. Tippoo Tib's personality, his wives and retinue have been previously noted in these papers. Mr. Ward in one of his letters mentions, as a great surprise and a stroke of genius, Stanley's treaty with Tippoo Tib, whose aid he regarded as absolutely necessary to a successful issue of the expedition at Wadelai. The difficulties of Stanley and his officers are possibly in some cases nevertheless increased by their alliance with the Arabs, who have left behind them on all hands rancorous memories among the natives of nearly every class. As an example of the hostility which has to be met, the following note, taken at random from Mr. Ward's diary (prior to the date on which he joined the expedition) may be quoted:—

Jan. 25, 1887.—Left Manyanga for down country with Lieutenant Taunt, the latter on the 21st having come down upon me, burnt the large store, killed one of my men and killed another outright. We succeeded in holding our own to some extent, and saved our loads out of the fire, including some loose kegs of gunpowder.

It was in the following March that Ward met the expedition, about the fate of which everybody is now painfully anxious. The reader has long ago been able to form a good idea of the character and appearance of the army of soldiers and carriers on the march in former extracts from the letters of my Congo correspondent; but the manuscript diary which I have recently received contains memoranda of a picturesque incident already mentioned which are worth more complete quotation:—

March 6.—Ingham had arrived from Europe, and I heard all about Stanley's Emin Bey Relief Expedition, and determined to try and join; so I accompanied Ingham up to Lukunam to procure carriers. We rattled up very quickly, and dodged about the markets. Ingham then went down on the 17th with about 150 men, and I started from Luk with between 300 and 400 men on the 22nd. On my way I heard, at M'Banja Mantika, of Stanley's arrival, and, pushing on, I met him two days after, near Maga Mankenje, on the N'seke-Stanley side. I first of all saw four Soumalis carrying their kit; then Stanley, mounted on a fine mule, its trappings shining in the bright morning light; behind him was a great, tall Soudanese soldier, carrying Gordon Bennett's yacht flag (American, with round yellow circle and anchor). "And you are Mr. Ward, are you? Why, you have grown somewhat since I saw you in London in '81," said Stanley, dismounting. He offered me a seat upon a couple of the Soumalis' rolled blankets. We sat. He handed me a cigar from a small silver case, which I afterwards ascertained was the one given him by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales upon the occasion of his visit to Sandringham just previous to his departure with this expedition. . . . When we parted (I with my new duties and mission) I proceeded on past the caravan, which was composed of upwards of 700 men, and a more imposing sight I think I never saw. All the men were fresh, having only started two or three days, and they were all dressed in their characteristic costumes: Zanzibaris in their white Arab shirts reaching to the knee, with just a little of their gaudy-coloured loin-cloth visible below it, boxes on their heads, water-bottles slung over their shoulders, their guns at their backs; Soudanese soldiers in their dark-blue great-coats and hoods, their bayonets, cross-ridge-belts, and guns and kit; Soumalis with their fancy waistcoats and variegated loin-cloths; sections of the whale-boat carried each by four men; donkeys with pack-saddles and loads; large-horned goats with similar saddles and loads, and hoes, shovels, and axes; the caravan stretched away for three miles—a fine subject for a painter; a most unusual and strange sight on the Congo.

Sad events have happened since that gay cavalcade marched through the African wilderness; and Mr. Ward's diary of 1888, to which I shall have occasion to refer in future articles, contains notes of pestilence, privations, and war. In presence of the doubts as to Stanley's fate, the murder of Barttelot, the death of Jameson (which will probably leave Ward in command), one may be allowed to make such extracts therefrom as throw light upon the earlier movements of the expedition and the experiences of those whom Stanley has left as his rearguard. Meanwhile, touching the remainder of this week's Illustrations, the examples of basket-work and pottery from the Aruwimi river will, no doubt, surprise many readers who are apt to couple an art instinct and an eye for form and colour only with a high type of civilisation. Everything connected with the Aruwimi is just now of more than common interest. It was here that Stanley formed his last camp prior to his disappearance; here Barttelot collected his men and supplies to follow his chief. Aruwimi has had bad and good omens for Stanley. He had to storm the Aruwimi village in 1877; but in 1883 he was well received, and entered into ceremonious blood brotherhood with the local chiefs, Yambinga, Yambilia, Yambua are all on the Aruwimi, and not far from the camp where Ward served under Barttelot. The native woman and child and the picturesque huts belong to this locality. Mr. Stanley, on his visit to the Aruwimi in 1883, mentions the new kind of hut noted by Ward. "At Bondeh," says Stanley, "we saw for the first time a change in the architecture of the buildings. Many tall, conical huts, of the candle-extinguisher type, were seen rising high above the well-known low ridge-roof style adopted along the Congo, since we left the Atlantic."

In Ward's private notes to me I find, in the very early days of 1888, anxious memoranda about Stanley. As early as Jan. 9 he writes at "Yambinga Intrenched Camp, Aruwimi River.—It seems very strange we have heard nothing of Stanley, who was to have returned last November, and we can only account for this prolonged absence by supposing that he has had to go a longer journey from Lake Albert Nyanza than he previously anticipated. If anything has happened to him it will be a bad look out for the expedition; and I do not know how the relief goods—merchandise and ammunition, 700 loads—will ever reach him. There appears to me to be some motive in Tippoo Tib's delaying the 700 men he promised. It is hardly feasible his excuse that his men refused to carry our loads on account of their weight. His authority certainly ought to overcome any scruples of that sort, and, besides, £2500 is very good pay for his Manyema slaves. . . . There is something at the bottom of it all which we shall perhaps know all about before long."

Major Barttelot, it is said, fell by the hand of one of the fierce Manyema tribe, many of whom he had engaged as carriers, and in whose country Livingstone had a narrow escape of assassination. Ward mentions giving a knife and spear (which had been given to him by an Arab) to Jameson (whose death is reported this week), about whom he writes:—"Jameson is an awfully good fellow—energetic, amusing, very clever in many ways, and has exceedingly good taste. He is one of the best fellows I ever met, or am likely to meet. His kind attention to me during my attack of dysentery, probably saving my life, I shall never forget." JOSEPH HATTON.

The "Wanderings of a War Artist," now publishing in the *Naval and Military Magazine*, are by Mr. Irving Montagne, formerly one of the special artists of this Journal. Mr. Montague proposes to publish his recollections in book form when completed.

The concluding meeting of the International Geological Congress was held on Sept. 22, at the London University, Professor Prestwich, who presided, felicitated the members on the results attained, and it was decided to hold the next meeting (in 1891) at Philadelphia. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded for the hospitality which had been shown to the foreign members in London.

Many inquiries have been received by members of the "Society of the Japanese Residents in England" as to the means of remitting contributions to those suffering from the recent eruption of the Mount Bandai Wakamatsu, Japan. Arrangements have been made with the Yokohama Specie Bank, 84, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C., that they will transmit to the sufferers such contributions that may be sent to them before Oct. 10.

The central committee of the Glasgow City Bank Relief Fund have disposed of the surplus of about £8000, after providing annuities, at a cost of £90,000, for those who had hitherto received pensions. This closes the largest fund that has ever been raised in Scotland for a charitable purpose. The sum subscribed amounted to upwards of £380,000, which, with added interest of £47,000, brought the total amount distributed amongst the shareholders to £427,000.

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THE AUSTRIAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, King of Hungary, entertaining his Royal guest the Prince of Wales, conducted him on Sept. 12 to Belovar, in Croatia, where he remained two days, to witness some manœuvres of a portion of the Austro-Hungarian Army. The Imperial Crown Prince Rudolph, and Archdukes Otto and William of Austria, accompanied his Majesty and the Prince of Wales, who arrived from Buda-Pesth, with the Hungarian Ministers, at the Kreutz railway station, and were escorted in carriages to Belovar, preceded by the Ban of Croatia, with a martial array of armed and mounted Croatian peasants. The Prince of Wales, wearing his Austrian Hussar uniform, sat with the Emperor in his carriage; his personal suite consisted of Major-General Ellis, C.S.I., the Hon. H. Tyrwhitt Wilson, Prince Louis Esterhazy, and Count Bredo, who is a Captain in the Austrian Army. Major-General Keith Fraser, Military Attaché, was also travelling with the Prince, by the Emperor of Austria's special invitation.

On the next morning the manœuvres were commenced. The general idea was that a western force—consisting of the Thirty-sixth Infantry Division and the Eighty-third Honved Infantry Brigade, making in all twenty battalions and ten squadrons, with eighteen guns—advancing from Agram to Brod, had detached one column, which was to reach Belovar. Meanwhile, an eastern force—consisting of the Seventh Infantry Division, with the Eighty-second Honved Infantry Brigade, in all seventeen battalions, six squadrons, and twenty guns—was marching up from Bosnia to the Croatian capital, and, with the advanced guard, reached the vicinity of Belovar. The two advance columns were to come into contact, and to fight for the strategical points defending the entrance to Bosnia. During part of the morning the Emperor, the Prince of Wales, and the Archdukes Rudolph, William, and Otto remained on a plateau whence they could descry all the manœuvres. Presently they moved away, with six squadrons of Uhlans and four of Honveds, or Landwehr Cavalry, to repulse an attack of the enemy. The charges were brilliantly executed; and the Emperor, noticing the Prince of Wales's admiration, introduced General Von Henesberg, Inspector-General of the Honved Cavalry, saying, "This is the man to whom we owe the efficiency of our Landwehr Cavalry."

Towards noon his Royal Highness dismounted at Bulinac, where four artillery batteries were stationed; and he was much interested in the rapid manœuvring of the field-pieces. From the moment when a battery rode up to its position to that when the first shot was fired only 1 min. 48 sec. elapsed.

The manœuvres were continued next day, Sept. 14, the Prince of Wales remaining on horseback till they were finished. The quarters at Belovar occupied by his Royal Highness were apartments on the first floor of the "County House," the largest building in the town, while the Emperor occupied the residence of the Lord Lieutenant of the county. In the street of the town, two triumphal arches had been erected, in welcome of the Emperor and his illustrious guest. In front of one of these there was an official reception by the Archduke Joseph, the popular Chief of the Hungarian and Croatian Honveds, supported by all the Croatian and local authorities, including Cardinal Michailovich, whom the Emperor especially distinguished. The Prince of Wales accompanied his Majesty to a popular fête at the neighbouring village, where he saw the peasants, clad in white, enlivened by bright-coloured scarfs and aprons, dancing the *kolo* to the melancholy strains of the bagpipes and tambura. He also spent some time in the camp of the gipsies. In the evening the natives surprised the Imperial visitors with a finely-performed serenade and a torchlight procession.

Our Illustrations are from Sketches by Mr. C. Drechsler.

CHELMSFORD AND ITS MUNICIPAL CHARTER.

The ancient town of Chelmsford, with a population exceeding 11,000, and with a rateable value of property to the amount of £41,869, though it is the place for holding the Assizes and the Quarter Sessions for Essex, and the head-quarters of the County Police, has only now obtained incorporation as a borough under the Municipal Corporations Act. We believe that Oakham, in Rutland, a place one-third the size of Chelmsford, is the only other English county town in that inferior position. At Chelmsford, the movement to get the town incorporated was opposed by many of the largest ratepayers, but an overwhelming majority of the inhabitant householders signed the petition in favour of incorporation. In February the Hon. T. H. W. Pelham held a three days' inquiry, and on Aug. 15 Mr. Furbank, the chief promoter of the project, received a communication from the Privy Council that the Queen had been pleased to grant the charter. On Sept. 19 a deputation of about twenty townsmen journeyed to London to receive the charter. They travelled back to Chelmsford in a saloon carriage specially provided by the Great Eastern Railway Company. The town had been gaily decorated with mottoes, flags, and greenery, and most of the inhabitants had turned out. The deputation was met at the railway-station by a procession nearly half a mile in length. It included three bands of music, 1500 school-children, two fire-engines and brigades, Volunteers, friendly societies in regalia, with banners, the Essex troop of Royal Suffolk Hussars, and the Mayors and other members of the Corporations of Colchester, West Ham, Maldon, Saffron Walden, and other Essex towns. After parading the main thoroughfares the procession returned to the Corn Exchange, where Mr. Furbank read the charter amid enthusiastic cheers. The National Anthem was then sung. In the evening a public dinner was held at the Corn Exchange.

The Rev. Dr. R. M. Comerford, of Monasterevan, has been selected by the Pope to fill the position of Coadjutor Bishop to the Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

The dedication of a new reredos in terra-cotta, the gift of Sir Henry Doulton, took place at the parish church of St. Mary's, Lambeth, adjoining the Archbishop's Palace, in conjunction with the Harvest Festival, on Sept. 28. The Bishop of Rochester preached. The design of the reredos is by Mr. J. Oldrid Scott, architect.

During the last few years a great reformation of habits has quietly taken place amongst seamen, fishermen, and bargemen. There have been 69,000 pledges of total abstinence taken by them of the Missions to Seamen chaplains and readers in nine years. But the Missions to Seamen has to follow up this pledge-taking by endeavouring to provide handsome mission-churches, with comfortable institutes under the same roof, for sailors ashore; mission-boats to board ships at anchor; and Divine worship and reading matter for crews at sea, so as to establish a brotherhood between the chaplains and the abstaining seamen and others. An appeal is made for supplies of disused books, pictures, and periodicals for outward-bound ships; and for Barnsley "crush" bags to contain them. They may be sent in boxes, hampers, or sacks, prepaid, to the Missions to Seamen, 11, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.; or to the nearest chaplain.



THE LATE MAJOR EDMUND MUSGRAVE BARTTELOT,
KILLED BY MUTINEERS, IN THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.



SUBAHDAR KISHAUBIR NAGAR KOTI,
A BRAVE NATIVE OFFICER OF A GHOORKA REGIMENT.

A BRAVE NATIVE INDIAN OFFICER.

The lamented death of Major Battye and Captain H. B. Urmston, of the Punjaub Infantry, who were killed on June 18 in a conflict with the revolted tribes of the Black Mountain, on British territory, near the Oghi outpost beyond Abbottabad, was noticed in this Journal at the time. Further accounts showed that the Ghoorkas behaved with great bravery; and the native officer, Subahdar Kishaubir, 1st Battalion 5th Ghoorkas, with heroic courage. It appears that on approaching Chitabad heavy firing was opened on the advanced guard, which was accompanied by Major Battye and Captain Urmston. On its being reported that a havildar with the rear-guard had been wounded Major Battye and Captain Urmston joined the rear and placed the wounded man in a dandy. The fire now became very heavy, and Major Battye ordered the Ghoorkas to retire on a village occupied by the advanced guard. The jungle here was very thick, and, while retiring, Captain Urmston was severely wounded with an axe in the left shoulder. Shortly after this Subahdar Kishaubir heard the bugler boy calling out for assistance, and exclaiming that the Major was attacked. On rushing up the Subahdar saw Major Battye, severely wounded, defending himself. The Subahdar dashed in and drove his sword with both hands through the chest of the assailant, who dropped dead. Seizing Major Battye's arm, Kishaubir led him off, but after a few steps Major Battye fell. Large numbers of tribesmen now surrounded the small party, cutting off retreat in every direction, save down a precipitous ravine. A dash was made upon Captain Urmston. The Subahdar shouted, "Fight bravely, my children; do not desert your English officers! If you must die, let some of these dogs die with you!" The Sepoys fought stanchly together until Major Battye and Captain Urmston were both dead. The Subahdar, who had exhausted his rifle ammunition, discharged his remaining revolver cartridges, and shouted, "Both the officers are dead; now you may save your own lives!" He then, with the two surviving Sepoys, jumped down the ravine, and eventually managed to rejoin the main force. He was badly wounded. A bullet had passed through his thigh, and he had a gash on the head and a disabled arm. Nevertheless, he insisted upon marching back with the force to recover the bodies of Major Battye and Captain Urmston. The Sepoys accordingly fought their way back, and eventually carried off their dead, and succeeded in returning, late in the evening, to Oghi Fort.

We are requested by Colonel H. B. Urmston, of Ardenlee, Maidstone, father of the gallant officer bearing that name whose loss is deplored, to publish the Portrait of Subahdar Kishaubir Nagar Koti, who has nearly recovered from his wounds, and is at present on sick leave at his home in Nepaul. The Subahdar has already been three times decorated with the Order of Merit for his conspicuous gallantry on different occasions. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. H. Browning and Son, India.

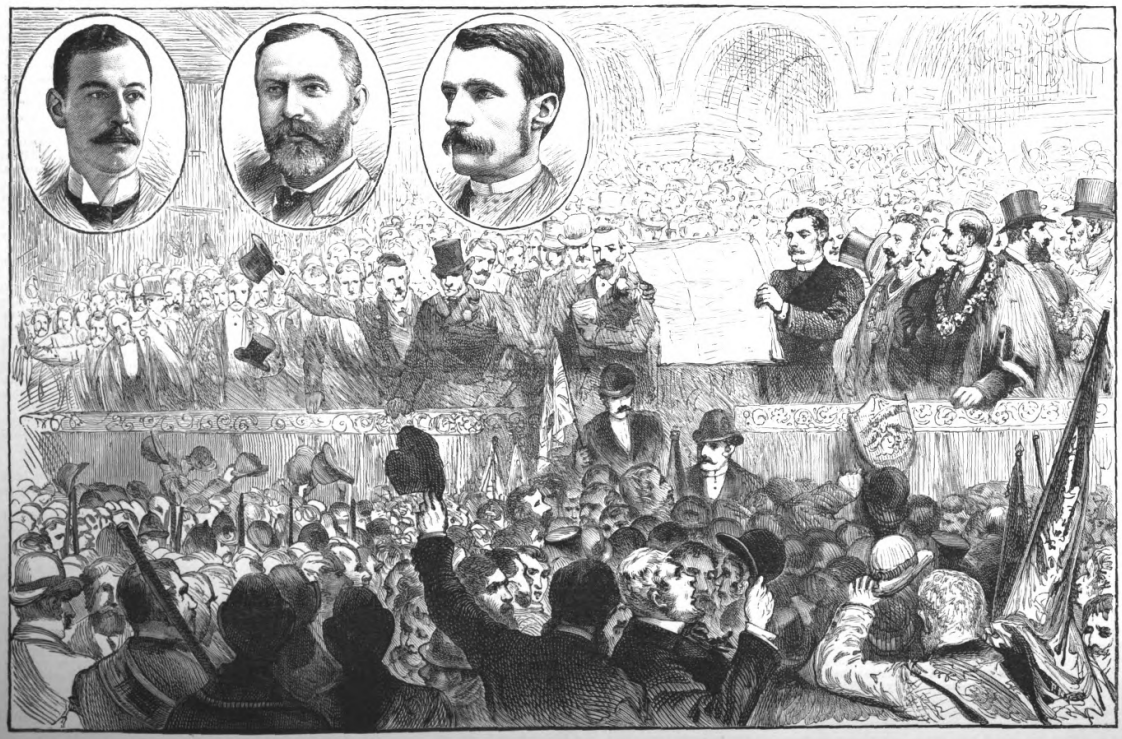
With regard to Captain Urmston, there is a letter from Colonel John Haughton bearing testimony to a singular act of courage which he once performed alone, in passing among enemies in the dark at night, through the craggy hills at Bagh, when he was doing duty with the transport department of General Tytler's brigade, in the Zaimusht expedition of December, 1878. He died a worthy death, falling in the act of trying to save a wounded comrade.

Mr. Blane, M.P., was released on Sept. 24 from Londonderry Jail, where he had been imprisoned for some time for offences against the Crimes Act.—Two Roman Catholic priests have been sentenced by Mr. M'Leod at Arklow to six weeks' imprisonment for inciting persons to join in an illegal conspiracy.

MR. R. COOK,
Secretary, Reception Committee.

MR. FRANK WHITMORE,
First Mayor of Chelmsford.

MR. ARTHUR J. FURBANK,
First Town Clerk of Chelmsford.



MUNICIPAL INCORPORATION OF CHELMSFORD: MR. FURBANK READING THE CHARTER AT THE TOWNHALL.



1. Bolobo, on the Congo River.
2. Looking up the Congo from the house of Falls.
3. View from below Stanley Falls.
4. The Babulu-Wasongolo Tribe (Three Types).
5. Village in Mahomed-bin-Seid's District.
6. Huts at Yambina.
7. Our House at Stanley Falls.
8. Native Woman of Aruwimi Falls.
9. A and B. Palm-oil Pots, Yambina.
   C. Pot containing Cam-wood and Olives, Articles of an Aruwimi Native's Toilet; carried over the shoulder.
   D. Basket used for sifting Manioc Flour, &c.
   E. Bark-box used for preserving Manioc Flour, &c.
   F. Basket for Provisions.
10. Stanley Falls.
11. Native of the Aruwimi Country.
12. Houses in rows: Five hours' march to Stanley Falls.
13. Himba.
14. Houses of Tippoo Tib, Stanley Falls.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION IN CENTRAL AFRICA.—SEE PAGE 367.

SKETCHES BY MR. HERBERT WARD, A COMPANION OF MR. H. M. STANLEY.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CAMP IN THE COMB.



I awoke in the morning, I found to be near the head of a most beautiful comb or valley among the Black Down Hills. I knew it not at the time, but it was not far from that old Roman stronghold which we had passed on our way to Taunton, called Castle Ratch. The hills rose steep on either hand, their slopes hidden by trees. At our feet the brook took its rise in a green quagmire. The birds were singing, the sun was already high, and the air was warm, though there was a fresh breeze blowing. The warmth and sweetness filled my soul when I awoke, and I sat up with joy, until suddenly I remembered why we were here, and who were here with me. Then my heart sank like a lump of lead in water. I looked around. My father lay just as he had been lying all the day before, motionless, white of cheek, and as one dead, save for the slight motion of his chest and the twitching of his nostril. As I looked at him in the clear morning light, it was borne in upon me very strongly that he was indeed dead, inasmuch as his soul seemed to have fled. He saw nothing, he felt nothing. If the flies crawled over his eyelids he made no sign of disturbance; yet he breathed, and from time to time he murmured—but as one that dreameth. Beside him lay my mother sleeping, worn out by the fatigues of the night. Barnaby had spread his coat to cover her so that she should not take cold, and he had piled a little heap of dead leaves to make her a pillow. He was lying at her feet, head on arm, sleeping heavily. What should be done, I wondered, when next he woke?

First I went down the comb a little way till the stream was deep enough, and there I bathed my feet, which were swollen and bruised by the long walk up the comb. Though it was in the midst of so much misery, there was a pleasure of dabbling my feet in the cool water and afterwards of walking about barefoot in the grass. I disturbed an adder which was sleeping on a flat stone in the sun, and it lifted its venomous head and hissed, but did not spring upon me. Then I washed my face and hands and made my hair as smooth as without a comb it was possible. When I had done this I remembered that perhaps my father might be thirsty, or, at least, able to drink, though he seemed no more to feel hunger or thirst. So I filled the tin pannikin—it was Barnaby's—with water and tried to pour a little into his mouth. He seemed to swallow it, and I gave him a little more until he would swallow no more. Observe that he took no other nourishment than a little water, wine, or milk, or a few drops of broth, until the end. So I covered his face with a handkerchief to keep off the flies, and left him. Then I looked into the basket. All that there was in it would not be more than enough for Barnaby's breakfast, unless his appetite should fail him by reason of fear; though, in truth, he had no fear of being captured, or of anything else. There was in it a piece of bacon, a large loaf of bread, a lump of cheese, a bottle of cider; nothing more. When these provisions were gone, what next? Could we venture into the nearest village and buy food, or to the first farm-house? Then we might fall straight into the jaws of the enemy, who were probably running over the whole country in search of the fugitives. Could we buy without money? Could we beg without arousing suspicions? If the people were well-inclined to the Protestant cause we might trust them. But how could we tell that? So in my mind I turned over everything except the one thing which might have proved our salvation, and that you shall hear directly. Also, which was a very strange thing, I quite forgot that I had upon me, tied by a string round my waist and well concealed, Barnaby's bag of gold—two hundred and fifty pieces. Thus there was money enough and to spare. I discovered, next, that our pony had run away in the night. The cart was there, but no pony to drag it. Well, it was not much; but it seemed an additional burden to bear. I ventured a little way up the valley, following a sheep-track which mounted higher and higher. I saw no sign anywhere of man's presence; that, I take it, is marked in woods by circles of burnt cinders, by trees felled, by bundles of broom or fern tied up, or by shepherds' huts. Here there was nothing at all; you would have said that the place had never been visited by man. Presently I came to a place where the woods ceased, the last of the trees being much stunted and blown over from the west; and then the top of the hill began, not a sharp pico or point, but a great open plain, flat, or swelling out here and there with many of the little hillocks which people say are ancient tombs. And no trees at all, but only bare turf, so that one could see a great way off. But there was no sign of man anywhere: no smoke in the comb at my feet; no shepherd on the hill. At this juncture of our fortunes any stranger might be an enemy; therefore I returned, but so far well pleased.

Barnaby was now awake, and was inspecting the basket of provisions.

"Sister," he said, "we must go upon half rations for breakfast; but I hope, unless my skill fails, to bring you something better for supper. The bread you shall have, and mother. The bacon may keep till to-morrow. The cider you had better keep against such times as you feel worn out and want a cordial, though a glass of Nantz were better, if Nantz grew in the woods." He looked around as if to see whether a miracle would not provide him with a flask of strong drink, but, seeing none, shook his head.

"As for me," he went on, "I am a sailor, and I understand how to forage. Therefore, yesterday, foreseeing that the provisions might give out, I dropped the shank of the ham into my pocket. Now you shall see."

He produced this delicate morsel, and, sitting down, began to gnaw and to bite into the bone with his strong teeth, exactly like a dog. This he continued, with every sign of satisfaction, for a quarter of an hour or so, when he desisted, and replaced the bone in his pocket.

"We throw away the bones," he said. "The dogs gnaw them and devour them. Think you that it is for their amusement? Not so; but for the juices and the nourishment that are in and around the bone; for the marrow and for the meat that still will stick in odd corners." He went down to the stream with the pannikin and drank a cup or two of water to finish what they call a horse's meal—namely, the food first and the water afterwards.

"And now," he added, "I have breakfasted. It is true that I am still hungry, but I have eaten enough to carry me on for a while. Many a poor lad cast away on a desert shore would find the shank of a ham a meal fit for a king; aye, and a meal or two after that. I shall make a dinner presently off this bone; and I shall still keep it against a time when there may be no provision left."

Then he looked about him, shading his eyes with his hand. "Let us consider," he said. "The troopers, I take it, are riding along the roads. Whether they will ride over these hills, I know not; but I think they will not, because their horses cannot well get up these combs. Certainly, if they do, it will not be by the way we came. We are here, therefore, hidden away snug. Why should we budge? Nowhere is there a more deserted part of the country than Black Down, on whose side we are. And I do not think, further, that we should find anywhere a safer place to hide ourselves in than this comb, where, I dare to say, no one comes, unless it be the gipsies or the broom-squires, all the year round. And now they are all laden with the spoil of the army—for, after a battle, this gentry swoop down upon the field like the great birds which I have seen abroad upon the carcases of drowned beasts, and plunder the dead. Next they must go into town in order to sell their booty; then they will be fain to drink about till all is spent; so they will leave us undisturbed. Therefore, we will stay here, Sister. First, I will go try the old tricks by which I did often in the old time improve the fare at home. Next, I will devise some way of making a more comfortable resting-place. Thank the Lord for fine weather, so far."

He was gone a couple of hours. During that time my mother awoke. Her mind was broken by the suddenness of this trouble, and she cared no more to speak, sitting still by the side of her husband, and watching for any change in him. But I persuaded her to take a little bread and a cup of cider.

When Barnaby came back, he brought with him a blackbird, a thrush, and two wood-pigeons. He had not forgotten the tricks of his boyhood, when he would often bring home a rabbit, a hare, or a basket of trout. So that my chief terror, that we might be forced to abandon our hiding-place through sheer hunger, was removed. But Barnaby was full of all kinds of devices.

He then set to work with his great knife, cutting down a quantity of green branches, which he laid out side by side, with their leaves on, and then bound them together, cleverly interlacing the smaller shoots and branches with each other, so that he made a long kind of hurdle, about six feet high. This, which by reason of the leaves was almost impervious to the wind, he disposed round the trunks of three young trees growing near each other. Thus he made a small three-cornered inclosure. Again, he cut other and thicker branches, and laid them over and across this hurdle, and cut turf which he placed upon the branches, so that here was now a hut with a roof and walls complete. Said I not that Barnaby was full of devices?

"There," he said, when all was ready, "is a house for you. It will have to rain hard and long before the water begins to drop through the branches which make the roof and the slabs of turf. Well, 't is a shelter. Not so comfortable as the old cottage, perhaps, but nearly as commodious. If it is not a palace, it will serve us to keep off the sun by day and the dew by night."

Next he gathered a great quantity of dry fern, dead leaves, and heather, and these he disposed within the hut, so that they made a thick and warm carpet or covering. Nay, at night they even formed a covering for the feet and prevented one from feeling cold. When all was done, he lifted my father gently and laid him with great tenderness upon this carpet within the rude shelter.

"This shall be a warmer night for thee than the last, Dad," he said. "There shall be no jolting of thy poor bones. What, mother? We can live here till the cold weather comes. The wind will perhaps blow a bit through the leaves to-night, but not much, and to-morrow I will see to that. Be easy in your mind about the provisions"—Alas! my poor mother was thinking of anything in the world except the provisions—"There are rabbits and birds in plenty; we can catch them and eat them; bread we must do without when what we have is gone, and as for strong drink and tobacco"—he sighed heavily—"they will come again when better times are served out."

In these labours I helped as much as I was able, and particularly in twisting the branches together. And thus the whole day passed, not tediously, and without any alarms, the labour being cheered by the hopefulness of Barnaby's honest face. No one, to look at that face, could believe that he was flying for his life, and would be hanged if he was caught. After sunset we lit a fire, but a small one only, and well hidden by the woods, so that its light might not be seen from below. Then Barnaby dexterously plucked and trussed the birds and roasted them in the embers, so that had my heart been at rest I should have had a most delicious supper. And I confess that I did begin to pluck up a little courage, and to hope that we might yet escape, and that Robin might be living. After supper my mother prayed, and I could join with more of resignation and something of faith. Alas! in times of trial how easily doth the Christian fall from faith! The day before, prayer seemed to me a mockery; it was as if all prayer were addressed to a deaf God, or to One who will not hear; for our prayers had all been for safety and victory, and we were suddenly answered with disaster and defeat.

After supper, Barnaby sat beside the embers and began to talk in a low voice.

"'Twill be a sorrowful barley-mow song this year," he said: "a dozen brave lads from Bradford alone will be dead."

"Not all dead, Barnaby! Oh! not all!"

"I know not. Some are prisoners, some are dead, some are running away." Then he began to sing in a low voice,

"Here 's a health to the barley-mow——

I remember, Sister, when I would run a mile to hear that song, though my father flogged me for it in the morning. 'Tis the best song ever written." He went on singing in a kind of whisper—

"We 'll drink it out of the nipperkin, boys——

Robin—poor Robin! he is dead!—was a famous hand at singing it; but Humphrey found the words too rustical. Humphrey—who is now dead, too!—was ever for fine words, like Mr. Boscorel.

We'll drink it out of the jolly brown bowl——

"I think I see him now—poor Robin! Well; he is no more. He used to laugh in all our faces while he sang it:—

We 'll drink it out o' the river, my boys.
Here 's a health to the barley-mow!
The river, the well, the pipe, the hogshead, the half-Hogshead, the anker, the half-anker, the gallon, the Pottle, the quart, the pint, the half-pint, the quarter-Pint, the nipperkin, the jolly brown bowl, my boys,
Here's a health to the barley-mow!"

He trolled out the song in a melodious whisper. Oh! Barnaby, how didst thou love good companionship with singing and drinking!

"'Twill be lonely for thee, Sister, at Bradford when thou dost return; Sir Christopher, I take it, will not long hold up his head, and Madam will pine away for the loss of Robin, and mother looks as if she would follow after, so white and wan is she. If she would speak or complain or cry it would comfort her, poor soul! 'Twas a sad day for her when she married the poor old Dad. Poverty and hard work, and now a cruel end—poor mother!"

"Barnaby, you tear my heart!"

"Nay, Child, 'tis better to talk than to keep silence. Better have your heart torn than be choked with your pain. Thou art like unto a man who hath a wounded leg, and if he doth not consent to have it cut off, though the anguish be sharp, he will presently bleed to death. Say to thyself therefore, plain and clear, 'Robin is dead; I have lost my sweetheart.'"

"No—no—Barnaby—I cannot say those cruel words! Oh! I cannot say them; I cannot feel that Robin is truly dead!"

"Put the case that he is living. Then he is either a prisoner or he is in hiding. If a prisoner, he is as good as dead: because the Duke's officers and the gentlemen who joined him, they will never forgive—that is quite certain. If I were a prisoner I should feel my neck already tightened. If he is not a prisoner, where is he to hide?—whither betake himself? I can get sailors' duds and go abroad before the mast; and ten to one nobody will find me out, because, d'ye see, I can talk the sailors' language, and I know their manners and customs. But, Robin—what is Robin to do, if he is alive? And this, I say, is doubtful. Best say to thyself, 'I have lost my sweetheart.' So wilt thou all the sooner recover thy cheerfulness."

"Barnaby, you know not what you say! Alas! if my Robin is dead—if my boy is truly dead—then I ask for nothing more than swift death—speedy death—to join him and be with him!"

"If he escape he will make for Bradford Orcas and hide in the Corton woods. That is quite certain. They always make for home. I would that we were in that friendly place, so that you could go live in the cottage and bring provisions, with tobacco and drink, to us unsuspected and unseen. When we have rested here a while we will push across the hills and try to get there by night: but it is a weary way to drag that wounded man. However"—he broke off and said earnestly—"make up thy mind, Child, to the worst. 'Tis as if a shipwrecked man should hope that enough of the ship would float to carry him home withal. Make up thy mind. We are all ruined and lost—all—all—all. Thy father is dying—thy lover is dead—thou art thyself in great danger by reason of that affair at Taunton. Everything being gone, turn round therefore and make thyself as comfortable as possible. What will happen we know not. Therefore count every day of safety for gain, and every meal for a respite."

He was silent for a while, leaving me to think over what he had said. Here, indeed, was a philosopher. Things being all lost, and our affairs in a desperate condition, we were to turn round and make ourselves as comfortable as we could! This, I suppose, is what sailors are wont to do; certainly they are a folk more exposed to misfortune than others, and therefore, perhaps, more ready to make the best of whatever happens.

"Barnaby," I said presently, "how can I turn round and make myself comfortable?"

"The evening is still," he said, without replying. "See, there is a bat, and there another. If it were not for the trouble in there"—he pointed to the hut—"I should be easy in my mind and contented. I could willingly live here a twelvemonth. Why, compared with the lot of the poor devils who must now be in prison, what is ours? They get the foul and stinking Clink, with bad food, in the midst of wounded men whose hurts are putrifying, with jail fever, and with the whipping-post or the gallows to come. We breathe sweet air, we find sufficient food—to-morrow, if I know any of the signs, thou shalt taste a roasted hedgehog, dish fit for a king! I found at the bottom of the comb a pot left by some gipsies: thou shalt have boiled sorrel and mushrooms to thy supper. If we stay here long enough there will be nuts and blackberries and whortleberries. Pity, a thousand pities, there is not a drop of drink! I dream of punch and hipsy. Think upon what remains, even if thou canst not bear to think of what is lost. Hast ever seen a tall ship founder in the waves? They close over her as she sinks, and, in an instant, it is as if that tall ship with all her crew had never been in existence at all. The army of Monmouth is scattered and ruined. Well; it is, with us, amidst these woods, just as if there had been no army. It has been a dream perhaps. Who can tell? Sometimes all the past seems to have been a dream. It is all a dream—past and future. There is no past and there is no future: all is a dream. But the present we have. Let us be content therewith."

He spoke slowly and with measured accents, as one enchanted. Sometimes Barnaby was but a rough and rude sailor. At other times, as these, he betrayed signs of his early education and spoke as one who thought.

"It is ten years and more since last I breathed the air of the hills. I knew not that I loved so much the woods and valleys and the streams. Some day, if I survive this adventure, I will build me a hut and live here alone in the woods. Why, if I were alone I should have an easy heart. If I were driven out of one place I could find another. I am in no hurry to get down among men and towns. Let us all stay here and be happy. But there is Dad—who lives not, yet is not dead. Sister, be thankful for thy safety in the woods, and think not too much upon the dead."

We lived in this manner, the weather being for the most part fine and warm, but with showers now and then, for a fortnight or thereabouts, no one coming up the comb and there being still no sign of man's presence in the hills. Our daily fare consisted of the wild birds snared by Barnaby, such creatures as rabbits, hedgehogs, and the like, which he caught by ingenious ways, and trout from the brook, which he caught with a twisted pin or by tickling them with his hand. There were also mushrooms and edible leaves, such as the nettle, wild sorrel, and the like, of which he knew. These we boiled and ate. He also plucked the half-ripe blackberries and boiled them to make a sour drink, and one which, like the cider loved by our people, would grip his throat, because he could not endure plain cold water. And he made out of the bones of the birds a kind of thin broth for my father, of which he daily swallowed a teaspoonful or so. So that we fared well, if not sumptuously. The bread, to be sure, which Barnaby left for mother and me, was coming to the last crust, and I know not how we should have got more without venturing into the nearest village.

Now, as I talked every night with my brother, I found out what a brave and simple soul it was—always cheerful and hopeful, talking always as if we were the most fortunate people in the world, instead of the most miserable, and yet, by keeping the truth before me, preventing me from getting into another Fool's Paradise as to our safety and Robin's escape such as that into which I had fallen after the army marched out

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

"Boys," I said, "beware! If you go higher up the comb you will certainly meet wild men, who always rob and beat boys."

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

of Taunton. I understand, now, that he was always thinking how to smoothe and soften things for us, so that we might not go distracted with anxiety and grief; finding work for me, talking about other things—in short, the most thoughtful and affectionate brother in all the world. As for my mother, he could do nothing to move her. She still sat beside her wounded husband, watching all day long for any sign of consciousness or change.

Seeing that Barnaby was so good and gentle a creature, I could not understand how it was that in the old days he used to get a flogging most days for some offence or other, so that I had grown up to believe him a very wicked boy indeed. I put this question to him one night.

He put it aside for a while, replying in his own fashion.

"I remember Dad," he said, "before thou canst, Sister. He was always thin and tall, and he always stooped as he walked. But his hair, which now is white, was brown, and fell in curls which he could not straighten. He was always mighty grave; no one, I am sure, ever saw him laugh; I have never seen him so much as smile, except sometimes when he dandled thee upon his knee, and thou wouldst amuse him with innocent prattle. All his life he hath spent in finding out the way to Heaven. He did find the way—I suppose he hath truly discovered it—and a mighty thorny and difficult way it is, so that I know not how any can succeed in reaching port by such navigation. The devil of it is, that he believes there is no other way; and he seemed never so happy as when he had found another trap or pitfall to catch the unwary, and send them straight to hell.

"For my part," Barnaby went on slowly, "I could never love such a life. Let others, if they will, find out rough and craggy ways that lead to heaven. For my part, I am content to jog along the plain and smooth high-road with the rest of mankind, though it brings us in the end to a lower place, inhabited by the baser sort. Well, I dare say I shall find mates there, and we will certainly make ourselves as comfortable as the place allows. Let my father, therefore, find out what awaits him in the other world; let me take what comes in this. Some of it is sweet and some is bitter; some of it makes us laugh and sing and dance; and some makes us curse and swear and bellow out, as when one is lashed to the hatches and the cat falls on his naked back. Sometimes, Sister, I think the naked negroes of the Guiney Coast the happiest people in world. Do they trouble their heads about the way to heaven? Not they. What comes they take, and they ask no more. Has it made Dad the happier to find out how few are those who will sit beside him when he hath his harp and crown? Not so. He would have been happier if he had been a jolly ploughboy whistling to his team, or a jolly sailor singing over his pannikin of drink of a Saturday night. He tried to make me follow in his footsteps; he flogged me daily in the hope of making me take, like himself, to the trade of proving out of the Holy Bible that most people are surely damned. The more he flogged, the less I yearned after that trade; till at last I resolved that, come what would, I would never thump a pulpit like him in conventicle or church. Then, if you will believe me, Sister, I grew tired of flogging, which, when it comes every day, wearies a boy at fourteen or fifteen more than you would think. Now, one day, while I was dancing to the pipe and tabor with some of the village girls, as bad luck would have it, Dad came by. 'Child of Satan!' he roared, seizing me by the ear, which I verily thought he would have pulled off. Then to the girls, 'Your laughter shall be turned into mourning,' and so lugged me home and sent me supperless to bed, with the promise of such a flogging in the morning as should make all previous floggings seem mere fleabites or joyous ticklings in comparison. This decided me. So in the dead of night I crept softly down the stairs, cut myself a great hunch of bread and cheese, and ran away and went to sea."

"Barnaby, was it well done—to run away?"

"Well, Sister, 'tis done; and if it was ill done, 't is by this time, no doubt, forgotten. Now, remember, I blame not my father. Before all things he would save my soul alive. That was why he flogged me. He knew but one way, and along that way he would drive me. So he flogged me the harder. I blame him not. Yet had I remained he would doubtless be flogging me still. Now, remember again, that ever since I understood anything I have always been enraged to think upon the monstrous oppression which silenced him and brought us all to poverty, and made my mother, a gentlewoman born, work her fingers to the bone, and caused me to choose between being a beggarly scholar, driven to teach brats and endure flouts and poverty, or to put on an apron and learn a trade. Wherefore, when I found that Monmouth was going to hoist his flag, I came with him in order to strike a blow, and I hoped a good blow, too, at the oppressors."

"You have struck that blow, Barnaby, and where are we?"

He laughed.

"We are in hiding. Some of the King's troopers did I make to bite the dust. They may hang me for it, if they will. They will not bring those troopers back to life. Well—— Sister, I am sleepy. Good-night!"

We might have continued this kind of life I know not how much longer. Certainly, till the cold nights came. The weather continued fine and warm; the hut kept off dews at night; we lay warm among the heather and the ferns; Barnaby found a sufficiency of food; my father grew no worse to outward seeming; and we seemed in safety.

Then an ill chance and my own foolishness marred all.

One day, in the afternoon, Barnaby being away looking after his snares and gins, I heard, lower down the comb, voices as of boys talking. This affrighted me terribly. The voices seemed to be drawing nearer. Now, if the children came up as high as our encampment, they could not fail to see the signs of habitation. There was the hut among the trees and the iron pot standing among the grey embers of last night's fire. The cart stood on one side. We could not possibly remain hidden. If they should come up so far and find us, they would certainly carry the report of us down to the village.

I considered, therefore, what to do, and then ran quickly down the comb, keeping among the trees so as not to be seen.

After a little I discovered, a little way off, a couple of boys about nine years of age. They were common village boys, rosy-faced and wholesome; they carried a basket, and they were slowly making their way up the stream, stopping now to throw a stone at a squirrel, and now to dam the running water, and now to find a nut or filbert ripe enough to be eaten. By the basket which they carried I knew that they were come in search of whortleberries, for which purpose they would have to get quite to the end of the comb and the top of the hill.

Therefore, I stepped out of the wood and asked them whence they came and whither they were going.

They told me in plain Somersetshire (the language which I love, and would willingly have written this book in it, but for the unfortunate people who cannot understand it) that they were sent by their parents to get whortleberries, and that they came from the little village of Corfe, two miles down the valley. This was all they had to say, and they stared at me as shyly as if they had never before encountered a stranger. I clearly perceive now that I ought to have engaged them in conversation and drawn them gently down the valley in the direction of their village until we reached the first appearance of a road, when I could have bidden them farewell or sent them up the hill by another comb. But I was so anxious that they should not come up any higher that I committed a great mistake, and warned them against going on.

"Boys," I said, "beware! If you go higher up the comb you will certainly meet wild men, who always rob and beat boys"; here they trembled, though they had not a penny in the world. "Ay, boys! and sometimes have been known to murder them. Turn back—turn back—and come no farther."

The boys were very much frightened, partly at the apparition of a stranger where they expected to find no one, and partly at the news of wild and murderous men in a place where they had never met with anyone at all, unless it might have been a gipsy camp. After gazing at me stupidly for a little while they turned and ran away, as fast as their legs could carry them, down the comb.

I watched them running, and when they were out of sight I went back again, still disquieted, because they might return.

When I told Barnaby in the evening, he, too, was uneasy. For, he said, the boys would spread abroad the report that there were people in the valley. What people could there be but fugitives?

"Sister," he said, "to-morrow morning must we change our quarters. On the other side of the hills looking south, or to the east in Neroche Forest, we may make another camp, and be still more secluded. For to-night I think we are in safety."

What happened was exactly as Barnaby thought. For the lads ran home and told everybody that up in the comb there were wild men who robbed and murdered people: that a lady had come out of the wood and warned them to go no further, lest they should be robbed and murdered. They were certain it was a lady, and not a country-woman; nor was it a witch; nor a fairy or elf, of whom there are many on Black Down. No; it was a lady.

This strange circumstance set the villagers a talking; they talked about it at the inn, whither they nightly repaired.

In ordinary times they might have talked about it to their hearts' content and no harm done; but in these times talk was dangerous. In every little village there are one or two whose wits are sharper than the rest, and, therefore, they do instigate whatever mischief is done in that village. At Corfe, the cobbler it was who did the mischief. For he sat thinking while the others talked, and he presently began to understand that there was more in this than his fellows imagined. He knew the hills; there were no wild men upon them who would rob and murder two simple village boys. Gipsies there were, and broom-squires sometimes, and hedge-tearers; but murderers of boys—none. And who was this gentlewoman? Then he guessed the whole truth: there were people lying hidden in the comb; if people hidden, they were Monmouth's rebels. A reward would be given for their capture. Fired with this thought he grasped his cudgel and walked off to the village of Orchard Portman, where, as he had heard, there was lying a company of Grenadiers sent out to scour the country. He laid his information, and received the promise of reward. He got that reward, in short; but nothing prospered with him afterwards. His neighbours, who were all for Monmouth, learned what he had done, and shunned him. He grew moody; he fell into poverty, who had been a thriving tradesman; and he died in a ditch. The judgments of the Lord are sometimes swift and sometimes slow, yet they are always sure. Who can forget the dreadful end of Tom Boilman, as he was called, the only wretch who could be found to cut up the limbs of the hanged men and dip them in the cauldrons of pitch? For he was struck dead by lightning—an awful instance of the wrath of God!

Early next morning, about five of the clock, I sat before the hut in the shade. Barnaby was up and had gone to look at his snares. Suddenly I heard steps below, and the sound as of weapons clashing against each other. Then a man came into sight—a fellow he was with a leathern apron, who stood gazing about him. There was no time for me to hide, because he immediately saw me and shouted to them behind to come on quickly. Then a dozen soldiers, all armed, ran out of the wood and made for the hut.

"Gentlemen," I cried, running to meet them, "whom seek you?"

"Who are you?" asked one, who seemed to be a Sergeant over them. "Why are you in hiding?"

Then a thought struck me. I know not if I was wise or foolish.

"Sir," I replied, "my father, it is true, was with the Duke of Monmouth. But he was wounded, and now lies dead in this hut. You will suffer us to bury our dead in peace."

"Dead, is he? That will we soon see."

So saying, he entered the hut and looked at the prostrate form. He lifted one hand and let it drop. It fell like the hand of one who is recently dead. He bent over the body and laid his hand upon the forehead. It was cold as death. The lips were pale as wax, and the cheeks were white. He opened an eye: there was no expression or light in it.

"Humph!" he said; "he seems dead. How did he come here?"

"My mother and I drove him here for safety in yonder cart. The pony hath run away."

"That may be so; that may be so. He is dressed in a cassock: what is his name?"

"He was Dr. Comfort Eykin, an ejected minister and preacher in the Duke's army."

"A prize, if he had been alive!" Then a sudden suspicion seized him. He had in his hand a drawn sword. He pointed it at the breast of the dead man. "If he be truly dead," he said, "another wound will do him no harm. Wherefore"——he made as if he would drive the sword through my father's breast, and my mother shrieked and threw herself across the body.

"So!" he said, with a horrid grin, "I find that he is not dead, but only wounded. My lads, here is one of Monmouth's preachers; but he is sore wounded."

"Oh!" I cried, "for the love of God suffer him to die in peace!"

"Ay, ay, he shall die in peace, I promise you so much. Meanwhile, Madam, we will take better care of him in Ilminster Jail than you can do here. The air is raw upon these hills." The fellow had a glib tongue and a mocking manner. "You have none of the comforts which a wounded man requires. They are all to be found in Ilminster prison, whither we shall carry him. There will he have nothing to think about, with everything found for him. Madam, your father will be well bestowed with us."

At that moment I heard the footsteps of Barnaby crunching among the brushwood.

"Fly! Barnaby, fly!" I shrieked. "The enemy is upon us!"

He did not fly. He came running. He rushed upon the soldiers and hurled this man one way and that man another, swinging his long arms like a pair of cudgels. Had he had a cudgel I believe he would have sent them all flying. But he had nothing except his arms and his fists; and in a minute or two the soldiers had surrounded him, each with a bayonet pointed, and such a look in every man's eye as meant murder had Barnaby moved.

"Surrender!" said the Sergeant.

Barnaby looked around leisurely.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I must. As for my name, it is Barnaby Eykin; and for my rank, I was Captain in the Green Regiment of the Duke's valiant army."

"Stop!" said the Sergeant, drawing a paper from his pocket. "'Captain Eykin,'" he began to read, "'has been a sailor. Rolls in his walk; height, about five foot five; very broad in the shoulders; long in the arms; of great strength.'"

"That is so," said Barnaby, complacently.

"Bandy legs."

"Brother," said Barnaby, "is that so writ?"

"It is so, Captain."

"I did not think," said Barnaby, "that the malignity of the enemy would be carried so far. Bandy legs! Yet you see—well—— fall in, Sergeant; we are your prisoners. Bandy legs!"

(To be continued.)

CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER.

D. OF M.	D. OF W.	ANNIVERSARIES, FESTIVALS, OCCURRENCES, HISTORICAL NOTES, ETC.	SUN. Rises.	SUN. Souths before Noon.	SUN. Sets.	MOON. Rises. Morn.	MOON. Sets Aftern.	Moon's Ages	Day of Year.
			H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.		
1	M	Cambridge Michaelmas Term begins	6 2	10 33	5 36	0 26	4 7	25	275
2	Tu	Admiral Keppel died, 1786	6 4	10 52	5 34	1 36	4 38	26	276
3	W	Treaty of Limerick, 1691	6 6	11 10	5 31	2 52	5 4	27	277
4	Th	First English Bible printed, 1535	6 8	11 28	5 29	4 11	5 30	28	278
5	F	John Sheepshanks died, 1863	6 10	11 46	5 26	5 32	5 53	●	279
6	S	Louis Phillippe born, 1773	6 12	12 3	5 24	6 55	6 18	1	280
7	S	19TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	6 13	12 20	5 22	8 19	6 45	2	281
8	M	Battle of Torres Vedras, 1810	6 15	12 36	5 19	9 44	7 17	3	282
9	Tu	Dr. A. Kippis died, 1795	6 17	12 52	5 17	11 4	7 56	4	283
10	W	Oxford Michaelmas Term begins	6 18	13 8	5 15	Aftern.	8 42	5	284
11	Th	Prince of Wales left London for India, 1875	6 20	13 23	5 13	1 24	9 38	6	285
12	F	Dr. A. B. Heropath died, 1868	6 21	13 38	5 10	2 18	10 42	☽	286
13	S	Canova (sculptor) died, 1822	6 23	13 52	5 8	2 59	11 50	8	287
14	S	20TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	6 25	14 6	5 6	3 32	Morn.	9	288
15	M	Murat executed, 1815	6 26	14 19	5 4	4 2	1 1	10	289
16	Tu	Lord Palmerston died, 1865	6 28	14 31	5 2	4 24	2 12	11	290
17	W	Houses of Parliament destroyed, 1834	6 29	14 43	5 0	4 44	3 23	12	291
18	Th	*St. Luke, Evangelist*	6 31	14 55	4 58	5 3	4 30	13	292
19	F	Swift died, 1745	6 33	15 5	4 56	5 23	5 37	○	293
20	S	Sir C. Wren born, 1632	6 35	15 15	4 54	5 43	6 43	15	294
21	S	21ST SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	6 37	15 25	4 52	6 5	7 49	16	295
22	M	Lord Holland died, 1840	6 38	15 34	4 50	6 29	8 54	17	296
23	Tu	Earl of Derby died, 1869	6 40	15 42	4 48	7 0	9 57	18	297
24	W	Chaucer died, 1400	6 42	15 49	4 46	7 36	10 58	19	298
25	Th	*St. Crispin*	6 43	15 56	4 44	8 20	11 54	20	299
26	F	Hogarth died, 1764	6 45	16 2	4 42	9 11	Aftern.	21	300
27	S	Captain Cook born, 1728.	6 47	16 7	4 40	10 9	1 29	22	301
28	S	22ND SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	6 49	16 11	4 38	11 15	2 5	☾	302
29	M	Allan Cunningham died, 1842	6 51	16 15	4 37	Morn.	2 38	24	303
30	Tu	Sheridan born, 1751	6 53	16 17	4 35	0 26	3 5	25	304
31	W	Earl of Rosse died, 1867	6 55	16 19	4 34	1 42	3 30	26	305

DURATION OF MOONLIGHT. Before Sunrise, O'Clock. 0 2 3 4 5 6 — After Sunset, O'Clock. 6 7 8 9 10 12

HIGH WATER AT

London Bridge. Morn.	London Bridge. Aftern.	Liverpool Dock. Morn.	Liverpool Dock. Aftern.
H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
10 2	10 43	6 40	7 27
11 20	11 52	8 8	8 45
—	0 19	9 17	9 44
0 41	1 3	10 6	10 28
1 25	1 46	10 50	11 11
2 4	2 24	11 29	11 49
2 43	3 3	—	0 8
3 24	3 45	0 28	0 49
4 7	4 28	1 10	1 32
4 49	5 11	1 53	2 14
5 34	6 1	2 36	2 59
6 27	6 57	3 26	3 52
7 32	8 11	4 22	4 57
8 56	9 44	5 36	6 21
10 26	11 6	7 9	7 51
11 40	—	8 31	9 5
0 10	0 33	9 35	9 58
0 55	1 15	10 20	10 40
1 35	1 52	11 0	11 17
2 7	2 22	11 32	11 47
2 37	2 54	—	0 2
3 9	3 23	0 19	0 34
3 39	3 54	0 48	1 4
4 10	4 25	1 19	1 35
4 40	4 56	1 50	2 5
5 13	5 32	2 21	2 38
5 54	6 18	2 57	3 19
6 45	7 16	3 43	4 10
7 53	8 34	4 41	5 18
9 20	10 1	5 59	6 45
10 39	11 12	7 26	8 4

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES FOR OCTOBER.

The MOON will be to the right of Saturn on the morning of the 1st. She will be near to both Venus and Mercury on the 7th, and near to Jupiter on the 8th; she is near Mars on the 10th, and she is near Saturn during the morning hours of the 29th, the Moon being to the right of the planet till about 4h a.m., when the nearest approach will take place; after this the planet will be to the right of the Moon. Her phases or times of change are:—

New Moon on the	5th at 34 minutes	after	2	in the afternoon.
First Quarter	" 12th " 29	"	5	" morning.
Full Moon	" 19th " 9	"	9	" afternoon.
Last Quarter	" 28th " 56	"	1	" morning.

She is nearest the Earth on the 7th, and most distant from it on the 22nd.

MERCURY sets on the 5th at 5h 56m p.m., or 30 minutes after sunset; on the 10th at 5h 44m p.m., or 29 minutes after the Sun sets; on the 15th at 5h 31m p.m., or 27 minutes after sunset; on the 20th at 5h 15m p.m., or 21 minutes after the Sun sets; on the 25th at 4h 53m p.m., or 11 minutes after sunset; on the 29th at 4h 39m p.m., or 2 minutes after the Sun sets; and on the 30th at 4h 35m p.m., at about the same time as sunset. He is near the Moon on the 7th; at greatest eastern elongation (25 deg. 5 min.) on the 8th; near Venus on the 9th, and in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the last day.

VENUS sets on the 1st at 6h 18m p.m., or 42 minutes after the Sun; on the 9th at 6h 4m p.m., or 47 minutes after sunset; on the 19th at 5h 51m p.m., or 55 minutes after the Sun sets; and on the 31st at 5h 42m p.m., or 1h 8m, after sunset. She is near the Moon on the 7th; is near Mercury on the 9th, and in descending node on the 10th.

MARS sets on the 1st at 7h 57m p.m., on the 10th at 7h 44m p.m., on the 20th at 7h 34m p.m., and on the 30th at 7h 28m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 10th.

JUPITER sets on the 1st at 7h 35m p.m., or 1h 59m after sunset; on the 8th at 7h 11m p.m., or 1h 52m after the Sun sets; on the 18th at 6h 38m p.m., or 1h 40m after sunset; and on the 28th at 6h 5m p.m., or 1h 27m after sunset. He is near the Moon on the 8th.

SATURN rises on the 1st at 1h 7m a.m., on the 9th at 0h 40m a.m., on the 19th at 0h 5m a.m., and on the 28th at 11h 28m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 1st, and again on the 29th.

MUSIC.

London music has been well sustained by Mr. W. Freeman Thomas's attractive Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre, the seventh season of which has been running a very successful career since the opening night on Aug. 11. The programmes of each night have offered abundant materials for the gratification of all varieties of tastes; while the special classical nights—on Wednesdays—a • devoted, in the first portion, to music of a more serious tone than that of which the second part of the concert consists. Many of our leading vocalists and several skilful instrumentalists have contributed brilliant solo performances, and Mr. Gwyllym Crowe has continued to fulfil the office of conductor with care and efficiency. His "Rose Queen Waltz," with its effective choral adjuncts (supplied by Mr. Stedman's juvenile choristers), has continued to maintain the success obtained on the opening night, already recorded. As we have previously announced, the concerts will soon close, and will be followed by a series of Italian operatic performances under the direction of Signor Lamperti. These will last until early in November, when the theatre will be required for the preparations necessary for the Christmas pantomime to be produced by Mr. Freeman Thomas.

The renowned Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace will enter on their thirty-third season on Oct. 13, again under the conductorship of Mr. August Manns. Ten concerts will be given before Christmas, and ten afterwards; followed by the benefit concert of Mr. Manns on April 20. During the series, several interesting novelties will be produced, besides important works of established celebrity; and vocal and instrumental soloists will contribute to the programmes.

The Liverpool Philharmonic Society will enter on its fiftieth season on Tuesday, Oct. 2, when the first of a series of twelve concerts will be given, conducted by Sir Charles Hallé, with the co-operation of his fine orchestra. Many important works (some given for the first time at these concerts) will be included in the programmes. Eminent solo vocalists are engaged, and pianoforte concertos will be contributed by Miss Fanny Davies and Sir Charles Hallé, and violin solos by Madame Norman-Néruda (Lady Hallé), Miss M. Soldat, and Herr Ondricek.

The Russian National Opera Company will give six concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, beginning on Oct. 8. A numerous chorus will perform selections from national operas and other Russian compositions, and forty-eight pianists are to play on twenty-four pianofortes. Notwithstanding some past performances of Russian music in this country so little is still known here of the compositions of that nationality that the forthcoming performances can scarcely fail to prove highly interesting.

Signor Tito Ricordi, the eminent music-publisher of Milan, recently died at an advanced age. He was the son of the founder of the firm, Giovanni Ricordi, by whom and his successor the establishment was raised to a height of great importance and prosperity, their almost innumerable publications comprising a large number of popular and classical operas.

Another recent death of a musical celebrity was that of Mrs. Seguin, formerly Miss Childe, a pupil of our Royal Academy of Music, who married Mr. Edward Seguin, a basso, who gained deserved distinction both as an operatic and a concert vocalist. His wife also obtained much success in both those capacities.

BALDWIN'S BALLOON AND PARACHUTE.

On Thursday, Sept. 13, Professor Baldwin, the daring American aeronaut, whose balloon and parachute performances have attracted much attention, took his benefit at the Alexandra Palace. Mr. H. W. Hayward, the general manager of the Alexandra Palace and Park Company, had arranged a very attractive programme; but the chief entertainment was, of course, Professor Baldwin's wonderful feat of ascending to an immense height by means of a balloon and then descending with his patent parachute. The ascent was made with a new balloon containing about 12,000 ft. of gas, the parachute being the same one that Mr. Baldwin has always used at the palace, with the addition of a sail, though this he did not use. The arrangement was that the aeronaut should ascend to an altitude of two miles before leaving the balloon with his parachute, and that he should then demonstrate his power of steering the parachute by landing at a point to be decided on beforehand by the committee of the Balloon Society; but these details were not fully carried out, though Professor Baldwin accomplished sufficient to show the remarkable capabilities of his invention and to beat the record in parachute performances. The ascent was made from the north park. A sharp wind was blowing at the time, but Professor Baldwin went up, as usual, in his shirt sleeves and without a hat, sitting on a rope attached to the ring which takes the place of a car on the balloon when used by him. He was assisted by Mr. Farini in arranging the balloon. The parachute was hanging from the network of the balloon as he ascended amid the cheers of the spectators. The balloon speedily reached an altitude of between 6000 ft. and 7000 ft., as shown by a self-recording aneroid barometer specially made for and presented to Professor Baldwin by Messrs. Dollond and Co. When at that height Mr. Baldwin found that the gas was escaping from the balloon with such force, owing to the network not being large enough, that he gave up the idea of completing a two miles' ascent, and thereupon dropped away from it with his parachute, in full view of the thousands of spectators in the palace grounds and on the surrounding points of vantage. The balloon went some distance higher in the air and then collapsed. Meanwhile the aeronaut, travelling in a westerly direction, was gracefully descending with his parachute at an angle which made his descent much longer, and landed in Coldfall-wood, Muswell-hill, about a mile and a half from the spot where he started. Subsequently Professor Baldwin appeared on the stage in the central hall of the palace, where he was greeted with popular acclamation.

The foundation-stones of a memorial chapel to John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, were laid on Sept. 20, at Epworth, his birthplace. Several prominent members of the Wesleyan body took part in the proceedings.

A meeting of the Court of Common Council was held at Guildhall on Sept. 20, the Lord Mayor presiding, when a contract was sealed between the Corporation and Mr. W. Webster for the construction of the southern approach to the Tower Bridge for £38,383.

The annual congress of the homœopathic practitioners of the kingdom was held, on Sept. 20, at the Medical Institute, Birmingham, Mr. Dyce Brown (London) presiding. Papers were read by Mr. Gibbs Blake, Dr. Compton Burnett, and Dr. Walter T. P. Wolston. After the luncheon it was decided that the conference of next year should be held at Tunbridge Wells. Dr. Blackly was appointed president for the ensuing year, and Dr. Pope vice-president.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G W (Instanter).—The problem to which you refer was inaccurate, as we subsequently stated. The White Kt at K 3rd ought to be a black one, and the solution given was subject to this alteration.

RUBY ROOK.—Your post-card has been duly forwarded.

ALPHA.—You must look at No. 2318 again, as your key move is wrong.

A NEWMAN.—Your problem is easy, but correct, and shows point enough to justify publication.

L DESANGES.—Problem shall appear if it stands test of examination.

J AMYGDALIS.—We hope to publish your last problem shortly.

W BIDDLE (Stratford).—The first problem is the better of the two, and if quite sound shall be published. The second has, at least, one very serious fault.

J DIXON (Colchester).—We publish those most likely to interest the majority of our readers. Your criticism notwithstanding, we think the game a very fine one.

H J M (Surbiton).—A new work on the openings is in the press, for which you had better wait if you want to be posted in them right up to date.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2315 received from J W Shaw (Montreal), E St John Crane, W Evans (Bombay), and F Rutter; of No. 2316 from John G Grant, K Bohnstedt, W Evans, and W Wright; of No. 2317 from E Bohnstedt, W Wright, and F Rutter; of No. 2318 from Dr Walter Heidelberg, E Winfield Baildon, and W Wright.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2319 received from L Desanges, D M'Coy, T G (Ware), Peterhouse, R H Brooks, R Worters (Canterbury), T Roberts, Jupiter Junior, and A Newman.

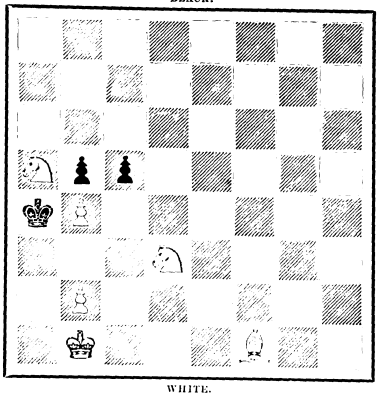
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2317.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to B 6th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM NO. 2321.

By A. NEWMAN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

BRITISH CHESS CONGRESS.

Game played between Mr. E. THORNOLD and Herr M. WEISS.

(*King's Bishop's Opening.*)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Herr W.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Herr W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
2. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	20. P to Kt 5th	

Kt to K B 3rd is now considered a better defence.

3. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd		
4. P to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
5. P to Q B 3rd	Castles		
6. B to K Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd		
7. P to K R 4th			

A good rejoinder, for it is obvious Black cannot take the Bishop without losing the game.

7.	P to Q 3rd		
8. B takes Kt			

This is necessary, for Black can now capture the Bishop with impunity.

8.	Q takes B		
9. Kt to Q 2nd	P to R 3rd		
10. K Kt to B 3rd	B to K 3rd		
11. Castles (Q R)	P to Q Kt 4th		
12. B to Q 5th	B takes B		

We would rather have kept the two Bishops by playing B to Q 2nd. The move in the text also allows the White Knight to take up a powerful position at K 4th a little later on.

13. P takes B	Kt to K 2nd		
14. P to B 4th	P takes P		
15. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd		

Q to B 4th, too dam for herself greater freedom of action, is certainly preferable.

16. P to R 5th			

A simple look at move, but one that compels Black to regard the safety of his queen.

16.	Kt to B 4th		
17. Kt to K 4th	Q to K 2nd		
18. P to K Kt 4th	Kt to Q 5th		

Threatening, amongst other things, R takes B, and if P takes R, Kt to B 6th, &c.

20.	P takes P		
21. Q R to Kt sq	P to K R 3rd		
22. Q to Q 3rd	K to R sq		

Black's position is anything but an enviable one, and this hardly improves it.

23. R to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 3rd		

In order to advance the K P next move; a fruitless effort to escape the fate fast closing upon him.

24. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to K 5th		
25. Kt takes P	Q to K 4th		
26. Kt to Q 2nd			

Here the superiority of Kt over B in an end game is strikingly exemplified.

26.	Q to K sq		
27. Kt to B 3rd	Q to B 2nd		
28. Q to B 3rd			

An excellent move preparatory to the advance of R P, as also to attack Black with. White has played the game admirably, and never once relaxed his grip of his formidable opponent.

28.	K to Kt sq		
29. P to R 6th	P takes P		
30. R takes R P	Q to Kt 2nd		
31. R (Kt 2nd) to R 3rd	R takes P		
32. Q to Q 3rd	P to K B 4th		
33. Q to K 2nd	P to R 5th		
34. Q to K 6th (ch)	Q to B 2nd		
35. R to Kt 6th (ch), and wins.			

We have received from Mr. W. Morgan, jun., Book II. of "Morgan's Shilling Chess Library." It consists of a selection of games from the late British Chess Congress; neatly printed, and with an ample supply of illustrative diagrams. The compiler has taken some pains with the work, which will prove useful to anyone wishing to study the play of the various masters engaged at Bradford.

Now that the summer is over chess clubs are beginning work again. We have been asked to make the following announcements:

The Athenæum Chess Club has commenced its meetings at 110, Churchstreet, Stoke Newington. The members include some strong local players, and the programme comprises a tournament, matches with other clubs, and exhibition play. The secretary is Mr. Rix.

The Brixton Chess Club commences its meetings on Oct. 1, at the clubrooms, 322, Brixton-road, S.W.

The sixth session of the Exeter Hall Chess Club will commence on Oct. 2. Out of 182 games played in 21 matches last session, 121 were won, 21 drawn, and 40 lost, only 1 matches were lost.

In the City of London Club over one hundred members have already entered for the coming winter tournament. Among the strong players who are expected to take part in the contest are Messrs. Anger, Block, Chappell, Fenton, Gower, Heppell, Hooke, Jacobs, Knight, Leonard, Loman, Mocatta, Rose, Taylor, Tyer, and Woon.

Mr. Loman, *en passant*, has won the chief prize in the annual tourney of the Dutch Chess Association. He had to compete against all their strongest players, and did not lose a single game.

The Athenæum Chess Club has just issued its annual report, from which we learn that the past year has been one of the most successful it has yet experienced. Out of 15 matches played by its first team only 1 was lost and 1 drawn, a score which gains the first place amongst Metropolitan local clubs. In all 171 games were contested, of which 86 were won, 40 drawn, and 45 were lost. Games which, as the report remarks, "speak for themselves." Among the prominent individual players are mentioned Mr. E. Gibbs, who only lost once in 9 matches, and Mr. G. L. Brooks, who, for the third year in succession, took the Bronze Medal for the highest score in the whole series of meetings. Much enterprise is shown in the management of the club, which meets on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, all the year round, at the Athenæum, Camden-road, N.W.

The Committee of the Royal Humane Society have had under consideration an unusually large number of cases of saving life, to a great extent due to the incidence of the summer bathing-season, and have found the degree of danger incurred in seven instances sufficient to justify the award of silver medals.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1879), with three codicils thereto, of John Elger, late of Lewes-crescent, Brighton, and Queen's-gate, London, who died on Aug. 12 last, has been proved in the Principal Registry by the testator's surviving executors, viz.:—his grandson, John Elger, of 23, Argyll-road, Kensington, and his nephew, Thomas G. E. Elger, of Kempston, near Bedford. An annuity of £5000 per annum, and legacy of £1000, with life and other interests in testator's town and country residences and effects in favour of his late wife, Catherine Elger, having lapsed by her recent death, he confirms the annuity of £2200 per annum to his daughter-in-law, Sarah Elizabeth Elger, widow of his only child, George Gwyn Elger, formerly of Lincoln's Inn and Bricklehampton Hall, near Pershore, J.P., in pursuance and satisfaction of the arrangement made with her after her husband's decease; and after bequests to executors, servants, and others, including £3000 to his niece, Catherine, wife of Thomas Cundy, the testator leaves freehold ground-rents in and near Rutland-gate and Ennismore-gardens, producing a present rental of about £2000 per annum, to his grandson, John Elger, in tail male, to whom he also gives £25,000 and a share of his residuary estate. The testator's Bedford estates he leaves to his nephew, Thomas G. E. Elger, to whom he also gives the sum of £2000; and the residue of his real and personal estate goes equally between his six grandchildren on attaining twenty-five, but with allowances for education and maintenance, at his executors' discretion, prior to attaining that age. The value of his personalty is declared at £114,589.

The will (dated Aug. 25, 1887), with a codicil (dated May 22, 1888), of Mr. Thomas Tyrwhitt-Drake, J.P., D.L., late of No. 118, Eaton-square, and Shardeloes, Amersham, Bucks, who died on July 24 last, was proved on Sept. 19, by Guy Perceval Tyrwhitt-Drake, the son, and William Frederick Hicks-Beach, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £81,000. He bequeaths £1000, his furniture and household effects at Eaton-square, his horses and carriages at Shardeloes, and three racing cups, to his wife, Mrs. Dorothy Emma Tyrwhitt-Drake; the testimonial presented to him by the Oxfordshire Hunt, to his son, Thomas William Tyrwhitt-Drake; and a legacy of £100 to his man-servant. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his children (except his son Thomas William, who is well provided for) and grandchildren, they taking the share their parents would have taken if they had been alive.

The will (dated March 2, 1871), with a codicil (dated July 8, 1888), of Mr. Benjamin Worthy Horne, J.P., formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge, but late of Highlands, Merewworth, Kent, who died on July 17, was proved on Sept. 13 by Mrs. Emily Marion Horne, the widow, and the Rev. Edward Larkin Horne and Henry Percy Horne, the brothers, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. Subject to the bequest of £500 and his furniture, plate, glass, pictures, &c., to his wife, Mrs. Emily Marion Horne, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to her for life, or so long as she shall continue his widow: but in the event of her re-marriage, she is to receive an annuity of £400. On either of the above events taking place he leaves £1000 London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Stock, upon trust, to each of his nieces, Emily Mary Horne, Catherine Mary Horne, and Beatrice Ethel Horne, for life, with a power of appointment thereover, and the ultimate residue of his property between his issue in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 3, 1886) of Frederick William Docker, late of Scarsdale, The Avenue, Surbiton-hill, who died on Aug. 7 last, was proved on Sept. 13 by Frederick Charles Docker, Edwin Docker, and Alfred Docker, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator bequeaths £400 per annum, and the use for life of his furniture, &c., to his wife, Mrs. Sophia Docker; and £500 each to his grandson, William Frederick Lloyd James, and grand-daughter, Mary Ellen James. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his four children, Mrs. Mary Anna Hobbs, Frederick Charles Docker, Edwin Docker, and Alfred Docker, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1875), with a codicil (dated April 21, 1884), of the Rev. Adam Henderson Fairbairn, formerly of Waltham St. Lawrence, near Twyford, Berks, but late of The Rectory, Fawley, Bucks, who died on July 21 last, was proved on Sept. 6 by the Rev. Thomas Archibald Fuller Maitland and the Rev. William Fairbairn La Trobe Bateman, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator bequeaths £100 and his household furniture, horses, carriages, &c., to his wife, Mrs. Anna Gertrude Fairbairn, and legacies to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, for life, or so long as she shall remain his widow, and subject thereto between all his children in equal shares.

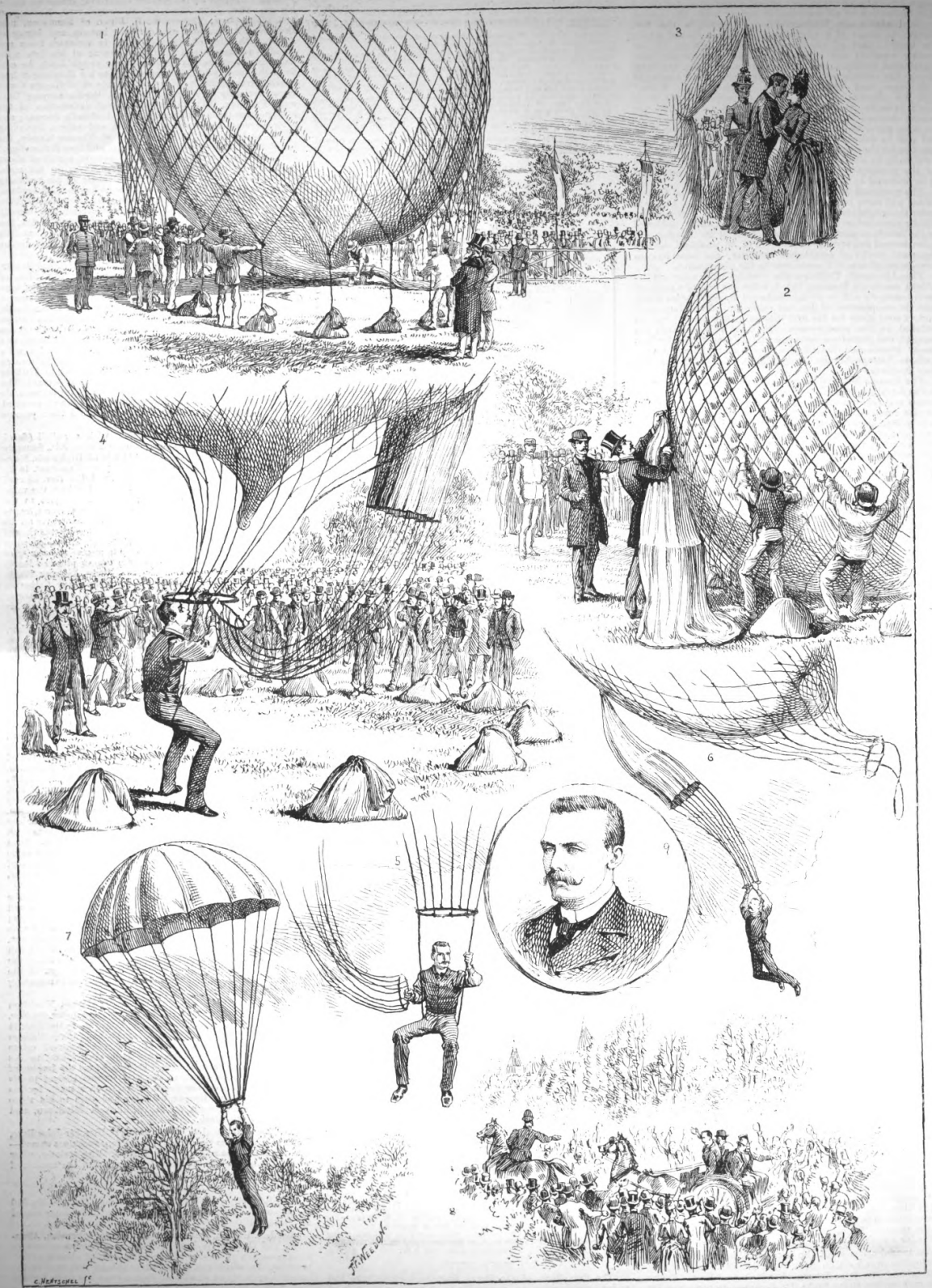
The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Office of the Commissariot of Lanarkshire, of the general disposition and settlements and codicils (dated, respectively, Sept. 14, 1880; Nov. 1, 1886; and Jan. 7, 1888) of Mr. Charles Edward Harris Edmondstoune-Cranstoun, late of Covehouse, Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire, who died on June 19 last, granted to Mrs. Edith Mary Jerningham Edmondstoune-Cranstoun, the widow, the executrix-nominate, was sealed in London on Sept. 14, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £24,000.

The will (dated April 8, 1885) of Mr. Henry Mitchison Trewhitt, late of No. 31, Grande Rue, Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, who died at Brighton on Aug. 2, was proved on Sept. 14 by William Anthony Mitchison, the uncle, and Saffery William Johnson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £19,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to his consin, Ada Monro; and, subject thereto, leaves the residue of his property, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his mother, for life; on her death, upon further trust, for his stepfather, Gustave Horeau, for life; and then to his three cousins, Richard Stovin Mitchison, Herbert Mitchison, and Arthur Maw Mitchison.

Probate of the will of the late Right Hon. Sir John Rose, Bart., G.C.M.G., has been granted to the four executors named—viz., his three sons and Mr. T. W. Bishoff. The testator, after giving sundry specific and trust legacies, leaves the residue of his property, in trust, for his five children.

Private Griggs, with a total of 258 out of a possible 310 points, won the champion's gold medal and challenge cup of the London Rifle Brigade, fired for at Rainham on Sept. 20.

Mr. J. S. Hodson, secretary to the Printer's Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation, writes enumerating the arguments in favour of the exemption of charities from taxation. He points out, among other things, that most of the invested property of charitable institutions has been derived from testamentary bequests, upon which a Parliamentary tax of 10 per cent has been paid, and that the voluntary contributions of the wealthy and benevolent have formed portions of the income of the donors, upon which income-tax has been previously levied.



1. Filling the Balloon.
2. Farini fixing the Parachute.
3. Baldwin's farewell to his wife before starting.
4. The moment before ascending.
5. The Ascent.
6. The Leap from the Balloon.
7. Parachute alighting in Coldfall Wood, Fortis-green.
8. Reception, going back to the Palace.
9. Portrait of Baldwin.

PROFESSOR BALDWIN AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.



OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Though we are in the midst of a burst of Indian summer, the shortening days warn us all too surely that the autumn is upon us, and that we must begin to think of costumes for the chilly weather that is near. It is the most sensible plan to purchase one or two nice dresses for the cold weather quite early in the autumn, because then the full beauty of the new costume is displayed and its very first freshness is fully enjoyed before the cold winds compel us to cover it partially or entirely with a mantle; and withal we have the advantage of the warmth which is so needful when the treacherous chills of autumnal evenings are upon us unawares, after days during which the brightness of the sun made us half suppose it to be summer. There is certainly no lack of new and handsome fabrics for this season, and the best London houses are offering certain decided novelties. Woollen materials are, of course, the most suitable ones for such gowns; but amongst new stuffs of that class there is the greatest variety of detail.

Leading goods, as the drapers call them, are bordered stuffs. These are double-width materials, with a pattern in contrasting colours forming an edge all along one side only. The width is sufficient to allow for the length of a skirt, so that when made up in that manner the bordering will constitute, as it were, a trimming round the edge of the draperies; and it will also, if cut off, serve to make a vest, panel, or revers. Directoire polonaises made out of these materials are arranged to have the border down either edge of the skirt of the coat where it falls open, and also turned back as the shaped revers, very broad towards the shoulder, of the bodice of the coat. Another favourite way of using these fabrics, specially suitable for tall and slender wearers, is to let the bordering come down on one side of the entire length of the figure, beginning on the left shoulder, draped in full folds towards the waist, and confined there by a buckle, and falling to the feet to the right side. In this case, the other half of the bodice is made perfectly plain and tight-fitting; the skirt is also quite plain from the waist to the feet; it is simply arranged in long, full folds, fuller at the back than at the sides, and edged all round with the border. Long tablier draperies, with the border passing round, are also being used. With these, a coat bodice that has a vest of the border on one half of it only, from shoulder to bust, is to be popular. These one-sided vests are balanced by a series of narrow folds or draperies of the plain material on the other side of the bust and continued down the middle of the figure from the bust to the waist.

Another new material that promises to be most fashionable is woollen brocade, where large patterns are thrown up in a slightly different tint from the plain ground. These make up effectively as quite plain dresses; and two materials, or very strongly-contrasted trimmings, have been so much used that really a gown of one striking fabric alone, made without revers, vest, or folds, has a distinction of its own. The wool brocades are made also into mantles, for which they are very suitable. Amazon and habit clothes, much braided, or trimmed as I described a few weeks back with appliqués of some contrasting colour in cloth, cut into patterns and stitched on with gold thread, are also to be well worn. These dresses are commonly deeply trimmed or braided round the bottom of the skirt in front, and in this case panels are not employed; loose fronted bodices, with vest of trimming, or plain habit bodices with simulated revers of braid or appliqué, are equally correct.

In long mantles, the Russian style carries all before it. The distinguishing mark of this is a long loose front from neck to feet, giving the mantle almost the appearance of a circular cloak; it is, however, in reality fitted closely to the figure beneath, even having sleeves very often, and the loose front is an addition. Many of these mantles are put at the neck into yokes; others are gathered on the shoulder and at the waist. The newest idea is to have the front wings quite sumptuously lined and hanging loose from the side seams of the skirt of the cloak, and to gather them up on the arm so that the lining shows in places. The shapes in short mantles present nothing new to describe at present. We must wait a few weeks longer for those. Short jackets, hanging loose from the throat, are in the ascendant as yet.

The Education Commissioners, in their report recently issued, advise that women shall be allowed to fill the office of sub-inspectors of schools. These officials are the assistants, who work under the inspector; they are generally chosen from the ranks of elementary schoolmasters, but the salary has been so low hitherto that the more capable teachers have refused to give up their posts in school to accept the worse-paid one of sub-inspector. There is now a proposal made that the sub-inspectors shall be eligible to proceed to the higher office of full inspector, with its salary of from five to fifteen hundred per annum; but it does not appear that it is thought of as possible that a woman should be an inspector. Nevertheless, it would be very desirable that there should be a certain number of these superior officers of the educational department of the female sex. There would be a much better chance of the special troubles and peculiar requirements of girls' and infants' schools being attended to if women had a share in their inspection; and teachers would be spared such an ordeal as I once saw undergone by half-a-dozen of them in an infant-school, when a young University man had them all gathered round him while he showed them how they ought to hold their knitting-needles—though some, at least, of those ladies had been able to knit when their young mentor was still in his cradle. It would be easy to find many cultivated and sympathetic women, University graduates and others, fit for the post of Inspectress of Infants' and Girls' Schools.

Jurists and students of psychology know that there is, as a well-established fact, an epidemic contagion in crime. The imitative instinct, which makes the lower minds among mankind little more individually self-reliant than a flock of sheep, acts in inciting to crimes, until a stronger impulse to resistance to the evil idea is given by the law. There has been a terrible outburst, within the last few months, of such an epidemic of crimes of violence toward women. What is the law doing to check it? Worse than nothing: the men who sit in judgment on such crimes practically encourage them, and are not, in their turn, punished by the public opinion of their equals and their superiors for doing so. Only about a year ago, the Assistant-Judge of the Middlesex Sessions caused a temporary outburst of indignation by his sentence of six months' imprisonment for a most vile and totally unprovoked attempt to murder a woman. But not only was he left on the bench, but last week the same Judge received—nominally from the gracious hands of the first lady of the land—the honour of knighthood. Thus encouraged, Mr. Justice Charles has this week sentenced to only nine months' imprisonment a man who attempted to murder his wife with a chopper; and on the same day a Scotch Judge was content to give a sentence of ten years' penal servitude for the crime of murder, which is nominally met by the fullest penalty of the law, and which, in this case, was accompanied by such atrocities that a juryman fainted at the tale. How long is this cruel and brutal acquiescence of "learned gentlemen" with cruel and brutal crimes against the weaker half of society to go on unchecked?

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

TRANSFORMATIONS.

Down at Claygate, in Surrey, there is a cosy nook where a warm welcome awaits the friends who come to spend a quiet hour or two with the genial host of The Cottage. The dining-room opens on to a lawn, which has great firs ranked like a row of sentinels along one side, and bays and rhododendrons in clumps on the other side, shielding the grassy plot from the field beyond. In front of you, as you sit on the comfortable lounge at the dining-room door, there is the sweep of verdure which, even in the hottest of summer days, is green and cool and refreshing to the sight. Here one gathers in "the harvest of a quiet eye" in plenty. There are two tame magpies which dance and hop up and down the lawn, and there is "Jack," the jackdaw, who, albeit a suspicious bird and a knowing creature withal, has yet a kindly touch or two in his composition. There has been a squalling match to-day, wherein the magpies and the jackdaw have fully and successfully borne their respective parts. Things came to a head this afternoon when a big dragonfly careered across the lawn, and came within a hair's-breadth of the gentleman magpie's nose. Then, the insect flew off at a tangent and nearly fell a victim to the female representative of the race, as she sat in placid contemplation of the failure of her spouse to secure the dainty morsel. Finally, the jackdaw made a dash at the dragonfly, and missed it. These failures were speedily celebrated in plaintive chorus. Mrs. Magpie was the first to cease her song, and retired to her own particular larder, which is a hole in the ground, whence she extricated pieces of bread which had been carefully covered with turf and grass an hour or two before—so true is it that in deep sorrow there is sometimes found much consolation in the delights of the table. The jackdaw hopped off to his own particular domain, and speedily consoled himself with a nice worm, which possibly was more digestible than the dragonfly might have proved. Mr. Magpie, disgusted with the hollow and deceitful world, remained to brood over his defeat, and the dragonfly continued its flight all unharmed, and glorious in the purple sheen of its long, armoured body.

That dragonfly is in itself a study you may not despise.



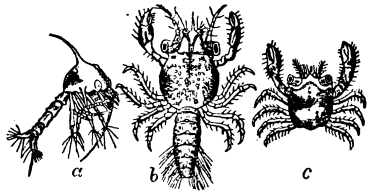
DRAGONFLY.

Primarily, it is a very high type of insect life; but it sprang from a lowly egg, laid on the water-weeds by the parent-being. From this egg came forth the grub, in the guise of an active, crawling, jointed body. This larva is wingless, and fishlike breathes the air entangled in the water by means of a kind of gill-apparatus it bears on its tail. It propels itself forward by the jets of water which it ejects from its breathing-organs, and lives thus a thoroughly aquatic life. Then it moults and changes its skin, and with somewhat of growth becomes the chrysalis. Here you see the same water-life and the same activity. An apparatus of jaws is possessed by the young dragonfly. The jaws seem harmless enough when they lie folded on the head, but they are terrible things enough when they are extended to snap up the unwary larvæ which are co-tenants of the brook or pond with this dragonfly tyrant. Thus time passes, and development proceeds. Then comes the denouement of the dragonfly's early life. The chrysalis fixes itself to some water-plant. There is a period of apparent inactivity while within the chrysalis skin marvellous changes are being wrought out. Then the old skin cracks and splits, and there issues forth the winged insect, perfectly fitted for its aerial existence, and exulting in all the fullness of its new-born powers. You remember Tennyson's lines in his "Two Voices":—

> To-day I saw the dragon-fly
> Come from the wells where he did lie.
>
> An inner impulse rent the veil
> Of his old husk; from head to tail
> Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.
>
> He dried his wings; like gauze they grew;
> Thro' crofts and pastures wet with dew
> A living flash of light he flew.

There is the touch of a master-hand in these lines. Matthew Arnold has taught us that the poet is only great when he is true to nature. Tennyson teaches us a lesson in natural history in the lines I have quoted, and he is a great poet because he writes faithfully and truly as a student of the nature whose interpreter he is.

Such is the history of the insect which the Claygate aviary, in its collective strength and dexterity, failed to conquer. It is a different history, in truth, from that of the late butterflies and moths you see still twittering among the flower-beds by day and by night. In their history you begin with the grub, which is a crawling, gormandising caterpillar, that eats till it grows too big for its skin, and then moults and eats again and changes its investment, and so on until it has accumulated a store of nutriment or material sufficient for the requirements of its transformations. Then comes the butterfly's chrysalis-stage. Here you see rest and quiescence. It is inactive, and is thus unlike the dragonfly, with its carnivorous chrysalis and its masked jaws. It spins a cocoon or other investment, and finally comes forth from the cocoon, breaking through that covering as if it were a veritable prison-house, and appearing as the winged insect of the sunlight and the flowers. There is a marvellous difference betwixt the development of the dragonfly and the moth or butterfly, it is true; but there are also likenesses and analogies to be discovered beneath the apparent dissimilarities. The insect quits the egg at an earlier stage than do most higher animals. Those transformations you see passing under your eyes are not more remarkable than the changes which, in other animals, are passed within the egg, out of sight of all save the prying scientist. No living thing comes to the perfection of its life at "one fell swoop." In all there is transformation and change, of greater or less importance. The shore crab you saw on the beach a few days gone by began life as a tailed creature, with two great "gig-lamps" of eyes, and a curious head-spine (figured in our Illustration) that looked like the end of a nightcap long drawn out. By-and-by, it settled down somewhat from this free-swimming stage (that of the *Zoea*, as it is called), developed eyes of respectable size, and a crablike body. Still the tail remained, and in this state it resembled its near-cousin the lobster (Fig. *b*). Last of all, the crab-tail grew smaller, and ultimately became the "purse" which is tucked up under the crab's body (*c*), that thus represents its head and chest alone, while in the lobster the tail



METAMORPHOSIS OF CRAB.
a, Young form of crab, known as *Zoea pelagica*; *b*, more advanced stage of *a* (*Megalopa*); *c*, advanced stage of *b*.

remains to form an important part of the anatomy of the adult crustacean.

Throughout the whole of living nature, then, there is transformation witnessed, as each life grows from its infancy towards the perfection of its kind. Nothing is accomplished suddenly. What seems to our eyes to be a hasty putting on of new things in animal and plant developments, is in reality only a shortening of a once lengthy method of growth. The dragonfly is the type of all other kinds of lives in respect of its development by degrees; for in nature the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to those strong of arm.

ANDREW WILSON.

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

It is expedient, no doubt, for the safety of our shores, that big guns from Woolwich Arsenal should be mounted at coast forts and batteries, and that artillerymen should be trained in their use. But the infantry, small as well as big, form a part of our national resources which must always be of considerable importance. A certain proportion of the English people being in arms—we allude to the babies—there is reason to hope that the intending foreign invader, whoever he may be, will think twice about the matter. Thousands of little boys, ere they have reached their fifth birthday, announce a patriotic determination to conquer every possible foe. In this valiant resolution, it may usually be observed, they are faithfully encouraged by their sisters, while their nurses are content to forbid only such actual exercises of precocious pugnacity as might be dangerous to those of tender age. The sight of a cannon, of a rifle or pistol, and much more of a real live soldier, arouses the British lion, metaphorically, that lies dormant in the breast of boyhood from earliest infancy; and mothers are sometimes troubled with anxious fears lest the beloved urchin, when he grows to manly stature, take a fancy to the military or naval career. It would be difficult to keep such thoughts out of a child's head, if it were desirable; for nearly all his learning of history, besides the names and dates of Kings and their reigns, consists of land and sea battles; and in the conversation of his elders, whenever there are wars or rumours of wars, no subject is discussed with equal zest. This may hereafter be regarded as a puerile disposition, a remnant of childishness in the slowly improving race of mankind, who are to become so wise, sober, and rational, that all international disputes will be settled without military conflict. What will the boys be like then, if the men are converted to equity and gentleness, and there be no such playthings as swords and guns! A time is promised, indeed, when nation shall no more rise up against nation; and there may be a time when national interests and pretensions shall be merged in the common welfare of humanity. As the world is now, we are still compelled to look to "our national defences," and the youngest child born among us will not live to see the end of this stern necessity, which is exemplified by the great gun bidding defiance to a possible enemy on the cliffs of our Channel shore.

Cardinal Manning, assisted by several other dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church, on Sept. 20 opened the new college at Tooting, which has been erected in place of the old one at Clapham.

A new hospital, erected at a cost of about £10,000, was formally opened at Great Yarmouth on Sept. 20. Sir James Paget, the Mayor and Town Council, the members of the Board of Guardians, the Earl of Orford, Sir E. Birkbeck, M.P., the friendly societies of the town, and a considerable number of the local public took part in the proceedings, which commenced with Divine service at the parish church. Thence a procession was formed to the new hospital. The institution was inaugurated by Sir J. Paget unlocking the front door of the building with a silver-gilt key, handed to him for the purpose. A tour of inspection was made round the hospital, the south wing of which has been fitted up for immediate use. A luncheon followed at the Townhall.

A retired Austrian Government clerk who had for many years lived the life of a recluse in one of the large barracklike houses of suburban Vienna, died a few days ago, and in his will he bequeathed a considerable sum of money to one of his neighbours in the subjoined terms:—"Up the second flight of stairs there lives at door No. 63 a widow who has two daughters. I leave a sum of 80,000 fl. to the one who always nodded in such a friendly way when she met me." At first there was great rejoicing in the widow's home, but presently the two sisters fell out as to which of them the old gentleman had left the money. Both of them had nodded when they met him, and both claimed the legacy. Legal proceedings are impending, but the solicitors on either side are said to be inclined for a compromise by dividing the money in equal shares between the two sisters.

The celebration of the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada was carried out at Hastings on Sept. 20. A meeting was held in the Townhall, under the presidency of the Mayor. Lord Brassey moved a resolution to the effect that the deeds of 1588 deserved to be held in undying reverence, and observed that the proceedings in connection with the celebration had not the object of conveying an affront to any foreign Power or religious party. At eight o'clock a torchlight procession started from the Fishmarket, and proceeded along the seafront to St. Leonards, the route being lined with thousands of spectators. The procession was led by a party of coastguards in boats festooned with fancy lights, drawn on cars by horses. Then followed detachments of Naval Artillery Volunteers, also in boats; three batteries of Artillery Volunteers, with guns; two companies of the First Cinque Ports Volunteers; the Charles Arkcoll life-boat and crew; and the local fire brigade. Five bands attended the procession, and torches were borne by one hundred fishermen in tanned frocks. At the conclusion a *feu-de-joie* was fired from the West-hill by the Rifle Volunteers, and a display of fireworks, at the same spot, wound up the proceedings.



BIG HAMMER MAN.

SHELL FACTORY, WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

The manufacture of shells, of shrapnel shells containing bullets, and of Whitehead torpedoes, in the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, has been sufficiently described in the last two Numbers of *The Illustrated London News*. The additional Sketches, made at the Rifled Shell Factory and at the Foundry of the Arsenal, which are presented this week, do not require much further explanation. Several of them represent the stalwart figures of the men who wield big hammers in the foundry, and who deal with steel plates as dextrously as a tailor can manipulate broadcloth. This is nothing to what is done in the Gun Factory, with the great steam-hammer which weighs forty tons, and the anvil of which is mounted on an iron bed of immense thickness, weighing altogether 650 tons, with a bed of timber and concrete below 30 ft. deep; the steam-hammer is used to weld the double or treble coils of steel together, in the building-up of a gun. The Ordnance Stores Factories, to which our attention is at present directed, are of vast extent and of interesting variety, including, besides those already noticed, the Laboratory, containing five hundred lathes, with the Chemical Department, where so much is done with gunpowder and gun-cotton; the cartridge factories both for cannon and for small-arms; the sheds in which detonating apparatus, fuses, and percussion caps are manufactured; the "lead-squirting room" and bullet factory, the rocket factory; and the special appliances for making all kinds of military ammunition. There is also the gun-carriage factory, with its carpentry of timber, its numerous forges of iron, machine-shops, and wheelwrights' shops. The pattern-room exhibits an interesting collection of models, drawings, and photographs, duplicates of which are sent to the War Office and to some foreign stations. The testing of guns and ammunition is conducted at the proof butts in the open ground east of the Arsenal; but the space occupied by the different factories and stores of this immense establishment is three hundred and fifty acres. More than ten thousand hands are often employed in various works at the same time, and even this does not suffice; there is also the Enfield Factory, and special factories at other places, besides work done by contract; yet the demands of our Army and Navy for mechanical and material instruments are scarcely met by the supply in time of peace, and in war-time it might become needful to make far greater efforts, more especially in the Ordnance Department.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Because I Love Thee" is the title of a song by Ernest Ford, who has produced a very pleasing piece in which sentimental sadness is well expressed without degenerating into mawkish commonplace. Messrs. Chappell and Co. are the publishers, as also of "Beauty's Eyes," by F. P. Tosti, a setting of a love-song from the experienced hand of Mr. F. E. Weatherly. The vocal part is flowing and melodious, its unaffected simplicity being well contrasted by the moving accompaniment of triplets. An ad libitum violin part is supplied to enhance the general effect. "'Tis for the Best" (also from Messrs. Chappell) is a setting, by Mr. F. Cellier, of lines by Mr. C. Bridgman, in which religious sentiment is well expressed, and this has been successfully reflected in Mr. Cellier's music, which is calculated to produce much effect without undue strain on the vocalist—a merit that belongs to the other vocal pieces above referred to. "The Day of Love" (from the same publishers) is a setting of lines by Thomas Moore, by Mr. Hamish MacCunn, who has recently attracted attention by some highly characteristic music, including important orchestral and choral accessories. The song now referred to affords fresh evidence of the composer's possession of an original train of musical thought. The vocal melody, which is extremely simple, is well contrasted by the peculiar rhythm of the accompaniment. Messrs. Chappell and Co. have also issued pianoforte arrangements from Lecocq's comic opera "Pepita" (recently produced at Toole's Theatre after a successful provincial career). A selection of the favourite themes has been arranged, in effective and easy style, by W. Winterbottom; a Fantasia, derived from the same sources, having been produced by Mr. W. Smallwood, who has avoided difficulties, and has facilitated even what is easy, by indicating the lending fingering. The "Diamond Music Books"—issued by the same firm—contain a large variety of pianoforte and vocal pieces, sacred and secular, neatly engraved and printed, and issued at the almost nominal price of sixpence each number.

Boosey's "Instrumental Library" (shilling series) has now reached a hundred numbers, and includes a large collection of violin music—solo and duet, exercises, studies, and arrangements—forming a comprehensive and varied collection suited to all tastes. The cornet, also, is provided for in the series now referred to, others of Messrs. Boosey and Co.'s cheap publications including a "Banjo Album" containing arrangement



BIG HAMMER MAN.



CLEANING OUT A SHELL.



LACQUERING A SHELL AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.



BIG HAMMER MAN AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

of modern songs for an instrument which has of late years been brought into prominent notice.

"My Heart's Beloved," by F. H. Cowen, is a setting of sentimental lines by Mr. A. Chapman. The music has that artistic and gracious touch which distinguishes most of Mr. Cowen's productions, and will please both singers and hearers. "First in the Fight" is a song, by F. Bevan, of a stirring martial character, well suited to a singer possessed of declamatory power. "A Garden of Memories" is a graceful song by M. Watson, who has produced some musical strains that are sentimental without being commonplace, and will be welcome alike to vocalists and audiences. "As Once We Met" is the title of a song by Mr. E. Bucalossi, who has here produced a vocal piece of a melodious and gracious character that can scarcely fail to please both in execution and audition. All the songs just referred to are published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., as are the following:—"He Will Forgive," an impressive sacred piece by F. L. Moir; and "Long Ago," by E. Birch, a pleasing vocal duet, in which the voices (soprano and contralto) are very effectively displayed, in association and alternation. "Ellaline" (from the same publishers) is a gavotte (for the pianoforte) by Hamilton Clarke. The piece (which is dedicated to Miss Ellen Terry) is a graceful reflection of the quaint old dance form indicated by the title.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The first fashionable wedding of the autumn took place on Sept. 19, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, the contracting parties being Colonel Montague Gilbert Gerard, C.B., of Rochsoles, Lanarkshire, and Miss Helen Meade, youngest daughter of Mr. Edward Meade, of 28, Hill-street, Berkeley-square. The bride was attired in a handsome duchesse satin striped moiré antique, the front of the dress being entirely covered with old Brussels lace and sprays of orange-blossom. The long Court train was trimmed with old Brussels lace and bunches of orange-blossom, while her tulle veil was caught up by a diamond star and exquisite bunch of orange-blossom. The bridesmaids wore white China silk, with plain draped skirts and bodice trimmed with white moiré. Their white chip hats were decorated with a lovely shade of green velvet and bunches of mignonette. Their ornaments were gold bangles, the gift of the bridegroom, and they also carried large bouquets of mignonette.

The marriage of Sir William Brampton Gurdon, younger son of the late Mr. Brampton Gurdon, with Lady Eveline Camilla Wallop, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Portsmouth, took place on Sept. 20, at Wembworthy, Devon. The bride was given away by her father. She wore a dress of ivory velvet, ornamented with sixteenth-century period point lace, and her veil was of Honiton lace. Her ornaments were a pearl tiara and other ornaments, the gift of Lady Camilla Fortescue; and she carried a bouquet of orange-blossoms and myrtle, the gift of the bridegroom. There were four bridesmaids—Ladies Margaret and Henrietta Wallop (sisters of the bride); Miss Brooke, niece of the bridegroom; and Lady Margaret Herbert, cousin of the bride, who were dressed in ivory muslin and large Eton-blue sashes. They also wore pretty Tosca hats, trimmed with blue ribbon and sprays of nuts. Lord John Hervey acted as best man.



FOUNDRY HAND, AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

NEW BOOKS.

Ulysses; or, Scenes and Studies in Many Lands. By W. Gifford Palgrave (Macmillan and Co.).—It is not, in the present age, so rare a personal distinction to have resided or travelled in different countries of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, that an author of descriptive essays should claim for his peculiar prototype the wily wanderer of the Homeric legend, who escaped the magic of Circe, the fatal song of the Sirens, and the kitchen of Polyphemus. But Mr. Gifford Palgrave has seen many cities of mankind and observed their manners and humours; while his official experiences, in the consular and diplomatic services, and his missions of an earlier date, in Syria and Palestine, as an agent of the Jesuit Order, and in Arabia, on a special errand of inquiry patronised by the late French Emperor, have made him more intimately acquainted than the ordinary "globe-trotter" can be with non-European nations. He is an attractive and engaging writer, whose style, as well as his tone of sentiment and contemplative mood, often reminds us of Mr. Froude; and this volume, containing articles mostly reprinted from the magazines of ten or fifteen years past, is welcome as agreeable reading. The views that it presents, however, of the condition of some parts of the world, though doubtless based on accurate detailed observation at the time, require now to be accepted with large modification from our knowledge of subsequent changes. We can no longer speak of "the unchanging East," when vast Asiatic regions, from the shores of the Euxine and the Caspian to the islands of Japan, are rapidly undergoing a political and social transformation far more complete than is witnessed in modern Europe. The advance of Russian conquest and Russian civilisation, now triumphant at Samarcand and Bokhara, on the one hand, and the eager adoption of European arts and habits by the Japanese, with the hastening decay of the Mohammedan Empires in Western Asia, promise soon to obliterate much that was distinctive of Oriental life. A certain almost pathetic interest therefore belongs to Mr. Palgrave's sketches of secluded rustic communities under Turkish rule, in Anatolia or Asia Minor, or in Gurgistan, a corner of Georgia which in 1867 and 1871 was not yet annexed to Russia; and there is a flavour of departing Eastern romance in his Arabian story of "Alkamah's Cave," which he gathered from native reciters during his sojourn in Nejd. The significance which he found in Siamese Buddhism, when he visited the famous shrine of Phra-Bat, and that of the ancient religion of Japan, called "Shinto," which appeared to him more salutary than the sacerdotal doctrine and practice of the Buddhists, may still command thoughtful study among other themes of historical and critical investigation with regard to comparative theology, which occupy some philosophical minds. Leaving all that, with the comments of the learned and travelled author who has been initiated into the mysteries of so many religions, unknown to Ulysses or to Homer, we are greatly pleased with his account of Hong-Kong, a noble modern creation of British commercial enterprise and administrative government, and regret that his chapter-title, "The Three Cities," has not been justified by adding the promised descriptions of Macao and Canton. The Japanese city of Kioto has been more fully described in several other books, and Mr. Palgrave has more to say of the Mikado, not as he is now, an actually ruling Emperor, but in the days of his enforced seclusion, as a gentle, venerable figure of sacred hereditary Sovereignty, dwelling amidst a loyal and contented people. In the nearer East, returning to the shores of the Black Sea, where the author, from 1867 to 1873, held the post of Consul at Trebizond, his excursion to the Greek monastery of Sumelas, a singular mountain stronghold of ancient ecclesiastical traditions, may be followed with interest; but there is little fresh in his account of the ruins of the Egyptian Thebes, Karnac and Luxor. His "West Indian Memories," too, comprising some notice of the French islands, Martinique and Guadaloupe, and the narrative of an expedition to the Grande Soufrière and boiling lake in Dominica, are the description of places that have been visited by others besides "Ulysses." Nevertheless, all that he writes is sufficiently entertaining and substantially instructive. From the Far East, where he treats of "Malay Life in the Philippines," to the River Plate and Paraguay, where he is now resident British Minister, Mr. Palgrave has everywhere collected rich stores of diverse knowledge, which have been digested by a reflecting mind, and which are here presented in a graceful literary form, worth a score of the books of slipshod writing and the trivial or silly anecdotes that some travellers make haste to print.

Twenty-five Years in a Waggon, in the Gold Regions of Africa. By Andrew A. Anderson. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall).—A large amount of geographical information concerning the inland regions of South Africa, north of the Cape Colony and north-west of Natal and the Transvaal, is contained in these volumes; but the narrative of travel, the accounts of dealings with Boers and other settlers or squatters, and with various Kaffir tribes, and probably also the hunting experiences, seem to belong to a period before the changes that have altered the condition of affairs. Mr. Anderson began his extensive and discursive waggon-journeys in 1860, starting from Natal across the Drakensberg into the Orange River country, which he found very monotonous; in 1864 he explored the Transvaal and Griqualand West, now the Diamond Fields; afterwards he traversed Bechuanaland, which was then known to few except the missionaries, and crossed the Kalahara Desert westward; in 1872 he went far into the interior, visiting Lake Ngami and the Zambesi, and reached the southern tributaries of the Congo; on a different occasion he travelled over Great Namaqualand, Damaraland, and Ovampoland, the western countries of South Africa beyond the Kalahara Desert. These countries last mentioned, which are still comparatively little known, have recently been spoken of as a possible sphere of German commercial or colonial enterprise; and Mr. Anderson's description of them seems calculated to be of more utility than what he relates of the past state of things in the Transvaal, though his abundant and exact notices of the physical geography and topography, the soil and climate, and the natural products and resources, animals, plants, and minerals of every part of South Africa have an abiding value. Great Namaqualand, which extends 420 miles along the shore of the South Atlantic Ocean, from the Orange River mouth to Wallfish Bay, and on the coast of which is Angra Pequena, a new German possession, does not appear to be a pleasant country. Water and grass are scarce even in the highlands, while the coast, with the strip of land fifty miles wide next the sea, is an utterly barren waste. Wood grows only on the river-banks and in the kloofs or ravines; but there are copper, lead, and iron ores, which will be valuable when they are worked. To the north is Damaraland, extending to the Portuguese boundary of Benguela, which seems to be a rather better country, as the natives keep large flocks of cattle, sheep, and goats. The only harbour, Wallfish Bay, belongs to the Cape Colony, and is an important trading station; there is much copper, lead, and silver, also iron, in the mountains. Behind this country, in the interior, lies Ovampoland, "one of the most beautiful parts of South Central Africa, with picturesque mountains, lovely open glades, well-wooded districts, a rich soil for corn, and a dry and healthy climate." This might be worth looking after, in connection with the British Protectorate of Bechuanaland, which approaches it from the south; but Mr. Anderson says that Ovampoland is at present no country for emigration, being extensively occupied by "too many uncivilised natives, who are averse to whites living in that country." These poor "Ovaheros," as they are called, have, nevertheless, the character of being friendly, honest, and hospitable, although no mission stations exist among them. The author recommends the making of a good road from Wallfish Bay to Lake Ngami, the establishment of British sovereignty north and south of Wallfish Bay, and measures to encourage trade with the interior of South Central Africa. There is a good deal to be learned from this book, partly written from his direct observations, partly compiled, as we suppose, from other works on the subject.

Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century. From the MSS. of John Ramsay, Esq., of Ochtertyre. Two vols. (W. Blackwood and Sons).—This series of contemporary biographical memoirs, followed in the second volume by some essays, of much historical value, on the social and economic conditions of Scotland after the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745, may be esteemed an important contribution to our studies of the past. The author, who was born in 1736 and died in 1814, was a friend of Sir Walter Scott, lived the life of a discreet and quiet country gentleman, cultivated the best society of his time, reflected wisely on his personal observations, and wrote the clear, elegant, unaffected English prose style of Hume and Robertson, which was perhaps as good as any written in our own age. His papers, now edited with care and fidelity by Mr. Alexander Allardyce, author of the biography of Admiral Lord Keith, constitute a substantial work, connected by the affinity of its subjects, which fully merits preservation as a standard literary authority, and should be placed on the library shelf after Dr. John Hill Burton's excellent History, along with some publications of the Grampian Club and with the useful compilations of Messrs. William and Robert Chambers. They will serve, besides, for those old-fashioned lovers of the best of the Waverley Novels who appreciate Scott's genuine vein of humour in his delineation of Scottish characters and manners as he actually saw them—a source of imaginative interest that will outlive the puerilities of chivalrous romance—to recognise the truth with which Scott drew from nature in his most lifelike portraits of men not less typical of different classes than distinctly individual persons. It is of the Baron of Bradwardine, Oldbuck of Monkbarns, Lawyer Pleydell, Dandie Dinmont, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and other eighteenth-century characters that we are apt to think, not of Ivanhoe, Marmion, or Quentin Durward, as the real living figures in Scott's imaginative creations. We only wish that he had been allowed by the taste of his readers to employ more of his genius in depicting what lay immediately around him; for the robust vigour of the Scottish national temperament, and the circumstances of his age and country, presented an abundance of dramatic subjects. Mr. Ramsay of Ochtertyre was not a great literary humourist, but a diligent and conscientious memorialist, and a judicious, friendly, veracious commentator on social and domestic affairs. During his residence at Edinburgh, by constant personal intercourse, and after 1760, when he withdrew to the management of his rural estate, by continued private correspondence and visiting, he kept up an acquaintance with the eminent lawyers, University professors, and clergymen of the Established Kirk; and he learnt much of their predecessors. Duncan Forbes of Culloden, President of the Court of Session at the political crisis of 1745; Dundas of Arniston; Baron Kennedy; Lord Justice Clerk Erskine; Lord President Craigie; Lord Prestongrange; Lord Pitfour; Lord Auchinleck (Boswell's father); and Lord Kames, the acute and ingenious philosophical writer, appear in this gallery as ornaments of the Bench of Judges. Lord Monboddo, with his versatile cleverness and his eccentric whims, and Lord Hailes, the accomplished scholar and zealous antiquary, with several other notable men of the lawyer class, are here introduced. Among the men of literary note we find Adam Smith, Dr. Thomas Reid, Dr. Gregory, Dr. George Campbell, Macpherson, and Beattie, several principals and professors of different Scottish Universities, and several preachers or theologians in the Kirk ministry. But the general descriptions of the state of Scotland a century and a half ago, the popular feeling towards the government of the Hanoverian Kings, the aspects of town and country, the state of agriculture, the relations between lairds and tenants and peasants, the old local and family customs, the habits of the gentry and their ladies, the fashions of dress, of dwelling, of diet, and of drink, may prove more interesting to the ordinary reader. These Ramsay reminiscences are highly acceptable, making a very good book of its kind.

Chronicles of Bow-street Police-Office. By Percy Fitzgerald, F.S.A. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall).—The old building, nearly opposite the Covent-Garden Opera Theatre, recently demolished to erect a more commodious police-court, had many curious associations with London social history. These volumes, the work of a practised literary compiler, are filled with anecdotes of the Bow-street police magistrates, from Henry Fielding, the great English humourist and novelist, who occupied the bench from 1749 to 1753, and Sir John Fielding, his half-brother, who succeeded him, down to Sir James Ingham of our own day; also, the Bow-street "Runners," detective officers, and pursuers of criminals, including the famous Townsend, who died in 1832, and who was a diverting character of strong originality; and the former police patrol, which was under the special direction of the Bow-street office, before the creation of the Metropolitan Police. In the second volume, bringing down the chronicles of notable inquiries conducted at Bow-street to a recent date, there is a much less degree of local flavour; and such well-remembered events as the blowing-up of the Clerkenwell prison wall, in 1867, and the later dynamite conspiracy; the conviction of Slade, the fraudulent "Medium"; and several different forgeries, swindles, and bank robberies, are narrated on their own score. These transactions would perhaps be not less worthy of remembrance apart from the manner of their investigation at Bow-street as the Chief Office for the Metropolis; but the peculiar domestic characteristics of the ancient system there, under a singular administrative household or family of police officials, which did good service in the reigns of George III. and George IV., have a particular unique interest, deserving of antiquarian record. Henry Fielding, a name that will not be effaced from the list of ornaments of English literature, performed in 1753 the arduous task of breaking up a formidable organisation of gangs of housebreakers, street robbers, and occasional murderers, who had grown to be the terror of London. Sir John Fielding, though a blind man, exercised his office with the greatest ability and practical success; his plan, originally devised by Henry Fielding, was that of harrying and driving out the known habitual criminals from all their local haunts and places of meeting, and circulating the "hue and cry" for the arrest of highwaymen. It was he who also projected the horse-patrol for the safety of the roads around London, which Sir Richard Ford permanently organised in 1805, employing fifty-four retired cavalry soldiers, with six inspectors. In 1821, the day and night patrol of the London streets was performed by a force of about eighty men, in addition to the old "Charlies" or night watchmen. But the most characteristic feature of the establishment was that of the "Bow-street Runners," whose sagacity and alacrity might bear comparison, perhaps, with the modern Detective Branch, though Townsend is suspected by the author of this book to have been "something of a impostor." He seems, indeed, to have been a vain chatterer and boaster, flattered by the injudicious familiarity with which persons of the highest rank, the Royal Princes and the nobility, sometimes the King himself, would treat him when in personal attendance upon them; he was cunning, impudent, and greedy of fees and presents, by which he amassed £20,000. Some of the anecdotes told of his bold and pert sayings are quite in the vein of the privileged Court jesters in Shakspeare, but it is probable that he never said them to the exalted personages with whom he affected to be on such easy terms. Vickery, Sayer, Macmanus, Armstrong, Ruthven, Bishop, and Keys, are enumerated among the skilful and courageous detective officers who contrived the discovery or apprehension of noted criminals in the early part of this century. George Ruthven, who died in 1844, landlord of the One Tun Tavern in Chandos-street, was the captor of Thistlewood, the Cato-street conspirator, and of Thurtell, the murderer, and the detector of extensive bank robberies and forgeries; he was, indeed, considered the most efficient of the Bow-street "Runners." Portraits of the two Fieldings, and of Sir Richard Birnie, an eminent police magistrate, of Townsend the "Runner," and other persons, views of old buildings, and other illustrative woodcuts, are given in these entertaining volumes. The subject is of a popular nature, and is treated in an unobjectionable manner, but there is not much originality in the work.

The Henry Irving Shakspeare. Vol. IV. (Blackie and Son).—Critical revision and annotation still find employment, and publishers display their enterprise, in completing the presentment of the greatest dramatic poet's works, aided by all that English scholarship can do for their elucidation. This publication, which has reached its fourth volume, is the joint work of Mr. Henry Irving, the most eminent Shakspeare actor and manager of Shakspeare's plays on the stage now living, and of Mr. Frank A. Marshall, the executive literary editor, aided by several competent scholars, among whom are Mr. A. Wilson Verity, Mr. Arthur Symons, Mr. P. Z. Round, and Mr. P. A. Daniel, while assistance has been also received from Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, and other high Shakspearean authorities. Mr. Irving, in his prefatory essay on "Shakspeare as a Playwright," pointed out that the mighty genius of the poet would be most fully appreciated by regarding his plays as intended to be acted; they should be studied in the light of the explicit directions, and farther in that of the implied stage directions contained in the text, and with regard to many points of gesture or by-play among the actors; moreover, as the words are intended to be spoken aloud, the "dramatic rhythm," agreeable to the sentiment or passion expressed, has to be noted, as well as the sense and the metre. With these requirements skilfully attended to, the use of the present edition should supersede every other in the viva voce recitation of the plays, as well as in the private social practice of reading aloud by members of a party, each taking his or her part, or in single reading aloud, as in preparing for a stage performance. For the mere literary student, nevertheless, who seeks the most complete knowledge of the text, its corruptions and its corrections or proposed emendations, and of the numerous allusions and citations that occur in it, with the explanation of phrases either obsolete or equivocal in meaning, this edition will prove as serviceable as another; very brief notes to the text are put at the foot of each page, while there are notes of more elaborate discussion following each play. In order to guide the viva voce reader, whether at home or on a platform, who must omit some passages and rearrange others, to bring his recital within tolerable limits, the pieces which can be left out without detriment to the story or action of the play are set between brackets. Each play has a threefold introduction—firstly, treating of its literary history, the sources of the plot and any part of the dialogue, and the printed editions; secondly, the history of its stage representations; and thirdly, original comment and critical analysis, not quoting the opinions of former critics. The time supposed to be occupied in the development of the story through the five acts of the play is carefully specified. With all these abundant helps, among which is that of small maps, very useful in the historical plays, besides a variety of illustrative engravings, the "Henry Irving Shakspeare" is a work of great practical utility. The volumes, published at regular intervals, are not expensive for a work of so much labour and research. The fourth volume contains the plays of "King Henry V.," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Much Ado About Nothing," "As You Like It," and "Twelfth Night"; and four more volumes are yet to come.

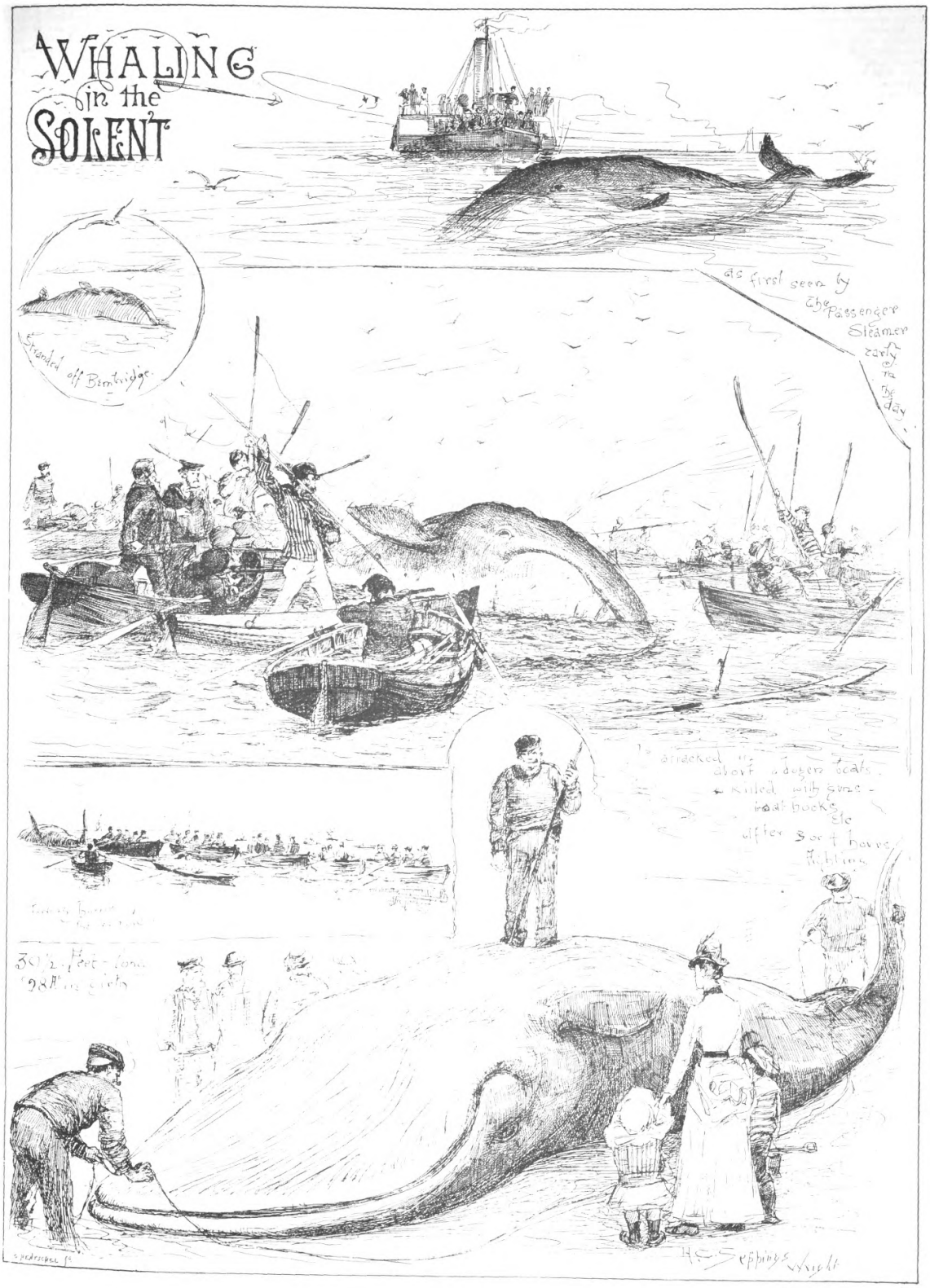
WHALING IN THE SOLENT.

The great whale which was caught off the Isle of Wight on Friday, Sept. 21, was successfully landed next day at Sea View. It has been inspected by crowds of people. The dimensions of the whale are as follows:—Length, 40 ft.; circumference, 20 ft.; estimated weight, 10 tons; length of mouth from point to top of jaw, 7 ft.; length of fins, 4 ft. each; width of tail, 8 ft. Great difficulty was experienced in landing the huge creature. Some stout ropes having been lashed round the tail, eight boats began to pull away, and by dint of great exertions eventually brought the whale to shore. In order to kill it some fifty or sixty shots were fired into its body by the coastguard and others, and the blood that flowed from the wounds dyed the water for a considerable distance. There is some appearance on the body of the whale of having come smartly into collision with a vessel. The whale made an effort to pass under the archway of Sea View Pier, but without success. Its vitality, however, was so great that when a hawser was put round his tail, after gunshot wounds had apparently taken deadly effect, the whale made a sudden plunge, and quite overpowered the numerous boats engaged in towing. During the chase the excitement on shore became very great, as it looked as though the huge creature would escape. At one moment it was gradually making way in the direction of Ryde. When off Spring Vale the animal stuck on a sand-bank, and the combined effect of the bullets and exhaustion soon completed the capture. Large numbers of people visited Sea View, paying for admission to see the whale. The carcass is to be sold.

Resolutions were adopted at a public meeting of the inhabitants of Berkshire and adjoining counties, held at Newbury on Sept. 20, in favour of the selection of the Berkshire Downs at Churn for the future annual meetings of the National Rifle Association.



A DAY WITH AN ANTIQUARY.


WHALING in the SOLENT
Stranded off Brambridge
as first seen by the Passenger Steamer early in the day
attacked by 2 boats
Killed with gun-boat bombs
after 3 or 4 hours
30½ feet long
28 ft in girth

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Augustus Harris has made a move in the right direction. With admirable tact, and carefully seeing his way beforehand, he has managed to shake off the clinging attentions of modern melodrama, a flashy and bedizened consort, and to devote himself and his personal energy to a more edifying alliance. The heroes, impossible in their self-sacrifice, and the heroines improbable in their abnegation; the flashy Jews and Whitechapel murderers, the romances of the bar and the tap-room; the "penny plain and twopence coloured" style of dramatic fiction that was raised into unworthy prominence by capital, scenic devices, and the prestige of the "national theatre" have all been passed over this year in favour of a nobler subject and a far more ambitious style of art. Calling to his side Mr. Henry Hamilton, one of our most earnest literary workers for the stage; claiming the assistance of such authorities on costume—particularly of the Elizabethan period—as Mr. Seymour Lucas, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, and the enthusiastic Mr. Wilhelm; using the full scope of the magnificent Drury-Lane stage for panorama, pageant, and procession, we are presented with a series of stage pictures illustrating the Armada period, the scare in England, the rival powers of Elizabeth and Philip, and the contrast between our insular dawn of freedom and Spain's degradation in connection with the Inquisition. As presented on the first night, the new drama was not without its faults. It was too long, too diffuse. Overweighted with extraneous and unnecessary matter, the story was lost in the mass of decoration. The drama could not stand against the vigorous assault of the archæologist; but, for all that, now that the ship has been lightened by throwing some ballast overboard, "The Armada" will stand forth as one of the most conspicuous and encouraging achievements of the successful reign of Mr. Augustus Harris at Drury-Lane. The interest of the drama is pretty equally divided between patriotism and romance. The reader of history and the student of romance will be equally satisfied. We see Queen Elizabeth not as she might have been, but as she was—a made-up, red-wigged, powerful woman of eight-and-fifty, prejudiced and patriotic, listless and apathetic at the moment, vigorous and domineering at another. We see the Court of good Queen Bess at Greenwich realised so far as history and existing pictures of the time permit us to do so, with stately minuets, carefully-selected phraseology, and the statesmen of the period accurately reproduced. Scenes that have now passed away and are never to be restored to us are presented with gratifying accuracy. The corn-fields of old England; the quiet homely provincial life of old Plymouth; the village of Charing, with its old cross, in the days of the London apprentices; the cathedral of Old St. Paul's, before fire destroyed the metropolitan church and Gothic architecture gave way to the Classic design of Sir Christopher Wren; the English people in the habit in which they lived in agricultural England, in provincial England, in Court and cottage, on high days and holidays;—surely these things are more stimulating and are more lasting for good than houses on fire, railway accidents, murders in back parlours, ship scuttlings, and the realised horrors that distress and agitate our daily life!

Not, indeed, that there is any lack of excitement in the new drama. The attack on the Spanish Armada off Calais by the English fire-ships, the firing of a good old-fashioned broadside, the manœuvring of the unwieldy war-vessels, the cheering, the shouting, the hand-to-hand fighting, and the expenditure of gunpowder, must interest a generation familiar alone with a scientific navy and armaments of a vastly different pattern. It is something to be able to place on the stage, and to interest an audience with, one of the most realistic representations of one of the grandest achievements recorded in English history. But this is not all. The more romantic side of the story deals with the rescue of a young English girl by her manly lover from the clutches of a dissolute Spaniard, who has denounced her to the Inquisition, and this leads us to the examination of that curious misconception and form of human error that, treated with care and good taste, need not necessarily shock susceptibilities or arouse any deplorable religious animosity. Whatever faith we may hold, we cannot, unfortunately, blot out every chapter of recorded history; and though these scenes of torture, horror, and mistaken bigotry deal with the Inquisition and the Spanish auto-da-fé—though a Protestant maiden is led to the stake to be burned as a heretic and a sorceress—though the imagination is stimulated with cowled monks and friar inquisitors, and chanted "Miserere," and all the mockery of martyrdom as practised in a Christian country, it may still be urged that there was another side of the picture. The new faith retaliated with bitter vengeance, and the old creed saw its martyrs for conscience sake as well as the new. The good taste that has distinguished these historical pictures cannot be too highly praised; whilst simply as accessories to drama, such scenes as the rescue of the condemned woman by her lover are the most eloquent and stirring that the new drama affords. In a certain sense, the battle on board the pirate Vixen, when the hero elects to save his country before the woman of his heart, the breaking up of the mummery of the Inquisition with the broadswords of the English sailors, and the processional pageant that escorts Queen Elizabeth to St. Paul's Cathedral to give thanks to God after a great victory—which, by-the-way, was supposed to be due far more to the elements and the interposition of Providence than to actual prowess—will linger longer on the memory than even the vaunted sea-picture of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. In such plays of pageantry and scenic splendour at Drury-Lane acting as an art plays a subordinate part. All its subtlety and refinement are lost on a stage peopled with an army of supernumeraries and dedicated to din. It would require lungs of leather to shout louder than the din of carpenters and scene-shifters. Consequently, Miss Winifred Emery can do little more than look pretty and engaging; Mr. Leonard Boyne does all he can do when he is passionate and energetic. The one is a graceful heroine, the other a picturesque hero. They both did their work loyally and well; but assistance of a more practically useful kind was given by Mr. Harry Nicholls as the indispensable comic man, who gives to his Elizabethan jokes a decidedly modern flavour and a nineteenth century point to his archaisms; and by Miss Ada Neilson, who gave a remarkably accurate and vigorous picture of the "Virgin Queen." Miss Edith Bruce, Miss Kate James, Mr. Beaumont, and others may be congratulated on their successful endeavours; but the play, as a play, will stand on its scenic and pictorial merits. The ambitious ode spoken by Miss Maud Milton, and the tableau representing the historic game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe, after the picture by Seymour Lucas, will probably be sacrificed to get the play over by eleven; but there will be plenty left to amuse and edify an audience not wholly slaves to frivolity and ingrained vulgarity.

Something must be done, and done quickly too, to check the spirit of reckless discourtesy that distinguishes the first nights of new plays in London. Rudeness prevailed at Drury-Lane on Saturday; still grosser rudeness was observed at the new Court Theatre in London. At Drury the "yahoos" vented their spleen because Queen Elizabeth dared to wear a farthingale, and spontaneously said "Amen" when God was asked to bless her health and enterprise. At the Court Theatre no considerations of courtesy or good taste were permitted to weigh against the innate selfishness of the modern "cad" who presumes to criticise modern plays. Unfortunately there is no other word for him. He is disturbed on getting to his seat; he considers that the pit is not large enough or the pit entrance is too small; he has been upset; his vanity has not been tickled; he has paid his two shillings, and he wants two guineas' worth of room—so he begins to yell and cat-call. He won't allow comfort to any human soul. A manageress may be anxious, an actress may be nervous, great enterprises may be at stake—what does it matter to the combative "cad"? He has to make himself heard and felt. He did it with a vengeance on the occasion of the opening of the new Court Theatre: he hissed and howled, until very shame silenced him, merely because the architect of the new playhouse had not satisfied his requirements. When will the stalls and boxes arise and cry down this boisterous bumptiousness? When will decent people be heard in the chivalrous defence of powerless actors in antagonism to the rowdyism that threatens to wreck property and to discredit art? The new theatre is an elegant little playhouse; all was done that could possibly be done to make the playgoer comfortable; and yet the personal popularity of Mrs. John Wood and the presence of Mr. Hare were not allowed to weigh against the annoyance of a rush down a pit staircase on a crowded night and on the occasion of opening a new theatre. The programme offered was extremely interesting. Mr. Charles Thomas wrote a new comedietta called "Hermine" that brought into prominence Miss Florence Wood, a young actress of strong individuality and uncommon promise; a girl of education who has style, distinction, and power. The majority of young actresses now-a-days are weak and pulseless. They are feeble, and possess the intelligence of the ordinary shop-girl—worthy creatures, no doubt, but with no nerve or stamina. Miss Florence Wood strikes us, at the outset, as a girl of no ordinary intelligence, and as a young actress of very remarkable individuality. To see her stand unmoved, with a sarcastic smile on her lips, when the pit showered on her unoffending shoulders their impudent sneers was a bit of acting worth remembering. The little play passed off as well as it could after so stormy a prologue, and then came Mr. Grundy's version of the funny French farce "Les Surprises du Divorce." Somehow or other the play in the process of translation had lost colour. It went flatter than it should have done; it had not been well rehearsed; or, if it had, some of the company had forgotten their instructions. Mr. Hare was admirable enough, and so was Mrs. John Wood. The comic despair of the one and the eccentric indifference of the other prevented collapse; but "Mamma" must be played quicker and with far more spirit if it is to run as long as the Court farces that helped to make the name of Pinero. By-the-way, Mr. Pinero is to write the next play at the new Court Theatre when Mr. Hare has packed up and gone off to manage his own theatre at Charing-cross.

There are great events in the immediate future. Mr. Mansfield will play next Monday at the Lyceum in "A Parisian Romance." On Tuesday the Globe Theatre will start a new career with "The Monk's Room," a play that is reported to have failed twice, and very distinctly, at matinées. Meanwhile, the clever "Mikado" is being acted for the last nights at the Savoy, and all the company are hard at work on the new opera by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, which will be the talk of all London in a few days' time.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF MAR AND KELLIE.

The Right Hon. Walter Henry Erskine, M.A., Earl of Mar and Kellie, a Representative Peer of Scotland, Premier Viscount of Scotland, died suddenly, at Alloa, on Sept. 16. He was born Dec. 17, 1839, the eldest son of Walter Coningsby, twelfth Earl of Kellie, C.B., by Elise, his wife, daughter of Colonel Youngson, of Bowscar, Cumberland; was educated at Eton, and graduated at the University of Oxford. He married, Oct. 14, 1863, Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. William Forbes, of Medwyn, and had three sons and six daughters. He succeeded to the Earldom of Kellie in 1872, and prosecuted successfully his father's claim to the earldom of Mar. This decision of the Lords led to great controversy, which ended in the Earl of Kellie being allowed the earldom of 1565, and Mr. Goodeve Erskine, now Earl of Mar, confirmed in the more ancient earldom—a title so honourably associated with the Scottish annals.



LORD CRAIGHILL.

The Hon. Lord Craighill (John Millar), a member of the College of Justice, died at his residence, Ainslee-place, Edinburgh, on Sept. 22. He was son of Mr. John Hepburn Millar, of Glasgow, merchant, and received his education at Glasgow and Edinburgh. He was called to the Bar in 1842; twice filled the office of Solicitor-General—viz., in 1867 and 1874; in the latter year he was raised to the Bench.

MAJOR BARTTELOT.

Major Edmund Musgrave Barttelot, of the Royal Fusiliers, was treacherously assassinated, on July 19, in Central Africa, by the Manyema carriers provided by Tippoo Tib, when in command of an expedition in search of Stanley, and for the relief of Emin Pasha. This lamented officer was youngest son of Sir Walter B. Barttelot, Bart., C.B., M.P., of Stopham, Sussex, by Harriet, his first wife, daughter of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Edenhall. He was born in 1850, and educated at Rugby and Sandhurst. At the time of his barbarous murder he was Major 1st Battalion Royal Fusiliers. He served in the Afghan War, 1879-80 (medal and clasp); in the Egyptian Campaign, 1882 (medal and clasp); and in the Soudkim Expedition.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir Henry Anthony Farrington, Bart., on Sept. 19, aged seventy-seven. His memoir will be given in our next issue.

Alderman Henry Scrase, J.P., at his residence, Highware Bassett, Southampton, on Sept. 18, aged seventy-nine.

The Rev. Frederick A. S. Pendleton, Rector of St. Sampson, Guernsey, and formerly British Chaplain at Monte Video and at Florence, on Sept. 13.

Mr. Charles Brooke-Hunt, J.P. and D.L. for the county of Gloucester, on Sept. 19, at Merton Grange, Slough, in his ninety-fifth year.

Alexander Cook, R.N., Commander H.M.S. Duke of Wellington, flag-ship at Portsmouth, eldest surviving son of the late Mr. Alexander Shank Cook, Advocate-Sheriff of Ross and Cromarty, on Sept. 18, at Elm Hurst, Southsea.

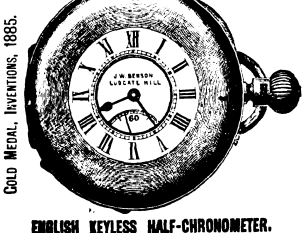
*** We are happy to be able to state, on the very best authority, that General William Inglis, C.B., of Hildersham Hall, Cambridge, whose death was announced in our last issue, is alive and well; and we much regret that the report of his death should have appeared in our columns.

The annual conference of the Evangelical Alliance British Organisation began in Plymouth, on Sept. 25, with a conversazione, which was followed by a largely-attended public meeting, presided over by the Bishop of Exeter.

The race for the valuable Lancashire Plate at Manchester on Sept. 22 resulted in the victory of Lord Calthorpe's Seabreeze, who defeated the Duke of Portland's Ayrshire by three parts of a length, Baron Schickler's Le Sancy being third.—The Newmarket First October Meeting opened on Sept. 25 in somewhat dull weather, and with a poor attendance. The Duke of Westminster won the All-aged Trial Plate with Dornoch, Mr. L. De Rothschild the Selling Plate with Ketta, the Duke of Portland the Buckenham Stakes with Donovan and the Great Foal Stakes with Ayrshire, Mr. J. Hammond the First Nursery Plate with Laureate, Lord Rodney the Maiden Plate with Claribelle, and the Duke of Beaufort the Thirty-ninth Triennial with Rêve d'Or; and Prince Soltykoff's Gold walked over for the Boscawen Stakes. On Sept. 26, the Duke of Westminster won the Zetland Stakes with Rydal; the succeeding Sweepstakes fell to Simonia; and the Granby Stakes to Cedar. In the chief race of the day, Wise Man was first, Sandal second, and Maiden Belle third.

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COLD MEDAL, INVENTIONS, 1885.



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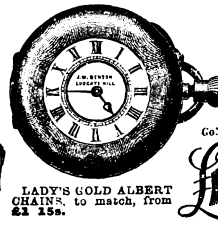
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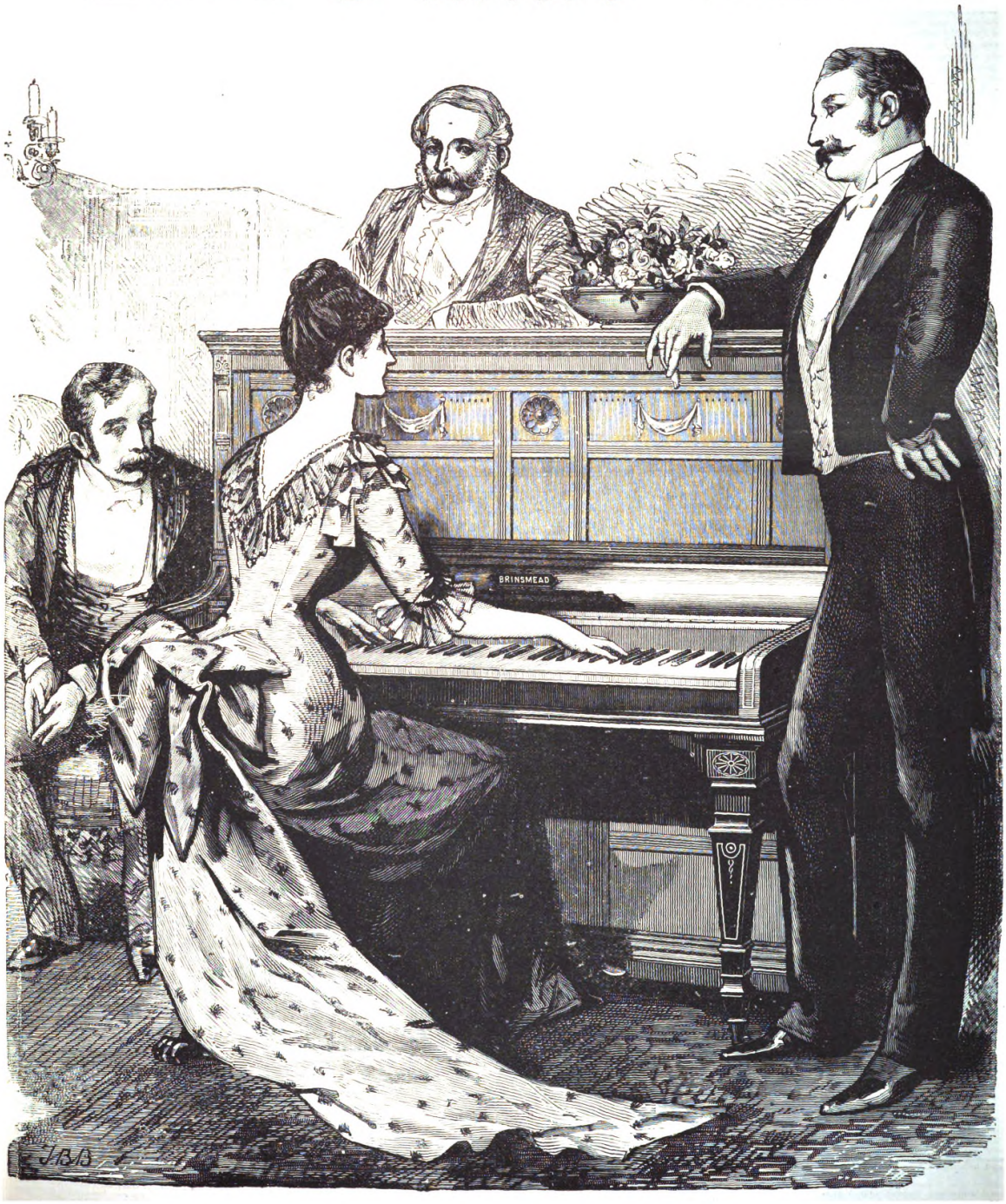
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"THE PERFECTION OF TOUCH AND TONE."

A VISIT TO THESSALY.

A visit to the most interesting points in Thessaly is no longer a matter of difficulty, owing to the comfortable steamers which constantly ply between the Piræus and Volo, and the railway service which connects the latter town with the interior. Tolerable hotel accommodation also can be obtained at Volo and Larissa; and brigands—the bugbear of former times—are as seldom met as centaurs. Larissa has been under Greek rule for only seven years, and, in its badly-made streets, Oriental houses, and numerous minarets, still retains the characteristics of a Turkish town. The Turks are now rapidly leaving, and the population is said to have fallen from 20,000 to about 7000. The tall, needle-like minarets are nearly all that remain of the mosques, which once numbered about thirty. The ruins of these buildings and of numerous deserted Turkish houses give a very weird and dreary aspect to the rambling streets, an effect heightened by the barred and grated windows, which here and there top the bare walls of the prison-like residences that remain. Many of the houses are low, especially in the neighbourhood of the bazaar, and their humble proportions are still further dwarfed by the towering minarets. The town, however, notwithstanding its numerous ruins, seems to be entering on a fresh life. New and good streets are being made, and it is likely that a few years will see a great change in the aspect of the place. Leake describes Larissa as the most Ottoman town in Greece to the southward of Saloniki; and at the time of his visit its Turkish masters were specially notorious for their insolence. A Turk is now seldom seen: the champions of the Prophet will not live where they cannot rule. Twelve hours suffice for the visit by carriage to Tempe, even if one goes to the village of Laspochori at the far end of the vale and visits the bridge over the river beyond the guard-house; but, if time is limited, little will be missed by making the rustic café under the plane-tree the limit of the excursion, and so saving quite an hour.

We left Larissa at six o'clock on a beautiful morning last April, and were glad we had not started at an earlier hour, as the sun, though already hot, had not yet dispersed the mists which rose from the low ground we had to drive over, and which chilled us to the bone. Makrychori and some other villages, formerly occupied by Turks, are visible from the road, near which also lie some old Moslem cemeteries. The appearance of the latter is singularly desolate. They are not fenced in, but stand on the open plain as monuments of a régime which, happily alike for visitors and residents, is at an end. The tombs are marked by rough upright stones, very rudely shaped, and, so far as I saw, without inscriptions. The graves are not filled in with earth, but are covered with boards, over which a thin layer of clay is spread. It is necessary to walk among them with caution, as in some cases the wood has rotted away, and the graves have become open pitfalls. The vale proper begins at the village of Baba, where we arrived after three hours' drive, and made a short stay to visit a curious old mosque, the interior of which has been turned into a burying-place. The road now passes Ambelakia, named from its vines; the fresh fountain Kryologon, and the ruins of a mediæval castle, which derives its name, "The Fair One's Tower," from a legend recorded in the Klephtic ballads. We reached Laspochori—i.e., "mudtown"—about eleven o'clock, and then retraced our steps to the café mentioned above. Having lunched and drunk coffee *à la Turque* in the usual frail and tiny cups, we spent a couple of hours enjoying our delightful surroundings and listening to the nightingales, who did not share the ancient shepherds' scruples about disturbing Pan's noontide slumbers. We did not see any serpents, but there were many beautiful green lizards, and occasionally an eagle was seen floating high above the rocks that towered over our heads.

There has been no small conflict of opinion as to whether the leading characteristic of the vale of Tempe is savage



MONASTERY OF HOLY TRINITY, KALABAKA

grandeur or sylvan beauty. Livy describes it as "a defile, the rocks on both sides of which are so perpendicular as to cause dizziness both in the mind and eyes of those who look down from the precipice. Their terror is also increased by the depth and roar of the Peneus rushing through the midst of the valley." Modern travellers, while admitting that Livy's account is, in some respects, inaccurate, and that his description of the Peneus is singularly unsuitable to this part of its course, yet agree with him in representing the general impression produced by Lykostomo—i.e., the "Wolf's Mouth," as the valley is now called—to be one of gloom and terror. The poets, however, draw a very different picture of the spot. Homer calls the Peneus "the silver-eddying," and to Horace, Virgil, and Catullus the vale was the ideal of woodland beauty. Nor are the verse-writers alone in taking this view, for Ælian, in his "Varia Historia," has given one of the most glowing and enthusiastic descriptions we possess of the valley. Variations of season or weather may, perhaps, account for the widely divergent impressions which different visitors have carried away. Holland, who regards the vale as an abode of gloom, paid his visit at the end of November, and expressly says that the weather was wet and cold. It was my happy lot to see this "feast for the eyes," as Ælian calls it, in early summer, under a cloudless sky and bright sun. The ruggedness of the rocks was concealed or relieved by the rich foliage. The ground was gay with flowers; the air fragrant with their perfume. The plane-trees furnished delightful shade by the banks of the gently-gliding stream. Innumerable birds filled the woods with their song. As the day wore on we reluctantly took our leave, turning our backs on the richly-wooded vale, and again passing the old Turkish cemeteries, whose dreary and desolate situation was the only part of the journey suggestive of gloom.

No spot in Thessaly is more calculated to impress a visitor than Kalabaka, the quaint picturesqueness of whose rock monasteries is absolutely unique. Above the slope on which the village lies, great cliffs, towering to a height of several hundred feet, stand like isolated columns, and present the appearance of having been severed from one another by the action of the sea. The monasteries which crown these heights are veritable eyries, and can now be approached only by ladders attached to the face of the rock, or by nets or baskets, which the monks haul up with a windlass. How the ascent was made in the first instance is an unsolved mystery. The district was sometimes called Stagus—i.e., "the Place of Saints"; sometimes Meteora—i.e., "the Elevated"—according as it was desired to emphasise the piety of the monks or the security of their retreat. Most of the monasteries were founded in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and must have been invaluable as places of refuge when the country was in a disturbed state. They at one time numbered twenty-three, but now only seven are occupied. Curzon saw manuscripts at two or three of the monasteries; but, at present, Meteoron, as the principal monastery is called, *par excellence*, appears to be the only one which has a library of any importance. The monks are very hospitable, and not only entertain the visitor by day, but are also willing to supply sleeping accommodation. St. Stephen's is, perhaps, the best monastery at which to pass the night.

C. H. K.

Mr. E. J. Physick, sculptor, has erected a handsome sculptured memorial in Sicilian marble at Long Melford, Suffolk, in memory of Hyde Parker, of the 8th King's Regiment, eldest son of Sir W. Parker, Bart., of Melford Hall.

The Southend Local Board have sealed a contract with Messrs. Arrol Brothers, of Glasgow, for the construction of a new pier, which is to take the place of the present wooden structure. The amount of Messrs. Arrol's tender is £43,484, this being exclusive of the superstructures and the tramway, which will be tendered for separately, the total cost being estimated at £60,000.

The seventh annual show of the Royal Windsor and Slough Poultry, Pigeon, Rabbit, and Cage Bird Association, which is under the patronage of Prince Christian, Viscount Curzon, M.P., Mr. R. Richardson-Gardner, M.P., and others, has been held in the Home Park, opposite Windsor Castle, and has been attended by a large number of visitors. It comprised 1441 handsome specimens, arranged in 124 classes, and includes a fine collection of cats. Prizes to the value of about £200 were awarded to the successful competitors.

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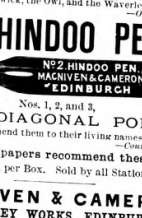
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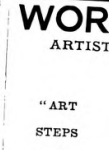
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IN THE SPINNEY.



THE lads and lasses come here in the summer evenings to tell that old, old tale which is ever new; but there are many hours in the day, and many days in the year, when the spinney is as absolute a solitude as Candide himself could have desired. There are noble old oaks about it, and some stately beeches, contrasted by the lithe gracefulness of the silver birch; and the paths wind through thick, clustering brambles, where the blackberries are ripening as fast as premature fingers will permit; and you may find some clumps of bracken which already begin to show the influence of the coming Autumn. From a rising ground on the north you look down into a deep valley, lined with lawny slopes, and freely sprinkled with timber-old trees—trees of patrician bearing, not like the young upstarts which flaunt about our suburban gardens and avenues—trees strong in the strength of years, and throwing out their lusty branches with a fine air of freedom and independence, and maintaining an erectness of stature which speaks of the vigour of maturity. At the bottom of the valley nestles a tiny lake, or pool, which at one end reflects the shadows of a portion of the wood, but elsewhere lies open to the smiles of Heaven, and on clear, bright days does its best to absorb as much of the sunshine and the azure as its limited compass will hold. Some pleasant-looking mansions are scattered up and down the sides of the valley; not so many as to detract from its picturesqueness of aspect, and yet in sufficient number to invest the scene with a certain homeliness of character; while, in one direction, a tall spire lifts itself above a group of environing trees, fixing the eye as a landmark. On the eastern horizon looms a vast cloud, which indicates the neighbourhood of a mighty city; and sometimes, when the wind disperses it for a while, you get glimpses of towers and roofs and domes, and the sun strikes upon surfaces which reflect its rays with power; and further south, on a wooded ridge, rise towers and arches of glass, belonging, one might think, to some fabric of magical creation. The intervening space, broken by gentle undulations, is filled in with masses of foliage and colonies of houses, to which the distance happily lends a softened outline and subdued colouring; and church towers and spires are dotted here, there, and everywhere, for without them no English landscape—to use the phrase of the auctioneer—would be complete.

From all these signs and evidences of multitudinous life we return into the solitariness of the spinney. We cannot wholly shut out the neighbouring world, it is true, for the swift, sudden rush of passing trains breaks constantly upon the ear; but I am not sure that this is not one of the greatest charms of the spot—that it is so near to, and yet in a sense so far from, the sweeping currents of everyday activity. The scream of the engine does not silence the modest song of the chiffchaff, or the sweeter strain of the linnet; and butterflies whisk to and fro, and bees buzz about among the briers; though you may hear now and again the chink of the bricklayer's trowel from some new buildings in the road below. I think the solitude that is most precious, and certainly most enjoyable, is the solitude that lies just outside the hum of men—the solitude that we can abandon at a moment's notice—the solitude that is relieved by echoes of near-at-hand humanity. There we are alone, and yet not alone; we enjoy the pleasures of solitude, and escape its pains. In this unfrequented spinney I am as much lord of all I survey as was Alexander Selkirk on his lone island in the pathless wilds of the Pacific; but, more fortunate than he, I am not oppressed by the terrors of solitude, because in a half-a-dozen minutes I can happily restore myself to social life and companionship.

The music of the birds now grows feebler every day. The fullness and freshness of the spring, the ripeness and strength of the summer, are gone. A robin has perched on a bough of yonder chestnut, and sits and watches me with black beady eyes, but is as silent as the maiden in the fairy tale before the prince appeared who woke her into life and speech. A blackbird creeps through yonder tangle of bush and briar; but he, too, reposes on his past fame as a sweet singer. The chaffinches still call to one another, though their time of silence is fast approaching; and snatches of a thrush's song drop through the air like golden spray; but, compared with its "consort" of happy voices in the vernal dawns and noons, the spinney is now as hushed and still as the poet's "banquet-hall deserted," when the lights are fled and the garlands dead, and the merry-makers make merry in it no more. Oh! for the joyous days of June, when the blackbirds piped high up among the green branches of the oak, which are now so loaded with acorns; and the tit built her nest and warbled in the blackthorn; and the mavis carolled in the leafy ash; and the willow-wren sang his dainty song amid the leafy coverts; and all the spinney resounded with the various melodies, which crossed and recrossed one another like the eddies of a stream—or the different parts of a fugue by some great master—until the separate strains gradually melted into one another, and formed a continuous flood of harmony.

The birds are going, and so are the flowers. The children, in the chill autumnal days, are hard put to it to make up their posies. A few delicate blue-bells are left to us, and the yellow petals of the crowfoot have not wholly vanished; golden elecampane still grows freely, and the purple heath spreads in glorious patches over the common. There *are* happy hedges where the late honeysuckle flowers, and sunny fields are yellow with the rag-wort, and tufts of golden broom line the steep banks in far-away lanes; but here, in the spinney, we have no such old familiar faces. Though as yet the foliage of oak and chestnut and birch has but just felt the touch of Autumn's fingers, the flowers have passed away with the warm noons and the early sunshine; and the children, if they find their way into the spinney, must be content with blackberrying or acorn-gathering to exhaust their exuberant activity. Or they may gather the arrow-shaped bryony-leaves, and twist them into a wreath which even Beauty might be proud to wear; and the tall yellow fronds of the brake-fern, or the feathery grasses which are now so plentiful, shall help them in their pretty pastimes.

Yes; the wild flowers have faded out of the spinney, and are dying in the hedge-rows; the grass on the leas has lost its look of freshness; a few leaves have begun to drop on the outskirts of the wood. The ivy flutters on the wall; the rich pears tumble from the bending bough; the twittering swallows are making ready for their flight to warmer lands; and while we are still waiting for the summer that this year has cheated us so sorely, the presence of the autumn is coming fast upon us. We see its burning touch on the green leafage, which it covers with tiny spots of yellow, and will soon kindle into a thousand rare magical tints and shades; we feel its breath in the chill airs that blow at early morn and again as day draws in; we know that it folds itself round with the dense mists that gather now over valley and meadow, and steal up the hills almost to their summit. All the sights and sounds of the country warn us September is swiftly gliding by, as that the autumn will soon assert its power of decay in lane and field, in garden and orchard, among the pastures, and—in the spinney.

W. H. D.-A.

Lord and Lady Londonderry opened on Sept. 25 a new wing and hospital wards at the Meath Hospital and County Dublin Infirmary, which were built with money bequeathed by two gentlemen named Barber and Bury.

Harvest home was celebrated on Sept. 25 at the Philanthropic Society's Farm School, Redhill. The society is a hundred years old this year, and claims to have been the first to deal with juvenile crime in a hopeful, systematic way.

Ludgate-hill is again attractive with a display of Civic purple and fine linen, for Messrs. Samuel Brothers are again exhibiting gorgeous costumes, this time for the retainers of Mr. Alderman Gray, Sheriff-elect.

An Exhibition of Pictures was opened on Sept. 24 in the Wolverhampton Art Gallery by the Mayor. The loans include one of Landseer's works, sent by the Queen, from Buckingham Palace, and exhibits from the National and Liverpool and Manchester Corporation Galleries.

The Walsall Science and Art Institute was opened on Sept. 24 by the borough member, Sir Charles Forster, Bart., amid great rejoicings. The Earl of Bradford gave the site, and the cost of the structure (£5500) has been met by the aid of Government grants, amounting to about £1300.

The council of the National Rifle Association met on Sept. 25 to consider the relative merits of the Berkshire and Cannock Chase sites for the new Wimbledon. It was resolved to defer a decision on the question, to give further time for inquiry as to obtaining a site nearer the metropolis, and to ask the Government to assist the Association in the matter.

A meeting of the City Commission of Sewers was held at Guildhall on Sept. 25, Mr. H. Pannell presiding. A letter was read from the City Architect, stating that the whole of the property on the east side of Duke-street, Aldgate, had been rebuilt to the new line of frontage, and that the Commissioners might therefore take possession of the ground between the old and new line of frontage, for the purpose of widening and repairing it. The finance committee recommended that this should be done, and the court agreed accordingly.

The Registrar-General reports that 2463 births and 1298 deaths were registered in London during the week ending Sept. 22. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 248, and the deaths 109, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 32 from measles, 20 from scarlet fever, 24 from diphtheria, 22 from whooping-cough, 11 from enteric fever, 78 from diarrhœa and dysentery, and 4 from cholera and choleraic diarrhœa. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 130, 148, and 184 in the three preceding weeks, declined to 179, being 21 below the corrected average. Different forms of violence caused 69 deaths. In Greater London 3247 births and 1629 deaths were registered.

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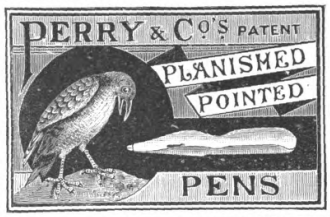
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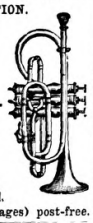
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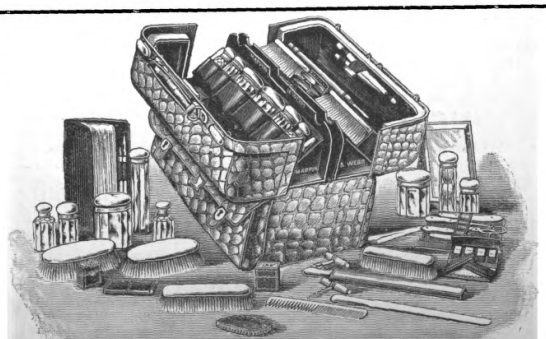
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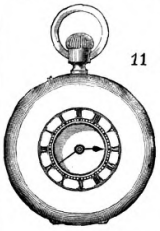
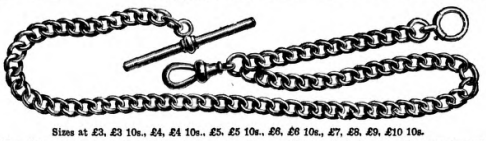
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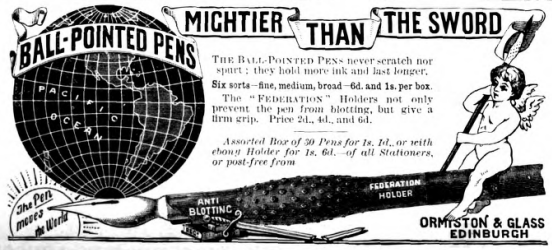
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BY JAMES PAYN.

The life of any man, as it was really lived, would, it has been well said, be the most interesting reading in the world; it would, perhaps, not be "family reading"; I can fancy, in some cases (though not, I trust, in my own), that there might be a thought, just here and there, which would be better relegated to an appendix than published in the body of the work. And, next to an autobiography of this class, it now appears that a Diary is the most popular of publications. It is supposed that this form of literature is composed every night, with the same regularity (or perhaps even greater) with which the author says his prayers; that nothing of consequence is omitted, and nothing set down in malice: and that the fact of the graces of composition being absent is itself an evidence of the genuineness of the work. I have known some eminent diarists whose observations have been recorded in volumes with a locked clasp, and which have strained the curiosity of their families to the uttermost, but without exciting mine. I have noticed them at their dreadful trade, and made a "mem." myself of how the thing is done; and the method does not inspire confidence. In the first place, they are all tired of the business. Having been at it so long, and boasted of it to others ("This minute and trustworthy record of events extending over a period of fifty years, Sir, cannot but have its value when I shall have passed away," &c.), they don't like to give it up; but the enthusiasm with which they first set about it, and bought the books and ruled the lines, has passed away. Of course, they no more expected any immediate return for their labours than one does from planting an oak; but the oak can grow of itself and the diary can't; they find the continual ministration to its wants intolerable, and then they don't continue them. No; there are immense intervals, after which they write it up to date. I've seen them at it. I know by the expression of their faces as they chew the top of their pen all their little difficulties. "Was it Tuesday or Friday? Hanged if I can remember! And was it Jack or the Bishop who told the story about the girl and the seraphine: it sounds like Jack, but then what does he know about seraphines? Was it a seraphine, by-the-by, or a seraphim? or, by Jingo, wasn't it, after all, a semaphore? That's the worst of not putting things down at once." But it's not the worst; there are often half-a-dozen blank days, and every one of these has to be filled up with occurrences—by the imagination. Whenever I see a diary produced in a Court of Law I feel the same sense of incredulity as when an expert in handwriting (or, indeed, in anything else) is ushered into the witness-box. It is no wonder that History has such a bad name, when we remember that she is the natural offspring of Diaries.

A new argument against an undue prolongation of our days comes from that "brave," but, as it would seem from the context, slightly impolite country, "little Wales." There is living, near Swansea, a lady who has contrived to reach, even under our unimproved conditions of existence, the respectable age of 108 (she is "in receipt of parish relief," but that is an accident which seems to happen to nine centenarians out of ten). "She can distinguish vessels, easily, four or five miles out to sea." If she can do this, she must, in her youth, have been nearsighted, and establishes a statement made by oculists that as near-sighted people grow older their sight improves; it has not done so in my case, but I now perceive that I have only to wait long enough. At 115 this lady will be, doubtless, able to read the vessels' names, and exchange signals with them with her pocket-handkerchief. So far the advocates of longevity can boast of their example; but she has a daughter, a young creature of 87, who comes to see her at the workhouse, doubtless (being Welsh) in a hat even taller than those in the modern fashion. A fellow-countryman of hers, we are told, met this maiden the other day, and asked her (as in the ballads) whither she was going. "I am going to see my mother, Sir," she said ("Sir, she said," probably repeated). "Oh, yes, I dare say," replied the rude Welshman: "a likely story. You with a mother alive! yah!" and so on. If this is the sort of treatment which our daughters, in the flower of their age, are likely to meet with, until people get used to our being centenarians, it certainly seems another reason why we should remain as we are.

I am sorry to see that even a cyclist now and then gets into trouble. The advocates of this admirable form of exercise would fain persuade us that its effect is so wholesome as to render any curvature in the path of rectitude impossible; but Black Care finds room to sit even behind the bicycle. The last peccadillo committed by a disciple of the wheel was humorous, but had the drawback of being at the expense of one of his own profession. Hawks should not pick out hawks' een. Scene: a desolate moor with rainfall. *Dramatis personæ:* champion cyclist, riding priceless two-wheeled steed (with money on it) from London to York; and Samaritan sitting on mile stone. A screw gets loose, and cyclist falls; all, he thinks, is lost (including his bets and honour), when Samaritan comes to the rescue. He "knows something of bicycles," he says, and has a miniature screw-driver in his pocket. He mends what is amiss and mounts the machine "just to see if it is all right." Alas, he "mounts and rides away" at 19½ miles an hour—the full velocity of the machine. In answer to the wild despairing cry for restitution, he shrieks back either "I will see you at York" or "I will see you at York *first*"—the victim is not sure which, and I am afraid it does not much matter.

I have not yet been to see "The Spanish Armada"—I am told an admirable spectacle—at Drury-Lane, but one of the advertisements of it is very attractive. It informs us that the Inquisition "existed more as a State tribunal than an ecclesiastical court," and that "Pontiff after Pontiff" issued several bulls protesting against it. They were, however, only Spanish bulls, issued not in mercy to heretics, but in jealousy of the Crown, who claimed to appoint the inquisitors. "Pontiff after Pontiff"—beginning with one misnamed "Innocent," who set in motion the holy office against the unhappy Albigenses—approved and consecrated it. What is the use of attempting to whitewash the wickedness of the Past by seven-and-six-penny advertisements in the daily papers? Twenty years ago or so, on the occasion of representing the Massacre of St. Bartholomew upon the stage, it was similarly stated that the Pope of the period had exceedingly disapproved of the event, and only struck a medal to commemorate it from æsthetic motives or for fun. Who is so foolish as to be imposed upon by this sort of rubbish? Of course it was not the Catholics only who, under pretence of religion and doing good to those who differed from them, indulged themselves in these ferocities. Calvin did not burn Servetus—as a schoolboy puts his dormouse too near the fire—in a well-meaning attempt to do him good. Cruel natures infuriated by opposition have shown themselves the same in all ages, and in all creeds. Why should we seek apologies for the ruffianism of the Past because it hypocritically wore the garb of religion? And, above all, whom are they supposed to please? It was gravely asserted during the late tercentenary of the Armada, that our Court had communicated with that of Spain to disclaim any intention of wounding her national susceptibilities; but these daily apologies to Sextus XIV. (obit 1484) for a stage scene at Drury-Lane in 1888 are much more humorous. They have ceased now; but again I ask, Whom *were* they meant to please?

The teetotallers are very strong in stories; where the apostles of other sects preach sermons, they tell anecdotes—all, of course, proving the ruin that comes from touching so much as a drop of brandy, and the "bitters" that always accompany a glass of sherry even though you have not ordered them. Here are a couple of temperance stories which, I believe, are as new as stories can reasonably be expected to be. A certain Canon, warm and something more for "the cause," was almost driven out of his mind this summer by watching the calm enjoyment with which a strange divine in the coffee-room of his hotel was getting through his bottle of port. It would have been horrible in a layman, but that one of his own cloth should thus deliberately poison himself, and with such evident contentment, was intolerable. If it had been a pint bottle he could have stood it, but it was a quart bottle, and the way the man held his glass up to the candle to see whether the wine was "moving itself aright," brought the Canon's righteous indignation up to boiling-point. At last he could not stand it, or rather sit it out, any longer. He was a kindly-hearted man, and perhaps did not altogether despair of the poor fellow's future; or, perhaps, he wished to express a somewhat "larger hope" than expectation warranted; but, at all events, pointing to the blue ribbon at his button-hole, he exclaimed, "Ah, Sir, you'll be one of us yet!" "Not a bit of it," was the curt (and wholly unexpected) rejoinder; "never was drunk in my life, Sir!"

A friend of mine was asked to dinner the other day by an excellent fellow, who was not only a teetotaller, but enjoyed a still higher moral position as a vegetarian. My friend accepted the invitation with some alarm, but he was a man who recognised virtue in everybody, and cared little for creature comforts. Unlike some persons of his strong opinions the other recollected that he was a host first and a vegetarian afterwards, and had provided fleshmeat for his guest. It was not good meat; in fact, it was exceedingly bad, but it was meat, and my friend was thankful for it. "I have some wine, too," observed the host, graciously; "foreign wine." My friend did not much like that word "foreign, which he had hoped would have been superfluous, but he expressed his satisfaction that his own weakness for a glass had been thus consulted. Then he tasted it—took, in fact, a good gulp at it. "It was never fermented," observed the host boastfully. "Then, begad, Sir, it's been fermenting ever since," exclaimed my unfortunate friend, and he is not well yet.

It is difficult for those who are wine-drinkers to understand the views of their friends as to liquor. Long before the teetotal days an instance of this was chronicled by Barham (I think, in his "Life of Hook"). A man who liked his glass was accustomed at long intervals to visit a friend who was a water-drinker; on one occasion a very fine bottle of port was produced for him, on which he pronounced a due eulogium. A year after, he called again, but was treated very differently; the wine set before him was so vile indeed that he complained of it. "Now, that only shows," exclaimed his host triumphantly, "what affectation there is in you wine-drinkers. Twelve months ago you praised the wine I gave you, and now you abuse it; yet, as it happens—for I know no topers but yourself—it's the very same identical bottle that I opened for you when you were here last."

A gentleman has written from Ojee—which is not a post town, but a hitherto unknown island in the South Seas—to tell his friends that he is there with only two companions—shipwrecked like himself in 1858—and badly off for clothing. The letter was composed four years ago, ready to be sent should opportunity offer, so that by this time he must be still more unfashionably attired. It is asked, not without reason, why he didn't come home himself by the whaler that brought his letter; but the fact is when you have been a "castaway" for thirty years the profession "grows upon you." It is not generally known that when Alexander Selkirk returned home after his prolonged residence in Juan Fernandez he found the excitement and dissipation of Largo much too much for him. After that touching recognition by his mother in church (at which he appeared in gold lace) he seems to have soon got tired of the sensation his arrival created. So far as the charms of his society were concerned, he might just as well never have come home, for his friends saw nothing of him; he went out early in the morning, with provisions for the day, and picnicked, all by himself, in desolate spots; and in the evening went straight to bed without so much as saying "Good night" to anybody. His chief amusement was the teaching a couple of cats to dance. He constructed a cave in his father's garden where he used to sit looking out to sea and ejaculating "What a fool I was to have come back to Largo; I wish I was on my island again," till his friends began to wish it too. He was not, however, quite so "insular" as he appeared, for one fine day he eloped with a young woman, "leaving his sea-chest and clothes behind him"; and twelve years afterwards another young person, purporting to be his widow, appeared at Largo, claimed them and "administered to his estate."

THE COURT.

Her Majesty, who is still at Balmoral, in good health, takes walks and drives nearly every day. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and Prince Albert Victor of Wales, who arrived at Abergeldie on Sept. 27, visited the Queen in the afternoon. The Marquis of Hartington and Earl Cadogan had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. In the afternoon of the 28th her Majesty drove with Princess Alice of Hesse to Abergeldie, and visited the Princess of Wales. Prince Henry of Battenberg, attended by Colonel Clarke, went to Invercauld and joined Sir Algernon Borthwick in a grouse-drive. Madame Albani Gye had the honour of singing before the Queen and the Royal family on the 29th; the Duchess of Albany and Princess Frederica were present. Prince Henry of Battenberg joined Prince Albert Victor of Wales at Glen Muick in a drive which Mr. Mackenzie had for black game. Divine service was performed at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, the 30th, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Rev. A. Wallace Williamson, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, officiated. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and Prince Albert Victor of Wales, visited the Queen and remained to luncheon. The Rev. A. Wallace Williamson had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On Monday, Oct. 1, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, as well as Princess Frederica of Hanover, visited her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales left Vienna on Sept. 28 for Pesth, where he arrived in the evening, and was received at the railway station by Mr. Barrington, the British Consul-General. On the morning of the 29th his Royal Highness received Professor Vambery, with whom he had a long conversation. The Prince then took a drive through the streets of the town, visited the Art Exhibition and Commercial Museum, and witnessed performances in the People's Theatre and Royal Opera House, winding up the evening by a visit to the National Casino. On the 30th the Prince dined at the National Casino, where his portrait, by Angeli, was unveiled in presence of numerous members of the Hungarian aristocracy. His Royal Highness arrived on Oct. 1 at Miskolcz, in Hungary, where he reviewed the Hussar regiment of which he is honorary Colonel. A hearty and enthusiastic welcome was accorded to the Prince by the spectators, who thronged the route. At two o'clock the civil authorities came to the hotel to pay their respects to his Royal Highness, who, through Count Apponyi, conveyed to them his most cordial thanks for the brilliant reception accorded to him at Miskolcz. The Prince drove off at four o'clock in the afternoon to attend some races organised by the corps of officers. Next day his Royal Highness returned to Pesth, and left in the afternoon for Bucharest.

General Sir Henry Ponsonby, on behalf of the Queen and Royal family, and Colonel Clarke, on behalf of the Prince of Wales, were present on Sept. 28 at the funeral of Mrs. Hull, who was for many years in the service of her Majesty as nurse.

In response to an appeal from the Bishop of London, the Mercers' Company have granted £262 10s. to the Corporation of the Church House.

The Metropolitan Board of Works have resolved to prepare a concise history of the work of the Board from its establishment to the present time.

A stained glass window, which has been placed in Manchester Cathedral in memory of General Gordon, and was unveiled on Sept. 29, is the gift of Mr. C. J. Schofield to the Dean and Chapter; and is the work of Messrs. Wilson and Whitehouse, 3, Vernon-place, Bloomsbury-square.

The will (dated Aug. 24, 1887) of the Right Hon. Margaret Anne, Baroness Audley, late of No. 15, Gloucester-square, widow of the late Right Hon. George Edward, Baron Audley, who died on Aug. 22 last, was proved on Sept. 29 by George Bickersteth Hudson, the nephew, Sir Charles Nicholson, Bart., and Rowland Nevitt Bennett, jun., the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £154,000. The testatrix bequeaths £3000 each to the Hon. Mary Thicknesse Touchet and the Hon. Emily Thicknesse Touchet; £2500 each to Agnes Mary Ford Beckingsale and Isabella Mary Hudson; £3000 and her case of diamond, emerald, and ruby rings to her friend Lady Nicholson; £300 each to St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington) and the London Orphan Asylum (Watford); £20,000 and her house and stables, Gloucester-square, with the furniture and effects therein, to her nephew, George Bickersteth Hudson; £15,000 to her nephew, George Frederick Hudson; all her pictures and prints to her brother, the Rev. Thomas Dawson Hudson, with a request that he will not sell them, but remove them to his house, Frogmore Hall, Herts; and numerous other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her said brother, the Rev. Thomas Dawson Hudson, absolutely.

The will (dated July 14, 1876), with two codicils (dated March 10, 1880, and July 6, 1888), of Sir John Hardy, Bart., J.P., late of Dunstall Hall, Stafford, and formerly of No. 7, Carlton House-terrace, who died on July 9 last, was proved on Sept. 28 by Sir Reginald Hardy, Bart., Gerald Holbeck Hardy, and Lawrence Hardy, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £1,033,482. The testator, after stating that by an indenture of settlement, his mansion-house, Dunstall Hall, and certain lands and messuages in Stafford, are, subject to his life interest, settled on his son Reginald, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, successively in tail male, with divers remainders over, leaves all his other freehold and copyhold lands and hereditaments in the county of Stafford and elsewhere, and all his pictures and statuary, upon the like trusts and conditions as contained in the said indenture. He gives all his shares and interest in the Low Moor Company and all the funds comprised in his marriage settlement (his wife, Lady Laura Hardy, having predeceased him) to his three sons, and £20,000 to his son Gerald. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to two-fifths thereof, upon trust, for his son Reginald for life, and then to his children as he shall appoint; one fifth each to his two sons Gerald Holbeck and Lawrence, upon the like trusts; and the remaining one fifth between his said three sons.

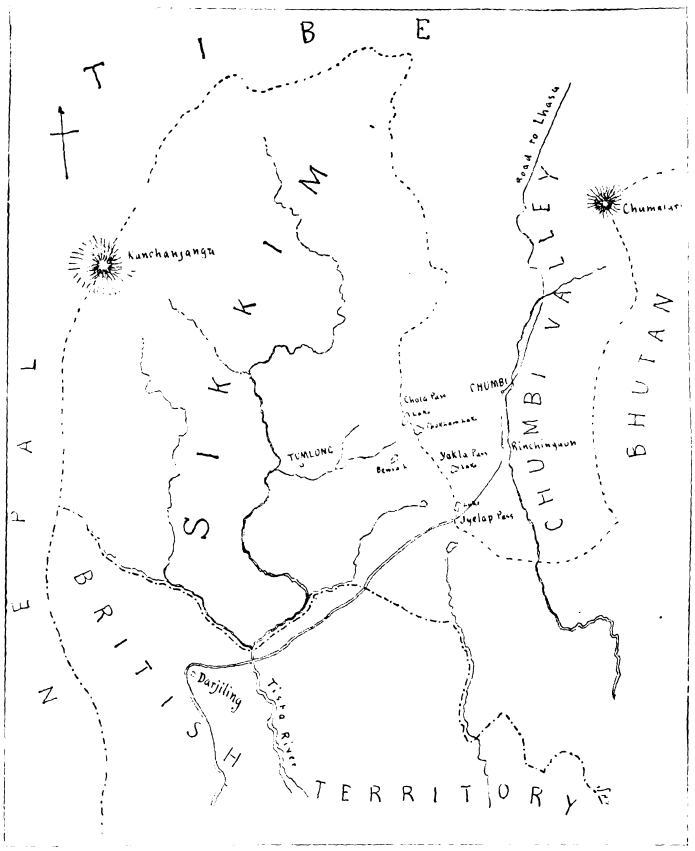
THE WAR ON THE SIKKIM FRONTIER OF THIBET.

A rapid and effective success has attended the resumption of military operations by the British Indian Government against the hostile forces of Thibet on the Sikkim frontier. The petty native State of Sikkim, which is situated in the Himalayas, above three hundred miles almost due north of Calcutta, having the Darjeeling district of Bengal, with a well-known sanitary station, to the south of it, is bounded on its north and east sides by Thibet. Sikkim is a rugged mountainous region, sixty-six miles long from north to south and fifty-two miles broad, with a population much less than 100,000, ruled by a native Rajah, who is in feudal dependence on the British Indian Empire, receiving a grant of £1200 a year, nominally as compensation for his cession of Darjeeling many years ago. He seems, however, to own a divided allegiance, having a territory in the Chumbi valley, which is claimed as a dependency of Thibet, and receiving from the Lamas of Thibet an additional pension of £200 a year, while his summer residence is in Chumbi, and his winter residence at Tumlong, in Sikkim. A mountain range, from 15,000 ft. to 17,000 ft. high, running from north-west to south-east, separates the Sikkim from the Chumbi territory, and is crossed by the Chola Pass, the Nathula and Yakla, the Jalapla or Jyelapla Passes, and the Pembiringo Pass: the two passes last named, with the Kupup valley below them, afford the nearest routes of advance from Gnatong, in Sikkim, which is the base of British military operations. The line of the Thibetan frontier on the east of Sikkim, where it divides that State from the Chumbi Valley, has always been well known and understood; consequently, the erection of the fort at Lingtu, on the direct line of road between Darjeeling and Lhassa, at a distance of only forty miles from the former town, was an act which it was impossible to tolerate. The present hostilities can only result in the expulsion of the Thibetans from the Chumbi territory, which juts down between Sikkim and Bhotan. Chumbi is a village where the Rajah of Sikkim has a small summer palace with a handsomely gilt roof. About fifteen miles to the north, along a very easy road, is a frontier fort called Phari or Parijong, where there are usually three Chinese officials and thirty mounted soldiers; the fort is 1500 paces round, and the walls are of rubble stone, 30 ft. high. These are the two principal places in the valley. The Chumbi Valley is the only point where our territory comes into direct contact with that of Thibet, and if the result of the present quarrel be to establish rather more satisfactory relations between British India and Thibet, the main trade route of the future will doubtless lie through the valley. Whether our military operations will be extended beyond it, must depend in great measure on the attitude of the Thibetan Government; but in whatever treaty may be arranged hereafter, due regard will doubtless be had to the trade of the future. Thibet has long been a coveted market to the Assam planters, but the difficulties raised by the Lamas have prevented any exchange of our tea against the wool which is their staple product.

The repulse of the Thibetan attack on the British position at Gnatong, which took place on May 23, will be in the recollection of our readers. Since that date, "Fort Graham," named from the commanding officer, has been erected on the site of the camp before existing at Gnatong. It is 12,600 ft. above the sea-level, and is, we believe, the only military work ever yet constructed at such an altitude. Its walls are composed of strong stockade work, loop-holed about 8 ft. above the ground. The huts inside, built of rough logs and planks, are mostly bullet-proof. The main entrance is by the Lingtu gateway, defended by two mountain guns; other guns, placed on the north front near the flagstaff, command the valley in which is the intrenched camp occupied by reinforcements lately arrived, consisting of the head-quarters battalion of the Derbyshire Regiment and the second battalion of the 1st Ghoorkas. The whole work of constructing this fort, which may be regarded as impregnable by the Thibetans, has been executed by the 32nd Pioneers and two companies of the Derbyshire Regiment, with materials got from the forests that cover the surrounding hills.

The British field-force, under the command of Colonel Graham, has now driven the Thibetans far away from all the frontier passes, capturing their fortified positions shown in the Sketches which we have engraved this week. On Sept. 25 Colonel Graham pursued the enemy to Rinchin-gaon, or Rinchingong, and next day advanced to Chumbi, while the Thibetans, completely routed, had fled to Pari and Bhotan. The Rajah of Sikkim had also fled from Chumbi, and was supposed to have taken refuge in Thibet. Colonel Graham's force has returned by the Jalapla Pass to Gnatong.

In addition to the Sketches with which we are favoured by one or two of the officers of the Sikkim field-force at Gnatong, we have been permitted to copy, from Vol. III. of the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, the views of the Chola Pass, the Yakla Pass, and the Jalapla Pass, drawn by Sir Richard Temple and presented to the Society with a paper which he read there. The second volume of Sir Richard Temple's interesting "Journals in Hyderabad, Kashmir, Sikkim, and Nepaul," published last year by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co., may be consulted with advantage for its exact description of Sikkim, aided by very good maps. One of the Views we now present shows in the distance, looking westward, the famous Himalayan mountain summit of Kinchinjunga (more correctly written "Kanchanjanga"), which is 28,156 ft. high; but Mount Everest, or Gaurisankar, rises to 29,000 ft., being the loftiest mountain on earth. Chumalari, which is with Kanchanjanga, also marked in our Map, has a height of 23,650 ft. The official orthography of names of several places, in the Map we have copied, slightly differs from common newspaper usage: thus we read "Darjiling" instead of "Darjeeling"; and "Jelapla" is more strictly notified as "the Jyelap La"; the word "la" being, in Thibet, the ordinary term for "pass," as in the "Cho-la," or water-pass, and the "Yak-la," which is the pass of that useful beast of burthen, the Yak.



SKETCH-PLAN OF THE SEAT OF WAR ON THE SIKKIM FRONTIER OF THIBET.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Oct. 2.

In the political world the most complete disorder prevails. In view of the opening of Parliament, fixed for Oct. 15, the Deputies are beginning to return to Paris, and to exchange views in the lobbies of the Chamber. The Deputies of the Governmental majority seem particularly alarmed both on account of the discontent to be remarked in the provinces and on account of the little confidence placed by the masses in the Premier, M. Floquet. Minister Goblet, in a speech made recently in Picardy, and now much commented upon, has not hesitated to declare that all is going wrong in France, and to depict in the most sombre terms the progress of the Boulangist faction: "Yes, a faction," said M. Goblet, "for there is no question here of party or of programme; there is no question of serving an idea, but merely a personal ambition." M. Goblet then asks how in such political conditions can the other countries respect France. "What can foreign Powers think of the future of France when they are wondering to which faction she will belong to-morrow? What relations can be had, what alliances hoped for, when no security can be offered!" This is all true enough, and the fact that a Republican Minister has the courage to admit the alarming progress of Boulangism is a proof how great the danger is. In the immediate future of France one sees nothing but the inevitable triumph of Boulanger. Even the Comte de Paris is obliged to admit this, since he orders his partisans and loyal subjects to go to the next electoral battle under Boulanger's flag. Even his worst enemies would not attribute to the Comte de Paris the foolish thought that Boulanger, dictator of France, will immediately offer his own black charger to Philip VII. and proclaim him King *à la* Monk. *Pas de danger!* "Vive Boulanger!" does not mean "Vive Philippe VII!" or "Vive Napoléon IV!" It means "Hurrah for something new!"

The *Journal Officiel* having published a decree reorganising the school of aerostation at Chalais, the press has begun to call for legislation concerning this new means of locomotion.

Great curiosity has been excited by the announcement of the trials of the new submarine boat, Le Gymnote, now being made in the harbour of Toulon. This boat has been designed after the ideas of the famous engineer, Dupuy de Lôme, by M. Zédé and Captain Krebs, who has, it appears, solved the problem of balloon motors and steering apparatus. The boat—56 ft. long and 6 ft. in diameter—is described as a huge Whitehead torpedo, having a displacement of thirty tons, and an estimated speed under water of nine to ten knots. The electric motor, of 55-horse power, drives the screw directly, without any gearing, at the rate of two hundred evolutions a minute, and weighs, with the Commelin-Desmazures accumulators, a little less than two tons. The crew consists of a captain, a machinist, and a steerer. What is to be done with this boat, how she is to be armed, what services she may render from the military point of view, are questions that have to be determined. At present, the experiments being made are to test the navigability of the boat, and to see what improvements can be made in the construction.

The theatrical season begins, as usual, with revivals of last summer's successes, or with successes of years ago. One would think, indeed, to judge from an inspection of the playbills, that the dramatic activity of France is diminishing, and her vaunted superiority in this department no longer a reality. The Français, for instance, can do no better than revive Georges Sand's "François le Champi"; the Châtelet has just served up an old "Cendrillon" in new dresses; the Porte Saint-Martin is playing the "Tour de Nesle," and about to revive the "Courrier de Lyon"; the Vaudeville, the Variétés, the Folies Dramatiques, the Menus Plaisirs have no new thing to offer. The Ambigu, it is true, has produced this week a commonplace melodrama, full of tears and emotion, called "Roger la Honte": but this is simply the dramatisation of a feuilleton novel published by the *Petit Journal*. Where are the new pieces? Where are Messieurs les auteurs dramatiques?

In view of the approaching Exhibition the Prefect of Police is preparing to clean the streets of Paris—I mean to clean them morally. The first steps have been the arrest of a few hundred horrible creatures of both sexes who have for months infested the boulevards night and day, and the publication of a decree prohibiting the venders of newspapers and broadsheets to cry anything but the simple title of their wares.

Still in view of this wonderful Exhibition, MM. Alfred Stevens and Henri Gervex, the distinguished painters, are at work on a panorama of the history of the century, 1789-1889, commencing with Louis XVI. and Mirabeau, and ending with Victor Hugo and President Carnot.

T. C.

The Queen-Regent of Spain and the members of the Royal family arrived at Madrid on Oct. 2 from San Sebastian.

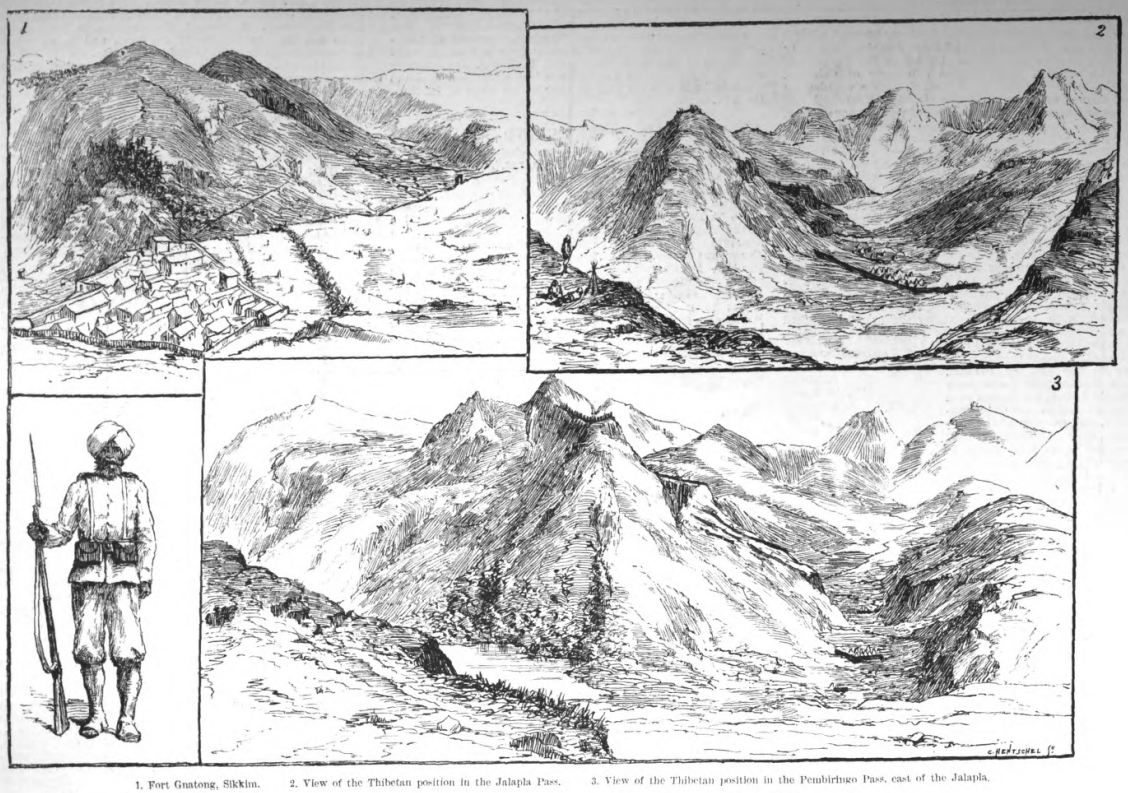
The ceremony which is considered as the final one of the Pope's Jubilee year was performed on Sunday, Sept. 30, at St. Peter's, at Rome, in the presence of an immense assemblage of pilgrims and others. Both on entering and departing, Leo. XIII. was greeted with loud cheers.

The meeting of the International Commercial Law Congress has been held at Brussels; a considerable number of English, French, American, Spanish, German, Russian, Italian, and even Japanese delegates attending. Questions connected with bills of exchange and maritime conflicts were discussed.

The Emperor of Germany arrived at Stuttgart on the evening of Sept. 27, and was received at the railway station by King Louis and all the Princes of the House of Würtemberg. The Emperor and the King drove, amid the acclamations of the people, to the Royal Castle, where his Imperial Majesty was received by the Queen and the Princesses. The streets leading from the station to the castle were brilliantly illuminated in honour of the Emperor's visit. Next day the Emperor was entertained at a State banquet, his Majesty's health being proposed in cordial terms by the King of Würtemberg. In reply, the Emperor expressed the pleasure it gave him to visit Würtemberg, a country that enjoyed such great prosperity and that had given to Germany so many famous rulers. His Majesty arrived at Constance late on the night of Sept 28, and was received by the Grand Duke of Baden. The Royal party went by special steamer to the Island of Mainau, the shores of the lake being brilliantly illuminated. The Emperor reached Munich on the evening of Oct. 1, amid the firing of a Royal salute, and was received at the railway station by the Prince Regent and the members of the Bavarian Royal house, the Ministers, the principal officers of the Army, and other notabilities. Leaving Munich on the 2nd, his Imperial Majesty entered Vienna next morning, where he was received with a stately ceremonial. Early on Oct. 1 the Empress Frederick, with her daughters, left Potsdam for Kiel, where her son, Prince Henry, lives, and where an English squadron is at present anchored. She arrived at Kiel at nine in the evening, and drove to the palace. There was no official reception. Her Majesty has sent a portrait of her late Consort to the English Jockey Club, of which he had been a member since the year 1881.—Prince Bismarck has obtained the Emperor's consent to prosecute the publishers of the Emperor Frederick's diary, on the ground of the revelation of State secrets. Professor Dr. Geffcken, the contributor of the extracts to the *Deutsche Rundschau*, is in custody, and has undergone an examination.

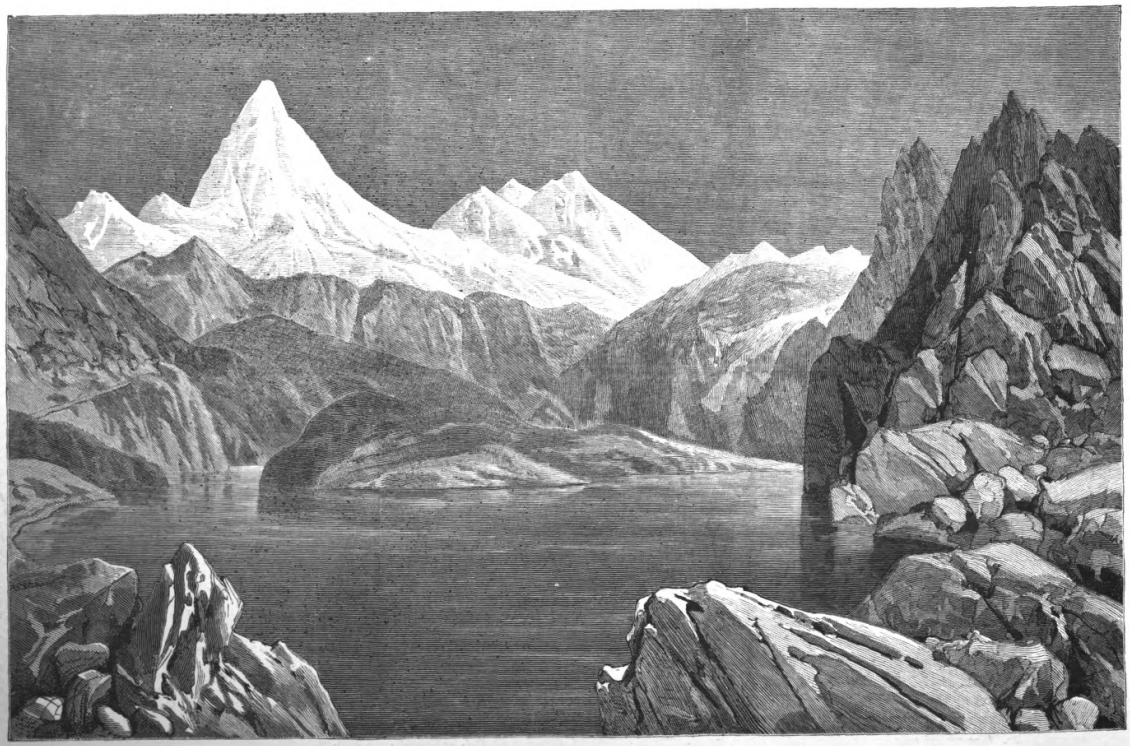
On the occasion of the opening of a park in the suburbs of Vienna on Sept. 30 by the Emperor Francis Joseph, his Majesty said that the barrier separating Vienna from its suburbs should be removed as soon as possible. The Emperor's promise was received with general enthusiasm.—The Empress of Austria returned to Schönbrunn on the 30th after her yachting excursion among the Greek islands. Her Majesty has rented a villa for three months at Gaturion, in the island of Corfu.

Prince Christian, the eldest son of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark, came of age on Sept. 26. The King has appointed him a Lieutenant in the Royal Life Guards, and conferred on him the Order of the Elephant, the highest Danish Order. The King of the Hellenes has presented the Prince with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Saviour.—The Scandinavian and International Exhibition in Copenhagen was officially closed on Oct. 2.



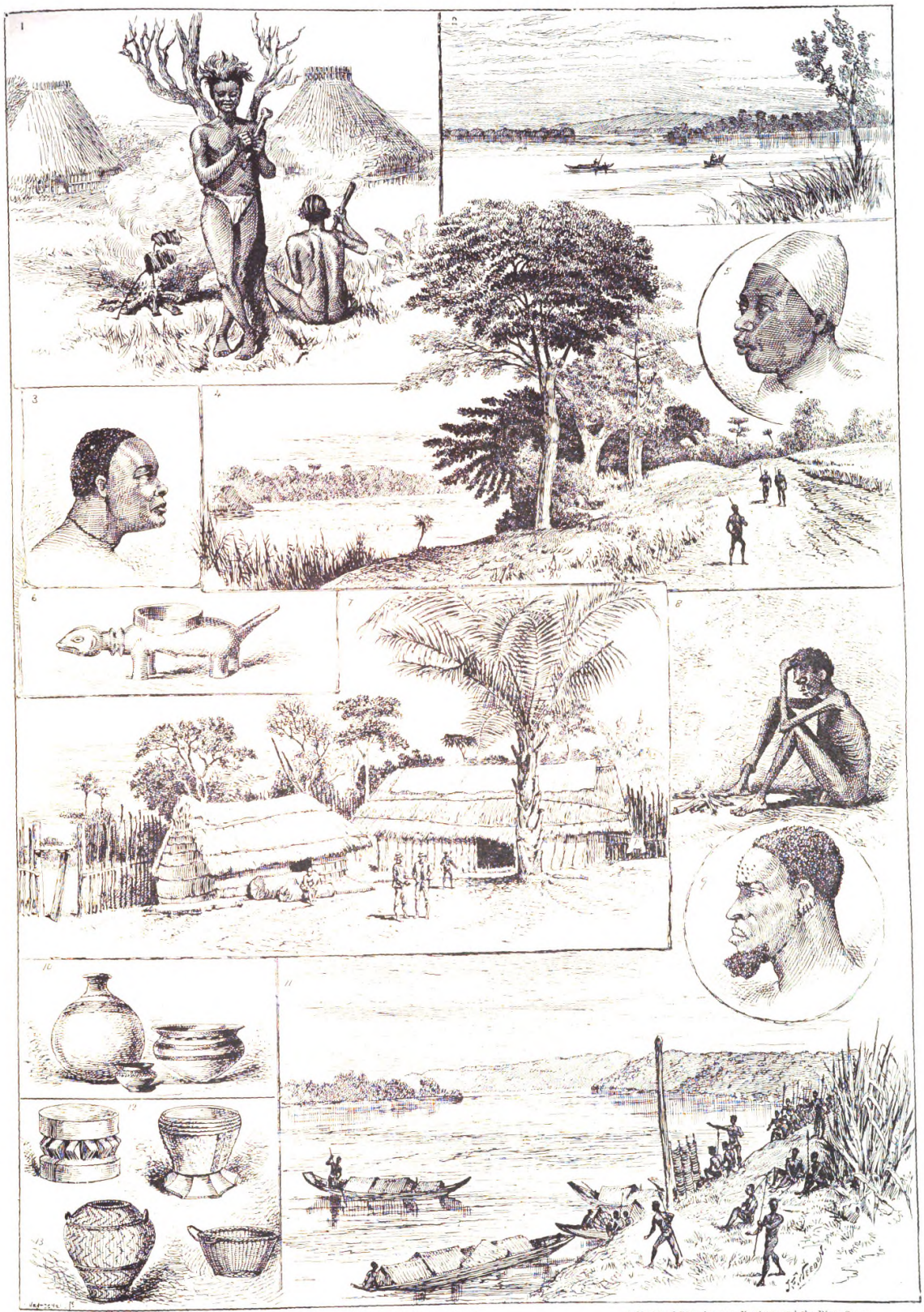
1. Fort Gnatong, Sikkim. 2. View of the Thibetan position in the Jalapla Pass. 3. View of the Thibetan position in the Pembiringo Pass, east of the Jalapla.

SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT H. DE T. PHILLIPS, SIKKIM FIELD-FORCE CAMP, GNATONG.



THE YAKLA PASS AND LAKE.

THE WAR ON THE SIKKIM FRONTIER OF THIBET.



1. Cannibal Scene in Village near Nassibu's Camp on the Aruwimi.
2. Yawami, one hour's canoe voyage above Yahsuta, on the Congo.
3. Fanyimba, an Arab Slave Owner.
4. Our Promenade, looking up the River from the Camp.
5. Majuta (Mr. Jameson's boy).
6. Carved Tobacco-Bowl, bought from Selim's Manyemas.
7. A Corner in the Camp at Yambuya.
8. Falildi-bin-Au.
9. Native of Diva, between Yambuya and the River Congo.
10. Native Pottery, Aruwimi Rapids.
11. Shore, with Fishing-Canoes, at Yahsuta, Congo River.
12. Native Utensils, Aruwimi Rapids, Limbayo. 13. Basket.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY MR. H. WARD, A COMPANION OF MR. H. M. STANLEY.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION UP THE CONGO AND ARUWIMI.

Mr. Ward has often assured me of the existence of cannibalism in certain Central African districts. Last year he forwarded to me four sets of cannibal knives and forks. They were engraved in *The Illustrated London News*. In a general way he has referred to this subject as one about which there was no longer reason for doubt. Mr. Stanley himself had not been altogether explicit in his evidence one way or the other, although the alleged Soko or chimpanzee skulls which he sent to Professor Huxley, as his readers will remember, turned out to be human. Whatever they were, the natives of the village where Stanley found them confessed they had eaten the bodies, which they called "Wajimi meat." It is only quite recently that the truth has come out. Stanley suspected it. He offered large rewards for a specimen of a "Soko" alive or dead. He saw plenty of skulls of the creature, but could procure no other evidence. This was at a village above Stanley Falls. It is now pretty well understood that these trophies must have been the remains of human beings. Cannibalism exists in the great basin of the Congo, on sundry of its tributaries, and was active in the neighbourhood of the camp at Aruwimi. In a special letter from Mr. Ward lately received, he gives me not only some startling details of cannibalism on the Aruwimi river, but an illustration of the ghastly business drawn on the spot. On Sunday, Feb. 26, 1888, he says:—"I went this morning to Nassibu's Camp, which is situated about an hour's march from our camp on the Falls (Aruwimi). He received me with much ceremony, and, at my request, drummed to the natives, who were in two clearings at the back of his camp. A number came, and went through the usual demonstrations of surprise at seeing a white man. Among them were about a dozen young women, with pleasing countenances and beautifully-moulded limbs. They would have been worthy models for a sculptor. I selected a man as a model for myself, but it was very difficult to induce him to stand still while I sketched him. I then started for their village with Majuta, Mr. Jameson's boy, carrying my bag, and *Fida*, a native woman who has been with the Arabs some time, to interpret from Swahili into the native language.

"Almost the first man I saw was carrying four lumps of human flesh (with the skin on) on a stick, and through *Fida* I found that they had killed a man *this* morning and had divided the flesh. She took me over to a house where some half-dozen men were squatting, and showed me more meat on sticks in front of a fire; it was frizzling and the yellow fat was dripping from it, whilst all around was a strong odour which reminded me of the smell given out by grilled elephant meat. It was not yet the general meal-time, they told me, but one or two of the natives cut off pieces of the frizzling flesh and ate it and laughed at Majuta, who, being disgusted, held his nose and backed into the bush. I spoke with the natives through Fida, and they told me from what parts the meat was cut. One tall, sturdy native was quietly leaning against a tree and picking off pieces of flesh from a thigh bone with great relish. Other dainty joints were grilling at the fire. I send you a sketch of the scene, and some day shall hope to tell you all the horrible details of the cannibal habits and customs which prevail in this strange country."

The accompanying Illustrations are of more individual than typical interest. No. 3 is an Arab slave-owner; No. 5 is Majuta (Jameson's boy); and No. 9 is a native of Diva, a village between Yambuya and the Congo River. The miserable looking wretch (No. 8) is a grim suggestion of the condition of the native warriors and carriers at the camp in the early days of the present year. The white men struggled through their privations, as they always do, more successfully than their dark companions. Says Ward, in a letter dated Feb. 18:—"I went to Selim's camp to-day, and they told me that two more of their *men* (Arabs) had been caught and eaten by the natives, whose village they had raided and burnt some weeks ago. This will probably make Selim angry, as he went with Barttelot much against his will, and only left a few men and his women. This eternal waiting is awful—waiting for what never comes! Day after day passes; we see no fresh faces, we hear no news. Many of our *men* are daily growing thinner and weaker, and are dying off. Poor wretches! they lie out in the sun, on the dusty ground, most of them with only a narrow strip of dirty loin-cloth; and all the livelong day they stare into vacancy, and at night gaze at a bit of fire. It was a pitiable sight, a few days ago, to see an emaciated skeleton crawl, with the aid of a stick, after a corpse that was being carried on a pole for interment. He staggered along, poor chap, and squatted down alongside the newly-made grave and watched the proceedings with large round sunken eyes, knowing that it would only be a matter of a few days and he himself would be a dead man. He told me in a husky voice, 'Amekwa rapiki angu' (he was my friend). Another poor fellow is a mass of bones, yet persists in doing his work, and every evening staggers into camp. He has been told to lay up, and that his manioc shall be provided for him, but he refuses, and in replying to my sympathetic remark that he was very thin, he said 'Yes, only a short time more, master.' Death is written in his face, and just as plainly in the faces of many others in this camp. Almost as many lives, I fear, will be lost in this philanthropic mission as there are lives of Emin Bey's people to save."

Ward does not say positively that Tippoo Tib is chiefly to blame for this, but he has continually referred to the suspicious nature of his delay in supplying the men he had undertaken to provide. On Jan. 18 he writes: "Selim-bin-Mahomed, who has hitherto been most pleasant and agreeable, is now beginning to get 'touchy.' Evidently we shall never get the 700 men Tippoo Tib promised us." In another of his letters, dated Feb. 8, he seems to forecast poor Barttelot's fate. "To-day," he writes, "I am orderly officer. An old empty cartridge-box was picked up in the river (Aruwimi) to-day; it was much broken and sodden; it must have been floating down the river for a very long distance. Selim-bin-Mahomed told me this morning that Bungari, the escaped prisoner, had told him, preparatory to escaping, that his life was not worth living, marching up and down in the hot sun all day, and that he knew he would be shot when caught, and that he intended shooting Barttelot dead before he would be captured."

The Sketch (No. 4) of the Aruwimi near the camp was made after a botanising trip with poor Jameson, whose death by fever is one of the latest known calamities of the expedition. "This picture," he writes, "I have done in Indian ink, but it is very uncomfortable painting out-of-doors; this is one of our hottest days, and there are swarms of black sandflies which draw blood whenever they attack one." In January he writes in regard to the Sketch (No. 4) of a corner of our "Intrenched Camp, Yambuya, Aruwimi River," that it is picturesque but dull, and wretched with waiting and hoping for orders to move. "The weather fine," he writes, "river very low. Massibu, an Arab of Tippoo Tib's, visited us, bringing some Stanley Falls rice and a goat. He told us an absurd yarn of Abdullah having seen Stanley. Jameson continues collecting birds and painting them. We sketched the second rapids from below the camp. We have not sufficient medicine, and very little food. The Zanzibaris and Soudanese are suffering seriously, and there are many deaths."

"The carved wood tobacco-bowl" (No. 6), he writes, "I bought from one of Selim's Manyemas. The bowl is constructed on the back of some legendary animal—half leopard, half elephant. On this day of the tobacco-bowl (March 3) one of Selim's head Arabs is below with twenty tusks of ivory. Bonny has seen some Arabs from Abdullah's camp, sixteen



THE RIGHT REV. FRANCIS JAYNE, THE NEW BISHOP OF CHESTER.

days above. They say they will bring us back the two men who deserted from Stanley some months ago. This awful delay of news from Stanley bodes misfortune, and we are all compelled to conclude that he has met with trouble and is in difficulties—if not worse. A brave, skilful, and determined man, a hero, one hopes and hopes he may be safe and well."

The unknown difficulties which Mr. Stanley must have encountered are sufficiently demonstrated by the known difficulties which have beset his followers in a region which had become familiar to them, and under the express cognisance of Stanley's Arab ally, Tippoo Tib. If this gentleman and his officers have been so remiss in the fulfilment of their undertakings almost within easy reach of settled Congo stations, what may have happened to Stanley in the wilderness is full of painful possibilities. Major Barttelot lost his life in endeavouring to organise a party to follow his leader. Mr. Jameson has succumbed to fever, probably induced by anxiety and worry in the same direction. In one of Ward's letters, dated early in the year, he states, with a sympathetic expression of regret, that both Jameson and Barttelot look very ill. The obstacles in the path of an advance towards Wadelai must be enormous. The dangers, while they have in some respects been reduced by the Arab alliance, have in other ways been increased by it. The Arabs harass the natives, and plunder them of ivory and slaves. The natives everywhere seek reprisals on the Arabs; it must be a difficult thing for the native mind to discriminate between Stanley's people and their Arab allies.

Up to date there is still no news of Stanley. It is beginning to be felt that it will be impossible for anything like efficient aid to be sent out either to him or to Emin Bey, except under the active direction of the Government, and with a sufficient and carefully officered force. JOSEPH HATTON.

THE LATE HON. THOMAS HOLT.

This gentleman, who died on Sept. 5, at his residence, Halcot, near Bexley, Kent, formerly held high political office in New



THE LATE HON. THOMAS HOLT,
Formerly Finance Minister of New South Wales.

South Wales. He was born in 1811, at Harbury, in Yorkshire, and at an early age entered the business carried on by his father, who was a wool-stapler. After spending several years in different parts of the Continent, he went to Australia, in 1842, and there settled. During a residence of forty years in New South Wales, he amassed a large fortune, and became one of the best-known men in the colony. Having been elected, in 1856, as member for Hanley Borough, he was, on the introduction of responsible government, appointed Colonial Treasurer in the Donaldson Administration. He continued a member of the Assembly until 1868, and two years later received a seat in the Legislative Council. Six years ago, he returned to England, and has during that period devoted all the leisure that a lingering illness allowed him, with large pecuniary gifts, to works of charity and benevolence. His remains were interred in Abney Park Cemetery, in the presence of Sir Saul Samuel and other representatives of the colony; but the most striking feature of the scene was the presence of the poor from all parts of London to testify to the loss they had sustained.

Our Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, Regent-street.

THE NEW BISHOP OF CHESTER.

We lately announced that Government had nominated to the See of Chester the Rev. Canon Francis John Jayne, who since 1886 has been the Vicar of Leeds in succession to the Rev. Dr. Gott, transferred to the Deanery of Worcester. The See of Chester was rendered vacant by the translation of Dr. Stubbs to the See of Oxford. The Vicar of Leeds will have spent but a short time among the people of that town, where he has won popularity and esteem. Born in or about 1844, he was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, of which he was a scholar. He took a first class in Moderations, and a first class in Literæ Humaniores and in Law and History in 1868, in which year he was elected a Fellow of Jesus College. He was Senior Hall Houghton Greek Testament Prizeman in 1870. He was ordained in 1871, and was tutor of Keble College till 1878, and then was appointed Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter. He was Whitehall Preacher in 1875-77, and Select Preacher at Oxford in 1884.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Heslop Woods, of Leeds.

ART MAGAZINES.

The *Art Journal* for October opens with a descriptive article, one of a series by Mr. Joseph Hatton, on provincial clubs: Liverpool being this month the selected town. Mr. Marcus B. Huish continues his interesting "Notes on Japan and its Art-Wares." Lacquerwork is the subject of this paper, which is profusely illustrated with examples of this wonderful art-industry. The Swiss painter Arnold Böcklin furnishes the subject of an article by Miss H. Zimmern. The Alpine Republic has never been counted among art-producing nations, yet she has at least this one son of whom she may well be proud. Born at Basel in 1827, Böcklin has resided in and studied at most of the great art-centres—Düsseldorf, Brussels, Paris, and Rome—and has painted many pictures remarkable for their originality and imaginative power. The frontispiece to this issue is an etching of Mr. Briton Rivière's clever picture, "Spilt Milk."

The October number of the *Magazine of Art* contains an extremely interesting paper by Mr. Lewis Wingfield on "Art in the Theatre." Few persons have more knowledge of, and experience in, the difficult art of costume-designing for the stage than Mr. Wingfield, who has arranged the dresses for some of the most successfully-mounted London performances. A monograph by Mr. H. Spielman accompanies a fine engraving of a portrait by himself of the late Frank Holl, R.A., whose recent death, while still in the prime of his life and his art, has caused such a blank in the ranks of the English Academy. Mr. Walter Crane contributes another article on the art of design, treating this month of relief expressed in "The Language of Lines." The examples given by the writer, drawn by himself, are, as always, charming. Mr. W. J Loftie holds out great promise of pleasure to come in his forthcoming volume "Kensington, Picturesque and Historical"; for in his paper in this periodical, entitled "Kensington Fifty Years Ago," not only do we benefit by the learning and research employed in the compilation of the coming work, but we are permitted to see many of the sketches of Old and New Kensington which will illustrate it.

Lord Brassey has been presented at Normanhurst Court with a testimonial subscribed for by inhabitants of Hastings, without regard to party, in recognition of his twenty-four years' association with the borough, his eighteen years' service as Parliamentary representative, and his munificence towards churches, schools, chapels, and other useful institutions. The presentation took the form of a portrait of Lord Brassey by the late Frank Holl, a valuable sextant, and an illuminated address and album containing the names of the subscribers.

A banquet was given on Sept. 29 by the Italian colony and exhibitors at the Italian Exhibition to Mr. J. R. Whitley and Colonel J. T. North, respectively the Director-General and President of the Reception Committee. Replying to the toast of his health, Mr. Whitley said that during the five months the Exhibition had been opened, 1,258,000 persons had visited it, and the exhibits had proved the immense resources of United Italy. He expressed a strong conviction that a second Italian Exhibition next year would meet with every encouragement from Italian exhibitors.

The artisans' classes at the Royal Victoria Hall reopened on Monday, Oct. 1, and comprise arithmetic, physiology, physiography, shorthand, chemistry, astronomy, English literature, mechanics, machine drawing, electricity, &c., many of the classes being in connection with the Science and Art Department. On the 2nd, after a lecture entitled "Science in the Saucepan," by Professor Carlton Lambert, the certificates gained by the students last session were presented by Sir P. Magnus. The winter series of ballad and operatic concerts at the above hall commenced on the 4th with a ballad concert, when Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Hilda Coward, and Messrs. Chilley, Thurley Beale, and Egbert Roberts sang and Mr. John Child recited.

Half the financial year 1888-9 has now expired, and the revenue receipts thus far strengthen the prospect of a surplus considerably in excess of the estimates made six months ago. The revenue returns for the quarter just ended show the following items of increase, as compared with the corresponding period of last year:—Customs, £137,000; stamps, £50,000; Post Office, £100,000; telegraph service, £25,000; miscellaneous, £84,312; total, £396,312. The departments in which there has been a decrease are the following:—Excise, £10,000; house duty, £10,000; property and income tax, £160,000; interest on purchase money of Suez Canal shares, &c., £756; total, £180,756. The net increase on the quarter is £215,556. The comparison of the half-year with the corresponding period of last year shows a net increase of £480,589; the items of increase are £233,000 from Customs, £20,000 from excise, £350,000 from stamps, £250,000 from the Post Office, £40,000 from the telegraph service, £20,000 from Crown lands, and £218,345 from miscellaneous. The decreases in the half-yearly comparison are £25,000 from house duty, £625,000 from property and income-tax, and £756 from interest on purchase money of Suez Canal shares, &c.

COALING THE STEAMER, JAMAICA.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, contributes a Sketch of the scene that he witnessed on the arrival of the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company's vessel at the port of Kingston, Jamaica. His comment on the mode of operations is vigorously severe, and may help to procure some amendment; so we publish it just as he wrote it:—

"I think I may safely say that the manner of coaling steamers in Kingston, Jamaica, is unique; and I know that I share the feeling of every official, resident, and passenger, when I say that the sooner it is done away with, and a better system is introduced, the better it will be for all. As at present performed, it is a disgrace to Jamaica: and it is astounding that an English colony can put up with such a barbarous practice. As soon as a steamer is sighted, negro men and women, who are engaged all the year round at this occupation, are collected; and the moment the ship is moored to the landing-wharf, stages are run aboard, and these black human two-legged animals are at once set to work coaling the ship. It is needless to say that there are 70 per cent of women to the men, who are generally too lazy to do any work at all. The work is carried on utterly regardless of the comfort of the passengers, or their sufferings from the coal-dust, which penetrates every crevice of the ship, and settles on every exposed part of the human body. Passengers, ladies as well as men, as they land, have to pass through the most ghastly clouds of coal-dust; and during the tedious waiting at the Custom House they are still enveloped in this black mist of carbon, till they eventually arrive at the hotel, more resembling the negroes than white ladies and gentlemen. The wind invariably blows from one quarter, and it is utterly impossible to avoid this torture. The coaling-women's dresses are tucked up to the knees, and the dirtier and older the dress the better. While filling their baskets from the enormous stack of coal, and transporting it on board, they indulge in ribald songs and the coarsest of language, fortunately in such broken English that it is not easily understood by the newly-arrived passengers. Nevertheless I have heard many English ladies and gentlemen condemn the whole scene as an outrage on decency, and offensive to those who are bound to travel by the Royal Mail steam-ships. It is very seldom that a ship is coaled without some of these female barbarians quarrelling, and eventually settling their dispute by tucking up their sleeves, and engaging in what looks like a woman prize-fight, the blood flowing freely after a very short encounter. When I have expressed my opinion to those in charge, I have been told that it is the only way to get the work done; but I have seen ships coaled in most parts of the world, and never with so little regard to decency or convenience."

BIRD GROUPS AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

We present an Illustration of the latest and largest addition to the instructive series of groups of British birds, which attracts so many visitors to the Natural History Museum in Cromwell-road. These groups are intended to show the nesting habits of our birds, and include generally both the parents — some in their breeding dress; others sharing the inevitable duty of bird family cares; the rest with eggs or young, and as much of the surroundings of the nest as can be retained in a glass case of suitable size. In mounting these groups, imagination is not allowed to play any part; but if the natural surroundings cannot be preserved intact as a whole, such parts as are perishable, like leaves or flowers, are faithfully copied and reproduced from nature. The tree-mallow, with the puffin group, the sea-poppies in the tern-case, the bough of evergreen oak hiding the nest of the blackbird, are masterpieces from the hand of Messrs. Mintorn, of Soho-square, so true to nature as to satisfy the most exacting botanist.

A wall-case in the pavilion of the Bird Gallery, 4 ft. 6½ in. long, 8 ft. 6 in. high, and 4 ft. deep, has been devoted to a small piece of the bird-life of the Bass Rock, one of the most celebrated stations on the east coast of Scotland, to which every spring countless multitudes of sea-birds resort for the purpose of breeding.

The position chosen for this group is a representation of two shelves, high up on the precipitous face of the rock, which are tenanted by two kinds of birds, the lower by the gannet or solan goose, the upper by the guillemot. Necessity has taught these birds to live together sociably and in peace. On the short lower shelf five pairs of gannets have found room for their nests; in one place may be seen the old bird on the nest, patiently attending to her single white egg; in another, the young gannet is on the point of emerging from the shell; in a third, the nestling, about a week old, is having its appetite satisfied, while two youngsters, of more advanced age, have been able to exchange their beds, which will require the washing of many a drenching shower, for a secure, clean, and sunny corner of the shelf. The guillemots occupy the upper shelf; they also do not mind how closely they are packed if there be only room for their large egg, which is coloured and spotted in many patterns, and which they lay on the bare rock, and incubate in a more or less upright position. A pair of kittiwakes, on the left side of the case, add not a little to the charm of this group. They have built, with some skill, their soft nest of seaweed and lichens, on a small platform of projecting rock, scarcely the width of two hands. The female is sitting on her eggs; the mate is watching for her from another projection close by.

The Bass Rock case is one of a number of cases now being set up under the direction of Dr. A. Gunther, F.R.S., who is at the head of the Zoological Department at the Museum, which are quite works of art in form and composition, as well as in general truth to nature, and are far in advance of anything of the kind we have had before. For the successful execution of this group, the authorities of the Museum are chiefly indebted to Mr. Edward Bidwell, who, in the first place, obtained a series of photographs of the nesting-places and breeding birds, and who also presented nearly all the specimens. From one of the photographs Miss E. C. Woodward made a small model, in clay, of the portion of the cliff selected, which was skilfully copied by the modeller attached to the Geological Department.

The restoration of the church of Cwmamman, South Wales, being completed, the parishioners have presented an east window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street.

In St. Mary's Scottish Episcopal Church, Glasgow, on Sept. 29, Canon Harrison, of St. James's, Bury St. Edmunds, was consecrated Bishop of Glasgow by the Primate of Scotland. All the Scottish Bishops and several English Bishops, including the Bishops of Ely and Durham, assisted at the ceremony, and the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Iowa. There was a large congregation.

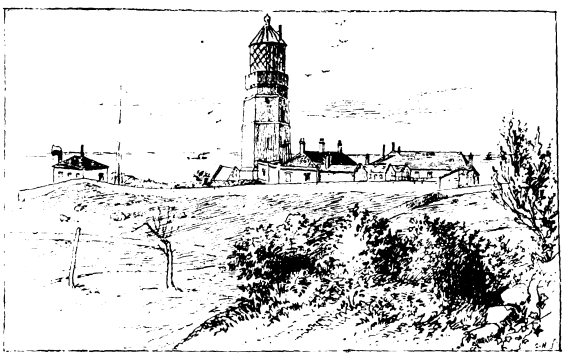
"A HELPING HAND."

The Coloured Picture given as an Extra Supplement to this Number of our Journal is an out-of-door scene, under the bright sky of a southern clime in the Mediterranean; but the occupation of these two children, in their light and airy costume enjoying the glowing sunshine on a garden terrace, is identical with the occasional easy task of many English little girls and boys, sitting by the winter fireside in snug rooms at home. Few of us cannot remember, some time in our infancy, being asked by a mother or sister to hold a skein of thread for unwinding; and the sensations of increasing weariness in the rigid muscles of the arms, and of the relaxing hold of the skein on the steady hands, as its threads drew near their termination, abide as physical impressions after half a lifetime. It is an excellent lesson of patience, and the faithful performance of this little office is always deserving of a kiss of approval.

THE ST. CATHERINE'S ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The light-house, now in full working order, on St. Catherine's Point, Isle of Wight, shows an electric light equal in illuminating power to rather more than 6,000,000 candles. Every half minute, as the light revolves, a mighty flash of five seconds' duration sweeps around the sea, and is visible at the distance of forty-two miles. A commodious engine-room has been added to the establishment, containing three steam engines of twelve-horse power each, and two magneto-electric machines of the De Meritens type. Two of the engines are to work for lighting purposes, though only one is used, in connection with one of the machines, in clear weather. The third engine is to work the double-toned fog-horn, which has been greatly increased in power. In the lantern, carbons of very large sectional area, not circular but fluted, are used, and the optical apparatus is of sixteen sides or panels. As a precaution against breakdown, everything is in duplicate at least, with an oil light in reserve as well. An experienced engineer, Mr. Millett, has taken the place of principal, supported by a competent staff of assistant light-keepers. Mr. Millett served in the Crimean and Baltic naval operations, and was ten years in the Italian navy.

The only other light-houses on the coast of England at which the light is produced by means of electricity are Souter Point, on the coast of Durham, between the mouths of the Tyne and the Wear; the South Foreland, where the two lights so well known to passengers across the Straits of Dover, were established a very long time ago, for the then three-fold purpose of leading clear of the Goodwin Sands, through the Downs and up and down the English Channel; and at the Lizard, on the Cornish coast, where two more lights mark the southernmost headland of that part of the Channel. The present St. Catherine's light is ten times more powerful than the best of them, the one on Souter Point. It is the most intensely brilliant light in existence on our shores.



ST. CATHERINE POINT ELECTRIC LIGHTHOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

That infinitely droll little comedian Mr. Penley is making everyone laugh over his quaint performance in "Uncles and Aunts" at the Comedy, a theatre that is invariably patronised by the playgoers who cannot enjoy the theatre thoroughly unless it is preceded by a good dinner at the club. Plays that begin at nine o'clock suit these good people thoroughly well, and at present they are undecided whether to secure a stall to see Mr. Penley in the Haymarket or Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Hare down in Sloane-square. But whether a course or so is sacrificed or not, it is imperative that visitors to the Comedy should be in time to see Mr. Cecil Raleigh's vigorous and clever play "The Spy." There is enough material here for a four-act drama, a happy mixture of bright comedy and grim pathos; but the author has cleverly boiled it down into an hour's entertainment that rivets the attention and excites the spectator. It is as difficult to write a good one-act drama as a startling short story. It looks easy enough, but there's the rub. There is nothing mawkish or melodramatic about "The Spy," and for once in a way a modern dramatist has touched the true chord of human interest. And there is still another recommendation: the little play is well acted, and an actress of whom no great things were expected has suddenly come to the front. Miss Vane Featherstone has had her chance, and grasped it firmly. Hitherto known only as a pretty girl usefully employed in light comedy, she has suddenly proved herself to be an exceptionally clever actress of wide range, as earnest in her sentiment as she is gay and intelligent in her comedy. She plays the heroine in Mr. Cecil Raleigh's little play admirably, and her success comes at the right moment, when everyone was beginning to despair about the coming actress. Miss Featherstone certainly ought to be employed in better work than the frivolous wives and daughters of farcical comedy. She has been hidden for some time, and now that she has been discovered, the best use should be made of her talent.

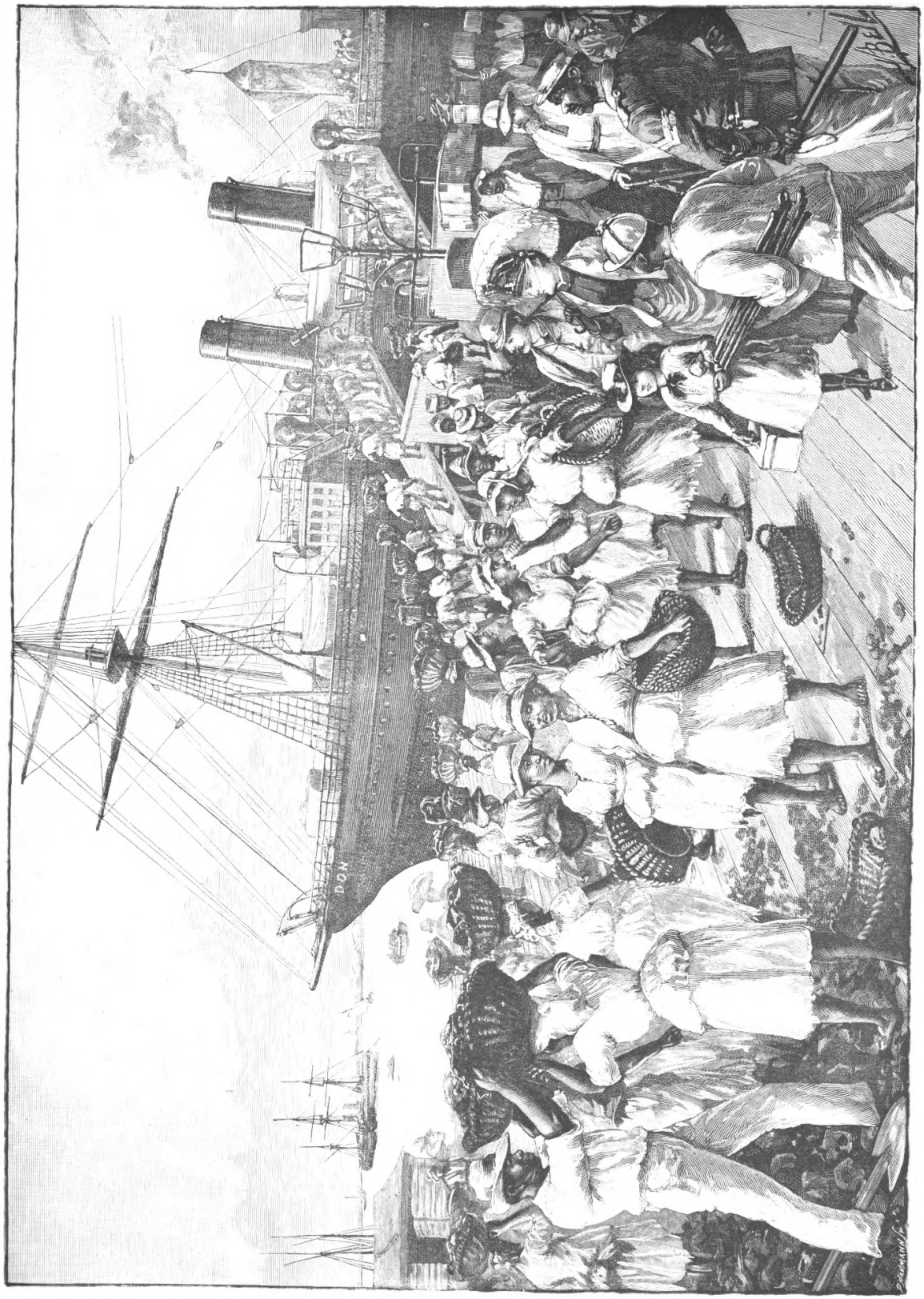
"Festina lente" is a motto that has not been carefully taken to heart by Mr. Richard Mansfield. He received a courteous welcome and fair encouragement when he appeared as the revolting monster Hyde in the very unpalatable drama founded on Louis Stevenson's novel. It was confessed at the time that the part of Dr. Jekyl, which, after all, was the true acting test, could not compare with the groaning, mumbling, and gesticulating Hyde; and those who looked deeply into the matter could not quite see how it was that a young actor, intelligent enough, but evidently of limited resource, could, in so short a time, have obtained such an enormous popularity in America. There was naturally an interest to see Mr. Mansfield in another character, particularly as the old Baron De Chevrial, in the "Parisian Romance." This was the character that first made Mr. Mansfield notorious. One day he suddenly found himself a star instead of a stock actor, because he had given a vivid, minute, and realistic rendering of the debauched old Parisian nobleman, a Sir Harcourt Courtley of the latter part of the nineteenth century. His performance was said to be a surprise in art. Unfortunately, in London it is looked at as no surprise at all. It is a leering and offensive old gentleman, adorned with most of the exaggerated tricks that made the wretch Hyde so very objectionable. We can quite understand that the constant playing of this man-monster has unbalanced Mr. Mansfield's nice sense of art. Already he develops tricks and manœuvres, and forces his effects instead of suggesting them. The constant falsetto, the wagging of the lower jaw, the mumbling manner, are cases in point. Nearly every detail is too highly coloured, and the actor seems incapable of concealing his art. That Mr. Mansfield is clever, daring, and observant cannot be doubted. But, he has as much to learn as to unlearn; and certainly he is not strong enough as an actor, or finished enough as an artist, to come over here to play the monsters of modern fiction at one of our most important theatres, and with an indifferent American company. All talent is welcome in England, but Mr. Mansfield is not powerful enough as a star. We have seen in this country Lafont, St. Germain, Got, and Regnier; we have claimed in similar kind of parts such strong actors of genius as Robson, George Belmore, and Dominic Murray; we have seen old men played by William Farren, Alfred Bishop, and John Hare: but it would be as sensible for either of these last, with Arthur Cecil thrown in, to star in America, as for Mr. Mansfield to do so here. In time to come, no doubt, he may be a great actor; but at present his art may be better explained as elaborate artifice. It is unfinished, crude, and requires discretion and discipline. It was an unfortunate mistake also to exhibit Mr. Mansfield's company in a purely Parisian play, requiring style and a grand manner. At the best, Octave Feuillet's "Roman Parisien" is not a good play. Its sentiment is exaggerated; its construction feeble; its interest slight. To make matters worse, it has been translated into inflated, silly, and "penny-journal" language, and has been handed over to the tender mercies of interpreters, who are doubtless very deserving people, but wholly deficient in manner. Mr. Mansfield, who is an excellent vocalist, would be well advised to try "Prince Karl." The public, in these days of aggravated horrors, show no disposition to take delight in fiends like Hyde, or gross sensualists like this French Baron. We don't want to see innocent gentlemen done to death on the stage by men-monsters; or the exhibition, however clever, of a blasphemous death by a paralytic seizure.

The diversity of opinion shown by critics in the case of Mr. Richard Mansfield's acting and of "The Monk's Room," a new sombre drama, written by a Mr. John Lart and produced at the Globe, is a little startling. Some people consider Mr. Mansfield a genius; others a clever entertainer. Some hold that Mr. Lart has written a powerful play; others that he has wasted his time over useless and morbid material. But surely it will be conceded that "The Monk's Room" is a well-acted drama. At last Mr. Willard has got out of the stereotyped groove and widened the field of his art. He can play the passionate lover as well as the cynical villain. Mr. Hermann Vezin has seldom acted better than as the grim old Socialist whose god is humanity; and Miss Alma Murray is evidently delighted with her artistic companions, and ably seconds their efforts. The subject of "The Monk's Room" may not be very cheerful, but, in its way and of its school, a better acted play is not to be found in London. It deserves the attention of students of the art of acting.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, on the occasion of their benefit at Manchester on Sept. 28, produced a new and original comedy of strong interest by Mr. A. W. Pinero. It is called "The Weaker Sex," and in its humorous scenes satirises the movement for granting the franchise to women, and amiably laughs at the strong-minded female who makes speeches and indulges in eccentric costume. Mr. Righton has been specially engaged for a funny little member of Parliament, under petticoat government, and makes every clever line tell that he has to deliver. But, of course, there is a serious side to the play. Mrs. Kendal is seen at her very best as a proud, passionate, and deeply-loving widow, who finds, to her horror, that her daughter has engaged herself to the only man to whom the mother is deeply attached. This powerful and sympathetic actress pours the whole strength of her talent on the hopes, the fears, the disappointment and anguish of Lady Vivash; but we fear that, unless a bold alteration is made in the present dénoûment, the play will not prove acceptable in London. We shall see. Meanwhile, it is an undeniably clever play, and it is excellently acted. Mr. Kendal, Miss Olga Brandon, Miss Fanny Brough, and Mr. Denison, all distinguish themselves in it; and it has been received with enthusiasm by Manchester audiences.

The theatrical event of the week—unfortunately too late in it to be described—was, of course, the production of the new comic opera at the Savoy by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Gilbert was at the last moment overruled by his partners. He wanted to call the opera "The Beefeater," but it was held that in America they would not understand the word and its proper significance. It was argued that "Beefeater" would simply be taken for a nickname for John Bull and not a Royal sideboard-man (buffetier). So "The Yeoman of the Guard" was substituted instead, for this is the strict military term for a Tower Beefeater, who, by the way, used to stand under the Royal box when the Queen used to go to opera or theatre in state. It was whispered in advance that the play is in a far more serious vein than usual, and treads upon the confines of grand opera. It is sure to be amusing and wholesome; and may Mr. Gilbert have in store for us pages of jokes, and Sir Arthur Sullivan a budget of melodies, that will keep the girls at the piano for months to come! We have waited long for a bright successor to the "Mikado" and to "Ruddygore," and it is pleasant to think that the winter evenings will be brightened with the last song and the choicest chorus from the "Yeoman of the Guard."

So far the autumn plays have succeeded admirably. They have been turning money away from Drury-Lane, where "The Armada" is going splendidly. Unluckily, Mr. Leonard Boyne met with an accident; but both the authors are actors, and Mr. Henry Hamilton, without a moment's hesitation, went on as Vyvyan Foster, and played the part very cleverly.



COALING A STEAMER AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



BIRDS ON THE BASS ROCK.
IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

COALING A STEAMER AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

ILMINSTER CLINK.



CAN I tell—oh! how can I sit down to tell in cold blood the story of all that followed? Some parts of it for very pity I must pass over. All that has been told or written of the Bloody Assize is most true, and yet not half that happened can be told. There are things, I mean, which the historian cannot, for the sake of pity, decency, and consideration for living people, relate, even if he hath seen them. You who read the printed page may learn how in one place so many were hanged; in another place so many; how some were hung in gemmaces, so that at every cross-road there was a frightful gibbet with a dead man on it; how some died of smallpox in the crowded prisons, and some of fever; and how Judge Jeffreys rode from town to town followed by gangs of miserable prisoners driven after him to stand their trial in towns where they would be known; how the wretched sufferers were drawn and quartered and their limbs seethed in pitch and stuck up over the whole country; how the women and boys of tender years were flogged through market-towns—you, I say, who read these things on the cold page presently (even if you be a stickler for the Right Divine, and hold rebellion as a mortal sin) feel your blood to boil with righteous wrath. The hand of the Lord was afterwards heavy upon those who ordered these things; nay, at the very time (this is a most remarkable Judgment and one little known) when this inhuman Judge was thundering at his victims—so that some went mad and even dropped down dead with fear—he was himself, as Humphrey hath assured me, suffering the most horrible pain from a dire disease; so that the terrors of his voice and of his fiery eyes were partly due to the agony of his disease, and he was enduring all through that Assize, in his own body, pangs greater than any that he ordered! As for his miserable end, and the fate that overtook his master, that we know; and candid souls cannot but confess that here were truly Judgments of God, visible for all to see and acknowledge. But no pen can truly depict what the eye saw and the ear heard during that terrible time. And, think you, if it was a terrible and a wretched time for those who had no relations among the rebels, and only looked on and saw these bloody executions and heard the lamentations of the poor women who lost their lovers or their husbands, what must it have been for me, and those like me, whose friends and all whom they loved—yea, all, all!—were overwhelmed in one common ruin and expected nothing but death?

Our own misery I cannot truly set forth. Sometimes the memory of it comes back to me, and it is as if long afterwards one should feel again the sharpness of the surgeon's knife. Oh! since I must write down what happened, let me be brief. And you who read it, if you find the words cold where you would have looked for fire; if you find no tears where there should have been weeping and wailing, remember that in the mere writing have been shed again (but these you cannot see) the tears which belonged to that time, and in the writing have been renewed (but these you cannot hear) the sobbings and wailings and terrors of that dreadful autumn.

The soldiers belonged to a company of Grenadiers of Trelawny's Regiment, stationed at Ilminster, whither they carried the prisoners. First they handcuffed Barnaby, but on his giving his parole not to escape, they let him go free; and he proved useful in the handling of the cart on which my unhappy father lay. And though the soldiers' talk was ribald, their jests unseemly, and their cursing and swearing seemed verily to invite the wrath of God, yet they proved honest fellows in the main. They offered no rudeness to us, nor did they object to our going with the prisoners; nay, they even gave us bread and meat and cider from their own provisions when they halted for dinner at noon. Barnaby walked sometimes with the soldiers, and sometimes with us; with them he talked freely, and as if he were their comrade and not their prisoner: with us he put in a word of encouragement or consolation, such as "Mother, we shall find a way out of this coil yet"; or "Sister, we shall cheat Tom Hangman. Look not so gloomy upon it"; or, again, he reminded us that may a shipwrecked sailor gets safe ashore, and that where there are so many they cannot hang all. "Would the King," he asked, "hang up the whole county of Somerset?" But he had already told me too much. In his heart I knew he had small hope of escape; yet he preserved his cheerfulness, and walked towards his prison (to outward seeming) as insensible of fear and with as unconcerned a countenance as if he were going to a banquet or a wedding. This cheerfulness of his was due to a happy confidence in the ordering of things rather than to insensibility. A sailor sees men die in many ways, yet himself remains alive. This gives him something of the disposition of the Oriental, who accepts his fate with outward unconcern, whatever it may be. Perhaps (I know not) there may have been in his mind that religious Assurance of which he had told me. Did Barnaby at this period, when death was very near unto him, really believe that there was one religion for landsmen and another for sailors—one way to heaven for ministers, another for seamen? Indeed, I cannot tell; yet how otherwise account for his courage and cheerfulness at all times—even in the very presence of death?

"Brother," he asked the Sergeant, "we have been lying hid for a fortnight, and have heard no news. Tell me how go the hangings?"

"Why, Captain," the fellow replied with a grin, "in this respect there is little for the rebels to complain of. They ought to be satisfied, so far, with the attentions paid to them. Lord Feversham hanged twenty odd to begin with. Captain Adlan and three others are trussed up in chains for their greater honour; and, in order to put the rest in good heart, one of them ran a race with a horse, being promised his life if he should win. When he had beaten the horse, his Lordship, who was ever a merry man, ordered him to be hanged just to laugh at him. And hanged he was."

"Ay," said Barnaby, "thus do the Indians in America torture their prisoners first and kill them afterwards."

"There are two hundred prisoners lying in Weston Zoyland church," the Sergeant went on; "they would have been hanged too, but the Bishop interfered. Now they are waiting to be tried. Lord! what signifies trial, except to give them longer rope?"

"Ay, ay; and how go things in Bridgwater and Taunton?"

"From Weston to Bridgwater there is a line of gibbets already; in Taunton, twenty, I believe, have swung—twenty, at least. The drums beat, the fifes played, and the trumpets sounded, and Colonel Kirke drank to the health of every man (such was his condescension!) before he was turned off. 'Twould have done your heart good, Captain, only to see the brave show."

"Ay, ay," said Barnaby, unmoved; "very like, very like. Perhaps I shall have the opportunity of playing first part in another brave show if all goes well. Hath the Duke escaped?"

"We heard yesterday that he is taken somewhere near the New Forest. So that he will before long lay his lovely head upon the block. Captain, your friends have brought their pigs to a pretty market."

"They have, Brother; they have," replied Barnaby, still with unmoved countenance. "Yet many a man hath recovered from worse straits than these."

I listened with sinking heart. Much I longed to ask if the Sergeant knew aught of Robin; but I refrained, lest merely to name him might put the soldiers on the look-out for him, should he, happily, be in hiding.

Next the Sergeant told us (which terrified me greatly) that there was no part of the country where they were not scouring for fugitives; that they were greatly assisted by the clergy, who, he said, were red-hot for King James; that the men were found hiding, as we had hidden, in linneys, in hedges, in barns, in woods; that they were captured by treachery—by information laid, and even, most cruel thing of all, by watching and following the men's sweethearts who were found taking food to them. He said also that, at the present rate, they would have to enlarge their prisons to admit ten times their number, for they were haling into them not only the men who had followed Monmouth, but also those who had helped him with money, arms, or men. The Sergeant was a brutal fellow, yet there was about him something of good nature and even of compassion for the men he had captured. But he seemed to take delight in speaking of the sufferings of the unfortunate prisoners. The soldiers, he told us, were greatly enraged towards the rebels—not, I suppose, on account of their rebellion, because three years later they themselves showed how skin-deep was their loyalty, but because the rustics, whom they thought contemptible, had surprised and nearly beaten them. And this roused in them the spirit of revenge.

"Captain," said the Sergeant, "'tis pity that so lusty a gentleman as thou shouldst die. Hast thou no friends at Court? No? Nor any who would speak for thee? 'Tis pity. Yet a man can die but once. With such a thick neck as thine, bespeak, if so much grace be accorded thee, a long rope and a high gallows. Else, when it comes to the quartering"—he stopped and shook his head—"but there—I wish you well out of it, Captain."

In the evening, just before sunset, we arrived at Ilminster, after a sad and weary march of ten miles, at least; but we could not leave the prisoners until we knew how and where they were bestowed; and during all this time my mother, who commonly walked not abroad from one Sabbath to the next, was possessed with such a spirit that she seemed to feel no weariness. When we rode all night in order to join the Duke she complained not; when we rode painfully across the hills to Taunton she murmured not; nor when we carried our wounded man up the rough and steep comb; no, nor on this day, when she walked beside her husband's head, careful lest the motion of the cart should cause him pain. But he felt nothing, poor soul! He would feel nothing any more.

Ilminster is a goodly town, rich and prosperous with its spinners and weavers. This evening, however, there was no one in the streets except the troopers, who swaggered up and down or sat drinking at the tavern door. There is a broad open place before the market, which stands upon great stone pillars. Outside the market is the Clink, whither the soldiers were taking their prisoners. The troopers paid not the least heed to our mournful little procession—a wounded man; a prisoner in scarlet and lace, but the cloth tattered and stained and the lace torn. They were only two more men on their way to death. What doth a soldier care for the sight of a man about to die?

"Mother," said Barnaby, when we drew near the Prison gates, "come not within. I will do all that I can for him. Go now and find a decent lodging, and Sister, hark ye, the lads in our army were rough, but they were as lambs compared with these swaggering troopers. Keep snug, therefore, and venture not far abroad."

I whispered in his ear that I had his bag of money safe, so that he could have whatever he wanted if that could be bought. Then the Prison gates were closed, and we stood without.

It would have been hard indeed if the wife and daughter of Dr. Comfort Eykin could not find a lodging among godly people, of whom there are always many in every town of Somerset. We presently obtained a room in the house of one Martha Prior, widow of the learned and pious Joshua Prior, whilom preacher and ejected minister. Her case was as hard as our own. This poor woman had two sons only, and both had gone to join the Duke: one already risen to be a Master Sergemaker, and one a Draper, of the town. Of her sons she could hear no news at all: whether they were alive or dead. If they were already dead, or if they should be hanged, she would have no means of support, and so must starve or eat the bread of charity. (I learned afterwards that she never did hear anything of them, so that it is certain that they must have been killed on the battle-field or cut down by the dragoons in trying to escape. But the poor soul survived not long their loss.)

The church of Ilminster stands upon a rising ground; on the north of the church is the grammar school, and on the other three sides are houses of the better sort, of which Mrs. Prior had one. The place, which surrounds the churchyard, and hath no inn or ale-house in it, is quiet and retired. The soldiers came not thither, except once or twice, with orders to search the houses (and with a private resolution to drink everything that they might lay their hands upon), so that, for two poor women in our miserable circumstances, we could not have a more quiet lodging.

Despite our troubles, I slept so well that night that it was past seven in the morning when I awoke. The needs of the body do sometimes overcome the cares of the spirit. For a whole fortnight had we been making our beds on the heather, and, therefore, without taking off our clothes: and that day we had walked ten miles, at least, with the soldiers, so that I slept without moving or waking all the night. In the morning I dressed quickly and hurried to the jail, not knowing whether I might be admitted or should be allowed speech of Barnaby. Outside the gate, however, I found a crowd of people going into the prison and coming out of it. Some of them, women like ourselves, were weeping—they were those whose brothers or lovers, husbands or sons, were in those gloomy walls. Others there were who brought, for such of the prisoners as had money to buy them, eggs, butter, white bread, chickens, fruit, and all kinds of provisions: some brought wine, cider, and ale; some, tobacco. The warders who stood at the gates made no opposition to those who would enter. I pressed in with a beating heart, prepared for a scene of the most dreadful repentance and gloomy forebodings. What I saw was quite otherwise.

The gates of the prison opened upon a courtyard, not very big, where the people were selling their wares, and some of the prisoners were walking about, and some were chaffering with the women who had the baskets. On the right hand side of the yard was the Clink itself; on the left hand were houses for the warders or officers of the prison. In general a single warder, constable, or headborough is enough for a town such as Ilminster, to keep the peace of the prison, which is for the most part empty, save when they enforce some new Act against Nonconformists and fill it with them or with Quakers. Now, however, so great was the press that, instead of two, there were a dozen guards, and, while a stout cudgel had always been weapon enough, now every man went armed with pike and cutlass to keep order and prevent escapes. Six of them occupied the gate-house; other six were within, in a sort of guard-house, where they slept on the left hand of the court.

The ground floor of the Clink we found to be a large room, at least forty feet each side in bigness. On one side of it was a great fireplace, where, though it was the month of July, there was burning a great fire of Welsh coal, partly for cooking purposes, because all that the prisoners ate was cooked at this fire; and partly because a great fire kept continually burning sweetens the air, and wards off jail fever. On another side was a long table and several benches. Thick wooden pillars supported the joists of the rooms above; the windows were heavily barred, but the shutters had been taken down, and there was no glass in them. In spite of fire and open windows, the place was stifling, and smelt most horrible. Never have I breathed so foul an air. There lived in this room about eighty prisoners (later on the numbers were doubled); some were smoking tobacco and drinking cider or ale; some were frying pieces of meat or smoked herrings over the fire; and the tobacco, the ale, the wine, the cooking, and the people themselves—nearly all country lads, unwashed, who had slept since Sedgemoor, at least, in the same clothes without once changing—made so foul an air that jail fever, putrid throats, and smallpox (all of which afterwards broke out) should have been expected sooner.

They were all talking, laughing, and even singing, so that, in addition to the noisome stench of the place, there was such a din as one may hear at Sherborne Fair of an evening. I expected, as I have said, a gloomy silence with the rattling of chains, the groans of those who looked for death, and, perhaps, a godly repentance visible upon every countenance. Yet they were all laughing, except a few who sat retired and who were wounded. I say that they were all laughing. They had nothing to expect but death, or at the best to be horribly flogged, to be transported, to be fined, branded, and ruined. Yet they laughed! What means this hardness and indifference in men? Could they not think of the women they had left at home? I warrant that none of *them* were laughing.

Among them—a pipe of tobacco in his lips and a mug of strong ale before him on the table, his hat flung backwards—sat Barnaby, his face showing, apparently, complete satisfaction with his lot.

When he saw us at the door, he rose and came to meet us.

"Welcome," he said. "This is one of the places where King Monmouth's men are to receive the honour due to them. Courage, gentle hearts. Be not cast down. Everywhere the prisons are full, and more are brought in every day. Our very numbers are our safety. They cannot hang us all. And hark!" here he whispered, "Sister, we now know that Colonel Kirke hath been selling pardons at ten pounds, twenty pounds, and thirty pounds apiece. Wherefore we are well assured that somehow or other we shall be able to buy our release. There are plenty besides Colonel Kirke who will sell a prisoner his freedom."

"Where is your father?" asked my mother.

"He is bestowed above, where it is quieter, except for the groaning of the wounded. Go up-stairs, and you will find him. And there is a surprise for you, besides. You will find with him one you little expect to see."

"Oh! Barnaby, is there new misery for me? Is Robin a prisoner?"

"Robin is not here, Sis; and as for misery, why, that is as you take it. To be sure the man above is in prison, but no harm will happen to him. Why should it? He did not go out with Monmouth's men. But go up-stairs—go up-stairs—and see for yourselves."

CHAPTER XXVI.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

I know not whom I expected to find in consequence of Barnaby's words, as we went up the dark and dirty stairs which let to the upper room. Robin was not a prisoner. Why—then—but I know not what I thought, all being strange and dreadful.

At the top of the stairs we found ourselves in a room of the same size as the lower chamber, but not so high, and darker, being a gloomy place indeed, insomuch that it was not for some minutes that one could plainly discern things. It was lighted by a low, long window, set very close with thick bars, the shutters thrown open so that all the light and air possible to be admitted might come in. It had a great fireplace, but there was no fire burning, and the air of the room struck raw, though outside it was a warm and sunny day. The roof was supported, as in the room below, by means of thick square pillars, studded with great nails set close together, for what purpose I know not. Every part of the woodwork in the room was in the same way stuck full of nails. On the floor lay half a score mattresses, the property of those who could afford to pay the warders an exorbitant fee for the luxury. At Ilminster, as, I am told, at Newgate, the chief prison of the country, the same custom obtains of exacting heavy fees from the poor wretches clapped into ward. It is, I suppose, no sin to rob the criminal, the debtor, the traitor, or the rebel. For those who had nothing to pay there were only a few bundles of straw, and on these were lying half a dozen wretches, whose white faces and glazed eyes showed that they would indeed cheat Tom the Hangman, though not in the way that Barnaby hoped. These were wounded either in the Sedgemoor fight or in their attempt to escape.

My father lay on a pallet bed. His face showed not the least change; his eyes were closed, and you would have thought him dead; and beside him, also on a pallet, sat, to my astonishment, none other than Sir Christopher himself.

He rose and came to meet us, smiling sadly.

"Madam," he said, taking my mother's hand, "we meet in a doleful place, and we are, indeed, in wretched plight. I cannot bid you welcome: I cannot say that I am glad to see you. There is nothing that I can say of comfort or of hope, except, which you know already, that we are always in the hands of the Lord."

"Sir Christopher," said my mother, "it was kind and neighbourly in you to come. But you were always his best friend. Look at his poor white face!" she only thought upon her husband. "You would think him dead! More than a

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

Then he turned to me and kissed me, without saying a word.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

fortnight he hath lain thus—motionless. I think he feels no pain. Husband, if thou canst hear me, make some sign—if it be but to open one eye! No!" she cried. "Day after day have I thus entreated him and he makes no answer! He neither sees nor hears! Yet he doth not die; wherefore I think that he may yet recover speech and sit up again, and presently, perhaps, walk about, and address himself again unto his studies."

She waited not for any answer, but knelt down beside him and poured some drops of milk into the mouth of the sick man. Sir Christopher looked at her mournfully and shook his head.

Then he turned to me, and kissed me without saying a word.

"Oh! Sir," I cried, "how could you know that my father would be brought unto this place? With what goodness of heart have you come to our help!"

"Nay, Child," he replied gravely, "I came because I had no choice but to come. Like your father and your brother, Alice, I am a prisoner."

"You, Sir? You a prisoner? Why, you were not with the Duke."

"That is most true. And yet a prisoner. Why, after the news of Sedgemoor fight I looked for nothing else. They tried to arrest Mr. Speke, but he had fled; they have locked up Mr. Prideaux, of Ford Abbey; Mr. Trenchard has retired across the seas. Why should they pass me over? Nay, there were abundant proofs of my zeal for the Duke. My grandson and my grandnephew had joined the rebels. Your father and brother rode over to Lyme on my horses; with my grandson rode off a dozen lads of the village. What more could they want? Moreover, I am an old soldier of Lord Essex's army; and, to finish, they found in the window-seat a copy of Monmouth's Declaration—which, indeed, I had forgotten, or I might have destroyed it."

"Alas! alas!" I cried, wringing my hands. "Your Honour, too, a prisoner!"

Since the Sergeant spoke to Barnaby about the interest of friends, I had been thinking that Sir Christopher, whose power and interest, I fondly thought, must be equal to those of any Lord in the land, would interpose to save us all. And he was now a prisoner himself, involved in the common ruin! One who stands upon a bridge and sees with terror the last support carried away by the raging flood feels such despair as fell upon my soul.

"Oh! Sir," I cried again. "It is Line upon Line—Woe upon Woe!"

He took my hand in his, and held it tenderly.

"My child," he said, "to an old man of seventy-five what doth it matter whether he die in his bed or whether he die upon a scaffold? Through the pains of death, as through a gate, we enter upon our rest."

"It is dreadful!" I cried again. "I cannot endure it!"

"The shame and ignominy of this death," he said, "I shall, I trust, regard lightly. We have struck a blow for Freedom and for Faith. Well; we have been suffered to fail. The time hath not yet come. Yet, in the end, others shall carry on the Cause, and Religion shall prevail. Shall we murmur who have been God's instruments?"

"Alas! alas!" I cried again.

"To me, sweet child, it is not terrible to contemplate my end. But it is sad to think of thee, and of thy grave and bitter loss. Hast thou heard news of Robin and of Humphrey?"

"Oh, Sir!—are they, also, in prison—they are here?"

"No; but I have news of them. I have a letter brought to me but yesterday. Read it, my child, read it."

He pulled the letter out of his pocket and gave it to me. Then I read aloud, and thus it ran:—

"Honoured Sir and Grandfather,

"I am writing this letter from the Prison of Exeter, where, with Humphrey and about two hundred or more of our poor fellows, I am laid by the heels, and shall so continue until we shall all be tried.

"It is rumoured that Lord Jeffreys will come down to try us, and we are assured by report that the King shows himself revengeful, and is determined that there shall be no mercy shown. After Sedgemoor fight they hanged, as you will have heard, many of the prisoners at Weston Zoyland, at Bridgwater, and at Taunton, without trial. If the King continue in this disposition it is very certain that, though the common sort may be forgiven, the gentlemen and those who were officers in the rebel army will certainly not escape. Therefore I have no hope but to conclude my life upon the gallows—a thing which, I confess, I had never looked to do. But I hope to meet my fate with courage and resignation.

"Humphrey is with me, and it is some comfort (though I know not why) that we shall stand or fall together: for if I was a Captain in the army he was a Chyrurgeon. That he was also a secret agent of the exiles, and that he stirred up the Duke's friends on his way from London to Sherborne, that they know not, or it would certainly go hard with him. What do I say? Since they will hang him, things cannot very well go harder.

"When the fight was over, and the Duke and Lord Grey fled, there was nothing left but to escape as best we might. I hope that some of the Bradford lads will make their way home in safety: they stood their ground and fought valiantly. Nay, if we had been able to arm all who volunteered and would have enlisted, and if our men had all shown such a spirit as your valiant lads of Bradford Orvas, then, I say, the enemy must have been cut to pieces.

"When we had no choice left but to run, I took the road to Bridgwater, intending to ride back to that place, where, perhaps, our forces might be rallied. But this proved hopeless. There I found, however, Humphrey, and we resolved that the safest plan would be to ride by way of Taunton and Exeter, leaving behind us the great body of the King's army, and so escape to London if possible, where we should certainly find hiding-places in plenty until the pursuit should be at an end. Our plan was to travel along byways and bridle-paths, and that by night only, hiding by day in barns, linneys, and the like. We had money for the charges of our journey. Humphrey would travel as a physician returning to London from the West as soon as we had gotten out of the insurgents' country; I was to be his servant. Thus we arranged the matter in our minds, and already I thought that we were safe, and in hiding somewhere in London, or across the seas in the Low Countries again.

"Well, to make short my story, we got no further than Exeter, where we were betrayed by a rascal countryman who recognised us, caused us to be arrested, and swore to us. Thereupon we were clapped into jail, where we now lie.

"Hon'd Sir; Humphrey, I am sorry to write, is much cast down, not because he dreads death, which he doth not, any more than to lie upon his bed; but because he hath, he says, drawn so many to their ruin. He numbers me among those: though, indeed, it was none of his doing, but by my own free will, that I entered upon this business, which, contrary to reasonable expectation, hath turned out so ill. Wherefore, dear Sir, since there is no one in the world whose opinion and counsel Humphrey so greatly considers as your own, I pray you, of your goodness, send him some words of consolation and cheer."

"That will I, right readily," said Sir Christopher. "At least the poor lad cannot accuse himself of dragging me into the Clink."

"I hear," continued Robin's letter, "that my mother hath gone with Mr. Boscorel to London, to learn if aught can be done for us. If she do not return before we are finished, bid her think kindly of Humphrey and not to lay those things to his charge. As for my dear girl, my Alice, I hear nothing of her. Miss Blake, who led the Maids when they gave the flags to the Duke, is, I hear, clapped into prison. Alice is not spoken of. I am greatly perturbed in spirit concerning her, and I would gladly, if that might be compassed, have speech with her before I die. I fear she will grieve and weep; but not more than I myself at leaving her, poor maid! I hear, also, nothing concerning her father, who was red hot for the Cause, and therefore, I fear, will not be passed over or forgotten. Nor do I hear aught of Barnaby, who, I hope, hath escaped on shipboard, as he said that he should do if things went ajar. Where are they all? The roads are covered with rough men, and it is not fit for such as Alice and her mother to be travelling. I hope that they have returned in safety to Bradford Orvas, and that my old master, Dr. Eykin, hath forgotten his zeal for the Protestant Duke, and is already seated again among his books. If that is so, tell Alice, Honoured Sir, that there is no hour of the day or night but I think of her continually; that the chief pang of my approaching fate is the thought that I shall leave her in sorrow, and that I cannot say or do anything to stay her sorrow. Comfort her I cannot, save with words which will come better from the saintly lips of her father. I again pray thee to assure her of my faithful love. Tell her that the recollection of her sweet face and steadfast eyes fills me with so great a longing that I would fain die at once so as to bring nearer the moment when we shall be able to *sit together* in heaven. My life hath been glorified, if I may say so in humility, by her presence in my heart, which drove away all common and unclean things. Of such strength is earthly love. Nay, I could not, I now perceive, be happy even with the joys of heaven if she were not by my side. Where is she, my heart, my love? Pray God, she is in safety.

"And now, Sir, I have no more to say. The prison is a hot and reeking place; at night it is hard to bear the foulness and the stench of it. Humphrey says that we may shortly expect some jail fever or smallpox to break out among us, in which case the work of the Judges may be lightened. The good people of this ancient city are in no way afraid of the King's vindictiveness, but send in of their bounty quantity of provisions—fruit, eggs, fresh meat, salted meat, ale, and cider—every day for the poor prisoners, which shows which way their opinions do lean, even although the clergy are against us. Honoured Sir, I am sure and certain that the miscarriage of our enterprise was caused by the conduct of those who had us in hand. In a year or two there shall be seen (but not by us) another uprising; under another leader with another end.

"So no more. I send to thee, dear and Honoured Sir, my bounden duty and my grateful thanks for all that I owe to your tender care and affection. Pray my mother, for me, to mourn no more for me than is becoming to one of her piety and virtue.

"Alas! it is thinking upon her, and upon my poor lost Alice, that my heart is wellnigh torn in pieces. But (tell Humphrey) through no fault—no—through no fault of his.

"From thy dutiful and obedient grandson,—R. C."

I read this all through. Then I folded up the letter and returned it to Sir Christopher. As he took it, the tears came into his dear and venerable eyes and rolled down his cheeks.

"My dear—my dear," he said, "it is hard to bear. Everyone who is dear to thee will go; there is an end of all; unless some way, of which we know nothing, be opened unto us."

"Why," I said, "if we were all dead and buried, and our souls together in heaven"——

"Patience, my dear," said the old man.

"Oh! must they all die—all? My heart will burst! Oh! Sir, will not one suffice for all? Will they not take me and hang me, and let the rest go free?"

"Child," he took my hand between his own, "God knows that if one life would suffice for all it should be mine. Nay, I would willingly die ten times over to save thy Robin for thee. He is not dead yet, however. Nor is he sentenced. There are so many involved that we may hope for a large measure of mercy. Nay, more. His mother hath gone to London, as he says in his letter, with my son-in-law, Philip Boscorel, to see if aught can be done, even to the selling of my whole estate, to procure the enlargement of the boys. I know not if anything can be done, but be assured Philip Boscorel will leave no stone unturned."

"Oh! can money buy a pardon? I have two hundred gold pieces. They are Barnaby's"——

"Then, my dear, they must be used to buy pardon for Barnaby and thy father—though I doubt whether any pardon need be bought for one who is brought so low."

Beside the bed my mother sat crouched, watching his white face as she had done all day long in our hiding-place. I think she heeded nothing that went on around her, being wrapped in her hopes and prayers for the wounded man.

Then Sir Christopher kissed me gently on the forehead.

"They say the King is unforgiving, my dear. Expect not, therefore, anything. Say to thyself, every morning, that all must die. To know the worst brings with it something of consolation. Robin must die, Humphrey must die, your brother Barnaby must die, your father—but he is wellnigh dead already—and I myself, all must die upon the scaffold if we escape this noisome jail. In thinking this, remember who will be left. My dear, if thou art as a widow and yet a maiden, I charge thee solemnly that thou forget thine own private griefs and minister to those who will have none but thee to help them. Live not for thyself—but to console and solace those who, like thyself bereaved, will need thy tender cares."

(To be continued.)

The preachers on Sunday mornings at ten o'clock at Westminster Abbey during October are:—On Sunday, the 7th, the Rev. Edwin Price, Minor Canon; Sunday, the 14th, the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glyn, Vicar of Kensington; Sunday, the 21st, the Rev. Professor Bonney, F.R.S.; Sunday, the 28th, the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck, Canon Duckworth, as Canon in Residence, preaches each Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

OCTOBER 6, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates: To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-ha'penny*; THIN EDITION, *Threepence*.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *objective* of the mails.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

As most of my readers are aware, certain plants—and certain animals as well, for that matter—possess extraordinary powers of survival after being dried and desiccated. The "Rose of Jericho" illustrates such a case of physiological revival, after drying, under the application of water; and one of the Selaginella tribe, known as the "Resurrection plant," has long been famous for like properties. In a dry atmosphere it curls up into a ball-like form, while in moist surroundings it expands. In the "Rose of Jericho" the curling up of the plant appears useful as a protection to the seeds under conditions unfavourable to their vitality. The plant in its curled condition is blown along by the wind, and the seeds are in this way dispersed over the earth's surface. The "Resurrection plant," however, simply preserves a high vitality through the conservation of its moisture in its contracted shape. M. Du Sablon has enabled us to understand more clearly than before, the mechanism of such plant-movements. In the upper parts of the stems, the plant possesses a layer of strong cells, possessing very thick walls. Inside these cells is contained living matter or protoplasm, which, by the thickness of the cell-walls, is protected from injurious changes of temperature. When dryness supervenes, these thick cells contract much more rapidly and strongly than the cells below, with the result that the plant-structures of which they form part are made to curl up in the familiar fashion. Safely protected in the cells, the living protoplasm resists the drying influences; and when moisture gains access to its cells, the "Resurrection plant" assumes its natural shape.

* * * * *

My friend Dr. B. W. Richardson has been experimenting on certain interesting patients with reference to the action of certain drugs on their constitution. The patients in question were the curious little fresh-water jelly-fishes which inhabit the warm water of the tropical tank in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park. These jelly-fishes were discovered in 1880 by Mr. Sowerby, and represent the first of their race which have been found inhabiting fresh water. The biggest specimens measure about half-an-inch in diameter; and those of my readers who may be interested in the history of these curious Medusæ may be referred to the account given of them by Mr. Sowerby and by my respected teacher, the veteran Professor Allman.

* * * * *

Dr. Richardson, struck by the fact that these jelly-fishes present us with the simplest stage of development of nervous and muscular systems, proposed to note the effect upon them of active medicinal substances. It seems a "far cry" from a small jelly-fish to a man; but the acts of the former, in a close measure, resemble those actions which, in man, are performed independently of the will. Hence Dr. Richardson proposed to discover, perchance, by experiment on the Medusæ, the effects produced on human involuntary fibres by the administration of the drugs employed in the case of the jelly-fishes. Some of his results are extremely interesting. Chloroform acts on the Medusa as on man. There is preliminary excitement, then a convulsive stage, then insensibility, and finally, if the experiment is pursued further, death. Chloroform seems to act first of all, not on the brain, but on the nerves and centres regulating involuntary movements. A substance called nitrita of amyl (now largely used for the relief of certain forms of heart disease) also seems, alike in man and in Medusæ, to act primarily upon the nerves controlling such involuntary actions as those of heart, lungs, &c. Ether, well-known as an abolisher of consciousness, appeared, curiously enough, to exercise but little effect on the jelly-fishes. You can, in fact, make one of these little Medusæ insensible with ether, and in a few hours it recovers and swims about as lively as ever. These experiments demonstrate that even the gelatinous frame of a jelly-fish shows its own and distinctive peculiarities with reference to the action of drugs.

* * * * *

Few of my readers, save those whose tastes or professions lead them directly into the heart of science-studies, probably possess any notion of what has of late years been done in the investigation of extinct and fossil forms of quadruped life. The late British Association meeting recalls to mind the researches in which, notably, Professors Marsh, Cope, and Leidy, of America, have been engaged for years past in this matter of the fossil mammals. To-day, quadrupeds appear to be arranged by Nature in very distinct and characteristic groups. The Zoological Society's Gardens, in fact, illustrate this remark to the full. Camels, elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, giraffes, horses, dogs, deer, and so on, represent distinct orders of the quadruped class. Yet what seems clear enough in the case of living quadrupeds, is much altered when we place their fossil and extinct neighbours in relation to them. The extinct mammals which American science has unearthed mostly unite in themselves the characters of two or more of the living orders. If we could obtain a perfect series of the fossil quadrupeds, therefore, it would seem as though they would serve in a very striking fashion to join and link together the groups of living quadrupeds which, regarded by us to-day, appear to be so thoroughly distinct and diverse in character.

* * * * *

The storyteller of the present day is certainly becoming more and more scientific in his plots and treatment of his details. One can hardly open a volume of fiction now-a-days without discovering that the author has selected some scientific fact or problem as the keynote of his theme. The late Hugh Conway, in his "Called Back," was one of the first to utilise science as a basis for fiction. In his case mental physiology, in the shape of the effects of shock in abolishing and in restoring the memory, served as the central point of the romance just named. Later writers have drawn still more largely on the field of medical science. In a recent tale the incident of a physician who succeeds, by some as yet unheard of powers, in uniting the head and frame of a guillotined criminal, is made to do duty with ghastly but graphic effect. Those who delight in the more pleasant romance of science, made notable by Jules Verne, may be recommended to read a new volume entitled "A Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder." The author's description of extinct geological monsters as they might have appeared in the flesh are accurate and interesting in the extreme.

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The odours given off by various animals are often of a notable kind. There is a cuttle-fish which emits a strong odour of musk, and certain species of alligators resemble the cuttle-fish in this respect. The musk-deer, of course, will be recalled to mind with its scent-pouch; while the skunk is *facile princeps* in the way of disagreeable secretions. The latest addition to this field of research is Professor Meldola's discovery that a male moth (*Hermimia*) secretes a substance in its front legs, which is apparently similar to the artificial essence of jargonelle pear. This curious fact is paralleled by the recital that some South American male butterflies emit the scent of vanilla.

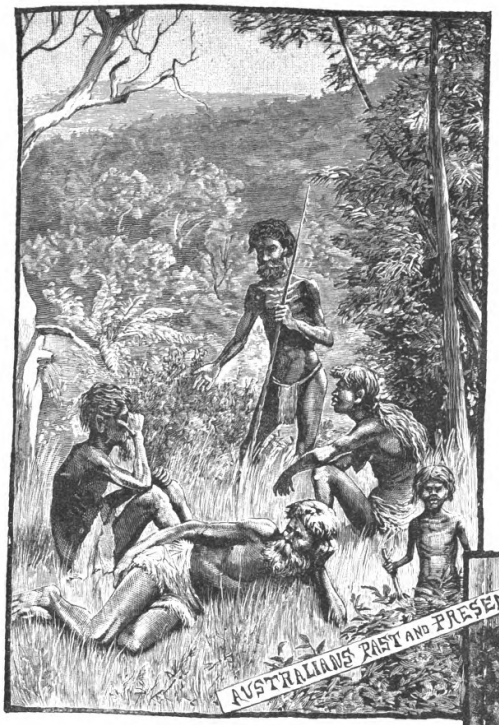
ANDREW WILSON.

EARLY ANNALS OF THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

On entering the city of Melbourne, with its many miles of broad, well-paved streets, its handsome rows of shops, stately banks, and large public buildings, its far-stretching suburbs, railways and tramways, its crowded roads and footpaths, its harbours, wharves, and shipping, its world-wide commerce and never-ceasing traffic, the stranger is filled with wonder. Is it possible, he asks himself, that here, where all that society can demand, with every luxury that science can design, or art construct, is abundantly provided, only a single generation has come and gone since these long upsweeping hills were grass-grown and forest-clad, peopled by a few scattered tribes of wandering, restless, half-starved, lazy, dirty, naked savages, homeless, and miserably degraded by superstitious terrors, distrust, and fear?

How this great Australian city grew from what it was to what it is, through what phases of infancy and insignificance, and despite what drawbacks, difficulties, and dangers, is a most interesting story, although its years are so few. But it is a story that intensifies the pride of its present greatness, and makes us marvel the more. What it was about forty years since may still be seen, over and over again, in various parts of the colonies, in obscure townships, where a few little wooden cottages are dotted about here and there, amidst huts and hovels, few and far apart, where the broad, empty streets, all duly planned and named, run at right angles, roughly fenced in with posts and rails, but not otherwise distinguishable from bush or forest.

Melbourne is the younger sister of Sydney, whom she has quickly outgrown; but it is seemly that the representatives of all the Australian colonies, and of Tasmania and New Zealand, should have assembled in 1888, at Melbourne, to commemorate, by the opening of the International Exhibition,



the centenary of the expedition which brought out Captain Arthur Phillip and the first settlers of New South Wales. They landed on Jan. 26, 1788, and then and there proclaimed the sovereignty of Great Britain, hoisting her flag, reading the Royal proclamation, and firing a salute of small arms, to which the ships responded with great guns, and commencing the career of a new empire.

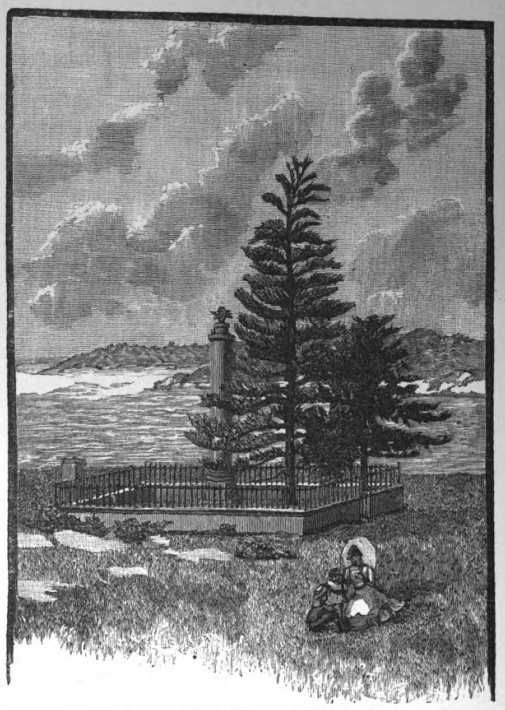
It is worthy of remark that a French exploring expedition sailed into the same waters a few hours after, just in time to hear the British cheers and guns. This was on board two of the finest frigates in the French service, La Boussole and L'Astrolabe, sent out by Louis XVI. under the command of a great maritime discoverer, the Comte de la Perouse, to whose memory, near the brass plate which indicates where Captain Cook first landed, the gilt-topped monument seen in our Sketch has been erected at Botany Bay.

As soon as the proclamation was made, the convicts were landed and set to work hewing down trees and clearing away undergrowth, raising huts, and making roads. Captain Phillip came prepared with armed men ready to suppress disobedience and disorder. He came with horses, cattle, sheep, goats, pigs; with plants or seeds of coffee, cocoa, cotton, banana, apple, orange, lemon, guava, tamarind; with vine, fig-tree, sugar-cane, bamboo, and various kinds of grain. The Governor guarded the natives against the brutality of Europeans as carefully as he guarded his men against wrong-doing. He was, in short, all that a Governor should be; yet, in his time, Sydney was merely a place of penal servitude, and its official name was scarcely recognised at home, where people commonly talked of being transported to "Botany Bay." When he left, in 1792, the population did not exceed 3500 souls.

He was succeeded by Captain John Hunter, another naval officer; the third Governor was Captain Philip King, R.N., from 1800 to 1806; and the fourth was Captain Bligh, R.N., commander of H.M.S. Bounty in the famous mutiny, whose colonial administration was abruptly cut short by a revolt of the free settlers and militia in 1808. From that period, the Governorship of New South Wales was bestowed on distinguished soldiers: Colonel Lachlan Macquarie, in 1810; Major-General Sir Thomas Brisbane, in 1821; Lieutenant-General Sir Ralph Darling, in 1825; Major-General Sir Richard Bourke, in 1831; and Major-General Sir George Gipps, in 1838, all ruling with somewhat of autocratic power; but from 1824 with a nominee Legislative Council, until, in 1842, a Constitution was granted to New South Wales, with an elective Legislature.

In the meantime settlements had been formed at Hobart Town, in Van Diemen's Land, now called Tasmania; in West Australia, up the Swan River, by Captain Stirling and others; in Moreton Bay, on the coast north of New South Wales, now styled Queensland; at Adelaide, South Australia, and at Port Phillip. All these settlements ultimately became separate colonies, independent of New South Wales. The commencement of colonial prosperity, in the mother colony, was due to the introduction of the merino breed of sheep by Mr. John Macarthur, in Governor King's time, for the production of the finest wool. This attracted settlers with capital, the old class of "squatters," to whom large tracts of land were allotted for pasture, and to whom the convicts were bound in service. This system was continued more than forty years, under the New South Wales Government, and its effects on the agrarian condition of some parts of Australia have scarcely yet been entirely removed. Under Governor Sir Charles Fitzroy, from 1846 to 1855, the free citizens of New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, and South Australia carried on a successful agitation to put an end to the transportation of convicts into these colonies; while the land laws have been made favourable to the easy purchase of small freeholds by agricultural immigrants, putting an end to the old "squatter" system.

The history of New South Wales, which is the early history of Australian colonisation, is full of stirring incidents and vicissitudes of fortune. Not the least interesting part of such history, with reference to all the Australian colonies, is that of the adventurous explorers of vast inland regions; such men as Wentworth, Lawson, and Blaxland, Oxley and Hamilton Hume, Hovell and Cunningham (the botanist), Sturt, Barker, Mitchell, Grey, Eyre, Leichhart, Burke and Wills, Grimes, Grant, and others. It was by the journey of Hume and Hovell overland from New South Wales, in 1824, and subsequently by those of Major Mitchell, from 1831 to 1836, that the fine country at first named "Australia Felix," the inland part of the present Colony of Victoria, was made known. The shore of Port Phillip, indeed, had been long before visited, and an abortive attempt had been made to establish a penal station there; but the actual opening of a settlement in the Port Phillip district fell to Messrs. Henty, who came over to Portland from Tasmania in 1834. Other pastoralists speedily followed; and Bateman, a native of Paramatta, and John Pascoe Fawkner, became the pioneers of trade between the new district and Sydney. Captain Lonsdale was appointed first resident Magistrate in 1836. Mr. Charles Joseph Latrobe succeeded Captain Lonsdale in 1839, and had the honour of conducting the affairs of the new settlement during the stages of rapid

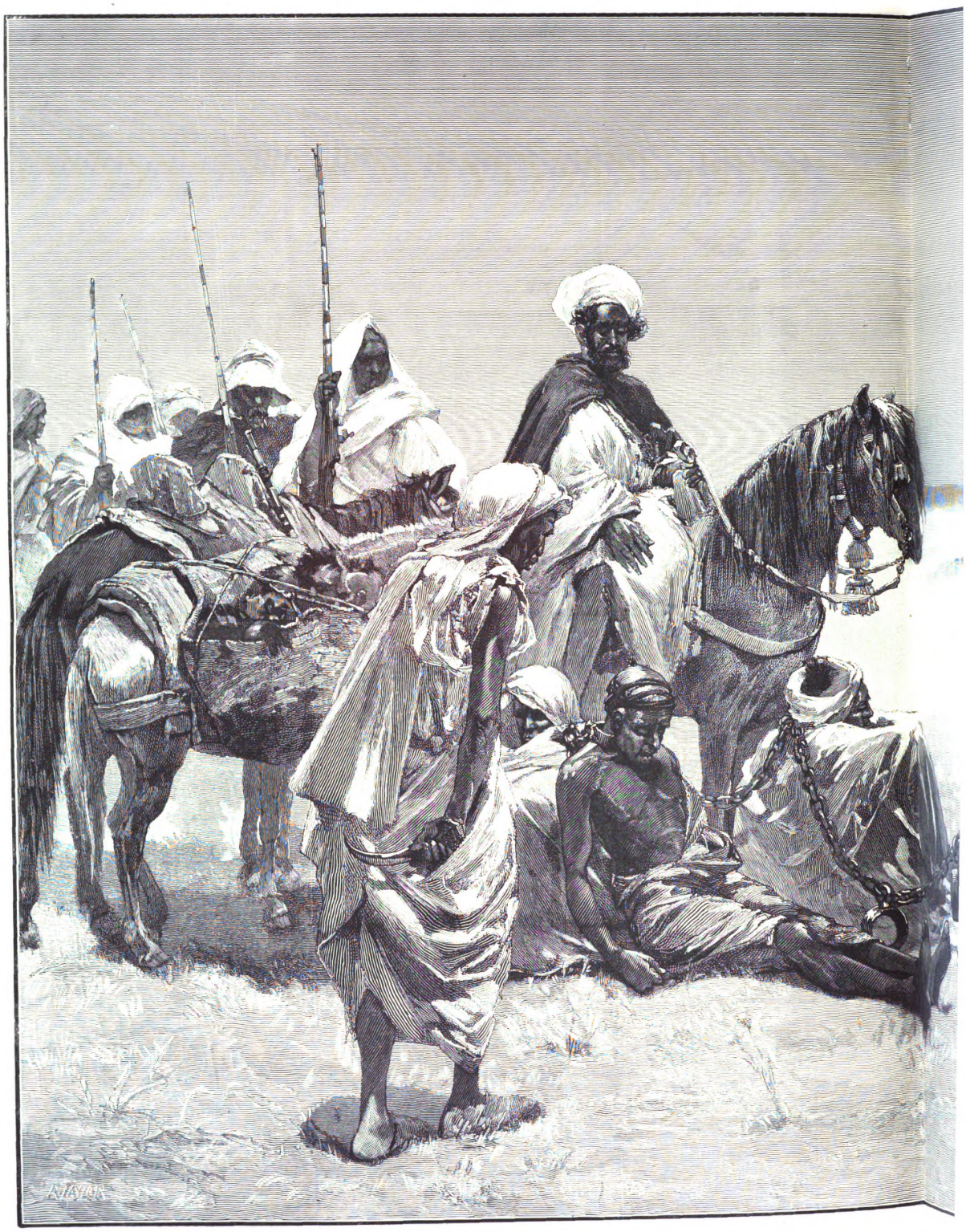


MONUMENT TO LA PEROUSE AT BOTANY BAY.

growth which led to its independence in 1851, when his office of Superintendent was enlarged to the higher rank of Lieutenant-Governor, to correspond with the expansion of Port Phillip district into the colony of Victoria.

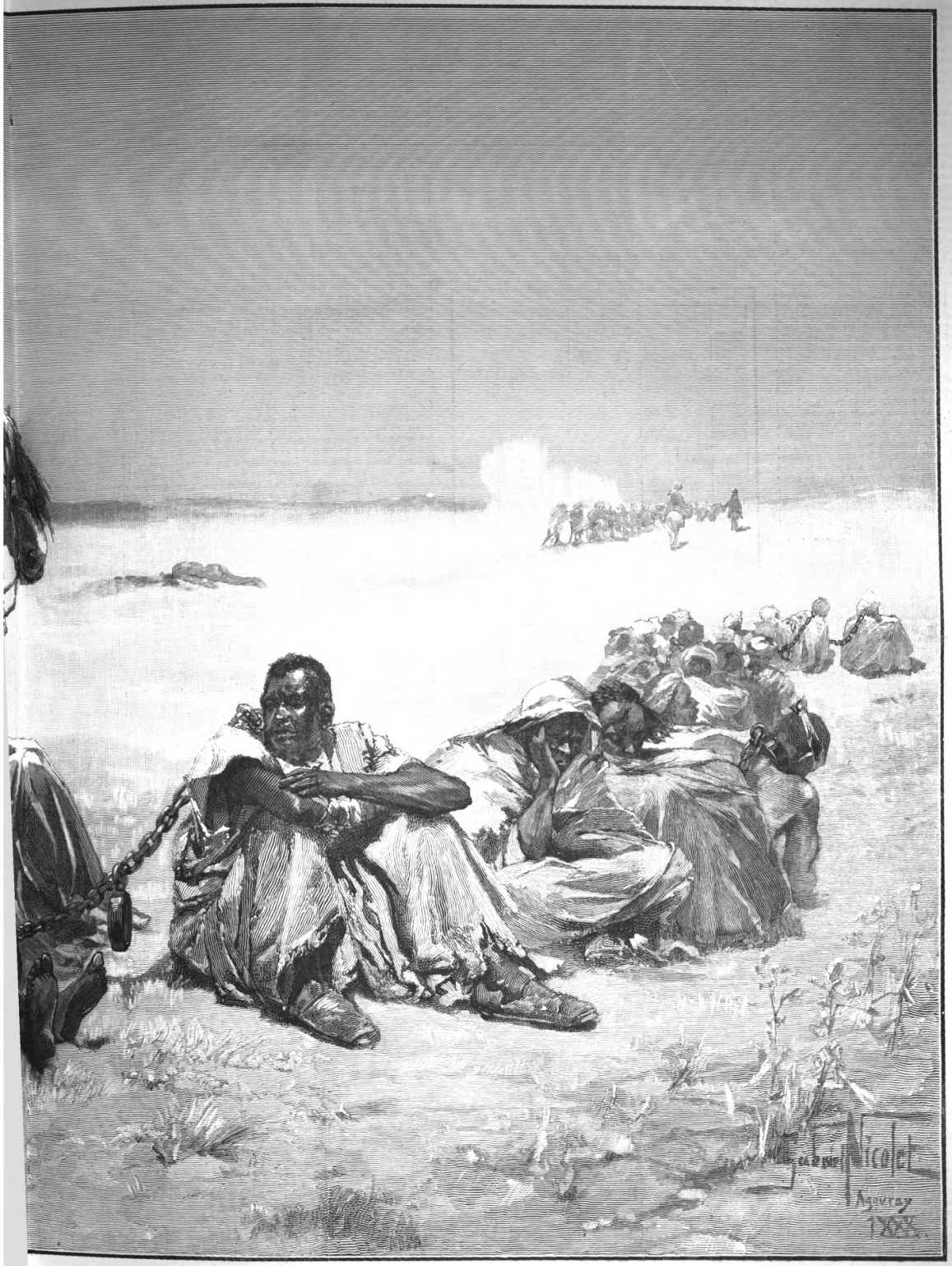
The discovery of gold, in July, 1851, in the Bathurst and Wellington districts of New South Wales, and within a few months, also in Victoria, on the Ballarat hills, and at Clunes, Bendigo, Mount Alexander, and the Ovens, completely revolutionised Australia. It is not our purpose, on this occasion, to speak of "the New Era" which then began for our Southern Colonies, and the results of which are shown in the great cities of Melbourne and Sydney, and at Adelaide, Brisbane, and other Australian capitals or chief towns, also in New Zealand, at Auckland, Dunedin, Wellington, and Christchurch. The official statistician now estimates the population of the Australasian Colonies (on Dec. 31, 1887) as follows:—New South Wales, 1,044,000 (approximately); Victoria, 1,035,943; New Zealand, 603,787 (exclusive of 41,828 Maoris); Queensland, 359,059; South Australia, 315,000; Tasmania, 140,711; and Western Australia, 44,532, making a grand total of 3,543,032 souls. Here is a new English-speaking nation, already three millions and a half of people, and probably destined to grow to thirty millions in the next century, occupying a Southern Dominion which actually comprises *all* the lands enjoying a temperate climate between the Indian Ocean and the South Pacific Ocean.

When timid and imperfectly informed persons in England hint a fear that some of our Southern colonies may be overwhelmed by their public debts, it should be replied that these debts, unlike those of any European State, represent not past military expenditure, but the cost of constructing many thousands of miles of well-planned railways and good useful roads, with harbour works and irrigation works in some of the colonies; and that the present value of the railways, which are State property, already opened for traffic and paying their working expenses, added to the increased value which they have given to the reserves of public lands still on sale, would at this moment suffice to pay off all the colonial debts. This is certainly true of New Zealand, as well as of New South Wales and Victoria, whose public credit should therefore stand higher than that of any nation in Continental Europe. The Colonial Legislatures, with the ardent support of these democratic communities, have so far realised the truest and wisest aims of national policy, that all the burthens of tax or loan which they lay on the country are for the immediate benefit of the people. There is no community in the Old or the New World—this is the noblest proof of civilisation—in which the State does so much for the education of the young. The New Zealand Government actually pays £4 a head for the schooling of every child; Victoria pays £4 7s. 8d. a head, in State education expenses; New South Wales and South Australia make also provision, on the most liberal scale, for this great object of social improvement. The schooling is everywhere public, free of charge to parents, entirely separate from the religious denominations, and school attendance is obligatory by law on all children in these colonies. In the quality of the instruction, the colonial public schools will at least bear comparison with any established by the School Boards in England; and there is no lack of Colleges and Universities for higher education. The noble motto of New South Wales, "Advance, Australia!" has been met with a practical response in the working of free institutions.



SKETCHES IN MOROCCO: A CHAIN OF PRISONERS

DRAWN BY G. [illegible]



PRISONERS FROM A REBEL TRIBE.

NICOLET.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The latest "craze" is ladies' cricket, which has taken possession of the public fancy very suddenly, and bids fair to become as commonplace as ladies' tennis. From all parts of the country come the reports of matches, and married women as well as single ones are numbered amongst the players. As conducted at present, ladies' cricket is little more than a farce: for the men are required to bat with broomsticks and bowl left-handed, and nevertheless often manage to win. But of course the ladies who play are still novices, for the fashion is yet of must-room growth. It began with a company of actresses, captained by little Miss Norreys. Suddenly, the idea "caught on," and now all over the country the end of the cricket season is being marked by ladies' matches. It remains to be seen whether they will be revived next spring. If so, they must be played more rationally: the left-handed broomsticks are amusing while novel, but are a condescension which would soon fatigue and bore the superior beings who grant it. Tennis is not less violent and golf is not less fatiguing than cricket; and tennis and golf are both commonly and well played by women of position and refinement. So it is quite possible that ladies' cricket is destined next season to be fashionable.

Dress is an obstacle to women rivalling men in such games. Only by wearing a gymnastic or a shooting costume does a lady come to realise how much her movements are hampered in her usual dress. A very remarkable document, however, addressed by a large number of American ladies to the ladies of Japan, shows that women are everywhere concerning themselves about the inconveniences of female dress—though, unfortunately, nobody appears able to invent anything much better. The American ladies have been moved to address their Japanese sisters by the announcement that the Empress of Japan has decided that European Court gowns shall be worn at her State receptions; and it is therefore probable that our dress will be generally adopted in Japan. The American ladies beg their Japanese sisters to pause before exchanging their loose and artistic national costume for our "ungraceful, inconvenient, and unhealthy fashions." They write because they desire "that Japanese ladies may be made aware of the dangers in adopting the foreign dress, and that they may consider that what they are about to do would affect not only their own health but that of their sons and daughters." This note is signed by a number of American authoresses, lady doctors, and other distinguished women, including the President's wife, Mrs. Cleveland, and the widow of the late President Garfield. What poor creatures we must be to retain a garb with which we are so dissatisfied! How is it that we cannot think of anything much better? A certain Mdlle. De Valsayre recently petitioned the French Chamber for permission to wear trousers, and has received an official reply that there are no sumptuary laws on the statute-book, and that she may wear any costume she pleases. But Mdlle. De Valsayre did not at once adopt some costume after her own mind. She only weakly applied to Worth to design her a dress on the essential basis of bifurcation. That monarch of *chiffons* scornfully declined the order. No wonder; Worth cannot bear even the ordinary English tailor-made gown, in which he avers that ladies look like stable-boys!

The October number of the *Woman's World* is, I find, the one which completes the first year under Mr. Oscar Wilde's editorship. The publishers, in announcing that henceforth the magazine will be enlarged, point with justifiable pride to the names of the contributors to this volume, and state very truly that "such an array of valuable papers from the pens of eminent women has never before appeared in any magazine." This number is not the least interesting of the year, containing as it does a paper on "Women in Pompeii," by Edith Margot; an interesting sketch of part of old Paris and its associations, by A. Mary F. Robinson (who, by-the-way, has *recently married* a Professor of the College de France, and gone to live in the city she knows so well); two essays on employments for educated girls—elementary school teaching and dressmaking; and a defence of German women, by Miss Friedericks, the clever foreign sub-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who reads seven languages, and is one of the most capable "interviewers" on the press. Then there are the fashion articles, always well written there; and last, I may mention a paper from my own pen on "A Woman's Friendship"—that which existed between Mary, Queen of Scots and Mary Seton, the only one of her "four Maries" who remained single, and who was constant in devotion to her Queen throughout her weary imprisonment. There is a charming illustration to the article, a copy of an old miniature painting of the Maries. I am only disappointed that there was not added an engraving from the Windsor miniature of the Queen of Scots herself, an authentic portrait.

Considering how great is the fame of the beauty of Mary Stuart, and how high was the position that she filled as Queen of France and Scotland, it is surprising that genuine and satisfactory portraits of her are so rare. Prince Labanoff, a Russian gentleman who early in the present century devoted a large part of his life and fortune to the study and commemoration of that fascinating personality, made a list of all the so-called portraits of Mary which he could discover to be in existence. He concluded that only a very small number so named were genuine, and had been done by painters who had seen their model. The keeper of the National Portrait Gallery is more sanguine. In some interesting and learned communications which he recently made to the *Times*, he enumerated a number of pictures now in various situations which he believes to be genuine portraits of the Queen of Scots. But anybody who can contentedly see the name of that beautiful woman labelled on the hideous and impossible caricatures which disfigure the National Portrait Gallery as likenesses of Mary, must be easily satisfied with evidence of authenticity. Indeed, scruples on this point have lately visited the authorities of the gallery, and they have decided to re-christen one of the canvases after Mary of Loraine, the mother of Mary Stuart. There is one admirable portrait of the Queen of Scots, known as "the Morton portrait," which has descended in an unbroken chain from the noble to whom the Queen herself gave it; and there are a few others which may be genuine, though poor. But the Windsor miniature (one of that fine collection made by generations of our Monarchs, which was so carefully arranged under the orders of the Prince Consort) vies with the face on the sculptured tomb in Westminster Abbey for charm, interest, and evident truthfulness. Both that miniature and the statue were received by James I. as his mother's portrait. He, of course, could not judge them himself. He never saw her after he was a young babe: the well-known engraving from a picture by Zucchero, showing the Queen with her hand on the head of her little son, is necessarily apocryphal, as are so many other pretended portraits of her. But though James did not know what his mother was like, he had around him many of her attendants and friends who did, and there is evidence that he took considerable pains to have the statue on the tomb made a fair portrait. The Windsor miniature is very like the face on the monument; and both have a look of mingled sweetness and authoritative wisdom that is very attractive.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

DR. F. ST.—The problem is quite sound, and you have not found the key-move.

ALPHA.—Right this time.

J. F. COLE.—Black plays his best possible defence against White: therefore, in your proposed solution of No. 2314 by 1. Q to R 2nd, K to B 3rd; 2. Q to K R 2nd, Black does not go to K Kt 3rd, but back to Q 4th, and there is no mate.

H. M. PRIDEAUX.—Thanks for game, which shall have due attention.

HEREWARD.—We have marked your problems for further consideration. Of the two we prefer the four-mover.

F. G. W.—A solution is seen at a glance, by 1. R to Q 4th.

T. C. (Gateware-road).—There is something hopelessly wrong about the position you send, and it certainly possesses no similarity to any problem we have either seen or published.

G. C. HANDS.—The Black King is too cramped, otherwise your problem shows merit. A mere series of sacrifices, however, does not necessarily constitute good strategy. Try again, and give Black more elbow room.

PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from W. J. Pierce and Signor Aspa.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2315 received from J. Mann (New York) and J. B. (Bombay); of No. 2316 from J. R. and F. B. (sic); of No. 2317 from P. Read, John Grant, J. W. Shaw, Montreuil, Charles Etherington, and Blair. H. Cochrane; of No. 2318 from Shadforth, Alpha, P. Read, and F. Morley; of No. 2319 from A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), F. Morley, C. E. P., and E. G. Boys.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2320 received from Dr. F. St., Joseph T. Pullen, Anglina (Lyme Regis), C. E. P., F. F. N. Banks, Jupiter Junior, W. Hillier, E. Casella (Paris), F. Phillips, E. Lucey, Dawn, A. Newman, Percy Kwan, Colonel R. J. Drew, J. Dixon (Colchester), Peterhouse, R. H. Brooks, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Thomas Chown, Julia Short (Exeter), Dr. Gustav Wurz (Heidelberg), J. D. Tayler, Ruby Rook, F. E. Bamborough, James Sage, Columbus, D. Morley, T. Roberts, E. Louden, E. E. B., R. Bysouth, Blair. H. Cochrane, J. J. R. (Ballinatonty), Lillie Harris, W. Dunand, J. Hepworth Shaw, T. G. (Ware), W. R. Rathbone, Shadforth, A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), Nicol, Howard A. J. Coad, and R. Worters (Canterbury).

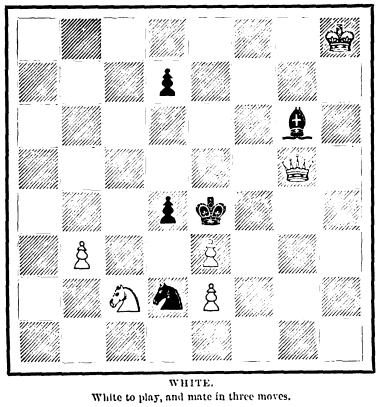
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2318.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt 3rd	K takes Kt
2. R to K sq (ch)	K moves
3. Either B mates accordingly.	

If Black play 1. P takes Kt, then 2. R to Q 6th (ch); if 1. K to K 6th, then 2. Kt to B sq (ch); if B takes Kt, then 2. B to Q 6th (ch); and if B to K 7th, then 2. Kt to K 2nd, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2322.
By B. G. LAWS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

BRITISH CHESS CONGRESS.
Game played between Messrs. LEE and BURN.

(Three Knights' Game.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	25. Kt to Kt 3rd	R to K R 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	26. P to Q B 4th	
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	White has now much the better position, an advantage well maintained to the end.	
4. B to B 4th	B to Kt 2nd		
5. P to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
6. B to K 3rd	P to Q 3rd	26.	Kt to Kt 3rd
7. P to K R 3rd	P to K R 3rd	27. R to Q B sq	K to B sq
A move that immediately proves a source of weakness.		Kt to B 4th still seems better, for B must take Kt, then K P takes B, Kt to B 5th, R to R 4th, &c.	
8. Q to Q 2nd			
Taking prompt advantage of Black's last move he cannot now Castle.		28. P to B 5th	P takes P
		29. B takes P (ch)	K to Kt sq
8.	Q to K 2nd	30. B to K 3rd	R to R sq
9. Castles (K R)	P to K Kt 4th	31. K R to Q B 2nd	B to Q sq
10. Kt to R 2nd	R to Q 2nd	32. Q to Kt 3rd	K to R 2nd
11. P to R 3rd	Kt to Q sq	33. Kt to R 5th	
This seems merely loss of time: Black might have Castled Q. R., and proceeded with an attack on the King's side of the board.		Threatening R takes B P, which cannot be taken on account of the check with Knight.	
12. P to Q 4th	Kt to K 3rd	33.	R to Q B sq
13. B takes Kt	B takes B	34. P to Q R 4th	R to B sq
14. P to Q Kt 4th	B to B 5th	35. P to Q 6th	
15. K R to K sq	Kt to Q 2nd	An excellent reply to Black's last weak move.	
16. P to Q 5th	P to Q R 3rd	35.	P to B 3rd
17. Kt to Q 2nd	B takes Kt	36. P to Kt 5th	R P takes P
18. R takes B	Kt to B 3rd	37. P takes P	K to K sq
19. Q to Q 3rd	Q to Q 2nd	38. P takes P	P takes P
20. P to Kt 4th	Kt to R 2nd	39. R to Q R sq	R to K sq
21. Kt to B sq	Kt to B sq	Fatal, losing at least a R; but Black's game is irretrievable.	
22. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd		
23. Kt to B 5th	B to B 3rd	40. R to R 7th	Q to K 3rd
24. P to K B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	41. P to Q 7th	K to Kt sq
Kt to R 5th; 25. B takes Kt, K P takes Kt; 26. R to Q B sq, P to K R 4th seems more to the purpose.		42. Q takes Q, and wins.	

Game played between Mr. BIRD and Herr WEISS.

(King's Bishops Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Herr W.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Herr W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	15. R to B 4th	Kt to K 5th
3. P to K 5th		16. R to K sq	Kt takes B (ch)
The B is usually played to B 4th, but Mr. Bird has for the move a parental affection.		If Kt to Kt 6th (ch) although White loses the exchange the attack obtained by P to Q 4th more than compensates for the loss.	
3.	P to K B 4th	17. Kt takes Kt	P to Q Kt 4th
This reply does not turn out well. P to Q 4th gives Black greater freedom.		18. B to K 6th	K to Q sq
4. P to Q 5th	P to Q 3rd	19. Kt to B 3rd	P to Kt 5th
5. Kt to K B 3rd	P takes P	20. P to Q 5th	
6. Kt takes P	Q to R 5th (ch)	An excellent reply, which deprives Black of all power of resistance.	
Black might have done better by B to Q 3rd at once and if Kt to K B 3rd, B to K 3rd, &c.		20.	P takes Kt
7. K to B sq	B to Q 3rd	21. P to Q 6th	R to Q Kt sq
8. Kt to K B 3rd	Q to R 3rd	22. P takes Kt (ch)	K takes P
9. P to Q 4th	Kt to K 2nd	23. B to Q 7th (double ch)	K to Q sq
This allows White to rapidly develop his game on the Queen's side. Kt to K 3rd, with a view to Castling, appears preferable.		24. Q to B 7th	
		The game is well played throughout by Mr. Bird, and the end is a fine specimen of his skill.	
10. P to B 4th	P to B 3rd	24.	B takes B
11. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd	25. R to Q sq	K to B sq
12. B to Q 2nd	Q to R 3rd	26. Q takes B (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
He should have Castled while he had the opportunity.		27. B to Q 6th	Q to R 4th
13. P to B 5th	B to B 2nd	28. Q takes P (ch)	K to B sq
		29. Q to R 6th (ch)	R to Kt 2nd
		30. P to B 6th, and wins.	

In the City of London Chess Club the winter season will be inaugurated by a blindfold exhibition, which will be given by Mr. Blackburne on Monday, Oct. 8. Mr. Lord will be teller. Admission to see the exhibition will be free to all members of the club and their friends.

The North London Chess Club has issued its list of engagements for the ensuing season. Matches have been arranged with all the leading local clubs, besides which a tournament, confined to members, will commence on Oct. 25.

AMONG THE HOP-PICKERS.

The bright face of the morning is veiled by a silvery autumnal mist that hangs over the valley, hides the view of the quarried hill in the distance, with its crown of fir-trees, darkens the village street below, and seems to give a damp wheezy tone to the old bell of the older church, to-day devoted to rural marriage festival. The earth is overflowing with fruitfulness that has come too late for man's benefit; and there is the moist odour of decay in the field and orchard where the apples hang yet unreddened and the Kentish cobs are still green with sap. Too much rain and too little sunshine have worked sad havoc among the Kentish farmers this year. From the other side of the hedge rises in unintelligible tangle the chatter of the hop-pickers. They, poor people, are the heaviest sufferers by the freak of weather that has blighted the bine, shrunk the golden tassels, and lightened the harvest upon which the county of Kent depends in a great measure for its prosperity.

"On the farm yonder," says an old man who speaks with the broad Kentish burr in his voice, and has known all the hop-gardens in the neighbourhood for the last thirty years, "they are picking from forty to fifty pockets a day less than last year, and that was reckoned a bad year by the good pickers."

"Could we see the pickers at work?"

"Of course; they'll be delighted to see you, Sirs; but I expect they'll come and want to wipe your boots with a handful of hop-leaves; that is the way they indicate that strangers who visit the garden must pay their footing."

The old man does not pronounce all the letters of his words exactly as they are written, but it is better to spell them as he would have spelt them, had he spent more of his earlier years in the school-room and less in the hop and fruit gardens.

A short walk down a country lane—where the hedgerow is sweet with late bramble-bloom and ripening blackberry, where fern and wild-strawberry plant flourish without touch of human finger, where from bush to bush the busy spider spins his delicate web on which, this morning, the dew has left a silvery film with pearl drops here and there—(how many a milliner in the fashionable West-End would pay its weight in diamond-dust for such delicate sparkling lacework!)—brings us to the entrance of the hop-garden. The bailiff, on his little pony, meets us at the gate.

"Ah! Sirs," he says, "this aint the year you should come down to see the pickers; hops aint hops as they used to be; ask Mr. Perkins, there."

Mr. Perkins is the local schoolmaster, who finds employment for his autumn holiday in taking the management of the garden while it is in the hands of the pickers. His familiarity with rules of routine and discipline, his habit of authority, and his general intelligence well qualify him for such a post. Nothing is so powerful in the government of the ignorant classes, from which the hop-pickers as a rule come, as knowledge; and the schoolmaster has little difficulty in keeping under control the five hundred men, women, and children now gathered together in this—one of the largest hop-gardens in Kent.

"Many pickers, this year," he tells us, "did not come down from London; the railway companies discontinued their special cheap trains earlier than usual on account of the bad season. The owners have met the people very fairly. We are paying the pickers at the rate of four bushels a shilling, taking the good with the bad, although in ordinary years they will pick six, seven, and even eight bushels for a shilling, and earn even more than they can now."

"Are they a troublesome set of people?"

"Not at all. Of course we get all sorts, but, as a rule, they are sober and industrious. They regard the hop-picking season as both a time of holiday and profit. Families come down entire; even the babies are brought. Look at that little fellow there asleep under an umbrella; he is lying on a bag of hops, and, as no doubt you know, there is nothing like a hop-pillow to promote good sound sleep."

The babies are all over the place—some asleep, others playing; while the older children are made useful, and have to help their parents. Families, as a rule, work all together; the hop-garden being divided for the purpose of picking into sets, so many hills—that is, groups of vines as they grow on the poles—constituting a set. Each company has a leader or binman, whose duty it is to pull up the poles, hold up the bags to be measured and loaded, and do any general work that is required. This binman is paid a weekly wage by the manager, while the pickers are paid by the cashier according to the number of bushels they pick. Each picker has a book. Sometimes there are three measurings a day, sometimes less. Three days a week are called "subbing" days, when the pickers are allowed to draw something on account from the cashier; but it speaks much for the frugality of many of those engaged that they leave their earnings until the end of the time, and are then able to carry home a lump sum.

While we are getting our information from the manager the artist who accompanies us is busy sketching any bits of character that come within his observation. His proceedings are watched with acute interest by the poor people. "He's drawed my twins," we hear a proud mother confide to her friend at the next bin, who, probably, feels quite a pang of envy because she has no twins to be drawn.

"And where do these poor folk sleep and live when their labour is over?" we ask.

"Of course, the accommodation is not wonderfully good, but it is much better than it used to be. The owners of the gardens have erected sheds with good brick-walls and sound roofs for them to sleep in, and they have conveniences for cooking and washing."

On a distant hedge we can see the family wash, or, rather, several family washes; and a later examination revealed the fact that many of the experienced pickers are able to supplement the comforts offered them. Needless to say, they could not afford to pay for, nor would they probably appreciate the advantages of, a modern hotel; but the best of the families display many evidences of a knowledge of domestic economy in the arrangements of their primitive larder, and the disposition of the straw and sacks that form their bed and bed-linen. Nevertheless, the low, dirty, dark, unventilated sheds, with their grease and smoked stained walls, with their vermin and foul odours, seem hardly fit habitation for cattle. The majority of dogs are better housed; but no doubt it may be thought by some that dogs are of more account than hop-pickers.

"And do none of the local authorities concern themselves about the health and well-being of all these people!"

"As a rule they shun them; many go away during the hop-picking time. Some church society in London sends down a missionary, who preaches to those who will hear him; he is a very nice gentleman, and seems to get on well with the people, but his funds are limited, and he cannot give them much material assistance. I think most of them would rather see that lady over there," and he points to a corner of the field where a little trap is standing, and several great plum-cakes are being cut up into square pieces weighing about half-a pound each.

What is this? It does not take us long to discover the answer. A little lady, a well-known and highly esteemed

member of a somewhat despised profession—that is, of the stage—has found a novel way of spending a holiday. She has come down among these poor hard-working people against whom Nature this year has with seeming cruelty combined all her forces, and with a kind word to the mothers and a giant piece of good cake for every child she has made glad many a heart.

"May God Almighty bless the people! this is real charity!" I hear an old Irishwoman say with thankful reverence. It is, indeed, a pretty sight. This generous act and the sweet graciousness that accompanies it will have more influence than twenty sermons on hearts made hard and sceptical by adversity and the bitterness of life's struggle. A sense of all that is best and purest in the world falls upon the field; the oath and vulgar jest are silenced—every face betokens pleasure. And where did these children learn their good manners? It was only the youngest and wildest that the mothers had to reprove with "Say 'thank-you,' baby!" or "What do you say to the lady, Bobby?" The "Thank-you's" rose naturally to the little lips.

When the hops are measured from the bins into which they are picked they are placed in "pokes," and carried in the long, lumbering wains to the white capped "oast-house." This is probably a corruption of "roast-house," for here the hops are dried over a fire of smokeless coal and sulphur. They are then packed into pockets, being trodden tightly in by a peculiar process, then weighed, and sent off to the hop warehouses in Southwark.

We turn from the field, our eyes gladdened and our brain drowsy and dreamy with the subtle fragrance that is breathed from every amber cluster. The pickers are preparing for luncheon; from a cart pieces of fried fish and other provisions are being retailed at prices that would astonish some dineras-out in town; while as we pass the pleasant village inn, we observe that in one of its windows, gay with geraniums and other bright flowers, is exhibited a ticket which announces "Hot dinners, 3d."

"Ah, yes, Sir," says a picker who follows the direction of our eyes, "but threepence means a bushel, and a bushel takes a lot of picking this year." H. L.

CHANGING HOUSES.

If three removes are as bad as a fire—and proverbs, we know, always speak the truth—the man who frequently changes his residence must be considerably out of pocket. And he must be a man of admirable disposition if the irritations a change of house involves do not put him out of temper. For days, and often for weeks together, everything he most wants is sure to be missing, and he lives in perpetual disorder and discomfort. His "womenkind" probably enjoy the excitement and the novel kind of house-work. They have much to do, and like doing it; he has much to endure, and has not even a den into which he can escape from the distraction. For the so-called "study" is sure to be the room into which all superfluous boxes, litter, and furniture are placed, in order, as the servants declare, to be out of the way. How ardently the master of the house wishes that he could be out of the way also!

No one probably ever yet took possession of a new house without having to spend at least twice as much upon alterations as he had anticipated. However careful his calculations he might have spared himself the trouble of making them, for they are certain to be wrong. The faculty of discovering new wants is never so largely developed as at a crisis like this. For a time the purse-bearer demurs and questions; but ere long he discovers that this is vain, and nothing remains for him but to wonder and to pay. Well, resignation is a virtue, and that, at least, he may have the credit of exercising.

It takes a long time to make a house a home. The rooms in which we have lived and loved and suffered are not without their memories; they become a part of our life, and in a new abode there is that sense of strangeness, at times almost of desolateness, which the traveller feels on the first night of his arrival in a foreign city. He scarcely knows how to describe his feelings, but is conscious of a restlessness like that of the dog which turns round and round upon the hearthrug before settling to sleep. It is difficult to leave an old home for a new one without feeling that the continuity of life has been broken. Another leaf is turned over, and by this change we seem to be nearer the end of the book and the "finis" written on the last page. And if, as may happen, we are wholly free from sentiment of this kind, there is always the suspicion, especially in what is pertinently styled a "builder's house," that something wrong will be discovered. Even surveyors are known to have been bribed; and one has heard before now of a plumber without conscience. We know the faults of an old residence by heart, and by degrees grow fairly reconciled to them: they are like blemishes in the face of a friend. When we change houses, however, it is with a view to some advantage: and the fear lest we may lose more than we gain is one of the fretting cares familiar to new tenants.

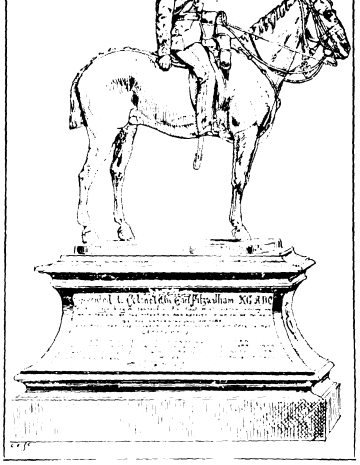
We make life more difficult by imaginary wants, and burden our houses with useless lumber. For any real service or pleasure it affords us, many a carefully-packed ornament or piece of furniture might as well be thrown away. And the folly of accumulation is never so evident as when we attempt to readjust our baggage in a new residence. There are folk who treat old furniture with the constancy due to old friends. No matter how ugly or inconvenient it may be, they cannot be induced to part with it, and will cherish a cumbersome wardrobe or table with the reverence felt by a bibliomaniac for the first folio of Shakspeare. There is something, perhaps, respectable in this regard for the chairs and sofas upon which we have sat in bygone years; but it may be carried to a ridiculous extent. If our grandfather left behind him a bedstead as large as the Great Bed of Ware, that is scarcely a reason why we should burden our house with such an incumbrance. Yet I know one lady so warmly attached to family furniture as to take a much larger house than she needed in order to make room for it; and another so devoted to the memory of a long deceased relation as to allow the house in which he had lived to fall into decay. Dust, cobwebs, and rats occupy the rooms which the impious hand of man must not touch; and the ghost of this revered relative would not recognise the home which is kept sacred to his memory.

It is well for us, perhaps, in taking possession of a house bearing on it the stamp of years, that we are ignorant of its past history. Many a sad tragedy is enacted of which the world knows nothing; many a tale of defeated hopes might be listened to if there were tongues in walls. For the most part, among ordinary people, life goes on, to all outward appearance, with monotonous regularity; but could we see beneath the surface, we should find that few families escape altogether from calamities which mark as with a red cross the doors of the houses in which they were suffered.

Happily, it is enough for us to know the present condition of a house; we have neither the wish nor the power to read its past history. If there was once a skeleton in the closet it may be hoped it was carried away by the last inmates with the rest of the furniture. What we have to do on taking possession is to resolve, as far as lies in our power, to convert the house into a home, and to fill it with fragrant memories. And to do that depends upon character far more than upon surroundings. One bright happy face, one unselfish nature, will fill a house, we know not how, with sweetness and light: and in every room a shadow will be cast when there is a want of sympathy and affection in the family circle. A noble-hearted woman said that in living to serve others she had a home within; and doubtless such service, done lovingly, as in the great Task-master's eye, will make a home of any house, no matter how mean and ugly may be its outward appearance. J. D.

EARL FITZWILLIAM, K.G.

The celebration of the "golden wedding-day" of Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, on Sept. 10, was noticed in our Journal, following the publication of our Illustrations of his Lordship's seat, Wentworth Woodhouse, near Rotherham, Yorkshire. Among the gifts and testimonials of esteem presented to Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam on this occasion, the officers and retired officers of the 1st West York Yeomanry Cavalry gave his Lordship a silver equestrian statuette, representing himself as their Colonel, in full uniform, wearing the star and ribbon of the Order of the Garter, and the Queen's Jubilee Medal, also the aiguillettes worn by him as special Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, the badges of Colonel being shown on the shoulder-knots. His



SILVER STATUETTE OF EARL FITZWILLIAM, K.G., COLONEL OF 1st WEST YORK YEOMANRY CAVALRY.

Lordship is mounted on his favourite charger, The Owl. The statuette is on an ebony plinth, with a shield at each side, bearing inscriptions. The ornaments at the ends show the Earl's monogram, motto, and coronet, at one end, and the badge of the Regiment at the other. The likeness of the Earl is very good indeed, and the whole work is exquisitely finished, every detail being shown both in the uniform and in the trappings of the horse. The total height is 24 in. The work was executed by Messrs. James Dixon and Sons, of Sheffield.

SKETCHES IN MOROCCO.

The series of Illustrations drawn by Mr. R. Caton Woodville, with the accompanying narrative and descriptive account written by Mr. W. B. Harris, when they travelled with the British Minister on a "Visit to the Court of Morocco," presented a vivid and accurate delineation of those aspects of the country, and of native manners and customs, which the Sultan's Government would not seek to conceal from European observation. A darker picture is that which is exhibited in the Engraving of a Sketch by a Belgian artist, M. Gabriel Nicolet, who travelled last June for some days in the Sultan's camp, when his Imperial Majesty went to visit the Mohammedan shrines of Muley Ishmael and Edris-el-Kebir, the latter situated in the Zerhoun mountains, five hours' journey from Mekinez, after the successful termination of a military expedition to put down some insurgent tribes. This Sketch represents a chain of prisoners from the Beni M'guild tribe; and our Correspondent says that when a tribe of rebels is beaten by the Sultan's army, a certain number of men are taken to the prisons of the chief town of the empire, especially to Fez, Mekinez, or Morocco city. They are all bound together by a long, heavy chain passing through the strong iron collar which is fastened to the neck of each man; and they are thus marched off, a long and cruel journey. Soon, many of these wretches fall, worn out by the heat, hunger and thirst, and disease; and they have to be left on the road. As the exact number of prisoners has to be brought to the town, the heads of those who cannot follow are cut off, salted, and put into pack-baskets, carried by a mule or a small horse. This execution is done by one of the soldiers, the Kaid and his escort being present. The interior of the country is in a state of rebellion, which will probably soon excite general attention.

The Mayor of Nottingham on Sept. 28 opened the new Townhall, which has been erected there at a cost of £70,000. It is a handsome stone building, in the style of the French Renaissance, ennobled by Classical treatment, and has been erected from the plans of Messrs. Verity and Hunt, of London. It contains two commodious courts of justice, a police station and cells, a large fire station, and suites of rooms for the town-clerk and the borough engineer. The Mayor opened the principal door in the main front with a golden key, and after dedicating the building to the use of the town, unveiled a portrait of Alderman Barber, chairman of the building committee, in recognition of his public services. Subsequently Alderman Barber was entertained at a public banquet.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 10, 1879) and four codicils (dated June 9, 1879; April 14 and Dec. 19, 1881, and Feb. 5, 1887) of Mr. Henry Brace, late of Mayfield, Walsall, Stafford, who died on May 13 last, have been proved at the Lichfield District Registry, by Frank Addison Brace, the son, Thomas Addison Negus, and Frederic Fuhrmann Clarke, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £268,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Vicar of Walsall, for or towards the stipend of a curate; £500 to the said Vicar for the restoration of Walsall Church; £500 to the Vicar of Walsall Wood for parochial and pastoral purposes; £500 each to the Walsall Cottage Hospital and the Wolverhampton Orphan Asylum; £250 each to the St. Matthew's Infant School (Walsall) and the Walsall Bluecoat School; £1000, all his furniture, pictures, plate, &c, an annuity of £1600, and the use, for life, of his dwelling-house, gardens, and pleasure-grounds at Mayfield, to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Brace; all his shares in the companies of Henry Brace and Co., Limited, the Cannock and Rugeley Colliery Company, the Sandwell Park Colliery Company, and J. Russell and Co., Limited, to his son, Frank Addison Brace; £7500 and £40,000 to his daughter Ellen Jane Brace; and £40,000 to his daughter, Edith Mary Brace, such sums to be held in trust for them, for life, with a power of appointment thereover, but no income is to be paid, in respect of one moiety of the two sums of £40,000 till the death of testator's wife; and legacies to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his son, Frank Addison Brace, during the life of Mrs. Eliza Brace, his widow, and on her death, as to the capital as well as the income, to his said son absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 18, 1887) of Mr. James Charles Henry, late of Fairleigh, Alleyn Park, West Dulwich, and Monkwell-street, Silver-street, E.C., manufacturer, who died on Aug. 16, was proved on Sept. 26 by James Godwin and Edward Powell, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. The testator gives and devises his house at Stroud-green to his daughter Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Eaton; his house at Camberwell to his daughter Miss Emily Isabella Henry; £300 to Robert Dowsett; and his house, Fernleigh, with the contents thereof, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Henry. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his wife and two daughters, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 7, 1885) of George Thompson Gream, M.D., late of Mixbury House, Eastbourne, physician accoucheur to the Princess of Wales, and who also attended the present Dowager Empress Frederick at Potsdam, who died on July 20 last, was proved on Sept. 25 by Dame Ellen Emily Gooch, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £27,000. The testator gives and bequeaths numerous legacies and annuities to his relatives and servants, and leaves the residue of his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated June 3, 1879) of Mr. Leopold Schwabe, formerly of the city of Manchester, but late of No. 3, Buckingham-crescent, Victoria Park, Rusholme, merchant, who died on June 13, has been proved in the Manchester District Registry by Henry Albert Schwabe, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. The testator confirms the settlement made on his daughter, Emma Susanne Schwabe, and bequeaths her £100; his household furniture and £200 to his wife, Mrs. Emma Frances Schwabe, and the income, for life, of all his City of Manchester Consolidated Stock and the shares in the St. Paolo Railway; subject to such life interest, he gives the said stock and shares between his sons Henry Albert and Charles Leopold and his daughter Emma Susanne. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Henry Albert. He states that the reason his other son, Charles Leopold, does not share in the residue, is that he has made advances to him during his lifetime.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1885), with a codicil (dated July 2, 1887), of Mr. William Thomas White, late of Kingston-on-Hull and Lambert House, Hedon, York, merchant, who died on April 12 last, was proved on Aug. 15 by Charles Hargitt Johnson and Arthur Rollit, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture and effects, carriages, and horses to his wife, Mrs. Ellen White, and devises his freehold house and premises in Beverley-road, Hull, to his son, William Lambert White. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her death to his son, William Lambert, absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1885), with a codicil (dated Aug. 7, 1888), of Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., late of No. 22, Bolton-gardens, Kensington, who died at Treborth, Bangor, on Aug. 21 last, was proved on Sept. 25 by Mrs. Augusta Matilda Richard, the widow, and Alfred James Shepheard, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £12,000. The testator bequeaths £200 and his furniture, household effects, carriages, and horses to his wife; £200 and all his interest in the farm called Wernfaur to his niece Mary Evans; £500 to his niece Magdalen Evans; £200 each to Mary Morris, Anna Williams, and the Rev. Henry Morris; and other legacies to relatives. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her decease he gives £100 each to the University College of Wales (at Aberystwith), the University College of South Wales (at Cardiff), and the University College of North Wales (at Bangor); £200 to the Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace (commonly called the Peace Preservation Society); £400 to his said niece Mary Evans; and £1500 to his niece Magdalen Evans; and the ultimate residue he leaves, as to one half thereof, for the children of his late sister Mary Morris, and the other half for the children of his late sister Hannah Evans.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1887), of Mr. George Henry Haigh, J.P., D.L., late of Grainsby Hall, Lincoln and Aberia, Penrhyn-Dendraeth, Merionethshire, who died on Feb. 6, was proved on Sept. 24 by George Henry Caton Haigh, J.P., the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £12,000. The testator charges his settled estates with the payment of £90,000 for the purposes set forth in a certain indenture, and also with the payment of a jointure of £1000 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Emma Jane Adelaide Haigh; and there are other provisions for the benefit of his wife and children. The Cadeby Hall estate and other property in Lincolnshire are to go according to the trusts of the real estate declared in said indenture. The residue of his property he leaves to his said son.

Mr. John Gordon Kennedy, Secretary to her Majesty's Embassy at Rome, has been appointed her Majesty's Minister Resident and Consul-General in Chili.

Messrs. W. Collins and Co., of London and Glasgow, have brought out, thus early, some serviceable diaries—commercial, scribbling, portable, and handy—for the year 1889.

The Bishop of Rochester opened a new church, on Sept. 28, in the parish of Holy Trinity, Blackheath-hill, erected in the Ravensbourne Recreation Ground, Greenwich. The site was given by the Rev. G. F. Whidborne.

SKETCHES AMONG THE HOP-PICKERS IN KENT



Four Bushels a Shilling.



Lambeth Twins.



The Bailiff.



A Snug Corner.



Dinner Time.



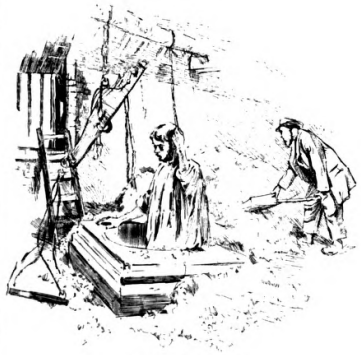
A Good Fairy from Town.



Going to New Ground.



How Hops are Picked.



Treading the Pockets.



Happy Dreams.



Sleeping Accommodation.

SKETCHES IN JERSEY.

The fair and pleasant isles off the coast of Normandy, which are the only remnant of that ancient Duchy still attached to the Crown of England, and which never belonged to the Kingdom of France, are a favourite summer resort of English tourists. Guernsey and Jersey, the largest of these "Channel Islands," are like pieces of South Devon for soft rural beauty of inland scenery, and for the picturesque aspect of their coast; in the latter respect, however, the rocks and cliffs of Sark, and even Alderney, present the wildest and most remarkable features. Jersey, twenty-five miles to the south of Guernsey, is a fertile garden of the useful vegetables that come to our London market, producing at least 50,000 tons of potatoes yearly. Its climate is delightful; its chief town, St. Helier, has a thriving trade, and many handsome buildings; it is a pleasant residence, and there are easy excursions, by road or rail, to the inviting places on the shore all round the island. In Grouville Bay lie the Martello Towers known as Forts Henry and William, the Seymour Tower being about two miles off the coast, near the spot where the French landed in 1781. The eastern railway terminus, Gorey, a fishing village, possessing a fair harbour, pier, and hotel, was at one time the headquarters of the oyster fishery. Its principal attraction is the picturesque ivy-mantled fortress of Mont Orgueil Castle, built upon a rock. Portions of the old stronghold are supposed to have existed on the wellnigh perpendicular and wave-washed headland since the days of the Romans, but it mostly dates from the twelfth century, and was long the chief seat of Government. During one of its many sieges it successfully withstood an attack by Du Guesclin, who commanded 100,000 troops. St. George's Chapel, the Roman Well, and the stairs by which King Charles II. is said to have escaped from pursuit, and the dungeons where was confined William Prynne of Puritan memory, are interesting remains.

Another brief railway journey is that by St. Aubin's, reaching its termination at Corbière. The route is almost identical with that viewed from the deck of the steamer on her approach to St. Helier's Harbour, its most attractive features being at St. Brelade's Bay, with the tiny coves of Beau Port and Bonilly Port, and the wild rocks and cliffs of the Corbière. On the north coast are the beautiful bay of Bonne Nuit, Bouley Bay, and the bay of Rozel. Near the latter are some Druidical remains, and the jutting promontories of Le Couperon and La Coupe Point. The most comprehensive prospect of Jersey is obtained from Prince's Tower, an ancient structure, on an artificial mound of considerable height, surrounded by pleasure-gardens and other attractions for picnic-parties; it is within three miles of St. Helier, and the road thence passes Government House and Five Oaks for the Troglodyte Caves. Among our Artist's sketches, besides views of some of the places mentioned, is that of the people collecting sea-weed, here called "vraick," which is either used for manure, or is calcined to produce kelp or barilla.



"My dear, a small Dog is the greatest protection to a house; we must get one."

They get one: "The werry hidentical thing!"

The Children are sent to see the new Pet.

His too friendly overtures are received with suspicion.

"Oft in the stilly night."

For the sake of peace and quiet.

Rest at last.

"That Puppy!"

THAT TROUBLESOME PUPPY.

EMIGRANTS' INFORMATION OFFICE.

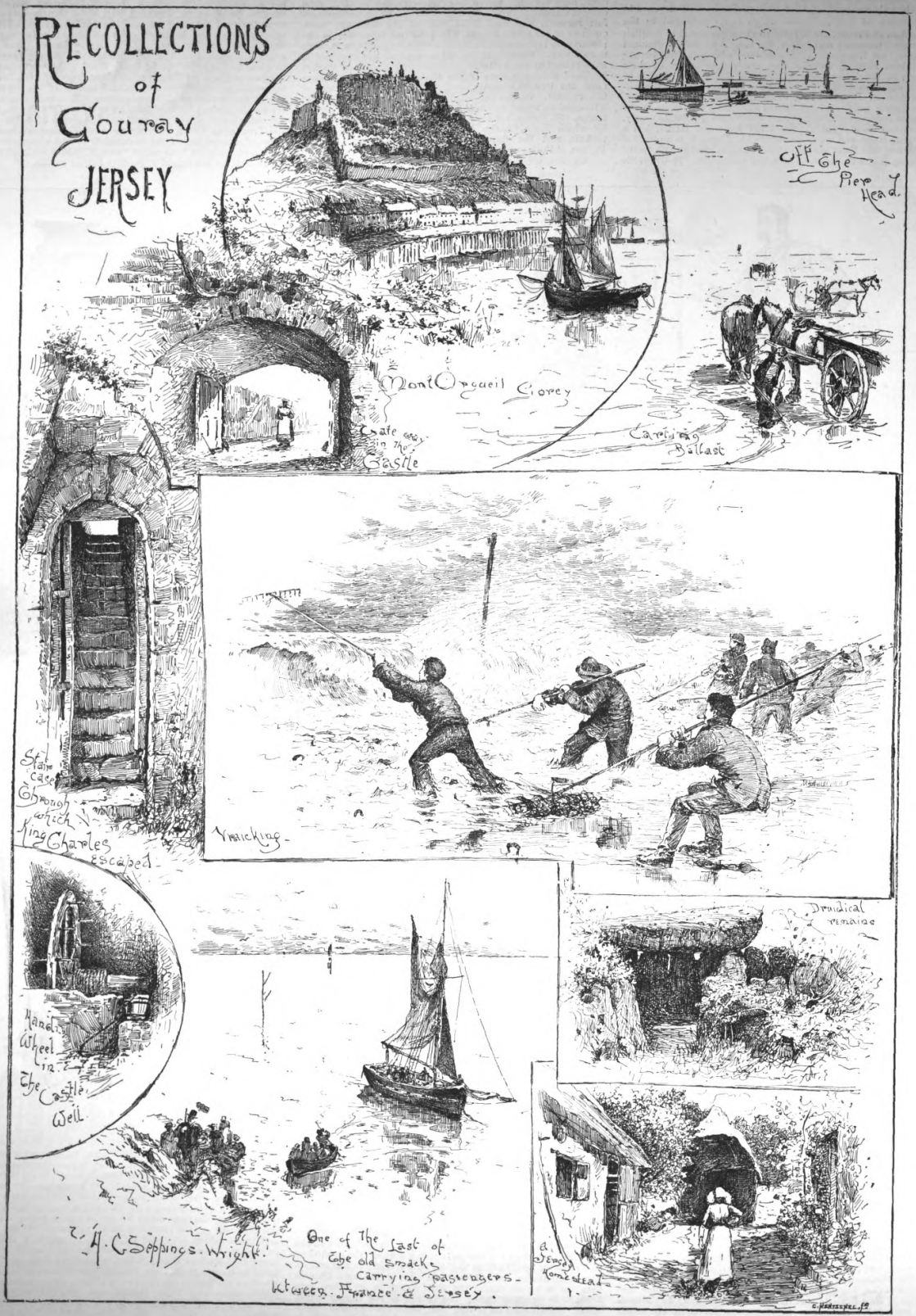
This quarter's circulars—relating to Canada, the Australasian and South African Colonies—have just been issued by this office, under the supervision of the Colonial Office; and a poster, giving a summary, is exhibited in every post office. Queensland grants free passages to female servants and selected unmarried agricultural labourers. Western Australia and Queensland grant assisted passages, and the two former and Natal nominated passages at reduced rates—mainly to female servants and agriculturists. Farmers with capital, and female servants, will find openings in all the Colonies; and agricultural labourers in Canada (in the summer months), New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, and some districts of New Zealand; while mechanics are only in demand in very few localities, as in Melbourne for those connected with the building trades. Intending emigrants are invited to write to the office as to the arrangements (if any) which are made by Colonial Governments, and in some cases by private committees and individuals in the Colonies, for the reception and assistance of emigrants on landing. The committee wish to urge the need of careful selection in the case of emigrants, and of providing those who go out with money to keep them on arrival.

The circulars may be obtained, *free of cost*, from the office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.; and ten separate Handbooks, with maps, for each Colony, at 1d. each, post-free, or, bound together, at 1s. 6d.

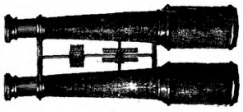
INDIAN VERSUS CHINESE OPIUM.

The Commissioner of Customs at Hankow, in his report on the trade of that place for the past year, discusses the conditions and probable result of the contest between Indian and native-grown opium in Chinese markets. He thinks that Chinese taxation is by no means the chief thing to be taken into account in prognosticating the future of the Indian opium trade. On all sides he is told that, while opium consumption is increasing in western China, the use of the Indian drug is becoming more and more confined to the rich and the old. The smokers of the young generation, brought up on the native drug, are accustomed to its flavour. The superiority of the Indian is either unknown to them, or they do not care to pay for it. The total abolition of Chinese taxes would not bring Indian opium to the price of the native, even if China were to handicap home-grown opium by imposing on it heavier duties than it now pays. India, no doubt, can for years produce opium of better quality, but its relative superiority tends to grow less and less each year. The serious point appears to the Commissioner to be that quality is beginning to count for less and price for more in the competition. At the present moment, supposing all the duty and transit dues now paid on Indian opium to be removed, and placed on native opium in addition to what it already bears, the opium of Honan, which is nearly as good as Patna, could be bought in Hankow for about £8 a picul of 133 1-3 lb. less than the Indian opium. Such a thing as prepared opium boiled exclusively from Indian raw material without an admixture of the native drug can now hardly be found in the market.

The Kidderminster Town Council have appointed the Earl of Dudley Lord High Steward of the borough, he having intimated his willingness to accept the office. The late Earl of Dudley held the office for many years.


RECOLLECTIONS of Gouray JERSEY
Mont Orgueil Gorey
Gate way in the Castle
Off the Pier Head
Carting Ballast
Wrecking
Stone case through which King Charles escaped
Hand Wheel in the Castle Well
Druidical remains
A Jersey Homestead
One of the last of the old smacks carrying passengers between France & Jersey.
T. H. C. Sippings. Wright.

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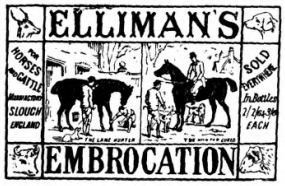
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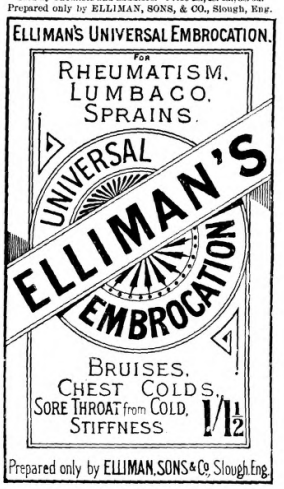
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MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.

Nineteenth Century.—The pretentious futility, in general, of ordinary attempts, even by travelled and well-read Englishmen, to forecast the political destinies of France, is once more illustrated by Mr. Frederick Marshall, who preaches the impending ruin of that country from democratic action. He may learn, however, from Madame Blaze de Bury's article, in *Blackwood*, that Paris is not France, and that the rural voters do not mean to allow their country to be ruined. Earl Fortescue considers that the territorial extent and population assigned to the rule of the new London County Council is too large; he would give the parts of London south of the Thames to a separate County Council. A description is given, not the first we have read, of the "Chatauqua Reading Circle," a widespread corresponding society for literary and scientific studies, all over America, with a yearly Congress at Chatanqua, near the New York shore of Lake Erie. The claims of Wagner's musical, poetic, and dramatic art, and of his æsthetic philosophy, are contemptuously derided by Mr. J. F. Rowbotham. Those of the old English dramatist John Marston, the rival of Ben Jonson, are largely discussed by Mr. Algernon Swinburne. Prince Kropotkin advocates the organisation of labour in model industrial villages. Professor St. George Mivart deals with an inquiry of theological ethics. The experience of the late Naval Manœuvres is examined by Admiral Sir J. C. Colomb, M.P. English tobacco-growing, leprosy in India, and the exorcism of devils, are subjects taken in hand.

Contemporary Review.—In an article styled "The Liberal Creed," Mr. R. B. Haldane, M.P., propounds State action for the benefit of the labouring classes, provision for their higher education, and improvement of their dwellings, partly by a more equitable application of existing endowments, partly by graduated taxation of property, especially of property augmented in value by the increase of population—these measures he propounds for the adoption of the Liberal Party. Professor Max Müller, with reference to his lectures on "The Science of Thought," cites many of his philosophical "predecessors" who remarked the simultaneity of the formation of thoughts with that of words or names, called by him "the identity of language and thought"; his logic seems at fault when he assumes that the impossibility of existing apart makes two things identical. Mr. Andrew Lang fights against an anonymous literary censor in defence of Mr. Rider Haggard's romances. The continuation of Sir M. E. Grant Duff's recollections of a sojourn in Syria includes his impressions of Nazareth and the Lake of Tiberias. "Among the North Sea Trawlers," by Mr. James Runciman, is an interesting description of the life and work of our hardy fishermen and smacksmen, with a strong independent testimony to the great benefits of the religious mission, described more fully in Mr. E. J. Mather's book, "Nor'ard of the Dogger," and of the floating hospital and dispensary connected with it. A second paper, by Principal Donaldson, on the position of women in ancient Rome, treats chiefly of matrimonial relations, and of the morals and manners affecting that side of life. Mr. Antonio Gallenga, ever a political pessimist, contemplates the probability of a fierce quarrel and war between France and Italy.

National Review.—The analysis, by Mr. Arthur Baumann, M.P., of the report of the House of Lords Committee on the sweating system in certain London manufacturing industries, will be serviceable to those who cannot get at, or cannot get through, a bulky Bluebook. "Some Literary Idolatries" is a protest, by Mr. W. Watson, against the recent outburst of apparently concerted eulogies of Elizabethan dramatists other than Shakspeare. "A Chat about Woodcock" should please naturalists and old-fashioned sportsmen. The rather nebulous possibilities of a grand era for English opera are next discussed. Mr. E. J. Norris, M.P., furnishes precise historical details of the administration of St. Katharine's Hospital, founded by Matilda, Queen of King Stephen, and removed, with a singular transformation, from the site of St. Katharine's Dock to Regent's Park. There is a review of the biography of an Indian military hero, Sir Herbert Edwardes; an interesting description, by a Spanish lady novelist, of the peasant women of Galicia; a report of the late gathering of University Local Examination students and their teachers at Oxford; a philosophical and archæological inquiry, by Mr. Gerald Massey, concerning primitive religious myths and the "totems" or heraldic tribal emblems, in animal forms, of savage mankind; and an article by Commander V. L. Cameron, R.N., on the atrocious slave-trade cruelties in Central Africa, to suppress which he demands a British protectorate from Lake Nyassa northward to Lake Albert Nyanza.

Fortnightly Review.—More from Mr. Swinburne about Ben Jonson; he proves it easier to make Jonson the author of Bacon's Essays, than Bacon the author of Shakspeare's Plays. Dr. G. H. Savage, Medical Superintendent of Bethlem Hospital, contributes a valuable treatise on "Homicidal Mania." Mr. H. H. Johnston supplies a very useful account of British East Africa, the territory of the new Chartered Company. The Rev. Canon Taylor, writing again of the failure of missionary enterprise; Mr. J. Addington Symonds, on the Memoirs of Gozzi; Mr. Henry James, on those of the brothers Goncourt; Mrs. Lynn Lynton, on "The Irresponsibilities of Genius"; and Mr. Baden-Powell, on "mosquito" naval defences—are contributors of special ability on these topics.

Macmillan's Magazine.—Mr. Bret Harte continues "Cressy," and Mr. Walter Paton concludes "Gaston de Latour." An historical account of John Brown, the Abolitionist hero, and a narrative of editorial experiences in Tennessee, serve to illustrate some phases of American public life. Miss Cartwright's study of the career of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, should be attractive to readers of Macaulay's History. There is an article on Shakspeare metaphors and other phrases used unawares in ordinary language, and one or two other pieces of fair quality.

English Illustrated.—A new Italian story by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, "Sant' Ilario," is a sequel to "Saracinesca." Another story now commenced, "The House of the Wolf," is one of France in the time of the Huguenots and the League. Mr. Swinburne's lyrical poem, "Olive," is fine verbal music.

Blackwood's Magazine.—A disgusting story, "Aut Diabolus aut Nihil"—that of a secret conclave of depraved Parisians, adepts of the spirit-medium conjuring trickery, who evoked and worshipped the personal Devil—occupies the first place in this magazine. We can entirely commend, on the contrary, Mr. T. E. Kebbel's sound and judicious article on the English agricultural labourer; Colonel T. Pilkington White's historical account of the Ordnance Surveys of Great Britain and Ireland; and Madame Blaze De Bury's discriminating comments on the attitude of French democracy. A review of the works of Maurice Jokai, the great Hungarian novelist, is of some literary interest.

Murray's Magazine.—There is no end to the responsive criticism of some recent criticisms of American institutions and manners; as Mr. Theodore Roosevelt had something to say in answer to Mr. Matthew Arnold, so Mr Andrew Lang has something to say in answer to Mr. Roosevelt. A personal memoir of the late Dean Burgon, and some remarks on the hindrances to parochial church work, are furnished by clergymen evidently well conversant with the subjects. The story of "The Reproach of Annesley," by the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," and that of "Quin Lough," an Irish story, by the Hon. Emily Lawless, are continued; while one, called "A Good Old Family," is commenced. Historical notes on the progress of music in England, and an examination of the German system of instruction in industrial art, are both very useful.

Longman's Magazine.—Pleasing reminiscences, by the Rev. Canon Butler, of a visit to the Lakes in 1844, and of walks and talks with Wordsworth, Hartley Coleridge, Arthur Clough, and Matthew Arnold, form the most attractive part of the contents, after the chapters of fiction, added by their writers to "A Dangerous Catspaw," and to the tale of Austrian Jews called "Orthodox." There is another short story; a discourse of gentle moralising by "A.K.H.B.," called "That Longest Day"; and a literary protest, by Mr. Archibald Ballantyne, against the pedantic affectation of antique forms and phrases of the English language.

Time.—The professional ways and work of the architect are described by Mr. Basil Champneys, who enters also into a discussion of the prospects of that art and profession. Mr. A. Sonnenschein's observations on the injurious effects of the system of examinations on teaching and learning are entitled to serious attention. Mrs. Power O'Donoghue proceeds with her entertaining account of a tour in Wicklow. There is more of "Kophetua XIII.," by Mr. Julian Corbett.

Gentleman's Magazine.—A continuation of the story of "Mrs. Beresford" is followed by Mr. J. Theodore Bent's account of a Greek rustic wedding in the Isle of Telos: the Rev. S. Baring Gould's historical notice of the impostor Baron Münchausen, a criminal adventurer in North Germany, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, whose marvellous boastful tales bequeathed his name, as a type of lying travellers, to the famous romance published in 1785; and several other articles of merit. Not the least in value is that on "Guthram, Dane-King, and the Danes at Barking," by Mr. F. T. Norris, who deserves the thanks of London and Essex antiquaries for his diligent study of the origin of a remarkable earthwork, still bearing witness to the Danish complete occupation of that part of the country, in the ninth century of the Christian era.

Cornhill.—The stories of "French Janet" and "A Life's Morning" proceed with added chapters. "A Coach Drive at the Lakes," from Rydal to Thirlmere, awakens pleasant recollections. The slang corruptions of our common English, by the quaint rough humour of reckless Western men, are exposed in an essay on "The Great American Langnage." There are "Sketches of Indian Life," and a strange tale, "The Phantom Piquet," current at a regimental mess-table in India.

Belgravia.—This magazine is filled with tolerably entertaining stories; those of "Undercurrents," by the author of "Phyllis," and "The Blackhall Ghosts," by Miss Tytler, are continued; and two short ones, "A Summer Hotel Fate" and "Fish Lake" have their scenes laid in America.

Temple Bar.—Miss Jessie Fothergill brings "From Moor Isles" near its conclusion, and Mr. W. E. Norris approaches that of "The Rogue." The second part of a good essay on Montaigne, and an agreeable notice of contemporary British diplomatists, are the best articles outside the due allowance of fiction.

Harper's Monthly.—An instructive account of the Limoges porcelain manufacture is furnished by Mr. Theodore Child, our own Paris Correspondent, with numerous engravings. The history of newspaper enterprise in the Western States of America is accompanied with memoirs and portraits of many local editors. There is a lively description of the carnival at St. Pierre, in the French West Indian island of Martinique. Mr. Pennell, the American artist, and his wife, who writes so well, presents sad views of the condition of the peasantry in the outer Hebrides. The exact and minutely detailed account of St. Louis, on the Mississippi, and of Kansas City, shows a marvellously rapid and complete development of American social life. The illustrations of old English ballads, by Messrs. E. A. Abbey and A. Parsons, are well imagined, but their execution is not equally good. Mr. Black's story, "In Far Lochaber," and the tales by Mr. W. D Howells and Miss Woolson, satisfy the taste for fiction.

The Century.—The frontispiece is a portrait of the late Miss Emma Lazarus, of New York, a Jewish young lady, whose genius as a poet was long since recognised by our own literary criticism, and of whose untimely death we heard with much regret. "An English Deer-park" is one of the careful, but not the less graceful, descriptive studies of our rural scenery, in which the late Mr. Richard Jefferies was unsurpassed. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt portrays in strong colours the outrageous characters and lawless conduct of the Western frontier men on the edge of the prairies towards the Rocky Mountains, a quarter of a century ago. The report, by Mr. George Kennan, of his personal inspection of the Russian system of penal transportation to Siberia, particularly of the Tomsk dépôt for forwarding convict prisoners, reveals shocking misery from neglect in the superior administration. Those who are curious about modern improvements in the apparatus of military wholesale homicide will find here the most accurate description of machine-guns—the Gatling, the Gardner, the Maxim, the Hotchkiss, which threaten to supersede infantry battalions in the field; and the dynamite shell gun, with pneumatic or compressed air-power to shoot forth the shell, which may possibly be adapted for coast batteries and forts. The history of the American Civil War is continued, and there are several tales and essays throwing light on the domestic affairs of the United States.

Scribner's Magazine.—"Problems in American Politics," especially that of discontinuing the inordinate tariff protection allowed to American manufacturers, that of encouraging a revival of American ship-building and mercantile marine, and that of restricting the electoral franchise to native Americans, are discussed by Mr. Hugh M'Culloch, whose authority should be of considerable weight. Another question of urgent importance, the traffic management of the United States railways, is only incidentally brought to view in the personal notices of some of the leading directors of that powerful administration. Lighter subjects are presented to the reader, with copious woodcut illustration, in the curious particulars of stage-machinery at the Opera-house, and in Mr Lester Wallack's agreeable reminiscences of a long theatrical career, with pleasing anecdotes of the late Mr Charles Mathews. The treatise on the construction of Egyptian temples, with fine engravings of the ruins of Karnak, Luxor, and Philæ, is a sound piece of archæological study.

The annual meeting of the National Association of Poor-law Officers was held on Saturday, in the board-room of the Board of Guardians at Southampton. Mr. Clay, clerk to the Shoreditch Guardians, presided, and delegates were present representing the 20,000 officers engaged in the administration of the Poor Laws throughout the country. Resolutions were passed pledging the association to take steps to ensure the insertion of clauses in the Local Government Act, giving Poor-law officers of all grades the right to superannuation. It was arranged that a memorial to this effect should be presented to the Local Government Board, and that all boards of guardians should be asked to support the project.

THE AUTHOR OF "MADAME MIDAS."



Mr. Fergus Hume, whose portrait accompanies this notice is the new famous author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," and of the still more promising tale "Madame Midas," issued a few weeks ago by the Hansom Cab Publishing Company, Ludgate-hill, E.C. Mr. Hume is a young man in his third decade only, abounding in good spirits, full of vigour, and an indefatigable worker. He was born in Scotland; but his first recollections are of New Zealand, whither he was taken while yet only an infant. His youthful days were spent in preparing for the Australian bar, and with this object he took his degree at Dunedin University, and became qualified for legal practice. He early evinced a strong inclination for literary pursuits, and soon made a name for himself as dramatic critic, reviewer, writer of essays and short tales to well-known Australian journals. His first serious effort, however, in fiction was "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," which was published in Melbourne in October, 1886, and republished in this country with unparalleled success in November of last year (1887).

Like many a first production of a young author in the line of sensational fiction Mr. Hume had little encouragement from the publishers to whom he originally submitte l the manuscript of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab." A Melbourne firm of first rank declared that if Mr. Hume published it at his own risk, which he might do, they would not be able to dispose of 500 copies in twelve months. This was anything but encouraging to the young author. But the publishers were wrong, as results proved, much, evidently, to their chagrin. They lost the sale of the most popular book of modern times. The manuscript quite accidentally got into the hands of a young enterprising publisher, Mr. F. Trischler, who quickly perceived that the tale was one of startling novelty, and contained all the elements of success. In seven days after its publication not only 500 but 5000 copies were sold in Melbourne. A second and, again, a third edition quickly followed, until in three months 25,000 copies were disposed of, a circulation unexampled in the history of the colony. Mr. Hume's conquest did not end there. His publisher boldly struck out for other fields, and in December last he reproduced the work in this country with a measure of success that more than justified his adventurous speculation, for in less than six months considerably more than 200,000 volumes of Mr. Hume's marvellous story were in the hands of the British public—a success so startling as to astonish our booksellers and even the publishers themselves. Persons were found everywhere eagerly devouring the realistic sensational tale of Melbourne social life. Whether travelling by rail, rail, or river the unpretending little volume was ever present in some companion's or stranger's hands. Its popularity still prevails, for several thousand copies a week are sold even at the present time.

After such a triumph with "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" it was unlikely Mr. Hume would remain long silent. It was anxiously doubted whether he could follow up his victory worthily, and display equal, not to say increased, power. The public had not long to wait before being satisfied as to Mr. Hume's fertility of invention and the versatility of his genius. His new story, "Madame Midas," is a considerable advance on his former novel, in literary composition, variety of incident, and subtlety of plot. Characters are more fully developed, the background more firm and well defined, and the principal figures more powerfully limned and more perfect in detail than in his earlier work. Of course, there is a mystery to be unravelled, and the tale is throughout highly sensational and realistic. The scene is again laid in Australia, this time principally in the gold-fields at Ballarat, and in Sandhurst, the largest town in the colony of Victoria devoted to gold-mining. The vivid pictures of Australian life and landscape are of peculiar interest. There is scarcely a family in the British Isles that has not some member or friend in one of our Australian colonies. The whole population is chiefly composed of our own flesh and blood—men with like passions with ourselves speaking the same language and reading the same literature. We find in "Madame Midas" accurate descriptions of the adopted land of many of our nearest and dearest. It is a tale from over the seas that awakens the interest of all true-born Englishmen who are concerned in becoming acquainted with life and manners in one of the most important dependencies of our vast and growing Empire.

It was to be expected from the foretaste of Mr. Hume's powers as a novelist in "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" that his second effort, "Madame Midas," would be eagerly sought for by novel readers on this side of the Equator; but a sale almost beyond the dreams of avarice was not anticipated. Such, however, has been the experience. In eight weeks 158,000 copies have been sold. The press has been almost unanimous in its approval of the tale so full of mystery, imagination, and humour, and the novel-reading public has hailed the work with acclamation. It is a book that young and old of both sexes read with pleasure and profit: it amuses while it instructs them. They feel as if they had known life in the goldfields personally. The characters are by no means typically virtuous. Indeed, the hero, Vandeloup, is a villain of the most despicable kind, Madame Midas is worldly wise but not lovable, while Kitty is pretty but frail. Yet there is no impurity, no suggestive indecency, too common now-a-days in popular novels. It leads to a hate of evil-doing, and the "wages of sin" are prominently set forth in the final chapter. Although the persons portrayed are, on the whole, of very questionable character, "Madame Midas" is perfectly healthy in tone, but entirely free from obtrusive moralising. As a proof of the truthfulness to nature of Mr. Hume's writings, it is worthy of note that none appreciate him more than those who inhabit the regions where all his characters are supposed to move, and have their being. He is a prophet in the heart of his own country; his countrymen have a pride in him and his works. One firm alone ordered 25,000 copies for the supply of the Australian trade before a page of "Madame Midas" was published, and "repeat" orders have already been received by cable. Indeed, if Mr. Fergus Hume continues to write such interesting and thrilling tales as "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," and especially "Madame Midas," his readers at home and abroad will not fail to appreciate him at his worth. Australians will certainly set a high price upon him; for not only is he a faithful delineator of Australian life, but also a faithful exponent of his countrymen's views, their aims and aspirations, as evidenced in his sympathy with the *recidiviste* question in the introduction of Vandeloup, an escaped convict from the French penal settlement of New Caledonia, who pollutes society in a neighbouring English colony. This subject is of great importance as well as Colonial interest, and claims the serious consideration of our politicians and diplomatists. The refuse of Parisian jails should be shot further away from our young, vigorous colony than New Caledonia. Rogues and villains are not so scarce even in Australia as to require fresh importations from perfidious France.

The success of Mr. Hume's novels is greatly due to his having hit the popular taste for fiction of a realistic and sensational kind. At the same time, the principal cause of the passion for such literature has been the appearance of late years of consummate masters in writing tales of weird realism. This is a disadvantage to a young author. It leads to comparisons which are generally odious to the new novelist. Where there are so many giants, a man of medium stature appears small, and is likely to be overlooked. To attract attention he must be a giant himself. Mr. Hume's predecessors in the particular domain he has entered upon have been many, and he has living competitors of striking ability. The greater, therefore, has been his achievement in breaking the record, by writing a work like "Madame Midas," of which 150,000 copies have been sold in two months. And there are no symptoms of any decrease in the demand for some time to come; and it will not be surprising to find that at the end of one year from date of publication 1,000,000 copies will have been sold. The tax upon printer and publishers to supply an almost insatiable demand is not lessening, but increasing. To the publishers there is certainly great credit due for their share in popularising Mr. Hume's famous tales. When a writer of genius meets with such enterprising publishers as "The Hansom Cab Publishing Company," great things can be done. It is to be hoped that the public may soon witness a repetition of their achievements. Indeed, it is an open secret that Mr. Hume is engaged on another novel of Australian life, which will be issued at the end of the year. If it proves to be equal in merit to "Madame Midas," the public will be abundantly satisfied with his performance



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MUSIC.

"CARINA" AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

Long known as one of the most gifted composers of the Royal Academy of Music, Madame Julia Woolf is fortunate to have had her tuneful comic opera of "Carina"—libretto and lyrics by Mr. E. L. Blanchard and Mr. Cunningham Bridgman—produced in the most brilliant manner by the management of the Opera Comique, and staged by so supremely skilful a stage manager as Mr. Charles Harris. "Carina" was brought out with unmistakable success on the Twenty-seventh of September. It proved a most attractive musical entertainment. Difficult would it have been to have found a more charming Carina than Miss Camille Darville, personally exceedingly captivating, and a really accomplished songstress and piquante actress. Carina is the beauty of Barcelona, which Spanish port appears about the period of the opera, early in the last century, to have abounded in beauties, to judge from the comely female representatives of "Carina." A graceful, blue-eyed blonde, with a merry smile and sweet voice, Carina is destined by her worldly-minded guardian and uncle, General Bobadillo, to wed an opulent Cuban merchant; but she chances infinitely to prefer her handsome young sweetheart, Don Felix, whose confidential servant, Cedrillo, assumes the guise of her Havannah suitor in order to further the suit of his master. Through this ruse, General Bobadillo is outwitted, Don Felix gains the hand of Carina, and Cedrillo pairs off with Carina's lively maid, Zara. Such, in brief, is the plot, which moves briskly to the tune of enlivening music, done justice to by the efficient orchestra conducted by Mr. Auguste Van Biene. The three pretty daughters of the innkeeper, Ella, Vena, and Zeta, are the first to win approval by their *chic* acting and singing. The melodious opening ballad of Don Felix (Mr. Durward Lely), "Within the Halls of Memory," well deserved its encore; and his quaint "Twelve o'clock" duet with the General (Mr. G. H. Snazelle) was likewise well received. Quite a triumph in its way for Mr. Charles Harris was the encored Chorus of Duennas, rich in the humorous "business" for the invention of which he is noted. The grotesque action and steps of the General's three servants, headed by Mr. Charles Collette as Patricho, gained the encore for Bobadillo's song of lamentation. The first song of Carina, "So brightly gleams at dawn of day," one of Mr. Blanchard's most poetical lyrics, was sung by Miss Darville with exquisite sweetness and expression, and was heartily redemanded. With equal favour was the Carina and Don Felix duet of "I am waiting, timidly waiting" greeted. And the animated finale to the first act (wherein Don Felix makes love to Carina through the open lid of his rival's strong box) formed a bright and mirthful picture. The last act vied with the first in lustrous beauty of costume. The incidental divertissement, arranged by Mr. John D'Auban, afforded scope for that dainty danseuse, Miss Alice Lethbridge. Spirit-stirring was the duet "What nerves the arm when danger near," sung by Carina and Don Felix; and waltz-inspiring was Zara's gipsy song, "Let the little Moorish maiden." The delightfully fresh voice of Miss Darville was heard to signal advantage in "The Hoop of Gold." Indeed, the songs of this captivating vocalist proved the most charming features of "Carina." The opera was throughout well acted by Miss Camille Darville, Mr. G. H. Snazelle, Miss Josephine Findlay, Madame Ada Dorée, Mr. Charles Collette, Mr. E. D. Ward, and Miss Flora Wilmot. Miss Jessica Dene, and Miss Blanche Murray. The costumes, designed by M. Wilhelm, were triumphs of harmonious colouring, and reflected credit on Madame Auguste, Alias, and Miss Fisher.

Mr. Freeman Thomas's Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre have continued to supply attractive musical performances, at a time when London music is suspended from its usual activity. At a recent "classical" night, Madame Scalchi, Miss A. Whitacre, and Mr. E. Lloyd were the vocalists; and Miss Dora Bright, the esteemed pianist, made her first appearance at these concerts this season. This lady performed, with excellent effect, her own clever pianoforte concerto—a composition which has recently elicited deserved commendation when it was likewise worthily interpreted by herself. The concert now specially referred to also included Mr. Carrodus's fine rendering of the "Allegro" from Beethoven's violin concerto; in addition to which the classical selection included effective orchestral performances of Weber's overture to "Oberon," the entr'acte from Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette," and Hermann Goetz's symphony in F. Mr. Gwyllym Crowe conducted as usual.

On Oct. 8 the Russian National Opera Company will begin a series of concerts at the Royal Albert Hall; the programmes including selections from Rubinstein's opera "The Demon," Glinka's "Life for the Czar," and Tschaikowski's "Mazeppa"; and other compositions. Three hundred selected performers, including forty-eight lady pianists (playing on twenty-four pianos), will contribute to the general effect.

Occasional operatic performances have been successfully continued at the Alexandra Palace, under the direction of Mr. Valentine Smith, and conducted by Mr. W. Carter. A version of Bellini's "La Sonnambula" was given on Sept. 29.

Among the important provincial musical arrangements is the tour of Mr. Santley, under the direction of Mr. N. Vert, beginning at Eastbourne, on Sept. 29, and followed by concerts, during the first week of October, at Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Folkestone, Reigate, Southsea, and Bournemouth; other concerts being announced for subsequent weeks.

On October 11, as previously announced, a festival performance is to take place at Hanley, under the direction of Dr. Swinnerton Heap, of Birmingham. The notion of a festival for North Staffordshire was first mooted in 1887, at a meeting of various choral societies of the district, the result having been the decision to hold a one-day festival in the new Victoria Hall, Hanley, the proceeds to be devoted to the benefit of the North Staffordshire Infirmary, and the Burslem, Longton, and Leek Cottage Hospitals—institutions of the district which are eminently deserving of all possible support. Unlike some of our provincial festivals, that now referred to will not rely on donations or collections, it being anticipated that effective performances given in so capacious a building as the Hanley Townhall—capable of holding about 2500 persons—should prove sufficiently remunerative to answer the desired purpose. It is to be hoped that the result of the forthcoming tentative experiment may be so successful as to lead to more extensive arrangements, and still greater money results for the charities on future occasions. The prospectus of the one day's festival at Hanley, on Oct. 11, is of good promise. In the morning "Elijah" will be performed; and in the evening a miscellaneous concert will be given, among many interesting features in the programme being a movement of Beethoven's violin concerto rendered by Mr. J. T. Carrodus, a new concert overture by Mr. A. Ashton, and a scena from Dr. S. Heap's cantata "The Maid of Astolat," sung by Mr. E. Lloyd.

EXHIBITION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

On Oct. 1, the annual exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain was opened to the public at the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours in Pall-mall. In spite of the experiment which the society has this year made in holding their exhibition without awarding any medal or prize, as they had been wont to do in former years, there does not seem to be any apparent falling off either in the amount or quality of the work on view. Without undertaking any special criticism of the various technical processes employed, we will confine ourselves rather to the consideration of the work more from an artistic point of view. It is, however, worth notice that the Platinotype process, which is so well suited for landscape and out-of-door work generally, seems to increase in favour with photographers, both amateur and professional, as the numerous examples in the present exhibition testify. In fact, the predominance of landscape is a distinct characteristic of this year's show, and although there is no great increase of really artistic work, yet many of the landscapes attain to a degree of excellence that deserves high praise.

The most striking feature of this year's display is undoubtedly the fine series of photographs of the ruined city of Palmyra, in the Syrian Desert, taken by Mr. Horace Gridley. Mr. Gridley, who spared no expense or trouble to accomplish his purpose, is, we believe, the first who has ever taken photographs of these magnificent ruins, and the results that he has obtained, besides possessing a great archæological value, are splendid specimens of photographic art, and afford abundant proof of the skill and discrimination with which he is able to manipulate his camera.

Among the most artistic productions in the exhibition we would include a series of ten pictures, by J. Gale (Nos. 73-83 inclusive), which are well worth examination. No. 73, "Off to Work"; No. 75, "A Sussex Drift-way"; No. 80, "The Path of the Hills"; and Nos. 81, 82, and 83, are really first-class work. On the opposite wall to Mr. Gridley's exhibit, near the door, hang two landscapes (Nos. 13 and 14), by H. Tolley, which are worthy of notice; and further along on the same wall are three remarkably powerful studies—"In the Castle Garth, Newcastle" (No. 26)—by Lyddell Sawyer.

No. 37, "Spring-time—Otterton Park," is a good example of the suitability of the Platinotype process for reproducing the complicated details of foliage. Mr. Frank Sutcliffe sends a large contribution of out-of-door subjects of great merit. There are, as usual, some excellent photographs of yachts, although the number is smaller than in former years, while mountain and river scenes abound—Captain Abney and G. S. Edwards send some good examples of the latter style of subject, principally Alpine views.

We are glad to notice that the predilection for life-size portraits—which are seldom at all satisfactory—seems to be dying out. Several well-known firms, however, send examples of a more suitable size.

Mr. W. K. Burton, who contributes several interesting photographs, has a frame of views of Mount Bandai, in Japan, taken very soon after the recent eruption there. The examples which the Autotype Company exhibit show no falling off from the high state of excellence that its work has reached.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark has opened the new schools for junior boys at Beaumont College, Old Windsor.

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OBITUARY.

LORD SACKVILLE.

The Right Honourable Mortimer Sackville-West, Lord Sackville, of Knole, Kent, died on Oct. 1, at Knole. Sevenoaks. He was born Sept. 22, 1820, the third son of George John, fifth Earl Delawarr, by Lady Elizabeth Sackville, his wife, daughter and heiress of John Frederick, Duke of Dorset. This lady was created, in 1864, Baroness Buckhurst, with a peculiar limitation. At her death, in 1870, her son, the nobleman whose death we record, assumed, erroneously, the title of Buckhurst; but was himself raised to the Peerage, as Baron Sackville, in 1876. He married, first, Jan. 14, 1847, Fanny Charlotte, daughter of Major-General Dickson, C.B., of Beenham, Berks, which lady died Jan. 19, 1870; and secondly, on June 12, 1873, Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr. Charles W. Faber, of Northaw House, Herts. Dying without issue, he is succeeded, under the limitation of the second patent, by his brother, the Hon. Sir Lionel Sackville Sackville-West, K.C.M.G., Ambassador at Washington.



SIR HENRY ANTHONY FARRINGTON, BART.

Sir Henry Anthony Farrington, Bart., died on Sept. 19, at Gosford House, Ottery St. Mary, Devon, aged seventy-seven. He was eldest son of Sir Henry Maturin Farrington, second Baronet, by Jane, his third wife, daughter of Mr. Roger Curry. He succeeded his father, Oct. 4, 1834, and married, May 16, 1833, Frances Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. Warren, D.D., of Portview, Devon. His eldest son and successor is Sir William Hicks Farrington, fifth Baronet, M.D., born in 1838, and married, Dec. 7, 1870, to Amy Florence, youngest daughter of Mr. Alexander Glendinning.



MR. GAMBIER PARRY.

Mr. Thomas Gambier Parry, of Highnam Court, in the county of Gloucester, M.A., J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1850, died on Sept. 28. He was born Feb. 22, 1816, only son of Mr. Richard Parry, of Banstead, Surrey, Governor of Bencoolen, by his wife, Mary Gambier. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and gained much repute as a disciple of art; he was author of several works on the subject. He married, first, 1839, Anna Maria Isabella, second daughter of Mr. Henry Fynes Clinton, of Welwyn, Herts, cousin of the Duke of Newcastle; and secondly, 1851, Ethelinda, daughter of the Ven. Rev. F. Lear, D.D., late Dean of Salisbury. He had issue by each. His eldest surviving son is Charles Hubert Hastings Parry, the composer.

Earl Fortescue distributed the prizes at the Devon County School, West Buckland.

Lord Hartington was on Oct. 2 presented with the freedom of the burgh of Nairn.

Mr. Alderman Whitehead has been elected Lord Mayor of London for the coming year.

Mr. Henry Irving was entertained at a banquet by the Edinburgh Pen and Pencil Club, on Oct. 2.

The Church Congress was opened on Oct. 2, at Manchester, with an address from the Bishop of the diocese to an audience of 4000 persons in the Free Trade Hall.

Addresses were given on Oct. 1 on the opening of several of the medical schools in connection with the metropolitan hospitals.

Lord Moncrieff, who presides over the Second Division of the Court of Session at Edinburgh, has resigned his appointment. The patronage of the chair lies with the Lord Advocate.

The town of Penang is to be lighted with 600 of the Defries patent pneumatic street-lamps of thirty-candle power, similar to those successfully in use to light the town of Erith and several other towns.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment will reopen for the autumn season on Monday evening, Oct. 8, with "Wanted—an Heir," by Malcolm Watson, music by Alfred J. Caldicott; and an entirely new musical sketch by Mr. Corney Grain.

The legatees of the late Sir Joseph Whitworth have offered to the authorities of Owen's College, Manchester, a site for a hospital, £35,000 towards the cost of erecting and furnishing it, and £1000 a year towards its maintenance, without imposing any conditions.

St. Dunstan's College, situate at Catford Bridge, was formally opened on Oct. 1. The institution has been established under a scheme of the Charity Commissioners, to provide education of a high order, and in accordance with modern requirements, for 400 boys.

Mr. Boehm's statue of Lord Shaftesbury, which is placed in Westminster Abbey near the western door, was unveiled on Oct. 1 by Baroness Burdett-Coutts. A preliminary meeting was held in the Jerusalem Chamber. Canon Duckworth, in the absence of the Dean, presided; and there were present the Earl of Shaftesbury, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, Lord and Lady Sherbrooke, Lady Hatherton, and many other friends and admirers of the late Earl.

The first exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society was opened on Oct. 1 at the new gallery in Regent-street. Among the promoters of the movement are Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Burne-Jones, and Mr. William Morris, the object being to bring before the public the work of the actual designer and craftsman, as distinguished from the mere vendor or middleman. The exhibition is full of interest.

The autumnal assembly of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland began in Huddersfield on Oct. 1, and was continued until the 5th. The delegates were received at the Townhall by Mr. Alderman Joseph Brooke, the Mayor; and the Rev. John Haslam, President of the Yorkshire Association of Baptist Churches, welcomed the delegates.

The Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution opened its sixty-sixth session on Monday, Oct. 1. Nearly 200 classes meet weekly in commercial and technical subjects, mathematics, natural, applied, and mental science, languages, history, literature, art, music, law, &c. Special classes are arranged for University, Civil Service, and other examinations. The classes are open to both sexes.

The Registrar-General reports that in London 2395 births and 1314 deaths were registered in the week ending Sept. 29. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 325, and the deaths 94, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 30 from measles, 22 from scarlet fever, 27 from diphtheria, 13 from whooping-cough, 13 from enteric fever, 77 from diarrhœa and dysentery. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 213, but were 11 below the corrected average. Different forms of violence caused 61 deaths.

MARRIAGES.

On Sept. 26, at St. John's Church, Cotehill, Cumberland, by the Rev. H. Slater, M.A., Vicar of Bywell St. Andrew, Northumberland, assisted by the Rev. J. Howard, Vicar of the parish, and the Rev. R. Duncan, M.A., Vicar of St. James's, Whitehaven, Robert Hodgson, only son of Thomas Horrocks, Esq., J.P., of Eden Brows, Cumberland, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Robert Thomlinson, Esq., of Carleton, and niece of John Thomlinson, Esq., of Englethwaite, Cumberland. No cards.

On Sept. 27, at Holy Trinity Church, Kilburn, by the Rev. Reginald Pearse, Francis Robinson, of Great Yarmouth, to Mary Ann, elder daughter of John Faith, of Kilburn.

DEATH.

In Memoriam. In loving memory of Leopoldina Margaret Duncan, the beloved daughter of the Chevalier E. Biletta, who died Sept. 28, 1883.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.*

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Tuesday, „ 9	8 45 „	8 50 „	7 15 „
Wednesday, „ 10	8 45 „	8 50 „	7 15 „
Thursday, „ 11	8 45 „	8 50 „	7 15 „
Friday, „ 12	10 5 „	10 10 „	8 20 „
Saturday, „ 13	11 5 „	11 10 „	9 40 „

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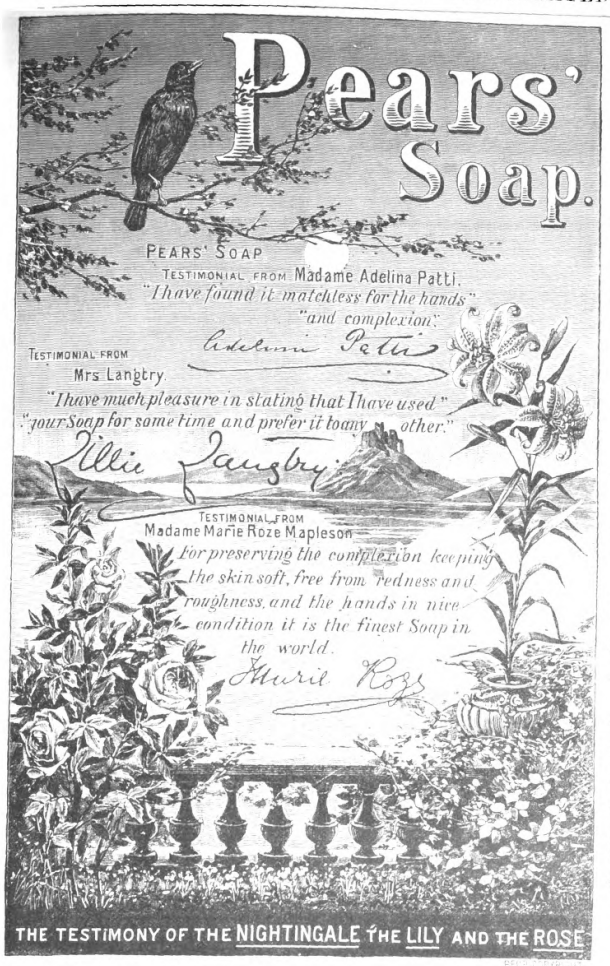
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Then the beautiful rose raised its sweet-tinted head,
And the violet crept from its bed;
The jessamine, sweetbriar, lavender, too,
Their fragrance around her now shed.
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A change came around that fair scene;
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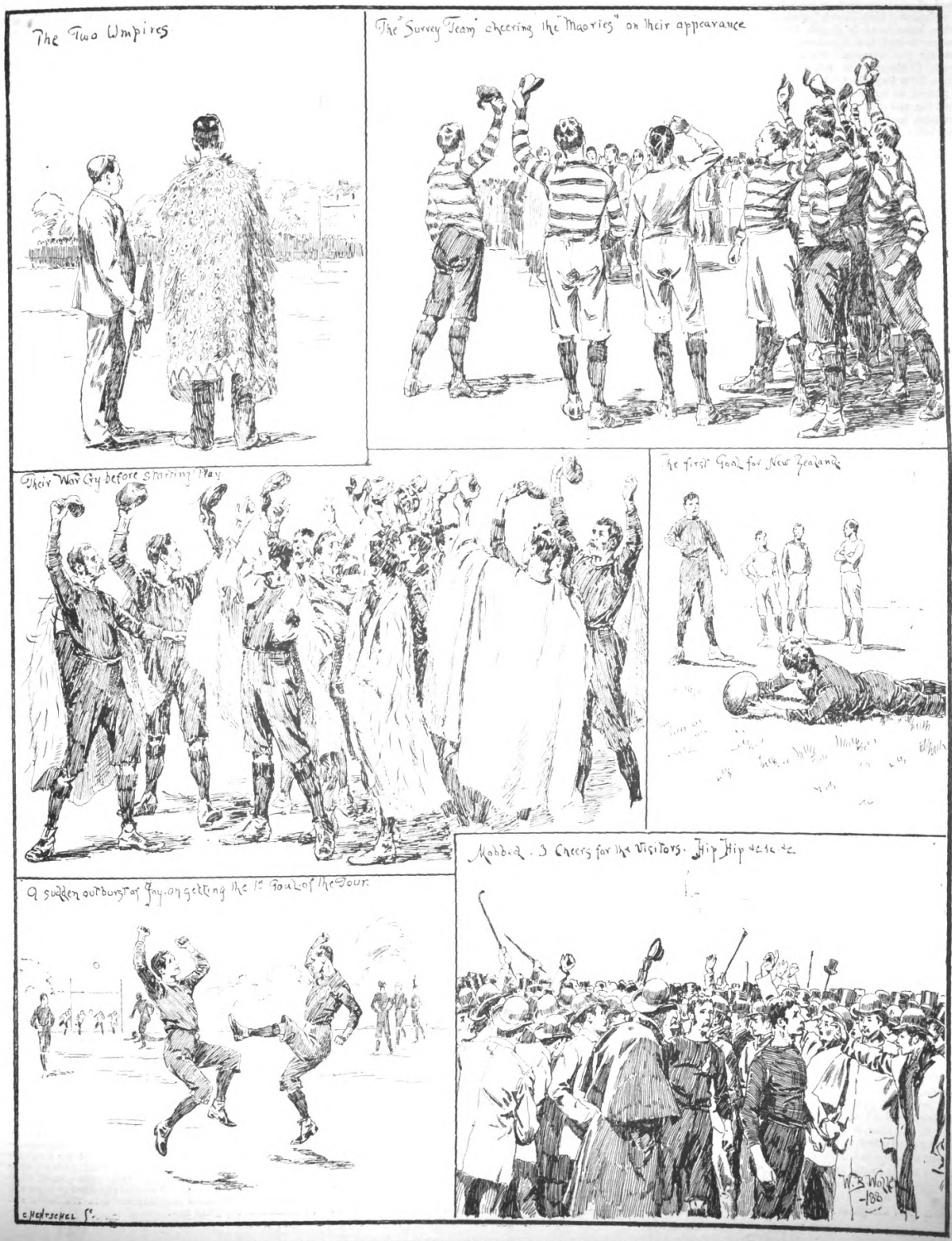
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THE MAORI FOOTBALL TEAM: FIRST MATCH AT RICHMOND, OCT. 3—AGAINST THE SURREY CLUB.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN

A medical paper furnishes us with the interesting information of how a collection for charitable purposes is made up from a concert audience of about 10,000 persons. There were found in the bags 2 sovereigns, 4 half-sovereigns, 20 florins, 150 shillings, 605 sixpences, 706 threepenny-pieces, 6714 pennies, and 2224 halfpennies. It has been found by experience that in book-buying (which is the reason why there are so many two-shilling novels) a florin is the largest sum which the ordinary railway passenger parts with easily; in charity, it seems, the coin is much smaller. Indeed, it is rather surprising to observe, in church-going families of means, how very small a sum is generally provided beforehand when a sermon "for the benefit" of something or other has been announced on the previous Sunday. Of course, however, there are exceptions to this economical practice. I remember a friend of mine, constant in his attendance at what used to be a famous "high church" place of worship in Knightsbridge, being asked in church, in my presence, by a total stranger to lend him his address-card and also a five-pound note for the collector. My friend complied; and after church I ventured to point out to him that he had been a little imprudent. It would have been easy enough to pretend to put something into that highly-ornamented velvet bag, and then to withdraw it; moreover, the charitable gentleman need not have been so eager with his handsome subscription, but might have sent his cheque the next day. My friend admitted the cogency of my remarks, and I (being very young at the time) congratulated myself not a little upon my superior intelligence and forethought. Only, by the first post next morning my friend got his money. Both these gentlemen were what, of course, would be called in the Great Republic "champion churchgoers"; but there are many benighted persons whose only notion of orthodoxy is a subscription, not to the Thirty-nine Articles, but to the plate. There is a pleasant American story of a storm at sea, when matters had become so serious that the skipper requested anyone acquainted with such matters to conduct a prayer-meeting in the chief cabin. Either through ignorance or modesty, everyone declined this office; but one gentleman, anxious to do something, however slight, in the direction indicated, observed that though preaching was out of his line, he would willingly "make a *Col*-lection."

It is an unfortunate peculiarity of the more combative of our philanthropists, and especially of those who have been called (not without some justice) Anti-everything-arians, that they seldom trouble themselves to study the nature of the subject they assail. They may be right enough in their views, but when they give their reasons for entertaining them they often show quite a curious ignorance of the matter in question and of those who practise what is found fault with. The teetotaller, for example (as if he had not work enough on his hands without making enemies outside the ring of spirit-drinkers), almost always falls foul of tobacco as being an incentive to intoxication; a statement which, to those acquainted with the subject, does not hold his favourite beverage—water. The habitual smoker hardly ever drinks, and tobacco has done more to banish wine from our dinner-tables than all the arguments that have been directed against it. This ignorance is caused, probably, by extreme virtue; the teetotaller knows nothing about "the poison pipe" and its contents; but the display of it weakens his cause. The Bishop and the Chancellor of Carlisle have recently been denouncing gambling, and with great propriety; for, next to drink, it is, perhaps, the vice that causes the most widespread misery. But (what is not surprising, perhaps, in a Bishop and a diocesan Chancellor) they do not seem very well acquainted with what they denounce. They contend that its immorality consists in the fact that "money passes from one man to another with a dead loss to one, and an unreasonable gain to another." This may be said of "threepenny whist" (and even that great moralist, Dr. Johnson, expressed his contempt for playing at cards "for nothing," as being a sheer waste of time) or of a bet of a pair of gloves with a lady. No person of commonsense would call this "gambling," any more than speculating in a raffle, which the Bishop admits he has done—though with an unsatisfactory result. The simple fact is that the proper definition of gambling is, playing for more than we can afford. Penny points at whist may be gambling in a very poor man, and pound points not be gambling in a rich one. When the game ceases to be an amusement from the size of the stake, and the stake, and not the game, is the attraction, then, and then only, gambling begins. The next greatest gamblers to the bookmakers on the turf, and the City clerks and small tradesmen who are ruined by them and led into crime, are often our bankers and merchant princes, who, though they never bet a shilling, "back their own opinion" in their "operations" with a freedom rarely seen at Doncaster or Ascot; their success in this is termed "commercial enterprise."

The "Man Hunter" is a story-book which should in these days, when we are all man (or monster) hunting, have a phenominal circulation. It purports to narrate the actual experience of a police detective, and is rather a good book of its kind; but as one reads about the hard nuts he had to crack, it cannot but strike one how very much harder is this terrible nut in Whitechapel. I am not one of those who cry shame upon the police because they have failed to discover what half the intelligence (and all the folly) of London has failed to disclose. By the time these words are read it is possible the mystery may be solved, and at least one-tenth of one's acquaintance will be telling us how they had predicted and even written (private) letters to the Home Office about it, from the very first; but at present even the most keen-sighted of us are all in the dark, and yet we expect that our policemen should know all about it as though the darkness were physical, and they must needs throw light upon it because they carry a lantern. For my part, I have reason to be impressed with the sagacity of the force with respect to this very matter. On the day after the last massacre, a friend and myself agreed to visit its scenes: such expeditions are not at all in our line, and I may say without vanity that though one individual may perhaps be discovered (in episcopal costume) as respectable-looking as either of us, there are not two persons in the world who, together, could be pronounced more respectable, or less likely to be found on any such errand. Yet this is what happened. Having taken a ticket by the Underground to Aldgate, we inquired of a police inspector on the platform whether the next train went thither—that and nothing more; and this is what he replied: "Yes, gentlemen; and when you get there you will turn to the right for Mitre-square, and to the left along the Commercial-road for Berner-street." Mr. Herbert Spencer himself could not have exhibited a greater talent for mental analysis; it would have been unnecessary (in the ridiculous supposition of either of us having been "disorderly") for that Inspector to have drawn his truncheon: he might have knocked both of us down with a feather.

What adds a grain of disgust to the mountain of horror excited by these crimes, is that, even if the wretch be caught, he will be probably found to be mad, and therefore will cheat the gallows. (*If* not mad, by-the-by, I wonder what the anti-punishment-of-death gentlemen will say to *him?* It will be rather a crucial test of "abolitionist" opinion.) Curiously enough, in the only case that can be said to be any sort of parallel to it, that of Renwick Williams (nicknamed "The Monster"), the criminal also escaped justice. *He* went about with a large knife slashing women—not only, however, in poor neighbourhoods like Whitechapel—and produced a panic in the whole sex. Being at last caught in the very act, in St. James's-street, he was tried on a number of charges; but, though capitally convicted, only suffered, for reasons best known to Father Antic the Law, two years' imprisonment for three of them.

It is said that when the need for leadership, whether intellectual or otherwise, arises, the leader appears with it—that when the hour comes we always find the man; but in this case we have certainly not found the man. It must also be admitted that no one has as yet shown himself "keen to track Suggestion to her inmost cell" in the attempt to find him. On the other hand, what is wanting in quality has been amply made up in quantity; never were there so many suggestions to "the proper quarter," nor such wild ones. Occurrences which seize the public imagination, as was seen in the Tichborne trial, prove, perhaps more than anything else, Carlyle's famous dictum as to what our population is "mostly" composed of. In a single day's voluntary contributions towards the solution of this mystery I notice no less than twenty theories, all of which might have emanated from Colney Hatch. The general impression seems to be that the murderer is a high-class religious enthusiast—of course it may be so; but I hope he will not, as usual, found a sect—and the most popular remedy is the employment of blood-hounds. Imagine a bloodhound, starting on this inquiry a week after the event, restrained with difficulty by two policemen, and followed and surrounded by certainly not less than twenty thousand persons attracted by that gratuitous spectacle! We must go to poetry—"The Questing Beast"—for a parallel to that sanguine and persevering animal. One gentleman writes: "I have seen boarhounds, not remarkable for hunting powers, carry scent up Regent-street and Portland-place, in the early morning, in either '81 or '82." This is, to me, as great a mystery as the murders. What *does* it mean? How did they "carry scent"? In scent-bottles, perhaps, round their necks, as the St. Bernard dogs carry brandy. Another writes that bloodhounds are not necessary; "bassets and dachshunds, from Germany, would be equally efficacious." This I quite believe, even though I have been hitherto under the impression that a basset was a fish. If it be so, they might hunt in couples—the dachshund on the pavement and the basset in the gutter. "The error is," observes this correspondent, "that scent is necessarily a foot scent. . . . It depends more on the will-of-the-wisp scent than the hounds." This, again, is entirely beyond my limited intelligence; but the writer has hit upon a good name for his own as well as the other theories. They are all will-of-the-wisps, leading us, if they emit light at all, upon a fruitless errand.

In gratitude to an old literary favourite, I must protest against one gentleman's theory who compares this Whitechapel ruffian to *Nick of the Woods*," the brutal hero of an old Indian story." He was not at all brutal, but one of the mildest of men, till the massacre of wife and little children by Red Indians drove him frantic with rage against that merciless race. It was not "a blind revenge," but a very intelligible antipathy, always directed against murderers of the worst type, and very much applauded by the youthful reader. "Possibly," writes this most amazing of all "our correspondents," "the Whitechapel fiend may have read the story of 'Nick of the Woods,' and made it his model." If so, he must be mad indeed. It is just as likely that he was inspired by "The Heir of Redcliffe."

The correspondence of the Versailles printer who was unexpectedly left a million of money the other day by a Transatlantic relative—or who said he had been left it—must be well worth printing. He has disappeared, and fortunately someone has taken upon himself to open the letters addressed to him. Everyone in the civilised world who wants a little money, and is not much troubled by the sense of obligation, seems to have applied to him: "Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, gentleman, apothecary, ploughboy, thief"—the last named class particularly numerous, though trading under other titles. No less than eight hundred letters, we are told, emanated from the fair sex. One of them goes so far as to say that "she doats on compositors"; another addressed her envelope to "M. Allamaher of Versailles, the Impersonation of Virtue Rewarded"; and another, with audacious frankness, "To the Heir of Five Million Dollars." To the world at large such a correspondence must seem incredible; but anyone who has occupied a position which by any stretch of fancy can be considered public will have little difficulty in believing in it. It is not necessary to have five millions of dollars to be supposed to hold one's property in trust for more or less deserving objects; while the interest evinced by total strangers in one's circumstances, opinions, habits, and even the state of one's liver would be complimentary (if one did not know better) in the highest degree. A letter which, in my humble capacity of British novelist, I had once the honour to receive from the other side of the world had reference to the organ above mentioned. "Dear Sir,—I perceive by the papers that you are indisposed, and I don't wonder at it, considering the life you lead." [This was a serious allegation, and from a total stranger, many thousand miles away, rather alarming. However, the next sentence reassured me.] "You don't take enough exercise. What's the matter with you is your liver. Take my advice, or you will repent it. Dig in your garden an hour before breakfast, and two hours before dinner. Use a three-pronged fork, not a spade, and throw the mould well over your shoulders. I remain, your SINCERE WELL-WISHER." Nothing could be more considerate; but the writer was, of course, unaware of the circumstances of my position. I have not got a garden, nor even a three-pronged fork; all my forks (except the carving ones) are four-pronged.

THE MAORI FOOTBALL TEAM.

The manly English game of football is practised with spirit in New Zealand not only by the Colonists and their sons of our own race, but by some of the new civilised generation of Maoris, among whom, in the North Island, many are educated in schools and colleges, adopt English fashions of dress, enter into business as farmers, sheep-owners, managers of saw-mills, and in other trades or industries, possess a fair share of property, ride and drive good horses, attend the races, and enjoy the amusements to which our own countrymen are partial wherever they reside. In the New Zealand team of football-players, however, now on a visit to England, there is a mixture of the two races, colonial and native; and their names, English, Scotch, Irish, and Maori, are W. Warbrick, D. Gage, M'Causland, Madigan, Keogh, Goldsmith, Elliott, Wynyard, Ellison, Webster, Maynard, Lee, Anderson, Taiaroa, and Karauria. They are dressed in black knickerbockers and jerseys, which in the case of the Maoris, with their dusky hue of face and hands, gives them a rather sombre aspect; but they are all men of fine growth, well knit and well proportioned, and are skilled adepts in all points of the game. When not playing, the Maoris wear certain mats and articles of their native costume at their public appearances. On Wednesday, Oct. 3, they came to Richmond for the first time, in order to play a match with the Surrey Club, beginning at half-past three in the afternoon. The Surrey men who contended with them were members of different clubs in Surrey—namely, Messrs. F. B. Hannen (Harlequins), A. B. Whitehead (Old Leysians), C. Jordan (Guy's Hospital), C. J. Prime (Guy's Hospital), W. R. M. Leake (Cambridge University), J. H. Bryant (Guy's Hospital), R. Allport (Clapham Rovers), N. F. Henderson (London Scottish), A. Allport (Guy's Hospital), W. P. Carpmael (Blackheath), J. H. Dewhurst (Richmond), T. A. Forde (St. Thomas's Hospital), J. Gould (Old Leysians), T. W. Lambert (St. Thomas's Hospital), and C. C. Moxon (St. Thomas's Hospital). The umpires were Messrs. C. Williams and F. W. Burnard; the referee, Mr. Rowland Hill. The game was played with great spirit and perseverance, but the New Zealanders, after a while, got the advantage by their greater collective weight and strength; and when, finally, "time" was run out, and "no side" was called, they left off the winners by one goal, and a "try" to a try. Their play is considered to be of high excellence; and on Saturday, Oct. 6, playing at Northampton against the picked men of that county, they were again victorious, scoring two goals and four tries to nothing.

Sir Charles Warren's report to the Home Secretary on the Metropolitan Police for 1887, shows that, while a considerable increase had been made in the number of the officers during that year, there had been a slight decrease in the strength of the men. The Commissioner has come to the conclusion that there is great need for a very considerable augmentation.

A large four-light stained glass window with elaborate tracery has been placed in the north transept of the parish church of Burley, near Leeds. The window has been placed by Mr. J. H. Denton in memory of his wife, who was a most active worker among the poor of the congregation. The artists are Messrs. Mayer and Co., who also, a short time ago, filled the window in the north-west aisle.

The first public pleasure-boat to be driven by electrical power on the River Thames was launched on Oct. 8. It is 65½ ft. long, and designed to carry eighty passengers, with a mean draught of 22 in. The electrical machinery and storage being placed below the deck fore and aft, leaves a clear run the whole length of the boat for passengers. In the middle is a handsomely fitted cabin with dining table, &c.

The Duke of Cambridge, accompanied by a brilliant staff, made an inspection, on Oct. 4, of the troops of all arms stationed at Aldershott, and witnessed some attack operations which were hastily organised for the occasion.—At Portsmouth on Oct. 6, in the presence of thousands of spectators, the Duke presented new colours to the Border Regiment, and in the course of a spirited address recalled his own associations with the old 55th.

Mr. Marshall, forty-seven years of age, while suffering, it is said, from an attack of delirium tremens, threw himself into the sea from the deck of the steamer Ionic, bound for New Zealand, while the vessel was lying in Plymouth Sound; and Mr. E. R. M'Kinstry, R.N.R., the second officer of the Ionic, jumped into the water after him, and in spite of the man's resistance, succeeded in saving his life. Mr. M'Kinstry was loudly cheered for his gallant act.

We have received from Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. four numbers of a publication entitled "Our Celebrities," each number containing three photographs, by J. Walery, of Regent-street, of persons of note in politics, literature, art, and society, with monographs by Mr. L. Engel. Among the portraits we may mention as particularly good those of Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.; Mr. George Lewis, the well-known lawyer, and Sir Morell Mackenzie, whose name is at present on so many lips. "Our Celebrities" will be welcomed by those who desire a more intimate acquaintance with the habits and appearance of our great men.

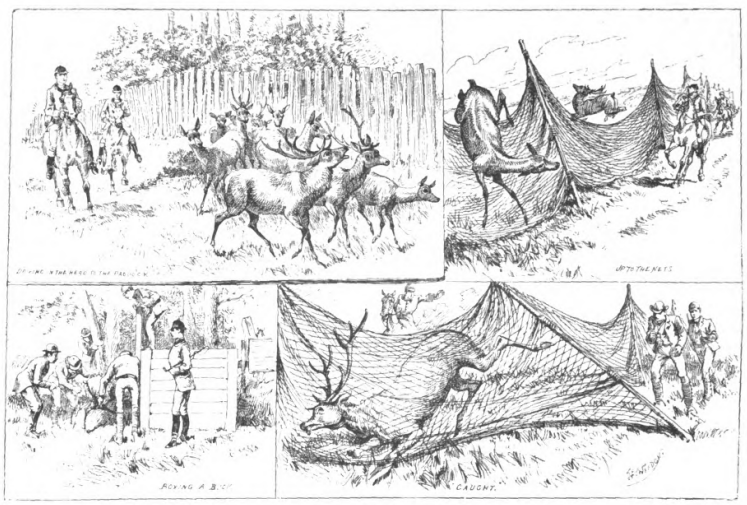
THE PLAYHOUSES.

After considerable and unprecedented delay the Savoy management permitted the public to know what name had been fixed on for the new comic opera. It had been rumoured that the subject had something to do with the Tower and executions in the days of Henry VIII., and that the daughter of a Tower warder had fallen in love with a political prisoner, and the grand chorus was to consist of Beefeaters in their gorgeous mediæval apparel, and that, warned by recent experience, Mr. Gilbert had resolved to give us a serious libretto. So one fine morning, within a few hours of the first performance, it was announced that "The Yeomen of the Guard; or The Merryman and his Maid" would be the title of the last contribution to Savoy comic literature. In a very few hours the result was known, and spread far and wide all over London. An emphatic success was secured. There was no doubt about that. Number after number was heartily encored. The excitement of the house never flagged. No doubt everyone present was prejudiced in favour of the authors of so many delightful works, and they were inclined to overemphasise their enthusiasm; but when all was said and done no one could doubt that the union of these two brilliant minds had resulted in one more fanciful work, ingenious in idea, delightful in melody, soothing to the senses, and harmless in every scene and detail. This is a recommendation that is often lost sight of when the Gilbert-Sullivan operas are critically examined. These careful and conscientious artists have ever given us an innocuous and wholesome entertainment absolutely devoid of offence. To the Savoy, people can turn without fear, and lead there the young and old alike. The young will not be awakened into curiosity, nor will the old be shocked with levity. These Savoy operas have travelled all over the civilised world, their jokes have been quoted, their songs have been sung in drawing-room, parlour, and humble cabin; yet never yet have words been construed in an evil sense, or music defiled with that false excitement and sensuous allurement, that can do as much harm as the most suggestive words that were ever written. In degrading his art the musician is often quite as much at fault as the poet; but to the honour of Sir Arthur Sullivan it must be said that he has elevated everything that he has touched. Wild and extravagant as have been Mr. Gilbert's jests, the musician has invested them with a fancy peculiarly his own, and there will be possibly only one regret in connection with "The Yeomen of the Guard," and that is that Mr. Gilbert has not cast his "Bab Ballad" manner wholly away and resolved to work up to Sir Arthur's high aims and imaginative fancies. Mr. Gilbert has been guilty of a compromise. He has not abandoned his theory of surprise, nor has he come out altogether in a new suit of raiment. In the new book there is an evident trace of the old Gilbert still. He cannot divest himself of his accustomed manners even in deference to Sir Arthur Sullivan's mute but silent appeal. One would have thought that the author of "Broken Hearts," of "Charity," of "Gretchen," and many another work, could have been serious for more than five minutes together. But it is only in his lyrics that he has surpassed himself, and that he is found superior to anything he has ever attempted before. One, at least, of his songs is a poem such as a Herrick, a Lovelace, or a Waller might have written. It is perfect in form and beautiful in fancy:—

Is life a thorn?	And I, war-worn,
Then court it not a whit;	Poor captured fugitive,
Man is well done with it.	My life most gladly give,
Soon as he 's born,	I might have had to live
He should all means essay	Another morn!
To put the plague away.	

Such a lyric as that—and there are plenty of the same pattern in Mr. Gilbert's book—does not belong to the nineteenth century. It is an imitation, and an admirable imitation, of the songs and love-lays of the period when Queen Elizabeth's lovers scratched odes in her honour with diamond rings on the Tower window-panes. If Mr. Gilbert can take the pains to write such verses as these, he can certainly look about him and some day give us a book relatively as good as Sir Arthur Sullivan's music. This he has not done. We feel the discrepancy. The musician seems struggling to rise superior to Gilbertian jingles and jokes; but it is only at odd times that his companion will allow him to soar. It is after all immaterial from what source Mr. Gilbert has derived his inspiration. If his new book were as good as "Don Cæsar de Bazan," or even that of the "Mariana" that was founded on it, no one would justly complain. In parts it is exquisitely finished; in parts it is feeble and commonplace. His verses were never better; but his subject-matter is often thin. He seems to struggle not to repeat himself, but breaks down in the attempt to be original. Still, for all that, this latest opera marks the recognised necessity of a change. The "Bab Ballad" days are over. They have been worn down to the last hair. Mr. Gilbert is wise not to attempt to force them any more on public attention in the form of comic opera. But he would be wiser still if he could see that he has a giant at his side who will no longer be forced into the narrow channels of Mr. Gilbert's ingenious conceits. Sir Arthur Sullivan has shown, times out of number, what he can do with his partner's muse. He has decked it out in gorgeous apparel. He has covered it with the garlands of musical fancy, and made the jesters and the clowns possible by means of imagination. The musician now stands firm to his ground, and asks for a loftier subject; and Mr. Gilbert will give it when he is persuaded—as he should be persuaded—that the time has come for him to put his shoulder to the wheel. No one can hear this new opera without a profound sense of satisfaction. The melodies may not be so "catchy" as of old, but the dignity of the score is most impressive. It is the kind of opera that cannot be appreciated at a sitting. We must hear it again and again in order to appreciate it. It is only by the thoughtless and the vulgar that such music should be condemned, because the gallery boy only finds one air that he can go home whistling or because the bandmaster, the quadrille-seller, and the valse-monger are at a loss where to turn for a convenient subject. Sir Arthur Sullivan has not written for the music-shop, the promenade, or the ball-room; but he has thrown into his score his ripe experience, his faultless taste, and his curious knowledge of the styles of past periods. There is not one bar that is not interesting, and in "The Yeomen of the Guard" the composer has done himself ample justice. Next time he will insist on a book that will lift his muse even higher and higher to success. In a word, then, in "The Yeomen of the Guard" Sir Arthur Sullivan has given us his best music and Mr. Gilbert infinitely his best lyrics. The book alone is trivial, and, in certain respects, unworthy of both.

But all serious criticism apart, the new Savoy opera is a delightful entertainment. The splendid stage picture of the old Tower of London, the brilliant costumes of the scarlet Beefeaters, the dresses, accurate to a girdle and a button, of the gallants and apprentices of London in the days of Henry VIII., the groupings, and the perfect order of the *mise-en-scène*, would attract attention even if the new story were thinner than it really is. Good taste and stage discipline can do no more in these realistic and extravagant days. The company, that has had some new recruits added to it, has seldom worked better together. The good services of Mr. Rutland Barrington have been lost to this popular theatre, where he has been well known for many a long year; but his place is admirably filled by Mr. Denny, a young comedian who made the acting success of the evening. Few who remember Mr. Denny as the stolid policeman in Mr. Pinero's "Dandy Dick" had any idea that he is the possessor of an excellent voice, and could be safely used for comic opera. His performance of the jailer in "The Yeomen of the Guard" is an admirable and conscientious rendering of a difficult character. Mr. Denny is an admirable foil to the quaint funniments of Mr. George Grossmith, the jester, who does his utmost to lighten and brighten the text. Mr. Courtice Pounds has not only a sweet tenor voice, but he acts without that wooden self-consciousness that belongs to operatic tenors in general. A tenor in a dramatic sense is only another name for pardonable stupidity. But Mr. Pounds does not bring to the stage the airs and affectations of the concert-room. He is cast for a sentimental gallant of a past era, and he well represents the man he is intended to be. Both Mr. Denny and Mr. Courtice



CATCHING DEER IN WINDSOR PARK FOR THE QUEEN'S BUCKHOUNDS.

Pounds are a great acquisition to the company. Miss Ulmar has never to our recollection sung or acted so well. Her voice has improved in quality, and her dramatic rendering of the wedding scene was admirable. Many could have wished that Miss Rosina Brandram had a better part, or, at least, one song to enable her to show her taste and finish in simple vocalisation. Mr. Temple is as useful as ever, and the chorus is the finest that has been assembled at the Savoy for some considerable time. In fact, only the very critical will find fault. The musician will be more than delighted with all he hears; the mere playgoer will find it difficult to complain; the lover of delicate and dainty verse will be loud in praise of Mr. Gilbert's lyrics; and the opera will grow upon the public ear. Few who have seen it once will hesitate to seize an early occasion for hearing it again.

Some interesting dramatic events are looming in the future. Mr. Rutland Barrington opens the St. James's Theatre with "The Dean and his Daughter," dramatised by Mr. Sidney Grundy, from the novel by Mr. Philips; Miss Caroline Hill, Miss Olga Nethersole, and Mr. Lewis Waller will be in the cast. On the following week the new Shaftesbury-Avenue Theatre will be opened with a grand performance of "As You Like It," cast with great care. Miss Wallis will be Rosalind, Miss Annie Rose, Celia; Mr. Arthur Stirling, Jaques; and Mr. Forbes Robertson, Orlando. Great pains will be taken with the music and the general scenery. The new theatre is a very large one, and will hold about 3000 persons. It is isolated, and can be emptied by innumerable doors in three minutes.

Captain Albers, of the Hamburg-American Company's steam-ship Wieland, has been made a Chevalier of the Dannebrog by the King of Denmark, for saving the lives of the passengers and crew of the Thingvalla, which foundered recently, after collision with the Geiser near New York.

The late Mr. Octavius Morgan, Lord Tredegar's uncle, who sat in Parliament for Monmouthshire for nearly fifty years, has bequeathed his collection of clocks and watches to the British Museum. There are between sixty and seventy clocks, many of them of great value.

An account of fish seized during the month of September by the fish-meters appointed by the Fishmongers' Company at and near Billingsgate Market and on board boats lying off that place shows that the total quantity of fish condemned was 59 tons 10 cwt. This included whelks, 9 tons, 2 cwt.; whiting, 23 tons 5 cwt.; mussels, 8 tons 13 cwt.; periwinkles, 5 tons 8 cwt. 3 qr.; haddocks, 3 tons 1 cwt.; shrimps, 3 tons 0 cwt. 3 qr.; sprats, 1 ton; and herrings, 1 ton 7 cwt. The weight of fish delivered at and near Billingsgate Market during the month was 13,368 tons.

THE QUEEN'S BUCKHOUNDS.

The Royal pack at Windsor, for the season now approaching has plenty of sport in store, as there are no less than sixteen of last year's stags now in Swindley Paddock, with the dozen deer captured recently in Windsor Great Park, not forgetting the one that was left out lying in Stoke Park, the seat of Mr. Wilberforce-Bryant. There is every prospect of Mr. John Harvey (the newly-appointed huntsman) opening a brilliant season; at any rate, he will be more successful than Mr. Frank Goodall, who has just retired, was last season. The forest runs will be continued through the month of October, the meets being every Tuesday and Friday at the Royal Hotel, Ascot Heath, each day at ten o'clock, previous to the regular hunting season, which will not be before the first Tuesday in November. On Tuesday, Oct. 2, they commenced forest-hunting. Although the morning was dull there was a capital field out. Mr. Harvey, with his whips, Cunnings, Bartlett, and Strickland, all well mounted, trotted over with the hounds from the Royal Kennels, where a number of sporting gentlemen and regular followers of the Queen's had assembled, amongst whom were many of the Guards' officers from Windsor. Shortly after ten o'clock a move was made to the Swindley Paddock, Windsor Forest, where a fine deer was let loose, and went away in excellent style towards Wokingham. It then doubled over a nice bit of hunting country right away to Surly Hall, by the side of the Thames, which it crossed near Windsor Racecourse, and was taken at Cippingham Farm, near Slough, after a first-class run. Everybody seemed to enjoy the day's sport.

OBITUARY.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY KEATING.

The Right Hon. Sir Henry Singer Keating, P.C., LL.D., died on Oct. 1. He was born in 1804, the third son of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Sheehy Keating, K.C.B., Colonel 33rd Foot; was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1832, and made a Queen's Counsel in 1849. He went the Oxford Circuit, and became M.P. for Reading, 1852 to 1859. He filled the office of Solicitor-General 1857, 1858, and 1859, and in the latter year succeeded Mr. Justice Crowder as one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas. He married, in 1843, Gertrude Marianne, daughter of Major-General Evans, R.A., and was left a widower in 1864. Sir Henry enjoyed the respect and esteem of his judicial confrères. His learning was considerable, used habitually without ostentation, and his gentle and courteous nature made him a universal favourite.

SIR A. MUSGRAVE.

Sir Anthony Musgrave, Governor of Queensland, died at Brisbane, suddenly, on Oct. 9. His Excellency, who was the third son of the late Dr. A. Musgrave, Treasurer of Antigua, was born in 1828. He was appointed Treasurer of Antigua in 1854, Administrator of Nevis in 1860, Lieutenant-Governor of St. Vincent 1862, and of Natal in 1872. In 1864 he became Governor of Newfoundland, and was made Governor of British Columbia in 1869. Sir Anthony went to South Australia in 1873 to occupy the position of Governor there, and in 1876 held a similar post in Jamaica. He had been Governor of Queensland since 1883. Sir Anthony was twice married.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Colonel Spencer Rimington, late Bombay Staff Corps, at Ealing, on Sept. 19.

Mr. Lewis Holland Thomas, of Caerffunon, Merionethshire, J.P., on Sept. 28, aged seventy-six.

Captain John Sumner Eaton, late of the Royal Navy, at Ryde, Isle of Wight, on Sept. 27, aged forty-eight.

Major-General Charles Pulley, late Madras Army, at Shanklin, Isle of Wight, on Sept. 28, aged sixty-four.

Mr. John Leighton Wade Dennett, of Woodmancote Place, Henfield, Sussex, on Sept. 29, in his forty-seventh year.

Rev. Andrew Veitch, late Rector of South Ferriby, Lincolnshire, at Harrogate, on Sept. 27, in his seventy-sixth year.

Mr. John Arthur Locke, of North Moor House, Somerset, on Oct. 2, aged seventy-three. He was educated at Eton, and was a Magistrate for Devon and Somerset.

Mr. Bartholomew Charles Gidley, M.A., suddenly, at his residence, Hoopern House, near Exeter, on Oct. 1, aged forty-nine. He was for fourteen years Town Clerk of Exeter.

Mr. George Stovin Venables, Q.C., on Oct. 6, at his residence in Curzon-street. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1836, and took silk in 1863. He had been for many years a Bencher of his Inn.

Major-General Antonio Mattei, C.M.G., late Royal Malta Fencible Artillery, at his residence in Sliema, Malta, on Sept. 17, aged eighty-four. He was son of Mr. Francis Mattei, and entered the Army in 1825, from which he retired in 1877.

The Hon. Mrs. William Byron (Mary), youngest daughter of the Rev. John Burnside, of Lamcote House, Notts, late Rector of Plumtree, and wife of the Hon. and Rev. William Byron, M.A., uncle of the present Lord Byron, at 17, Portland-place, on Oct. 2, aged fifty-seven.

Lieutenant-General Charles Preston Molony, Madras Staff Corps, on Sept. 27, at Tenby. He was the third son of the late Rev. Weldon Molony, Rector of Dunleckney, county Carlow, and married, in 1855, Rosa Elizabeth, elder daughter of Sir Thomas Fetherston, fourth Baronet.

Admiral Augustus Henry Ingram, on Oct. 5, at 10, Chilworth-street, Westbourne-terrace, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He entered the Navy as cadet in 1821, and received his Lieutenant's commission in the same year as her Majesty ascended the throne. He served in the war-ship Blonde as Lieutenant in the operations against Canton, receiving for his services a medal.

The Archbishop of Canterbury on Oct. 8 reopened the church of St. Alphege at Canterbury, which has recently undergone complete restoration.

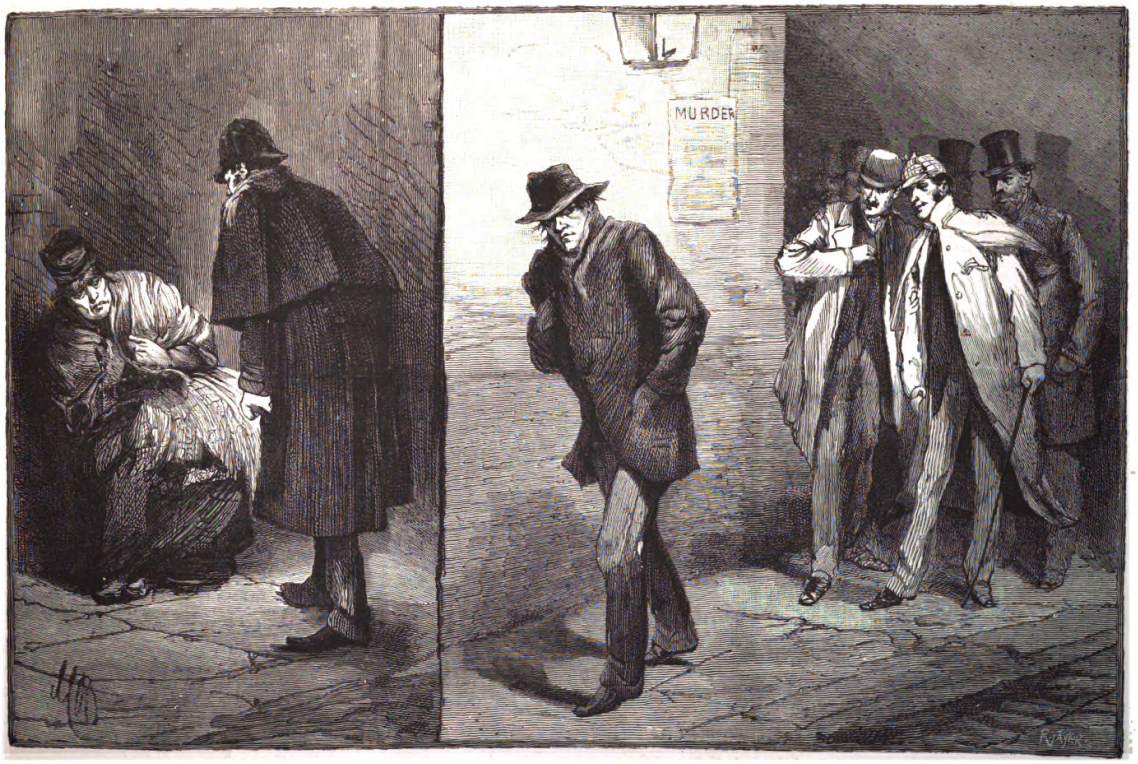


THE NEW OPERA, "THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

SEE "THE PLAYHOUSES."



OUTCASTS SLEEPING IN SHEDS IN WHITECHAPEL.



HOMELESS. A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.

WITH THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE IN THE EAST-END.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Oct. 9.

President Carnot has been making another triumphal progress through his dominions, this time honouring Lyons with his presence. Now, Lyons is an independent Republican centre, where all opinions, even the most advanced, have their representatives—noisy representatives, too—ready to catch every war cry and word of order. Nevertheless, at Lyons, just as at Bordeaux and in Normandy, nobody says anything to President Carnot about the revision of the Constitution, but everybody says a great deal about local, industrial, commercial, and agricultural interests, and about the necessity of peace, stability, and steady labour. There is reason to believe that such is the true sentiment of the serious and laborious majority of Frenchmen. The cry of revision is that of the would-be disturbers of public order; it is the cry of the Extreme Left of the Chamber, raised purely in the interests of a Parliamentary and press campaign: it is the cry of the Boulangists. Such being the case, is it not astonishing to see M. Floquet—who is at the head of the Cabinet, and who assumes to be a statesman—joining in this revisionist clamour, hurrying on the movement, and depriving the legislative machine of its last counterpoise? M. Floquet thus lays himself open to charges of neglect of his duty towards his party and towards his country, and his fall becomes surer every day.

To make his situation still worse, M. Floquet has conceived the very inopportune idea of a decree obliging all foreigners residing or intending to reside on French territory to make a declaration at the police bureaux, and state their origin and means of existence, with documents to prove their identity. In France this decree has been most severely and unanimously blamed as being contrary to the spirit of French liberty and hospitality; it is also pronounced to be illegal, inapplicable, and useless, and its revocation by the Chamber is foretold to be inevitable. Meanwhile, since Oct. 4 the Prefecture of Police has been receiving the declarations of strangers at the rate of about four hundred a day; and, apart from the waste of time, the ordeal is not very terrible. Travellers, tourists, and passing visitors to France are not required to make any declaration; the decree, however, is silent as to the period of time during which a man may be considered to be a "passing visitor." That this decree is useless seems to be quite clear; that it is undignified and inopportune on the eve of the Universal Exhibition, and months after the German measures concerning Alsace-Lorraine, is also evident. That the Chamber will revoke the decree may be hoped. The number of foreigners resident in France amounts, according to recent statistics, to 1,100,000, of whom 36,000 are English. M. Floquet's decree is supposed to be directed against the Belgian and Italian workmen who abound in the French labour market; but, as has been pointed out by several, these foreign workmen are chiefly employed in work which the French workmen refuse.

The cold weather has set in here, and the beginning of winter has been notified to the observer of minute details by two phenomena—the appearance of furs in the Allée des Acacias, and the return of the Savoyards, who are now tranquilly roasting chestnuts in their familiar portable ovens at every street corner. A final and conclusive proof that the holidays are over is the fact that the terrible Boulanger has emerged from his summer hiding-place and resumed his cynical campaign. "We have no need of a political platform or programme," he said to an interviewer, the other day; "we have only to keep quiet and to take advantage of the mistakes of the Government."

The theatres continue to revive old pieces, as if there were really a diminution of creative energy in the dramatic world. At the Variétés we have a revival of Offenbach's "Barbe-Bleue," with Jeanne Granier in the rôle created by Schneider more than twenty years ago. At the Porte Saint-Martin, the old, old "Courrier de Lyon" has reappeared on the bill, with Paulin Menier in the rôle of Choppard, which he created, likewise, more than twenty years ago. Old as it is, the "Courrier de Lyon," with Paulin Menier, is one of the plays best worth seeing.

Paris has recently been gifted with a new public school for girls—the third, called Lycée Molière, and situated at Passy. These lycées, of which the idea dates only from 1880, are very popular, thanks to their healthy and joyous construction, and thanks also to their practical and unpretentious programme of study. The pupils, all out-students or day-boarders, aged from seven to seventeen, are taught morality, French language, literature, and history, general history and geography, natural history, physics, chemistry, arithmetic, drawing, vocal music, one modern language, English or German, gymnastics, and practical dressmaking. The cost of this course of study is £10 a year for the pupil from seven to twelve, £14 for the pupils from twelve to seventeen years of age, and £34 for the day-boarders. Each of these lycées has from sixteen to twenty professors, nearly all women. The new Lycée Molière has cost the Government to build £80,000.

The newspaper statistics of Paris inform us that at the beginning of the present year there existed 1648 periodical publications, comprising 94 political journals, 56 literary, 66 illustrated, 16 diplomatic or economic, 17 assurance, 63 Catholic, 21 Protestant, 2 Israelite, 24 Freemasonry, 27 military, 25 sporting, 146 financial, 85 commercial, 20 theatrical, 84 legal, and 60 fashion journals. The reviews comprised 83 political and literary, 134 medical, 128 fine arts, engineering, and technology, 71 scientific, 72 pedagogic, 34 civil service and administration, 43 agriculture and horticulture, 32 bibliography. In 1887 there were created 493 new periodical publications, of which 243 perished before the end of the year.

Through the death of Gustave Boulanger there is a vacancy at the Institut de France in the fine-arts section. The candidates are the painters Henner, Jean Paul Laurens, Carolus Duran, Lefevre, and Puvis de Chavannes.

T. C.

The King of Portugal arrived on Oct. 7 at Barcelona, where he stayed for a few days; his Majesty afterwards visiting Madrid.

A banquet in honour of Mr. De Keyser, the Lord Mayor of London, was given on Oct. 9 in the Townhall, Brussels. Among those present were the Belgian Minister of Public Works and Lord Vivian, the British Minister in Belgium.

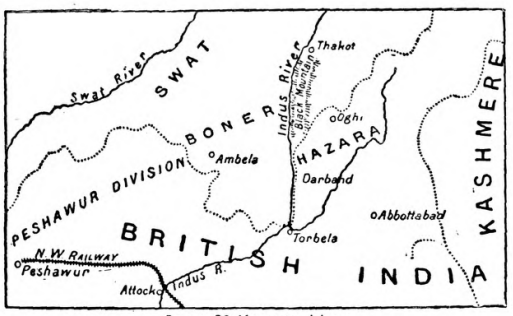
The Czar and Czarina have received several deputations from the Caucasian tribes, and have made several excursions to surrounding districts. Their Majesties have paid a visit to Batoum, being present at the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a new orthodox cathedral. They afterwards left for Tiflis.—The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Sergius and the Grand Duke Paul of Russia and suite have arrived at Beyrout, and are travelling in Syria, the arrangements being under the superintendence of Mr. T. A. Cook.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

It will be remembered that we published the Portrait of Captain H. B. Urmston, of the 6th Punjaub Infantry, who was killed, with Major Battye, of the 5th Ghoorkas, on June 18, in the Agror valley, near the Oghi outpost beyond Abbotabad, in a conflict with the revolted Akhalzai tribe of the Black Mountain. Abbotabad is the frontier military station in the Hazara district, which is situated to the north of Rawul Pindi, in the Punjaub, and to the east of Peshawur. The mountain range overlooking this district, and called "the Black Mountain," is infested by fanatical and hostile tribes, whose incursions have often given some trouble to the British Indian Government. An expedition to punish the enemy, commanded by General M'Queen, set forth in the first days of October; the first column to move up the Kairkat Ridge and on to Chittabut; the second column to Barachar and Bampur Gali, throwing out a regiment to Nimla, and thus connecting itself with General M'Queen, commanding the third column, which would move up the Sumbalbut spur, and thence across the ridge to Seri. The fourth, or river column, the objective of which was Kotkai, advanced eight miles along the Indus, driving off the enemy from the intervening ridge with shells, and the enemy lost five killed. On Oct. 5 the first three columns occupied the ridge and the fourth seized Kotkai. The first column lost two men killed and two wounded; the third column lost five wounded. The fourth met with the severest opposition. After the Royal Irish Regiment had carried the enemy's position, about two miles from Kotkai, some Ghazi fanatics delivered a counter-charge, but were repulsed and killed to a man. Captain Beley, D.S.O., of the staff (a most promising officer), one native officer, two privates of the Royal Irish Regiment, and one Sepoy were killed; and Captain Radford, Lieutenant Cleeve, eleven European privates, and one Sepoy were wounded. The enemy's loss amounted to about 200. The advance of the third column was delayed by the non-arrival of the baggage. Colonel Crookshank, C.B., commanding the fourth, or river, column, was wounded on the 5th while making a reconnaissance. On the 9th, the first column was five miles to the north of Chittabut, while the third column had burnt the enemy's villages on the western side of the mountains.



THE LATE CAPT. C. H. H. BELEY, 25TH BENGAL LIGHT INFANTRY,
Killed on the Black Mountain, North-west Frontier of India.



SCALE 32 MILES TO 1 INCH

MAP OF THE BLACK MOUNTAIN, HAZARA DISTRICT, NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA.

The Portrait of Captain Beley, of the 25th Bengal Light Infantry, appears on this page. Charles Harold Hepworth Beley, a near relative of the Rev. C. Beley, Vicar of Manningtree, Essex, was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton, in Devonshire; as a boy he was always bright and cheery, full of pluck and animal spirits, but thoroughly steady and reliable. He was one of the most promising young officers of the Indian Army, had served in the Afghan War, taking part in the famous march from Cabul to Candahar, and in the battle of Candahar, when he was mentioned in despatches. He had passed the Staff College, and had certificates of proficiency in Pushtu (the language of the Afghans), Punjaubi, and Russian. He was for some time attached to the Indian Intelligence Department, where his attainments were fully recognised both by Sir Charles MacGregor and Sir Frederick Roberts. He accompanied Sir Frederick Roberts to Mandalay, and was in 1887 appointed Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General in the Punjaub Frontier Force. A private letter received from him at the time says, "Am I not lucky to get the post? It suits me admirably, and General M'Queen is a first-rate man to serve under." He was busily engaged, amongst other things, in sorting a collection of General MacGregor's papers, when he was posted to the Black Mountain Expedition.

Colonel A. C. W. Crookshank, C.B., who has been severely wounded, served many years at army headquarters, and since May, 1887, has been in command of the 34th Pioneers. He commands a column of the Hazara Expeditionary Force. Colonel Crookshank served in the Jowaki Expedition and in the Afghan War, for which he was made a brevet Lieutenant-Colonel.

In connection with the affair of June 18, when Captain Urmston and Major Battye were killed, the name of the brave native officer, a Subahdar of a Ghoorka regiment, who behaved with conspicuous gallantry on that occasion, was incorrectly spelt in our notice accompanying his Portrait. It should have been printed "Kishenbir Nagarkoti." For this correction, and for other interesting information, we are indebted to Colonel W. T. Stuart, of Balmoral Lodge, a retired officer of the Bengal Staff Corps, who was military interpreter to the Sappers and Miners during sixteen years, and held important posts on the staff in the Afghan Campaign.



COLONEL THOMAS GRAHAM, R.A.,
Commanding the Sikkim Force in the War with Thibet.

THE SIKKIM FIELD-FORCE.

Some account of the hostilities which have arisen between the Government of British India and the singularly sequestered nation of Thibet, on the mountain frontier of Sikkim, to the north of Darjeeling and Bhotan, within a few hundred miles of Calcutta, has been given in this Journal. The officer commanding the field-force engaged in these operations, Brigadier-General Graham, who has returned to the new fort of Gnatong, in Sikkim, after his advance with little opposition into the Chumbi valley, merits further notice, and we are enabled this week to present a Portrait of him. Colonel Thomas Graham, of the Royal Artillery, is the youngest surviving son of the late General Joseph Graham, of the Bengal Army. He entered the Service in the year 1858. He served on the North-west Frontier at the last Black Mountain Campaign, for which he has the medal; and throughout the Afghan Campaign, including the capture of Cabul and the march to Candahar, receiving the medal and bronze cross. He has recently served in Burmah, whence he had hardly returned when he was selected for the command of the Sikkim Expeditionary Force. He is brother of Vice-Admiral Graham, R.N., now residing at Kingston, Surrey.

OUTCASTS AT THE EAST-END.

The repeated horrible murders and mutilations of the dead, perpetrated in the dark nooks and corners of a wretched quarter in the vicinity of Whitechapel and Spitalfields, with the failure of the police either to detect the criminal or to guard against the commission of these atrocities, have excited much alarm. Various suggestions have been offered in the correspondence of the daily newspapers, or submitted to Sir Charles Warren, the Chief Commissioner of Police; and it has even been proposed that the keen scent of bloodhounds should be employed to track the retreating path of the murderer. A local "Vigilance Committee" has been formed to watch the neighbourhood of low lodging-houses, and the lonely courts and alleys, where the miserable female victims of the indescribable cruelties that have shocked the public mind are stated to have been accustomed nightly to resort. One of our Artists, having accompanied such an exploration of the dismal haunts of a degraded class of the city population, amongst whom, it may be charitably hoped, not a few are comparatively innocent of crime or vice, presents Sketches of the figures and groups that he has seen, which, in any case, must appeal to humane feelings of regret and earnest desire to check the downward course of so many of our fellow-creatures in the foul places of great and mighty London.

The Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, which has been closed for several weeks, will be reopened on Sunday, Oct. 14.

A Papal Bull has reached Dublin, appointing the Very Rev. Michael Comerford, Monasterevan, Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

The King of the Hellenes, accompanied by the Crown Prince of Denmark, arrived on Oct. 8 at Athens, where they were heartily welcomed by the inhabitants.

A reconnaissance in force was made at Souakim on Oct. 8. The Egyptians lost two men killed and twenty-five wounded. It is believed that the enemy suffered severely.

On Oct. 9 the thirteenth annual show of the British Dairy Farmers' Association was commenced at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and was a decided success. Her Majesty carried off two first-class prizes.

A shelter capable of accommodating three hundred homeless waifs was opened on Oct. 8 at 39, Mile End-road, Whitechapel. This is an important addition to the vast system of charitable relief for which the East-End of London is becoming quite as remarkable as for its poverty.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION UP THE CONGO AND ARUWIMI.

This present contribution of notes and Illustrations of a deeply-interesting subject brings us up to the time when Mr. Herbert Ward came down to the coast with news and despatches for the London chiefs of the Emin Bey Expedition. On Feb. 4, this year, at the Aruwimi Camp, he writes: "Jameson's third anniversary of his marriage. We were not able to do much in the celebration line. The Arabs started firing at early dawn, and then set on fire the village they attacked. It was a pretty, if sad, sight to see the place burning; I have sketched it (No. 1) for you. The Arabs killed eight men, and brought in the head of one who must have been a fine fellow. Jameson and I sketched it, and we shall pickle, salt, and preserve it, so that the head can be mounted. Another head they lost—dropped it in the river. The unhappy natives in hundreds took to their canoes and made for up-stream, but are being slaughtered by the Arabs, who occupy an island in the midst of almost impassable rapids."

Looking over Ward's letters and notes at about this date, I am increasingly impressed with the difficulties Major Barttelot had to surmount in the management of his camp. The scarcity of food and the demoralisation of a long-delayed advance, together with the slave-hunting raids of neighbouring Arabs, made the maintenance of discipline less easy as it became more important. Mr. Stanley's military officer in command at Aruwimi seems to have been forced into severely punishing his insubordinate followers. "Bangari" writes Ward, "who stole some goat-meat, and who had 200 lashes with a chicotte, and who has to parade daily in heavy chains for punishment, has grown tired of it, and succeeded in getting away with his guard's gun and twelve rounds of ammunition. He is a very hardened scoundrel, and I should not be surprised if he has concealed himself near by in the forest, so as to have a shot at one of us as we walk up and down in the evening outside the fort. A search-party is being sent out after him."

The Arabs in their raids do not have it all their own way. They fall now and then, and after the fighting are used to furnish forth cannibalistic feasts. Providence, however, is most frequently, it would seem, on their side. There are no incidents more pathetic in the history of slave-dealing than the inhuman huntings and burnings, and human captures of the Arabs in Central Africa. But once in a way the slave-catchers meet with their deserts. "Feb. 5, Sunday," Ward writes: "This morning some of the raiders came down from up-river, with news of a defeat of ten of their number, cut to pieces by the natives, who sought refuge in their canoes above the rapids. Selim and his men started off, some by the bank and some in canoes, to continue their awful work up-river; they returned in the evening, having only killed two natives." On the next day Selim informed Ward that the natives, 200 and more, had escaped in the darkness down the river. Two canoes had not got away, and he was able to kill two of their occupants. Arriving at the spot where his ten men had fallen, he found their fingers tied in strings to the scrub of the river-bank, and some cooking-pots containing portions of their limbs and bones. Selim's men were of the Manyema tribe, referred to in previous notes. It was a Manyema, according to the telegrams, who shot Barttelot. The Illustration No. 11 is a portrait of one of Tippoo Tib's slave-catchers. I gather, here and there, in the letters from Ward, suggestions something in the nature of surprise at the delay of the advance on the ground that the Manyema men, having taken Barttelot and the rest on to a given point, might have raided and hunted in new ground, and, no doubt, have obtained much spoil of slaves and ivory. All the more does this, by inference, lay the blame of the delay on Tippoo Tib, who could, one cannot help thinking, have compelled a forward march within a reasonable time. Major Barttelot went on, at last, beset with many unexpected difficulties.

The horrors of the Arab slave-trade have been described with a powerful and sympathetic pen by Stanley in all his books on the Congo. It was his first revelations in this direction that stimulated General Gordon's desire to go to the Congo country and "serve with and under" Stanley. My friend Ward frequently refers to the ghastly trade in his letters, and one of his latest drawings (No. 16) gives gruesome and pathetic point to the subject. "There are many slave women," Ward says, "with the Manyema people." The entire country seems to be more or less in a continual ferment of warlike trouble, largely the result of the Arab raids. There are tribal wars, of course; but the diplomatic skill and kindly influences of capable and experienced Englishmen would, in many cases, be able to make peace and, in time, to establish friendship on mutual conditions of self-interest. That there are millions of natives in Central Africa capable of the ameliorating influences of civilisation has been sufficiently shown by Livingstone, Speke, Grant, Stanley, and others; and the Illustrations of what may almost be called their art industries show that many of the tribes possess both instinct and capacity of a high order in this direction. I have in my possession many very remarkable examples of Congo carpentry, basketwork, wood-carving, and pottery. Some of them were illustrated in my first series of papers founded upon the letters of my Congo correspondent. The page of pictures in this week's *Illustrated London News* gives further and very notable examples of native work, chiefly from the Aruwimi and in the neighbourhood of the camp where Stanley left his followers to collect fresh supplies and men. Even the bloodthirsty Manyemas, it appears, are adepts in weaving, and one pauses to remark that their ferocity has been stimulated by their Arab associations. Free from Arab attack, they, more or less, pay for this immunity from persecution by becoming persecutors and murderers on their own account: they carry on an active slave-hunting business for the Arabs. "I send you," says Ward (Feb. 25), "a sketch of a Manyema making grass-cloth (No. 7), showing the hand-loom process. This Manyema was one of my visitors, and he and others were much amused with a jumping-jack I had made out of cardboard."

During the first few weeks of March, Ward appears to have occupied most of his leisure ("and how we all hate this nothing-to-do, and want to get on," he says) in securing examples of "native utensils, chairs, pots, jars, &c.," many of which are engraved in the Illustrations accompanying these present notes. Among them it is curious to note a pair of "lemon-squeezers" (Group 13), used for pressing the juice from the mtúngŭ fruit, which is about 3 inches long, has a thick scarlet skin, is transparent, and has black seeds. A "toilet-case" is another notable suggestion of civilisation, not to mention a salt-strainer, and many pieces of daintily decorated pottery (14). The curious knife (shaped rather like the head of a large hornbill) was 19 inches long down to the goat-horn handle; its greatest width 1½ inches from point to point. It came from a native tribe somewhere on the Congo above Monungeri. A Soudanese sergeant told Ward that he had seen the same kind of knife among a tribe in the Soudan and that the weapon is "thrown somewhat on the principle of the boomerang." The Babulu knife taken from a village two hours below Yambuya, on the Aruwimi, by the Arabs, is no doubt purely an agricultural or jungle implement. The bowl (No. 15) was bought by Ward from the Manyema men at Yambuya, Feb. 2, 1888. It is 8 inches long and 8 inches wide, and is carved from a solid piece of soft wood.

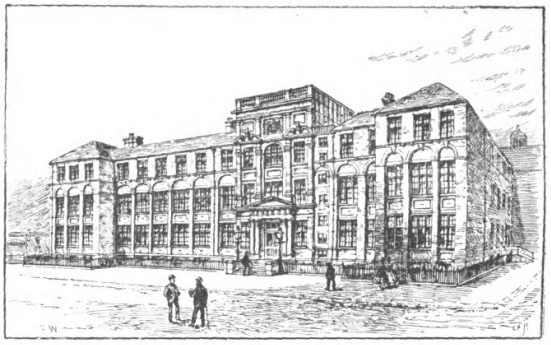
On March 24 Major Barttelot decided to send Ward to the coast with despatches and cable messages for the committee in London. "I am to start in five days," Ward writes to me in notes and letters which he himself carried to the coast with his official despatches. On this same March 24 he writes:—"Barttelot returned from the Falls, Jameson gone to Kanongo. Both have been very ill at the Falls, and, indeed, Barttelot looks awfully bad; very sorry for him." Five days later, Ward started, and made a remarkably quick journey to Boma, where he arrived April 28. His adventures by the way were numerous and occasionally full of peril, one incident of which is suggested (No. 10) in a sketch-reminiscence of the N'Iombo River, Bangala. In a letter posted to me at the end of his journey he has a sad note of reflection:—"What fatality there seems to be connected with all the Europeans who have had to go to the Falls!—1st, Bruny shot himself; 2nd, a Belgian officer died on his way up; 3rd, Werter, who went home very ill; 4th, Deane, who underwent awful perils; 5th, Dubois, who was drowned; 6th, Vanderwelde, who died the other day at Leopoldville, en route for the Falls; 7th, Spelmann, his companion, got sick and had to go home to save his life; 8th, Amelot, who died on his way to Zanzibar."

Since Ward jotted down these sorrowful notes, his friend Deane (who came out of a quiet retreat to shake hands with him en route to the coast) has died; Barttelot has been assassinated; and his genial, clever comrade Jameson has succumbed to fever, brought on, no doubt, by anxiety, scarcity of food, and hard work.

JOSEPH HATTON.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.

We gladly hail a fresh occasion to congratulate Sir Edmund Hay Currie and the other Beaumont Trustees—among whom are Mr. Spencer Charrington, M.P., the Rev. S. A. Barnett, Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. T. Dyer Edwardes, the Hon. C. W. Fremantle, Mr. Henry Green, Mr. E. S. Norris, M.P., the Rev. Harry Jones, Mr. S. Montagu, M.P., Mr. Albert Spicer, and Mr. F. Young—on the progress of this noble institution. In addition to the grand Queen's Hall and Concert-room, the Art Gallery and Exhibitions, the admirable Library and reading-rooms, the Gymnasium, the swimming-bath, the various classes for instruction and clubs for recreation freely organised in connection with the People's Palace, its founders have, by the liberality of the Drapers' Company, been enabled to establish Technical Schools, where thousands in that populous district will be able to improve their minds and perfect themselves in arts, sciences, and handicrafts. The formal ceremony of opening the new schools was performed on Oct. 5, by the Master (Mr. J. H. Daniell), assisted by the Wardens and Court of Assistants of the Company. The object of the school is to develop a boy's whole faculties by means of a systematic course of technical and manual training. It is not intended to teach a trade, but simply to provide for each boy an education for both head and hand. The instruction that will be imparted is not of a theoretical character only, but will be accompanied by daily systematic practice in the school workshops, five in number, which are well fitted with benches, iron and wood-turning lathes, drilling and planing machines, and other needful tools and appliances. There are nine class-rooms, which are well ventilated and lighted, in which instruction can be received in the various handicrafts at the rate of 6d. per week, or 5s. a quarter. In addition to these there is the lecture theatre, which will be utilised every evening throughout the winter months. A special feature of the schools is the photographic studio, where every branch of the art will be taught. The schools will be equal to the wants of 5000 evening students in the present winter session, which began on Monday, Oct. 8. The classes are open to both sexes and all ages.



NEW TECHNICAL SCHOOLS AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END-ROAD.

The following enumeration of the subjects taught will show, better than further general remarks, the wide scope and diversity of instruction. The Industrial, or practical trade classes, are those of tailors' cutting, upholstery, cutting and drapery, cabinet-making, plumbing, filing, fitting, turning, pattern-making, moulding, carpentry and joinery, plumbing, wood-carving, hand-rail and staircase work, boot and shoe-making, mechanical engineering, tool and instrument making, electrical engineering, laboratory, printing, etching, photography, telegraphy, metal-chasing and repoussé work. The Science classes teach mathematics, in two stages, plane and solid geometry, theoretical mechanics, elementary and advanced, physics, sound, light, and heat, inorganic chemistry, theoretic and practical, magnetism and electricity, steam and the steam-engine, building construction and drawing, machine construction and drawing. The Art and Design classes are those of freehand and model drawing, perspective drawing, geometrical drawing, and drawing from the antique, decorative designing, modelling in clay, wood-carving, chasing, and etching. The geometry class is open at half-fee to students of any other science, art, or technical classes. The commercial classes teach arithmetic of several grades, and book-keeping; while for a sound general education, and for language and literature, there are writing classes, with the addition of Pitman's shorthand, grammar and composition, elocution, Shakspeare, French and German, each with a special department of commercial correspondence, and classes of preparation for the Civil Service examinations, and for matriculation at the London University. It cannot be denied that a diligent course of study in a few of these general, literary, science and art classes, judiciously proportioned, might give a far better education than is to be obtained for £200 a year at certain great public schools resorted to by the sons of gentlemen and noblemen; the schoolmaster is now at the East-End, and the West-End must keep up with the improving standard of popular instruction. There are music classes, also, in which singing, elementary, advanced, and choral, is taught; the pianoforte, the violin, and the instruments of an orchestra, and those of a military band in concert. The special classes for females only are occupied with plain needlework, garment-making, dressmaking, millinery, art needlework, and cookery; and there is a separate class for Jewesses. Besides the above classes, forming what may be styled the People's Palace College, there is a day school of technical and handicraft preparatory teaching for boys, twelve years of age, who have passed the Fifth Standard in any elementary school. We would draw public attention to a neat little volume, compiled by Mr. Robert Mitchell, the "Calendar and Syllabus" of the People's Palace Technical Schools, published by Messrs. Thomas Poulter and Sons, which may be had also at the office of the People's Palace in Mile End-road. It sets forth with minute exactness all the details of school construction and subsequent examination, and the subjects of popular lectures to be delivered in the coming winter. This volume contains a series of plans of the apartments in the different floors of the new buildings erected for the Technical Schools, on the east side of the Queen's Hall. They do much credit to the architect of the People's Palace, Mr. E. R. Robson, of Palace-chambers, Bridge-street, Westminster, who also designed the Queen's Hall and the Library. The cost of the buildings hitherto erected by the Beaumont Trustees has been paid; but an appeal is made for additional funds to complete the whole scheme of the People's Palace.

TILTING AT THE RING.

The picture by Mr. Louis Gunnis, called "A Moment of Interest," which represents a trooper on horseback, displaying his skill, at a roadside inn, in the feat of tilting at the ring, is a work of considerable merit. It has this year won the prize given, by the late Mr. Cressy, for the best study for a picture, to be competed for by the members of the Lambeth Sketching Club. The artist is to be congratulated on a success which was deserved, as Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., kindly acted as judge.

"DISCRETION THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR."

The humorous representation of animals in a mood of excitement is one of Mr. Briton Rivière's special gifts of talent. This little girl, as the nursery proverb says, is too timid "to say Bo to a goose"; and she may well be terrified by the fierce attack of half-a-dozen of those strong birds, each nearly as big as herself, angrily hissing and menacing with their formidable beaks her plump and naked legs. The cause of their displeasure seems to have been some indiscretion of her pet dog, which has no doubt been chasing them, and barking at them, in the adjacent field, where the grave elders of the flock are seen awaiting the infliction of a judicial sentence of severe punishment on the canine offender. We cannot deny that the affectionate child has acted bravely in snatching up her favourite to carry him away to a place of safety. She is unfortunately not tall enough to reach the latch of the door; but it is to be hoped that somebody, aroused by the clamour of the geese, will open the door to her from within.

The old Theatre Royal, Dundee (which had been renovated and was to be opened on Monday, Oct. 8), was destroyed by fire on the morning of Oct. 6.

Mr. Corney Grain's new musical sketch, at St. George's Hall, advertised for production on Monday, Oct. 8, has been unavoidably postponed to Monday, Oct. 15.

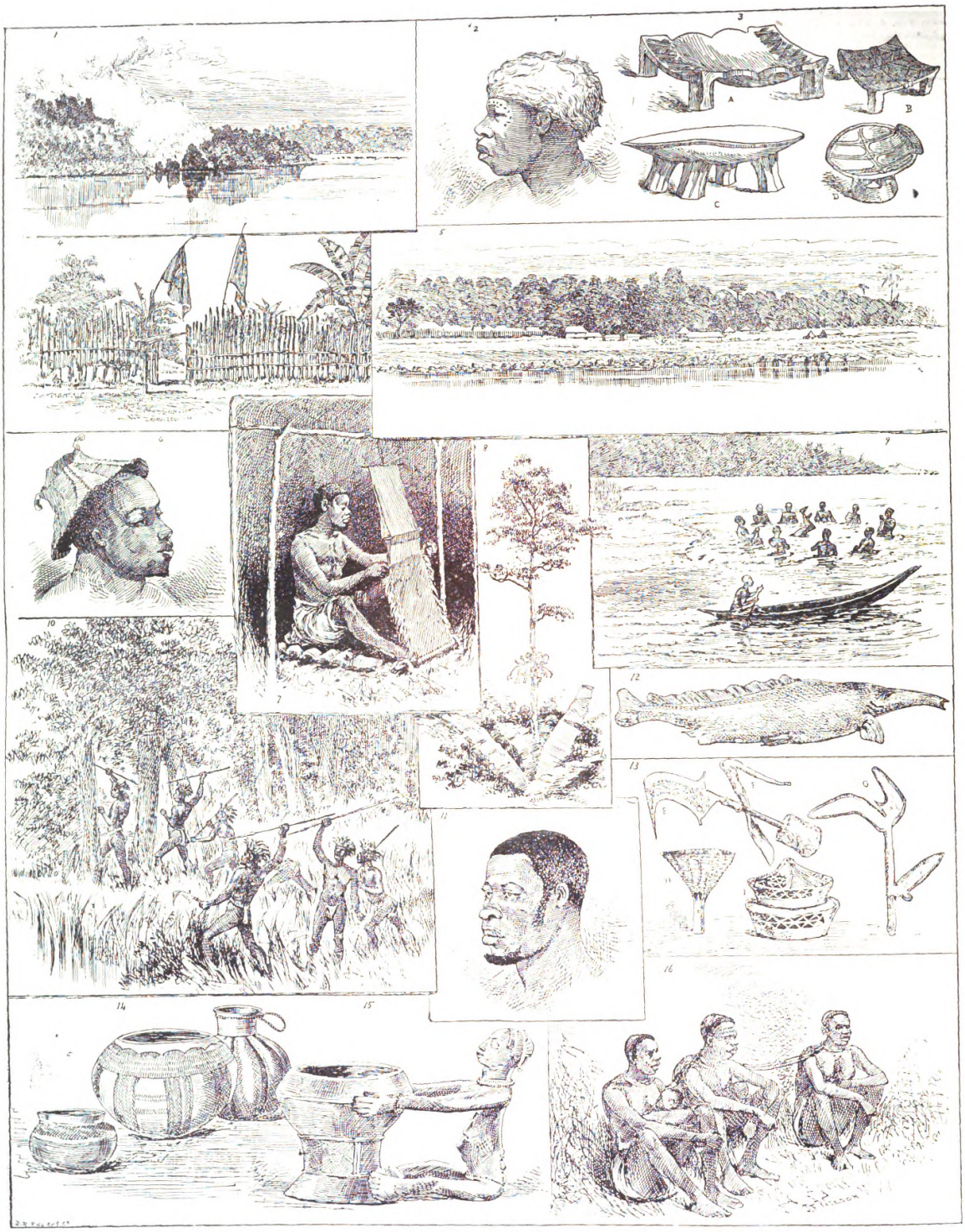
Mr. Alderman Whitehead, the Lord Mayor-Elect, has stated that, while he desires that the procession on Nov. 9 shall be worthy of the Corporation, he is opposed to circus displays, "which neither accord with his tastes nor with the dignity of the City." Should the cost be less than usual he proposes to give the surplus to the poor.

The Governors of Christ's Hospital have given notice that during the month of October they are prepared to pay 700 pensions of £10 each to blind persons. Persons who have never occupied a higher position in life than labourers or journeymen, or domestic and menial servants, or who have been common beggars, or who have at any time received parish relief, will not be eligible for the benefits of the charity.

The autumnal meetings of the Congregational Union of England and Wales were opened at Nottingham on Oct. 8 by a devotional service conducted in Castle-gate Chapel by the Rev. T. Morley Wright, of Lewisham. A sermon was preached by Dr. Elmslie. About a thousand ministers and delegates have attended the meetings extending over the week. Delegates have been entertained by the Mayor, who on the 12th unveiled the statue of the late Mr. Samuel Morley in the town.

The Goldsmiths' Company have made a proposal to the Charity Commissioners for the foundation and endowment of an Industrial and Recreative Institute at New-cross. From the surplus of the City charities it is intended that the Commissioners shall set apart £2500 a year, to which the Company will add an endowment of a similar amount. Subject to the approval of Parliament, the Commissioners have accepted the scheme. Mr. Spicer estimates the value of the Company's gift at £85,000.

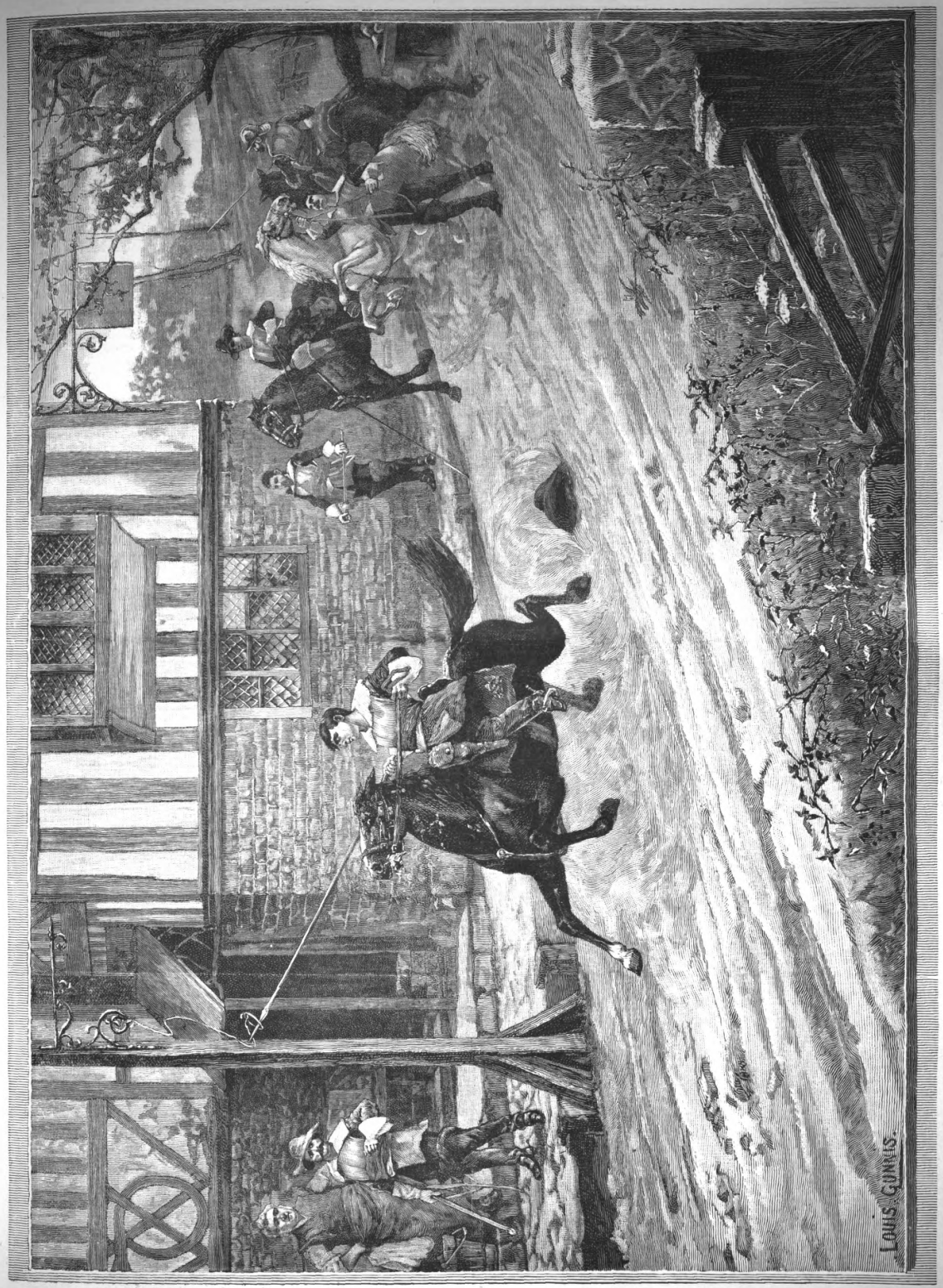
The Registrar-General's returns for the week ending Oct. 6 show that in London 2413 births and 1352 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 300, and the deaths 106, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 39 from measles, 24 from scarlet fever, 35 from diphtheria, 5 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 8 from enteric fever, 72 from diarrhœa and dysentery. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had increased in the five preceding weeks from 130 to 213, further rose last week to 239, but were 11 below the corrected average. Eight cases of suicide were registered.



1. Burning of M'Gunga's village by the Arab slave-raiders.
2. A native of Yangambi (brown monkey-skin hat, streaked with patches of light yellow).
3. Native chairs on the Aruwimi Rapids (Babulu's): A. 18 inches long, soft wood, light colour. B. 18 inches square, hard red wood. C. 16 inches square, light soft wood. D. 9 inches diameter.
4. Gateway in stockade of camp.
5. Site of Old Stanley Falls station.
6. Juna Makengeza, our cook.
7. Grass-cloth-making by hand-loom.
8. Staghorn-fern on tree at Yambuya camp.
9. Fishing.
10. Hostile natives, N'Iombo River, Bangala (Ward's canoe-voyage).
11. Kalema, of Banga, near Nyangwe (one of Tippoo Tib's slave-catchers).
12. Fish of Upper Congo, resembling elephant fish of Lower Congo.
13. E. Babulu knife. F. Adze, 5 inches long. G. Native knife, 19 inches long. H. Strainer, 4-inch high, used in salt-making. I. Lemon-squeezer used for pressing mtúngúú.
14. Native pottery, Aruwimi Rapids.
15. Bowl bought from Manyema men at Yambuya.
16. Slaves tied together.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION UP THE CONGO AND ARUWIMI.

SKETCHES BY MR. HERBERT WARD, A COMPANION OF MR. H. M. STANLEY.



TILTING AT THE RING: "A MOMENT OF INTEREST."
CRESSY PRIZE DRAWING AT THE LAMBETH SCHOOL OF ART.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BEFORE THE ASSIZE.



Then we sat down and waited. 'Twas all that we could do. Day after day we went to the prison, where my mother sat by my father, whose condition never changed in the least, being always that of one who slept, or, if his eyes were open, was unconscious, and, though he might utter a few rambling words, had no command of his mind or of his speech. Wherefore we hoped that he suffered nothing. "'Twas a musket ball had struck," the surgeon said, "in his backbone between the shoulders, whereby his powers of motion and of thought were suspended." I know not whether anyone attempted to remove the ball, or whether it was lodged there at all, because I am ignorant of such matters; and to me, whether he had been struck in the back or no, it was to my mind sure and certain that the Lord had granted my father's earnest prayer that he should again be permitted to deliver openly the message that was upon his soul; nay, had given him three weeks of continual and faithful preaching, the fruits of which, could we perceive them, should be abundant. That prayer granted, the Lord, I thought, was calling him to rest. Therefore, I looked for no improvement.

One other letter came from Robin, inclosing one for me, with which (because I could not leave my mother at such a time) I was forced to stay my soul, as the lover in the Canticle stayeth his soul with apples. I have that letter still; it hath been with me always: it lay hanging from my neck in the little leathern bag in which I carried the Duke's ring; I read it again and again, until I knew it by heart; yet still I read it again, because even to look at my lover's writing had in it something of comfort even when things were at their worst, and Egyptian darkness lay upon my soul. But this letter I cannot endure to copy out or suffer others to read it, because it was written for mine own eye in such a time of trouble. "Oh! my love!" he said. "Oh, my tender heart!" and then a hundred prayers for my happiness, and tears for my tears, and hopes for the future (which would be not the earthly life but the future reserved by merciful Heaven for those who have been called and chosen). As for the sharp and painful passage by which we must travel from this world to the next, Robin bade me take no thought of that at all, but to think of him either as my lover walking with me as of old beside the stream at home, or as a spirit waiting for me to join him in the heavenly choir. And so ending with as many farewells (the letter being written when he expected the Judges to arrive and the Assize to begin) as showed his tender love for me. No—I cannot write down this letter for the eyes of all to read. There are things which must be kept hidden in our own hearts; and, without doubt, every woman to whom good fortune hath given a lover such as Robin, with a heart as fond and a pen as ready (though he could never, like Humphrey, write sweet verses) hath received an epistle or two like unto mine for its love and tenderness, but (I hope) without the sadness of impending death.

It was four weeks after we were brought to Ilminster that the news came to us of the coming trials. There were five Judges—but the world knows but of one, namely, George, Lord Jeffreys, Chief Justice of England—and now, indeed, we began to understand the true misery of our situation. For everyone knew the character of the Judge, who, though a young man still, was already the terror alike of prisoners, witnesses, and juries. It promised to be a black and bloody Assize indeed, since this man was to be the Judge.

The aspect of the prison by this time was changed. The songs and merriment, the horseplay, and loud laughter by which the men had at first endeavoured to keep up their hearts were gone. The country lads pined and languished in confinement; their cheeks grew pale and their eyes heavy. Then, the prison was so crowded that there was barely room for all to lie at night, and the yard was too small for all to walk therein by day. In the morning, though they opened all the shutters, the air was so foul that in going into it from the open, one felt sick and giddy, and was sometimes fain to run out and drink cold water. Oh! the terrible place for an old man such as Sir Christopher! Yet he endured without murmuring the foulness and the hardness, comforting the sick, still reproving blasphemies, and setting an example of cheerfulness. The wounded men all died, I believe; which, as the event proved, was lucky for them. It would have saved the rest much suffering had they all died as well. And to think that this was only one of many prisons thus crowded with poor captives! At Wells, Philip's Norton, Shepton Mallet, Bath, Bridgwater, Taunton, Ilchester, Somerton, Langport, Bristol, and Exeter, there was a like assemblage of poor wretches thus awaiting their trials.

I said that there was now little singing. There was, however, drinking enough, and more than enough. They drank to drown their sorrows, and to forget the horrid place in which they lay and the future which awaited them. When they were drunk, they would bellow some of their old songs; but the bawling of a drunkard will not communicate to his companions the same joy as the music of a merry heart.

While we were expecting to hear that the Judge had arrived at Salisbury, the fever broke out in the prison of Ilminster. At Wells they were afflicted with the small-pox, but at Ilminster it was jail-fever which fell upon the poor prisoners. Everybody hath heard of this terrible disorder, which is communicated by those who have it to those who go among them—namely, to the warders and turnkeys, and even to the judges and the juries. On the first day after it broke out—which was with an extraordinary virulence—four poor men died and were buried the next morning. After this, no day passed but there were funerals at the churchyard, and the mounds of their graves—the graves of these poor country-men who thought to fight the battles of the Lord—stood side by side in a long row, growing continually longer. We—that is, good Mrs. Prior and myself—sat at the window and watched the funerals, praying for the safety of those we loved.

So great was the fear of infection in the town that no one was henceforth allowed within the prison, nor were the warders allowed to come out of it. This was a sad order for me, because my mother chose to remain within the prison, finding a garret at the house of the Chief Constable, and I could no longer visit that good old man, Sir Christopher, whose only pleasure left had been to converse with me daily, and, as I now understand, by the refreshment the society of youth brings to age, to lighten the tedium of his imprisonment.

Henceforth, therefore, I went to the prison-door every morning and sent in my basket of provisions, but was not suffered to enter; and though I could have speech with my mother or with Barnaby, they were on one side the bars and I on the other.

It was at this time that I made the acquaintance of Mr. George Penne. This creature—a villain, as I afterwards discovered, of the deepest dye—was to external appearance a grave and sober merchant. He was dressed in brown cloth and laced shirt, and carried a gold-headed stick in his hand. He came to Ilminster about the end of August or the beginning of September, and began to inquire particularly into the names and the circumstances of the prisoners, pretending (such was his craftiness) a great tenderness for their welfare. He did the same thing, we heard afterwards, wherever the Monmouth prisoners were confined. At Ilminster, the fever being in the jail, he did not venture within, but stood outside and asked of any who seemed to know, who were the prisoners within, and what were their circumstances.

He accosted me one morning when I was standing at the wicket waiting for my basket to be taken in.

"Madam," he said, "you are doubtless a friend of some poor prisoner. Your father or your brother may unhappily be lying within?"

Now I was grown somewhat cautious by this time. Wherefore, fearing some kind of snare or trap, I replied gravely, that such, indeed, might be the case.

"Then, Madam," he said, speaking in a soft voice and looking full of compassion, "if that be so, suffer me, I pray you, to wish him a happy deliverance; and this, indeed, from the bottom of my heart."

"Sir," I said, moved by the earnestness of his manner, "I know not who you may be, but I thank you. Such a wish, I hope, will not procure you the reward of a prison. Sir, I wish you a good day."

So he bowed and left me, and passed on.

But next day I found him in the same place. And his eyes were more filled with compassion than before and his voice was softer.

"I cannot sleep, Madam," he said, "for thinking of these poor prisoners; I hear that among them is none other than Sir Christopher Challis, a gentleman of great esteem and well stricken in years. And there is also the pious and learned—but most unfortunate—Dr. Comfort Eykin, who rode with the army and preached daily, and is now, I hear, grievously wounded and bedridden."

"Sir," I said, "Dr. Comfort Eykin is my father. It is most true that he is a prisoner, and that he is wounded."

He heaved a deep sigh and wiped a tear from his eyes.

"It is now certain," he said, "that Lord Jeffreys will come down to conduct the trials. Nay, it is reported that he has already arrived at Salisbury, breathing fire and revenge, and that he hath with him four other Judges and a troop of horse. What they will do with so many prisoners I know not. I fear that it will go hard with all; but, as happens in such cases, those who have money, and know how to spend it, may speedily get their liberty."

"How are they to spend it?"

"Why, Madam, it is not indeed to be looked for that you should know. But when the time comes for the trial, should I, as will very likely happen, be in the way, send for me, and whatever the sentence I warrant we shall find a way to 'scape it—even if it be a sentence of death. Send for me—my name is George Penne, and I am a well-known merchant of Bristol."

It was then that Barnaby came to the other side of the wicket. We could talk, but could not touch each other.

"All is well, Sis," he said; "Dad is neither better nor worse, and Sir Christopher is hearty, though the prison is like the 'tween decks of a ship with Yellow Jack aboard—just as sweet and pleasant for the air and just as merry for the crew."

"Barnaby," I said, "the Judges are now at Salisbury."

"Ay, ay; I thought they would have been there before. We shall be tried, they tell me, at Wells, which it is thought will be taken after other towns. So there is still a tidy length of rope. Sis, this continual smoking of tobacco to keep off infection doth keep a body dry. Cider will serve, but let it be a runlet, at least."

"He called you 'Sister,' Madam," said Mr. Penne, curiously. "Have you brother as well as father in this place?"

"Alas! Sir, I have not only my father, my mother, and my brother in this place, but my father-in-law (as I hoped soon to call him); and in Exeter Jail is my lover and his cousin. Oh! Sir, if you mean honestly"——

"Madam"—he laid his hand upon his breast—"I assure you I am all honesty. I have no other thought, I swear to you, than to save, if possible, the lives of these poor men."

He walked with me to my lodging, and I there told him not only concerning our own people, but also all that I knew of the prisoners in this jail—they were for the most part poor and humble men. He made notes in a book which caused me some misgivings; but he assured me again and again that all he desired was to save their lives. And I now understand that he spoke the truth indeed, but not the whole truth.

"Your brother, for instance," he said. "Oh! Madam, 'twere a thousand pities that so brave a young man, so stout withal, should be hanged, drawn, and quartered. And your lover at Exeter, doubtless a tall and proper youth; and the other whom you have named, Dr. Humphrey Challis, and your grandfather (as I hope he will be) Sir Christopher; and your own father—why, Madam," he grew quite warm upon it, "if you will but furnish some honest merchant—I say not myself, because I know not yet if you would trust me—but some honest merchant with the necessary moneys, I will engage that they shall all be saved from hanging. To be sure, these are all captains and officers, and to get their absolute pardon will be a great matter—perhaps above your means. Yet, Sir Christopher hath a good estate, I am told."

This George Penne was, it is true, a Bristol merchant, engaged in the West India trade; that is to say, he bought sugar and tobacco, and had shares in ships which sailed to and from Bristol and the West Indies, and sometimes made voyages to the Guinea Coast for negroes. But, in common with many Bristol merchants, he had another trade, and a very profitable trade it is, namely, what is called kidnapping: that is, buying or otherwise securing criminals who have been pardoned or reprieved on condition of going to the plantations. They sell these wretches for a term of years to the planters, and make a great profit by the transaction. And, foreseeing that there would presently be a rare abundance of such prisoners, the honest Mr. George Penne was going from prison to prison finding out what persons of substance there were who would willingly pay for their sentence to be thus mitigated. In the event, though things were not ordered exactly as he could have wished, this worthy man (his true worth you shall presently hear) made a pretty penny, as the saying is, out of the prisoners. What he made out of us, and by what lies, you shall learn; but, by ill-fortune for him, he got not the fingering of the great sums which he hoped of us.

And now the news—from Winchester first, and from Dorchester afterwards—filled the hearts of all with a dismay which it is beyond all power of words to tell. For if an ancient lady of good repute (though the widow of a regicide), such a woman as Lady Lisle, seventy years of age, could be condemned to be burned—and was, in fact, beheaded—for no greater offence than harbouring two rebels, herself ignorant of who they were or whence they came, what could any hope who had actually borne arms? And, again, at Dorchester, thirty who pleaded not guilty were found guilty and condemned to be hanged, and nearly three hundred who pleaded guilty were sentenced to be hanged at the same time. It was not an idle threat intended to terrify the rest, because thirteen of the number were executed on the following Monday and eighty afterwards. Among those who were first hanged were many whom we knew. The aged and pious Mr. Sampson Larke, the Baptist Minister of Lynn, for instance, was one; Colonel Holmes (whom the King had actually pardoned) was another; and young Mr. Hewling—whose case was like that of Robin. This terrible news caused great despondency and choking in the prison, where also the fever daily carried off one or two.

Oh! my poor heart fell, and I almost lost the power of prayer, when I heard that from Dorchester the Judge was riding in great state, driving his prisoners before him to Exeter, where there were two hundred waiting their trial. And among them Robin—Alas! alas!—my Robin!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BENJAMIN.

It was the evening of September the Sixteenth, about nine of the clock. I was sitting alone in my lodging. Down-stairs I heard the voice of the poor widow, Mrs. Prior, who had received us. She was praying aloud with some godly friends for the safety of her sons. These young men, as I have said, were never more heard of, and were therefore already, doubtless, past praying for. I, who ought to have been praying with them, held Robin's last letter in my hands. I knew it by heart; but I must still be reading it again and again: thinking it was his voice which was indeed speaking to me, trying to feel his presence near me, to hear his breath, to see his very eyes. In the night, waking or sleeping, I still would hear him calling to me aloud. "My heart! my life! my love!" he would cry. I heard him, I say, quite plainly. By special mercy and grace this power was accorded to me; because I have no doubt that in his mind, while lying in his noisome prison, he did turn his thoughts, yea, and the yearnings of his fond heart, to the maid he loved. But now the merciless Judge who had sentenced three hundred men to one common doom—three hundred men!—was such a sentence ever known?—had left Dorchester, and was already, perhaps, at Exeter. Oh!—perhaps Robin had by this time stood his trial: what place was left for prayer? For if the poor, ignorant clowns were condemned to death, how much more the gentlemen, the officers of Monmouth's army! Perhaps he was already executed—my lover, my boy, my Robin!—taken out and hanged, and now a cold and senseless corpse! Then the wailings and prayers of the poor woman below, added to the distraction of these thoughts, made me feel as if I was indeed losing my senses. At this time, it was blow upon blow—line upon line. The sky was black—the Heavens were deaf. Is there—can there be—a more miserable thing than to feel that the very Heavens are deaf? The mercy of the Lord—His kindly hearkening to our cries and prayers—these we believe as we look for the light of day and the warmth of the sun. Nay, this belief is the very breath of our life; so that there is none but the most hardened and abandoned sinner who doth not still feel that he hath in the Lord a Father as well as a Judge. To lose that belief—'twere better to be a lump of senseless clay. The greatest misery of the lost soul, even greater than his continual torment of fire, and his never-ending thirst, and the gnawing of remorse, must be to feel that the Heavens are deaf to his prayers—deaf for ever and for ever!

At this time, my prayers were all for safety. "Safety, Good Lord! give them safety! Save them from the executioner! Give them safety!" Thus, as Barnaby said, the shipwrecked mariner clinging to the mast asks not for a green, pleasant, and fertile shore, but for land—only for land. I sat there, musing sadly, the Bible on the table and a lighted candle. I read not in the Bible, but listened to the wailing of the poor soul below, and looked at the churchyard without, the moonlight falling upon the fresh mounds which covered the graves of the poor dead prisoners. Suddenly I heard a voice—a loud and harsh voice—and footsteps. I knew both footsteps and voice, and I sprang to my feet trembling, because I was certain that some new disaster had befallen us.

Then the steps mounted the stairs: the door was opened, and Benjamin—none other than Benjamin—appeared. What did he here? He was so big, with so red a face, that his presence seemed to fill the room. And with him—what did this mean?—came Madam herself, who I thought to have been at Exeter. Alas! her eyes were red with weeping; her cheeks were thin and wasted with sorrow; her lips were trembling.

"Alice," she cried, holding out her hands, "Child, these terrible things are done and yet we live! Alas! we live! Are our hearts made of stone that we still live? As for me, I cannot die, though I lose all—all—all!"

"Dear Madam, what hath happened? More misery! More disaster! Oh! tell me!—tell me!"

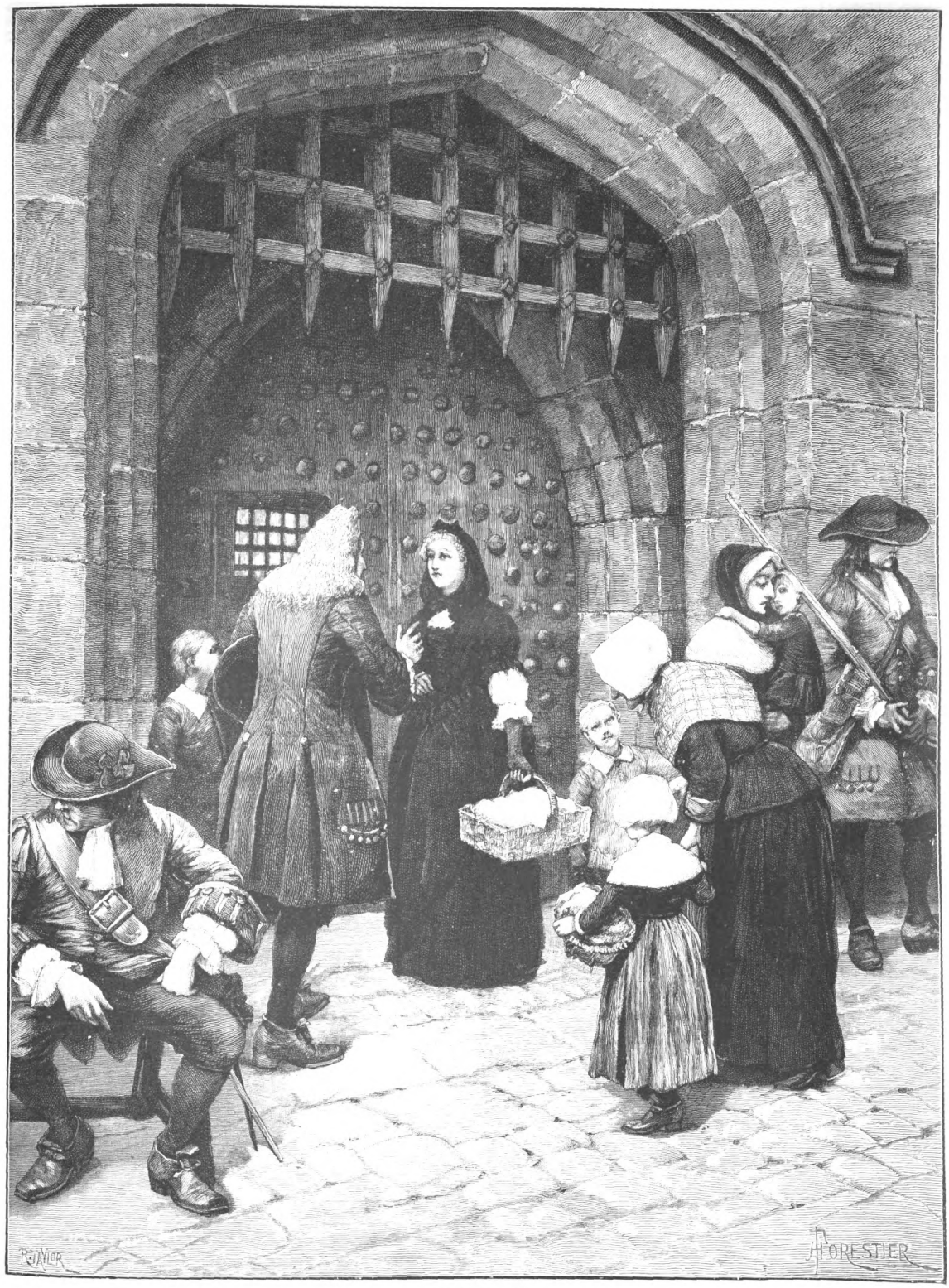
"Oh! my dear, they have been tried—they have been tried and they are condemned to die—both Robin—my son Robin—and with him Humphrey, who dragged him into the business and alone ought to suffer for both. But there is now no justice in the land. No—no more justice can be had. Else Humphrey should have suffered for all."

There was something strange in her eyes—she did not look like a mother robbed of her children; she gazed upon me as if there was something else upon her mind. As if the condemnation of her son was not enough!

"Robin will be hanged," she went on. "He hath been the only comfort of my life since my husband was taken from me, when he was left an infant in my arms. Robin will be hanged like any common gipsy caught stealing a sheep. He will be hanged, and drawn and quartered, and those goodly limbs of his will be stuck upon poles for all to see!"

Truly I looked for nothing less. Barnaby bade me look for nothing less than this; but at the news I fell into a swoon. So one who knoweth beforehand that he is to feel the surgeon's knife, and thinks to endure the agony without a cry, is fain to shriek and scream when the moment comes.

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

He accosted me one morning when I was standing at the wicket waiting for my basket to be taken in.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

When I recovered I was sitting at the open window, Madam applying a wet cloth to my forehead.

"Have no fear," Benjamin was saying. "She will do what you command her, so only that he may go free."

"Is there no way but that?" she asked.

"None!" And then he swore a great oath.

My eyes being open and my sense returned, I perceived that Mrs. Prior was also in the room. And I wondered (in such moments the mind finds relief in trifles) that Benjamin's face should have grown so red and his cheeks so fat.

"Thou hast been in a swoon, my dear," said Madam. "But 'tis past."

"Why is Benjamin here?" I asked.

He looked at Madam, who cast down her eyes, I knew not why.

"Benjamin is now our only friend," she replied, without looking up. "It is out of his kindness—yes—his kindness of heart that he hath come."

"I do not understand. If Robin is to die what kindness can he show?"

"Tell her, Benjamin," said Madam, "tell her of the trials at Exeter."

"His Lordship came to Exeter," Benjamin began, "on the evening of September the Thirteenth, escorted by many country gentlemen and a troop of horse. I had the honour of riding with him. The trials began the day before yesterday, the Fourteenth."

"Pray, good Sir," asked the poor woman who had lost her son, "did you observe my boye among the prisoners?"

"How the devil should I know your boys?" he replied, turning upon her roughly, so that she asked no more questions. "If they were rebels they deserve hanging"—here she shrieked aloud, and fled the room. "The trials began with two fellows who pleaded 'Not guilty,' but were quickly proved to have been in arms, and were condemned to death, one of them being sent out to instant execution. The rest who were brought up that day—among whom were Robin and Humphrey—pleaded 'Guilty,' being partly terrified and partly persuaded that it was their only chance of escape. So they, too, were condemned—two hundred and forty in all—every man Jack of them, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and their limbs to be afterwards stuck on poles for the greater terror of evildoers"—he said these words with such a fire in his eyes, and in such a dreadful threatening voice, as made me tremble. "Then they were all taken back to jail, where they will lie until the day of execution, and the Lord have mercy upon their souls!"

The terrible Judge Jeffreys himself could not look more terrible than Benjamin when he uttered the prayer with which a sentence to death is concluded.

"Benjamin, were you in the court to see and hear the condemnation of your own cousins?"

"I was. I sat in the body of the court, in the place reserved for counsel."

"Could you say nothing that would help them?"

"Nothing. Not a word from anyone could help them. Consider—one of them was an officer, and one a surgeon, in the army. The ignorant rustics whom they led may some of them escape, but the officers can look for no mercy."

"Madam," I cried, "I must see Robin before he dies; though, God knows, there are those here who want my services daily. Yet I must see Robin. He will not die easy unless he can see me and kiss me once."

Madam made no reply.

"For a week," said Benjamin, "they are safe. I do not think they will be executed for a week, at least. But it is not wise to reckon on a reprieve even for an hour: the Judge may at any time order their execution."

"I will go to-morrow."

"That will be seen," said Benjamin.

"My dear," said Madam, "my nephew Benjamin is a friend of the Judge, Lord Jeffreys."

"Say rather a follower and admirer of that great, learned, and religious man. One who is yet but a member of the Outer Bar must not assume the style and title of friend to a man whose next step must be the Woolsack."

Heavens! He called the inhuman wretch who had sentenced an innocent old woman of seventy to be burned alive, and five hundred persons to be hanged, and one knows not how many to be inhumanly flogged—great and religious!

"If interest can save any," Madam said softly, "Benjamin can command that interest, and he is on the side of mercy, especially where his cousins are concerned."

I now observed that Madam, who had not formerly been wont to regard her nephew with much affection, behaved towards him with the greatest respect and submission.

"Madam," he replied, "you know the goodness of my heart. What man can do shall be done by me, not only for Robin, but for the others who are involved with him in common ruin. But there are conditions with which I have taken pains to acquaint you."

Madam sighed heavily, and looked as if she would speak, but refrained; and I saw the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"What conditions, Benjamin?" I asked him. "Conditions for trying to save your own cousins and your own grandfather! Conditions? Why, you should be moving Heaven and Earth for them instead of making conditions."

"It needs not so much exertion," he replied, with an unbecoming grin. "First, Alice, I must own, Child, that the two years or thereabouts since I saw thee last have added greatly to thy charms; at which I rejoice."

"Oh! what have my charms to do with the business?"

"Much; as thou will presently discover. But let me remind you both that there threaten—nay, there are actually overhanging—disasters, the like of which never happen save in time of civil war and of rebellion. My grandfather is in prison, and will be tried on a charge of sending men and horses to join Monmouth. Nay; the Duke's Proclamation was found in his house: he will be certainly condemned and his estates confiscated. So there will be an end of as old a family as lives in Somerset. Then there is thy father, Child, who was Preacher to the army, and did make mischief in stirring up the fanatical zeal of many. Think you that he can escape? Then there is thy brother, Barnaby, who was such a fool as to meddle in what concerned him not, and now will hang therefor. What can we expect? Are men to go unpunished who thus rebel against the Lord's Anointed? Is treason—rank treason—the setting up of a Pretender Prince (who is now lying headless in his coffin) as the rightful heir, to be forgiven? We must not look for it. Alas! Madam, had I been with you instead of that conceited, fanatical, crookback Humphrey, whom I did ever detest, none of these things should have happened."

"Humphrey," I said, "has more worth in one finger than you in all your great body, Benjamin."

"My dear, my dear, do not anger Benjamin! Oh! do not anger our only friend!"

"She may say what she pleases. My time will come. Listen, then. They must all be hanged unless I can succeed in getting them pardoned."

"Nay—but—forgive my rudeness, Benjamin: they are your own cousins—it is your own grandfather. What need of conditions? Oh! what does this mean? Are you a man of flesh and blood?"

"My conditions, Child,"—why did he laugh?—"will assure you that such is truly the nature of my composition."

"If money is wanted"—I thought of my bag of gold and of Mr. Penne's hints—"how much will suffice?"

"I know not. If it comes to buying them off, more thousands than could be raised on the Bradford Orcas estates. Put money out of mind."

"Then, Benjamin, save them if thou canst."

"His Lordship knows that I have near relations concerned in the Rebellion. Yet, he assured me if his own brothers were among the prisoners he would hang them all."

"Nay, then, Benjamin; I say no more. Tell me what are these conditions, and, if we can grant or contrive them, we will comply." I had no thought of what was meant by his conditions, nor did I even guess until the morning, when Madam told me. "Oh! Madam, is there anything in the world—anything that we would not do to save them?"

Madam looked at me with so much pity in her eyes that I wondered. It was pity for me and not for her son that I read in that look. Why did she pity me?

I understood not.

"My dear," she said, "there are times when women are called upon to make sacrifices which they never thought to make, which seem impossible to be even asked——"

"Oh! there are no sacrifices which we would not gladly make. What can Benjamin require that we should not gladly do for him? Nay, he is Robin's cousin, and your nephew, and Sir Christopher's grandson. He will, if need be, join us in making these sacrifices."

"I will," said Benjamin—again, why did he laugh?—"I will join you in making one sacrifice at least, with a willing heart."

"I will tell her to-morrow," said Madam. "No, I cannot tell her to-night. Let us first rest. Go, Sir; leave us to our sorrow. It may be that we may yet think the sacrifice too great even for the lives and the safety of those we love. Go, Sir, for to-night, and return to-morrow."

"Surely, Child," said Madam presently, when he was gone, and we were alone, "we are the most unhappy women in the world."

"Nay," I replied. "There have been other women before us who have been ruined and widowed by civil wars and rebellions. If it be any comfort to think that others have suffered like ourselves, then we may comfort ourselves. But the thought brings no consolation to me."

"Hagar," said Madam, "was a miserable woman because she was cast out by the man she loved, even the father of her son; but she saved her son. Rachel was unhappy until the Lord gave her a son. Jephthah's daughter was unhappy—my dear, there is no case except hers which may be compared with ours—and Jephthah's daughter was happy in one circumstance: that she was permitted to die. Ah! happy girl, she died! That was all her sacrifice—to die for the sake of her father! But what is ours?"

So she spoke in riddles or dark sayings, of which I understood nothing. Nevertheless, before lying down, I did solemnly and, in her presence and hearing, aloud, upon my knees, offer unto Almighty God myself—my very life—if so that Robin could be saved. And then, with lighter heart than I had known for long, I lay down and slept.

At midnight, or thereabouts, Madam woke me up.

"Child," she said, "I cannot sleep. Tell me truly: is there nothing that thou wouldest refuse for Robin's sake?"

"Nothing, verily! Ah, Madam, can you doubt it?"

"Even if it were a sacrifice of which he would not approve?"

"Believe me, Madam, there is nothing that I would not do for Robin's safety."

"Child, if we were living in the days of persecution wouldest thou hear the Mass and adopt the Catholic religion to save thy lover's life?"

"Oh, Madam, the Lord will never try us above our strength!"

"Sleep, my child, sleep; and pray that, as thy temptation, so may be thy strength!"

(To be continued.)

New colours were presented on Oct. 4 to the 1st Battalion Royal Warwick Regiment by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Commander of the Forces in Ireland.

The Rifle Championship of the Westminster Volunteers has been won this year by Captain G. D. Rose, who takes the gold badge; the silver badge being won by Sergeant Wilson, and the bronze by Private C. F. Lowe.

An open scholarship in natural science, of the value of 125 guineas, has been awarded to Mr. E. M. Hainworth, and one of the value of £60 to Mr. Edwin Smith. These gentlemen were students attending the preliminary scientific classes held at St. Thomas's Medical School.

At the annual festival of the Otter Swimming Club the Secretary presented, on behalf of the Royal Humane Society, a bronze medal to Algernon Sidney Graves, the grandson of Mr. Henry Graves, the art-publisher of Pall-mall, for having assisted in saving life from drowning in a very rough sea at Ventnor on Aug. 28. Sidney Graves is only fifteen, and is the youngest member of the Otter Club.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer will preside and give an address, on Oct. 15, at the first lecture of a course of eleven on "Early English Literature," to be given at Gresham College, in connection with the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching. The society has also arranged for forty-two courses of lectures in various branches of Science, History, Literature, and Art, to be delivered during the coming term at several centres in and near London.

Professor Baldwin, the aeronaut, met with a narrow escape at the Alexandra Palace on Oct. 4. The wind, being gusty, swayed the balloon into dangerous proximity to some trees, and Mr. Baldwin was compelled to jump off just as it was rising, sustaining a slight sprain to one of his wrists.—At a meeting of the Middlesex Magistrates, on the same day, the application for a license for the Alexandra Palace was adjourned for a week, the chairman, Sir Francis Morley, making some comments upon the dangerous character of Professor Baldwin's performance.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

OCTOBER 13, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*.

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OLD-FASHIONED OCTOBER.

The title of this paper is by no means a mere *façon de parler*, but accentuates a difference. In some remote and quiet counties, rich in pasture, woodland, and villages of most placid life, an October exists which is, for the lover of field sports, and rural sights and sounds, essentially the same in some respects as that which our grandfathers enjoyed while Trafalgar was being fought and won. October has ever had a special charm for the English ear—its old ale, its pheasant, its silvery grayling, which is so much less known than other members of the *salmonidæ*, its sound of hound and horn, and the fullness of its autumn fruitage—all these associations have made the keen, bright days and starlight nights of the month, whose air, if it be a dry one, is, champagnelike, a general favourite. Farmer, shooter, angler, courser, and tourist, alike love October. But none more than he who enjoys an old-fashioned October, and on its opening day pursues the wild pheasants as was done in that Trafalgar October—for ever after to be memorable. And we venture to say that he who has not shot wild pheasants in the early part of the month has never known what real partridge-shooting is.

This is a sweeping assertion in face of the fact that fashion so rules even the breechloader now that many men think it "bad form" to shoot pheasants till November and December—and then for the sake of making a bag which shall be enormous. Therefore, it follows that, according to our view, there are many who have *not* known what real pheasant-shooting is. Consider for a moment the diverse scenes. The fashionable battue takes place in the short winter days in copses bare of leaf and amid a wilderness of branches waving skeleton-like in rides cut for the purpose, to which the shooter, as a mere machine, is confined, and last and worst of all, with the absence of dogs.

Now scan the other picture. Our grandfathers thought the First of October a day of days, and one most fitted to begin the shooting of the pheasant. Try it, and see from the surroundings how good their taste was. It is a bright October morning, the keen air sweet with turf-reek from the cottages, the dew sparkles on the grass, the copses are thick with leafage—which the modern fashionable shooter detests, but which to the simpler taste of the old-fashioned one is admirably in consonance with the day. Every tint and shade of autumnal beauty in decay is there in exquisite combination and gradation; and as the woods themselves, in such shooting as we purpose to-day, are not to be explored, the leafage so obnoxious to the battue-man need not offend our susceptibilities or interfere with the line of fire. In the clear air the rooks diving and tumbling, the starlings wheeling and turning, a sheet of swift wings, betoken the season. The gardens of the cottages load the air with fragrance, for in these quiet, old-world regions the old-world gardens still exist unvexed by modern utilitarianism. Stocks, wallflowers, mignonette, and lavender commingle their odours in unstudied profusion, and the hedges blaze with hips and haws, with briony, and here and there blush with the last pale wild roses. Around, a Virgilian quiet broods over the farming life. Steam puffs and frets not here, but the ancient ways go on placidly as for centuries.

And now the outskirts of the beat are reached, and your host slips the brace of clever spaniels who supply the place of the noisy beaters. No yard-reared pheasants are here counted by dozens, whistled to be fed by the keeper, and turned into the woods just long enough to give them an idea of wild life. Every bird here has been hatched in the mother's self-made nest in the spinney, amid ferns and hazels; has foraged for itself since chickenhood, and taken its chance as to stoat, weasel, and fox's enmity. Wild birds, they have grown strong on the wing, beautiful in plumage, rocketers in flight, and thinking nothing of going a mile off to another manor if disturbed. All the better for real sport. These broad double hedgerows, studded with great elms and oaks, are like that historic one in which unhappy Monmouth lay hiding; in such places they are small domains of themselves. No beaters could be of any use here; and there is no chance of picking shots or of hot corners. But you and your host stand on the opposite sides. By him stands, alert and attentive but quiet and watchful, the old retriever, who in the battue would be voted an impertinent nuisance. The eager spaniels, loosed by their attendant—some honest rustic who enjoys the sport as much as they—rush into the brambles, their long ears tearing against the prickles without in any way daunting their high courage. The twigs crack, leaves rustle, the eager scamper and panting of the dogs are alone heard, till a chorus of shrill yelps announces something is on foot and close before them. Not to appear directly; such hedge bottoms are veritable fastnesses, and once in them a wild cock pheasant is *cunning* as a fox. But the spaniels press him hard.

You and your host slowly advance abreast; the eager dogs, mad with excitement, continually give tongue, till, where the thinner vegetation makes the concealment less good, there is a sudden heart-shaking, to borrow De Quincey's word; whirr! and a magnificent old cock pheasant, followed by a brace of obedient hens, rises in his full splendour of wing. He shoots straight up in the air, tops the young oaks, and goes off like a steam-engine across country. Now test your shooting! A sovereign to a penny the first barrel misses, for what nerves are proof against the first bird of the season—and so it is. But the second, more deliberately fired, does the trick, and the beautiful victim drops like a plummet among the hazel bushes. A wave of your host's hand sends the old retriever in, and he knows his work. A few minutes' expectation, and he returns, pride in his honest countenance, and the unruffled pheasant in his tender mouth, and you exchange reciprocal congratulations over the first pheasant of the season. So onwards. Round the hedgerows lies the scene; the little spaniels, never tiring, twisting round every stub and tree, and passing nothing. More wild pheasants are found. Some fall, some go off to far distant copses, becoming, ungrudged, in this unsophisticated region, the property *pro tem.* of other landowners. Rabbits pop out and are bagged. A big hare—rather scarce since the Act—canters out of a grass tuft and is cleverly stopped. Leisurely enjoyment outside the woods makes up for any amount of drilled shooting inside them, though the number of slain be in modern eyes ridiculous. Then comes the luncheon, under the hedge, of some simple fare which needs no raised pie or champagne. Sylvan viands of modest pretension, washed down with real old October such as is still brewed here and there, and specially *here* where lies your beat, are followed by that soothing and incomparable pipe which every shooter and angler knows as the after-luncheon one, unique of its kind. The scream of jay and coo of stockdove from the recesses of the unentered wood and the sweep of the wind through the hazels which screen your repose beneath a giant oak, alone are heard for the half-hour's rest. Then follows the afternoon's work, as the shadows lengthen and the outlying pheasants wander into the stubbles under the copse hedges. And the afternoon hours are of the pleasantest as the shadows lengthen, for the *fusee que roulera le faisant* of the old-fashioned order of the day makes up the unfailing delight of a quiet old-fashioned October.

FERN-TREE GULLY IN VICTORIA.

Fern-tree gullies are frequent enough in Australia, and are favourite places for wandering artists, who love solitude and picturesque wildness. Up in the Dandenong mountains, where the kangaroo and wallaby find their hiding-places, are sylvan nooks, in which rock and water, timber and foliage, make scenes of charming variety; gigantic ferns and tiny little ferns are massed together with heath and mosses, and gum-trees of different shapes—some stately and straight, some twisted and angular—push their way at all angles through the dense undergrowth. The sketch is from a gully about a three-hours' drive from Melbourne, a well-known water track ascending to One-Tree Hill. Climbing up through the gully is toilsome work, and it is desirable that the artist should wear his stoutest boots, his oldest or strongest clothes, and carry a stout pole.

STUDLEY PARK, MELBOURNE.

The glimpses of Australian woodland scenery preserved in Studley Park, to refresh the eyes of the busy citizens of Melbourne, is but one incidental feature of the liberal provision made by the public authorities for the wholesome recreation of all classes, in a population almost equal to that of any of our largest provincial towns, Liverpool, Manchester, or Glasgow. There is the Royal Park, with a good zoological collection; the Fitzroy Park, a beautiful garden; the Fawkner Park, bearing the name of one of the earliest settlers; the Botanical Gardens, on the south side of the Yarra, a mile from the centre of the city, where every plant and shrub is labelled with exact particulars of its scientific order and of signation, and of the region in which it grows; the Treasury Gardens; the Fitzroy Gardens, and others, affording delightful places of refuge from the crowded streets and bustle of town. The sea, at least the shore of Hobson's Bay and Port Phillip, is within easy reach; and, by the Gippsland Railway, it is not a long journey to the Dandenong mountains and forests. Life in Melbourne, under a bright sky, with a salubrious and stimulating climate, in spite of occasional "brick-fielders" or dry, sultry winds from the sandy plains of Central Australia, is felt to be so enjoyable that those accustomed to it, when we meet them in London, usually confess their desire to return to the Southern Colonies. A million of English people, living in Victoria, are tolerably unanimous in liking it better than England. Mr. Anthony Trollope was much impressed with the proofs of their cheerful prosperity. "It is to be seen," he says, "in the daily lives of the colonists, in the clothes which they wear, in the food which they eat, in the wages they receive, in the education of their children, and in the general comfort of the people." Though industrious, they never seem anxious, and always have spirit, as well as leisure, to take an ample share of healthy amusements in the open air, with fine summer weather during the greater part of the year.



IN THE FERN-TREE GULLY, VICTORIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE TOAD IN THE ROCK.

In the *Times* of a recent date appeared, under the title of "A Prehistoric Toad," the following communication signed "Amelia B. Edwards":—

The following extract from a letter which I have this day received from a gentleman well known for his archæological and scientific tastes is so remarkable that I think it will be read with interest by your readers:—

"I suppose you have often heard of toads being found in pieces of rock, coal, &c., when broken open by the workmen's pick. I have to-day just seen one taken out of a bed of clay on Tuesday last (the 18th inst.), in a new railway cutting at present being made here. It is alive, but very inactive and semi-torpid. It seems to have no bones, it is so limp, and its legs bend any way. It has two beautiful eyes, but does not seem to see. Its mouth is sealed up; but it seems to breathe very slightly through its nostrils, though how it breathed embedded in clay it is hard to say. If it is 20,000 to 30,000 years since the Glacial period when the clay was deposited, this toad goes a long way back into hoary antiquity, and was probably contemporaneous with the progenitors of Moses himself. But the toad lives still."

I should add that the writer is Mr. T. L. Patterson, of Greenock, who will, I trust, forgive me for giving publicity to this much of his letter.

The story of the toad in the rock is a very old one, and although it has a "dying fall" strain about it, well deserves mention and criticism once again. Miss Edwards being only the intermediary writer, I may deal with the statements of Mr. Patterson himself. Let us subject his narrative to the ordinary tests whereby we are accustomed to judge of the value of evidence. In the first place, then, Mr. Patterson's evidence is of "hearsay" character, and as such might be rejected altogether if it were offered to us seriously in proof of the actual discovery of a live toad in a bed of clay. All that Mr. Patterson can tell us is to the effect that he saw a toad (species unknown or undescribed) which he was told had been taken out of a bed of clay, in which, presumably, it had been immured for ages. I cannot admit that on such bare testimony any scientist would be justified in assuming for a moment that the ordinary laws of animal life at large, and of toad-life in particular, could be set aside or suspended altogether. What is wanted, and what never has been in my experience forthcoming, is the sworn testimony—accurately, and on the spot recorded (for after-impressions are highly-deceitful things), by skilled and intelligent observers—of the individuals who have split the rock or clay asunder and found the living toad or frog embedded therein. Nothing less direct or accurate in the shape of evidence can possibly satisfy any rational mind, when the issue, to science, at least, is of such momentous character.

The other points in Mr. Patterson's narrative will bear a brief criticism. His description applies simply to a state of torpor. You may see toads and frogs in this state during the winter by the dozen in any locality they frequent. The limp, thin body, the shut mouth (by-the-way these animals are not given to gaping much), and the glassy eyes, are all quite familiar to every naturalist in a toad which has spent the cold season under nutritive and other difficulties. Naturally, Mr. Patterson's toad breathed through its nostrils, because toads and frogs always respire in this way. As breathing is a necessary condition of animal life—largely assisted in the frog class by the skin, I admit—Mr. Patterson might well be puzzled to know how this toad contrived to respire embedded in clay, which, by-the-way, is just as solid as a rock in so far as permeation by air is concerned. As for its bones, I will guarantee that if Mr. Patterson will feel his toad—I presume it is still in the flesh, either as a living animal or preserved among "the wine of the country"—he will soon discover that it has a skeleton. Possibly bony development has not proceeded in a thoroughly natural fashion in the animal for reasons connected with absence of food; but bones it must have, otherwise it would not be a toad.

If science utterly rejects the foolishness of the ordinary newspaper story, repeated as heard from the lips of ignorant and often superstitious workmen, unverified in one single particular by independent testimony, what, it may be asked, has science to say about the matter at all? I reply, a good deal that serves to put such stories in their proper place. First of all, there is never any proof offered that the rock or clay was *solid*. The animal is never seen until the rock is broken up or the clay disintegrated; hence it is a pure assumption to allege that the animal was immured in a solid formation.

A story was once submitted to me in which it was recounted that, after a rock was blasted in a quarry, a lively frog was found hopping about among the débris. Instantly arose the cry of "A frog in the solid rock!"—that is to say, because the animal, disturbed by the explosion, had appeared among the rock fragments, the workmen concluded that it must have come out of the rock, and from nowhere else. Again, I say, this is not evidence. It is a piece of sheer gratuitous assumption. We know that frogs and toads can live, under rigorous conditions, for lengthy periods of time—more of this anon.

But I can appeal to direct evidence which vitiates entirely the "toad-in-the-rock" stories. Dean Buckland, troubled in his day by like narratives, caused in 1825 two blocks of stone to be prepared so as to contain twelve cells each. The cells were 12in. deep by 5in. diameter in one block, and 6in. deep by 5in. diameter in the other. Each cell was fitted with two covers—a glass one below and a slate one above; so that by removing the latter, the interior of the cell could be seen without removing the glass, and without admitting air. Both lids were firmly secured by clay. On Nov. 26, 1825, a live toad was placed in each of the twenty-four cells, and firmly fastened in by the covers. Each animal was weighed on entering upon its imprisonment, and on the date just named, the two blocks of stone were buried in Dr. Buckland's garden at a depth of three feet. On Dec. 10, 1826, the blocks were disinterred. All the toads in the smaller cells were dead, and from the progress decay had made, had evidently died long before the date of their disinterment. The majority of the toads in the bigger block were alive. Save in two cases—in which cracked lids explained a cause of the increase in weight by the admission of air, and possibly insect food also—the toads in the larger cells had decreased in weight. The living toads were again buried; but on being disinterred at the end of another year were found to be dead, without a single survivor. Again, four toads were confined in holes cut in trees, and were found dead at the end of a year; and of four enclosed in plaster-of-Paris basins, two died within the year, the other two being starved and meagre, and evidently fast hastening onwards to a fatal end of their confinement.

Here, then, are exact experiments which, be it noted, in their conditions were not nearly so hard and rigorous as are those of the toad in solid clay or solid rock. If Dr. Buckland's toads succumbed so soon, how comes it that the antediluvian frogs and the prehistoric toads are reputed as surviving through "the long ages of the prime"? The real explanation of these stories, I believe, is founded on a very simple fact. Toads and frogs undergo a metamorphosis from the tadpole stage to that of adult life. Now, a toad or frog which has just left the water is a very small animal. Suppose it creeps into the crevice of a rock or into a crack in clay: it may there remain growing larger, receiving air and food, and is thus unable to escape from its domicile. Then the apparently solid rock is broken up, and out leaps the toad—credited with being a prehistoric creature, but in reality only the friend and companion of those which hopabout freely in the adjacent country.

A. W.



VIEW IN STUDLEY PARK, MELBOURNE.

A meeting of the London School Board was held on Oct. 4, at which the Rev. J. R. Diggle, the chairman, made his annual statement, showing that the two notable features of the administration of the present board were the steady and continuous increase in the efficiency of the schools and the equally steady and continuous diminution of the amount of the rate.—The Rev. J. R. Diggle presided on Oct. 3 at a meeting held in the Shillington-street Board School, Battersea, to celebrate the opening of a new wing, by which additional accommodation for 600 children has been provided. There is now room in these schools for 1600 children, which, the chairman said, was the fullest extent to which any school should be fitted.





A BULGARIAN PEASANT WOMAN.

FROM A PICTURE BY PAUL THUMANN.

BLACKBERRYING.

The children never grow old. Whatever changes the intellectual expansion of the ages may bring about in youth and manhood, the childhood of the nineteenth century remains, in all essentials, the childhood of the centuries preceding it—just as buoyant and adventurous, as simple and as sportive. The bramble is as dear to the children now as it was to the Tudor or the Stuart children; and no sooner do its berries begin to ripen with the autumn suns and absorb their characteristic flavour from the autumn mists, than the little folk swarm out into the lanes to forage among the hedges—seeking the sunniest places, where the fruit always matures the soonest and grows the largest—or they spread over the furzy common, or force their way, heedless of torn garments and scratched fingers, into the shaws, holts, coppices, or thickets, where, it is true, the fruit is not so plentiful nor so ripe as in the more open ground, but is ever so much more palatable on account of the difficulty experienced in securing it. You may hear their shouts and laughter afar off—as spontaneous and as joyous as the shouts and laughter in which you yourself bore your share right heartily some thirty, or forty, or—shall we say!—fifty years agone. Therefore, I say, the children never grow old. They are what they have ever been; though the Public School Primer has dispossessed the Eton Latin Grammar and the "High School" risen on the ruins of the old "Academy" and "Seminary for Young Ladies." All the brand-new educational systems have left the spirit of childhood unaffected—as you may assure yourself if you will follow in the steps of the children when they go a-blackberrying.

There is a fine catholicity about the blackberry which commends it to me hugely. The peach and the nectarine are not for all—not even in "tins"! The mangosteen is still harder of access, and the luscious durian one only reads of in the pages of Mr. Wallace; but the blackberry, like the poor, is always with us. It is specially the fruit of the poor. There is no tax upon it—no charge; the broad bosom of Nature yields it unstintedly and ubiquitously, so that round about our manufacturing towns you will see the hollow-cheeked, sad-eyed offspring of the slums ever on the watch for the earliest berries, which, indeed, in their haste, they hardly allow to ripen. But, if specially the fruit of the poor, it is also everybody's fruit: Dives and Lazarus touch hands over the blackberry! Observe, that to enjoy it wisely, you must feast upon it when freshly gathered—fresh picked from the thorny and involved stems on which it grows in such reckless profusion that hundreds and thousands never come to maturity. 'Tis best with the dew upon it—the dew of the cool October morning, when the rising sun gently brushes away the first light footprints of the autumnal frost. There are abandoned creatures, I believe, who make this most admirable fruit into *jam*; just as there are people who will botanise on their grandmother's—or, for the matter of that, on their mother's—grave. The blackberry, however, before all things is *an open-air fruit*, and he who would taste it aright, should eat it where and when it is plucked. That it should be boiled up, or boiled down—which is it!—with sugar, deprived of its natural savour, and reduced to the level of the currant or the gooseberry, is a degradation unworthy of the fruit which, I doubt not, often refreshed Robin Hood and his merry men in the glades of Sherwood, and moistened the laughing lips of the boy Shakspeare in the green fields of Avon. Consider, too, the "reserve of force" which lies in this tiny, sun-purpled fruit. Why, like the magic carpet in the old fairy story, it can carry you over the wide tracts of the past to the bold, blithe days of boyhood—"ere you were old, ah, woeful ere!"—when, as one of a merry company, you rose betimes, in a mood of natural gaiety, and tramped it merrily up and down the green, green lanes, where the first-fallen leaves, shining with diamond dew-drops, strewed the sward all about, and the cobwebs sparkled in the sun, and the thistle-down fluttered to and fro, and the rime still clung—like a network of silver—to the windward edges of the deep ruts ploughed by the wheels of the harvest-wain. Autumn comes as of old, and with it the blackberry; but never again come those fresh young energies, that elasticity of spirit, that boundlessness of hope, that fond ambition, which then crowded a life of action into every hour! But shall we not be grateful to the modest little low-born berry which recalls for us the joys of that unequalled time!

Something of the lively interest—I had almost said affection—with which we regard the blackberry may be due, perhaps, to the fact that it is the last offspring of the fruitful year—its latest-born. The spoils of the orchard and the garden have all been collected; the wild raspberry, the cloudberry, and the dewberry—which are all members, like the bramble, of the great Rosacea family—have sunk into the dust; but still in its angular, prickly, and convoluted spray, which trails hither and thither in the very abandonment of license, lingers the hardy fruit of the bramble. It is one of the signs of the waning seasons. Sloe, bullace, and crab have had their day; but among the old grey hawthorns and the furze, among the yellowing hazels and the wildwood, the blackberries still tempt the fingers of the wayfarer; and, mayhap, even a tuft or two of the satiny, roselike blossoms are loitering in beech-shaded hollows and unthought-of nooks, where the pools lie dark and silent. The hop-grounds have been despoiled of their capricious produce; and the tall poles which, a few weeks ago, were as gay with the garlanded bines as an admiral's mast with pennons, lie in dull heaps in the corners of the fields. The foliage of the woods betrays the presence of the autumn. The oak is fast assuming its rich tints of burnished bronze; the orange of the beech glows in sunny masses; the "keys" of the ash rattle in the lightest breeze; the pale yellow leaves of the elm are falling fast; and the lindens are nearly bare already. But the long wreaths of the bramble are still fresh and vigorous.

With much winnowing of wings, and loud, twittering cries, the swallows gathered some weeks ago by pool and stream, to settle among themselves the order of their going, and the hour of their departure, on their league-long journey to the genial regions of the South; but a few stragglers are tarrying with us yet; and yesterday I saw a couple in hot pursuit of prey, unconscious, apparently, of the near approach of winter. Most of the singing-birds have left us, and the redwing and the fieldfare have come to take their places. With "treble soft," the familiar redbreast whistles from the garden-croft; the blackbird and the thrush have not deserted us wholly; while in the hedge you may find, perhaps, the rare crested wren—"that shadow of a bird," as White of Selborne calls it. Yes; there is no mistaking the presence of the autumn. The wind comes up in little gusts, which make themselves felt by sudden showers of leaves dropping fast around us—leaves yellow and red, and bronze and ruddy brown, and scarlet brown and brownish yellow—leaves spotted, streaked, and tinted—leaves of every hue and shade, as if Nature had been trying upon them her pencils dipped in magical colours. The odour sent up from all this fallen foliage is peculiar, but not unpleasant; if you penetrate into a coppice, you are sensible of it immediately. But there is a stronger odour from the fungi which now, in blackberry time, thrive in our woods and orchards and meadows, rivalling the leaves in variety of colouring and surpassing them in variety of shape and in size, from the slender scarlet thread or bright yellow filament on some decaying stump to the broad bold agaric, twelve inches in diameter, in the heart of the wood—where, for aught I know, Titania and her fairies use it as their hospitable board on nights of sylvan revelry. There are pearly-white fungi, and fungi striped with brown, and fungi dipped in rose-bloom; there are reddish-yellow gingery mushrooms and snowy mushrooms (these grow under the trees); there are fungi shaped like the moon when near her full, and fungi which remind one of a balloon; in short, the diversity is almost endless in what Cowper calls "the fungous fruits of earth."

To the children, as with song and shout they tear through wild tangles of brier, briony, and bitter-sweet, in search of the coveted berries, all these sights and sounds will be as to the blind and deaf: for childhood is not perceptive, but keeps its gaze fixed on the one aim and object that for the time concentrates its desires. Not so should it be with their elders; though there are men and women (God help them!) who will travel from Dan to Beersheba, and in the vanity of their ignorance, pronounce that all is barren. And there are others who go about the world dismally wringing their hands, sighing over lost illusions and the weariness of life, and refusing to see the bright and consoling things around them. Ah, if they would but go a-blackberrying! In mid-autumn there are often days when the sun kindles in the air a warmth like that of summer; when the dome of blue overhead is not stained in its purity by a single cloud; when the soft mist hanging about the hills and the woodlands seems to blend earth and sky together in a vision of delight; when the warble of the late-lingering chiff-chaff may still be heard in the lane, and the chirp of the sparrows in the stubble-fields, and in the mossy apple-tree the thrush again takes up his parable. On such a day it is good to throw the burden of the world off one's shoulders, lay hold of one's staff, and, like the children, go a-blackberrying. The signs and voices of the autumn are multiplying around us, it is true; but keep your eyes on the alert and your heart open and you will see many beautiful gifts of Nature and receive her inspiring influences. The wild bank, with its tufts of furze and clumps of rich-berried thorn, the flowers, mostly yellow, that still bloom among the grasses; the hedgerows wreathed with bramble in every variety of purplish red—these, and a hundred other curious, wonderful, charming, or lovely objects, invite examination. Nature is never barren, never silent, not even in the declining days of sober-suited Autumn. There are birds on the wing, life and health in the breeze, a green growth still in unfrequented byways, the sward still springs to the feet—as you will find, my friend, if, like the children, you will go a-blackberrying.

W. H. D.-A.

NEW SURREY CHAPEL.

Old Surrey Chapel, a conspicuous octagonal building in Blackfriars-road, is familiar to most Londoners. Its history is



NEW SURREY CHAPEL AND SCHOOL, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD.

associated with the famous ministry of the Rev. Rowland Hill during half a century, and, since that, with the Rev. James Sherman and the Rev. Newman Hall, whose congregation, being unable to get the lease renewed on terms convenient to them, latterly erected their handsome Christ Church in Westminster Bridge-road, a mile away. The chapel was handed over to the Primitive Methodists, and the work of founding and organising a church was entrusted to the Rev. Benjamin Senior, whose labours have been successful. The old building has, for some years past, been given up to its owners, and has been converted into a warehouse for machine-manufacturers. A "New Surrey Chapel," of which we give an Illustration, has been erected on a very good site in Blackfriars-road, only forty yards distant from the old chapel. It is nearly the largest, and is considered the handsomest, of the chapels belonging to the Primitive Methodists. The architect is Mr. James Weir, of 9, Victoria-chambers, Westminster. The interior is so arranged that the minister in the pulpit has his congregation compactly around him; the wide oval gallery narrowing, behind the pulpit, into two rows of seats for the choir, with a corner left for the organ. The decoration of the pulpit, white and gilded, is in harmony with that of the gallery front. The large latticed windows are filled with tinted glass. The ceiling is divided artistically into geometrical squares. The pews are wide apart, and have wide seats and sloping backs. There are sittings for 700, which can be increased to a thousand. Below the chapel, a lecture-hall, with a good platform, will accommodate 400. On each floor are convenient rooms—a church parlour for social meetings, pastor's and stewards' vestries, a large room for the meetings of the committee of conference, a Sunday-school library, and caretaker's rooms. £4000 of the £12,000 the site and building have cost yet remain to be raised, and it is hoped that the chapel will not be hampered by debt.

The Bank of England has advanced its rate of discount to 5 per cent. So high a rate has not been in force since January of last year.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 11, 1865), with a codicil (dated Dec. 11, 1880), of General Lord Alfred Paget, for many years Chief Equerry and Clerk Marshal to the Queen, and M.P. for Lichfield from 1837 to 1865, late of No. 56, Queen Anne-street, who died on Aug. 24 last, was proved on Oct. 1 by the Earl of Listowel, Frederick Cox, William Vivian, and Thomas Henry Bolton, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £107,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, all stocks and shares standing in her name or in their joint names, his household furniture and effects, and the use, for life, of his pictures and plate, to his wife, Lady Alfred Paget, and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, for life, and at her death he gives £10,000 each to his daughters, Evelyn, Amy, Alberta, Alice Alexandra, Violet, and Guinevere; £5000 each to his sons, Arthur, Alfred, George, Gerald, Sydney, and Almeric; and the ultimate residue between his children, with the exception of his eldest son, who under his marriage settlement inherits his real estate, and his third son, who is otherwise provided for.

The will (dated July 12, 1887) of the Rev. Robert Colby, late of Ansford Rectory, Somerset, who died on July 20 last, was proved on Sept. 29 by John Donald George Higgon, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £107,000. The testator gives £1000, and an annuity of £1000, to his wife, Mrs. Jane Colby, and a further sum of £500 per year upon the death of his brother's widow; £400 each to Archibald and Colin Edward Boyd; £200 each to his cousins, Anna Colby, Cordelia Colby, Maria Colby, and John Colby; and a legacy to his executor. The residue of his property, including his estates in the counties of Cardigan, Pembroke, and Carmarthen, he leaves to his son, Captain John Vaughan Colby, absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 14, 1888) of Mr. Walter Holland, J.P., late of Rose Hill, Worcester, proprietor of the Vulcan Ironworks, and twice Mayor of the city of Worcester, who died on July 28 last, was proved on Sept. 12 at the Worcester District Registry by Mrs. Mary Holland, the widow, William Griffiths, and Jacob Wait, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £104,000. The testator bequeaths £12,000 and the gold watch presented to him by the West Midland Provident Association to his son Walter; £10,000 each to his children, Mrs. Charlotte Alice Smith, Mrs. Mary Jane Cock, Hubert Holland, William John Holland, and Alfred Valentine Holland; £1000 to his grandson Walter Smith, and £250 to each of his other grandchildren; £500 to Jacob Wait; £350 to William Griffiths; and numerous other legacies to relatives and servants. He gives and devises his freehold messuage known as Rose Hill, with the outbuildings, gardens, and pleasure grounds, the furniture, plate, &c., therein, carriages and horses, and £25,000 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Holland, absolutely. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his children in equal shares.

The will (dated April 6, 1883) of Mr. Henry Charles Churchman, late of Paget House, Ipswich, tobacco manufacturer, who died on Aug. 7, has been proved by Henry Eade Churchman, the son, Frank Turner and William Turner, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £54,000. The testator gives £200, all his furniture and household effects, the use, for life, of Paget House, and an annuity of £700 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Anna Churchman. Subject thereto he leaves all his property to his four children, Henry Eade, Mrs. Ellen Elizabeth Turner, William Alfred, and Arthur Charles, in equal shares, his sons William and Arthur to have the option of purchasing his business at Ipswich, the goodwill thereof not to be taken into account.

The will (dated May 13, 1888) of the Hon. and Rev. William Whitworth Chetwynd Talbot, B.A., one of the sons of the second Earl Talbot, late of The Rectory, Hatfield, Herts, who died on July 3 last, was proved on Oct. 3 by the Hon. Eleanor Julia Talbot, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £36,000. The testator bequeaths his "Post Synopsis Commentatorum," in five vols., to Lord William Cecil; and a small souvenir or memento to each of his grandchildren and to his granduiece, Muriel Talbot. He desires to express his gratitude and thanks to Lord and Lady Salisbury and Lord and Lady Shrewsbury for the great acts of kindness received from them. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife, absolutely.

The will of Mr. William Mitchell, late of No. 16, Carlton-hill, St. John's Wood, who died on Sept. 1, was proved on Sept. 26 by Mr. James MacLellan Mitchell, the nephew, and Mr. Thomas Homans Cooke, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £13,000. The testator bequeaths £50 each to the "Homes of Hope," for the restoration of fallen women and the protection of friendless young women, the Metropolitan Drinking-Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Victoria-street Society in connection with the International Society for the Total Suppression of Vivisection; £500, and the income of a sum of £2600, to his niece, Anna Jacques; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew, James MacLellan Mitchell, absolutely.

A BULGARIAN PEASANT WOMAN.

The picture by a German artist, Paul Thumann, which is reproduced in our Engraving, is the portrait of a handsome woman of the laborious rustic class, who was met with among a troop of her hardworking countrywomen, travelling in company on the road from Bulgaria and Servia to the commercial seaport and city of Salonica, as hundreds of them do every summer, in quest of employment and wages. These women, poor as they are, inured to the rudest toil, and living on the simplest food, contrive to indulge their natural taste for dress with a graceful costume, the materials of which, however, are not inordinately costly. She wears a white robe of coarse linen, with sleeves of elegant shape embroidered by her own skilful needle, with a broad sash of green cloth tied round her waist, from which hangs an apron of deep crimson, fringed at the bottom; a narrow, sleeveless jacket, striped with bright colours, is put over her shoulders, leaving the bosom open; the head-dress is a gay kerchief, to which are fastened several coins of glittering copper, or perhaps of silver. This fashion of attire, for which she owes nothing to the milliner and dressmaker, having purchased the materials, which are of durable stuff, at the nearest village fair, is well adapted to set off the robust beauty of her face and figure; the brown complexion, the sunburnt face, neck, and breast, freely exposed to the summer air, the large, dark eyes, and the classic features, which are frequently admired in the female youth of that nation. M. Emile de Laveleye, in his instructive book on "The Balkan Peninsula," an English translation of which was recently published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, repeatedly notices the beauty of some of the Bulgarian women, especially among the population of the south-eastern districts, towards the Macedonian frontier. The great majority of the inhabitants of Macedonia, still left under Turkish rule, are of the same fine race, and are members of the Eastern Christian Church. They are intensely desirous of independent self-government.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Everybody interested in artistic decoration, or, indeed, in art at all in the wider sense and not in the limited one of painted pictures, should make a point of seeing, if possible, the Arts and Crafts Society's exhibition at the New Gallery. It includes designs as well as finished work, and all classes of decorative materials and objects are amongst the collection. There is a quantity of very beautiful needlework, designed (amongst other things) for curtains, table-covers, screens, panels, portières, and grand-piano tops. Mrs. Walter Crane appears to be an embroideress of rare skill; there are several beautiful pieces of her work: one being a series of panels in an ebonised cabinet designed by Mr. Crane, and another a couple of pretty and quaint wall-pockets. There are also all manner of sumptuous and beautiful woven and printed materials, from art-muslins to velvets, and from curtain-stuffs to carpets; beaten and engraved brass, copper, and iron work; glass, tiles, and mosaics; book-illustrations and bindings; and cartoons and designs for stained glass, frescoes, wall-papers, and tapestries.

There is a good deal of decorative work (amongst it a grand-piano top) "in gesso." This consists of a raised device in a solid substance, which is, it appears, composed of plaster of Paris, glue, and cotton-wool. This stuff, being worked in while soft, is modelled to the design, and can either be white (as it is all over this particular piano) or coloured to taste. There is a large casket—it is called a "cassone," after the marriage coffers of ancient Italian custom—almost big enough for a tomb, and executed "in gesso," by Mr. Burne-Jones; the bulk of this is gilded, with a certain relief in colour—the subject being the mystic tree in the garden of the Hesperides, with the dragon encircling the trunk, and the guardian women standing round. There are many other specimens of this work, but that of Mr. Burne-Jones holds the attention no less by the brilliant appearance given it by the gilding and by its size than by its more "artistic merits." "Gesso" has many of the qualities of fresco painting, while at the same time it can be applied to movable panels, friezes, &c. It must be most interesting work to do, and is not, I understand, difficult, though in this, as in everything else, artistic capacity must reveal its existence. Some of the gesso work looks very like Japanese leather paper.

The theory of the exhibition is that only by the introduction of the personal element of art into craftsmanship—the individual feeling of responsibility in the craftsman, and the varying, living influence of the hand and brain of the worker—can decorative work be made truly artistic. The modern plan (on which sweating is based) of calling articles, whether it be of clothing or of furniture and decoration, by the name of some tradesman, who has absolutely nothing to do with the workmanship, but is only the middleman between producer and purchaser, and of concealing behind him the true artist and craftsman, is charged by the promoters of the society with causing slovenly work and deterioration of design. Certainly, this exhibition cannot but be to the seeing eye a most impressive lesson in that painstaking about work which the society desires to foster. The careful, detailed perfection of much of what has been judged worthy a place here is so obviously the result of conscientious, unstinted, and protracted pains that the hasty and impatient can hardly fail to perceive the lesson. The sort of work shown is of a kind to display particularly the evidence of effort. This is very striking (to single out one where nearly all might be spoken of) in the cartoons by Mr. Burne-Jones. That great artist's oil-painting impresses by its colour and by its beauty of design; but here, without such distractions, in the plain black and white, one sees more clearly the serious care and strenuous effort which has given the perfection to the work. The trouble of drawing with perfect accuracy countless circles and squares to represent the wood-carving above the throne of David in a "A Design for Windows" (No. 170), the labour of making an infinite number of tiny strokes to represent the carving on certain coffers and frames that stand round the King's feet, is so easily to be appreciated in these cartoons that one feels as though one had received a revelation of the meaning of "To labour is to pray." There is here a reverence for truth and a struggle after perfectness that mean moral rather than merely intellectual qualities.

I doubt not that the promoters of the exhibition are right when they say that it is precisely a moral stimulus that is wanting when the most faithful and loving work is ascribed, not to the artist, but only to the man who sells the completed article to the public. However, what I want to refer to specially is the lesson which such evidence of painstaking on the part of successful and eminent men should convey to beginners in any art, and especially to women. I do not think that careless finish and slap-dash haste and incompleteness are essentially part of the feminine nature. Quite on the contrary: when women have the conviction of its being their duty to be careful and thorough, they are surpassingly patient and painstaking, as so much old lace and old embroidery exist to prove. But I do think that our domestic training is not conducive to such qualities: first one trivial task to perform, then another, no real rest and no real settling down to deep and intense labour all day long, is the story of a housemother's existence. The faculty of "sticking at" one piece of work, and lavishing thought and patience on it, is not developed, but diminished, by such an everyday series of small and incessant distractions as women have in their homes. Yet one who would do good work in any art must somehow find the time and the power for concentration and slow, earnest labour.

It is not in the arts of painting or decoration alone that, whenever we are able to observe the efforts of a master, we find them to be based on painstaking and patience. In literature it is so, emphatically. Never did anything appear more like a gift of Nature than Macaulay's fluent style. Yet in the British Museum may be seen sheets of his manuscript, interlined and corrected and re-written with unwearied industry. There is yet preserved in an Italian museum a piece of paper on which Ariosto wrote one of his finest stanzas with sixteen variations of word and phrase. Dickens's notes and memoranda prove his unwearying effort after accuracy and finish. Jane Austen ended "Persuasion" in three different methods; while Hawthorne was found to have written in no fewer than five different ways one chapter of the novel that he left unfinished.

"If I fail, it will not be because I have shrunk from labour. I have *worked* at poetry—it has not been with me reverie, but art. As the physician and lawyer work at their several professions, so have I, and so do I apply to mine." These are the words of the greatest of English poetesses, as quoted in "The Life of Mrs. Browning," by John H. Ingram, just published in the "Eminent Women Series." What a contrast to the girls who scribble novels as fast as their hands can write, or dash off poems between afternoon tea and dinner, and consider it a token of literary jealousy if their works are not accepted by editors and praised by critics! I am compelled to say that of the young authoresses who have from time to time sought my opinion on their first published work, the majority sent hopelessly slovenly performances.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

ARTHUR W.—A position so heavily encumbered with pieces should have, as a redeeming feature, a difficult key-move. Your solution is simple in the extreme. Start another, and employ fewer pieces.

R WORTERS, J D TUCKER, and Others.—Quite true; Problem No. 2321 admits of a simple solution in two moves.

E HOLT (Rawtenstall).—Both problems are defective; No. 1 by 1. R to B 2nd, or 1. R to B sq; No. 2 by 1. P to R 4th, &c.

HEREWARD.—The three-move problem is too easy of solution. The other is clever in idea, but it unfortunately admits of a second solution by 1. K to Kt 3rd. Can you rectify this flaw?

J RYDER.—Problem No. 2319 is quite sound; there is no mate as you suggest. See solution in our present Number.

MARVIN F.—Any work on the game will contain the matter you require.

DELTA.—Many thanks for game, which is extremely welcome.

MRS KELLY.—We have complied with your request. Your solution is the author's intention.

E LUCAS.—Look at the position again, and you will discover it cannot be accomplished under four moves.

PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from B G Laws, F Healey, and J P Taylor.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2317 received from C R Bramley-Moore (South Pails, Canada); of No. 2318 from E Bohnstedt (Berne), and C E P; of No. 2319 from J Bryden, Shuttforth, A Wheeler, and Joseph T Pullen; of No. 2320 from A Wheeler, P C (The Hague), H S B (Ben Rhydding), D P (Ben Rhydding), E G Boys, J Bryden, J Christie (Cheltenham), J G Hankin, Quidnunc, G P Nicolet, M B, and C Ethernington.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2321 received from A Wheeler, J G Hankin, Bohun Penwarne, E Phillips, E Casella (Paris), W Hillier, Dawn, A A Harris, New Forest, H F N Banks, J Dixon, F O N H (Liverpool), Hereward, Ruby Rook, J C M, T G (Ware), Jupiter Junior, Alpin, D M'Coy, Mrs Kelly, W R Raillem, Columbus, Joseph T Pullen, Shuttforth, W M Curtis, R F A, C E P, C Goverts, F W Eisser (Cardiff), Rev. Winfield Cooper, Lieut.-Col. Lemaire, J D Tucker (Leeds), W P Turnbull, H Worters (Canterbury), G Saint, jun., W H Heyton, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), C Etherington, Anglice (Lowe Regis), T Roberts, J Bryden, E G Boys, G W (Brentwood), John Short, Grange-over-Sands, Canobus, B H Brooks, Brutus (Chislehurst), T Chown (Brighton), B Dav (Plymouth), Alquis, T T (Totteridge), Howard A, J Coad, E Lucas, and Martin Folwell.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2319.

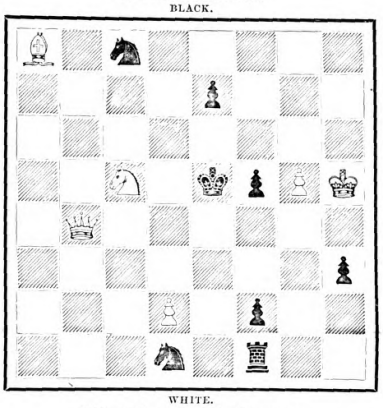
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd
2. B to R 4th	K to Q 5th
3. Q to K 4th (ch)	K takes Kt, or moves
4. R to Kt sq, or takes P. Mate.	

If Black play 1. K to R 4th, then 2. R takes P, K to Kt 5th; 3. Q to Kt 2nd (ch), &c.; if 1. K to Q 5th; 2. K to Kt 2nd, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2323.

By GODFREY HEATHCOTE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played in the major tournament of the Scottish Chess Association last July between Mr. G. E. BARBIER and Captain MACKENZIE.

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Capt. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd
4. Castles	Kt takes P
5. R to K sq	

Adopted by Steinitz against Zukertort in their great match.

5.	Kt to Q 3rd
6. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt

This defence is, to our thinking, less satisfactory than B to K 2nd. Zukertort adopted the latter move in the earlier game, but discarded it later on.

7. R takes Kt (ch)	B to K 2nd
8. B to Q 3rd	

Kt to B 3rd was played here by Steinitz, who must have carefully analysed the resources of the position. Mr. Barbier no doubt wanted to avoid the more complicated play resulting from Black taking the B with Kt.

8.	Castles
9. Kt to B 3rd	P to K B 4th
10. Q to B 3rd	B to B 3rd
11. R to K 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd
12. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to B 2nd
13. B to B 4th	P to B 3rd
14. B takes Kt (ch)	R takes B
15. B to B 3rd	P to Q 4th
16. Q R to K sq	

White has managed to get, so far, the better development.

16.	B to Q 2nd
17. K R to K 2nd	K to Kt 2nd
18. Kt to Kt sq	

Fearing Q to R 4th, followed by B takes Kt. The move was also intended to strengthen his centre by advancing the Pawns.

18.	P to Kt 3rd

With a view to shutting out the Bishop.

19. B to Q 6th	Q R to B sq
20. R to K 5th	B takes B
21. R takes B	Q to B 3rd

The exchange of B for B opens Black's game on the left, but White retains the better game notwithstanding.

22. P to Q 4th	R to B 2nd
23. Kt to B 3rd	

P to Q B 4th seems better, followed by the text-move.

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Capt. M.)
23.	B to B sq
24. Kt to K 2nd	
A lost move.	
24.	P to B 5th
25. P to B 4th	
Gives up a Pawn for an attack.	
25.	P takes P
26. Kt to B 3rd	P takes P
27. Kt to K 5th	Q to Q sq
28. P takes P	P to K R 3rd

He could not have taken Q P with safety.

29. Q to B 3rd	B to B 4th
30. P to B 3rd	K to R 2nd

An error, evidently; as thereby White gets a strong attack.

31. R to K 8th	Q to Q 4th
32. R to K 5th	Q to Q 2nd
33. R to K 8th	B takes Kt
34. Q R takes B	Q to Q 4th

White threatens to push the Pawn.

35. Q R to K 5th	Q to Q 3rd
36. Q R to K 6th	Q to Q 4th
37. R to K 5th	Q to Q 2nd
38. P to Q 5th	

The position is now one of difficulty for both players. The move in the text is an embarrassing one for Black, and compels him to play the best move the board affords.

38.	P takes P
39. Q to Q 4th	

White should have adopted the strongest continuation here, viz.:—39. R to R 8th (ch), K to Kt 2nd (best); 40. Q to Q 4th, R to B 3rd; 41. R to K 8th, and draws by perpetual check.

39.	R to Q B sq
40. R takes R	

White could have won Q for two Rooks, but Black's Pawns looked too dangerous.

40.	Q takes R
41. Q takes P	R to Q 2nd
42. Q to Kt 5th	

And Black managed, by attacking the exposed King, to exchange the pieces and win through his extra Pawn on Queen's side. Though Mr. Barbier lost the game, he played with great skill against his dangerous antagonist.

We are requested to announce that the Commissioners of her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings intend to distribute this autumn among the working classes and the poor inhabitants of London the surplus bedding-out plants in Hyde and the Regent's Parks, and in the Royal Gardens, Kew, and the Pleasure Gardens, Hampton Court. If the clergy, school committees, and others interested will make application to the superintendent of the park nearest to their respective parishes, or to the Director of the Royal Gardens, Kew, or to the Superintendent of Hampton Court Gardens, in the cases of persons residing in those neighbourhoods, they will receive early intimation of the number of plants that can be allotted to each applicant, and of the time and manner of their distribution.

A TEA-TASTER IN CHINA.

The amusing Sketches, by Mr. H. W. G. Hayter, of Shanghai, which appear in a page of our Engravings, represent some incidents of the ordinary life and business of one of the agents of British commerce in an article which perhaps contributes more to the household comfort of English families than all other foreign commodities, except wheat and flesh-meat, and which is first in importance among Chinese exports to Great Britain, altogether reaching a yearly value of nine or ten millions sterling. The English mercantile agent, whose special mission is that of tasting, pricing, and buying the teas suitable for our market, is seen on board the steam-ship approaching the end of his long voyage; next, on the morning of his first day in China, aroused at six o'clock by the native servant boy, who brings a cup of the refreshing beverage to his bedside, and who has filled his bath with cold water; then we see him in conference with a plump and spectacled Chinese vendor of teas, whose samples are tasted, but not swallowed, from cups of the steaming infusion. Our friend offers a moderate price, reckoned in the Chinese money of "taels," which the Chinaman, one of the shrewdest of bargainers, will decline as insufficient, with "Hi-yah! truly no can; my wantchee 55 taelee; Kee-hing!" in a mixture of "pigeon" or "business" English with Chinese ejaculations, declaring that he wants fifty-five taels as the lowest possible price. The chests are supposed each to contain a certain weight of tea, and when sold are brought to be weighed in the buyer's presence, while the Chinaman, anxious to create a favourable opinion of his honesty, repeats the assuring remark, "You catchee chancee this time," meaning that his customer is very fortunate in getting such an ample quantity for his money. The laborious coolies, each laden with a couple of tea-chests suspended from the ends of a bamboo-pole laid over his shoulder, march in procession to the "go-down" or wharf, and deliver this merchandise to the boatmen who take it on board the steamship. On the eve of the ship's departure from the port, our English friend is hard at work in his office, as the clock shows, until half-an-hour after midnight, finishing his letters for the homeward mail, and reporting to his employers in London the particulars of his recent transactions. Such is the business life of many of our countrymen residing at Shanghai, relieved, however, by social hospitalities and amusements congenial to Englishmen, and practicable in a commercial colony where the climate is tolerable and wits are sharpened by active vigilance in the affairs of trade. The native processes of manufacturing teas of various qualities, from the leaves of different varieties of the plant, grown in the districts specially favourable to their cultivation, with the distinctions, not merely of "black" and "green," but of many sorts and subjected to peculiar manipulation, are worthy of study. They were described, twenty years ago, in an instructive book written by Mr. Robert Fortune, a scientific botanist sent by our Indian Government, in the East India Company's time, to procure seeds of tea and skilled Chinese manufacturers for the Assam plantations. Since that period, the tea produce of Assam and other Indian provinces has attained a yearly value of £3,700,000, and that of Ceylon, rapidly superseding coffee, is increasing at a great rate; we may expect also that Queensland and Northern Australia will hereafter become tea-growing colonies, with the aid of Chinese or Hindoo labour, to a considerable extent.

The freedom of the city of Dublin has been conferred upon Cardinal Moran.

Miss Driver, of Tittenhurst, Sunninghill, has given £1000 to the Royal Holloway College, Egham, as a fund for prizes.

The Marquis of Ripon, at a crowded meeting in the Rochdale Townhall on Oct. 4, distributed the prizes to the science and art students who had been successful in the examinations.

Lady Penrhyn opened, on Oct. 3, the new hall of residence for lady students at the University College of North Wales, at Bangor. Accommodation is provided for forty students.

The Leeds Permanent Fine-Art Gallery, which forms a portion of the municipal buildings erected by the Corporation at a cost of £133,000, was opened on Oct. 3 by the Mayor, in the presence of the members of the Town Council, several Bishops, and members of Parliament, and the majority of Mayors representing the West Riding of Yorkshire.

A return of the numbers, nationalities, and destinations of emigrants who left the United Kingdom in September has been issued from the commercial department of the Board of Trade: 38,186 emigrants left these shores during the month, as compared with 43,402 in 1887. The total for the last nine months was 336,042, as against 325,765 in the corresponding period last year.

Lord Hartington was, on Oct. 3, presented with the freedom of the burgh of Inverness, "in recognition of his long and eminent services to the State." In the evening, the youngest burgess addressed a great gathering of Liberal Unionists in the Free Assembly Hall, which is capable of containing 3500 persons, and was crowded in every part. He dealt mainly with the position of the Liberal Unionist party—first by way of vindication from the assaults of the Gladstonians, and afterwards from a more positive and constructive standpoint.

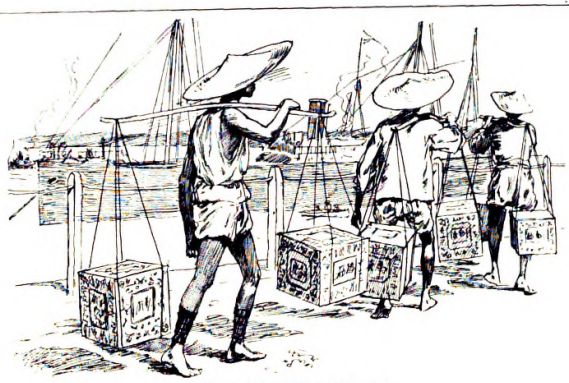
At St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday, Oct. 7, the Rev. Prebendary Hodson preached in the morning, and the Rev. W. J. S. Simpson, Curate of Christ Church, Albany-street, in the evening. The following will be the preachers for the rest of the month: Mornings—on the 14th, the Rev. Minor Canon Coward; 21st, the Rev. Prebendary Moore; 28th, the Rev. W. J. Hall. Evenings—14th, the Rev. H. L. Paget, Vicar of St. Pancras; 21st, the Rev. G. W. Dent, Principal of St. Mark's College, Chelsea; 28th, the Rev. W. A. Moberly, Vicar of the Church of the Ascension, Blackheath. The Archdeacon of London is the Canon in Residence for the month.

The School of Art Wood-Carving, City and Guilds' Institute, Exhibition-road, South Kensington, has been reopened after the usual summer vacation, and we are requested to state that one or two of the free studentships in the evening classes maintained by means of funds granted to the school by the Institute are vacant. To bring the benefits of the school within the reach of artisans a remission of half-fees for the evening class is made to artisan students connected with the wood-carving trade. Forms of application for the free studentships and any further particulars relating to the school may be obtained from the manager.

The following scholarships and prizes were distributed at St. George's Hospital by Professor Humphry, of Cambridge, on Oct. 1: £125 scholarship, to Mr. R. G. Turner; £65 scholarship, to Mr. J. S. Edkins; £50 scholarship, to Mr. C. S. Berry; William Brown £100 exhibition, to Mr. A. H. Ward; the Brackenbury prize in medicine, to Mr. B. V. Sortain; the Brackenbury prize in surgery and the Brodie prize in clinical surgery, to Mr. H. Higgins; the Acland prize in clinical medicine, to Mr. W. M. Davidson; Sir Charles Clarke's prize, to Mr. C. Truman; the Johnson prize in anatomy, to Mr. R. M. H. Walford; general proficiency prizes, to Messrs. H. S. Barkworth and R. M. H. Walford.



AT THE OFFICE.



CARRYING TEA-CHESTS TO THE SHIP.



TEA IN BED.



TASTING TEA.



WEIGHING TEA-CHESTS.



ON BOARD SHIP.

A TEA-TASTER'S LIFE AND WORK IN CHINA.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER'S PASTORAL STAFF.

The pastoral staff presented to the Bishop of Manchester by the clergy and laity of the diocese is formed of a shaft of ivory, relieved by mounts of silver richly embossed, gilded, and embellished with sixty-eight precious stones. The shaft terminates in a capital of silver ornamented with foliage, surmounted by eight enamelled medallions representing the Four Evangelists, with the Sacred Monogram, the Cross, and Alpha and Omega. Above is a series of turrets or pinnacles, enriched with enamels, each pinnacle terminating with a jewel. The shaft is continued and falls over to form the crook. The outer edge of the shaft is decorated with silver crockets or foliage, secured by silver bands enriched with gems. The inside curve of the shaft encircles a carved ivory group representing "The Good Shepherd." The staff, for design and workmanship, reflects great credit upon Messrs. Thomason and Co., of Manchester.



NEW CROSIER FOR THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

NEW BOOKS.

The Mapleson Memoirs, 1848 to 1888. Two vols. (Remington and Co.).—The manifest decline of Italian Opera permits us to review the past incidents of its management and performance, in the series of fashionable entertainments remembered by the elders of this generation, with cool historical interest. Colonel James Henry Mapleson—his military rank, as commander of a regiment of Volunteers, may here be recognised once for all—relates his varied experiences as lessee and manager, both in England and in the United States, with an engaging air of frankness, and with a good-humoured vivacity that is always amusing. Having been trained in the Royal Academy of Music, and in the Conservatorio of Milan, both as a violinist and as a vocalist, the loss of his voice, which was a promising tenor, induced him to resort to the business of an agent for the musical profession. In 1858 he gave his services as manager to an Italian Opera Company formed by Mr. E. T. Smith at Drury-Lane Theatre; and in 1861, when that omnivorous "entrepreneur" was obliged to quit these speculations, Mr. Mapleson took the Lyceum on his own account; but soon obtained from Lord Dudley a lease of Her Majesty's Theatre, which he opened in 1862. His company then included Mademoiselle Titiens, a great lyric and dramatic artist, Giuglini the tenor, Albani, Trebelli, M. Gassier, and Signor delle Sedie, with Arditi as conductor. He narrowly missed securing Adelina Patti, "a little lady from America," who had just arrived; she was captured by Mr. Frederick Gye, for the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-Garden, by the timely loan of £50, being then actually in need of money. The first experiment at the Lyceum resulted in a loss of £18,000. The eminent artists we have named were zealous and industrious; sometimes, after performing such an opera as the "Huguenots," "Lucrezia Borgia," or "Norma," they would sup together at midnight, and then rehearse the "Ballo in Maschera," from half-past one in the morning till long hours after daylight! Of Mademoiselle Titiens, especially, whose professional conduct was most honourable, and who was a brave, generous woman, Mr. Mapleson speaks in the highest terms. Signor Giuglini's childish petulance and vehement caprices occasioned much trouble; and many ridiculous stories are told of him. By an unlucky accident, one night in playing "Norma," Titiens, as the Druid priestess, threw back her drumstick, with which she struck the gong, so as to hit Giuglini on the nose; and he swore that he would never play "Pollio" with her again. These whims and tricks of Giuglini, which fill some pages of this narrative, were, however, surpassed in vexatious absurdity by those of Mario, in 1879, and of another tenor, Ravelli, in Mr. Mapleson's American tour of 1882. It should not be inferred that any psychological cause, even peculiar to the Italian race, disposes tenors to behave unreasonably more than baritones; for Mario was the most obliging and agreeable of men; but he was a thorough Italian gentleman. We should rather say that Italians of low birth, and ill-educated, are of all mankind the most quickly spoilt by personal success in a public calling; though in pecuniary greediness, and in apparent unfaithfulness to contracts, some ladies not of Italian birth have far outdone the prima donnas from the classic land of songsters. With Madame Grisi, whose goodness in such respects is gratefully acknowledged, Mr. Mapleson was associated only in 1866, at the close of her admirable career. His introduction of Christine Nilsson to the London audience, in 1867, was an event of much importance; but he found her "somewhat exacting" in after years. The great disaster that befell him in December, 1867, by the conflagration of Her Majesty's Theatre, causing him a loss of £30,000 on properties which he was arranging the day before to insure, would have crushed a less energetic and courageous man. But he re-opened at Drury-Lane in the following season; and in the autumn, by a temporary compact with Mr. Gye, who then considered the rivalry of the two houses likely to be ruinous to both, had the use of the "Royal Italian" building in Covent-Garden, with Costa in the orchestra. The season of 1869 yielded a joint clear profit of £36,000, from Mr. Mapleson's share of which, however, £3000 must be deducted for insurance and rates. They soon disagreed, as to the terms of a proposed continuance of partnership, when Her Majesty's Theatre was rebuilt; and Mr. Gye was involved in litigation, both with Lord Dudley and with Colonel Brownlow-Knox, concerning the two leading houses. We do not care to make any remark on the statements of Mr. Mapleson, which are temperately, even drily, set forth, concerning Mr. Gye's repeated acts of hostility down to 1877; it is possible that something might have been said on the other side. A wider field of action, with more exciting adventures, is presented by his American operatic tours, the first of which began in October, 1878, with Madame Etelka Gerster for prima donna, giving 164 performances of opera and forty-seven concerts, and going westward as far as Chicago and Cincinnati. In the following year, after the London season, he again went to the United States, and his prima donna was Marimon, who won high favour at New York and Boston, till her voice suddenly failed. The fatigues of long travelling in America seem to have tried the ladies most severely; and there were also trials of temper among them, in some instances, from professional jealousy carried to extreme lengths. Hereby hang several amusing little stories. Mr. Mapleson's American triumphs in 1881, 1882, and 1883, especially in the Grand Opera Festivals at Cincinnati, were the culminating success of his management; and the overwhelming popular enthusiasm is forcibly described. He was then acting, conjointly with Mr. Ernest Gye, for the directors of the Royal Italian Opera Company of London. He was opposed at New York by Mr. Abbey, the lessee of the new Metropolitan Opera-house, from which competition, it appears, came the enormous price that was subsequently paid for the services of Madame Patti. No singer had ever before received £1000 a night, which was first offered to her by Mr. Abbey, backed by the millionaire Vanderbilt. Mr. Mapleson thought fit to promise as much, while Madame Nilsson was content with £300 a night. Whether any individual human talent or accomplishment can ever be worth such an extravagant hire, let the world consider at leisure. The London directors would not ratify the engagement to pay those terms; and Mr. Mapleson, supported by the stockholders of the New York Academy of Music, had to bind himself to do so. From 1883 to 1885, his relations with Madame Patti, during a series of marvellously popular performances all over America, were magnificent but not profitable to himself; and, without reference to personal interests, it can scarcely be wished, for the sake of true art, that such an example had proved successful. Madame Patti, at this time, would attend no rehearsals, in which Titiens and other great artists had been punctually diligent. Not disparaging the attractions of this very expensive vocalist, or the competent judgment of her sincere admirers, it may be suggested that American providers of stage novelties have a shrewd insight into the weak points for attack on the purses of the vulgar rich, a class largely prevailing in the great cities of the United States. Every device of newspaper interviewing and incessant reporting was employed to advertise the prodigious costliness of Patti's appearances: discussion of the pecuniary negotiations was kept up for weeks by journalists set on to promote the intended "boom;" the price of her dresses, of her saloon railway carriage, with its decorations and furniture, and even her hotel bills, stimulated that characteristic American sentiment, the glory of spending more money than any other people do. It supplies the want of true taste in the United States, and is the national substitute for a genuine appreciation of the exalted, the beautiful, and the harmonious, in which Mr. Matthew Arnold found the American mind sadly wanting. When the reporters had interviewed Patti "in her gorgeous palace car," and had noted the items of various expenses totalling many thousands of dollars, the victory of her Western campaign was assured in advance; that is the American secret of a public success. With some understanding of the circumstances, we read Mr. Mapleson's narrative of the extraordinary doings at San Francisco, where the streets were blocked, all through the night, with people crowding to be first at the sale of tickets next morning; where seats in the dress circle were bought at £4 to £10 each; where the top gallery was invaded by men dropping in from holes broken in the roof; and the receipts for one performance were nearly £5000, besides which the purchasers of boxes could sell them at an immense premium. But Mr. Mapleson lost money, in that tour, at the rate of £1200 a week, and his property was repeatedly in the clutches of the Sheriffs for manifold debts. Nevertheless, the farewell visit of Patti to America, in 1885, with a Grand Operatic Festival at Chicago, realised a net profit of £30,000. In 1886, not having Patti with him, the American expedition proved a disastrous failure; and his retreat from California, encumbered with a hundred and sixty helpless followers, whose personal baggage was often detained for hotel-bills, is a tale of thrilling adventure. Without dwelling on particulars of more recent date, we cordially wish Mr. Mapleson, in future, as much prosperity as he can fairly earn, while thanking him for a pleasant account of his labours and fortunes in the past.

The Mediation of Ralph Hardelot. By William Minto. Three vols. (Macmillan).—To do full justice to the special merits of this book it should be considered not so much as a novel or romance, but as an exposition of English history and the state of society five centuries ago. It presents, with some admixture of imaginative fiction, a very good account of the notable insurrection of the peasantry, led by Wat Tyler, the famous Man of Kent: John Ball, the clerical demagogue of Cambridge: Jack Straw, and others, who besieged London for several days in June, 1381, when the Tower was stormed, the Duke of Lancaster's Palace in the Savoy was burnt, and Archbishop Sudbury, the Lord High Chancellor, was put to death. The hero of the story, Ralph Hardelot, is a kinsman of that unpopular prelate and Minister of State; and his brother Reginald is in the confidential service of the Archbishop. But Ralph, a scholar and soldier, having been educated at Cambridge, and having served a year or two in the French wars, became one of the disciples of Wycliffe, and then put on the russet garb of those zealous lay missionaries, called "Wycliffe's poor priests," who went about England preaching a new era of religious, moral, and social reform. He is not, however, legally or ecclesiastically bound to celibacy: and the early mutual attachment between this young man and Clara Roos, with whom he was brought up as a boy in the family of Sir John Cavendish, guardian also to this girl, is the only feature of the story that concerns the tender passion. Clara, being an orphan heiress, was forced into a marriage, never consummated, with a ruffianly knight, Sir Richard Rainham, from whom she escaped on the wedding-day, and took refuge in Dartford Priory. The immediate action of the present narrative begins with a journey on horseback through Essex, by way of the town of Sudbury, where the populace are rising in anger to oppose the new poll-tax. Two strangers, disguised as Flemish merchants, one calling himself Simon d'Ypres, but whose real name is John Kirby, and who is a chief manager of the political conspiracy, are there quietly watching events. Ralph Hardelot is invited to join their party on the road to Stourbridge fair. In passing Sturmere Castle, the stronghold of Sir Richard Rainham, who is a privileged highway robber, these travellers are attacked and plundered; and Ralph, whom the brutal tyrant especially hates as the lover of Clara, is cast into a dungeon. To our surprise, not less than to his, Clara is found there in the dark, half mad with terror; she has been captured by Sir Richard's emissaries, while taking the air outside Dartford Priory in Kent, has been carried off to Sturmere, and is apparently consigned to a lingering death in the dungeon, along with her unlucky lover. We do not remember any precedent for this fantastic method of marital vengeance in other romantic tales: but we have often read something very like Ralph's feat of overpowering and tying up the wicked lord of the castle, followed by the deliverance of Ralph and Clara when Wat Tyler's band of insurgents easily break into the castle by a sudden assault. Professor Minto, indeed, cannot describe this kind of exploit and adventure so well as Mr. R. L. Stevenson does in "The Black Arrow," or Sir Walter Scott in "Ivanhoe." Delivered, anyhow, from his first dire peril, Ralph seeks the King, Richard II., then a generous boy of fifteen, sojourning at Castle Hedingham in that neighbourhood; frankly and faithfully declaring the grievances of the peasants, who are oppressed by serfdom and illegal exactions under their local tyrants, he is authorised to go forth and promise redress in the King's name. This proceeding, his "Mediation," is loyally undertaken by Ralph Hardelot, and he goes on to the great Fair at Stourbridge, the description of which is the best chapter in the book. He addresses the people there, urging them to abstain from violence, but is misreported by malignant spies, and is again imprisoned, this time by the Sheriff of Cambridge. It should be mentioned that he has already, in the King's presence at Castle Hedingham, creditably passed through "the ordeal of battle" in a formal tilting-match with his enemy, Sir Richard Rainham, who disgraces himself by foul behaviour in the combat. Meanwhile, Clara becomes lady-in-waiting to the King's mother, the widow of the Black Prince, a wise and amiable lady, with whom she lives at the Wardrobe in Blackfriars, London. She exerts herself successfully to convince the Princess and young Richard of the innocence of Ralph Hardelot; he is released from prison, but goes to warn the Archbishop of impending danger from the popular wrath, and is not only contemned, but is a third time imprisoned at Lambeth. The formidable insurrection, for which the feeble Government in the minority of Richard II. was utterly unprepared, breaks out in the third volume. It is narrated with historical fidelity; the simultaneous well-organised march of the Kentish men and the Essex men to London; the encampment of Wat Tyler on Blackheath, while Jack Straw's force encamped on Hampstead-heath; the alarm and confusion prevailing in London, King Richard's attempt to parley with the leaders on board the Royal barge at Rotherhithe, his subsequent interview with them at Mile-End, the irruption of the mob into the Tower, the murder of the Archbishop and other high officials, and the scenes of outrage in the City streets, are described with no exaggeration. It is evidently the author's deliberate opinion that all these atrocious outrages were perpetrated by the town rabble, without the assent or knowledge of Wat Tyler and the other leaders of the rustic host outside the walls of London; and he sympathises with the latter as honest men preferring just and moderate demands. He also believes young King Richard to have acted in perfect good faith; but surely it cannot be supposed that the entire abolition of serfdom, a complete change in the whole system of feudal law, could be effected with validity by any King's mere proclamation. The final catastrophe, the last day's meeting at Smithfield, the killing of Wat Tyler by the Lord Mayor, Sir William Walworth, and the dispersing of the terrified peasantry, might have been related with better dramatic effect. In that concluding scene of turmoil, Ralph Hardelot, the martyr of loyal and Christian patriotism, falls by the cruel hand of his old enemy Rainham, but his death is instantly avenged; and Clara, when she hears of it, dies in a moment of a broken heart. The author has not written a good romance, for it is wanting in likelihood and artistic shape. But he has treated an important passage of real history with much originality, and with an accurate study of the circumstances known to have existed at the time. It may be advantageously compared with Mr. C. Edmund Maurice's account, in his "English Popular Leaders of the Middle Ages."

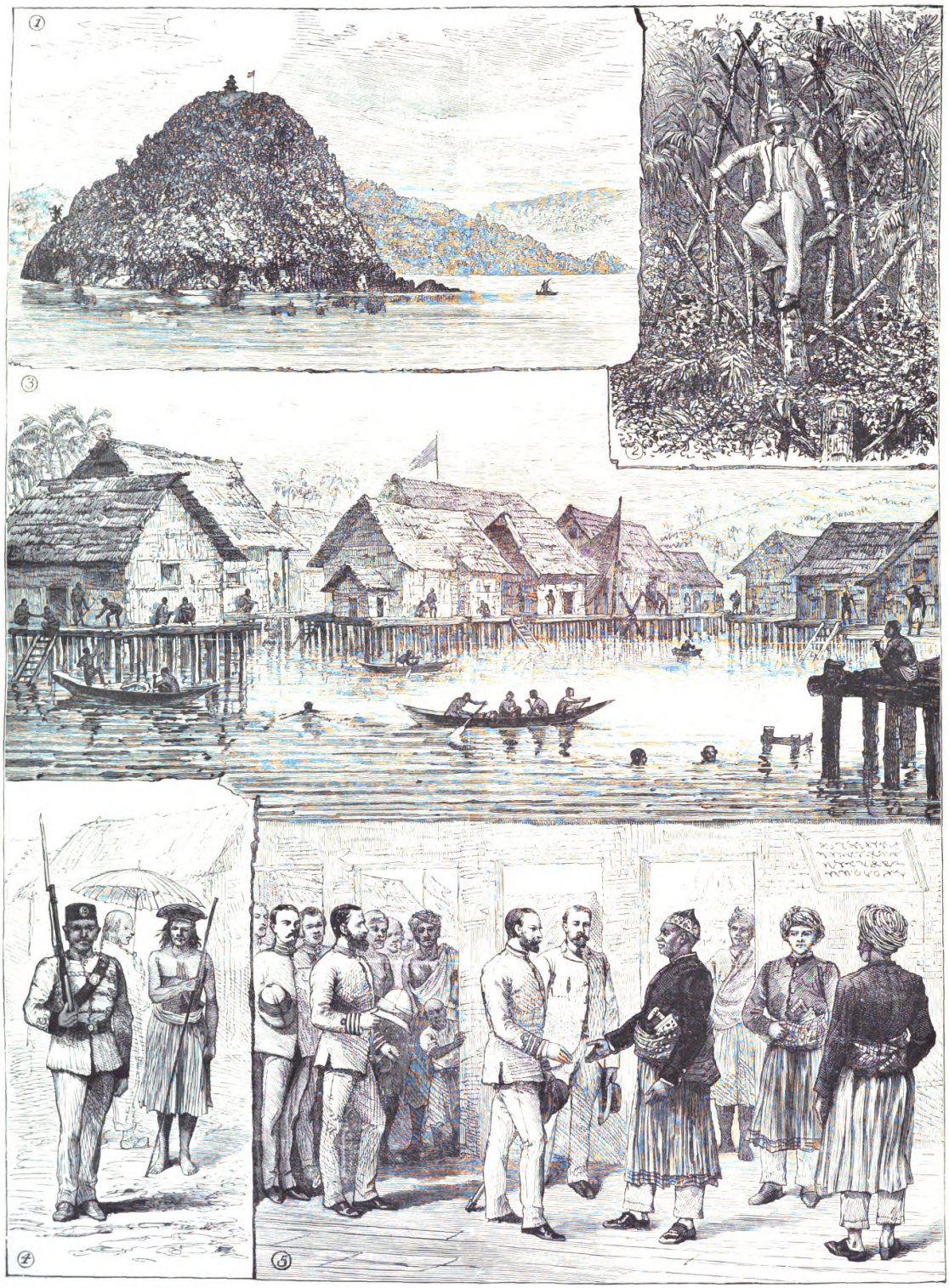
SKETCHES IN BORNEO.

The British naval squadron on the China station, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C., K.C.B., was cruising in March last off the coasts of Borneo. That large island, 850 miles long and 600 miles broad, situated in the Equatorial region, in the centre of the Malay Archipelago, having Sumatra and Java for its neighbours to the west and south, and the Philippines to the north-east, has not yet been thoroughly explored. Its northern parts, however, from Sarawak, where Sir James Brooke, the first "Rajah Brooke," formed an English settlement forty or fifty years ago, when the Malay pirates were subdued by the aid of Admiral Keppel, to the small British colony of Labuan, established by our Government in 1847, and to the north-eastern peninsula, called Sabah, now occupied by the British North Borneo Company under their charter of 1881, with the ports and harbours of Sandakan, Kudat, Gaya Bay, and Ambong Bay—are tolerably familiar to our maritime trade. The ruling Malay race in the greater portion of this northern region, being Mohammedans, own the sovereignty of the Sultan of Brunei, who in 1877 agreed, for a certain pecuniary revenue to be paid yearly, to grant the territories now occupied by the British North Borneo Company, and this arrangement was ratified by our Government four years afterwards, together with one of a similar nature which had been concluded with the Sultan of Sulu, on the eastern coast. The Dutch Government has formed settlements in the southern and western parts of Borneo, which are administered in connection with Java; but the interior, with its primitive tribes of natives, called Muruts, Dusuns, or Ida'an, chiefly of the Dyak race, is pretty much left to itself.

The town of Brunei, where the Sultan resides, is situated at the head of the Gulf of Labuan, only thirty miles from the little island of Labuan, with its British official residents, and is regularly visited by steamers from Singapore. The inhabitants of the town, numbering 12,000, are Malays, with some Dyaks, and there are no Europeans living there. Our correspondent, the Rev. O'Donnell Ross Lewin, naval chaplain to H.M.S. Audacious, who has favoured us with Sketches of Borneo, describes Brunei as a town actually built in the water, the houses being erected on piles. It stands in the estuary of a river, and can be approached only by small vessels. The Sultan's palace is entered by a ladder. The Sultan is a stout old Malay, of a reddish-brown complexion. He wore a blue jacket, a very large girdle, with an ornamental creese stuck in it; a sarong or short gown, and white trousers. His velvet cap was worked with gold embroidery to resemble a crown. His Prime Minister attended him. The Admiral was introduced by the Governor of Labuan, Mr. Hamilton. The English guests afterwards sat at a long table, and cigars of huge size were handed to them with very sweet coffee.

Sarawak is now governed by the nephew of the original Rajah Brooke (Sir James Brooke). It is the most prosperous State in Borneo, having a revenue in excess of expenditure. It appears to be well and wisely governed, and the Rajah's soldiers are well drilled. The old Malay cannon at Sarawak are very curious. One is double-barrelled; another has the figure of a man at the breech, and that of a dog at the muzzle. On the steep hill-sides the natives use notched tree-trunks to ascend and descend; and as some of these are often broken, and with no supports, walking down becomes rather risky, as it appears in one of the Sketches.

A three-light window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, has been erected in the church of Furneaux-Pelham, Hertfordshire, with the surplus fund, on the occasion of the Jubilee of her Majesty.



1. Light-house at the Entrance to the Sarawak River.
2. Coming down a Jungle Path in Borneo.
3. A Street in Brunei.
4. One of Rajah Brooke's Soldiers at Sarawak.
5. The Sultan of Brunei Receiving Vice-Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon and Officers of the Squadron.

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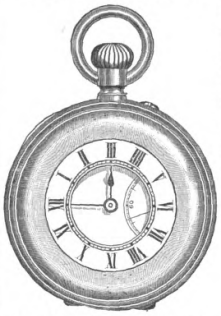
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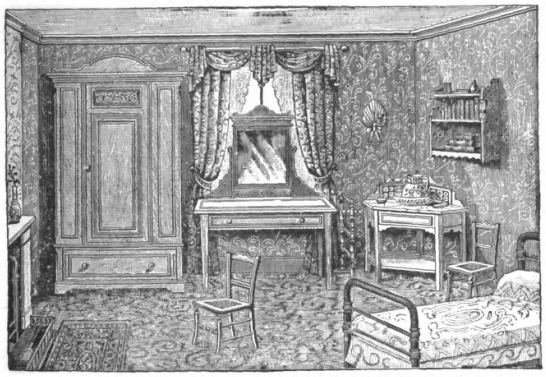
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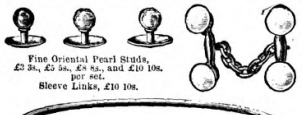
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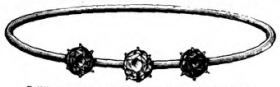
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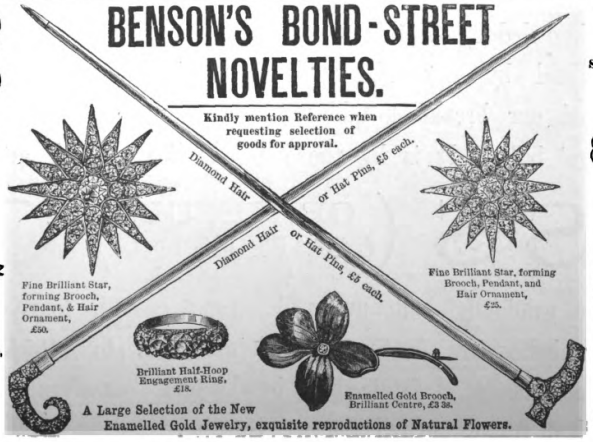


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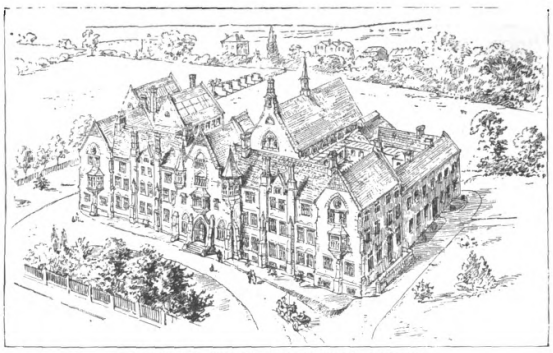
ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

It is greatly to be regretted that the managers of this important exhibition should have allowed it to be opened prematurely. In every way, and in the interest of exhibitors and visitors, a fortnight's delay would have added to its attractions without compromising its success. Even now many vacant spaces are to be found on the walls, and the catalogue is in need of careful revision. Moreover, as a first venture in a new direction it would have been more prudent to have awaited the return to town of those who set the fashion even in exhibition-going—and more especially in the case of an exhibition which appeals almost exclusively to the fashionable and would-be taste dictators of the country.

Having said this much, we willingly pass on to speak in a very different tone of the contents of the New Gallery, which, for a brief period, passes under the management of Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. William Morris, and Mr. Cobden-Sanderson. The aim proposed by the society of which these gentlemen are the guiding spirits is to bring into greater prominence "the personal element" of our industrial system. In other words, they wish to show how much of the undoubted advance in taste and workmanship which modern house-decoration displays is due to the individual workman; and they believe that a fuller recognition of the craftsman will tend more than anything to raise handicrafts to the level of true art. We have no desire to dispute this hopeful anticipation, but the first survey of the exhibits on the present occasion suggests rather a struggle between two conflicting influences in the designers' minds, than that harmony between art and craft which it is the aim of Mr. Walter Crane's society to establish. In other words, there is too patent an effort on the part of the majority of the artists to produce what they regard as useful, and an equal effort on the part of the craftsmen to disguise, under a decorative exterior, the direct purpose of their work. Designs for stained glass or mural decorations do not come under limitations of this sort, and consequently the works contributed by Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Holiday, Mr. Ford-Madox Browne, and Mr. Walter Crane do not suffer from the conflicting influences. Of the first-named artist the most important works are the cartoons for two windows for St. Philip's Church, Birmingham—"The Crucifixion" (181) and "The Nativity" (173). We place them in this order because the former work seems to show the artist at his best, although in the treatment of the Saviour's birth he has been able to give fuller play to fancy and imagination—a group of angels above guiding the steps of the shepherds to the grotto beneath, where another group watches over the new-born child. In the still larger and more complicated work, "David's Exhortation to Solomon" (170), the shrivelled King is not a pleasant subject for contemplation; whilst Solomon is represented as far too boyish to wield the sceptre and the sword in a kingdom beset by foes on all sides; but the group of girls who stand round the foot of the throne is conceived with Mr. Burne-Jones's consummate skill, and arranged with exquisite grace. Mr. Holiday's designs for the Cavendish Memorial (163 and 164, 167 and 168) are fine renderings of the Passion, and are as strongly marked by dignity and pathos as the plaster bas-relief, "Jacob's Ladder" (165), is by delicacy and refinement. In the same category of successful works we must mention Mr. Walter Crane's sketches for a painted frieze, illustrating Longfellow's story of "The Skeleton in Armour" (194), in which the artist has an admirable opportunity for the display of his real genius in the invention of imaginary beasts; and Mr. Selwyn Image's crayon designs for glass windows, "Raphael" and "Michael" (210), of which the latter shows the greater power. The Century Guild of Artists is represented by some spirited designs by Mr. B. Creswick, of which the "Village Smith" (193) series is perhaps the most characteristic; but without knowing whether these casts in high-relief are intended for indoor or outdoor ornament, it is difficult to say how far they are adaptable to our climate. Amongst the other objects of interest in the North Gallery—to which we confine our remarks on the present occasion—is a "Cassone in Gesso" (229), with a design by Mr. Burne-Jones, "The Garden of the Hesperides." This chest, which is made after the Italian fashion of the sixteenth century, is ablaze with gold, and bears on its surface in low relief a long-necked hideous monster twining round the mystic tree, and taking food from a bowl which a very modern-looking, self-possessed young lady holds in her hands. In Mr. Spencer Stanhope's "Hanging Cupboard" (230) the colours are even more brilliant, and the contrast of the blue dresses of the girls with the green foliage above them is somewhat startling. In much more refined style are Mr. Walter Crane's frieze panel "St. George and the Dragon" (239), Mr. Heywood Sumner's painted Gesso panel "Judith" (243), and Miss Faulkner's piano of green-stained wood, decorated in Gesso with gold and silver arabesques—Gesso, it may be explained, is composed of plaster of Paris, glue, and cotton wool, and is admirably suited for decorations in relief, whether in colour or gilded. In our next notice we shall refer to the metal and glass work, the pottery, and the bookbinding, and to various textiles, of which there is a very remarkable display. Meanwhile, we cordially echo the regrets expressed by Mr. Walter Crane in his admirable preface to the catalogue, that a large number of the manufacturers of artistic products have refused to take part in the present exhibition in consequence of the condition imposed by the society that the name of the responsible designer or artificer should be furnished, in order that the credit due to him should be fairly and fully recognised.

ST. DUNSTAN'S COLLEGE, CATFORD.

Under the scheme approved by the Charity Commissioners, part of the funds belonging to the parish authorities of St. Dunstan-in-the-East, in the City of London, were directed to be applied to founding a school for the education of 400 boys. The appointed Governors of this school are Alderman and Sheriff Gray; Mr. A. J. Capel; the Rev. J. L. Ross, Rector of the parish; Sir Reginald Hanson; Sir Owen Roberts; the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Legge and the Rev. B. Rhodes Bristow, of Lewisham; and Messrs. R. B. Portal, W. Marten Smith, W. J. Thompson, F. H. Mitchell, G. C. Edwards, H. Spicer, and W. R. Portal, gentlemen connected with the parish of St. Dunstan. A large and well-arranged group of buildings, with schoolrooms, dormitories, masters' residences, and chapel, has been



ST. DUNSTAN'S COLLEGE, CATFORD-BRIDGE, LEWISHAM.

erected at Catford-bridge, adjacent to Lewisham, in one of the most improving and prosperous suburban districts of Kent. The architect is Mr. E. N. Clifton, of 7, East India-avenue, City. We present a View of these buildings, which were formally opened by Sir Henry Roscoe, M.P., assisted by Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Gray, and the other Governors, on Monday, Oct. 1, in the presence of the Bishop of Rochester; the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University; Sir George Young, Charity Commissioner; and the Master of the Clothworkers' Company. This college will accommodate sixty boarders and above three hundred day-scholars; the whole will be under the head master, Mr. C. M. Stuart, M.A. (non-resident); two house masters (resident), Mr. R. P. Roscveare and Mr. H. A. P. Sawyer; and Messrs. Allpress and Pugh (assistants). It will provide a modern education suitable for boys entering upon commercial, technical, and professional pursuits, special attention being paid to natural science, modern languages, and drawing. The college has been fitted with laboratories and workshops, arranged with the latest approved appliances, and twelve acres of ground have been laid out for school games.

Under the title of "The Emperor's Diary," Messrs. Routledge and Sons publish in a shilling volume the diary attributed to the late Emperor Frederick, concerning which there has been so much discussion. Prince Bismarck's memorandum in regard to it is also given.

During the quarter ending Sept. 30, as appears from Lloyd's returns, there was an immense increase in the number and tonnage of vessels in course of construction in the shipbuilding yards of this kingdom. The comparison is favourable whether applied to the immediately preceding quarter or to the corresponding period of last year.

Information has been received in Newcastle that the Wiggins Expedition that went out from the Tyne in July last, with a view of opening up a trade between this country and Siberia, has been a failure. The Labrador reached Vardoe early in August and proceeded on her journey through the Kara Sea. This year there has been an unusual quantity of ice in the straits; and a telegram, dated Oct. 3, states that the Labrador has returned to Vardoe, without having reached Yenesei, bringing with her four shipwrecked crews from the Kara Sea.

THE COURT.

On the morning of Oct. 5 the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princess Alice of Hesse. Her Majesty again drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Alice of Hesse and attended by the Hon. Evelyn Moore. Lord Rowton arrived at the castle, and, with Viscount Cross, had the honour of being invited to dine with the Queen and the Royal family. In the evening the Queen, with the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Albany, witnessed a representation of tableaux vivants, in which Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, Princess Frederica, Baroness von Pawel Rammingen, Princess Alice of Hesse, Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, together with members of the Royal household and other ladies and gentlemen, took part. The following had the honour of being invited:—Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick, Sir Dighton and Lady Probyn, Lady and Miss Cochrane, Miss Knollys, Fräulein Von Riedel, Miss Trotter, the Earl of Fife (who was unavoidably prevented from coming), the Rev. Archibald and Mrs. Campbell, Madame Albani-Gye and Mr. Gye, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Mackenzie, Mdlle. La Jeunesse, Viscount Cross, Lord Rowton, Sir Robert Collins, and Mr. Walter Campbell. The Queen went out on the morning of the 6th, attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove out, attended by Lady Ampthill. Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales lunched with the Queen and the Royal family. The Duchess of Albany dined with her Majesty. Fräulein Von Riedel, Viscount Cross, and Lord Rowton had the honour of being invited. In the evening, the Queen, with the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Albany, witnessed a continuation of the tableaux vivants, in which the same members of the Royal family, members of the Royal household, and other ladies and gentlemen, took part. The following had the honour of being invited:—Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick, Sir Dighton and Lady Probyn, Lady and Miss Cochrane, Miss Knollys, Fräulein Von Riedel, Miss Trotter, the Earl of Fife, the Rev. Archibald and Mrs. Campell, Colonel and Mrs. Russell, Madame Albani-Gye and Mr. Gye, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Mackenzie, Mdlle. La Jeunesse, Viscount Cross, Lord Rowton, Sir Robert Collins, the Rev. Professor Story, D.D., and Mr. Walter Campbell. On both evenings the music was furnished by Mr. M'Farland's band from the Aberdeen Theatre, and by Mr. Adlington. The servants, tenants, and gillies of the Queen's Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall estates were present on each occasion. Divine service was performed on Sunday morning, the 7th, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Rev. Professor Story, D.D., of the Glasgow University, one of her Majesty's chaplains, officiated. The Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maude of Wales, attended by Sir Dighton Probyn and Miss Knollys, drove over from Abergeldie and attended. In the afternoon the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by Lady Ampthill, and visited Princess Frederica at Abergeldie Mains. Viscount Cross, Lord Rowton, and the Rev. Dr. Story had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Queen went out on Monday morning, the 8th, attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely; and in the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Alice of Hesse, drove to the Glassalt Shiel. Captain Arthur W. Moore, R.N., had the honour of being received by the Queen. Princess Frederica and Baron von Pawel Rammingen dined with the Queen and the Royal family; and Viscount Cross and Lord Rowton had the honour of being invited.

The Prince of Wales met with a magnificent reception at Bucharest on Oct. 4, the whole town being *en fête*. King Charles welcomed his Royal Highness in the most cordial manner, and conducted him to the palace. At the Castle of Pelesh the Queen of Roumania organised a series of brilliant fêtes in honour of the Prince's visit. The Prince of Wales has been disappointed in his hunting expedition, the dry weather having caused the bears to retreat to the upper recesses of the mountains.

The Duchess of Edinburgh arrived at Rome on Oct. 7 with her children, and was received at the railway station by Baron Mayendorff and Mr. Kennedy, the Chargés d'Affaires to Russia and England respectively.

Mr. J. H. A. Macdonald, the Lord Advocate, has received the appointment of Lord Justice Clerk, in succession to Lord Moncrieff; and it is announced that Mr. J. P. B. Robertson, the present Solicitor-General, will succeed Mr. Macdonald.

On Oct. 8 the President (the Marquis of Bristol) and Council of the British Dairy Farmers' Association entertained about one hundred gentlemen at the Freemasons' Tavern, in connection with the thirteenth annual Dairy Show. The chair was filled by Mr. Walter S. B. McLaren, M.P.

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MUSIC.

Symptoms of reviving musical activity are now appearing; among the most important being the resumption of the Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts, which enter on their thirty-third series on Oct. 13. A performance of "Carmen" by Mr. Augustus Harris's Royal Italian Opera Company, was given at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon, Oct 6, when Mdlle. Rolla sustained the title-character with much success. Signor D'Andrade as the Toreador, and Madame Bauermeister, Signori Runcio, De Vaschetti, and Ciampi, and others contributed to the general effect; sudden changes in other portions of the cast having been made in consequence of the indisposition of Madame Trebelli and Miss Macintyre.

The performances of the Russian National Opera Company at the Royal Albert Hall—to which we have previously drawn attention—began on Oct. 8. The vocal performers (the choristers habited in picturesque national costume) gave a selection which was not exclusively Russian; having, however, included selections from Glinka's opera, "Life for the Czar," which has been given in an Italian version at our Covent-Garden opera-house. Other Russian pieces were comprised in the programme, which, however, was of a somewhat mixed character. In addition to choral music, solos were effectively sung by Madame Olga Pouskowa, and MM. Vinogradoff and Lubimoff. Besides the band, twenty-four pianofortes were employed, played on by forty-eight young ladies, who executed two pieces. The performances were ably conducted by Mr. J. Truffi. The well-trained company has recently been heard to greater advantage in stage representations in some of our provincial towns, and it is to be regretted that their London appearances should not be made under similar theatrical surroundings. The last concert was announced for Oct. 13.

Madame De Lhna (pianist) gave a concert at Prince's Hall on Oct. 8, with an interesting programme, including her own performances in concerted and solo pieces; and other features.

The inaugural address of the new session of Trinity College, London, was announced to be delivered by the Rev. H. G. Bonavia Hunt, on Oct. 9, the same date having been fixed for the students' concert.

We have previously drawn attention to the arrangements made for the one day's festival at Hanley, on Oct. 11, conducted by Dr. C. Swinnerton Heap, of Birmingham.

The recurrence of the Bristol Triennial Festival (the sixth occasion) will take place on Oct. 16 and three following days. The programme does not offer any absolute novelty, but several grand works of permanent interest will be given, all the performances taking place in the Colston Hall. The first morning (the Tuesday) will be devoted to "Elijah," the evening concert of the same date including a selection from Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride," Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto in A minor, and other items. On the following morning, Cherubini's fourth mass (in C) and Dr. Mackenzie's dramatic cantata "The Rose of Sharon" will be given, Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony, and a miscellaneous selection being included in the programme of the evening concert. The morning of Oct. 18 will be appropriated to Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend," and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis-Night" music; the following evening's concert including Beethoven's pastoral symphony, other orchestral works, pianoforte solos, and vocal pieces. The festival will terminate on Friday morning, Oct. 19, with a performance of "The Messiah." The orchestra will be the fine band organised by Sir Charles Hallé, who will be the conductor and pianist. The original list of solo vocalists comprised the names of Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Mesdames Patey, Trebelli, and Belle Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. C. Banks, Mr. Santley, Mr. W. Mills, and Mr. M. Worlock; but it is feared that illness will prevent Madame Trebelli from appearing.

Mr. William Carter will begin a new series of eight concerts at the Royal Albert Hall on Oct. 31; the co-operation of his well-trained choir being again an important feature.

Mr. Freeman Thomas's Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre will close (with his benefit) on Oct. 15, after an especially successful season; a result fully merited by the general excellence of the performances, and the varied attractions of the programmes.

The eighteenth season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby, will open on Nov. 7 under its altered title of the "Royal Choral Society." The opening performances will consist of Mozart's "Requiem" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Two more concerts will be given this year—on Nov. 28 and Dec. 15—and the remaining seven on Jan. 1 and 16, Feb. 2 and 20, March 6 and 30, and April 19. Some of our most eminent solo vocalists are engaged, and a band and chorus of about a thousand performers will give effect to works by past and present masters, among these being Mr. Cowen's oratorio, "Ruth"; an oratorio entitled "Lucifer," by M. Benoit; and Signor Mancinelli's "Isaias." Mr. W. Hodge has been appointed organist on the retirement of Sir John Stainer.

The Monday Popular Concerts will open their thirty-first season on Nov. 12.

Those excellent orchestral performances, the London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall, will be resumed with the first concert of a new series, on Nov. 20, conducted by Mr. Henschel, as before.

A new series of Ballad Concerts will begin towards the latter end of November.

Another important accession to London music will be the renewal of Novello's Oratorio Concerts, which will begin their new season, at St. James's Hall, on Dec. 6 (conducted, as before, by Dr. Mackenzie), with Dr. Parry's "Judith." Engagements have been made with several eminent solo vocalists.

Among the suburban musical institutions that are preparing for renewed activity, the Finsbury Choral Association (conducted by Mr. C. J. Dale) will open its tenth season with the first of four concerts, on Nov. 22; and the Highbury Philharmonic Society (conducted by Mr. G. H. Betjemann) will begin its eleventh season on Nov. 26.—The South London Choral Association has issued the prospectus of its twenty-first season. Classes for instruction in various branches of music and public concerts are included in the scheme; Mr. L. C. Venables being principal of the educational department and conductor of the performances. Among the works to be given, this year and next, are Mr. Gaul's "Ruth" and a selection of part-songs; Sir John Stainer's "St. Mary Magdalen"; Gade's cantata "The Crusaders"; Handel's "Messiah" (a Christmas performance on Dec. 21), "Israel in Egypt;" and at St. James's Hall on Good Friday Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and a selection from oratorios.—Eastern London will be well supplied with musical performances by the Borough of Hackney Choral Association, conducted by Mr. E. Prout, and the Bow and Bromley Institute. The first-named institution will give four concerts (beginning on Nov. 19) in the Shoreditch Townhall, where Handel's "Joshua," Haydn's "Seasons," Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," Brahms's "German Requiem," and Schubert's "Rosamunde" music will be given during the series: the scheme of the other association including Haydn's "Creation," miscellaneous concerts, and organ recitals.

Among forthcoming provincial arrangements the Blackburn Philharmonic Society announces three concerts, beginning on Nov. 7; when Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend" will be performed; and the Bournemouth Philharmonic Society will give an afternoon and an evening performance of Dr. Mackenzie's oratorio "The Rose of Sharon" on Nov. 21.

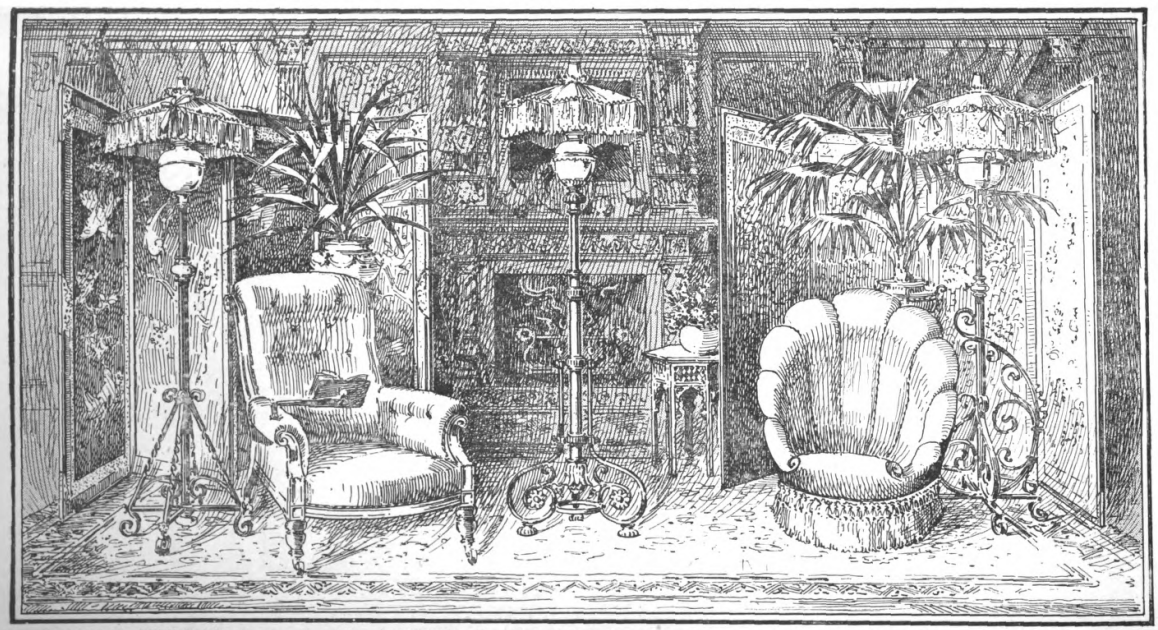
Provincial tours will be made by Mr. Santley and Mr. and Mrs. Henschel during October and November; pianoforte recitals by Madame Essipoff in November; and performances by the Heckmann quartet party, in November and December, being arranged for.

Professor John Ella (who died recently aged nearly eighty-six) began his musical career, when very young, as a violinist at the opera-house in the Haymarket, then called the King's Theatre. He became widely known as founder and director of the Musical Union, which for many years furnished instrumental performances of a very high class, in which many of the most distinguished artists were first heard in this country. Professor Ella was also known as a lecturer on music, was a member of several musical societies, and had the personal acquaintance of some of the most eminent composers and performers of his time.

The movement to collect funds for the erection of a memorial in the new cemetery at Evére, Brussels, over the remains of the officers and men who fell in the Waterloo Campaign has resulted in the collection of £2400, of which the Government have contributed £500. The fund is closed.

The first meeting of the council of the Sanitary Institute, which has recently been incorporated, was held at the Parkes Museum on Oct. 5. Sir Douglas Galton was unanimously appointed chairman of the council, and Mr. G. J. Symons the registrar. The institute is founded to carry on the objects of the Amalgamated Sanitary Institute of Great Britain and the Parkes Museum, and it was decided to hold the institute's first examination for local surveyors and inspectors of nuisances on Nov. 8 and 9. A programme of lectures for the winter session is in course of preparation. A letter was read from the Charity Commissioners saying that they considered that the new institute was likely to prove a powerful means for the diffusion of sanitary knowledge, and promising to grant facilities to the institute to deliver lectures in the various buildings which the Commissioners proposed to establish in different parts of London.

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THE RECESS.

The return of Lord Salisbury from Nice to Hatfield on the Sixth of October signalises the commencement in earnest of the autumn campaign. Whilst the Prime Minister, strengthened by his long holiday in France, was girding on his armour, to be ready at a fitting moment to join in the fray, his Lordship may well have proceeded leisurely. The noble Marquis knew the Ministerial cause had just been championed by two of his doughtiest colleagues, Mr. Balfour and Lord Hartington, who continues to support the Ministry so stanchly that he might consistently accept a seat in the Cabinet itself.

The war of words has shown that our Parliamentary gladiators are quite as keen in debate, in retort, and in the art of delaying reform outside St. Stephen's, as they are within its walls. *Cui bono?* might be asked after each speech. Neither Mr. Balfour's lively defence in Glasgow of his Irish administration, nor the Marquis of Hartington's resolute stand in Inverness at the beginning of October against Gladstonian Home Rule for Ireland, contributed one atom to the solution of the Irish Difficulty. The Leader of the Liberal Unionist party is content to act as buttress to the Salisbury Government, as he still regards the alliance as the most effective obstacle to the triumph of Mr. Parnell in Ireland. But this policy does not hold out any hope of the removal of the existing deadlock.

Precisely the same rigid attitude is adopted by Mr. Gladstone and his lieutenants on their side. From Mr. Herbert Gladstone at Leeds on the Sixth of October came nothing newer than wholesale denunciation of Mr. Balfour and all his works in Ireland. Similarly, speaking at Newtown, Montgomeryshire, on the Eighth, Mr. John Morley, who was enthusiastically received, indulged in animated criticism of the "Coercion" practised in vain by Mr. Balfour, and also coquetted with Home Rule for Wales. Mr. Morley renewed the attack the following day, at the Newtown meeting of the Welsh National Council, whose members will in future bestir themselves more actively in the House of Commons. Addressing the Manchester meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance, the same day, Sir William Harcourt confined himself to the appropriate topic of Local Option; but Sir George Trevelyan, in Hull, returned to the thrice-told tale of Mr. Balfour's alleged rule of iron in Ireland—a theme on which Mr. William O'Brien also naturally waxed eloquent at Blaenau, Festiniog. There was a more statesmanlike tone in the Earl of Rosebery's admirable speech at Leeds on the Ninth of October in favour of a separate legislative body for purely Irish affairs. But the distinguishing feature of the speeches of both parties is that there is no approximation of views whatever. Settlement of a vexed question seems as far off as ever. Nor does anyone expect Mr. Gladstone, when he delivers battle to the Liberal Unionists at their Birmingham head-quarters on the Fifth of November, to mend matters in the least with respect to the Irish Question.

Lord Salisbury's Government, meantime, as Mr. W. H. Smith declared in an effective and pointed speech at Gloucester, on the Eighth of October, will rest contented with maintaining the integrity of the United Kingdom, with the solid aid of the Liberal Unionists, and with passing through Parliament such serviceable Acts as that which has so greatly reformed the municipal administration of the Metropolis and of the counties.

The Church Congress, which was opened at Manchester on Oct. 2, with an address from the Bishop of the diocese to an audience of 4000 persons, in the Free Trade Hall, continued its meetings daily.—Among the subjects discussed at the second meeting were the missions of the Church of England in the United States and our Colonies, Philosophic Doubt and Agnosticism, and the Burial Laws, and in the evening the Mayor, Sir J. Harwood, held a conversazione in the Townhall, which was numerously attended.—The principal subjects discussed on the third day had reference to the desirability of revising the Prayer Book, the bearing of Democracy on Church life and work, the influence of the reserved-seat system upon attendance at church, and the future of voluntary elementary schools.—Interest was well sustained during the concluding day; the morning at the principal meeting being devoted to Christian service, and the afternoon to Church finance. In the sections the increase of the episcopate, the religious life for men, eschatology, and lay help were the topics considered.

BIRTH.

On Sept. 27, at Wallfield, Stand, Manchester, the wife of Edgar Watkin, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On Oct. 3, at Central Hill Chapel, Upper Norwood, by the Rev. S. A. Tipple, Arthur, eldest son of Joseph Leete, Esq., South Norwood Park, to Lilian Frances, second daughter of Henry Hodsoll Heath, Esq., J.P., The Rylands, Upper Norwood.

DEATH.

On Oct. 5, at Park Hall, Mansfield, Francis Hall, Esq., J.P., in his 83rd year.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.*

THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At the monthly meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, held on Thursday, Oct. 11, at its house, Johnstreet, Adelphi, rewards amounting to £77 were granted to the crews of life-boats belonging to the institution for services rendered during September. The Winterton No. 2 life-boat rescued the crew, consisting of seven men, of the brig Catherine, of Whitby, which was waterlogged and sank during a whole gale from the N.N.W. and a very heavy sea; the Peterhead life-boat rendered assistance to the stranded fishing-boat Aurora, of Pittallie, during a strong E.N.E. wind and misty weather; the Llanddwyn life-boat rendered assistance to the schooner George, of Liverpool, which was in danger during a fresh gale from the N.W. and squally weather; and the Llanddulas life-boat assisted the distressed ss. Tolfaen, of Liverpool. Payments amounting to £5523 were ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £390 from the Misses Macrae, balance of their gift for the Southport new life-boat; £100 additional from Mrs. E. A. Symes, Bangor; and £4 13s., collected at the harvest festival at Aldringham, Suffolk, per the Rev. J. C. Stewart Mathias. New life-boats have been sent during September to Milford Haven, Mevagissey, and Porthdinllaen.

Mr. Mackenzie, the representative of the British East African Association, has had an audience of the Sultan of Zanzibar, who has signed the concession which has been granted to the association.

On the opening day of the Newmarket Second October Meeting Braw Lass won the Trial Plate, Peck o' Pepper the Visitors' Plate, Paloma the Second October Nursery Stakes, Red Palmer the First Welter Handicap, El Dorado the Clearwell Stakes, Poem the Hundred Guinea Plate, Noble Chieftain the Cadogan Plate, and Ormuz the Post Produce Stakes.—On Oct. 9 the Cesarewitch was contested by twenty-three runners, of whom Mr. M. P. Aumont's Ténébreuse was first, Mr. G. Lambert's Mill Stream second, Mr. Warren de la Rue's Trayles third, and Mr. C. Perkins's Matin Bell fourth. The Heath Stakes fell to Master Mason, the Maiden Plate to Blue Peter, the Stand Nursery Plate to Lady Barefoot, the Selling Plate to Dartmouth, the Flying Welter Handicap to The Tyke, the Severals Plate to Gulbeyaz, and the Royal Stakes to Ossory. On the 10th the Middle Park Plate was won by the Duke of Portland's Donovan; Mr. Rose's Gulliver being second, and Mr. Blanc's Clover third.

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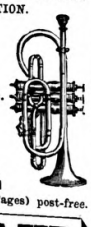


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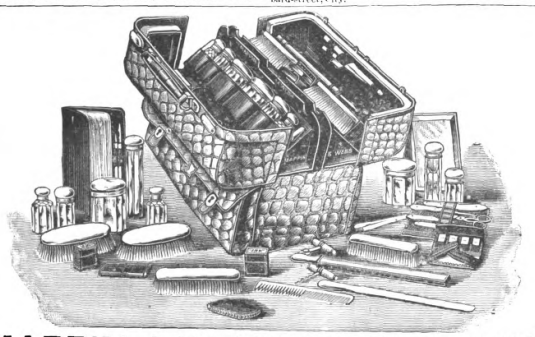
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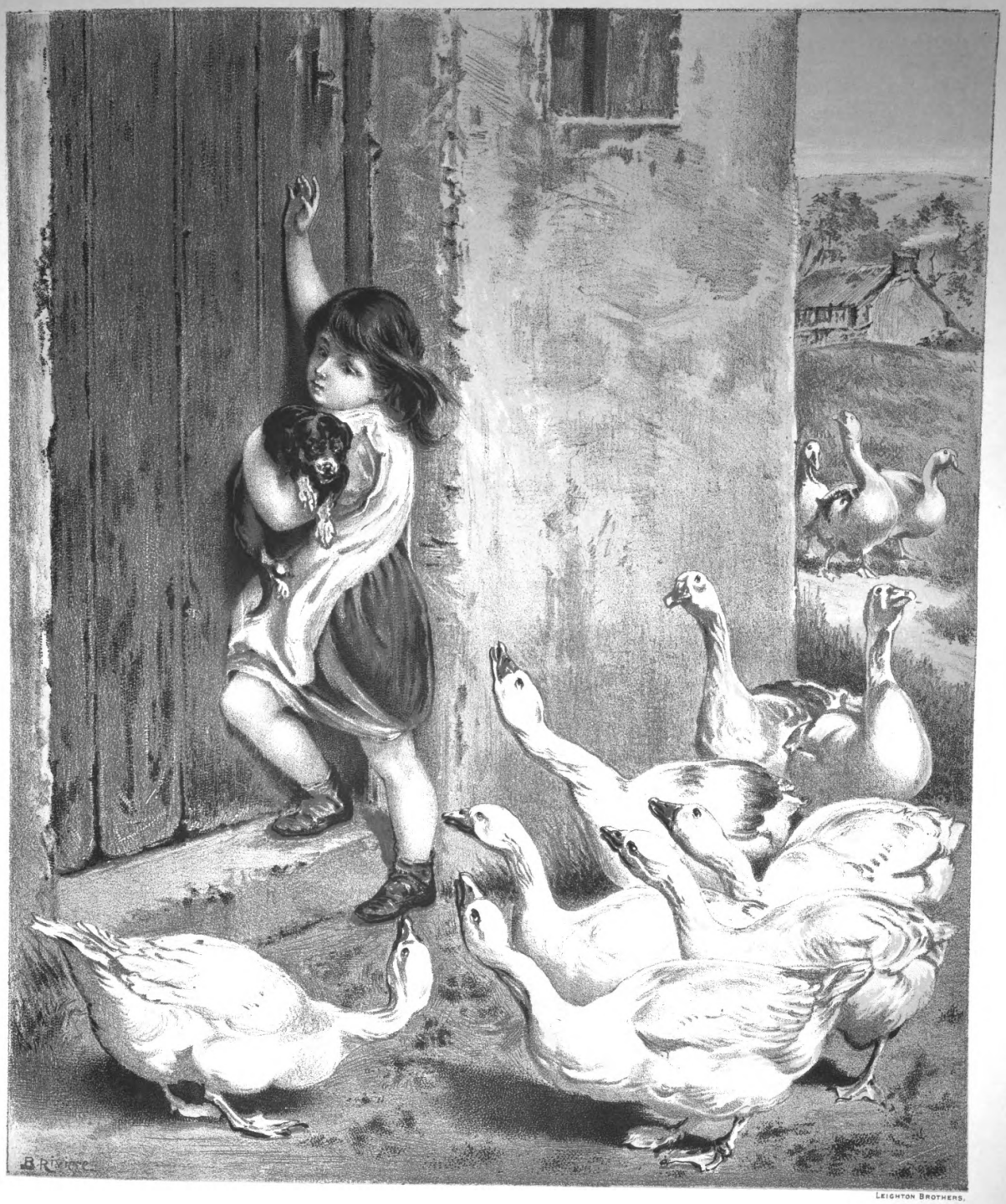
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LEIGHTON BROTHERS.

DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

BY B. RIVIERE, R.A.

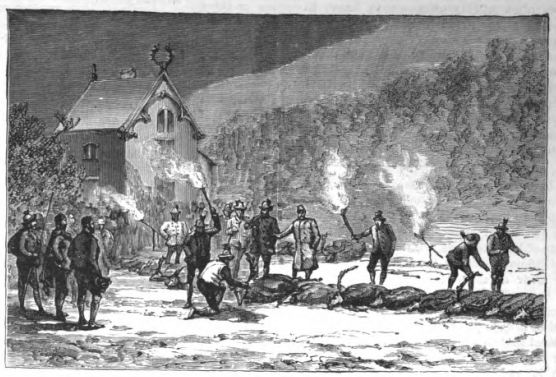
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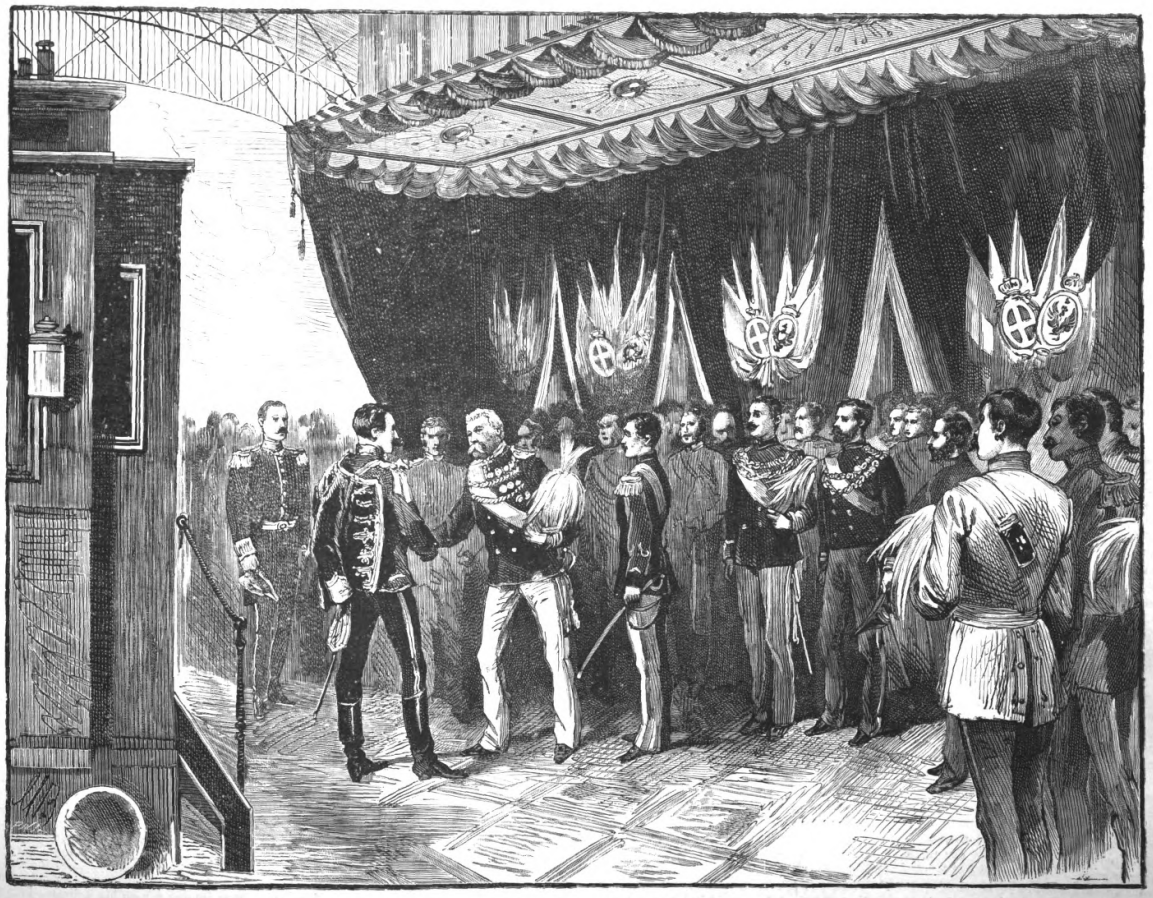
No. 2583.—VOL. XCIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1888. TWO WHOLE SHEETS } SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILLIAM II. IN ROME: PASSING THROUGH THE VIA NAZIONALE TO THE QUIRINAL PALACE.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA HUNTING AT MURZSTEG, IN STYRIA: CLOSE OF A DAY'S SPORT.



Prince Henry of Prussia. Emperor William II. King Humbert. Prince of Naples. Duke of Aosta. Duke of Genoa.

THE KING OF ITALY GREETING THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT THE RAILWAY STATION ON HIS ARRIVAL IN ROME.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There has lately been some painful discussion about the refusal of a pension to the widow of a man of undoubted genius. Questions wholly apart from the merits of the case have been imported into it; but if some unnecessarily hard things have been said of those who shut their ears to what was generally held to be a justifiable appeal, there is little that can be put down to their credit. What has caused most dissatisfaction, however, is the conviction that, of late years, Literature, Science, and Art have been deprived of the very small provision that is annually made for their professors by persons who have no claim to it, and who also stand in no such need of help. To the widows of distinguished soldiers no one would grudge a fitting maintenance, but it should not be drawn from a source intended for quite other recipients; and still less, however much the aristocracy in the abstract may have done for us, should the relatives of its scions (themselves often utterly unknown to fame) have two or three hundred a-year given to them for maintaining extra manservants, while the men of Science, of Letters, or of Art have not a third of that dole from a fund that was intended for them only. It is not a question of politics, for Liberal and Tory Governments have alike sinned in this respect. The sympathy of Premiers from Lord Palmerston's time, who could "see no difference between the cases of Poet Close and that of Poet Burns, except in degree," to the present day, have been singularly wanting to the Arts and Sciences.

It was not so at one time, as is made apparent from Mr. Montague's late memoir of Sir Robert Peel. That statesman who bore the character of "coldness," and had certainly not the faculty of attracting personal attachment possessed by some of his successors, was always mindful of men of letters, and did not misdirect the slender stream of benefits intended for their needs to alien channels. The names of Airey, of Somerville, of Southey, of Sharon Turner, of James Montgomery, and of Crabbe (to whom he gave a living) will be always pleasantly associated with him; and it is to be noticed that in no case did he offer them a less sum than £150 per annum. To Hood's widow, indeed, he gave only £100, but it was the sum which he was asked to give, and the manner of presenting it must have seemed to the poet's sensitive spirit to double its value. He wrote from his deathbed, in great poverty, to beg that the pension in question should be settled on his wife after his demise, and Peel, being at Brighton on the Sunday, sent him the required promise by special messenger, so that the sick man should learn the good news a day earlier. There is no record of this in the Peel memoir, which is a pity, since it is so admirably characteristic. Hood's letter of thanks is, of course, delightful; he hopes Peel will set it against the next instance of political ingratitude. "As for me, I am," he writes, "so totally unconnected with party that my favourite theory of government is an angel from heaven and a despotism."

A great French critic has been placing on record his views of cruelty, and a still greater English one (if I recognise his Roman—and Grecian—hand) has been commenting on them. They are neither of them in favour of cruelty, which, considering their profession, is very creditable to them; but the former states his hatred of it to be so extreme that he "cannot be cruel even to the cruel." If he means that he prefers someone else instead of himself to hang them, I sympathise with him; but if he means that he would not have them hanged at all, I differ from him. There is a vaulting Philanthropy that overleaps itself and falls on the other side, and in its hatred of brutality encourages the Brutal. I have no doubt that there are people who would find excuses for Mary's Chancellor, who, history tells us, incensed by the obstinacy of Anne Askew, cast off his mantle, and, "plying the rack with his own hands, almost tore her asunder": but such apologists while imagining themselves charitable are in reality callous. Moreover, really tender-hearted persons are often ignorant of the worst attributes of human nature. Without at all agreeing with Dr. Bain, in his recent assertion that the sentiment of Malignity is universal, it is much more wide-spread than is imagined. I remember a speech made by Michael Davitt, much to his honour, denouncing in the most scathing terms the practice, then only too prevalent, of the mutilation of dumb animals, which was listened to by a large audience without a single expression of sympathy. About the same time a "Lady" wrote a letter, and got a newspaper to publish it, pointing out that there were still cows with their tails on. The existence of such persons would probably be incredible to the French critic, who could not read the martyrdoms in the "Lives of the Saints" without his heart seeming to be "crushed in a vice"; but "shut the book, and dared not open it again."

The English critic, with the remembrance, no doubt, in his mind of how he had himself occasionally disembowelled an author—though with as much tenderness and much more grace than old Izaak treated his worm—denounces this as a sign of weakness, and then goes on to inquire whether we have gained much, or even have not lost more than we have gained, by the discontinuance of torture for the extraction of evidence, and of the good old customs of bull-baiting, badger-drawing, and cock-fighting. "Does not all our loathing of the Terrible arise," he asks, "from the failure of the national nerve?" I answer, "No. In the whole history of our nation I do not believe nobler or more disinterested acts of heroism are recorded than have happened within the last half-century." Moreover, I venture to differ from him in his bringing forward, apparently as evidence of brutality, such an incident as that of Walter Scott making one of a party to see Burke hanged. Why should he not have made sure with his own eyes of the extinction of one of the most cruel wretches that ever disgraced human form? What sentiment of tenderness or pity could such a spectacle have evoked? Our critic cannot imagine any man of letters in the present day attending a similar spectacle. Yet Charles Dickens, one of the kindest hearted of men, went to see an execution. I feel this rather a personal matter, for I myself went—in the interests of literature, of course, and not like your Lord Tom Noddy, but still I *went*—to see the Malay crew of the Flowery Land hanged at Newgate; they had thrown their captain and officers (with whom they had no fault to find) into the sea, and pelted them as they were drowning with champagne bottles. Two of the mildest of these ruffians had been reprieved, of whom the Sheriff told me this story: "When the Governor came to break the news to them, expecting the usual expressions of gratitude and penitence, one of them observed, 'Since Antonio is to be put away, I hope you will let me have his shoes, as they exactly fit me.'" I trust my nature is not brutal, but I cannot say that the spectacle of Antonio and the rest being removed from the world deeply affected me. I am now too old for sensational experiences, but I believe I could still see the Whitechapel murderer hanged, without one tributary tear.

Mr. Furness, though he makes such excellent fun of portrait-painters, seems to take the art himself more seriously than most people. From my own experience of it, I have always thought that it was more serious for the sitter than for the painter; but this is not, it seems, at all the case. "To paint a man rightly," he says, "you should live with him as a Japanese artist lives with the flower he sketches, and watch him when utterly unconscious." This reminds me of a still more æsthetic person, who has informed us that "to properly paint a tree it is necessary that we should become a tree"—with, I suppose, a bark. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Furness that it is not everybody who could stand a portrait-painter always at his elbow looking out for characteristic expressions. For my part, if I am to believe a distinguished artist who once did me the honour of painting me, I lose, after a sitting of five minutes, all resemblance to humanity. "My good Sir," he used to remonstrate, "you are completely gone: you have no face!" As to watching me "when I was utterly unconscious," if that was the opportunity he desired, he had plenty of them. If his price was high, on the other hand, I cost him a good deal in cigarettes, coffee, and liqueurs-restoratives.

At the Church Congress it was objected by a Divine, who, unless very unselfish, must look forward to being a Bishop, that candidates for Confirmation are apt to put a great deal of grease on their heads, to the inconvenience of the officiating Prelate. It is not, of course, an agreeable custom, but it is well intended; in the country especially, young people would as soon think of attending church in their workaday clothes as without some capillary ointment, though it may not be a capillary attraction to others. The rite in question, albeit imperfectly understood, and even prized as a remedy for other than spiritual complaints, is thought highly of by the agricultural class. I once saw a Berkshire carter boy insist upon its being conferred upon him, in spite of the most strenuous ecclesiastical opposition. As he was making his way to join the kneeling line, the Bishop's chaplain stopped him, with silvery voice—"Stay, my lad; you have been Confirmed already." "No, I hasn't." "But indeed I think you have." To make sure he went up to the Bishop, who thought he remembered the boy's face. "Yes, my lad, you are mistaken; his Lordship says he has already Confirmed you." "He lies," was the confident reply; and, indeed, so far as it was possible for a Bishop to be in error, it turned out that his Lordship was so. In old times it was not bear's grease that the Fathers of the Church objected to, but false hair. "If you will not fling away your false hair, as hateful to Heaven," says Tertullian, "cannot I make it hateful to yourselves by reminding you that the false hair you wear may have come from the head of one already damned?" Clemens of Alexandria was more judicious, if less vehement, in his denunciation:—"When you kneel to receive the blessing, my brethren, you must be good enough to remember that the benediction remains on the wig, and does not pass through to the wearer." Perhaps there was a trade in wigs that had been blessed!

It was not concerning false but grey hair that Russell of the *Scotsman* made his famous saying. A contemporary had remarked to him that, though it was true he was growing grey, he had not grown bald, as Russell had done. "That's true," admitted the latter, "my hair preferred death to dishonour." Of course there may be too much of a good thing; but it is generally admitted that partial baldness gives the appearance of intelligence. In a recent description of the great swindler Allmayer, I read that he had "that slight tendency to baldness which often goes with elegant manners." I am afraid this observation was caused by some confusion in the writer's mind between elegant manners and "polish." A head on the road to baldness may be rough enough, but when it has reached maturity—when its proprietor brushes it with his hat on, for instance, which is a sure sign—it almost always presents a smooth and brilliant surface, on which the eye lights yet does not linger, but, like "the bird, o'er lustrous woodland" slides away. But as for temper, if elegant manners have anything to do with *that*, I confess that I have no confidence in baldness. On the stage, too, which is supposed to hold the mirror up to Nature, the most irascible of grumpy uncles, the most peppery of Indian Colonels, are always bald. It is not generally known that baldness lends itself to caricature of a very peculiar kind. I was once staying in a country house, where an eminent portrait-painter, the late Sir George Hayter, came down to paint the host and hostess. One evening, after dinner, the Knight, who was a humourist in his way, persuaded a good-natured fellow-guest, who was very bald, to submit himself to his pencil. On the back of his head he drew a human countenance, which what hair there was there set off charmingly as whiskers. He became literally a double-faced man; and when we put his coat on hindside before, and led him into the drawing-room backwards, he made a more striking impression on the ladies than he had ever done before, that is, previously.

A clergyman who took up the case of Father Damiens, the priest who in ministering to the lepers has become a leper himself, has written to the papers to complain how small have been the sums subscribed by the class which calls itself "Society." He is surprised at this, he says, because he has so constantly heard rich people express their opinion that the poor leper priest was the "greatest saint living." This, however, he ought to have known, is a very different thing from their subscribing to him. The simplicity of this good clergyman is, indeed, almost as touching as his appeal itself. "Society so-called," he writes, "subscribed almost *nil*, but bigotry was entirely absent" (by which he means that it was present enough but gave no contributions); "both these facts are instructive." Certainly they are, but only to one who has never studied human nature. Whenever I see one of those severe leading articles against money given in charity I welcome it, for it bestows happiness on the greatest number—the people that never give anything to anybody, and are delighted to find their parsimony defended. "Among the people who in the sixth century," writes a well-known philosopher, "were converted to the Christian faith were two tribes called the Lazi and the Zani. Methinks it would have been better if they had been left unconverted, for they have multiplied prodigiously."

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN ROME.

The grandest and happiest features of the marvellous political transformation of Continental Europe, in the last thirty years, are the creation of Italian national unity and independence, and that of German national unity; but not less happily, and by an equally satisfactory recognition of the ancient rights of the Hungarian nation, the Austrian Empire, at whose expense, as it seemed in 1859 and in 1866, both those changes were accomplished by force of arms, when they had failed to be effected by mere popular insurrection in 1848, has assumed a sounder and juster basis, allowing the Sovereign of Austria and of Hungary, as a liberal and constitutional ruler, to be the friend and ally both of the kingdom of Italy and of the King of Prussia, holding the office of German Emperor. This relative situation of the principal Monarchies and leading nations of Central Europe, between the Baltic and the Adriatic, is the main security for the general peace; and there could be no more agreeable token of it than the visits of the Emperor William II., within a few days, successively to the Emperor Francis Joseph at Vienna, and to King Humbert I. at Rome, welcomed in both instances, not only by sincere personal courtesies, but also by cordial expressions of public goodwill, which prove that the Austrians and other South Germans, the Hungarians and other subjects of Francis Joseph, are fully reconciled to the accomplishment of German unity, and of Italian freedom and independence.

The arrival of the German Emperor in the city of Rome—where German Princes, on their election to the supreme dignity, that of King of the Romans and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, used to receive consecration at the hands of the Pope—was an event of great historical interest. His Majesty came from Austria (from Neuberg, in Styria), and was not the less welcome in the capital of Italy. It was on Thursday, Oct. 11, at ten minutes past four in the afternoon, that the special railway-train brought him into the station on the Piazza dei Termini, accompanied by Prince Henry of Prussia, and attended by Count Herbert Bismarck, General Liebenau, Count Solms, and other German Staff or Court officials. The Emperor wore the uniform of the Prussian Red Hussars, with the collar of the Italian Royal Order of the Annunziata. On the platform of the railway-station, where a pavilion had been erected, stood the King of Italy, in full uniform and wearing several German Orders, with the Prince of Naples, Crown Prince of Italy, the Duke of Aosta and the Duke of Genoa, Signor Crispi (the Italian Prime Minister), the Prefect of the province of Rome, the Syndic or Mayor of the city, and General Pallavicini di Priola, commanding the Ninth Army Corps, with some of the Italian Court officials. King Humbert eagerly pressed forward to shake hands with the Emperor William as he alighted from the train; the guard of honour saluted; the military bands outside played the German National Anthem; and the cheers of a vast assemblage of people on the Piazza, where the members of various clubs and guilds were ranged about their banners, mingled with bursts of music from every side.

After the two Sovereigns had mutually introduced to each other a few of the persons in their company, they took their seats together in an open carriage of State, drawn by six horses. It had an escort of Cuirassiers, under the military commander in Rome, and was followed by ten other carriages, the first of which conveyed the Prince of Naples and Prince Henry of Prussia; the second, the Dukes of Aosta and Genoa; the third, Signor Crispi, Count Herbert Bismarck, and the two German officers in attendance. Our correspondent in Rome furnishes, besides a Sketch of the scene at the railway station, one of the scene in the Via Nazionale when their Royal and Imperial Majesties passed on their way to the Quirinal Palace. There, having entered, the German Emperor was received by the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, and was conducted to the reception saloon, where Queen Margherita of Italy awaited him, with the ladies of her Court. After a courteous greeting from his Royal hostess, the Court dignitaries, the Ministers of State, the Knights of the Order of the Annunziata, the President of the Italian Senate, and the President of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, were presented to his Imperial Majesty, who conversed with the Minister of War, General Bertole Viale, and Admiral Brin, the Minister of Marine. The Emperor then gave his arm to the Queen, and, with the King of Italy and the Royal Princes, showed himself on the central balcony, in sight of fifty thousand people, who greeted him with enthusiastic cheering. At six o'clock his Majesty came out and paid visits to the Duke and Duchess of Aosta, and the Duke and Duchess of Genoa. The King and Queen gave a family banquet.

On the next day, Oct. 12, the Emperor went to luncheon at the Palazzo Caprarica, the residence of the Prussian Diplomatic Envoy to the Pope, who had invited Cardinal Rampolla, the Pontifical Secretary of State, Cardinal Von Hohenlohe, and two Monsignori of the Papal Court to meet his Majesty; after which, in a German State equipage, he went to the Vatican Palace on a visit to Pope Leo XIII. The Emperor was received by the Papal Court and household with every mark of attention, and had a private interview with his Holiness; he was afterwards conducted through the Vatican Galleries of Art, and visited the Pontifical Secretary of State.

The Emperor and the King of Italy, on the 13th, witnessed a review of troops of the Italian army at Centocelle; on the 15th his Majesty viewed the ruins of ancient Rome; and next day, accompanied by King Humbert, proceeded to Naples.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

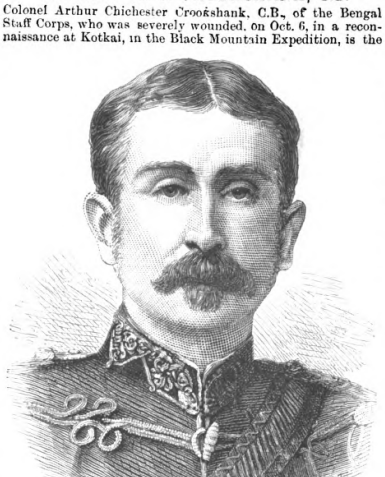
The great popularity of Mr. Rutland Barrington as an actor was sufficiently proved by the reception awarded to him on his assuming the management of the St. James's Theatre. The public has not forgotten his good services in many a comic opera at the Savoy Theatre, or how closely he has been identified with the unbroken run of success obtained by the great triumvirate of Gilbert, Sullivan, and Carte. It required some courage to sever from old friends and associations and to abandon modern opera for still more modern comedy; it needed even greater confidence to follow such a successful management as that identified with the names of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. John Hare. Mr. Rutland Barrington evidently belongs to the new school. He is all for progressive liberalism in art. He hates convention, and is opposed to dramatic dogma. Calling to his assistance a powerful mind like that of Mr. Sidney Grundy and a popular novelist like Mr. F. C. Philips, he gives them *carte blanche*, and bids them fire away at what others call prejudice, but some are still inclined to consider commonsense. The result is "The Dean's Daughter," a play that, with all its cleverness, cannot be pronounced an agreeable or satisfying work—a protest against the old-fashioned theory that people go to the play for pleasure rather than surprise; a work that, with its extraordinary characters, its unusual views, its smart cynicism, and its boldness of utterance may possibly delight the radical section of the dramatic community, but will as certainly be received with amazement by such as study life as a whole and not by its exceptions. To select a Dean of the Established Church of England as a type of all that is degraded, base, mean and contemptible in manhood, to choose a dignitary of this kind to illustrate selfishness, cowardice, hypocrisy, and unnatural conduct in what purports to be a serious play, is, in our humble opinion, as utterly untrue to life as it is wholly false to art. In his inverted studies, in his topsy-turvy dramas, in his daring deeds in saying exactly what is not, and in putting vicious sentiments into virtuous mouths, or vice versâ, we can all laugh with Mr. W. S. Gilbert. He means to deal in extravagance and he does so. But it is as false to nature, as wholly untrue to common experience, as utterly opposed to general opinion to select the soberest of clergymen as an example of positively abnormal turpitude as it would be boldly to paint an English Catholic priest as an example of viciousness, or an English rabbi as a type of all that is uncharitable, irreligious, and mean in man. On the stage we cannot make the exception the rule. It will not do. There are exceptions to every rule, and the accepted rule is that the priest is blameless, the rabbi devout and earnest, the English clergyman a man of upright character and sober life. In a comic play we may laugh when a Dean befuddles himself with whisky and water, when he is brutal and inhuman to his children, when he connives at their dishonour, when he denounces their depravity before assembled society, and when his education, his training, his taste, and his refinement only seem to accentuate his natural depravity. But when the Dean, who is of all clergymen the most respected and discreet, is put up as the villain of a serious play, the contrast to all that is noble and pure in human nature, the archetype of the most degraded features in human nature—well, the few may applaud this kind of cynicism as extremely clever, but the many will, we fear, only recognise it as very foolish. We are aware that the new school has many earnest advocates. An earnest endeavour is being made to free the stage from the fetters of conventionality and from the errors of commonplace. We are frequently told that a spade ought to be called a spade. There are cries for the deposition of the upholders of goody-goody, for the extinction of grandmotherly critics, and so on; and there may be much to be said in favour of advance and enlightenment. The stage has seen extraordinary changes in a dozen years. Plays are now passed, and things are now said on the stage, that would not be tolerated, say, twenty years ago. All this is natural. The radical dramatist cannot complain of any very violent restriction to the practice of his new-fangled theories. He writes what plays he likes, and says pretty much what he cares to say. There never yet was a more liberal licenser than Mr. E. F. S. Pigott. But the question is whether *in his own interest* the dramatic iconoclast is not going too far. Plays that leave a nasty taste in the mouth never have, and we trust never will, find favour with the vast majority. At the theatre we like to see life painted better than it is, and not worse. If there is to be any exaggeration, let it be on the side of virtue, not of vice. There would be little purpose in following the details of this most unpleasant story. The authors may be congratulated on their skilful manipulation of a novel sufficiently well known, and, from their own point of view, on some smart and telling dialogue. We see a clergyman selling his daughter and bartering her comfort for worldly preferment: we see him hurrying her to destruction at the moment he could save her; we observe him cruel enough to shut his ears to her cries, and callous enough to denounce her for the infamy he has caused; we are presented with the picture of a lonely woman struggling to resist temptation, and with her only woman friend tempting her to her fall. Much that is clever is contrasted with much more that is callous and crude. The picture of the degraded Dean may be a new one; the sketch of the vicious Russian Count is as old as the very hills of cheap transpontine drama. In a word, it is an unpleasant play, view it how we will.

Mr. Rutland Barrington can only attack the Dean in a half-hearted manner. He dare not play him as a melodramatic villain, so he slightly suggests a trace of the old Gilbertian humour. He makes us laugh at the old scoundrel; not hiss him. There is so much exaggeration in what he says and does that we cannot dissociate him from farce. The actor showed remarkable tact with a character as difficult to personate as to understand. Another extremely difficult character, a callow lordling, was as excellently acted as it was understood by Mr. Aynesworth, a new actor, but one of great promise. Miss Olga Nethersole, a clever girl who will do great things one day if she studies and is not spoiled, was awarded a reception that a Rachel or a Bernhardt might have envied. We could see in the performance much rough power, but little subtlety. One love scene—the very best moment in the play—she understood as little as her companion, Mr. Lewis Waller, who had, however, a difficult task to perform. Miss Nethersole has certainly as yet no sympathy with the natural school; but her tragedy airs seemed to suit her enthusiastic admirers. With two performances, at least, no fault whatever could be found, namely: the diplomatist of Mr. John Beauchamp, an admirably-finished sketch of character, and the French waiting-maid of Miss Dairolles; and Miss Caroline Hill easily delivered the cynical utterances of the female Mephistopheles, Mrs. Fortescue, attired magnificently, but injudiciously, as we believe is the custom on the American stage, to which Miss Hill has been devoted for many years. But Miss Hill cannot have been as long away from England as to forget how English ladies dress at country houses before luncheon. She has heard, no doubt, of tailor-made dresses which would be more suitable for visits to the vicarage than gowns that would look startling at a Botanic Fête. But the modern tendency is to overdress and overdecorate. It is not realism that we see, but excess. The play is beautifully mounted, but many of the scenes are out of character. The seedy bankrupt Devonshire Vicar could not have lived in a house full of furniture, spick-and-span restored, that would be the envy of a Wardour-street dealer. There is not a sign of poverty about the place. When next "Caste" is revived, the Polly Eccles' home in Stangate will be represented by a baronial hall. But it is all applauded—dress, decoration, acting, and all—by the young gentlemen who sway our dramatic destinies and decide for us disputed questions of taste.

The old French Abbé Constantin is certainly a more loveable and human a person than the St. James's Dean. He is surrounded by good, pure people, and he is well worth studying at the French Plays in Dean-street, Soho. A clever version in dramatic form is presented of Ludovic Halévy's delightful story; and the main character is rendered to perfection by M. Lafontaine, an actor of the old school, who was once a celebrated member of the Comédie Française. Anything more perfect than Lafontaine's old French parish priest has not been seen since Lafont left the stage. And the play is wholly delightful. We contemplate pure scenes, and mix with delightful people. Our sympathies are aroused; our better feelings are awakened. The unselfishness of men and women is given us as a theme for reflection, and not their meanness; we think men nobler and women purer for such plays, and we candidly own that to us this gives more pleasure, more genuine delight than wearying ourselves over scenes of depravity, debauchery, and idle conduct. The good priest who lives for his poor and longs for the time when he can rest from his labours, the charitable woman who brings sunshine into the village, the young soldier who is brave enough to defend a woman's honour, the girl who confesses that she is ready to endow devotion with her worldly goods—are these not pleasanter companions than drunken Deans and scandal-loving widows and rapacious Counts and the whole of the disreputable army of vicious and irreligious people? At any rate, people can take their choice. When they feel stifled with the oppressive heat of "The Dean's Daughter" they can breathe the wholesome atmosphere of "L'Abbé Constantin."

COLONEL A. C. CROOKSHANK, C.B.

Colonel Arthur Chichester Crookshank, C.B., of the Bengal Staff Corps, who was severely wounded, on Oct. 6, in a reconnaissance at Kotkai, in the Black Mountain Expedition, is the



COLONEL A. C. CROOKSHANK, C.B.
Wounded in the Black Mountain Expedition.

eldest son of the late Captain Chichester Crookshank (51st King's Own), and grandson of the late Colonel Chichester Crookshank (33rd Duke's Own), a distinguished Peninsular officer. He joined the 35th Regiment (Royal Sussex), as an Ensign, in 1859, and since that date has been employed continuously in India. He served in the Jowaki Expedition of 1877-8, against the Afreedees, and was in the various actions in the Bori Valley, for which he has the medal and clasp. He served also in the Afghan War from 1878 to 1880, in the operations in Southern Afghanistan, the advance on the Helmund, and the reconnaissance of Thul-Chotiali. In Northern Afghanistan he commanded the 32nd Punjaub Pioneers in the occupation of the Jellalabad Valley, and at the action of Meezina; he was mentioned in despatches, and obtained the medal, with the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He was for some time Military Secretary to Lord Lytton, when Viceroy of India, and for several years one of the Secretaries in the Military Department. For services rendered in the latter capacity he was made a Companion of the Military Division of the Bath. The 34th Punjaub Pioneers, of which he is Commandant, is a new regiment, recently raised by him for the Indian Government. Colonel Crookshank commands the river column of the Black Mountain Expedition. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Bassano, Old Bond-street.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of the Lord Advocate, the Right Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald, Q.C., C.B., to the office of Lord Justice Clerk in Scotland, vacant by the resignation of Lord Moncrieff.

The statue of General Gordon, which was voted by the House of Commons in 1885, has now been completed, and placed in the position selected for it in the centre of Trafalgar-square. It was uncovered on Oct. 16, but, as in the cases of the neighbouring monuments to Sir Charles Napier and Sir Henry Havelock, without any formal ceremony. The statue is the work of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A.

The Brighton Race Stand Trustees have made a handsome present to the town. For some time past negotiations have proceeded between the Marquis of Bristol and the Corporation for the purpose of purchasing the Tenantry Down, which comprises the racecourse. This has been completed at a cost of £3000, and the Race Stand Trustees have sent a cheque for the purchase-money, so that they might have the satisfaction of handing the Corporation the valuable property for the benefit and enjoyment of the inhabitants.

THE IMPERIAL HUNTING PARTY IN AUSTRIA.

The visits of the German Emperor William, of the King of Saxony, and of the Prince of Wales, to the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, during the month of October, have been varied by excursions to different mountain and forest regions of Croatia, Styria, and Hungary, for the sake of hunting or shooting large game, the chamois or the bear: unluckily, the game was not always to be found, and the weather did not often favour these Imperial and Royal sportsmen. On Oct. 5, leaving the Palace of Schönbrunn, near Vienna, and travelling by railway, the Emperor of Austria, the German Emperor, the King of Saxony, Crown Prince Rudolph, Prince Leopold of Bavaria, and Archduke Ferdinand of Tuscany, with their suites, went to Neuberg in Styria, a romantic neighbourhood, where the chamois find shelter among precipitous rocks. In one of the most lonely valleys of the district, which is rarely visited by tourists, near the little village of Mürzsteg, stands in the shade of a large pine forest the Imperial hunting-box which during a few days was inhabited by the illustrious sportsmen. It is a pretty structure of red brick, and contains a dining-room, a reading-room, and a number of small bed-rooms. The entrance-hall is profusely decorated with antlers and stuffed animals, and the alpenstocks leaning in the corners remind the visitor that for shooting over the Imperial preserves near Mürzsteg these mountaineering implements are indispensable. The German Emperor has often been shooting there in former years with the Crown Prince Rudolph. Far away from the hunting-box, at a place which ordinary tourists can only reach on mules, is a little hut of refuge, where the sportsman overtaken by the night may find shelter, and rest on a bed of straw in a blanket. The furniture is of the simplest kind. On a table lies a visitors' book, which, among other inscriptions, contains the following entry by the Empress of Austria:—"Elizabeth, Sept. 16, 1883. On the mountains there is freedom"—this is a quotation from the poet Schiller.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

The military operations under command of General M'Queen, against the Akazais, Hassanzais, and other hostile tribes of the Black Mountain, adjacent to the Hazara district in the north of the Punjaub, began in the first week of October. The Black Mountain range is about thirty miles long, with an average breadth of ten miles, and an average height of 8000 feet above sea-level. It is a long crest running at a little distance east of the Indus, from near Darband or Derbund on the south, to where the river takes a sharp turn eastward on the north, flowing through a deep gorge with lofty precipitous banks. The ridge is in general more rounded than sharp, sends up high peaks at intervals, is crossed here and there by deep passes, and shoots out great spurs east and west, with deep narrow glens lying between them, in which are the villages of the tribes. The hillsides are for the most part rocky and stony. When uncultivated, the lower slopes are covered with thorny bushes and grass; further up, forest replaces these, and the whole of the upper portion of the spurs and crest is thickly wooded. Along the crest frequent open glades occur in the forest, which, with the exposed slopes of higher peaks, are covered with short grass. The Indus in this part is deep and rapid, from 70 yards to 150 yards wide, and crossed at eleven different points by ferries, the boats accommodating from twenty to thirty passengers. The natives also cross the river at nearly every point on inflated skins, which they can do with rapidity and in great numbers. The climate of the Black Mountain is fine in spring, summer, and autumn, but severe in the winter, when snow falls in sufficient quantity to stop communications over the crests. Kotkai, where the severe fighting was on Oct. 6, lies on the Indus, between mountain spurs, about fifteen miles north from Darband. It was destroyed in the expedition of 1852-3. Oghi, where we have maintained an outpost for some time—an attack on which led to the present expedition—is about fifteen miles east of Kotkai, lying in a mountain region with peaks rising to a height of 18,000 ft. It is the starting point of three of the columns which form the present expedition.

We are indebted to Major-General G. N. Cave (Retired), for two Sketches of the scenery of the Black Mountain, drawn by him when he served there in the campaign of 1868. One represents the position of Derbund (Darband) on the Indus, fifty miles higher up the river than Attock; it was at Darband that the river column of the present expedition, under Colonel Crookshank, assembled to advance to Kotkai. The other Sketch is that of the approach to Oghi, in the Agror valley, from Abbotabad. Starting from Oghi, the other three columns ascended the range from the east side. Colonel Sym's column went up the Koongali Spur; Colonel Sunderland's column up the Sambul Put Spur, and reached the crest of the range; while another column, under Colonel Haly, took a different route. These columns have advanced over the Black Mountain, under the command of General Channer. Several villages have been burnt, and the tribes are preparing to submit. General Galbraith commands the troops on the Indus.

The Hassanzais reside on both sides of the Indus, those on the Black Mountain side occupying the southern portion of its western slopes. They are divided into ten sub-divisions, and can command about 1500 fighting men; some of their neighbours would no doubt be willing to send contingents. Every man possesses his sword and shield, and there are said to be 1100 matchlocks in the tribe. They both manufacture swords and import them, and know how to make gunpowder. They are independent of supplies from British territory, and though at feud among themselves, can unite against a common attack. To the north and east of the Hassanzais are the Akazais, their near relations, who muster 500 fighting men, and command the help of other tribes living on their territory. To the north of these again are the Chagarzais, also Yusufzai Pathans; those on the Black Mountain side of the Indus are able to muster 2300 fighting men. These are the principal tribes with whom we have immediately to deal.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of the Rev. Francis Pigou, D.D., Vicar of Halifax, to the deanery of Chichester, vacant by the death of the Very Rev. J. W. Burgon.

On Oct. 13 the Maori football-players met the Moseley Club on the latter's ground, and after some rough but spirited play the visitors suffered their first defeat, being beaten by two goals to a goal and a try.—The Canadian football team played their first match in London on the same day, having the Swifts as their opponents. There was some excellent play, and the result was a draw of two goals each.

In London 2588 births and 1536 deaths were registered, during the week ending Oct. 13. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 122 below, while the deaths exceeded by 13, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 50 from measles, 30 from scarlet fever, 26 from diphtheria, 18 from whooping-cough, 13 from enteric fever, 1 from an undefined form of continued fever, 43 from diarrhœa and dysentery, 2 from cholera, and not one from small-pox or from typhus. In Greater London 3438 births and 1896 deaths were registered.

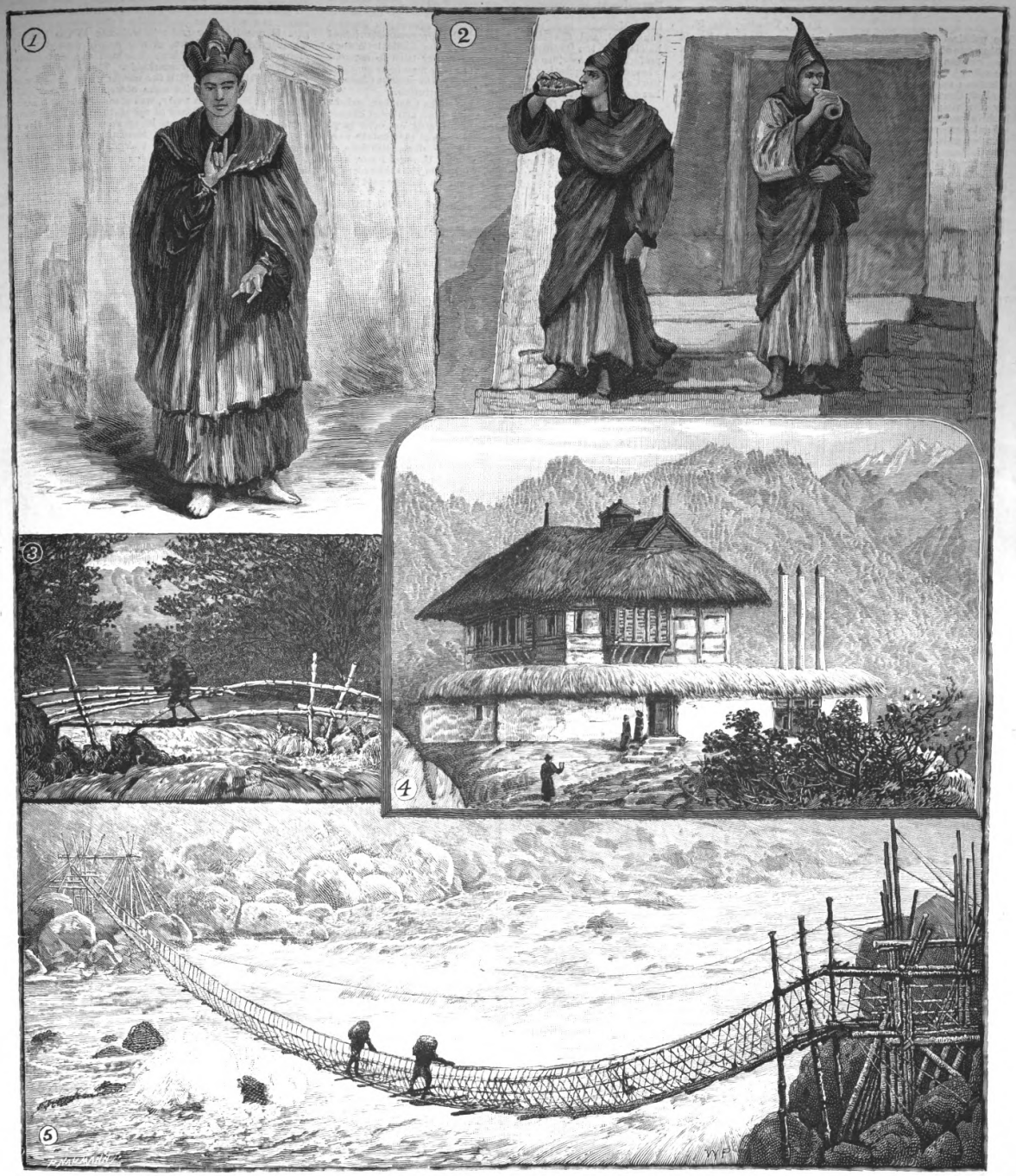


APPROACH TO OGHI, FROM ABBOTABAD, HAZARA.



VALLEY OF THE INDUS, HAZARA, THE BLACK MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY MAJOR GENERAL G. N. CAVE.



1. Head Lama of the Changachilling Monastery at Tumlong, Sikkim.
2. Heralds of the Monastery calling out hours of prayer.
3. Light bamboo-cane bridge.
4. The Rajah's Palace, Tumlong, Sikkim.
5. Great cane-bridge over the Teesta River.

THE WAR ON THE SIKKIM FRONTIER OF THIBET: SKETCHES BY COLONEL C. J. CRAMER ROBERTS.

The Himalayan mountain territory and small native State of Sikkim, adjacent to Darjeeling and Bhotan, on the north-eastern frontier of India, was recently described as the scene of military operations conducted by Colonel Thomas Graham, Brigadier-General, to repress the Thibetan incursions. It was explained that the Rajah of Sikkim, whose feudal allegiance is divided between the British Imperial Government and the Dalai Lama or Buddhist ecclesiastical sovereign of Thibet, has a Thibetan residence at Chumbi, on the farther side of the frontier mountain range, and a Sikkim capital at Tumlong. We are favoured by Colonel C. J. Cramer Roberts with a few Sketches of Tumlong and the peculiar establishments maintained there, which have some interest from their Thibetan origin and character, and of which he writes to us as follows:—

Tumlong, on the occasion of my visiting the capital of Sikkim, a few years back, I was much surprised to find a mere scattered collection of Lamaseries or Buddhist monasteries on the hillside; among which the Rajah's palace was distinguished by a copper-gilt cupola on the top of its heavy thatched roof. It was surrounded by a more pretentious mud-wall, enclosing the servants' or lay brothers' dormitories, the stables, and outbuildings. The main building consisted of the usual two-storeyed temple, the lower apartment forming a strange combination for devotional and secular purposes, as prayers and receptions are equally carried on here by the Rajah and his head Lamas. The upper room was almost a duplicate of the one below, except that it formed also a library, in which every volume of their sacred books had a pigeon-hole to itself. The rest of the building consisted of dark passages and small dormitories, redolent of strange and powerful smells. I was fortunate in getting the Head Lama of one of the leading monasteries to have his portrait sketched, to which he willingly consented, on the distinct understanding he should be drawn in the attitude of prayer or blessing, being most particular that all his fingers were correctly represented, and that his acolytes or heralds should also be drawn in their picturesque caps and vestments, blowing conches, by which the faithful Buddhist far away on the mountain-side is reminded of the hour of prayer. Occasionally they exchange these sea-conches for human thigh-bones, which are equally adapted as trumpets, and can be heard at a great distance. The last Sketch of this series represents the great cane suspension-bridge over the Teesta river, which on its way collects most of the tributary streams ever rushing down from the great glaciers of the Kinchinjunga range, and is even here a powerful stream, sweeping down everything before it—boulders, giant forest-trees—in its headlong course. This fragile fabric of a bridge, which appears as if the very winds could blow it away, is the only means of communication that the natives of this part of the country possess. It consists chiefly of tough wattles or small bamboos, closely interlaced, and capable of supporting two or three ordinary coolies with good heavy loads on their backs. But these bridges require a cool head to cross over them, as the footway is seldom more than six inches wide; in fact, were it not for the slender bamboo handrails, it would require the nerve of a Blondin to venture on such a spider-webbed concern, swayed about by the breeze over the torrent roaring below.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Oct. 16.

The political circus has reopened with a revival of the old pantomime of overthrowing the Cabinet. This time the Cabinet won, but the battle produced two important results—firstly, the official recognition of the necessity of revising the Constitution; and, secondly, the abdication and disappearance of the Left Centre, or Moderate Republican party. Hitherto the cry of revision has been simply a subject of manifestations both in and out of Parliament; now it has acquired a sort of official consecration, since it is the Prime Minister in person who demands the modification of the Constitution of 1875, makes it a Cabinet question, and obtains on the issue of confidence a majority of 307 votes, against 181. M. Floquet's project of revision, about which we are likely to hear much comment for months to come, consists in an improvement of the present Constitution: a Chamber of Representatives elected by direct universal suffrage and renewable by thirds every two years, thus avoiding dissolution and adjournment; a Senate elected by universal suffrage of two degrees, renewable by thirds every two years, and having control over the general body of laws; Ministers appointed by the President of the Republic for a period of two years, responsible before the Chamber, and capable of being maintained in their functions by the President; a Conseil d'Etat appointed by the Chamber and the Senate to exercise a consulting and judicial rôle.

In reality, the situation amounts to this: the Moderate Republicans are opposed to revision because they think it will be the ruin of the Republic; in the course of the debate these Moderate men raised their voices, whereupon Floquet thundered, and the Moderates and the Opportunists joined hands with the Radicals, and voted for the Radical Cabinet, preferring to sacrifice the Republic rather than to sacrifice Floquet. The question of revision having now been posed by the Cabinet, it remains to be seen whether the present Chamber has sufficient authority to revise the Constitution.

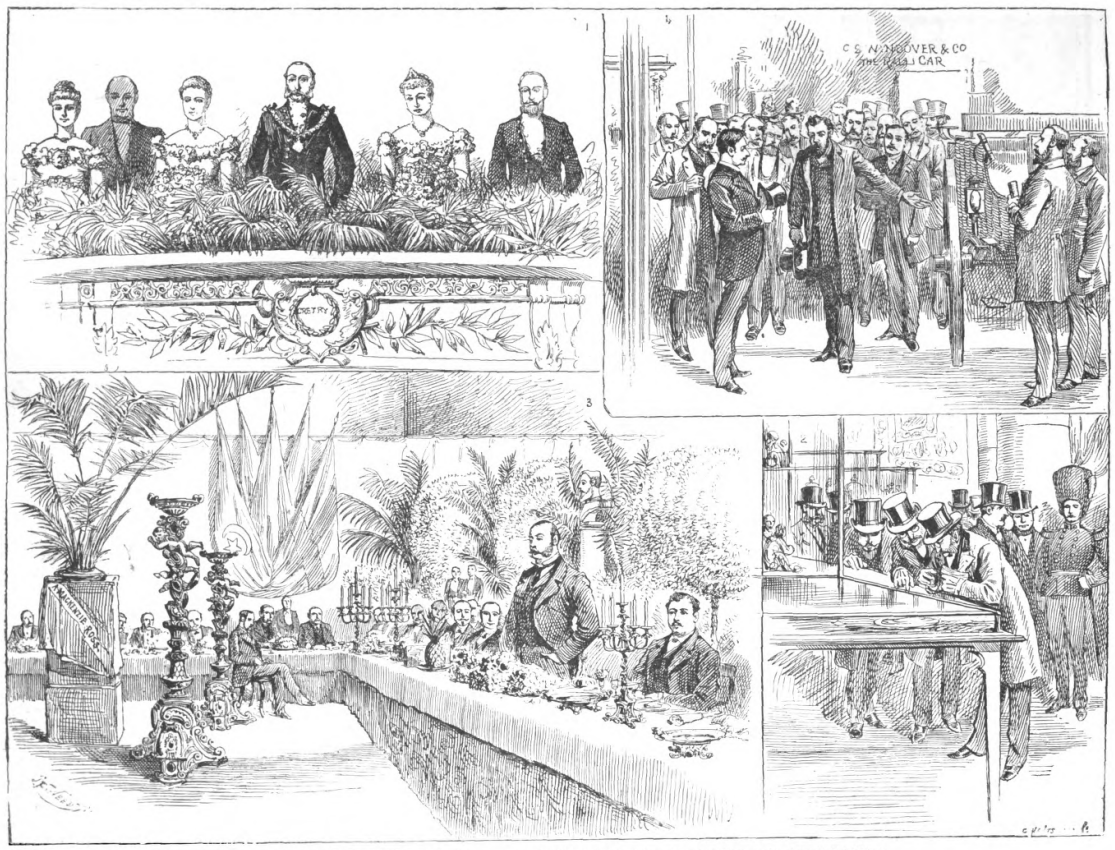
The presence of General Boulanger at the Chamber, and the passage of his carriage as he came and went, attracted crowds of manifestants, and necessitated the bringing out of a large force of police. There were reports current that bombs were to be thrown at the General. These demonstrations of enthusiasm, these triumphal promenades through Paris, have an air of being not quite spontaneous. On the other hand, it is regrettable that circulation should be interrupted every time the General goes to the Chamber.

On the last day of the present month, Mdlle. Marcelle Boulanger, eldest daughter of the irrepressible "brav' général," will be married to Captain Driant, formerly her father's aide-de-camp. The Boulangists are, of course, planning a grand manifestation on the occasion, with their new war-cries of "Vive Boulanger!" and "A bas les voleurs!" the thieves referred to being the anti-Boulangist Deputies.

At the intersection of the Avenue de Messine and of the Boulevard Haussmann there has been erected a pedestal surmounted by a bronze figure. On one face of the pedestal are the words "William Shakespeare," and on the other, "Presented to the City of Paris by William Knighton." The statue is a very poor production; the pedestal is paltry; the gift is uncalled for and not welcome to the Parisians; the whole affair is mediocre, as was amply proved by the ceremony of the inauguration, at which the abstention of the literary element was remarkable. The Academy refused to have anything to do with the matter; and the only man who could be found to write some occasional verses, which were recited by M. Mounet Sully, was a miserable mediocrity, M. de Bornier. As for the donor of the statue, Mr. Knighton, a name quite unknown to fame, it appears that he lives in the vicinity of the Avenue de Messine, and possesses a superabundance of wealth. These titles are not sufficient to excuse him for having inflicted upon the Parisians this fifth-rate monument of a poet whom they do not understand.

M. Emile Zola's new novel, "Le Rêve," has just been published, and promises to have a greater success even than his most successful novels, for the simple reason that it is utterly unlike them, except so far as the questions of grand conception and literary art are concerned. There is not a page, not a line, not a word in "Le Rêve" which may not be read by the purest maiden; it is an exquisite, graceful, and touching story—an idyll of virgin love in a framework of absolute purity and innocence, related by a prose poet of rare powers.

In the amusements of Paris the novelties are an opera, "Jocelyn," by Benjamin Godard, represented with small



1. The Lord Mayor at the Opera: Singing of the English National Anthem.
2. An Object of Interest in the Art Gallery of the Brussels Exhibition.
3. Luncheon in the Salle de Fête.
4. Mr. Lee Bapty, English Commissioner, with M. L. Souzée, President of Executive Committee.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON (ALDERMAN POLYDORE DE KEYSER) AT BRUSSELS.

success at the Théâtre Lyrique. One of the authors of the libretto of this piece is Victor Capoul, the celebrated tenor, who also sings the leading rôle. Unfortunately, Capoul is no longer young and handsome, and his voice cannot be said to exist now-a-days, so that Capoul on the stage as a tenor is a sad spectacle. At the Eden Théâtre the old fairy piece "Le Pied de Mouton" has been revived and made the pretext for a series of splendid ballets. Finally, the Nouveau Cirque has reopened with a pantomime, "Lulu," and a number of acrobatic and equestrian attractions. The programme of winter amusements is thus complete and Paris hopes that the foreign visitors will continue to come in spite of stupid decrees and police vexations.

The painter Eugène Feyen-Perrin died suddenly of paralysis on Oct. 14, at the age of fifty-nine. Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, bearer of the three medals which the hierarchy of the Salon awards, member of the jury and a constant exhibitor, Feyen-Perrin was, nevertheless, by no means a great artist. His best work is a combination of genre and marine, like the "Cancale Fisherwomen," in the Luxembourg Museum. Léon Longepied died, at the age of thirty-nine. He obtained a first-class medal and the Prix du Salon in 1882; his group, "Immortality," figures in the Luxembourg. T. C.

Monday brought with it a change of no small importance to the trading interests of Hamburg. On that day the city made a final surrender of its old historical privilege as a free port, and will henceforth be included, by its own consent, in the general German Zollverein.

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON IN BRUSSELS.

The Right Hon. Alderman Polydore De Keyser, this year Lord Mayor of London, is a native of Belgium; and in revisiting his birthplace, Termonde, and more recently in the capital city, where the International Exhibition has attracted many English visitors, our Lord Mayor has enjoyed the hearty congratulations of the Belgian people. On Tuesday, Oct. 9, a banquet was given in his honour, in the Gothic hall of the Hôtel de Ville, by the burgomasters, aldermen, and councillors of Belgian cities and towns, whom the Lord Mayor entertained in London last May. The principal guests were the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, ex-Sheriff and Mrs. Davies, ex-Sheriff and Miss Higgs, Lord Vivian, the Belgian Minister of Public Works, and Mr. Soulsby, the Lord Mayor's secretary. The Burgomaster of Brussels first proposed the health of Queen Victoria and the King and Queen of the Belgians. He next drank to the health of the Lord Mayor, whom the Belgians were proud to see occupying his high position, of the Lady Mayoress, and of the ex-Sheriffs.

Next day, Oct. 10, the Lord Mayor and the ex-Sheriffs were received at the Exhibition by the Executive Committee and the English Commissioners, and visited all the sections. Afterwards a lunch was given in the Salle de Fête. Next to M. Souzée, President of the Exhibition, sat the Lord Mayor; the United States Minister, the Belgian Minister of Public Works, the Roumanian Minister, and the Burgomaster and Aldermen of Brussels were present. M. Souzée proposed the health of the King, the Queen, and the Royal family, and of Queen Victoria. He referred to the splendid success of the British section, and to the services which the Lord Mayor, who was "an honour to both Belgium and England," had rendered to the Exhibition. The Lord Mayor returned thanks, in the name of the Corporation of London, for the honour done him in Brussels, Dendermonde, and Ghent.

A brilliant audience assembled at the Opera at night, for the gala performance of "Faust" in honour of the Lord Mayor, who, with his party, occupied the central box, which was beautifully decorated. The orchestra played "God save the Queen," amid great enthusiasm.

An address has been sent to the Lord Mayor by the presidents, vice-presidents, and jurors who represented the British Empire at the Brussels Exhibition (Messrs. Oldham Chambers, E. Bush, Emmerson, Deverell, Wadsworth, Kendrick, Pyne, MacNaught, Kent, Delacre, and Ladee), in which they express to him, as the president of the British Committee, their appreciation of the services rendered by Mr. Lee-Bapty as British Commissioner-General. While nearly all the other sections in the Exhibition have been subsidised by their respective Governments, Mr. Lee-Bapty has, at his own personal expense and without any hope of remuneration, carried out the work of his department in such a manner as to make the section contrast favourably with all the other courts. The British was the only section which was completed at the opening of the Exhibition.

The church Barton-le-Cley, Beds, has received a beautiful three-light east window from the studios of Messrs. Mayer and Co.

THE COURT.

The Queen, during her stay in Scotland, has enjoyed excellent health. It is stated that the Court will leave Balmoral for Windsor about Nov. 14. On the afternoon of Oct. 10 her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Frederica, and attended by Lady Ampthill, drove to Mar Lodge, and honoured the Earl of Fife with a visit. Princess Alice of Hesse took leave of her Majesty, and left the castle for Germany. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg accompanied the Princess to Ballater station. Viscount Cross had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On the following morning the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, went out; and her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice, Prince Arthur and Princess Margaret of Connaught, drove to Birkhall in the afternoon to visit her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany. Viscount Cross had again the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. On the morning of the 12th the Queen went out with Princess Beatrice; and in the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and attended by Lady Ampthill, drove through Ballater to Pannanich Wells. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, dined with the Queen. Sir Dighton Probyn, in attendance on her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and Viscount Cross had the honour of being invited. The Queen went out on the morning of the 13th, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. The Duchess of Albany, with the young Duke and Princess Alice of Albany, visited her Majesty, and remained at Balmoral Castle to luncheon. In the afternoon the Queen, with the Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice, and Princesses Louise and Maud of Wales, drove out. The Very Rev. James Cameron Lees, D.D., Dean of the Thistle and of the Chapel Royal, Chaplain to the Queen, arrived at the castle. Viscount Cross and the Very Rev. Dr. Lees had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Divine service was performed at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, the 14th, in the presence of the Queen and Royal family and the Royal household. The Very Rev. James Cameron Lees, D.D., Dean of the Thistle and of the Chapel Royal, Chaplain to the Queen, officiated. The Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Louise and Maud of Wales, attended by Sir Dighton and Lady Probyn and Miss Knollys, drove from Abergeldie and attended Divine service at the castle. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards came over, and lunched with the Queen. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg lunched at Abergeldie Mains. In the afternoon her Majesty drove to Abergeldie, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and attended by Lady Ampthill, and visited the Princess of Wales. The Earl of Fife, K.T., arrived at Balmoral Castle, and, with Viscount Cross and the Very Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family in the evening. The Queen went out on the morning of the 15th with Princess Beatrice; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by Lady Ampthill and the Dowager Marchioness of Ely. Viscount Cross and the Very Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Earl of Fife has left the castle.

The Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince Rudolph returned to Vienna on Oct. 12 from Transylvania; and in the evening witnessed, with the Emperor and other members of the Imperial family, the last performance in the Old Burg Theatre. On the 13th the Prince of Wales gave a luncheon at the Grand Hotel, the guests at which included Sir A. Paget, the British Ambassador, and Lady Paget, Mr. E. Phipps, First Secretary of Embassy, General Keith Fraser, the Military Attaché, and Mrs. Fraser, the members of his Royal Highness's suite, and the Austrian officers in attendance on the Prince. At three o'clock the Prince proceeded to Laxenburg, to be present at a dinner given in his honour by the Crown Prince Rudolph and the Crown Princess. In the course of the afternoon cards were left on his Royal Highness by the King of Servia and the Archdukes Charles Louis and Ferdinand. On the 14th the Prince of Wales was the guest of the Emperor, who entertained him, together with King Milan, at the Hofburg, at Vienna. After the Court dinner the Emperor and his guests drove to the new Burg Theatre, to attend the first performance. On Sunday, the 15th, the Prince of Wales visited the International Exhibition of Amateur Photographers. His Royal Highness remained nearly an hour, and greatly commended the English section. The Prince was present for a few minutes at the soirée given at the Grand Hotel, Vienna, by the Intendant-General of the Court theatres. The Prince of Wales slept in a saloon-carriage at the Southern Railway Station at night, and left early on the 15th with the Crown Prince for Neuberg, in Styria, returning to Vienna in the evening. The Prince received a farewell visit from the Emperor of Austria on the 16th, and left Vienna for Paris by the Orient express at five o'clock. Crown Prince Rudolph attended at the station to wish his Royal Highness "Good-bye." There were also present Sir Augustus and Lady Paget, the members of the Embassy, and Mr. Gustav Nathan, Consul-General. His Royal Highness has left a sum of money with the Ambassador for distribution among the charities of Vienna and Buda-Pesth.



SCENE FROM THE NEW COMEDY OF "MAMMA" AT THE COURT THEATRE.

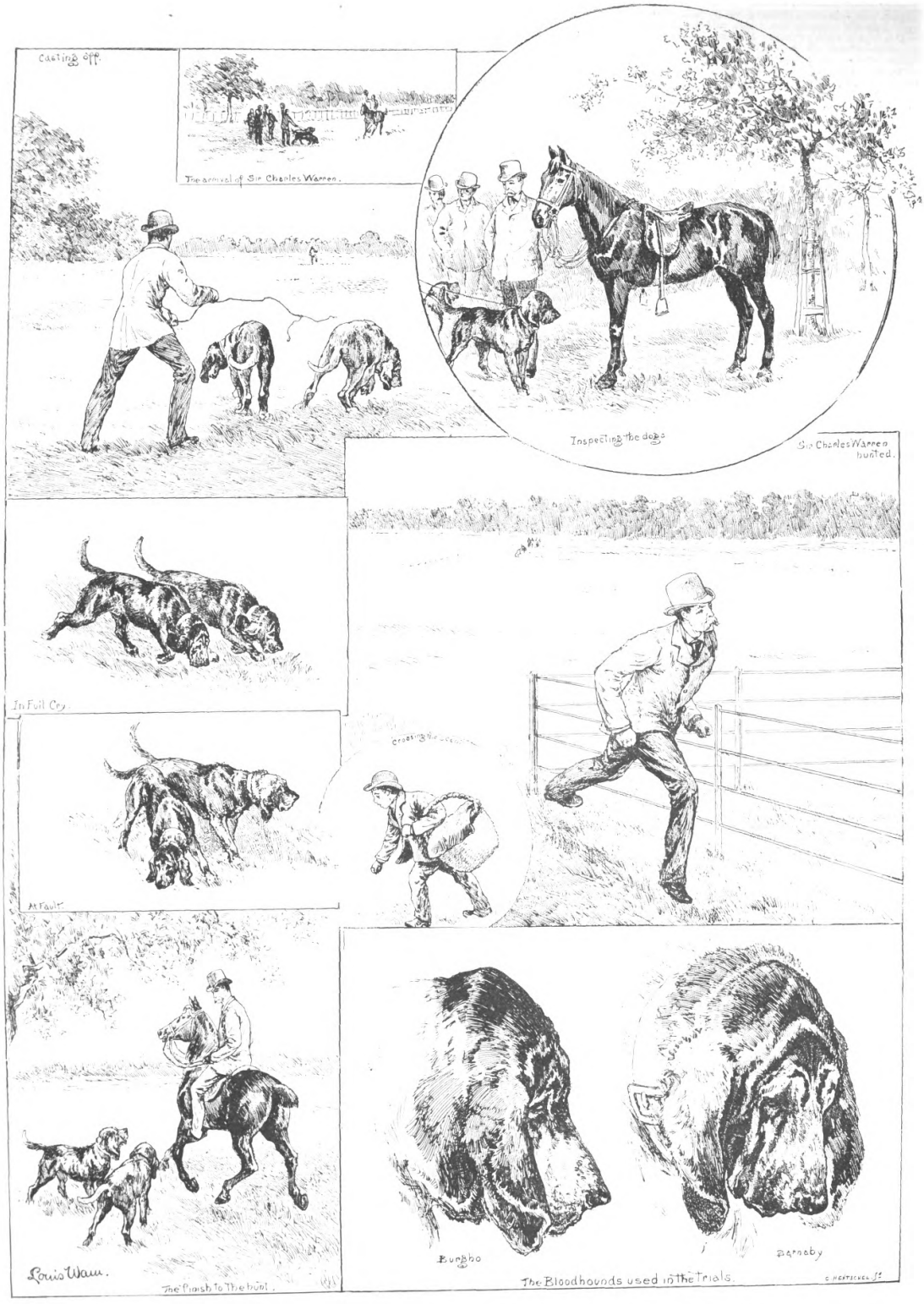
DETECTIVE POLICE BLOODHOUNDS.

Sir Charles Warren, the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, on Tuesday, Oct. 9, witnessed in the park a private trial of two bloodhounds, the property of Mr. Edwin Brough, of Wyndyate, near Scarborough. That gentleman had been communicated with by the Metropolitan Police as to the utility of employing bloodhounds to track criminals, and came to London, bringing with him the fine animals named Champion Barnaby and Burgho. Burgho is nearly two years younger than his kennel companion; he is a black-and-tan, powerful, well-formed, and well-grown; his head measures 12 in. in length, and he is one of the fastest hounds Mr. Brough has ever bred. Burgho has been trained from a puppy to hunt "the clean shoe"—that is to say, follow the trail of a man whose shoes have not been prepared in any way by the application of blood or aniseed, so as to leave a strongly-marked trail. Barnaby has been similarly taught; but his training was not commenced until he was twelve months old. The hounds have been accustomed to working together, which is a considerable advantage in following a trail. Mr. Brough stated that his system of training the hounds is as follows:—When they are puppies, four or five months old, he gives them short runs of about 100 yards to begin with on grass and up wind. To encourage the young dogs, everything is made as easy for them as possible. The man whom they are going to run is always someone whom they know, and he caresses and fondles the puppies before he starts. The dogs are allowed to see him start, and the quarry gets out of sight as quickly as possible and conceals himself. The trainer, who must know the exact course the man has taken, puts the puppies on the line, and encourages them by voice and gesture to follow up the trail. It is quite likely at first that some of the litter, perhaps all of them, will not put their noses down or understand what is required of them; but the trainer takes them along until they reach the man, and he rewards them with some dainty. This is repeated, until very soon the hounds know what is required of them, and once started on the trail work for themselves. The difficulties are gradually increased, but not until they are twelve months old can the animals be taught to go across country. Eventually, they can be trained to cross roads and brooks, and when they are at fault, say by overrunning the line, they will make their own casts and recover the track. Mr. Brough tried Barnaby and Burgho in Regent's Park early on Monday morning, Oct. 8. The ground was thickly coated with hoar frost, but they did their work well, successfully tracking for nearly a mile a young man, who was given about fifteen minutes start. They were tried again in Hyde Park at night, when it was dark, and the dogs were hunted on a leash. They were again successful in performing their task. At seven o'clock next morning a trial took place before Sir Charles Warren, when half a dozen runs were made. Sir Charles Warren in two instances acting as the hunted man. In every instance the dogs hunted persons who were complete strangers to them, and occasionally the trail would be crossed. When this happened the hounds were temporarily checked, but either one or the other would pick up the trail again. In one of the longest courses the hounds were checked at half the distance: Burgho ran back, but Barnaby, making a fresh cast forward, recovered the trail and ran the quarry home. The hound did this entirely unaided by his master. In consequence of the coldness of the scent, the hounds worked very slowly, but they demonstrated the possibility of tracking complete strangers on whose trail they had been laid.

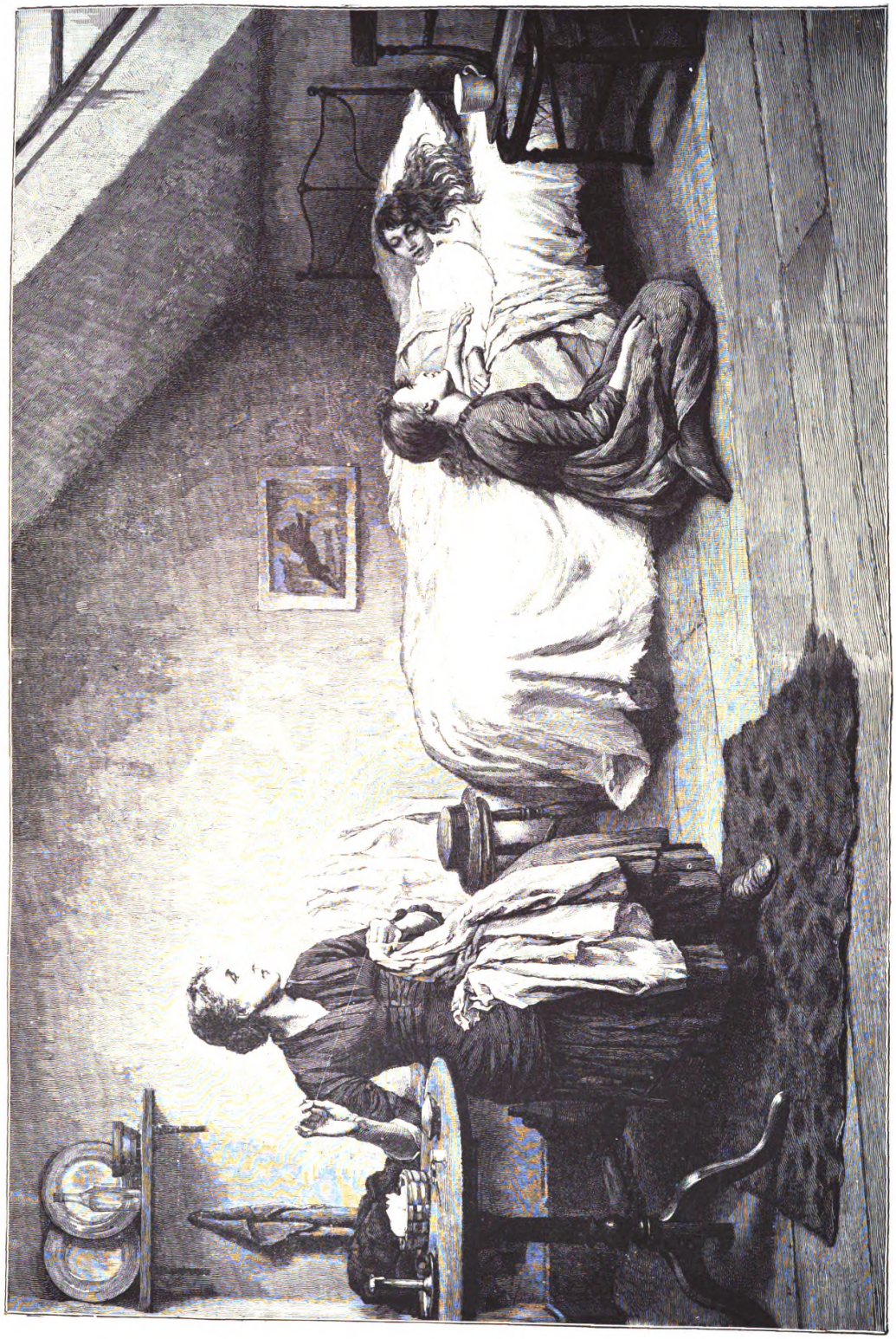
Mr. George Short, solicitor, assistant to the late Town Clerk, has been appointed Town Clerk of Exeter.

"MAMMA," AT THE NEW COURT.

Mrs. John Wood has secured a diverting, if not wholly pleasant, opening piece for the new Court Theatre in Mr. Sydney Grundy's smart English version of the amusing French comedy, "Les Surprises du Divorce." This new play might suitably have been entitled, to paraphrase a recent newspaper controversy, "Is Divorce a Failure?" so palpably does it demonstrate that complications and relationships of the most awkward nature may possibly arise from the process of untying and retying the matrimonial knot. How confusion becomes worse confounded in the family circles Mrs. John Wood invades as the ruthless "Mamma"-in-law, Mrs. Jannaway, is indicated in our Artist's Illustration of "Mamma." Mrs. Jannaway, formerly a star of the ballet, first drives her son-in-law, Jack Pontifex, into such a rage that he gladly welcomes divorce from his wife to rid himself of Mrs. J.'s reign of terror. Jack re-enters the married state only to find he is again related to the redoubtable Mrs. Jannaway, inasmuch as that lady's divorced daughter espouses his new father-in-law, Miles Henniker! Much merriment is provoked by a succession of complications and perplexing situations of the type sketched. Here the astonished dramatis personæ are Mrs. John Wood herself, Mr. Charles Groves, and Mr. John Hare in the parts of Mrs. Jannaway, Uncle Cochrane, and troubled Jack Pontifex. When it is added that Mr. John Hare and Mr. Arthur Cecil are humorous in the extreme as Jack Pontifex and the well-preserved beau Miles Henniker; that Mr. Eric Lewis makes a good character-study of the susceptible Tom Shadbolt; and that both Miss Filippi and Miss Annie Hughes are captivating as Jack's first and second wives, enough is said to indicate it may be some time yet before Mr. Pinero's new comedy is required for the new little playhouse adjoining Sloane-square Station. The new Court nightly resounds with laughter.



SIR CHARLES WARREN, CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF METROPOLITAN POLICE, TRYING BLOODHOUNDS IN HYDE PARK.



WIDOWED AND FATHERLESS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY T. B. KENNINGTON, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

NEW BOOKS.

Sims Reeves: His Life and Recollections, written by Himself (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).—This eminent vocal artist, who during forty-five years has enjoyed more celebrity than any other Englishman in his profession, should command our serious attention in expressing any decided opinions with regard to the prospects of musical entertainments, especially of the opera and of the oratorio, which just now seem in this country to be rather uncertain. His book, which is far from being a complete autobiography, though it relates many detached anecdotes of his long and successful public career, does not give so much light on those subjects as might be desired. But some of his incidental remarks confirm the views recently set forth by Mr. Sutherland Edwards and by Mr. Mapleson concerning the baneful effects, in operatic representation, of inordinate favour bestowed on the "prima donna." It came to such a pass that the combined execution of a musical drama, in which both the singing and the acting of the several leading parts ought to be of justly proportioned excellence and importance, bearing a vital relation to one another, and to be in harmony with the general design of the whole composition, is sacrificed to a single female vocalist, monopolising attention for the display of her individual talent. Madame Patti's voice might be worth paying for, in America, at the rate of nearly half a dollar for every note that it uttered; but if little care was taken, and if the manager could no longer afford, to bring upon the stage, with such a soprano, corresponding voices and figures of adequate distinction in the tenor, baritone, bass, and secondary female parts, there was not an effective representation. The opera is a concerted play, as well in the musical as in the dramatic sense; and the singing of every air and chorus, and every passage of recitative, should be considered as having an organic relation to all the other music, from first to last; so, in acting a play of Shakspeare's, every scene, every speech or piece of dialogue, every movement or gesture, should be studied as bearing on the whole action. It is confessed that the lyric theatre, at least in England, has of late years been prevented, by causes which need not again be specified, from complying with this essential condition of its noble artistic mission. We fear that the remedy cannot be supplied without a reform of the public taste which as yet makes no signs of its approach. Mr. Sims Reeves, as a great tenor, an accomplished musician, and in former times admired for his interpretation of dramatic music on the stage, is entitled to record his protest against the existing custom in operatic performance. It is to be hoped that he will deal more largely with this question in a second volume which he intends to publish next year. He must not take it amiss that we cannot, from a literary point of view, award much praise to the volume he has put before us. There are chapters in which he simply notes the particulars of his chief engagements. These extend from 1839, when, in his eighteenth year, he first appeared on the stage at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and through his early experiences at Drury-Lane, at the La Scala Theatre at Milan, again at Drury-Lane with M. Jullien's company, in December, 1847, and in oratorio at Exeter Hall, afterwards at Her Majesty's Theatre under Mr. Lumley, and in 1849 at Covent-Garden, also in Paris at the Théâtre des Italiens, and here again in Macfarren's English opera of "Robin Hood." We are told likewise of his services to the Sacred Harmonic Society, and to the Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace, and of some later incidents. Those who can personally remember the entire course of his performances in London, and his reception in other large towns of the United Kingdom, may not unwillingly read once more, in these pages, extracts from the public journals of the day, appreciating his merits with eulogy that was scarcely beyond his desert. These notices, however, do not materially contribute to the information required for a thorough understanding of the history of musical art in England during the past forty or fifty years. They are unhappily intermixed, not with details of his private life, which the judicious reader certainly would not expect, but with sketchy little tales, apparently of a fictitious character, only fit for the *Penny Weekly Novelette*. Mr. Sims Reeves, like many other excellent persons, who are clever and have proved their masterly skill in their own profession, indulges the whim of writing stories for public reading, but with a crudeness of conception, an ineffective resort to sensational topics, in a tone of sentimentalism that is not impressive, and in the stale, worn-out verbiage of a second-hand romantic style, which no cultivated mind can endure. "A Dark Record," "An Astral Double," "The Bishop's Daughter," "A Railway Tragedy," "A Political Vivien," "Willard O'Neill," "Norah Leslie," "A Star of Bethlehem," "The Ring," and one or two more of such fantastic tales, were not worth printing anywhere; and their omission from the autobiography of Mr. Sims Reeves would be a great improvement.

The Life and Adventures of Edmund Kean, Tragedian. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy. Two vols. (Ward and Downey).—The criticism of theatrical performances, and the average standard of taste and judgment in a London audience, in the early part of the nineteenth century, would appear to have been quite as good as it is now. When such writers as Hazlitt, Coleridge, and Charles Lamb were devoting much of their study to appreciate the excellence of dramatic representations, while in the pit of Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden the front benches were often filled with men of education and cultivated minds, belonging to the professional and mercantile classes, the merits of an actor might perhaps be as justly estimated as at the present day. It was in those days, from the beginning of the year 1814, continuing about ten years, that Edmund Kean was hailed as the greatest of impersonators of Shakspeare's tragic characters; and we are disposed to believe in the truth of this verdict. Not that he was the greatest of all actors of Shakspeare; for that dignity was awarded to Garrick in a preceding age of highly-refined criticism, and Garrick's versatility had the widest range over the diverse moods and phases of human character. Edmund Kean was no humourist, but an absolute tragedian of extraordinary power and depth, whose "Richard III.," "Macbeth," "Othello," and "Sir Giles Overreach" have perhaps never been surpassed, though one can scarcely believe in him as a representative of the balancing, wavering resolve of "Hamlet." In expressing the persistency of intense passion and ruthless ambition, and the reaction of despair hurrying its victim to death, he seems to have been unequalled. This personal biography, though not a work of remarkable insight or literary finish, has great interest as the narrative of an adventurous life—a very sad story, at the end, for Kean was disgraced and prematurely destroyed by the consequences of his gross misconduct—and as affording lively views of the kind of society in which he lived, with the figures of other notable actors and actresses, managers, and patrons of the drama, from eighty to sixty years ago. The childhood of Edmund Kean, born in 1787, the illegitimate son of an obscure actress, Nance Carey, and brought up by the kindness of Miss Tidswell and Mrs. Clarke, who encouraged his precocious genius, is related in a sympathetic manner, with a certain foretaste of the moral and social perils that must beset his future life. With a frank, ardent, generous and aspiring temper, he probably inherited a tendency to intoxication, and liability to fits of violence from offended pride, and to wild impulses defying social restraints; yet he was affectionate, confiding, and generally benevolent, and had a high sense of honour. The early struggles, the sudden rise to fame and prosperity, the ruinous errors, and the melancholy fall of such a man, hurled at last by his own infatuation from the summit of fortune and renown, present an instructive theme of contemplation. In his sixteenth year, in 1806, he first joined a regular theatrical company, and wandered about England, Wales, and Ireland, precariously earning a wretched pittance, with a young wife and children to support. He was at length engaged by Elliston, at what is now called the Olympic Theatre, for three guineas a week; but having, through the friendly efforts of the Rev. Dr. Drury, head-master of Harrow School, obtained a much better engagement at Drury-Lane, with a salary of eight guineas, he broke his promise to Elliston. His performance as Shylock, on Jan. 26, 1814, was declared by Hazlitt, in the *Morning Chronicle*, to be "the first gleam of genius breaking over the gloom of the stage." Kean had, in its utmost force, the keenness—no pun intended—but the intense significance of purpose, the vehemence of feeling, that John Kemble lacked, with all his statuesque dignity. Public opinion was stormed by the spontaneous, heartfelt applause of his audience; the Drury-Lane treasury received £4921 for fourteen nights of his Shylock; and the managing committee of amateurs, with just liberality, instantly raised his salary to £20 a week. His Richard III., produced in February, was not less applauded; the *Examiner*, probably Leigh Hunt, described it as "a piece of noble poetry expressed by action." Among the Drury-Lane committee, with the Earl of Essex, Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, and Mr. Whitbread, M.P., was Lord Byron, who wrote of Kean in his diary, "By Jove! he is a soul, he is a man; life, nature, truth, without exaggeration or diminution." Byron, till he again went abroad, made efforts to draw this great actor into a personal intimacy; their minds were congenial, and, if Kean had had the breeding and manners of a gentleman, they might have become intimate friends. The strong dramatic capabilities of some characters in Byron's plays, to which the stage has never yet done justice, might have been exhibited by Kean. But Kean unhappily preferred low society, and was shy, dull, and rudely negligent in meeting persons of rank and fashion. He ran away from select dinner-parties arranged for his sake, and drank to excess with noisy revellers in disorderly clubs and taverns. There is a glimpse of such a meeting, "the Wolves," at the Coal Hole, in Fountain-court, Strand, for which he would abruptly leave the supper company of peers, gentlemen, and scholars, while he shunned the drawing-rooms of admiring ladies. In the account of his theatrical contemporaries at this period, Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy introduces several famous personages; Kemble and his far more gifted sister, Mrs. Siddons; the precocious juvenile actor, Master Betty, who had, however, been withdrawn from the stage a few years before; Elliston, the comedian, a manager of commanding impudence and of unscrupulous audacity, but a man of considerable talent; Miss O'Neill, whose appearance as Juliet was irresistibly charming; and Junius Brutus Booth, the imitator of Kean, ultimately a settler in America, whose descendant was the author of a great political tragedy in recent history. The characters, performances, and private fortunes of all these notable members of the profession are well described; and so are the early experiences of Macready, who first came before a London audience in September, 1816, at Covent-Garden Theatre, after several years of great success in the provinces. Some of us, who can remember Macready on the stage, as well as Phelps, and who recognise their great services to dramatic art, and their excellence in certain parts—those sustained by Phelps being especially characteristic—will yet scarcely compare them with Edmund Kean in originality of genius. The decline of Drury-Lane, owing to mismanagement by its committee, and to the feeble administration of Stephen Kemble, threw it into the hands of Elliston, whose rash experiments soon ended in ruin. Kean went to America, and there, in the winter of 1820, won immediate success, but gave bitter offence at Boston by refusing to act when he happened to have a scanty audience. On his return to London next year, he was conducted to Drury-Lane by a grand procession of carriages, and enjoyed, for a brief period, the highest honours and largest emoluments of an actor's career. His income rose to £10,000 a year, but he indulged in the most prodigal extravagance, and his arrogance was unbounded. In 1825, the exposure of a disgraceful moral trespass, by a suit which was brought against him for his intrigue with the wife of a London Alderman, enabled his rivals and enemies to organise a sort of conspiracy with the aim of driving him from the stage. Riotous demonstrations were got up at Drury-Lane and at some provincial theatres; and in his visit to America, the same year, the scenes at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore were still more violent. Kean, who had already been separated from his faithful wife, and had renounced his son Charles, then a lad of sixteen, forbidding him to become an actor, was now completely demoralised; symptoms of insanity were apparent in his demeanour. One of his freaks in America was that of adopting the name and costume of an Indian savage chief, and he made himself ridiculous in many other ways. In 1827 he was again in England, and was re-engaged at Drury-Lane, but with body and mind fatally injured by habits of intemperance, so that he lost the power of memory, and sometimes broke down in stage performance. He lingered on, however, until May, 1833, in slow decline, physical and mental, held the lesseeship of the Richmond theatre, and on rare occasions played in London, but was only the wreck of what he had once been. It is satisfactory to observe that he was finally reconciled to his wife and son; and that in his last appearance, two months before his death, in "Othello" at Covent-Garden, Edmund Kean acted with Charles Kean, who belongs to the time of our own recollection. "O God, I am dying—speak to them, Charles!" broke from Othello's lips in the third act of the tragedy, and were the last words uttered by this great tragedian on the public stage.

Knight's Pictorial Shakspere. New Library Edition. Six vols. (J. S. Virtue and Co.).—One of the most grateful recollections of our childhood is that of the monthly arrival of "Parts" of the "Pictorial Shakspere," by which, and by the "Pictorial History of England," the late Mr. Charles Knight provided English families with reading best calculated to kindle a lifelong interest in the annals, the speech, and the literature of their own country. We have felt much pleasure at the reproduction of this excellent work, the concluding volume of which is now published by the firm of Messrs. J. S. Virtue and Co., Limited, with all the old and familiar engravings, mostly designed by the late Mr. William Harvey, but many by W. H. Prior, G. F. Sargent, and H. Anelay, and some by T. Creswick, J. R. Planché, Fairholt, Poynter, and others. Apart from the question of more or less successful attempts by an illustrative artist to depict the ideal figures, groups, and actions of dramatic poetry—a practice which may often disturb and embarrass, rather than assist, the reader's imagination—there is much utility in the subordinate delineation of accessories, costume, buildings, furniture, utensils, and weapons, views of places, towns, streets, and the interior of houses, castles, churches, battle-fields, and authentic portraits. It was a great merit of Mr. Charles Knight's publications that he first made abundant use of these means of illustrating the text of Shakspeare, as well as the narrative of English history compiled under his direction; and it had a good effect in supplying a thousand visible links of association between the actual scenes and incidents of past national life and the conceptions of our chief national poet. The minute and systematic investigations of the text of Shakspeare, and of all Elizabethan literature, which have been proceeding for some thirty years, may very probably have lessened the value of Mr. Knight's labours as a scholarly critic of the authenticity and purport of dubious phrases, the arrangement of words and syllables, the punctuation, or the rhythm and the verse. Great additions have also been made to the collection of materials for explanatory comment, and for exhibiting the manner in which Shakspeare's contemporaries or predecessors, and foreign or ancient authors, may have treated the same topics of fiction or reality, and may sometimes have chanced on similar fancies or reflections. As a branch of learning, which may even be carried to the excess of pedantry, this sort of collateral study of Shakspeare has been enormously developed since Charles Knight's time; but his notes and commentaries are still worthy of attention. In any case, the "Pictorial Shakspere" is a very pleasant one to read. It consists of the "Comedies," in two volumes; the "Historical Plays," in two volumes; "Tragedies" and "Poems," in one volume; and in the last volume, "Doubtful Plays," those of "Titus Andronicus," "Pericles," and "The Two Noble Kinsmen," with others which have been ascribed to Shakspeare; also with Mr. Knight's "History of Opinion on the Writings of Shakspeare," and some notice of the study of our great poet in Germany and France.

"WIDOWED AND FATHERLESS."

It is a touching scene of domestic life, under the depressing influence of an untimely bereavement, that is represented in this picture, which some of our readers may have noticed at the Royal Academy Exhibition. The death of the husband and father has left this woman and her two girls, one of them stricken with disease, in the straits of poverty; and we observe the scanty furniture of their attic-room, their humble attire, and the careworn look of the widow's face, as she stops for a moment in plying her industrious needle, to glance with tender anxiety at her suffering child. The latter, indeed, may only have closed her eyes, as some do, under the stress of pain, or may have dropped into brief slumber, guarded by sisterly affection. The family history must be a sad one; yet there will remain to these mourners, in future months or years, let us hope, the chances of a return of ordinary home comforts; but in any case, the reflection that they have not failed in love and duty to each other, in the trials which they now endure.

REGISTRATION OF FOREIGNERS IN PARIS.

The Government of the French Republic, by a simple administrative decree, has recently ordered that all foreigners who take up their settled residence in France, or who intend staying a long time in that country, shall undergo compulsory registration. This rule has long prevailed in most other great Continental States of Europe. It will not be enforced on those who merely visit Paris for pleasure or business, or mere tourists, or sojourners at such places as Boulogne or Dieppe in the summer, or at Pau or Biarritz, or Nice or Cannes, or Aix-les-Bains, at any time of the year. The order seems intended as a precaution against the continuous operations of cosmopolitan agents of the Communist and Anarchist factions, and may perhaps only be made applicable through special instructions to the Prefects of Departments in which large cities and manufacturing towns are situated, liable to become the scenes of subversive conspiracies or commotions. Paris and Lyons are named in the decree of President Carnot, which was signed on Oct. 2, and is accompanied by a report from M. Floquet, Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior, recommending the adoption of this measure. Every foreigner not legally domiciled in France, who intends to reside there, must now, within fifteen days of his arrival, present himself, if in Paris, to the Prefecture of Police, and, in other parts of the country, at the Mairie of the parish, to make a declaration of his name and those of his father and mother, his nationality, the place and date of his birth, the place where he last resided, his profession or trade or means of subsistence, and the names and ages of his wife and children accompanying him in France. We can well remember that, some thirty years ago, an Englishman staying for one night at an hotel in an Italian city was obliged to furnish the landlord of the hotel with all this information to be reported to the police; this was in Turin, the capital of the free kingdom of Sardinia, in 1857. In Paris, however, where passports have of late years no: been required, the new regulation has caused a little uneasiness among the numerous Belgian, German, and Italian immigrants. We refer to our Artist's Sketches of the scenes and individual figures daily describing themselves at the Prefecture of Police. They exhibit an odd collection of specimens of foreign nationalities, and a variety of classes and characters, over which it may be needful to exercise due supervision. No fee is imposed on applicants for this registration.

What a medley the Parisian population is may be judged from the classification of one day's registrations:—Germans, 321; Americans, 55; English, 111; Argentines, 2; Austrians, 101; Belgians, 510; Brazilians, 5; Bulgarians, 5; Chilians, 2; Colombians, 6; Danes, 7; Egyptian, 1; Spaniards, 24; Greeks, 5; Dutchmen, 66; Italians, 320; Japanese, 3; Luxemburgers, 139; Moor, 1; Norwegians, 4; Peruvians, 2; Roumanians, 18; Russians, 108; Servian, 1; Swedes, 14; Swiss, 438; Turks, 14; Uruguayan, 1; and native of Dahomey, 1.

A fountain, presented by Mr. John Aird, M.P., to the Queen's Park, Kilburn, was opened on Oct. 11 in the presence of members of the Corporation of the City of London, by whom the park is maintained.

The church of St. Stephen, Hounslow, has received an addition to its stained glass, of two windows, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, representing St. Thomas and St. James, studies from Leonardo Da Vinci's picture of "The Last Supper."

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

OCTOBER 20, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates: To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (viâ United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (viâ Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.



1. A Sicilian. 2. A Spaniard. 3. A Negro. 4. A German Professor. 5. Italian Models. 6. Calling herself a "Governess." 7. Foreigners at the Palais de Justice, asking directions.

REGISTRATION OF FOREIGNERS IN PARIS AT THE PREFECTURE OF POLICE.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON WHAT CONDITIONS?



On the morning I awoke with a lighter heart than I had known for a long time. Benjamin was going to release our prisoners! I should go to meet Robin at the gate of his prison. All would be well, except that my father would never recover. We should return to the village and everything would go on as before. Oh! poor fond wretch! how was I deluded! and, oh! miserable day that ended with such shame and sadness, yet began with so much hope!

Madam was already dressed. She was sitting at the window looking into the churchyard. She had been crying. Alas! how many women in Somersetshire were then weeping all day long!

"Madam," I said, "we now have hope. We must not weep and lament any more. Oh! to have at last a little hope—when we have lived so long in despair—it makes one breathe again. Benjamin will save our prisoners for us. Oh! after all, it is Benjamin who will help us. We did not use to love Benjamin, because he was rude and masterful and wanted everything for himself and would never give up anything. Yet, you see, he had, after all, a good heart." Madam groaned. "And he cannot forget, though he followeth not his grandfather's opinions, that he is his Honour's grand-son—the son of his only daughter—and your nephew, and first cousin to Robin, and second cousin once removed to Humphrey and Barnaby; playfellows of old. Why, these are ties which bind him as if with ropes! He needs must bestir himself to save their lives. And since he says that he can save them, of course he must have bestirred himself to some purpose. Weep no more, dear Madam, your son will be restored to us! We shall be happy again—thanks to Benjamin!"

"Child," she replied, "my heart is broken! It is broken, I say! Oh, to be lying dead and at peace in yonder churchyard! Never before did I think that it must be a happy thing to be dead and at rest, and to feel nothing and to know nothing!"

"But, Madam, the dead are not in their graves. There lie only the bodies. Their souls are above."

"Then they still think and remember. Oh! can a time ever come when things can be forgotten? Will the dead ever cease to reproach themselves?"

She wrung her hands in an ecstacy of grief, though I knew not what should move her so. Indeed, she was commonly a woman of sober and contained disposition, entirely governed both in her temper and her words. What was in her mind that she should accuse herself? Then, while I was dressing, she went on talking, being still full of this strong passion.

"I shall have my boy back again," she said. "Yes; he will come back to me. And what will he say to me when I tell him all? Yet I *must* have him back. Oh! to think of the hangman tying the rope about his neck"—she shuddered and trembled—"and afterwards the cruel knife"—she clasped her hands and could not say the words—"I see the comely limbs of my boy. Oh! the thought tears my heart—it tears me through and through. I cannot think of anything else day or night. And yet in the prison he is so patient and so cheerful. I marvel that men can be so patient with this dreadful death before them." She broke out again into another passion of sobbing and crying. Then she became calmer, and tried to speak of things less dreadful.

"When first I visited my boy in prison," she said, "Humphrey came humbly to ask my pardon. Poor lad! I have had hard thoughts of him. It is certain that he was in the plot from the beginning. Yet had he not gone so far, should we have sat down when the rising began? But he doth still accuse himself of rashness and calls himself the cause of all our misfortunes. He fell upon his knees, in the sight of all, to ask forgiveness, saying that it was he and none other who had brought ruin upon us all. Then Robin begged me to raise him up and comfort him, which I did, putting aside my hard thoughts and telling him that, being such stubborn Protestants, our lads could not choose but join the Duke whether he advised it or whether he did not. Nay, I told him that Robin would have dragged him willy nilly. And so I kissed him, and Robin took him by the hand and solemnly assured him that his grandfather had no such thought in his mind."

"Nay," I said, "my father and Barnaby would certainly have joined the Duke, Humphrey or not. Never were any men more eager for rebellion,"

"I have been to London," she went on. "'Tis a long journey and I effected nothing; for the mind of the King, I was assured, is harder than the nether millstone. My brother-in-law, Philip Boscorel, went with me, and I left him there. But I have no hope that he will be able to help us, his old friends being much scattered and many of them dead, and some hostile to the Court and in ill-favour. So I returned, seeing that, if I could not save my son I could be with him until he died. The day before yesterday he was tried—if you call that a trial when hundreds together plead guilty and are all alike sentenced to death."

"Have you seen him since the trial?"

"I went to the prison as soon as they were brought back from court. Some of the people—for they were all condemned to death—every one—were crying and lamenting. And there were many women among them—their wives or their mothers—and these were shrieking and wringing their hands; so that it was a terrible spectacle. But some of the men called for drink, and began to carouse, so that they might drown the thought of impending death. My dear, I never thought to look upon a scene so full of horror. As for our own boys, Robin was patient and even cheerful; and Humphrey, leading us to the most quiet spot in that dreadful place, exhorted us to lose no time in weeping or vain laments, but to cheer and console our hearts with the thought that death—even violent death—is but a brief pang and life is but a short passage, and that heaven awaits us beyond. Humphrey should have been a godly minister, such is the natural piety and goodness of his heart. So he spoke of the happy meeting in that place of blessedness where earthly love would be purged of its grossness, and our souls shall be so glorified that we shall each admire the beauty and the excellence of the other. Then Robin talked of thee, my dear, and sent thee a loving message, bidding thee grieve for him, but not without hope—and that a sure and certain hope—of meeting again. There are other things he bade me tell thee; but now I cannot!—oh, I must not!"

"Nay, Madam; but if they are words that he wished me to hear"——

"Why, they were of his constant love and—and—no, I cannot tell them!"

"Well," I said, "fret not thy poor heart with thinking any more of the prison; for Benjamin will surely save him, and then we shall love Benjamin all our lives."

"He will, perhaps, save him. And yet"—she turned her head—"oh, how can I tell *her*!—we shall shed many more tears. How can I tell *her*? How can I tell *her*?"

So she broke off again, but presently recovered and went on talking. In time of great trouble the mind wanders backwards and forwards, and though one talks still, it is disjointedly. So she went back to the prison.

"The boys have been well, though the prison is full and the air is foul. Yet there hath been as yet no fever, for which they are thankful. They had no money, the soldiers who took them prisoners having robbed them of their money, and, indeed, stripped them as well to their shirts, telling them that shirts were good enough to be hanged in. Yet the people of Exeter have treated the prisoners with great humanity, bringing them daily food and drink, so that there has been nothing lacking. The time, however, doth hang upon hands in a place where there is nothing to do all day but to think of the past and to dread the future. One poor prisoner, I was told, had gone distracted with the terror of this thought. Child, every day that I visited my son, while he talked with me, always cheerful and smiling, my mind turned continually to the scaffold and the gibbet." Then she returned to the old subject from which she could in no way escape. "I saw the hangman. I saw my son hanging to the shameful tree—oh! my son! my son!—till I could bear it no longer and would hurry away from the prison and walk about the town over the fields—yea, all night long—to escape the dreadful thought. Oh! to be blessed with such a son and to have him torn from my arms for such a death! If he had been killed upon the field of battle 'twould have been easier to bear. But now he dies daily—he dies a thousand deaths in my mind. My child!"—she turned again to the churchyard—"the rooks are cawing in their nests; the sparrows and the robins hop among the graves; the dead hear nothing; all their troubles are over, all their sins are forgiven."

I comforted her as well as I could. Indeed, I understood not at all what she meant, thinking that perhaps all her trouble had caused her to be in that frame of mind when a woman doth not know whether to laugh or to cry. And then, taking my basket, I sallied forth to provide the day's provisions for my prisoners.

"Barnaby," I said, when he came to the wicket, "I have good news for thee."

"What good news? That I am to be flogged once a year in every market-town in Somersetshire, as will happen to young Tutchin?"

"No, no—not that kind of news. But freedom, Brother; hope for freedom."

He laughed. "Who is to give us freedom?"

"Benjamin hath found a way for the enlargement of all."

"Ben Boscorel? What? will he stir finger for the sake of anybody? Then, Sis, if I remember Ben aright there will be something for himself. But if it is upon Ben that we are to rely we are truly well sped. Oh Ben, quotha!"

"My Brother, he told me so himself."

"Ware hawks, Sister. If Ben is at one end of the rope and the hangman at the other, I think I know who will be stronger. Well, Child, believe Ben if thou wilt. Thy father looks strange this morning: he opened his eyes and seemed to know me. I wonder if there is a change. 'Tis wonderful how he lasts. There are six men sickened since yesterday of the fever: three of them brought in last week are already dead. As for the singing that we used to hear, it is all over, and if the men get drunk they are dumb drunk. Sir Christopher looks but poorly this morning. I hope he will not take the fever. He staggered when he arose, which is a bad sign."

"Tell mother, Barnaby, what Benjamin hath undertaken to do."

"Nay, that shall I not, because, look you, I believe it not. There is some trick or lie at the bottom, unless Ben hath repented and changed his disposition, which used to be two parts wolf, one part bear, and the rest fox. If there were anything left it was serpent. Well, Sister, I am no grumbler, but I expect this job to be over in a fortnight or so, when they say the Wells Assizes will be held. Then we shall all be swinging, and I only hope that we may carry with us into the court such a breath of jail fever as shall lay the Judge himself upon his back and end his days. In the next world he will meet the men whom he has sentenced, and it will fare worse for him in their hands than with fifty thousand devils."

So he took a drink of the beer, and departed within the prison. And for many months I saw him no more.

On my way home I met Benjamin.

"Hath Madam told you yet of my conditions?" he asked eagerly.

"Not yet; she will doubtless tell me presently. Oh! what matter for the conditions? It can only be something good for us, contrived by your kind heart, Ben. I have told Barnaby, who will not believe in our good fortune."

"It is, indeed, something very good for you, Alice, as you will find. Come with me and walk in the meadows beyond the reach of this doleful place, where the air reeks with jail fever and all day long they are reading the Funeral Service."

So he led me out upon the sloping sides of a hill, where we walked a while upon the grass very pleasantly, my mind being now at rest.

"You have heard of nothing," he said, "of late, but of the Rebellion and its consequences. Let us talk about London."

So he discoursed concerning his own profession and his prospects, which, he said, were better than those of any other young lawyer, in his own opinion. "For my practice," he said: "I already have one which gives me an income far beyond my wants, which are simple. Give me plain fare, and for the evening a bottle or two of good wine, with tobacco, and friends who love a cheerful glass. I ask no more. My course lies clear before me: I shall become a King's Counsel; I shall be made a Judge: presently, I shall become Lord Chancellor. What did I tell thee, Child, long ago? Well, that time has now arrived."

Still I was so foolish, being so happy, that I could not understand what he meant.

"I am sure, Benjamin," I said, "that we at home shall ever rejoice and be proud of your success. Nobody will be more happy to hear of it than Robin and I."

Here he turned very red and muttered something.

"You find your happiness in courts and clubs and London," I went on; "as for Robin and myself, we shall find ours in the peaceful place which we have always decided to have."

"What the Devil!" he cried; "she will not tell you the conditions? She came with me for no other purpose. I have borne with her company all the way from Exeter for this only. Go back to her, and ask what it is! Go back, I say, and make her tell! What? am I to take all this trouble for nothing?"

His face became purple with sudden rage; his eyes grew swiftly fierce, and he roared and bawled at me. Why, what had I said?

"Benjamin," I cried, "what is the matter? How have I angered you?"

"Go back!" he roared again. "Tell her that if I presently come and find thee still in ignorance 't will be the worse for all! Tell her that *I* say it. 'T will else be worse for all!"

CHAPTER XXX.

A SLIGHT THING AT THE BEST.

So I left Benjamin, much frightened, and marvelling, both at his violent passion and at the message which he sent to Madam.

She was waiting for me at the lodging.

"Madam," I said, "I have seen Benjamin. He is very angry. He bade me go home and ask you concerning his conditions. We must not anger our best friend, dear Madam."

She rose from her chair and began to walk about, wringing her hands as if torn by some violent emotion.

"Oh! my child," she cried; "Alice, come to my arms—if it is for the last time—my daughter. More than ever mine, though I must never call thee daughter."

She held me in her arms, kissing me tenderly. "My dear, we agreed that no sacrifice could be too great for the safety of our boy. Yes, we agreed to that. Let us kiss each other before we do a thing after which we can never kiss each other again. No, never again."

"Why not again, Madam?"

"Oh," she pushed me from her, "it is now eight of the clock; he will be here at ten! I promised I would tell thee before he came! And all is in readiness."

"For what, Madam?"

Why, even then I guessed not her meaning, though I might have done so; but I never thought that so great a wickedness was possible!

"No sacrifice should be too great for us!" she cried, clasping her head with her hands and looking wildly about. "None too great! Not even the sacrifice of my own son's love—no; not that! Why, let us think of the sacrifices men make for their country, for their religion. Abraham was ready to offer his son, Isaac; Jephthah sacrificed his daughter; King Mesha slew his eldest son for a burnt offering. Thousands of men die every year in battle for their country. What have we to offer? If we give ourselves it is but a slight thing that we offer at the best."

"Surely, Madam," I cried, "you know that we would willingly die for the sake of Robin!"

"Yes, Child; to die—to die were nothing. It is to live—we must live—for Robin."

"I understand not, Madam."

"Listen then—for the time presses, and if he arrives and find that I have not broken the thing to thee, he will perhaps ride back to Exeter in a rage. When I left my son after the trial, being very wretched and without hope, I found Benjamin waiting for me at the prison gates. He walked with me to my lodging, and on the way he talked of what was in my mind. First, he said, that for the better sort there was little hope, seeing that the King was revengeful and the Judge most wrathful, and in a mood which allowed of no mercy. Therefore, it would be best to dismiss all hopes of pardon or of safety either to these two or to the prisoners of Ilminster. Now, when he had said this a great many times, we being now arrived at my lodging, he told me that there was, in my case, a way out of the trouble—and one way only: that if we consented to follow that way, which, he said, would do no manner of harm to either of us or to our prisoners, he would undertake and faithfully engage to secure the safety of all our prisoners. I prayed him to point out this way, and after much entreaty, he consented."

"What is the way?" I asked, having not the least suspicion. And yet the look in her eyes should have told me what was coming.

"Is it true, Child, that long ago you were betrothed to Benjamin?"

"No, Madam. That is most untrue."

"He says that when you were quite a little child he informed you of his intention to marry you and none but you."

"Why, that is true, indeed." And now I began to understand the way that was proposed; and my heart sank within me. "That is true. But to tell a child such a thing is not a betrothal."

"He says that only three or four years ago he renewed that assurance."

"So he did; but I gave him no manner of encouragement."

"He says that he promised to return and marry you when he had arrived at some practice, and that he engaged to become Lord Chancellor and make you a Peeress of the Realm."

"All that he said, and more. Yet did I never give him the least encouragement, but quite the contrary, for always have I feared and disliked Benjamin. Never at any time was it possible for me to think of him in that way. That he knows, and cannot pretend otherwise. Madam, doth Benjamin wish evil to Robin because I am betrothed to him?"

"He also says, in his rude way—Benjamin was always a rude and coarse boy—that he had warned you, long ago, that if anyone else came in his way he would break the head of that man."

"Yes; I remember, now, that he threatened some violence."

"My dear"—Madam took my hand—"his time of revenge is come. He says that he has the life of the man whom you love in his own hands; and he will, he swears, break his head for him, and so keep the promise made to you by tying the rope round his neck. My dear, Benjamin has always been stubborn and obstinate from his birth. Stubborn and obstinate was he as a boy; stubborn and obstinate is he now. He cares for nobody in the world except himself; he has no heart; he has no tenderness; he has no scruples; if he wants a thing, he will trample on all the world to get it, and break all the laws of God. I know what manner of life he leads. He is the friend and companion of the dreadful Judge who goeth about like a raging lion. Every night do they drink together until they are speechless and cannot stand. Their delight it is to drink, and smoke tobacco, with unseemly jests and ribald songs which would disgrace the playhouse or the country fair. Oh! 't is the life of a hog that he delights in! Yet, for all that, he is, like his noble friend, full of ambition. Nothing will do but he must rise in the world. Therefore, he works hard at his profession—and"——

"Madam—the condition!—what is the condition? For

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

As I ran, Mr. Boscorel stood before his son and barred the way, raising his right hand.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

Heaven's sake tell me quickly! Is it?—is it?—oh! no—no—no! Anything but that!"

"My child—my daughter"—she laid her hand upon my head. "It is that condition—that, and none other. Oh! my dear, it is laid upon thee to save us!—it is to be thy work alone—and by such a sacrifice as, I think, no woman ever yet had to make! Nay, perhaps it is better not to make it, after all. Let all die together, and let us live out our allotted lives in sorrow. I thought of it all night, and it seemed better so—better even that thou wert lying in thy grave. His condition! Oh! he must be a devil thus to barter for the lives of his grandfather and his cousins—no human being, surely, would do such a thing: the condition, my dear, is that thou must marry him—now; this very morning—and this once done, he will at once take such steps—I know not what they may be, but I take it that his friend the Judge will grant him the favour—such steps, I say, as will release unto us all our prisoners."

At first I made no answer.

"If not," she added after a while, "they shall all be surely hanged."

I remained silent. It is not easy at such a moment to collect one's thoughts and understand what things mean. I asked her presently if there was no other way.

"None," she said; "there was no other way."

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" I asked. "God, it seems, hath granted my daily prayer; but how? Oh! what shall I do?"

"Think of what thou hast in thy power."

"But to marry him—to marry Benjamin—oh! to marry him! How should I live? How should I look the world in the face?"

"My dear, there are many other unhappy wives. There are other husbands brutal and selfish: there are other men as wicked as my nephew. Thou wilt swear in church to love, honour, and obey him. Thy love is already hate; thy honour is contempt; thy obedience will be the obedience of a slave. Yet death cometh at length, even to a slave and to the harsh task-master."

"Oh! Madam, miserable indeed is the lot of those whose only friend is death."

She was silent, leaving me to think of this terrible condition.

"What would Robin say? What would Humphrey say? Nay, what would his Honour himself say?"

"Why, Child," she replied, with a kind of laugh, "it needs not a wizard to tell what they would say. For one and all, they would rather go to the gallows than buy their lives at such a price. Thy brother Barnaby would mount the ladder with a cheerful heart rather than sell his sister to buy his life. That we know already. Nay, we know more. For Robin will never forgive his mother who suffered thee to do such a thing. So shall I lose what I value more than life—the love of my only son. Yet would I buy his life at such a price. My dear, if you lose your lover I lose my son. Yet we will save him, whether he will or no." She took my hands and pressed them in her own. "My dear, it will be worse for me than for you. You will have a husband, it is true, whom you will loathe; yet you will not see him, perhaps, for half the day at least; and, perhaps, he will leave thee to thyself for the other half. But for me, I shall have to endure the loss of my son's affections all my life, because I am very sure and certain that he can never forgive me. Think, my dear! Shall they all die?—all!—think of father and brother, and of your mother!—or will you willingly endure a life of misery with this man for husband in order that they may live?"

"Oh, Madam," I said, "as for the misery—any other kind of misery I would willingly endure; but it is *marriage*—marriage! Yet who am I that I should choose my sacrifice? Oh, if good works were of any avail, then would the way to heaven be opened wide for me by such an act and such a life! Oh, what will Robin say of me? What will he think of me? Will he curse me and loathe me for being able to do this thing? Should I do it? Is it right? *Doth God command it?* Yet to save their dear lives—only to set them free—to send that good old man back to his home—to suffer my father to die in peace!—I must do it—I must do it! Yet Robin could never forgive me. Oh! he told me that betrothal was a sacrament. I have sworn to be his. Yet, to save his life, I cannot hesitate. If it is wrong, I pray that Robin will forgive me. Tell him—oh, tell him that it is I who am to die instead of him. Perhaps the Lord will suffer me to die quickly. Tell him that I loved him, and only him; that I would rather have died; that for his life alone I would not have done this thing, because he would not have suffered it. But it is for all—it is for all! Oh; he must forgive me! Some day you will send me a message of forgiveness from him. But I must go away and live in London, far from all of you; never to see him or any one of you again—not even my own mother. It is too shameful a thing to do. And you will tell his Honour, who hath always loved me and would willingly have called me his grand-daughter. It was not that I loved not Robin—God knoweth that; but for all—for him and Robin and all—to save his grey hairs from the gallows, and to send him back to his home. Oh! tell him that"——

"My dear—my dear," she replied, but could say no more.

Then for a while we sat in silence, with beating hearts.

"I am to purchase the lives of five honest men," I said presently, "by my own dishonour. I know very well that it is by my dishonour and my sin that their lives are to be bought. It doth not save me from dishonour that I am first to stand in the church and be married according to the Prayer-Book. Nay, does it not make the sin greater and the dishonour more certain that I shall first swear what I cannot ever perform—to love and honour that man?"

"Yes, girl—yes!" said Madam. "But the sin is mine more than yours. Oh! let me bear the sin upon myself."

"You cannot, it is my sin and my dishonour; nay, it is a most dreadful wicked thing that I am to do. It is all the sins in one: I do not honour my parents in thus dishonouring myself; I kill myself—the woman that my Robin loved; I steal the outward form which belonged to Robin and give it to another; I live in a kind of adultery. It is truly a terrible sin in the sight of Heaven. Yet I will do it!—I must do it! I love him so that I cannot let him die; rather let me be overwhelmed with shame and reproach if only he can live!"

"Said I not, my dear, that we two could never kiss each other again? When two men have conspired together to commit a crime they convert no more together, it is said, but go apart and loathe each other. So it is now with us."

So I promised to do this thing. The temptation was beyond my strength. Yet had I possessed more faith I should have refused. And then great, indeed, would have been my reward. Alas! how was I punished for my want of faith! Well, it was to save my lover. Love makes us strong for evil as well as strong for good.

And all the time, to think that we never inquired or proved his promises! To think that we never thought of doubting or of asking how he, a young barrister, should be able to save the lives of four active rebels, and one who had been zealous in the cause! That two women should have been so simple is now astonishing.

When the clock struck ten I saw Benjamin walking across the churchyard. It was part of the brutal nature of the man that he should walk upon the graves, even those newly-made and not covered up with turf. He swung his great burly form, and looked up at the window with a grin which made Madam tremble and shrink back. But for me, I was not moved by the sight of him, for now I was strong in resolution. Suppose one who hath made up her mind to go to the stake for her religion, as would doubtless have happened unto many had King James been allowed to continue in his course, do you think that such a woman would begin to tremble at the sight of her executioner? Not so. She would arise and go forth to meet him, with pale face, perhaps (because the agony is sharp) but with a steady eye. Benjamin opened the door, and stood looking from one to the other.

"Well," he said to Madam, roughly, "you have by this time told her the condition?"

"I have told her—alas! I have told her, and already I repent me that I have told her."

"Doth she consent?"

"She does. It shall be as you desire."

"Ha!" Benjamin drew a long breath. "Said I not, Sweetheart"—he turned to me—"that I would break the head of any who came between us? What? Have I not broken the head of my cousin when I take away his girl? Very well, then. And that to good purpose. Very well, then. It remains to carry out the condition."

"The condition," I said, "I understand to be this. *If* I become your wife, Benjamin, you knowing full well that I love another man and am already promised to him"——

"Ta—ta—ta!" he said. "That you are promised to another man matters not one straw. That you love another man I care nothing. What! I promise, Sweetheart, that I will soon make thee forget that other man. And as for loving any other man after marrying me, that, d'ye see, my pretty, will be impossible, Oh! thou shalt be the fondest wife in the Three Kingdoms."

"Nay; if such a thing cannot move your heart, I say no more. If I marry you, then all our prisoners will be enlarged?"

"I swear"—he used a great round oath, very horrid from the lips of a Christian man—"I swear that, if you marry me, the three—Robin, Humphrey, and Barnaby—shall all save their lives. And as for Sir Christopher and my father, they also shall be enlarged. Can I say aught in addition?"

I suspected no deceit. I understood, and so did Madam, that this promise meant the full and free forgiveness of all. Yet there was something of mockery in his eyes, which should have made us suspicious. But I, for one, was young and ignorant, and Madam was country-bred and truthful.

"Benjamin," I cried, falling on my knees before him, "think what it is you ask! Think what a wicked thing you would have me do!—to break my vows, who am promised to your cousin! And would you leave your grandfather to perish all for a whim about a silly girl? Benjamin, you are playing with us. You cannot—you could not sell the lives—the very lives of your mother, father, and your cousins for such a price as this! The play has gone far enough, Benjamin. Tell us that it is over, and that you never meant to be taken seriously, and we will forgive you the anguish you have caused us."

"Get up," he said, "get up, I say, and stop this folly." He then began to curse and to swear. "Playing, is it? You shall quickly discover that it is no play, but serious enough to please you all, Puritans though you be. Playing! Get up, I say, and have done."

"Then," I said, "there is not in the whole world a more inhuman monster than yourself."

"Oh! my dear—my dear, do not anger him!" cried Madam.

"All is fair in love, my pretty," said Benjamin with a grin. "Before marriage call me what you please—inhuman monster—anything that you please. After marriage, my wife will have to sing a different tune."

"Oh! Benjamin, treat her kindly," Madam cried.

"I mean not otherwise. Kindness is my nature. I am too kind for my own interests. Obedience I expect, and good temper and a civil tongue, with such respect as is due to one who intends to be Lord Chancellor. Come, Child, no more hard words. Thou shalt be the happiest woman, I say, in the world. What? Monmouth's Rebellion was only contrived to make thy happiness. Instead of a dull country-house thou shalt have a house in London; instead of the meadows, thou shalt have the parks; instead of skylarks, the singers at the playhouse; in due course thou shalt be my lady"——

"Oh! stop—stop; I must marry you since you make me, but the partner in your ambitions will I never be."

"My dear," Madam whispered, "speak him fair. Be humble to him. Remember he holds in his hands the lives of all."

"Yes," Benjamin overheard her. "The lives of all. The man who dares to take my girl from me—mine—deserves to die. Yet so clement, so forgiving, so generous am I, that I am ready to pardon him. He shall actually save his life. If, therefore, it is true that (before marriage) you love that man and are promised to him, come to church with me, out of your great love to him, in order to save his life; but if you love him not, then you can love me, and, therefore, can come to please yourself, willy-nilly. What! am I to be thwarted in such a trifle? Willy-nilly, I say, I will marry thee. Come—we waste the time."

He seized my wrist as if he would have dragged me towards the door.

"Benjamin," cried Madam, "be merciful! she is but a girl, and she loves my poor boy—be merciful! Oh! it is not yet too late." She snatched me from his grasp and stood between us, her arms outstretched. "It is not too late; they may die and we will go in sorrow, but not in shame. They may die. Go! murderer of thy kith and kin. Go, send thy grandfather to die upon the scaffold; but, at least leave us in peace."

"No, Madam," I said. "With your permission, if there be no other way, I will save their lives."

"Well, then," Benjamin said sulkily, "there must be an end of this talk and no further delay; else, by the Lord! I know not what may happen. Will Tom Boilman delay to prepare his cauldron of hot pitch? If we wait much longer, Robin's arms and legs will be seething in that broth! Doth the Judge delay with his warrant? Already he signs it—already they are putting up the gibbet on which he will hang! Come! I say."

* * * * *

Benjamin was sure of his prey, I suppose, because we found the clergyman waiting for us in the church, ready with surplice and book. The clerk was standing beside him, also with his book, open at the Service for Marriage. While they read the service Madam threw herself prostrate on the communion steps, her head in her hands, as one who suffers the last extremities of remorse and despair for sin too grievous to be ever forgiven. Let us hope that sometimes we may judge ourselves more harshly than Heaven itself doth judge us.

The clerk gave me away, and was the only witness of the marriage beside that poor distracted mother.

'Twas a strange wedding. There had been no banns put up: the bride was pale and trembling; the bridegroom was gloomy; the only other person present wept upon her knees while the parson read through his ordered prayer and psalm and exhortation; there was no sign of rejoicing.

"So," said Benjamin, when all was over. "Now, thou art my wife. They shall not be hanged therefor. Come, wife, we will this day ride to Exeter, where thou shalt thyself bear the joyful news of thy marriage and their safety to my cousins. They will own that I am a loving and a careful cousin."

He led me, thus talking, out of church. Now, as we left the churchyard, there passed through the gates—oh! baleful omen!—four men carrying between them a bier. Upon it was the body of another poor prisoner, dead of jail fever. I think that even the hard heart of Benjamin—now my husband!—oh! merciful Heavens! he was my husband!—quailed, and was touched with fear at meeting this most sure and certain sign of coming woe, for he muttered something in his teeth and cursed the bearers aloud for not choosing another time.

My husband, then—I must needs call him my husband—told me, brutally, that I must ride with him to Exeter, where I should myself bear the joyful news of their safety to his cousins. I did not take that journey, nor did I bear the news, nor did I ever after that moment set eyes upon him again, nor did I ever speak to him again. His wife I remained, I suppose, because I was joined to him in church. But I never saw him after that morning. And the reason why you shall now hear.

At the door of our lodging, which was, you know, hard by the church, stood Mr. Boscorel himself.

"What means this?" he asked, with looks troubled and confused. "What doth it mean, Benjamin? What hath happened, in the name of God?"

"Sir," said Benjamin. "You know my character. You will acknowledge that I am not one of those who are easily turned from their purpose. Truly, the occasion is not favourable for a wedding, but yet I present to you my newly-married wife."

"*Thy* wife! Child, *he* thy husband? Why, thou art betrothed to Robin! Hath the world gone crazy? Do I hear aright? Is this—this—this—a time to be marrying? Hast thou not heard? Hast thou not heard, I say?"

"Brother-in-law," said Madam. "It is to save the lives of all that this is done."

"'To save the lives of all?'" Mr. Boscorel repeated. "Why—why—hath not Benjamin then, told what hath happened, and what hath been done?"

"No, Sir, I have not," said his son. "I had other fish to fry."

"Not told them? Is it possible?"

"Benjamin hath promised to save all their lives if this child would marry him. To save their lives hath Alice consented, and I with her. He will save them through his great friendship with Judge Jeffreys."

"Benjamin to save their lives? Sirrah"—he turned to his son with great wrath in his face—"what villainy is this? Thou hast promised to save their lives? What *villainy*, I say, is this? Sister-in-law, did he not tell you what hath been done?"

"He has told us nothing. Oh! is there new misery?"

"Child"—Mr. Boscorel spoke with the tears running down his cheeks—"thou art betrayed—alas! most cruelly and foully betrayed. My son—would to God that I had died before I should say so—is a villain! For, first, the lives of these young men are already saved, and he hath known it for a week and more. Learn, then, that, with the help of certain friends, I have used such interest at Court that for these three I have received the promise of safety. Yet they will not be pardoned. They are given, among other prisoners, to the courtiers and the ladies-in-waiting. One Mr. Jerome Nipho hath received and entered on his list the names of Robin and Humphrey Charles and Barnaby Eykin; they will be sold by him, and transported to Jamaica or elsewhere for a term of years."

"They were already saved!" cried Madam. "He knew, then, when they were tried and sentenced, that their lives were already spared. Oh! child! poor child! Oh! Alice! Oh! my daughter!—what misery have we brought upon thee!"

Benjamin said nothing. On his face lay a scowl of obstinacy. As for me, I was clinging to Madam's arm. This man was my husband—and Robin was already saved—and by lies and villainy he had cheated us!

"They were already saved," Mr. Boscorel continued. "Benjamin knew it—I sent him a letter, that he *might* tell his cousins. My son—alas!—I say again, my only son—my only son—my son is a villain!"

"No one shall take my girl," said Benjamin, sullenly. "What? All is fair in love."

"He has not told you, either, what hath happened in the prison? Thou hadst speech, I hear, with Barnaby, early this morning, Child. The other prisoners"—he lowered his voice and folded his hands, as in prayer—"they have since been enlarged."

"How?" Madam asked. "Is Sir Christopher free?"

"He hath received his freedom—from One who never fails to set poor prisoners free. My father-in-law fell dead in the courtyard at nine o'clock this morning—weep not for him. But Child, there is much more; about that same time thy father breathed his last. He, too, is dead; he, too, hath his freedom. Benjamin knew of this as well, Alice, my child"—the kindly tears of compassion rolled down his face. "I have loved thee always, my dear; and it is my son who hath wrought this wickedness—my own son—my only son"—he shook his cane in Benjamin's face. "Oh! villain," he cried; "Oh! villain!"

Benjamin made no reply; but his face was black and his eyes obstinate.

"There is yet more—oh! there is more. Alas! my child, there is more. Thou hast lost thy mother as well. For at the sight of her husband's death, his poor, patient wife could no longer bear the trouble, but she, too, fell dead—of a broken heart; yea, she fell dead upon his dead body—the Lord showed her this great and crowning mercy—so that they all died together. This, too, Benjamin knew. Oh! villain! villain!"

Benjamin heard unmoved, except that his scowl grew blacker.

"Go," his father continued, "I load thee not, my son, with a father's curse. Thy wickedness is so great that thy punishment will be exemplary. The judgments of God descend upon the most hardened. Get thee gone out of my sight. Let me never more behold thee until thou hast felt the intolerable pangs of remorse. Get thee hence, I say! Begone!"

"I go not," said Benjamin, "without my loving wife. I budge not, I say, without my tender and loving wife. Come, my dear."

He advanced with outstretched hands, but I broke away and fled shrieking. As I ran, Mr. Boscorel stood before his son and barred the way, raising his right hand.

"Back, boy! Back!" he said, solemnly. "Back, I say! Before thou reachest thy most unhappy wife, first shalt thou pass over thy father's body!"

(To be continued.)

BY THE DOWIE DENS O' YARROW.

The sunshine of late autumn falls warmly in the inn doorway here and on the road in front; and the sky, despite the ominous darkness of last night, is all but clear of cloud. No sound of rude traffic breaks upon the pastoral stillness of the spot. Only the river below, murmuring over its pebbles, seems recounting to itself the old-world memories of the banks between which it runs. Though it is not yet nine o'clock, yonder blithe lass in shepherd-tartan plaid, and with a basket on her arm, singing to herself as she comes up the road, has been down to Yarrow Fens already. She turns across the bridge twenty yards off, on her way, says the landlady, to Hogg's Farm of Altrive Lake. It lies only a few miles off, and the same road leads on through the hills to the ruined keep of Tushielaw on the Ettrick—a pleasant forenoon's ramble. It would surely be a mistake to pass through the most storied valley of the North without making a pilgrimage to the home of its sweet singer. A word, then, to "mine hostess," as to fare later on, a moment to pocket some temporary provender, and then away after yon gentle pioneer.

Hogg had dedicated his "Queen's Wake" to the Duchess of Buccleuch, and she on her deathbed besought her husband to "remember her poor poet." The Duke accordingly bestowed the little farm of Altrive Lake upon Hogg for life, without rent or fee; and, grateful to his patron, the Ettrick Shepherd came to live on the spot in 1815. Here, in 1819, he brought his lady wife, to make it "the dearest spot on earth to him"; here he reared the "flowers of the forest," as he called his children; and here, in 1835, he died, three years after Sir Walter Scott. A thousand times, one cannot help remembering, must the kind-eyed poet have strolled down this road, carrying in his heart, as Christopher North averred, the dream of Kilmeny, or, as is perhaps more likely, with the smile wreathing his lip at some remembered word of wife or child. Certain it is that upon many a morning he gathered inspiration from these quiet hills. A thousand times he has betaken himself, rod in hand, and in the company of some chosen guest, to angle in the rushing Yarrow; and as often has he returned at night with heavy basket, to instal his tired friend by the genial hearth at Altrive. For Hogg, with the narrow estate of a yeoman, had the hospitable heart of a prince.

All day might be spent lingering here amid the scenes of old Border memories—the ruined keep of Tushielaw on Ettrick bank, where, on a summer day in 1529, James V. executed swift, sharp justice by hanging the reiver Adam Scott over his own gate; Ettrick Kirk, where Thomas Boston spent the years of his ministry, writing the once famous "Fourfold State," "The Crook in the Lot," and other books, and where, far from the haunts of busy men, he raised himself to be one of the greatest scholars and theologians of his day; and Ettrick Kirkyard, where, close by the vault of the Scotts of Thirlstane, lie the remains of James Hogg and of his quondam hostess, Tibbie Shiels. But the countryside by Yarrow Water remains to be traversed yet, and already the hours are wearing on.

Below the Gordon Inn on Yarrow side stands the monument of one of the Ettrick Shepherd's many misfortunes—Mount Benger farm. In the famous "Noctes" he is made to speak with high hope of his new adventure here: but the leasing of the place tied a millstone round his neck which dragged upon him till his last day. Hogg, it is to be feared, was, like his master Burns, no great farmer. Under the windows of the house the river runs, growing in volume to the village of Yarrow itself; and here, in the heart of Border song-land, lies the scene of the fatal combat so far renowned in minstrelsy.

Hamilton of Bangour wove the story into his beautiful and tender lines "Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow," and Allan Ramsay into his well-known "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride"; but it is the name of the ancient ballad attached to the spot which is best known, and which will ever remain in the heart of the North a synonym for sorrow. Here it was that—

> Late at evening, drinking the wine,
> On the dowie dens o' Yarrow,
> They set a combat them between
> To fight it on the morrow.

Annan's Treat (or more probably Annan-street), to the west of Yarrow Kirk, is the spot pointed out by tradition as the scene of the fight. Here, as far as the details and the names of the combatants can be made out, Walter Scott, third son of Robert of Thirlstane, was waylaid and slain by his brother-in-law, John Scott, of Tushielaw. It appears that they were to have met alone; but the young bridegroom, on riding up the strath, found himself confronted by nine enemies. Despite such odds, however, he seems to have made a gallant stand:—

> Four has he hurt and five has slain,
> On the bloody braes o' Yarrow;
> Till a coward knight came him behind
> And ran his body thorough.

Tradition has it that the feud had been caused by the lady's father allotting her a dowry larger than her grasping brother could approve. The ballad, on the other hand, makes the irate brother allege, as his pretext for quarrel, that some slight had been offered to his sister. The lady's grief over her fallen lover, however, makes the former the more probable source of enmity:—

> She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
> She searched his wounds all thorough;
> She kissed them till her lips grew red,
> On the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

Such is the pitiful story of the place as told by tradition and song—the story to which, most of all, perhaps, the quiet little valley owes its fame. A still more ancient, if less known, interest, however, exists about this spot; for the great stones standing here are not, as locally supposed, memorials of the conflict celebrated in the ballad. Previous to 1808 the ground was a low waste moor, with some twenty large cairns upon it, in which, when opened, were found some heaps of fine yellow dust and the head of an antique spear. About three hundred yards further to the west, when the strath was being broken in by the plough, a large flat stone was laid bare. It contained a Latin inscription, rudely engraved, and under it were discovered human bones and ashes. This block of greywacke is the famous Yarrow Stone, and the lettering upon it is said to be the only known inscription of the Cambrian Celts, who once held all Scotland south of the Forth. The first part of the lettering has been made out as "Hic memoria Cetiloi"; and an ingenious critic lately, by comparing the chronicles of Bede and Tighernæ, discovered in the spot the Denisesburn, and, according to Nennius, the Catscaul (the latter name remains transposed in "Catslack" burn close by), where in 632 A.D., in a great battle of rival races, Catlon, King of the Britons, was defeated and slain by Oswald, King of the Angles of Northumbria. Following this clue the same critic suggests, as the complete rendering of the inscription, "This stone is in memory of Cetilon and his son, Princes and Imperators of Dumnogenium." By this rendering, he concludes, "the Cetilon of the Yarrow Stone would be proved to be the Cadwalla of Bede and of the Saxon Chronicle, who was a more cruel and bitter enemy to the Angles than Arthur." A strange and terrible chapter of history to be turned up by the share of a peaceful plough!

Memories of many centuries, however, gather thickly in the little valley. At all times the Borderland has felt the stirring of the nation's tides, and the legends of Yarrow form a fair index to the history of the country at large. Thus, beside the relics of mediæval and prehistoric times, the history of the Covenanting struggle might be read by the light of its associations here. The manse of Yarrow Kirk, at hand, was the dwelling of John Brenner, the Mess John of a well-known ballad. One of the curates thrust upon the people by the prelatic acts of Charles II., he is famous as having played the unworthy part of spy upon his flock. By means of a certain "strange gaunt woman" he was wont to furnish the Government with tidings of conventicles about to be held among the hills, and in this way betrayed the lives of many of the people among whom he was placed, until at last they shot him through his own parlour window.

Point after point as the valley descends strikes a chord of old-world interest. After passing, perched among the trees on the river's opposite bank, the village of Yarrowford, with its lights twinkling through the dusk, its pleasant sound of voices, and the tinkle of the village smithy, the road plunges into the darkness under the heavy woods of Hangingshaw. Here, where the air is rich already with the night-scents, stands the ruined stronghold of the Outlaw Murray, prince of the Ishmaelites of the Border, whose famous "sang," or ballad, Scott says, has been popular for ages in Selkirkshire. Swift and dark, and with deep, cool gurgle, the river runs here below its bridge. A lonely and eerie spot it is at such an hour in the heart of the dark, still woods—the haunt, it well might be, of the ghosts of old marauders, booted and spurred. Yonder carriage lights, coming down under the trees in the blackness, might easily be the bright, flaming eyes of some devouring dragon, so weird are the place's memories. Somewhere on the south bank below rises "the shattered front of Newark's towers," reminiscent of James II. and of "the bold Buccleuch," and its courtyard stained with the blood of the Royalist prisoners slain there by the Covenanters after Philiphaugh. Though the shrub springs now upon its broken wall, to the fancy the place is peopled yet, by the wizard touch of Scott, with dame and squire and knight intent upon that heroic "Lay" chanted by the last of the minstrels. And the wanderer today about the spot may come upon a little mount, fir-clad, that seems waiting for its story. Said to have been part of the ancient garden of the castle, tradition runs that there the Outlaw Murray was slain by one of the Scotts. Carterhaugh, the woody tongue of land below, where Yarrow and Ettrick "rush into each other's arms," is the spot where Tamlane, according to the ballad which bears his name, was freed from enchantment by the "fair Janet." Here, they say—

> She has kilted her green kirtle
> A little abune her knee:
> And she has braided her yellow hair
> A little abune her bree.

And here, on Hallowe'en, she set the pails of water and milk with which to break the spell cast about her lover by the fairy queen. That, it is said, was the last appearance of the fairy-folk to mortal eyes, though on the grass are still pointed out the rings traced by their starlight revels.

Born amid such romantic and weird surroundings at the quiet farm-house of Foulshiels, close by, it is small marvel that Mungo Park was attracted to the adventurous life of an African explorer.

One more point of interest remains—the wood-hung battlefield of Philiphaugh, now the park about the seat of the Outlaw Murray's descendant. Here, by Lesley's surprise and defeat of Montrose, in 1645, the cause of the First Charles was lost in Scotland. By some strange oversight Montrose had left his infantry encamped on the field, while he himself with the cavalry quartered in Selkirk, a mile away. Lesley, coming up at dawn from Melrose, seized the opportunity, and cut the Royalist foot to pieces before the horse could come to their assistance; and dire and effectual was the work done here by the Covenanting broadswords on that misty September morning!

Presently, the lights of Selkirk appear, begemming, like fireflies, the darkness of the opposite hillside; and there, after the long day's ramble among the storied scenes of this quiet Border valley, will be found rest and refreshment amid the comforts of "mine inn."

G. E.-T.

LORD BRASSEY AND HASTINGS.

The Municipal Corporation of Hastings has presented Lord Brassey, formerly M.P. for Hastings, and a liberal benefactor of that town, with the honorary freedom of the borough. The



CASKET OF HASTINGS BOROUGH FREEDOM FOR LORD BRASSEY.

ceremony of presentation took place on Monday, Oct. 15, in the School of Art building at Claremont, which was the munificent gift of Lord Brassey to the town. The Mayor, Councillor Stubbs, afterwards entertained his Lordship and the members and officials of the Corporation with a banquet at the Queen's Hotel. The document setting forth the resolution of the Council, passed on Aug. 18, to confer the freedom of the borough on Lord Brassey, was placed in a casket of solid silver, manufactured to order of Mr. E. Dobell, jeweller, of Robertson-street, Hastings, of which we give an Illustration. It is surmounted by the arms and crest of Lord Brassey, in silver and enamel, with his Lordship's motto, "*Arduis sæpe, metu nunquam.*" On the front of the case are the borough arms, also in silver and enamel, with Lord Brassey's monogram, surrounded by oak and laurel wreaths. Introduced in the wreath, from which the borough shield protrudes, are anchors and tridents, symbolical of the British Navy. At each corner, the box is supported by a silver pillar, on which is a lion rampant gilt, and below is a silver dolphin. On the opposite side is a wreathed inscription, to the following effect:—"Presented to the Right Hon. Lord Brassey, K.C.B., by the Corporation of the Borough of Hastings, Oct. 15, 1888." The size of the casket is considerable, and its weight is about seventy ounces. It is inclosed in a large case, lined with light blue satin.

ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

SECOND NOTICE.

Textile fabrics are but sparsely represented in the Exhibition, owing, probably, to the unwillingness of manufacturers to allow the names of their workmen and designers to appear. A Hammersmith Carpet (50), designed by Mr. William Morris, and executed at his works, is one of the most satisfactory specimens of the kind, and has at least more originality than Mr. J. A. Heaton's Axminster Carpet (37), of which the chief interest lies in its clever imitation of old Persian work. In purely handwork there is, however, greater variety; and one cannot fail to admire Mrs. Crane's Frieze for a Mantle Valance (20), worked in cotton on black merino; and the Hanging Memoranda Pockets (29 and 30), worked in wool and crewels on canvas. "Art in the House," as it is often euphemistically called, has not unfrequently an irritating effect upon those who watch the laborious patience with which some ladies execute certain pyrotechnic patterns under the impression that they are achieving arabesques of the most correct design. Such patient Penelopes will learn much of the limits of needlework from Mrs. Heaton's embroideries in "tram" silk (11 and 16), Mrs. Margaret Ashworth's Design for a Piano-Cover (26) in twilled linen, and Miss Una Taylor's (19) and Miss M. Buckle's (21) panels in silk and satin respectively. We should not leave this branch of the exhibition without mentioning a very interesting specimen of printed cotton hanging (93) by Mr. J. Lattimer—very delicate in colour and bold in design, although we scarcely think the subject, "Wheatear in Clover," altogether suitable for wall decoration, whilst we are still more doubtful as to the possible combination in Nature.

Of wall-papers there is a very fair show, Messrs. Woollams in many instances rivalling Messrs. Morris on their own ground. The former firm has in Mr. Geo. C. Haité a designer of no common skill and taste; his "Orchid" (95) paper and "Picotee" (91) frieze being especially noteworthy. In too many instances, however, both Messrs. Woollams, Morris, and a host of others, are tempted to make their wallpapers too "patterny." There are few English houses now where pictures or engravings are not hung; and the primary object of a wall-paper should be to set off what is displayed as an object of value or interest. Such a wall-decoration as that of "Woodnotes" (69), designed by Mr. Walter Crane, and printed in coloured flocks on flock ground, is sufficient of itself to make a room look furnished; and one is at a loss to guess what place it could adorn in an ordinary English house. The embossed leather-papers, of which we owe the introduction to the Japanese, are now fully equalled by our home manufactures. Of such there are some excellent specimens, designed by Mr. J. D. Sedding (63 and 64), Mr. Walter Crane (66 and 67), and others of which the painting and printing are, in most instances, due to Mr. Metford Warner. The generous rivalry between Mr. W. Morris and Messrs. De Morgan in the production of tiles and other potteries is seen to great advantage in this exhibition; but we are forced to say that nothing from the former comes up to the splendid display of red-lustre pottery (103) which Messrs. De Morgan contribute among many other pleasant works. On the other hand, we cannot but think that the Chimneypiece (53) designed by this firm is heavy and meaningless, whilst the blue tiles with which it is ornamented are so overcoloured as to render a retreat to such a fireside corner a penance rather than a pleasure. To Mr. W. A. Benson belongs the double credit of combining the artist and the craftsman in a common aim, and of producing work which is at once useful, tasteful, and beautiful. Nothing could be simpler in its design, more practical in its uses, or more ornamental in its appearance than the Ash Sideboard (99), and, what is more astonishing, it stands almost alone in an exhibition where one would have expected such work to abound. It is, however, in metal-work that Mr. Benson most displays his originality and delicate fancy. By his revival of an old art of combining brass and copper in his designs he has achieved a special reputation; but when one looks more carefully at such works as the Fountain in the Entrance-hall (283), and the Pendant (146) and Standard (147) Lamps, we see how much of the beauty is due to artistic modelling and proportions. The Toynbee Hall School Guild of Handicraft exhibit several interesting copper plaques in repoussé work; and Mr. Walter Crane, who seems as "polytechnic" as Mr. Hubert Herkomer, is also an exhibitor of works in brass and copper. Messrs. Langden and Co., Messrs. Thomas Godrey, Mr. J. W. Oddie are also among those who show how widely the taste for metal-work, chased and hammered, is reviving amongst us. Although there are a few specimens of the wrought-iron work of Messrs. Robinson and Robson, Messrs. Powell, Messrs. Starkie Gardner, and Messrs. Longden, the display hardly comes up to our expectations. Of late years especially, this industry has been pursued with considerable activity, and its results, as seen in various exhibitions, have been most creditable to our workmen. Another year, we should like to see a more special feature made of this thoroughly national art-industry. The sacrifice of usefulness to ornament shows itself even more strongly in bookbinding than elsewhere.

If it were the habit amongst Englishmen to use bound books as decorations, as is the case in France, or if our countrymen were in the habit of forming libraries of fifteen, twenty, or thirty volumes as our neighbours do, one could understand the object of *éditions de luxe* bound in the most recherché style. With the majority of Englishmen books are bought to be used, and even used in a rough homely fashion, seated before the fire or lying beneath the trees. For such readers the exquisite bindings of Mr. Cobden Sanderson, M. Roger de Coverley, Messrs. Rivière, Mr. Edward Watson have no meaning. If, however, we are content to look at bindings as works of art, reverently and through a glass, we are able to render justice to such exquisite skill and taste as are displayed in such works as Mr. Cobden Sanderson's "Memoir of D. Macmillan," "Unto this Last," "The Revolt of Islam," "Love is Enough," and a volume of Keats', which are perfect gems of morocco binding worked and tooled by hand. Mr. Edward Watson's specimens (117) of hand-coloured calf have a more solid appearance, but they are not less admirably finished; whilst the gems of Messrs. Rivière's collection are two copies of the "Marriage of Cupid and Psyche" (118, 120) in two shades of green morocco elaborately hand-tooled.

There are many other objects which well deserve a detailed notice, but we must break off here, expressing, however, our gratitude to the Arts and Crafts Society for its successful effort to bring before the public in so striking a way the artistic side of British industry.

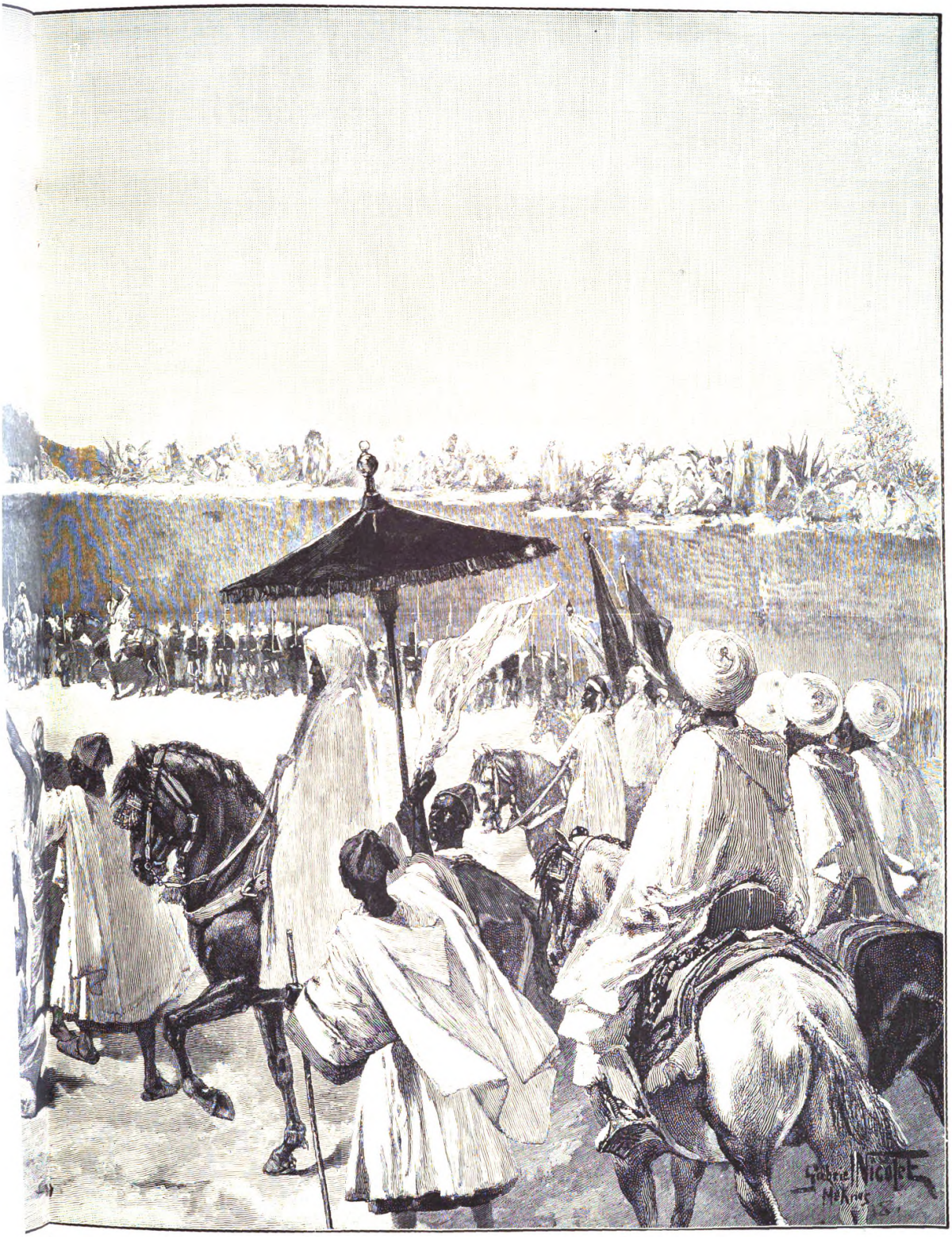
The group of Shakspearian statuary which Lord Ronald Gower has presented to Stratford-on-Avon as a memorial to Shakspeare, was unveiled on Oct. 10 by Lady Hodgson, the wife of the Mayor, in the presence of a distinguished assembly.

The Orient Company announce that they will dispatch their large, full-powered steam-ship Garonne from Tilbury Docks, London, on Nov. 15 for a five weeks' cruise, visiting Lisbon, Gibraltar, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, Nice, for Riviera, Malaga, and other places, returning to London on Dec. 22. The Garonne is fitted with the electric light, hot and cold baths, &c., and carries a surgeon.



THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO'S RETURN TO MEQUEZ FROM HIS

DRAWN BY [illegible]



MEQUINEZ FROM HIS PILGRIMAGE TO MULEY EDRIS.

DRAWN BY G. NICOLET.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

As the autumn fashions declare themselves, it becomes apparent, notwithstanding prophecies to the contrary, that the period of sacrifice of the feathered tribe is not over. Wings or stuffed birds are used as trimmings on almost all millinery. Long ostrich feathers are, however, seen on some of the newest hats. The crowns of these hats are very low, and the brims very wide, and bent about to suit the face. The full long feathers surround the crown, the curly fronds of additional tips clustering becomingly up above the face, while one nice thick end of the longest feather hangs down behind, falling on the neck in the picturesque style of a Vandyke cavalier's hat. A "note" of the Directoire styles of costume which are still so popular is to have something hanging from the chapeau at the back. Such a drooping addition is becoming to many types of face, and the soft fluffiness of feathers is particularly so; far more pleasing than the two ends of handsome ribbon which are alternatively used in the same way.

Bonnets again, as well as hats, have low crowns (though the trimming on them is still placed rather high) and broad, tall brims. The brims are often completely covered outside with feathers matching the shape in colour; a sort of short, much-curled feather trimming being made on purpose for this use. Inside, the brims are lined with velvet, even when the bonnet itself is of felt. The lining may be put in with full folds, and then suffices for the trimming of under the brim; or it may be laid on quite plain, and a bow of ribbon, a tiny ostrich tip, or a little bird will then be added to rest on the front hair. In either case, the outside trimming of the bonnet rises high in front, so as to show to some extent above the tall brim. There is a decided tendency to trim the backs of bonnets more than has been usual for some time. A couple of birds' wings, or of bows lined with some brilliant colour, will come from the back of the shape, along either side of the crown, to meet in front the high cluster of trimmings, the upstanding loops of ribbon, the wings, the osprey or bird-of-paradise floating tail aigrettes, as the case may be. Strings or no strings is a matter of taste, but they decidedly add to the protection afforded by the headgear to the face and ears; it is there ore sensible to use them for the winter, and there are few faces, other than those still in their first bloom, that are not improved by being framed in some becoming tint. Velvet and satin reversible ribbon has returned to favour, moiré and fancy ribbons having grown common. Black and green is a favourite contrast; and black and brown, once the acmé of bad taste, is now quite "the thing." Of course, in winter red is always fashionable; the prevailing tone of the popular hue for the coming season is a somewhat bright yet brownish one, not far removed from chaudron.

The latest fancy is that the bonnet should match the mantle rather than the gown, if there is a diversity of colour between those portions of the attire. In the case of the popular long coats which almost conceal the dress this arrangement is obviously most desirable; and even short mantles are, without exception, made with long flat ends in front, so that the materials of which they are composed are much in evidence. Mantles which cover the whole dress are much more "possible" this season than ever before, as they are now made in the light and yet warm brocaded woollens in place of the heavy cloths and plushes under the burden of which it was difficult to walk. Matelassé and cloth velour are heavier than brocaded wool, but still are endurable. These figured fabrics are decidedly the most fashionable and the newest for mantles, but black and seal plush short jackets and cloaks seem to be selling very largely. Feather trimming and rich passementerie, either beaded or composed of bullion, are preferred to fur as garniture for fancy materials. For girls, short coats carry the day, and are nearly always made loose-fronted, either opening over a fitting vest of fur or contrasting material, or else "Battenberg" shape, buttoning on the left shoulder, and hanging loose thence, but cut off to a point in the middle.

The eighteenth volume of that interesting undertaking "The Eminent Women Series" of biographies, has just been issued. It is a "Life," from the pen of Mr. John H. Ingram, of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the one great woman-poet of England. None other of her sex since Sappho has attained to the fame of Mrs. Browning amongst poets. She stands not with the moderately eminent, the second rank, of verse-writers—with sweet Mrs. Hemans, sedate Joanna Baillie, passionate Mrs. Norton, sentimental "L. E. L." or earnest Adelaide Anne Proctor. Far beyond these, and claiming fellowship with the first, the masters of her art, and powerful to make her claim allowed as just by critics of the sterner sex, while yet her verse palpitates with a woman's heart, and her femininity is even aggressively displayed in reference and allusion—Elizabeth Browning matches with Tennyson, with Coleridge, with the poet-husband whose name she bears, with, in a word, the very greatest poets of her own era. She had classical culture rare for a woman at the time of her youth, yet she lived amid the early stirrings of that "woman movement" which has aroused so many women to give forth their best, and has encouraged so many to speak with their own voices. From this fortunate combination of external circumstances, no less than from inherent genius, came the greatness of Mrs. Browning's achievements, so far beyond those of her sweet-singing but feeble predecessors. She was, perhaps, the first woman to express for poetry what Charlotte Brontë so passionately urged for prose—that there cannot be a feminine and a masculine standard of excellence. It took great women like these to throw away the apparent prop and the protection of a critical chivalry that, after all, as they said, was only an elegant cloak for contempt of weakness. But having discarded such a lower standard, they were bound to work towards the highest levels of art; and well they both justified their temerity. "I, who love my art, would never wish it lowered to suit my stature," cried Elizabeth Browning; and, again, she protested against "That praise which men give women when they praise a book, not as mere work, but as mere woman's work, expressing that comparative respect which means the absolute scorn." It was not such applause that she sought; and as she placed her standard, so is her fame.

It is a strange circumstance that nothing worth calling a biography of Mrs. Browning has ever appeared before Mr. Ingram's work. This has been mainly due to the objection made by Mr. Browning to such a work being undertaken. But what reason there has been for the objection it is impossible to guess. The "Life" is admirably done now—perfect in taste, and vivid and interesting in a high degree. Yet this is due more to the skill with which the biographer has marshalled small details, and to the sweetness and charm of the woman as revealed in all her letters here printed and her sayings here recorded, than it is to the variety of incident in the life itself. There can seldom have been an existence more purely intellectual and emotional, and less one of action. It was a much without external incident as a life can be—bodily illness, literary work, marriage at thirty-seven, motherhood—there is the entire tale in a paragraph. Delicate health from her early girlhood kept Mrs. Browning a prisoner to her room, secluded from the world, and therefore from all the teaching as well as from the suffering of mixing in life. Doubtless something was lost by this to her art and to her powers; but what she might have gained by wider experiences and more varied study of mankind would have been more than compensated by the loss of the invalid's leisure, which brought with it opportunities both for rare mental culture and for steady uninterrupted work. Her letters are delightful reading; and we gain from the book the impression of a singularly sweet and noble soul, and learn to add reverence for the almost perfect woman to that warm admiration for the great literary artist and the inspired poet that everyone capable of judging poetry already feels.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF CRITICISM.

Critics of literature should be the most modest of men, for the errors made in criticism, often by very able writers, are passing strange. Again and again it has happened that the finest works of a century have been disparaged, while books of ephemeral value have received the praise due to a country's classics. Sometimes the blunders made have been simply due to incompetence, sometimes to prejudice; and it may be added, that a man of great genius has to make his public, and that originality needs time to be recognised. Personal acquaintance may be also unfavourable to just criticism. A man who walks about the streets in a shabby coat, drinks heavily, like Porson, and imitates Sheridan in borrowing money and forgetting to repay it, does not prepossess us in his favour. Like Goldsmith's Ned Purdon, he may be "a bookseller's hack," and the critic who writes at ease in a comfortable study is in danger of despising his ability, because he is out at elbows. Genius is rarely clothed in purple, yet we are sometimes apt to think that it is despicable in fustian.

A score of prejudices stand in the way of a just estimate of authors, even when a critic labours to be honest; but all the reasons we have stated put together do but partially explain the aberrations of literary criticism. A book is sometimes disliked and discredited just as a man is disliked for no definite cause—

> I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell;
> But this alone I know full well
> I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

This is unreasonable, of course; but human nature is unreasonable, and critics are but men. I wonder how many of the judgments passed upon contemporary authors will be ratified fifty years hence! The critical rashness that was taken for wit at the beginning of the century is not yet extinct, though we have no living critic, perhaps, of Lord Jeffrey's weight and cleverness to give credence to error. Happily, Bentley's saying is a true one that no author was ever written out of reputation but by himself, and there is comfort for every neglected writer, though it may not be in all cases well founded, when he remembers the way in which some of the greatest men of letters have been treated.

And now, before giving some striking illustrations of critical error or incapacity, let me say that the misjudgments of criticism afford no proof whatever that the art is a vain one. As well might you say that the mistakes of the medical profession prove the uselessness of doctors, or that an inconclusive argument shows the fallacy of logic. Like all other arts, criticism may become debased and ignoble; but, if it be, what Matthew Arnold has well defined it, "a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world," it cannot be a vain pursuit, and may be exercised—to quote the same author, himself one of the most masterly of critics—with "a joyful sense of creative activity."

An error of criticism at one time far too prominent is, happily, no longer in vogue. Milton's comments, in some of his prose writings, are as cruel as they are unjust; so are the brutal criticisms of Pope's arch-enemy, John Dennis; so, frequently, are Pope's own satires on books and men; so, too, are Dryden's; but then, satire seldom goes hand-in-hand with justice, and would miss the mark if it did not exaggerate. The critics who flourished at the beginning of this century had not the excuse of satirists for the brusqueness and personality of their literary reviews. Their language was blunt, and more than blunt; for they were not always content to call a spade a spade. Critics, now-a-days, know better; they do their spiriting gently, and, when finding fault, imitate Bottom, and "roar you as gently as any sucking dove." Their sting, however, is none the less severe; for it is possible to express contempt in the mildest language.

The modern critic is, in more than one respect, in advance of his predecessors. He is more reverent, more ready to acknowledge that genius is not to be gauged by pedantic rules, more willing to learn before he attempts to teach. No one could now write of Shakspeare's sonnets as Steevens wrote of them, or of "Lycidas" as Johnson wrote of it. And yet in spite of the larger views which enable us to judge of imaginative art through the emotions as well as by the intellect, the eccentricities of criticism are still numerous and startling.

One of the latest books I have opened is "The Correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor." In that pleasant volume the poet affirms that 99 per cent of what Burns wrote is worthless, and he adds: "I think nothing that he wrote was of such excellence as to found a poet's fame. Perhaps if he had written nothing but his best pieces I should think more highly of him, and with less liability to error; but no man's best lies buried under more of worse, worser, and worsest." Doubtless much rubbish has been shovelled into the works of Burns by the folly of his editors; but Sir Henry's estimate of one of the most genuine poets that ever lived—a poet whose very life-blood is in his songs—betrays a curious defect of vision. I suppose that poets, like smaller men, find it difficult to estimate work for which they have themselves no aptitude. Wordsworth cared little for Pope, called Voltaire dull, and declared in an oblivious moment that Shelley had as much imagination as a pint pot. Byron said that Cowper was no poet; and Landor apparently found Spenser wearisome, for in some lines addressed to Wordsworth he says:—

> Thee, gentle Spenser fondly kiss'd,
> But me he mostly sent to bed.

The vagaries of criticism are manifold. Was it not Hobbes who told Davenant that his "Gondibert" would last as long as the "Iliad"? didn't Horace Walpole call Darwin's "Botanic Garden" "the most delicious poem upon earth"? and was it not Alexander Smith, a writer with literary instincts, who made the astounding statement that Jane Austen was deficient in humour? It is a comfort to the ordinary critic who has only sincerity, knowledge, and perhaps some love to guide him, to know that poets and men of genius are as likely to blunder or to differ as ordinary writers. Mr. Lowell, for example, has said that the "Faerie Queene," which, by-the-way, John Wesley recommended to his divinity students, has a purity of thrice-bolted snow; but Dean Church, on the contrary, considers that, however innocently some of Spenser's scenes were produced, it is not easy to dwell upon them innocently now. The critical fallibility of a great writer was, however, never exemplified more strikingly than in Carlyle's estimate of Sir Walter Scott, and in his amazing depreciation of Charles Lamb. It was with pitying contempt that he wrote of the wealthiest imaginative writer since Shakspeare as "the novel-wright of his time, its favourite child, and therefore an almost worthless one"; it must have been with something like malignancy that he made his cruel comments on Lamb. And yet of all English writers these two are among the dearest and the most justly honoured. Only the other day Mr. Sidney Colvin gave a curious illustration of the different judgment passed by two distinguished poets upon a famous lyric of Keats. His "La Belle Dame sans Merci" is, in the opinion of Mr. Coventry Patmore, "probably the very finest lyric in the English language." Mr. Matthew Arnold, on the other hand, writing some time before his death to Mr. Colvin, said, "The value you attach to 'La Belle Dame sans Merci' is to me simply amazing." Mr. Arnold was one of the sanest of literary critics, yet he sometimes failed egregiously. I have no sympathy with the extravagant opinions expressed of Shelley by some of that poet's blatant admirers; but his exquisite genius as a lyric poet is incontestable; and it was surely fatuous of Mr. Arnold to doubt whether Shelley's essays and letters "will not resist the wear and tear of time better, and finally come to stand higher, than his poetry." Much of Shelley's verse will go, probably, and may deserve to go—already we can dispense with his "Witch of Atlas"—but is it possible to believe that such pure essence of song as "The Skylark" the "Ode to the West Wind," the "Invocation to the Spirit of Delight," and his divine love lyrics will ever be relegated to the upper shelf which holds our dead poets? That such a heresy would excite Mr. Swinburne's righteous anger might have been anticipated, for to him the memory of Shelley is almost as sacred as that of Victor Hugo; but in doing battle for Shelley against the perverse estimate of Arnold, Mr. Swinburne shows his own want of comprehensiveness by denying the gift of poetic or creative imagination to Lord Byron, and by placing him, in this respect, upon a level with Southey, giving Southey the credit—which is reasonable enough—of writing incomparably better English.

The truth is that a critic blessed with genius cannot always judge of poetry impartially. Either by the aid of imagination he gives to it a beauty that does not exist, or, to use a Coleridgean phrase, it does not "find" him, and, in either case, readers are apt to be startled by a paradoxical opinion. The eccentricities of criticism are inevitable, but it goes on its way rejoicing in spite of them; and other things being equal, he is the wisest critic who lays to heart the maxim of Dryden—that they mistake the nature of criticism who think its chief business is to find fault. J. D.

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

In Morocco the performance of a pilgrimage to the sacred places, to ask the Moslem Saints' intercession for protection in warlike undertakings, is considered an act of duty and piety in the ruler. This year the Sultan went from Mequinez to the Marabout of Sidi Bouskri, to the mausoleum of Medjebouf, to the mosque and tomb of Muley Ismaël, to the Marabout of Sidi Aissa, and, lastly, to the "Saiouet" of Muley Edris, the burial-place of a famous apostle of the Mussulman religion in Morocco, who died at the end of the eighth century of the Christian era. The last-named place of pilgrimage, the most important of all, is situated in the Zerhoun mountains, five hours' ride from Mequinez. The Sultan started during the night in state, with all the Court and a large display of troops. He came back to the city in the middle of next day. At the city gate thousands of people were waiting his Majesty's arrival. Many of them, when he arrived, made their way through the soldiers, rushing forward and throwing themselves at his horse's feet, to beg him to listen to their grievances, or to hand him letters asking for justice. A French artist, M. Gabriel Nicolet, sends us a Sketch of this exciting scene.

SAVINGS BANKS.

A fresh return of Savings Banks, other than the Post Office Savings Bank, has been issued, by which we learn that on Nov. 20, 1887, the total amount due to depositors was £47,262,222. The number of the banks was 400, and the number of officers employed 1936. The monthly return, dated Oct. 6, showed that there has been a reduction of about a million sterling in the deposits in non-Government savings banks since November 1887. The Post Office deposits now exceed the deposits in the other savings banks by 12,000,000, and the total shown this month to be deposited in all the savings banks of the kingdom is £104,282,508, an increase of 4 per cent for the year. An abstract at the end of the return shows that over £3,000,000 sterling were transferred to the Post Office Savings Bank up to Nov. 20, 1887, besides which it is estimated that £360,489 was also paid in cash by depositors in closed savings banks to the Post Office Savings Bank. Thus the rate of accumulation is satisfactory, and it also appears that the saving public are discriminating between the banks guaranteed by Government and non-guaranteed banks.

The Queen has forwarded her annual subscription of £50 to the Army and Navy Pensioners' Employment Society, of which her Majesty is patron.

At the licensing session of the Middlesex Magistrates on Oct. 11 the question of Professor Baldwin's parachute feat at the Alexandra Palace was again discussed. Mr. Baldwin was examined at some length, and ultimately the license was renewed.—An application for a music license in the grounds of Olympia was refused, mainly on the ground of the noise of switchback railways, toboggan slides, and rifle galleries being an annoyance to the neighbourhood.

Lord Herschell, presiding at a meeting of the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute, on Oct. 11, reported that, as the result of a conference with the principal Chambers of Commerce and technical associations of the kingdom, it had been ascertained that there was a general consensus of opinion among these bodies in favour of the establishment of a Department of Commercial Intelligence. The report was unanimously approved.

It was unanimously resolved, at a largely-attended conference held at the Crystal Palace on Oct. 11, to form an association of British fruit-growers, and the meeting further decided to invite the Duke of Bedford to become president. The annual fruit and vegetable show has been held in the north nave. The season has not been altogether favourable for the development of fruit, yet the exhibits were of very fine quality. In the vegetable department the exhibits were unusually fine.—The National Apple and Pear Conference arranged for the display of collections and specimens and the discussion of questions pertaining to the production, distribution, and improvement of hardy fruits, was opened on Oct. 16 and continued throughout the week in the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, Chiswick. The order of procedure included a series of conferences on subjects of the first importance.

CRUISE OF H.M.S. RUBY.

THE SOUTHERN ARCHIPELAGO OF SOUTH AMERICA.

The large island of Tierra del Fuego, the "Land of Fire," as it was called by early Spanish or Portuguese navigators who saw its volcanoes flaming in the distance, lies to the south of Patagonia at the extremity of the American continent, with smaller islands around it, one of which is known to all mariners from the Pacific to the Atlantic ocean by the name of Cape Horn; another is Staten Island. Readers of the "Life of Darwin" have lately had their memories refreshed concerning the voyage of H.M.S. Beagle, fifty years ago, under command of Captain Fitzroy, R.N., accompanied by the great naturalist, then in his youth, and the observations that Darwin made on the shores of Tierra del Fuego, of which he gave an account in his first published book. That ship gave her name to the "Beagle Channel"; and a recent cruise to this channel, in H.M.S. Ruby, to visit the Tierra del Fuego Mission, has given opportunities for a few sketches, by Mr. Herbert Canton, Surgeon, R.N., of the strange region and its inhabitants.

After leaving the Falkland Islands, the first port of call was St. John's Harbour, in Staten Island. This island, which belongs to the Argentine or River Plate Government, is at the eastern entrance to the Straits of Le Maire. It presents to the eye a rugged and fantastic appearance, with pinnacled mountains, often snow-capped, rising abruptly to a height of over 3000 ft., but the lower land covered with dense forests to the water's edge, making a wild and picturesque scene.

The only inhabitants of this lonely spot are some twenty or more persons, chiefly English and Norwegian sailors, under an Argentine officer, whose duty it is to attend to the light-house, situated at the western entrance of the harbour, and to make periodical visits round the island, generally after a storm, in search of shipwrecked crews. These people, who are very industrious, have made a clearing, and formed a small but comfortable settlement at the head of the bay. A path about half a mile long connects it with the light-house, which may be said to be the only walk in the whole island. The sailors told some awful tales of shipwreck, and how they had picked up crews, after many days of terrible suffering and exposure. Two unfortunate vessels, the Colorado and the Dunbraig, were wrecked last year on this island. The survivors fell in with one another, at the western end of the island, whilst attempting to reach the light-house, some twenty miles distant. Then one half of them set forth in an open boat, while the others endeavoured to cross the mountains. The boat's crew, however, was never again heard of; and the other party was picked up, some months afterwards, in an exhausted condition. They had utterly failed in their endeavour to reach the settlement, hindered by the dense forests and precipitous mountain ranges.

We present a View of the Beagle Channel, with snow-capped mountains on each hand, and dense gloomy forests down to the sea, but in many places opening into lovely parklike scenery. The channel, which varies from two to three miles in breadth, is interspersed with numerous treeless islands, covered with emerald-green pasture-like herbage. These, and the panoramic views constantly opened up along the shore, with the varied tints of the dense foliage, were delightful to see.

"Shortly after anchoring," writes Mr. Herbert Canton, "we were soon surrounded by native canoes—frail, leaky-looking craft, made simply of pieces of bark sewn together, over a rough frame, with whalebone. These were paddled each by two or more women, who, in spite of the inclement weather, wore but scanty clothing. They squatted at the bottom of the boat, presenting a very miserable appearance. They employed themselves in bailing out the leaky craft, and endeavoured to warm themselves from a small, smoky fire burning at the bottom of the boat. Some of the men ventured on board ship to look round and pick up what they could, clothing especially being in great demand. It is a curious fact that nearly all the women, but only a few of the men, are able to swim, so that when a canoe is upset, which is not unfrequent in these stormy latitudes, the women generally reach the shore, whilst the men are invariably drowned.

"The Yahgan, or canoe Indian, is a square-built, miserable-looking figure, stunted in growth, with coarse, straight, black hair, with dark eyes, obliquely set, and with a dirty-looking copper-coloured skin. He usually spends a considerable part of his time in his canoe, hunting for seals and sea-birds, which he spears with great ease and skill. He builds his wigwam near the water's edge wherever shell-fish abound, his food principally consisting of these and of blubber, whenever a whale chances to be washed up. But he seldom remains any length of time in one place; for when the supply of shell-fish is exhausted, he migrates to another spot, so that along the shore of the channel many piles of shells may be seen, which at one time or another surrounded a wigwam.

"The Ona tribe are a much finer race of men, who inhabit the northern part of Tierra del Fuego. They are supposed to be descended from the Patagonian Indians, and, like them, are brave and warlike. Their food consists of the flesh of the huanaco, the chief animal of the chase, the skin of which is used as a kind of mantle for their shoulders, and forms part of the covering of their wigwams. This tribe almost exclusively use the bow and arrow for warlike purposes and in pursuit of game. The native wigwam resembles, in size and shape, an ordinary haycock, with a hole in the roof through which the smoke escapes. It is made of branches of trees, stuck into the ground and covered with tufts of grass and rushes. Even this rude shelter some do not possess, but are content with digging a hole in the ground, a few feet deep, sufficient to cover their bodies. In the centre of the wigwam a fire is always burning, round which the whole family squat. We visited several wigwams, and seldom heard them converse amongst themselves; but, when they did speak, their voices sounded very harsh and discordant. In Darwin's 'Voyage of the Beagle' he says: 'Captain Cook has compared it to a man clearing his throat; but certainly no European ever cleared his throat with so many hoarse, guttural, and clicking sounds.'

"Ooshooia, the headquarters of the Fuegian mission, under the able superintendence of Bishop Sterling, is picturesquely surrounded by lofty mountains, the snowy peak of Mount Darwin towering in the distance. On landing, we were agreeably surprised at finding such a snug little colony, with its well-made wooden houses, and gardens adjoining, proving the industry and ability of the civilised Fuegian. The church, school-house, and orphanage were visited. At the orphanage we were shown some twenty healthy-looking, neatly-dressed orphan girls, under the benevolent care and management of the matron, Mrs. Hemmings. These children had been rescued from misery and destitution, in various parts of this wild country, to be taught Christianity and to become useful housewives. The boys are placed under training at Keppel Island (Falkland Islands) when quite young; they are taught English, to read and write their own language, carpentering and other occupations, to fit them to be useful settlers on returning to their own country. I was conducted at this place (Ooshooia) on a shooting trip by a grandson of the original Jemmy Button, who, it will be remembered, was taken to England by Captain Fitzroy and was brought back again in the Beagle. He was particularly proud of his parentage, and was certainly the most intelligent Fuegian I had spoken with.

"The last place touched at was Banner Cove, where still remain traces of the sad fate of Allen Gardner, late Commander R.N., the original founder of the South American Mission; who, with his companions, perished in September, 1851, of hunger and privation, at Spaniard Harbour, Tierra del Fuego. Their bodies or skeletons, after some fruitless efforts, were found in January, 1852, by H.M.S. Dido, and were then reverently committed to the grave on the scene of their terrible sufferings, borne with noble fortitude. That the Mission has done an immense amount of good anyone can see who may visit this country. The difference between the civilised and the uncivilised Fuegian is very striking, especially in their behaviour to shipwrecked crews, who in former years were tortured and killed; whereas now they are treated with kindness, and are conducted to places of refuge. Indeed, such was the fear that shipwrecked mariners formerly had of the savage islanders here, that some have killed themselves rather than fall into their hands."

We are much indebted to Surgeon Canton for this very interesting description of remote shores and people rarely visited; and for the use of his sketches and photographs, furnishing the Illustrations that appear on another page. It is long since we received any such precise account from that singular region of the Far South in the western hemisphere.

AN OLD UMBRELLA.



HY has no poet commemorated in immortal verse that most faithful of friends, the Umbrella? Bards have sung with more or less of the true "lyric cry"—an exquisite phrase, which I borrow from the new criticism—their sofas and their old arm-chairs, their old clocks on the stairs and their time-pieces, their old firesides, their old wines, and their old wives (in about equal terms of rapture!); but they have left the old umbrella to the disparagement of the cynic and the ridicule of the humourist. It is time to protest against this injustice, and to rehabilitate the victim of a selfish ingratitude. The umbrella, as everybody knows, comes of a fine antiquity; counts more centuries of honour than the Guelph or the Hapsburg—in fact, was borne aloft by sturdy arms long before Athens had reared her Areopagus, or Rome thrown its iron embrace round a silenced world. In the East it invested its possessor with the power and pomp of royalty—to wit, the golden umbrella of the King of Ashantee—and was for ages an object of terror to thousands of trembling mortals! Having an aversion to "ruddy gore," I know little of the new African school of fiction or travel (I do not pretend to determine "which is which"); but I fancy a pretty story might be made of a gallant young Englishman, equipped with one of Fox's Paragons, dropping down suddenly into the midst of a tribe of African savages, and there and then being acknowledged as King in virtue of his umbrella! The reader knows, of course, that the Greeks, in their processions, carried a *skiadeion* over the head of their liberal god, Dionysos; and that the patrician women of the Eternal City shaded their charms with an *umbraculum* when they appeared in the theatre. He knows the old tradition that the umbrella came into London early in the eighteenth century, and some fifty years later was popularised by the courageous persistency of Jonas Hanway. But it was certainly familiar here at a much earlier date, as references to it occur in Ben Jonson, in Drayton, and in Beaumont and Fletcher. On this head, however, I say no more. Enough to have reminded the reader that the umbrella, even if considered historically, is to be regarded with the reverence we English pride ourselves on reserving for things of high descent and ancient pedigree.

But it is on moral grounds I stand up for the umbrella, which has so often stood up for me. With what fidelity it serves its owner, alike in sunshine and in rain; sheltering Amelia's complexion from a too ardent sun, and her mantle from a too hasty shower! Then, how true a friend it proves to the man who uses it well! How many a snow-storm it enables him to face! How many a gale it helps him to buffet! How firmly it stays his steps down a rapid incline! Your umbrella is no mere fair-weather acquaintance: it sticks fast to you in adverse circumstances, and is sometimes blown "inside out" in the energy of its efforts on your behalf. I confess I have but a poor opinion of a man who thinks lightly of such services as these. I should suspect him to be fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils. For what more *would* he have? What more has he a right to demand? And yet, when his old companion begins to show the results of the wear and tear of its active existence—when its poor ribs are bent and battered, and perhaps even broken by the stress of its experiences; when the gloss has departed from the silk epidermis that once shone so brilliantly; and the once natty brass ferrule is worn to a stump—the man has the baseness to fling it aside contumeliously, to let it moulder in some cobwebbed nook, or to hand it over to his valet, who probably disposes of it to some second-hand dealer, and then—but its after-fate is too painful to dwell upon! One could hardly believe men capable of such ingratitude, if it were not for the pathetic examples that force themselves upon one's notice daily.

A right-minded and true-hearted gentleman, with a just conception of what the moral law requires, and a lively sense of the duty he owes towards all who render him faithful service, will act in no such heartless and disgraceful fashion. He will bethink him of the old motto, *Noblesse oblige!* He will remember the claims of old companionship. The worn and tattered staff—now as ragged as the emblem of the famous king-making Earl of Warwick—was with him, he recollects, in the vigour of its youth, that grey morning in October when he was overtaken by the mists among the rugged precipices of Morven and, but for its opportune aid, would have slipped down headlong into an unsuspected ravine. It accompanied him up the Nile to the sacred island of Philæ, and supported his steps over the sandy wastes of Luxor. It was with him when he visited the picturesque eyries of the Engadine, and he clasped it firmly in his hand when he trudged through the gardens and vineyards of Provence. In less ambitious excursions it has never failed him. Does he not recall the saloon-deck of the Columbia, the cosy corner behind the paddle-box, the sudden pelt of rain as the pleasure-ship steamed through the Kyles of Bute, and the picture of himself—*and another*—sheltered beneath its concave roof? Oh, never was Cleopatra happier under the silken canopy of her barge upon the Cydnus than he—*and she*—under that old umbrella! And that night, too, at the Lyceum, when the family carriage was missing, and again the welcome shower descended, and once more the old umbrella warded the raindrops off a fair girlish head, as he—*and she*—walked homeward, rejoicing! Its grateful owner, as memory yields these and other touching reminiscences, vows it shall hold an honoured place among his heirlooms and trophies until the end of the British Empire and—of Time.

There is much character in an umbrella; that is to say, it assumes to some extent the character of the man who owns it. In the janitor's cage at a great exhibition you will sometimes see a whole collection of umbracula, and will find it interesting to study their idiosyncrasies. The sturdy, the defiant, the aggressive, the susceptible, the retiring, the insinuating—all are there! Remember Mr. Brown's umbrella in Bulwer Lytton's "Disowned"—it was a part of the man; and Micawber's umbrella in "David Copperfield;" and Quilp's in "The Old Curiosity Shop"—what individuality in each! Some of my middle-aged readers may not have forgotten Adelphi Wright's umbrella in "Paul Pry." Was ever anything more provokingly inquisitive? It seemed to partake of the curiosity of its master—thrust itself in before him everywhere—poked its ferrule into everybody's business. This leads me to the obvious remark that the stage as yet has done little with, or for, what *should* be a most effective property. If Mr. Vincent Crummles relied on a pump as the foundation of a domestic drama, how much more might be made of the umbrella, treated realistically! Or, again, what a subject it would supply for a "shilling shocker"! What tragedies it may have witnessed, what scenes of anger, jealousy, revenge! Or it might be treated in the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde manner; for no doubt an umbrella *does* seem possessed of a second self when exposed to the violence of a north-easter. A good deal, it is clear, remains to be done with the umbrella.

But with *your own* umbrella, most gentle reader, there is only one thing to be done—*keep it!*

W. H. D.-A.

THE CORAL INDUSTRY OF LEGHORN.

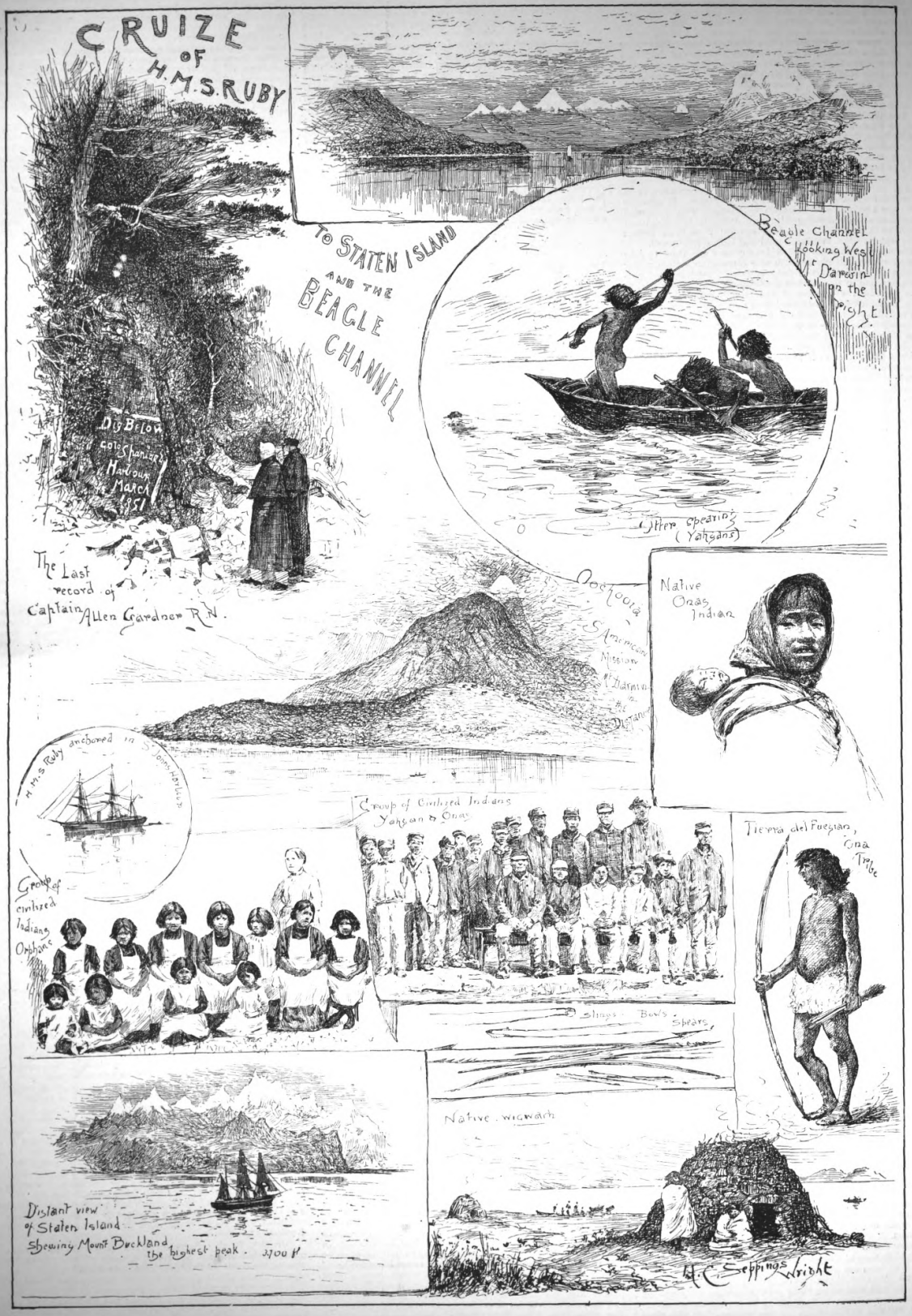
The French Consul at Leghorn in a recent report states that the coral industry has long flourished in Italy, its chief centres being Naples, Genoa, and Leghorn, but in recent years it has been declining. The price, which in 1883 was 800f. per kilogramme for wrought coral, fell to 600f. in 1884, 400f. in 1885, and was down to 200f. in 1886 and 1887. The export from Leghorn, which was valued at 11,298,400f. in 1883, amounted only to 3,104,600f. in 1886, while in quantity the exports increased in these years by ten per cent. There was a little improvement in 1887, but this is not believed to have been permanent. The great fall in price, which is ruining the industry in Leghorn, is attributed to the large supplies which come from Sciacca, in Sicily, and it is believed that these are due to some kind of submarine disturbance having put the coral where it is now obtained. Raw coral of medium quality has fallen in price from 10f. per kilogramme to 3f., and even less. The Consul himself saw poor Sciacca coral sold for 50 centimes the kilogramme. Ten years ago this would have cost about 8f. The most flourishing year for the coral industry was 1880, when the Sciacca reef was discovered. The greater part of the coral manufactured in Leghorn is sent to Russian Poland, Finland, Russia, the Balkan Peninsula, Asia, and Africa. From the most ancient times every country has had its favourite shape. In spite of the universal fall in prices, the best worked coral is still dear. A perfect piece, of dark colour, about the size of a pigeon's egg, is still worth 800f. to 1000f.; ten years ago it would have cost 1600f. to 1800f. Special pieces such as this are chiefly used to decorate the caps of mandarins or the turbans of wealthy Mussulmans. The red, whitish, and generally the light colours are less prized than the dark ones. The export to some countries has declined, because coral is now less used for money than it was; but still considerable quantities are sent to Abyssinia, the Congo, India, Ceylon, the Cape, Siberia, Japan, and China. The merchants themselves cannot tell how coral is used in all these countries. It is believed that it is used to decorate arrows, lances, &c., and also that the bodies of important persons are adorned with it after death. Peasants in Central Italy at one time used it to ornament their persons, because they knew that it could easily be turned into money when necessary; but now they do not buy it with this idea, since the fall in prices has been so great. Many houses in Leghorn in the trade are already shut up. Ten thousand women were employed in the industry, nearly all of whom work at home; the number now is about half of this. Yet nearly double the quantity is now exported than in 1882, but it is of inferior quality and receives less handwork. No machines are used, nor are there any mechanical processes in connection with the manufacture. The women give the required forms to the pieces by hand. The women get from 7d. to 15d. per day. In Europe coral is in little demand; it seems to have a special suitability for barbarous and semi-civilised peoples.

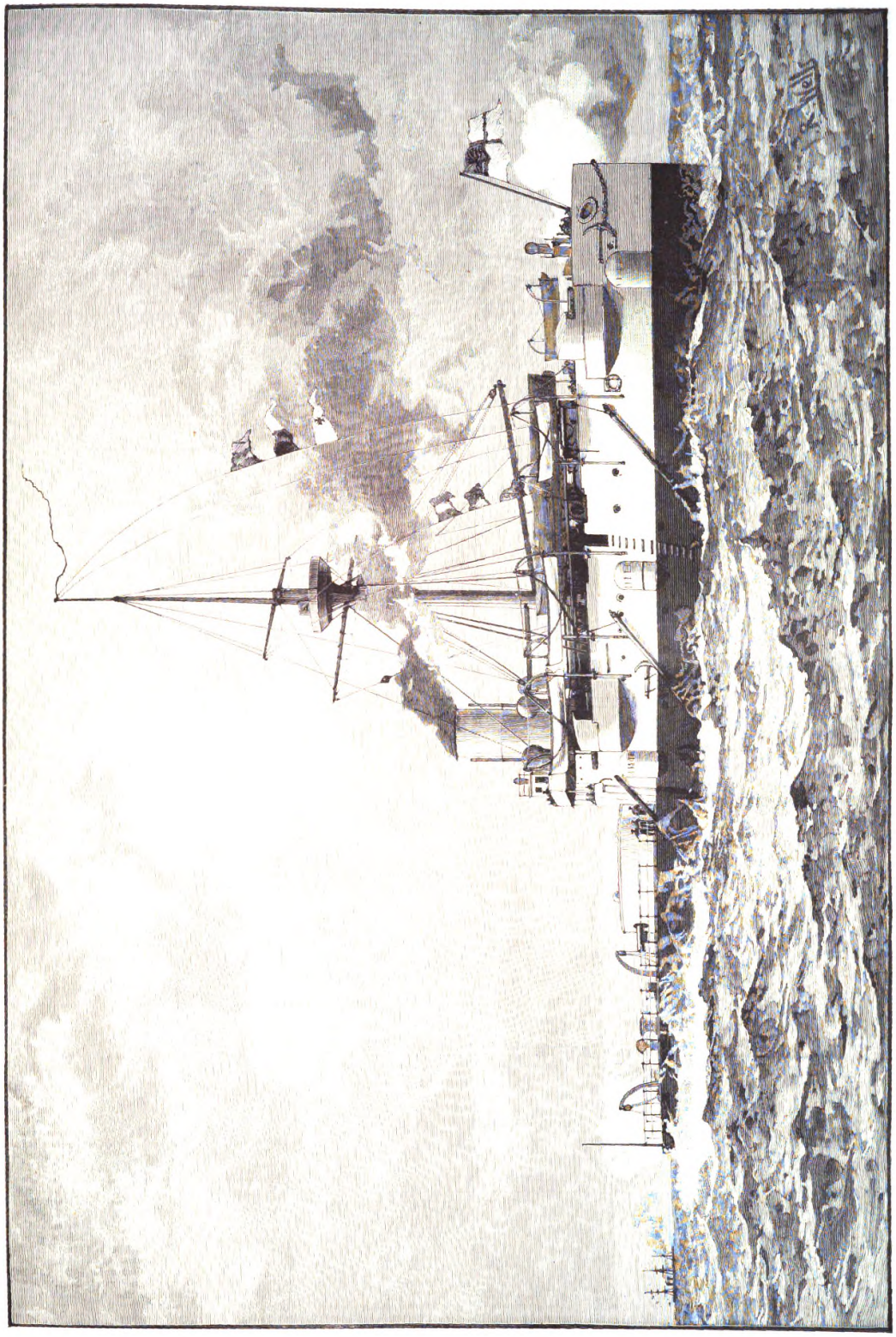
The Bishop of Marlborough has been presented with a silver salver and candlestick, subscribed for by the clergy and laity of the diocese of Exeter as a token of their regard and esteem on his resigning the Archdeaconry of Totnes. The presentation was made at the palace by the Bishop of Exeter.

Mr. Ritchie, president of the Local Government Board, was presented with the freedom of the Burgh of Dundee on Oct. 13, and, in reply, he acknowledged the assistance which he had received from men of all parties during the passage of the Local Government Bill through the House of Commons. He hoped that the members of the new councils would be elected irrespective of party feeling.

At Chester Police-Court the Chairman of the Bench, Mr. H. W. Brown, has presented Dr. Thelwall, of Farndon, with the Royal Humane Society's medal for conspicuous courage in saving life. On Aug. 28 a man flung himself into the Dee, when it was in flood. Dr. Thelwall was passing, and jumped into the river and brought the man ashore in an unconscious condition. He then set to work to restore animation, and eventually succeeded.

Mr. H. C. Burdett, Secretary to the Share and Loan Department, Stock Exchange, has issued a table which exhibits the state of the National Debt now that Conversion has been completed. From this it appears that the existing New Two-and-Three-Quarters per Cent Consols amount to £514,313,570, and that there is £42,464,052 Old Consols and Reduced Three per Cents outstanding. As regards these unconverted remainders, the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave notice in July last that at the end of twelve months from date they would be paid off when and how it pleased him, in amounts of not less than £500,000 at a time.


CRUIZE
OF
H.M.S. RUBY
TO STATEN ISLAND
AND THE
BEAGLE
CHANNEL
Beagle Channel
looking West
Mt Darwin
on the
right
Otter operations
(Yahgans)
Dig Below
Gale's Spaniard's
Harbour
March
1851
The Last
record of
Captain Allen Gardner R.N.
Native
Onas
Indian
H.M.S. Ruby anchored in
Group of
civilized
Indians
Orphans
Group of Civilized Indians
Yahgans & Onas
Slings Bows Spears
Tierra del Fuegian
Ona
Tribe
Native wigwam
Distant view
of Staten Island
shewing Mount Buckland
the highest peak 2400 ft
W. C. Seppings Wright



THE TWIN-SCREW BATTLE-SHIP HERO.

H.M.S. HERO.

The twin-screw battle-ship Hero, recently added to the Navy, is of the Conqueror type. She is built of steel, and carries a single turret 22 ft. in diameter. In this turret are mounted two 45-ton breech-loading guns. She has also four six-inch guns, on sponsons, twelve quick-firing, and several machine guns. The armour-plating is 12 in. thick on the sides, and 14 in. on the turret. The dimensions of the ship are—length, 250 ft.; beam, 58 ft.; displacement, 6200 tons. She has engines of 6000-horse power, which give her a speed of between fifteen and sixteen knots an hour. The bunkers will carry 620 tons of coal, which, at a ten-knot speed, will carry her over 5000 miles. During the recent manœuvres the Hero was attached to Admiral Tryon's squadron. She will now take up her position at Portsmouth as tender to the Excellent. This ship was constructed, at Chatham, with greater celerity than any other ironclad, either in private or public yards. There has been a saving of £20,000 over the cost of her sister-ship, the Conqueror, which was two years and eight months in hand, whilst the Hero has been turned out in eighteen months and six days. Another vessel of the class of belted cruisers, the Immortalité, is to be shortly commenced.

MUSIC.

As already intimated, the thirty-third series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace was inaugurated on Oct. 13. The programme comprised Mozart's overture to "Die Zauberflöte" and Beethoven's First Symphony (in C major), and two pieces given for the first time at these concerts. These were an overture, by Mr. Hamish MacCunn, entitled "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow"; and "España," a rhapsody, by M. Chabrier. The overture (which had been previously heard elsewhere) is the production of a young Scottish musician, who has recently attracted much attention by several compositions evidencing great aptitude for the command of orchestral variety and dramatic effect. The work now referred to gives further proof thereof, and it met with an enthusiastic reception. The rhapsody is reflective of the national character implied by its title, and may have to be spoken of again when better placed than at the end of the concert. Another instrumental piece in the programme referred to was Liszt's elaborate, eccentric, and difficult pianoforte concerto in E flat, which received a highly skilful interpretation from Mr. Fritz Hartvigson. In this and in the orchestral pieces, the band, conducted by Mr. Manns, maintained its reputation. Vocal pieces were contributed by Mdlle. Gambogi.

Mr. Freeman Thomas's Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre closed—as we have previously intimated—on Oct. 15, with a special performance for his benefit. At the last of the classical nights during the previous week Mrs. Dutton Cook (who, as Miss Linda Scates, was a distinguished pianoforte student of the Royal Academy of Music) played Weber's Concertstück with sound taste and judgment; and Mr. Bernard Carrodus (son of the eminent violinist) executed two solo pieces by Wieniawski with special effect. Madame Belle Cole and Mr. H. Piercy were the vocalists, and the programme included sterling orchestral music worthily rendered.

The little theatre in Great Queen-street, Holborn (formerly called the "Novelty" and now entitled the "Jodrell"), was announced to reopen with performances by the Russian National Opera Company. The concerts recently given by the company at the Royal Albert Hall have been noticed by us. In their new venture they have the advantages (before wanting) of dramatic action and scenic surroundings; although the locale chosen is of very limited capacity for the presentation of grand opera. Of the performances we must speak hereafter.

The arrangements for the so-called festival at Hanley on Oct. 11—a tentative experiment with a view to more extensive operations in future—have already been given by us in detail.

Madame Adelina Patti recently gave a concert at Swansea, for the benefit of the hospital there and of the poor around her castle of Craig-y-nos; this occasion having been one of several on which the great prima-donna has exercised her rare gifts for similar benevolent purposes. Her own incomparable performances, and the co-operation of other eminent artists, combined to realise an attractive and varied programme.

THE BRISTOL FESTIVAL.

We have previously given details of the arrangements for this event, which closed on Oct. 19. These celebrations are of comparatively recent institution, this having been the sixth triennial occasion. As with the older established festivals (those of the three cathedral cities of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester; and of Birmingham), the Bristol performances are given with a benevolent purpose; in this instance, in aid of important local medical institutions by which large benefits are bestowed on the many in need of them in the locality and neighbourhood. Bristol has not, as yet, greatly distinguished itself, as Birmingham has, in the production of grand works especially commissioned for the festival; but, on the other hand, the programmes include many important compositions, sacred and secular, and the means for their interpretation are of adequate extent and efficiency.

As we have already given particulars of the arrangements for the festival which closed on Oct. 19, but little remains now to be said beyond recording its commencement, when the programme for the morning consisted of "Elijah," that of the evening miscellaneous concert having comprised many interesting vocal and instrumental pieces, among them having been a selection from Gluck's opera, "Iphigénie en Tauride," and Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A minor, played by Sir Charles Hallé.

The performances generally must be referred to hereafter, when brief notice will suffice, the works performed, although strong in interest and variety, having all been more or less familiar.

At Charing-cross Hospital medical school, the scholarship of fifty guineas open to students of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge has been awarded to Mr. Albert Carling, of St. John's College, Cambridge. The entrance scholarship of 100 guineas has been awarded to Mr. William Escombe, and that of fifty guineas to Mr. Percy J. Probyn.

Conferences attended by members of the National Association of Certified Reformatory and Industrial Schools have been held in the lecture-room of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, to consider the provisions of the Reformatory and Industrial Schools Bills introduced into the House of Lords by the Government, a number of amendments being suggested.

Alderman Turney, the Mayor of Nottingham, unveiled on Oct. 12 a statue of the late Mr. Samuel Morley, which has been erected at the top of Market-street, Nottingham, by public subscription. The inscription reads:—"Samuel Morley, member of Parliament, merchant, philanthropist, friend, social reformer, Christian citizen." The Mayor entertained the delegates to the Congregational Union to breakfast before the ceremony, and then a procession was formed to the statue. Ten thousand persons were present.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F W Newman.—The mistake did not appear in our report, so we have taken no notice in regard to your letter. We have no room to give names in extenso.

J W Young.—We cannot answer by post. The paper you mention is as good as it is; but you had better subscribe to a monthly magazine, either the *British Chess Magazine* or the *Chess Monthly*.

J W Walton (Bath).—Thanks; the game is under examination and, if approved of, shall be published.

Miss M C (Brixton, Perth).—The solution certainly appeared; but, to save trouble, we repeat it here: 1. Q to Q R 8th, K to B 6th; 2. Q to R 8th, mate. The other variation is correct also.

C L S (Camden Town).—The expression "I adjust" must be used before touching a piece, and expresses only the intention to readjust its position. Once a piece is moved, it must be moved, except by accident, it is not to be moved.

A D G.—Neither side can be compelled to do anything different, and the game, in the case mentioned, is drawn.

B Davey (Plymouth).—(1) White has three full moves to mate in. (2) No, 15. No, but you might arrange a game by correspondence.

G T Edwards, R E Elliott, B Davey, J Gaskin, W L, and others.—Problem No. 2321 can be solved in two moves as you point out, but it was very far from the author's intention.

Courtney.—The problem shall be re-examined and reported upon very shortly.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2319 received from G J Veale; of No. 2320 from Amateurs of Weddle's Hotel, F C Cook (Ealing), Quothiune (Leeds), L Desanges, Jack o' Both, T Lovell, J Goldie (Junior), and P B Gibbs (Plaistow); of No. 2321 from Mathetes, Dona John (East Manchester), W T Smith (Hailsham), Felix Robin, C, W Von Bevern (nil), J G Grant, and A W Hamilton Gell.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2322 received from A G Bachot, Martin F, J Dixon, A Newson, Retreward, R Worters (Canterbury), E Casella (Paris), W H Hicks, E Lucas, Retreward, A T Roberts, E Philips, Amateurs of Weddle's Hotel, G J Veale, Dr. Gustav Waltz (Heidelberg), Columbus, John G Grant, Down, W Wright, Mrs. Kelly, Shadforth, Peterhouse, Ruby Rook, W Von Bevernhuit, F C Cook (Ealing), E Louden, D McCoy (Oswin), Anglum (Lyme Regis), T G (Ware), Dr F S, J D Tucker (Leeds), Quothiune (Leeds), W R Baillieu, D T (Ben Rhydding), Thomas Chown (Brighton), Percy Ewen, H Brooks, and H S Brandreth (Highbury).

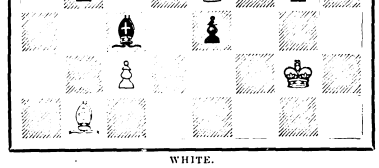
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2320.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 6th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 2324.

By Mrs. T. B. Rowland.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

The *English Mechanic* Problem tourney has resulted as follows:—For mate in three moves: First prize, G. J. Slater; second, E. J. Cooper. For mate in two moves: First prize, T. Taverner; second, A. Boline. The solution contest ended in a tie between three competitors for each prize. We give below the problems which secure first honours:

White's K at Q B 2nd, Q at Q B 6th, R at Q R 4th, Kts at K 4th and 1 K R 8th, P at K B 6th.
Black's K at K B 6th, P at K Kt 6th and Q B 6th.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

White's K at K R 2nd, Q at Q R 7th, R at K 5th, Kt at Q 6th, B at K R 8th, P at Q B 2nd and Q R 5th.
Black's K at Q 5th, Kts at Q Kt 3rd and Q Kt 5th, P at Q R 7th.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

Mr. G. J. Slater, whose success we have just recorded, announces for early publication a collection of problems, under the title of "Slater's Selected Stars." Mr. Slater's merits as a composer are so well known that the work ought to meet with a great demand, especially as a large proportion of the problems will be those that have won prizes in various competitions. An introduction illustrative of problem composition is also promised, in which the subject is to be dealt with on an entirely new basis.

On Monday, Oct. 8, Mr. J. H. Blackburne played eight simultaneous blindfold games against the same number of members of the City of London Chess Club. Commencing shortly after six play continued, save for a brief interval at nine p.m., till the last game ended at 11.30, when Mr. Blackburne scored, without apparent fatigue, the feat of winning five games and drawing three. The attendance was large, and the result received with much applause. On the Friday preceding, Mr. Blackburne gave an exhibition of simultaneous play over the board, when he won eighteen games, drew two, and lost one.

An open handicap tournament is announced to commence at Simpson's on Nov. 1. About twenty entries are expected, including (subject to engagements) J. H. Blackburne, C. Von Bardeleben, C. Müller, F. Lee, W. H. K. Pollock, and H. E. Bird. Mr. Hoxley, of Simpson's, is hon. treasurer, and the company head the list with a subscription. All further information can be obtained, either personally or by letter, of the hon. secretary, Mr. Bird.

We have received the sixth annual report of the Brighton Chess Club, which deals with a singularly successful year, not one of its inter-club matches having been lost. The Championship Cup was again taken by Mr. H. W. Butler, and the Handicap Cup by Mr. T. Smith. Altogether the club seems to be of considerable strength, and its prosperity speaks well for the energy of its executive.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Manchester Athenæum Chess Club was held on Oct. 2, when the committee's report and the treasurer's account were presented, and both proved of a most satisfactory order. There are about 100 members on the books, and a full programme of engagements was got through with marked success. Mr. C. A. Dust won the open handicap, and the prizes of the junior handicap were divided after a second tie. A new programme, of much interest, has been arranged.

We have also received reports of the chess clubs at Hanley, Battersea, and Plymouth, which tell the same tale of progress and prosperity, and bear striking evidence of the marked interest in the game which is now shown in all parts of the country.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

The time of the "golden reaping" is over, and the tints of the autumn season already deck the face of the land. It is a peaceful time, this autumnal period—to my mind the most peaceful of the year. Spring is, in itself, a time of natural bustle and preparation. All is activity in the world of plant-life. The sap is maturing, and its products are bursting forth in the shape of swelling bud and expanding leaf. Summer is also a season of unrest. Nature has much to do in the "rosy time of the year." After the leaf comes the flower, and it is a great and important business this, of spreading petals, of issuing invitations to the insects, of fertilisation, and of forcshadowing the fruit. Winter is all gloom and chill. Plant-life has either died out, or has gone to sleep beneath the snow. But for the hardy evergreens, there is no sign of vitality on the earth. So these three seasons are neither restful nor show the great virtue of patient quiescence. But with autumn, how different things seem. Now you have the repose of Nature, and the mellow rest of the year. Activity is over, and you have come to the time of quiet fullness. Seed-time and ripening have passed away, and reaping-time itself has just gone by. As you sit on the lawn this autumn evening the spirit of rest sinks into your heart and mind; the world is almost lulled to sleep, but a flood of memories, mostly grave, rushes across the vista of your past. The rooks have gone to sleep earlier than usual this evening, and only a very late swift or swallow disturbs the evening air with the light whirr of its wings. Our lives repeat the seasons in their changing years; but the time when the tints deepen and the rich browns and purples replace the green hues of the summer days, brings all its own delight in the sweet "harvest of a quiet eye."

There is not a leaf round or about us to-night, save those of the evergreens, which does not speak of the waning of the life of the year. Primarily, think of a leaf and its uses. Between two delicate skins you find enclosed a multitude of the microscopic bags or sacs we name cells. On the upper side of the leaf these cells are long, and placed close together. From their resemblance to the arrangements of the slats in a close paling, these upper cells form what is known as the "palisade" layer. They are full of the green colouring matter which botanists know as chlorophyll. This, indeed, is why the upper side of a leaf is coloured of a darker green hue than its under surface. You have more chlorophyll above than below. It is leaf-colour, not sunlight, which makes the difference you have noted. Below this upper and close layer of cells you find a second layer. There the cells are loosely set together. Between them there are numerous gaps and spaces, and you can see, in a microscopic study of a leaf, that many of these spaces open on the under surface of the leaf in curious little apertures, called *stomata*. Existing by thousands on the under surface of leaves (there are more than a million on that lime-tree's leaf) each of these little mouths is really an opening bounded by two half-moon-shaped cells—the "guard cells." These mouths close in dry weather, but open in damp weather to allow the excess of moisture to escape from the plant. They are intimately connected, you observe, with the life and nutrition of the plant, and, in truth, the whole leaf is part and parcel of the plant's digestive economy.

But enough of leaf-structure. I merely dip into plant-anatomy to give you an idea of the complex nature of the foliage; and you will be the better able to realise the magnitude of the fall of the leaf when you know what a leaf really is. For a week or two past you have been watching the changing hues of the foliage; these changes are the signs of true death. The water which, absorbed by the roots, is carried up to the leaves to play its part in the plant's nourishment, contains minerals dissolved therein. This mineral matter remains behind: it chokes and clogs the vessels and cells of the leaf until, in the autumn-time, the leaf becomes cut off from all sources of nutritive supply. When leaves fall and decay you note that they must return to the soil the minerals stolen from it by the roots of the plant. By its death the leaf therefore returns, like the animal itself, to the matter whence it arose. Then, *pari passu*, come those changes in colour which precede the death of the foliage. You see the yellow of the birch and the willow; here and there you behold the red tint of that climbing vine; and the wood beyond is varied enough in its autumnal dress. How these tints are produced is, perchance, not yet quite a matter of botanical certainty. The green colour becomes chemically acted upon, and it may be that it is resolved into other substances after all. But here, as elsewhere, that we call decay is only change. You cannot destroy matter, you only change and alter its form. Nature herself teaches us the same wholesome lesson. That dead leaf, which will shortly decompose and vanish away, preaches nevertheless, when we know its history, the great truth that it has not been annihilated, but that its matter in fresh combinations will contribute to the welfare of the foliage with which the warmth of next spring will deck the trees.

Then the leaf falls. In some trees, leaves persist for years. That Scotch fir may keep its leaves for four or five years; in other firs, they are said to remain for ten or twelve years. But these are dry, solid leaves, and stand somewhat outside the category of those whose fall is heralded by the lengthening nights. Think of your leaf when it was displayed in all the glory of its full development, with broad green blade and lusty stalk. That stalk is a direct continuation of stem or branch. Into its substance, and thence into the leaf, pass the vessels or fibres which become the "veins." When autumn approaches, however, you observe a change to occur in the hitherto strong attachment between leaf and branch. As animal structures decay and wax old, as bones become more brittle and as blood-vessels develop rigid walls in place of their former elastic boundaries, so we have observed the leaf to become clogged with mineral matter. Then succeed changes of more intricate nature. Between the stalk of the leaf and the branch on which it is borne, a layer or two of cells is found to become affected by the stoppage of the leaf's food-supply. In this layer the cells become disintegrated; they undergo dissolution, and thus come to constitute a kind of barrier-line between the leaf-stalk and the branch. It is the old story this, of "the little rift within the lute," which by-and-by will silence the harmony of Nature's vital activities. Next, this process of disconnection deepens. The cells and fibres of the leaf-stalk begin to decay at the barrier-line which has been marked out from within. A faint mark shows where the leaf and the branch will part company. In some leaves, indeed, you may see this line of disjunction early enough in the season. Then, on each side of the line within, at the joining of leaf-stalk and branch, the cells become hardened. The stalk then gives way, the dead leaf flutters to the ground, and only a scar—but a scar that is healed in truth—remains to mark the place where once grew the living item of the tree-economy. Even in her measures for the separation of tree and leaf, Nature shows a kindly phase. There is no rudeness, harshness, or severity, but only a mild process of gradual separation and almost invisible decay when the leaf falls and flutters to the ground.

Andrew Wilson.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 7, 1884), with a codicil (dated Nov. 15, 1887), of the late Mr. Charles Markham, J.P., of Tapton House, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, who died on Aug. 30 last, has been proved in the Principal Registry by the executors—H. W. K. Markham, the nephew, Mrs. Rosa Markham, the widow, and Charles Paxton Markham and Arthur Basil Markham, the sons, the value of the personal estate being sworn under £233,900. The testator gives legacies of £500 each to his widow and his nephew and executor, H. W. K. Markham, and devises his house and grounds at Tapton, and the whole of the effects therein, to his widow, Mrs. Rosa Markham, for her life, and after her decease to his son C. P. Markham, subject to a charge of £6000 on their marriage settlement. The testator further directs the sum of £55,000 to be set aside and invested for his widow, for her life; two sums of £20,000 each for his two daughters, Geraldine and Violet; and £6000 to his sister, Mrs. Mary Lovell. The residue of his estate is directed to be divided in equal shares between his two sons, above mentioned, C. P. Markham and A. B. Markham.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the seal of the Commissary Court of Elgin and Nairn, of the last will and testament (dated Nov. 30, 1887) of Lady Anne Pitcairn Gordon-Cumming, late of Altyre and Gordonstown, in the county of Elgin, who died on Aug. 18 last, granted to Sir William Gordon Gordon-Cumming, Bart., and Walter Frederick Campbell Gordon-Cumming, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Oct. 8, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £14,000.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the seal of the Commissary Court of Elgin and Nairn, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Feb. 21, 1877) of the Rt. Hon. James Ogilvie Grant, Earl of Seafield, M.P. for Elgin and Nairn from 1868 to 1874, late of Mayne, Elgin; N.B., and No. 61, Onslow-gardens, granted to Major-General Frederick William Edward Forestier Walker, the accepting executor nominate, was resealed in London on Oct. 11, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £1800.

The will (as contained in paper writings marked A, B, C, D, E, and F) of Mr. William James Scarlett, of No. 200, Queen's-gate, and Schemore House, Gigha, Argyll, who died on July 31 last, was proved on Oct. 8 by Thomas Roland Scarlett and Harry Scarlett, the brothers, Thomas Yate Benyon, and Richard James Streatfield, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £142,000. The testator leaves £10,000, upon trust, for each of his younger children; £500 to each executor; £300 to his sister, Annie; and all his late wife's jewellery between his daughters. He devises his Scotch estates, upon trust, for his eldest son and the heirs male of his body. The residue of his property goes to his son who shall first attain the age of twenty-one.

The will (dated May 19, 1886) of Mr. John Ralph Engledue, late of No. 3, Durham-villas, Kensington, who died on July 19 last, was proved on Oct. 10 by Lewis John Martin Mason and Thomas Threlfall, two of the executors, power being reserved to John Simson, the other executor, to come in and prove; the value of the personal estate amounting to over £95,000. The testator, after making pecuniary and other bequests, leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his six children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1877) of Mr. Charles Wetherell Wardle, late of Linton Spring, Spofforth, Yorkshire, engineer, who died on July 2 last, has been proved in the Wakefield District Registry by Edwin Wardle, the son, William Henry Leather, and George Hind Nelson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £72,000. The testator bequeaths £500, the use, for life, of his house, with the gardens, stables, and the furniture, plate, &c., therein, and an annuity of £2000 to his wife, Mrs. Anne Eliza Wardle; and £10,000 each to his daughters, Mrs. Alice Mary Piccoli, Mrs. Adelaide Eliza Sanderson, Mrs. Fanny Maria Smith, Mrs. Clara Richardson, and Harriet Emily Wardle. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, Edwin Wardle, absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 7, 1888) and a codicil (dated July 19, 1888) of the Countess Isabella Jane English (Contessa Romana), late of No. 8, Ulster-terrace, Regent's Park, and Dun Esk, Teignmouth, who died on Sept. 2 last, were proved on Oct. 9 by the Rev. James Shepherd, Austin John King, and James Parfitt, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £47,000. The testatrix bequeaths £3000 to the Prior Park College, near Bath, and a further sum of £2000 to found a theological chair; £1000 each to the Seminary of St. Thomas, Hammersmith, the Superior of St. Charles's College, St. Charles'-square, and the Superior of the St. Scholastica at Dun Esk; £100 each to the Superiors of the Franciscans at Stratford and Portobello-road, the Sisters of Mercy, Blandford-square, and the Poor Clares at Notting-hill; £1000 to James Parfitt, £500 to Austin Joseph King, £5000 and an additional £1000 to carry on her house for twelve months after her death, to the Rev. James Shepherd; the original likeness of his Holiness Pius Nono to Cardinal Manning; and very numerous legacies to relatives, servants, and Roman Catholic institutions. The residue of her property she leaves to the Prior Park College, for the benefit thereof.

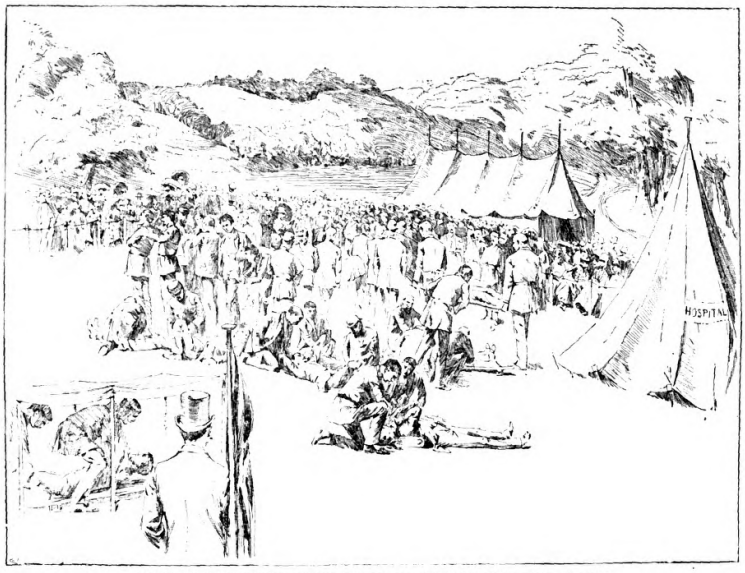
The will (dated June 3, 1884), with three codicils (dated Oct. 25, 1884, and June 28 and Oct. 22, 1886), of Miss Hannah Maria Hill, late of No. 4, Louisa-terrace, Exmouth, Devon, who died on Aug. 14, was proved on Oct. 8 by Henry Rivington Hill, the brother, John Park Sweetland, the nephew, and the Rev. Benjamin Fuller James, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £45,000. The testatrix gives her jewel-case and contents to her niece Elizabeth Mary Hill; £1000 to her brother, Henry; £100 each to her other executors; and numerous small legacies to relatives and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, as to one half thereof, to her brother, Henry; and the other half to her nephews, Edward Maddox Sweetland and John Park Sweetland, and her niece Sarah Matilda Greenfell, her said niece to have £1000 more than her nephews.

The will (dated Oct. 26, 1879), with a codicil (dated June 12, 1884), of Mr. Richard Micklethwait, J.P., late of Ardsley House, Barnsley, Yorkshire, who died on July 9 last, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry in September by Richard Micklethwait Stansfeld, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £34,000. The testator charges his "Ardsley settled estates," with the payment of £8000 each to his younger sons and £3000 each to his daughters. He devises his "unsettled Ardsley estates" to his son, Richard Key Micklethwait, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male, but charged with the payment of £10,000 as portions for his daughters; and certain other lands and premises in Yorkshire he leaves to his other sons, John Leonard and George Whitley, but charged with the payment of £300 per annum to his wife, in addition to her jointure of £500. His household furniture he leaves to his wife, for life, and also the sum of £1000; and there are other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son who shall first attain the age of twenty-one.

The will (dated Oct. 15, 1887) of Mr. William Chalker, late of Belle Vue House, Newbridge Hill, Weston, near Bath, who died on Aug. 23 last, was proved on Oct. 8 by Mrs. Sophia Chalker, the widow, and William John Chalker, Henry Chalker, and Charles Chalker, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £33,000. The testator bequeaths £100, the use, for life, of one of his messuages, and his household furniture, plate, horses and carriages, and an annuity of £300 to his wife; subject thereto, he leaves all his property between his children, William John, Henry, Charles, Sophia, and Elizabeth, in equal shares, but all sums advanced to them during his life is to be brought into hotchpot.

AMBULANCE-WORK FOR COAL-MINERS.

The recent Act of Parliament for regulating the management of mines, which came into force at the beginning of this year, contains a very important clause making provision for the better care of the unfortunate miners who get injured in many ways happening every day. It is now compulsory on mine-owners to have in every colliery a supply of bandages, splints, and tourniquets, ready for application to the injured, with a stretcher or ambulance on which the patient may be carried. The former mode of removing the injured was by an ordinary colliery cart, and no means were previously used to relieve suffering by steadying a broken limb with splints and bandages. By such rough treatment, a simple injury was too often converted into one of a much more serious character, attended by a much longer period of suffering, and frequently by death.



AMBULANCE-DRILL DEMONSTRATION FOR COAL-MINERS IN BEAMISH PARK, DURHAM.

The St. John Ambulance Association anticipated the coming into force of this Act by sending its able representative, Surgeon-Major Hutton, to organise classes throughout the mining counties. In the North of England, the work was speedily taken up by Mr. Waynman Dixon, of Middlesborough; Dr. Alfred Mantle, M.D., of Stanley, in Durham; and other gentlemen; and, in a comparatively short time, hundreds of miners, after attending a course of lectures and passing the necessary examination, received certificates of competency to render "first aid" to the injured.

As the outcome of so many classes being formed and certificates granted, the largest review and demonstration of ambulance work ever witnessed in this country took place on Saturday, Sept. 29, in Beamish Park (eight miles from Durham), the seat of Mr. T. Duncombe Eden. A more picturesque spot, or one better adapted for such a gathering, could scarcely be found than this park, which by the kindness of Mr. Eden was granted for the occasion. Three hundred miners, wearing the badges of the Association, walked four abreast, each class preceded by two men carrying the stretcher, the procession being headed by the South Derwent Colliery Band, with a detachment of ambulance members of the County Constabulary. The whole of the exercises and drills were carried out under the direction of Surgeon-Major Hutton and Dr. Mantle. The first part was the use of the triangular bandage, Professor Esmarch's three-cornered bandage, which can be tied in no fewer than thirty-two different ways, and can be used for any injury to the human frame. Surgeon-Major Hutton advises the miners, wherever they go, to have their pocket-handkerchiefs made on this triangular pattern. The next portion of the programme consisted of the various modes of carrying the injured, first with, and then without, stretchers. Then came an exposition of Captain Shaw's method of carrying persons out of burning buildings; the rescuer throws the person rescued over his shoulder or back in any position, but always in such a way as to leave one arm free for the rescuer to use in hanging to a ladder or other object. The method of restoring persons suffocated in burning buildings or from foul air in mines was next shown. There are two methods of doing this, one known as the Sylvester and the other as the Marshall-Hall system. The Board of Trade, however, in a recent order, adopted the Sylvester system, which is the one now generally practised. The next exercise was that of the restoration of the apparently drowned by the Marshall-Hall system. Then a loud report was heard, which was supposed to have been a pit explosion, and men with the following injuries were immediately attended to:—(1) broken thigh; (2) broken leg below knee; (3) injured head and ribs; (4) injured spine; (5) wounded thigh, artery, and broken thigh; (6) wounded arm, artery, and broken collar-bone; (7) wounded artery below knee. A second explosion followed shortly after to give the remainder of the classes an opportunity of showing their skill. Several of Messrs. Atkinson and Philipson's (of Newcastle) wheel-litters were used. This concluded the drill. The men who had taken part in the demonstration and the visitors drew near the lawn, and were addressed by several gentlemen, among them Mr. John Graham, the county Coroner, who bore testimony to the benefits of ambulance instruction.

BLACK-BUCK SHOOTING IN INDIA.

Indian antelopes are pretty, graceful animals, standing about as high as an English sheep. The buck is very handsome: a good specimen will be jet-black on his back and half-way down his sides, while the under part of his body is snowy white. His horns are spiral and slender; sometimes they are widely spread, and sometimes close together; they are supposed to be most perfect when they approach the form of an equilateral triangle. We are told that the best horn on record measures about 28 inches. The females, which have no horns, are of a delicate fawn colour.

Shooting black-buck, though perhaps not a very exciting sport, is not bad fun. When they have been much hunted and fired at, they get very wild, and can only be approached by stratagem. One plan is to make a native lead your horse round the antelope, in a gradually decreasing circle, while you walk on the outer side of the horse. When you get close enough, you lie down; and the horse walks on a little way, to enable you to fire.

Our correspondent, whose sketches are engraved on another page, was one day stalking black-buck in this manner, when his horse, rather objecting to be used as "cover," suddenly turned and kicked his owner with both heels, sending him and his rifle, which was at full cock, spinning round the same centre. Luckily, the rifle did not go off; but, of course, the buck did.

Riding down a wounded buck is considered by some to be excellent sport. The first buck that our correspondent ever got was killed in this way. A rifle-shot had broken the buck's hind-leg at the hock; but he went away on three legs. The sportsman then seized a hog-spear, mounted his horse, which had been trained to pig-sticking, and rode after the crippled animal, a chase of about four hours, through a rough country with small patches of jungle, till the buck was speared.

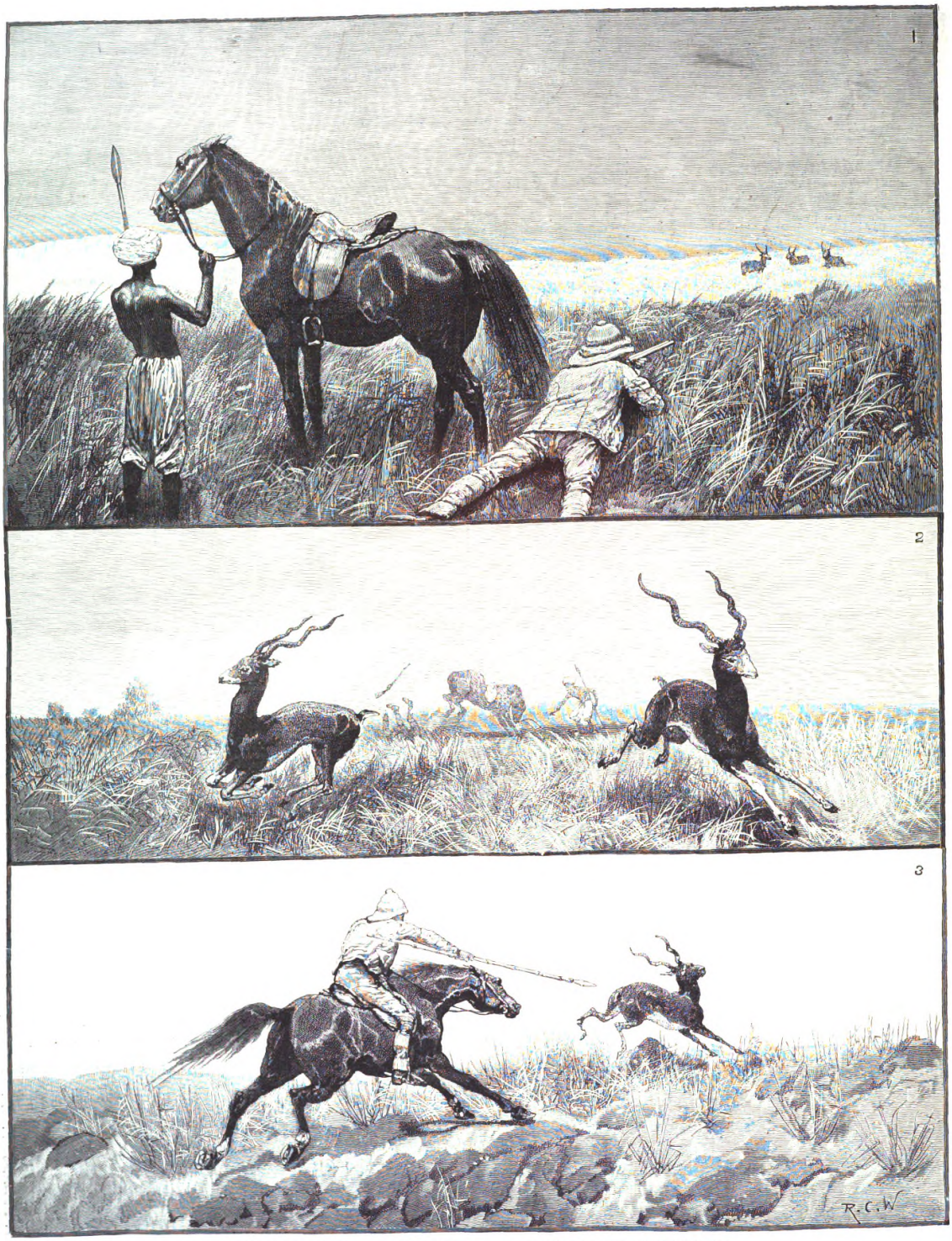
When the indigo-plant is about 2 ft. high, the antelopes will often allow persons to approach very near them before they move; then you have to shoot them running, or rather jumping, which is very pretty. Our correspondent has often tried to approach them in natives' bullock-carts. They take no notice of the cart so long as it proceeds along the usual road; but the instant it leaves the wonted track they smell a rat, and are off. A fine herd of antelopes is a grand sight; the does often number a hundred or more; there are usually two or three young bucks, and a grand old one, coal-black, who walks last of the herd.

The Town Council of Leeds have unanimously resolved to purchase, if possible, Kirkstall Abbey, at a cost of £6000.

Mrs. Henderson, for many years housekeeper to her Majesty, died on Oct. 13 at Windsor Castle, of bronchitis. The deceased was attended by Sir William Jenner.

The Irish Poplin Manufactory, at 31, College-green, Dublin, have obtained another large order from the Queen of Italy for their excellent fabrics.

At Trinity College, Cambridge University, the four vacant fellowships have been bestowed upon the following gentlemen, all of whom were formerly scholars of the college: (1) Mr. Hugh Vibart Macnaghten, B.A., Craven Scholar, 1883, Chancellor's Medallist and First-class Classic, 1885; (2) Mr. Arthur Fenton Hort, B.A., First Division of Classical Tripos, Part I., 1885, and First-class of Part II., 1886; (3) Mr. Henry Bury, B.A., First-class Natural Science Tripos, 1885; (4) Mr. Alfred Cardew Dixon, B.A., Senior Wrangler, 1886, and First-class, Division I., of Mathematical Tripos (final), 1887.—At Queen's College the following scholars of the college have been elected into vacant fellowships:—(1) Robert Hatch Kennett, B.A., Senior in the Semitic Languages Tripos, 1886, Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholar, 1887, Mason Prize for Biblical Hebrew, 1887; (2) William Stanley Melsome, B.A., First-class Natural Sciences Tripos, Part I., June, 1886, and First-class Natural Sciences Tripos, Part II., June, 1887, for Physiology. At the same meeting Francis Giffard Plaistowe, B.A., was awarded an Exhibition of £20.—At Oxford the following gentlemen have been elected to Classical Exhibitions at Worcester College: Mr. Frank Eric Charles Drew, of Leamington College; Mr. Richard St. John Vavasour, of Rossall School; Mr. Morrice Alfred Edwards, of King's College School, London; Mr. Herbert Joseph Tiffen, of Malvern College. The scholarships at Lady Margaret's Hall have been awarded in the following order:—(1) Miss Pemberton (classics); (2) Miss Mary Hollings (modern history). A prize of £10 has been given to Miss Cayley for distinction in modern languages. The Right Rev. Richard Durnford, D.D., Bishop of Chichester, has been elected to an Honorary Fellowship at Magdalen College.



1. Stalking under cover of horse. 2. The horse objects. 3. A stern-chase after a wounded buck on three legs.

BLACK-BUCK SHOOTING IN INDIA.

REAL
TURKEY CARPETS.

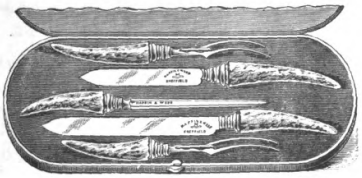
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12 ft. 11 in. by 9 ft. 2 in.	6 18 6
12 ft. 11 in. by 7 ft. 1 in.	5 7 6
12 ft. 11 in. by 9 ft. 4 in.	7 5 0
13 ft. 1 in. by 10 ft. 7 in.	8 2 6
13 ft. 2 in. by 9 ft. 8 in.	7 10 0
13 ft. 7 in. by 11 ft. 6 in.	9 2 6
13 ft. 1 in. by 8 ft. 2 in.	6 6 0
13 ft. 10 in. by 9 ft. 4 in.	7 10 6
13 ft. 10 in. by 9 ft. 5 in.	7 12 6
13 ft. 9 in. by 10 ft. 5 in.	8 8 0

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13 ft. 7 in. by 11 ft. 8 in.	9 5 0
13 ft. 10 in. by 11 ft. 11 in.	9 12 6
14 ft. 5 in. by 11 ft. 6 in.	9 14 0
14 ft. 10 in. by 11 ft. 6 in.	10 0 0
14 ft. 9 in. by 10 ft. 7 in.	9 2 6
14 ft. 4 in. by 11 ft. 8 in.	9 15 0
14 ft. 9 in. by 12 ft. 4 in.	10 12 0
14 ft. 9 in. by 11 ft. 11 in.	10 5 0
15 ft. 3 in. by 12 ft. 6 in.	11 2 6
15 ft. 2 in. by 10 ft. 7 in.	9 9 0
15 ft. 5 in. by 12 ft. 8 in.	11 7 6
15 ft. 0 in. by 10 ft. 7 in.	9 5 0
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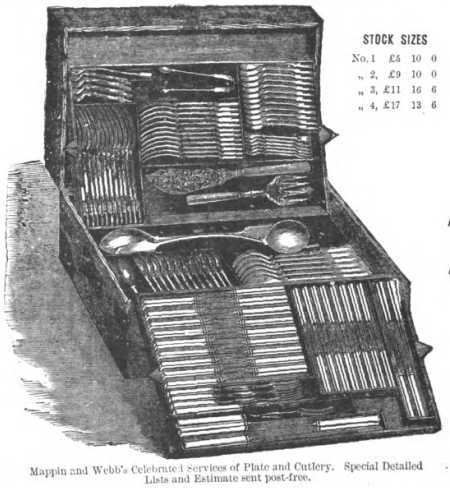
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THE TREATMENT OF THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK.

The publication of Sir Morell Mackenzie's book, entitled "The Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble," giving his account of the malady and the medical or surgical treatment of the late German Emperor, from May, 1887, to the death of the illustrious patient in June this year, arouses a bitter professional controversy, the merits of which cannot hastily be judged by unlearned persons, and which ought nowise to be prejudiced, on either side, by partiality to English or to German professors of the healing science and art. Professor Von Bergmann, who is accused of having, on April 12, in the presence of Sir Morell Mackenzie and Mr. Hovell, grossly mismanaged the operation of inserting a new cannula into the wind-pipe, misdirecting its course, and forcing it through the soft tissues in front of the trachea, inflicting thereby severe torture and causing a wound followed by copious bleeding, flatly denies this accusation. He appeals to the evidence of the post-mortem made eight weeks afterwards, with Professor Virchow's report upon it, which showed no signs of inflammation in the cellular tissues between the trachea and the sternum, or breast-bone; and to Professor Virchow's opinion that the inflammation of the lungs, which was the immediate cause of death, had begun not longer than two weeks before the patient died, "probably not more than six or seven days." On the other hand, there is a note in the late Emperor's Landwriting, delivered by his Majesty three days before his death to Sir Morell Mackenzie, in which he refers to an occasion when, as he says, "Bergmann ill-treated me." This note does not appear in Sir Morell Mackenzie's book, but a photograph of it has been taken, and a facsimile of it has been published, without Sir Morell Mackenzie's knowledge or consent, in the *British Medical Journal*. Sir Morell Mackenzie further states that the Emperor expressed to him a hope that Professor Bergmann would not be allowed to perform any more operations on him. With regard to the earlier disputes between himself and the German physicians and surgeons, concerning the diagnosis of the malady and the expediency of a cutting operation, and the searing or burning treatment then resorted to by Professor Gerhardt, the observations of Sir Morell Mackenzie will be duly considered by professional men all over Europe. In the meantime, the sale of his book has been prohibited by the police authorities in Berlin, Leipsic, and other cities of Germany, and thousands of copies of the German translation have been seized and confiscated; but large extracts had already found their way into the German newspapers. The publication in England, on the other hand, of a translation of the official statements made by the German physicians and surgeons was hindered by an intimation that proceedings for libel would be taken here if these statements were injurious to the character of Sir Morell Mackenzie. The most essential parts, however, are given in the *Times* review of Sir Morell Mackenzie's book.

An order has been issued by the Education Department fixing the triennial election of the School Board for London for Monday, Nov. 26, and appointing as returning officer Sir Thomas Chambers, Q.C., Recorder of the City of London, or his deputy. The School Board will consist of fifty-five members.

MARRIAGES.

A fashionable company assembled at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on Oct. 10, to witness the marriage of Mr. William Cradock-Hartopp, second son of the late Sir John Cradock-Hartopp, of Four Oaks Park, Warwickshire, and Ascot, Flamville, Leicestershire, with Miss Janet Spicer, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John William Gooch Spicer, of Spye Park, Wilts. The service was fully choral.

On the same day Feltwell, in Norfolk, was quite gay on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. T. Fowell Victor Buxton, eldest son of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart., with Miss Annie Matilda O'Rorke, daughter of the Rector of that parish.

The marriage took place on Oct. 11, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, of Captain F. Fetherstonhaugh, A.D.C. (the Cameronians), with Miss Beatrice Glyn, youngest daughter of the late Hon. St. Leger Glyn.

At St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, on the same day, the marriage of Sir Joseph Dodge Weston, of Dorset House, Clifton, with Miss A. Beloe, youngest daughter of the late Mr. C. P. Beloe, Clifton, was solemnised.

The marriage of Mr. Francis Newdigate to the Hon. Elizabeth Lucia Bagot, youngest daughter of the late Lord Bagot and sister to the present Peer, was solemnised on the 13th, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, before a large and aristocratic congregation. Lord Bagot gave his sister away. The bridesmaids were—The Hon. Katta Bagot, sister of the bride; the Misses Agar Ellis (two), Miss Sybel Bass, Miss Mary Newdigate, and Miss Chandos Leigh.

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This Club, which is proprietary and on a non-political basis, numbers 1100 members. It contains the usual Club-Rooms, has been recently redecorated, and is lighted throughout by means of Electricity. To meet the expenses of further proposed improvements, by an influx of members, the Committee has resolved to temporarily suspend the entrance fee.

Members have free admission to the Galleries during the Exhibition.

All members have the privilege of subscribing to the large Circulating Library, for the use of their families, at a reduced rate. For reading in the Club, books are supplied free of expense to members. The Club Reference Library is exceptionally fine.

High-class Smoking and other Concerts have been successfully inaugurated.

The long association of the Grosvenor Gallery with art should render this Club attractive to artists as well as to professional, literary, scientific, and other gentlemen.

The Subscription is Five Guineas for town, Three Guineas for country members, and One Guinea for residents abroad, whether military or civilian. Subscriptions paid after Oct. 1, 1888, will hold good until Dec. 31, 1889.

The following names have recently been added to the Committee:—

The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres; Lord Wantage of Lockinge, V.C., K.C.B., &c.; Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart.; Sir Chas. H. Stuart Rich, Bart.; Rev. A. Wellesley Batson, Mus.Bac. Oxon; Sir Chas. H. Stuart Rich, Bart.; Rev. A. Wellesley Batson, Mus.Bac. Oxon; Edmund Yates, Esq.; Joseph Barnby, Esq.; Chas. Wyndham, Esq.; F. C. Burnand, Esq.

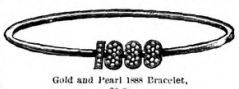
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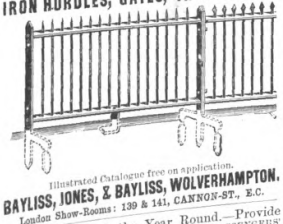
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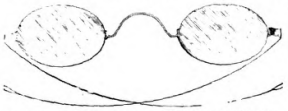
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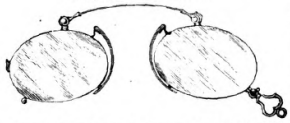
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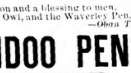
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WESTERHAM HILL-CLIMBING COMPETITION WON ON A WHIPPET SAFETY BICYCLE, AUG. 18, 1888.



In the Competition, held by the Catford Cycling Club up this Hill, Mr. W. Chater Lea, of the North-road C. C., won on a WHIPPET, beating the second man by 23 1-5th seconds. Out of fifteen competitors, only five succeeded in riding the hill at all, out of which the FIRST and THIRD rode WHIPPETS.

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The Hon. Sec. Tower R. and A. C. writes:— "Aug. 29, 1888.

"Your Embrocation is always used by us, especially after and before a rowing race, as after a hard tussle your Embrocation soon restores the arms, which after the race generally feel quite useless."

THE ANNUAL RING IN TREES.

In the course of his last report, the chief of the forestry section of the Agricultural Department of the United States, referring to the annual rings in trees, asserts that these exist as such in all timber grown in the temperate zone. Their structure is so different in different groups of timber that from their appearance alone the quality of the timber may be judged to some extent. For this purpose the absolute width of the rings, the regularity in width from year to year, and the proportion of spring wood to autumn wood must be taken into account. Spring wood is characterised by less substantial elements, the vessels of thin-walled cells being in greater abundance, while autumn wood is formed of cells with thicker walls, which appear darker in colour. In conifers and deciduous trees the annual rings are very distinct, while in trees like the birch, linden, and maple the distinction is not so marked, because the vessels are more evenly distributed. Sometimes the gradual change in appearance of the annual ring from spring to autumn wood, which is due to the difference in its component elements, is interrupted in such a manner that a more or less pronounced layer of autumn wood can apparently be recognised, which again gradually changes to spring or summer wood, and then finishes with regular autumn wood. This irregularity may occur even more than once in the same ring, and this has led to the notion that the annual rings are not a true indication of age; but the double or counterfeit rings can be distinguished by a practised eye with the aid of a magnifying glass. These irregularities are due to some interruptions of the functions of the tree, caused by defoliation, extreme climatic condition, or sudden changes of temperature. The breadth of the ring depends on the length of the period of vegetation; also when the soil is deep and rich, and light has much influence on the tree, the rings will be broader. The amount of light and the consequent development of foliage is perhaps the most powerful factor in wood formations, and it is upon the proper use of this that the forester depends for his means of regulating the development and quantity of his crop.

Sir Thomas Chambers, Q.C., Recorder of London, has been appointed by the Local Government Board returning officer for the first election of county councillors for the administrative county of London.

The Commander-in-Chief inspected the troops at Shorncliffe on Oct. 13, and afterwards complimented Colonel Sir Baker Russell, the Camp Commandant, on the efficiency and smart appearance of the men.

The Church of the Holy Redeemer, Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell, was consecrated on Oct. 13 by the Bishop of London. The site, which has been given by the Marquis of Northampton, was formerly occupied by Spa-fields Chapel, a place of worship belonging to the sect founded by the Countess of Huntingdon. The new church is built in the Italian Renaissance style. The Incumbent is the Rev. E. V. Eyre, who has carried on the mission of the Holy Redeemer for eight years, and the new district comprises a population of 7000 persons, mostly of the poorer class. The Bishop of London, in addition to performing the Consecration Service, preached and celebrated the Holy Communion.—On the same day the church of St. Barnabas, which has been erected at a cost of about £16,000, towards which £11,000 has already been contributed, was opened at Tunbridge Wells, the sermon being preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE SHIPPING TRADE OF BRITISH INDIA.

According to the new Indian Statistical Abstract, the shipping-trade of India in the last ten years has increased in tonnage by more than a quarter, having amounted to 5,754,379 tons entered and cleared in 1878, against 7,172,193 tons in 1887. The increase has taken place wholly in British and foreign shipping, British Indian and native craft having decreased considerably. The figures for the trade through the Suez Canal show a marvellous increase since 1872. In that year the number of vessels entered and cleared from and to foreign ports from India by the Canal was 420, with an aggregate tonnage of 464,198; in 1877 the figures had increased to 1040 vessels and 1,518,690 tons, while in 1887 they were 1671 vessels and 2,946,650 tons. Since 1877, therefore, the Indian traffic through the Canal has increased fourfold in the number of vessels and more than sixfold in the amount of tonnage.

Under the decision of the arbitrators, the Congregational Colleges at Rotherham and Airedale are to be amalgamated, the college at Airedale alone to be continued, under the designation of the "United Yorkshire College."

The annual show of chrysanthemums in the Inner Temple Gardens has, by the permission of the treasurer and benchers, been thrown open to the public, over 900 plants being on view, of which about seventeen are new varieties.

According to a Parliamentary paper containing the returns of pauperism to the end of last July, the number of paupers in England and Wales steadily decreased from 796,363 in the first week of March to 698,761 in the last week of July. In every one of those weeks there was a diminution in the number.

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"Please send to the Rev. S. Etheridge, Haslemere Rectory, Surrey, copy of Testimonials of the AMMONIAPHONE. I have advised him to use this instrument, and you may, I hope, receive an order from him. Please, also, to send me a 21s. instrument.

(Signed) "EUGENE CRONIN, M.D."

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OBITUARY.

LORD SEATON.

The Right Hon. James Colborne, second Baron Seaton, of Seaton, Devon, died on Oct. 11. He was born in 1815, the eldest son of the late distinguished Field-Marshal Sir John Colborne, who took the most prominent part, after Wellington, in the victory of Waterloo, and became eventually Lord Seaton. The nobleman whose death we record entered the Army in 1834, and attained the rank of General in 1881.



He was Aide-de-Camp to his father during the Canadian Rebellion, and was Military Secretary in Ireland from 1855 to 1860. He married, Feb. 12, 1851, Charlotte, daughter and co-heiress of Ulysses, last Lord Downes, and was left a widower in 1863. His eldest son and successor, Reginald John Upton, now third Lord Seaton, was born in 1854, and married, in 1887, Elizabeth Beatrice, daughter of Sir Francis Fuller Elliott Drake, Bart., of Nutwell Court, Devon.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lady Margaret Maconochie Welwood, widow of Allan A. Maconochie Welwood, of Meadowbank and Garoock, on Oct. 11, at 13, Grosvenor-crescent, Edinburgh. She was youngest daughter of the ninth Earl of Stair, was born in 1828, and married April 27, 1859.

Lord Mount-Temple, at his residence, on Oct. 16. His memoir will be given next week.

Mr. Francis Hall, of Park Hall, Notts, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff in 1846, on Oct. 5, in his eighty-third year.

Mr. Joseph M. Levy, one of the chief proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, on Oct. 12, in his seventy-seventh year. His portrait will be given in our next issue.

Lady James Murray (Elizabeth Marjory), widow of Lord James Murray, of Otterbourn Hall, Northumberland, and daughter of Mr. George Fairholme, of Greenknowe, on Oct. 11.

Major-General Charles James Hope-Johnstone, late Royal Artillery, on Oct. 6. He was born in 1835, son of Captain Charles James Hope-Johnstone, R.N., a descendant of the first Earl of Hopetoun.

Mr. Matthew Anderson, for many years Crown Solicitor of Dublin, at his residence in that city, at an advanced age, on Oct. 12. He had charge of all important State prosecutions for the past thirty years.

Mr. Goschen presided at Gresham College on Oct. 15 at a meeting in connection with the Society for the Extension of University Teaching. That society, he said, was practically carrying into effect the idea of Sir T. Gresham in founding that college, and he believed it had made some advance in solving the problem how higher education, such as is obtained at the Universities, can be acquired by busy men and women simultaneously with pursuing their business in life. He hoped the Royal Commission which was now sitting would devise a scheme by which this college would be made a part of some great scheme of university teaching for the Metropolis.

At a county meeting, convened by the Lord Lieutenant of Devon, and held at the Castle of Exeter on Oct. 15, it was decided to rebuild the cathedral organ. The estimated cost is £3000, half of which sum has been promised.

A meeting in connection with the opening of a Horticultural and Technical College, at Swanley, Kent, took place at the college on Oct. 15. Accommodation has been provided for about a hundred students, who will have every facility for acquiring a knowledge of scientific horticulture. Letters of sympathy were read from Mr. Gladstone and other gentlemen.

The German Emperor's visit to Rome, of which particulars are given in another column, fitly crowned his tour. On Oct. 16 the Emperor and King Humbert, accompanied by Prince Henry of Prussia and the Dukes of Aosta and Genoa, arrived at Naples, where a naval review was given in honour of the Imperial visit.—The Empress Frederick presided, on the 16th, at Berlin, over a meeting of the committee for the relief of the sufferers by the recent inundations in Germany. Measures have been taken to prevent floods in the future.

MARRIAGE.

In Victoria, B.C., at St. John's Episcopal Church, on Sept. 12, by the Rev. Percival Jenns, Charles W. Alisky, of Portland, Or., and Annie, eldest daughter of Robert Fyfe, Auditor of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, Portland, Oregon, U.S.A. No cards.

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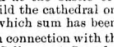
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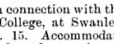
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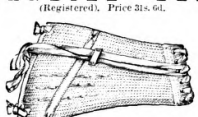


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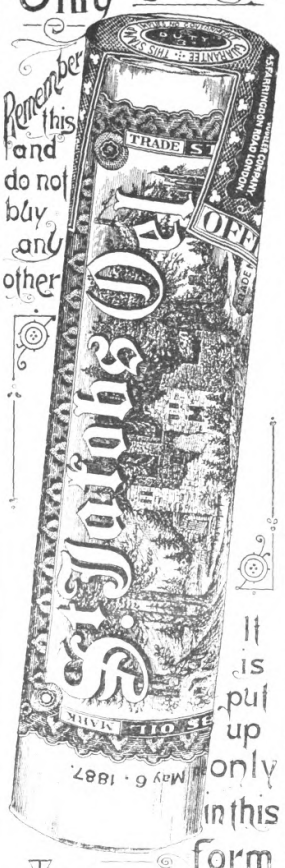
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THE EMPRESS FREDERICK LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF A MAUSOLEUM FOR THE LATE EMPEROR AT POTSDAM.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A well-known Professor of the healing art has been giving a lecture to medical youth upon the value of attention. Many, he says, who plead their "bad memory" as an excuse for ignorance, do so on false grounds; they have not forgotten, but, through inattention, have never learnt. This is admirably true, and what he goes on to say about the same fault when they have ceased to be medical students and have become practitioners is, doubtless, true also—only to us laymen much more alarming. It seems that it is by no means uncommon for our medical adviser to visit us with a preoccupied mind; while we are telling him about our symptoms, and eloquent upon the size and colour of our great toe, he may be thinking about the next Derby, or the hue of the new dado in his dining-room. This, says the Professor, is very dangerous—that is, for the doctor, of course. "All men are thought-readers, and our patients more so than any others." It is not necessary for the doctor to mechanically murmur "It ought to be green," to convince an intelligent patient that he is not thinking about his toe. Again, what is called "a nervous operator," remarks the Professor, "is simply one who cannot bring his attention to bear upon a difficulty that suddenly arises." Instead of cutting one's leg off, for example, the lilt of some grand old song, I suppose, beloved in infancy, may vaguely float into his mind, and his knife become, as it were, a tuning-fork. Being under chloroform, the patient would, of course, be unconscious of this distraction of the surgeon's mind; but it is just possible it might interfere with the success of the operation.

If the Professor were not as honest as he is scientific he might have given us some hints as to the simulation of attention, which would be invaluable to his fellow-creatures, whether they belong to the medical profession or otherwise. How difficult it is to listen to a bore with any semblance of interest, however important it may be for us to do so! He may be the father of the girl we want to marry, or we may owe him money, or he may be the editor of the magazine to which we wish to contribute, and yet as he bores on and on we are conscious that our eyes are growing lack-lustre, and reveal the palsy that is attacking our vitals. If this good Professor would give us something to make us look bright and pleased under an infliction of this kind for twenty minutes at a stretch, that would be a prescription, indeed. Somebody advertises his pills, "No more disease or death; well worth five shillings a box"; but pills that could be conscientiously trade-marked, "No more necessity for counterfeiting attention" would be worth any money. They would have to be taken on the sly, of course, as people take dinner-pills; but who would have scruples about duplicity when under the harrow of an art critic or a china maniac? Even Emperors experience the need of some anodyne (or, rather, anæsthetic) of this kind. The most amusing incident in the late progress of the Emperor of Germany is the account of his being shown the objects of art and antiquity (for which he doesn't care sixpence) in the Museum and Basilica at Rome. The poor young fellow, we are told, rushed through the halls and through the church, repeating always, "I shall return; I shall return," in a loud voice; but adding to himself softly, we may be sure, "Not if I know it," or "If I do I'm a Dutchman"—or, more probably, "a Frenchman." The alternative suggestion that he meant, "I shall return *and take them*" (as another Emperor did who had a greater turn for bric-à-brac) offered by a cynical friend is one I am thankful to say that could never have entered into *my* head.

Everyone (I hope) remembers how the vulgar persons who ventured to express a doubt that because a thing was written in Greek and two or three thousand years ago, it was not on that account necessarily worth reading, were put to the rout by the publication of a volume called "Greek Wit": a striking example indeed of how a very small thing can put some people down. The quotations were all assigned to their proper author (including the oft cited "Ibid") so that the most ignorant of us learnt to whom he was indebted for each sparkling sally. Sometimes, quite a galaxy of great names were included in a single illustration, when the brilliancy of the story was, of course, proportionably dazzling. As, for example: "Antagoras the poet was cooking a conger eel, and holding the pan himself, when Antigonus came behind him and asked, 'Do you suppose Homer, when he was writing Agamemnon's deeds, cooked a conger?' 'Sir,' replied the other, 'do you suppose Agamemnon, the doer of such deeds, troubled himself to inquire whether any of his men cooked congers in camp?'" Of course, "Greek Wit" is not always of this side-splitting description. Human nature could not have stood it, but must have burst blood-vessels in its mirth; some of the humour is quite of a material kind (though full of philosophy), and—to compare great things with small—has an affinity with our humble "practical jokes." Alcibiades, having bought a remarkably handsome dog for a large sum, cut off its tail. "This I do," said he, "that the Athenians may talk about it, and not concern themselves with any other acts of mine." Even a person who has not received a classical education will be able to appreciate the vigorous drollery of the above anecdote; but there are other stories in the collection of much greater subtlety, the full aroma of which perhaps demands for its conveyance the unrivalled faculty of expression of the Greek aorist. For example: "Philip once gave a favourite a horse that had been badly wounded. The man sold him, and on being asked some time afterwards by the generous Monarch 'Where's your horse?' he replied, 'He is sold of his wound.'" Admirable as this is, as it stands, something seems to have escaped in translation. The following, however, one of the many charming stories from Plutarch, is perfectly intelligible (and only to think that it might have been burnt or mislaid, like the Sibylline Books and other works of antiquity, and never come down to us!):—

"Alcibiades, going to school, asked for Homer's 'Iliad.' 'We don't keep Homer here,' said the schoolmaster. Alcibiades knocked him down, and went on." To extract more beauties from "Greek Wit" would be to rob the dead—or, rather, the Immortals. There are positively none in the collection (which seems exhaustive) much inferior to those I have ventured to quote.

Having performed this good office to classical wit—so far as the Greek prose writers were concerned—the English editor has now favoured the unlearned public with selections from the Greek comic poets. We read how everybody (who *is* anybody) roars over the Westminster Play ("The Frogs," you know, and so on—not "The Boys and the Frogs," but the other), and why, says this good fellow to himself, should not the poor people who have been brought up in the "modern" schools, and even commercial academies, learn to appreciate what their betters enjoy so? Everyone has heard of Menander, but only a favoured few have hitherto been in a position to relish his amazing wit:—

> That wine of yours to queer sensations leads,
> I thought this morning I had got four heads.

This, it is true, is the very best of the poet's witticisms, but how excellent! And, of course, how new! These authors were not like the miserable wits of to-day, who can never hit on anything novel; they had all the world (of subjects) before them where to choose, so that (if a word of detraction is permissible) their complete success is not, perhaps, after all, so wonderful. Long before the *Daily Telegraph* exploited the topic, Menander wrote of wedlock:—

> Marriage, if truth be told (of this be sure),
> An evil is—but one we must endure.

What must have enhanced the charm of these ancient utterances is that they are almost all longer in Greek—the linked sweetness more drawn out—than they are in English. Many persons I trust, for his name is in the Scriptures, have heard of Philemon; but that was not the Philemon who wrote the following epigram:—

> "Hail, father!" when a crab was served, Aygrrhius said; and rather
> Than such a prize should wastrel be, preferred to eat his father.

This witticism, with which I conclude, reminds one of what Cheirisophus said to his patron Dionysius when asked why he laughed at a joke, when he was too far off to catch it. "Well, I saw *you* laughing at it, and trusted to you for the joke being a good one." Similarly, we have now and then to trust to the English editor for the goodness of his Greek jokes. There is no question, as I understand, among scholars but that he has rendered them admirably. And notwithstanding our boasted march of intellect, and all the rest of it, I doubt whether the contents of either volume can be much surpassed by the wit of the first Shakspearean clown in any travelling circus in the United Kingdom. If the Wisdom of the ancient Greeks is on a par with their Wit, or anything like it——but the English Editor has probably got *that* in hand by this time, and I will not anticipate the treat he must needs have in store for us!

If the horror of the Whitechapel murders should have the effect, as I am in some slender hope it may have, of calling public attention to the growing brutality of our roughs, they will not have happened in vain. Our Judges and our Magistrates have so persistently shut their eyes to it, or treated it as a natural outgrowth of poverty and vice, that the whole community—save those who suffered from it—were beginning to take the same view. Only here and there has astonishment been expressed that, while crimes against property have been punished with rigour, those which make the lives of thousands of women and children intolerable, and death their only sanctuary, meet with comparative impunity. The moan of the mother, the cry of the children, goes up to Heaven in vain. Nothing short of murder seems to rouse Justice from her apathy—a sort of Justice nearly allied in its partiality to what used to be called "Justices' Justice," and so dull that she does not recognise a noxious weed till it grows to its full height. Even so early a lesson as Hogarth's "Stages of Cruelty" seems to have been forgotten, if she ever learnt it. She is shocked at a murder like that at Tunbridge Wells, for instance, when a man has a bullet put in his head and is dead in an instant; but to the slow torture of innocent and helpless persons at the hands of miscreants ten times worse than murderers, she blinks (I had almost said "winks"), and murmurs, "Forty shillings, or a month." A young ruffian is standing in the street, and a cat "rubs itself affectionately against his legs"; whereupon he seizes it, throws it thirty feet in the air, and laughs to see it come down with its spine broken. Another fiend burns a lame pony with a hot poker to make it "travel" faster. If the punishment for these acts seems adequate—three weeks' imprisonment in the one case and a month in the other—it only shows how callous (notwithstanding its milk-and-water fears of brutalising those who are brutes already) the public mind has become to such crimes. I am ignorant enough, Heaven knows, but I do claim to know something of human nature; and in letting these villains off with so light a punishment. I maintain the law has practically said, "It is nothing to me that you should grow up bad fathers, bad husbands, and bad citizens; it will be time for me to take you in hand when you have murdered somebody." One is almost tempted to add (save that it is the law rather than its administrators which is to blame) that it would be only poetical justice if they selected such Justices for their victims.

We have had some curious information dug up lately as to the prices that used to be paid for subjects for dissection; but the advertising enterprise of the body-snatching days has been strangely neglected. Here is a notice from a public company, started not so much, as usual, "to supply an obvious void" as to prevent a void only too likely to take place in the family sarcophagus. "Body-stealing has commenced. The dissecting lectures will require more than two hundred bodies every week to be dragged from the wood coffins. Several persons have been deterred—which they have lamented at our manufactory—from adopting the only means of safety by iron coffins, by interested persons stating they would not be received at the burial-grounds. We are informed at the Bishop of London's Office they cannot be refused." I think that "which they have lamented at our manufactory"—their going to the wholesale offices of the company to do it—is a pretty touch.

A correspondent, touched by my reference the other week to "Nick of the Woods," inquires after "Horse-Shoe Robinson," another favourite of his boyhood, as of mine. I fancy we must have been both indebted for it to *The Novel Newspaper*, a work which attracted my attention at that epoch more, perhaps, than it should have done. A year or two ago, when publishers thought to make their fortunes by selling books for sixpence—as authors have since thought to do by selling them for a shilling—"Horse-Shoe Robinson" made its appearance. I bought it at once, as I always do buy any literary favourite of my schooldays, to see whether I have quite outgrown them: if the terrible situations, or the perilous adventures, have still their charms—"If it be I, as I do hope it be"—I am gratified; if not, I attribute the change to the fastidiousness of a too-cultured intelligence. I do not like to think the fault can lie in the books that once seemed so delightful. I confess, however, I found "Horse-Shoe Robinson" dull.

This was not at all the case with another and much more widely known American favourite that I happened, after forty years of absence, to come across the other day, Cooper's "Pathfinder." It had not only all the interest of old, but a merit I had never suspected in it, and which I fancy few readers have recognised: an original spring of humour. "Pathfinder," who is not only the best shot but the greatest moralist in the settlement, is explaining to "Cap" how right it is to be honest and just in our dealings even with Indians. "Once I came suddenly upon a camp of six Mingoes asleep in the woods with their guns and horns piled in such a manner that I could have got the whole of them without waking a miscreant of them all. If the 'Serpent' had been there he would have had their scalps at his girdle in less time than it takes me to tell you. . . . But a white man can no more attack an unarmed than a sleeping enimy. No, no; I did myself, and my colour, and my religion too, greater justice. I waited till their nap was over, and they well on their war-path again; and by ambushing them here and flanking them there, I peppered the blackguards so intrinsically" (Pathfinder occasionally caught a fine word from his associates, and used it a little vaguely) "that only one ever got back to his village, and he came into his wigwam limping. Luckily, as it turned out, the great Delaware had only halted to jerk some venison, and was following on my trail; and when he got up he had five of the scoundrel's scalps hanging where they ought to be; so, you see, nothing was lost by doing right, either in the way of honour or in that of profit." This is surely true humour, and (what seems rather curious now-a-days) though written by an American author it has nothing in common with American humour.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

The illustrious lady, recently widowed, who has our cordial and respectful sympathy—the Empress Frederick of Germany and Queen of Prussia, Princess Royal of Great Britain—laid the foundation-stone of a Mausoleum for her lamented husband on Thursday, Oct. 18, which was his birthday. Its site is in the Royal Park of Sans Souci at Potsdam, behind the Friedenskirche, where his funeral took place in June, in a spot shaded by fine oak and beech trees. There will be a circular building, 25 ft. in diameter, with a rotunda above, surmounted by a high cupola, lantern, and gilt cross. Her Majesty had that morning, at the palace, received a deputation from the Berlin Municipality with an address of condolence. In performing the ceremony in the park, she was accompanied by the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Meiningen, the three younger Princesses her daughters, Princess Frederick Charles and Prince Leopold, the Crown Prince of Greece, Count Seckendorf, and her Ladies-in-Waiting. As the stone was lowered, the 126th Psalm was sung by the choir. Short addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Windel and the Rev. Dr. Persius, Court Chaplains, followed by singing a hymn.

RUSSIAN OPERA.

The performances of the Russian National Opera Company at the little theatre formerly called the Novelty, and now entitled the Jodrell, have already been briefly referred to in anticipation. The opening of the series was announced for Oct. 17, and then suddenly postponed to Oct. 18; having again been deferred to the following Monday, Oct. 22. The production of Rubinstein's opera, "The Demon"—a work of the grand romantic class, requiring elaborate stage effects and scenic splendour—would have been a questionable step under any circumstances in a tiny theatre best adapted for vaudevilles and pieces of a similar description; and as the opera just named has been given in an Italian version at our Covent-Garden opera house with great solo vocalists and especial stage and scenic advantages, the recent experiment on a much smaller scale was somewhat risky. It is gratifying, therefore, to be able to record that the experiment met with an amount of success that will probably be enhanced when the performances become better known to the public. The representation of "The Demon" now referred to included a masterly performance, both vocally and dramatically, of the title-character by M. Winogradow, a young baritone whose declamation and action were alike admirable. Mdlle. Ivanowa sang agreeably, if not very powerfully, as the Angel of Light, as did Mdlle. Wieber, as Tamara; and M. Jumaschew, as Prince Sinodal, in the little tenor music assigned to that character; the part of Prince Gudal having been efficiently maintained by M. Weisshoff. The choral passages were excellently rendered by the Moscow choir, and a select orchestra did its best with the elaborate and difficult instrumentation of the score. Signor Truffi conducted ably.

A memorial statue of Sir Hugh Owen, late Secretary of the Local Government Board, was unveiled at Carnarvon on Oct. 22 in the presence of a large and representative assembly.

The Bishop of Pretoria has again sailed for his distant diocese. He has taken with him a set of plans for his cathedral of St. Albans, designed by Mr. William White, F.S.A.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN ITALY.

The visit of the Emperor William II., King of Prussia, to King Humbert I. of Italy, sojourning at Rome from Oct. 11 to Oct. 16, then proceeding to Naples, whence their Majesties returned to Rome on the 18th, the Emperor departing next day to Germany, was everywhere attended with gratifying expressions of welcome on the part of the Italian nation. His arrival at the railway station of Rome, near the Piazza delle Terme, where he was met by the King of Italy and the Royal Princes, and his passage from the railway station to the Quirinal Palace, were described in our last, but are the subjects of two additional Illustrations.

The review, on Saturday the 13th, of thirty thousand troops of all arms by the Emperor and King at Centocelle, seems to have been a brilliant success. The camp of Centocelle, well known to members of the Roman Hunt, is about seven kilometres distant from Rome. The troops began to arrive on the ground so early as five o'clock, and before eight all the positions were taken up in good order. Queen Margherita drove up, followed by the Duchess of Aosta and Genoa. At half-past ten the Emperor and the King came on the ground. The Emperor wore the white uniform of the Imperial Guards, with a silver helmet, and the Grand Cordon of the Military Order of Savoy, which the King had conferred on him the day before. His Imperial Majesty rode a magnificent black horse. King Humbert, in the uniform of an Italian General, was on a handsome bright bay charger. The two Sovereigns, followed by a staff of two hundred officers, among whom were twelve Italian Generals, rode at a gallop to the Royal stand, where they saluted the Queen, with whom the Emperor exchanged a few words. The bands played the German National Anthem when the Sovereigns first came on the ground, and afterwards the Italian Royal March.

The review commenced immediately. The Emperor, with the King, passed slowly along the lines, inspecting the troops with keen attention. They then took up positions on the Queen's right for the march past. The force consisted of Carabineers, Grenadiers, Regiments of the Line, Bersaglieri, Foot and Horse Artillery, Alpine troops, Mountain Artillery on the backs of mules, and Lancers, being thoroughly representative of the Italian army. The Bersaglieri went by at a run, keeping the line admirably; and the trot past and gallop past of the Field Artillery were splendidly executed, a left wheel being afterwards made as if the men, horses, and guns were a solid mass. The Emperor was much pleased with the appearance of the Alpine troops: the majority of them were light-haired, like the German soldiers. He greatly admired the Bersaglieri, and asked how long they could hold out that pace, observing at the same time that he did not think the German soldiers were elastic enough to maintain such a speed.

In the evening of the same day, their Majesties attended a reception given by the Syndic and Municipality of Rome, at the Capitol, in honour of the German Emperor.

The visit of the Emperor to the Pope, at the Vatican Palace, which we have mentioned, was so managed as to avoid the recognition of his Majesty being the guest of the King of Italy, with whom his Holiness still refuses to entertain courteous and neighbourly relations, denying the right of the Italian nation to make Rome its political capital. The Emperor therefore went, in a German State carriage, with German attendants, from the residence of the German Envoy accredited to the Pontifical Court. The scenes in the streets on his Majesty's way to the Vatican are shown in some of our Artist's Sketches.

At Naples, on the Tuesday following, the Emperor and the King of Italy were greeted with immense demonstrations of popular enthusiasm. They went next day to Castellamare, on the shore of the Bay of Naples, where are the new docks in which the latest addition to the Italian Navy, the great ship Ré Umberto, has been built. This ship, one of the largest war-ships in the world, is 400 ft. long, 76 ft. 9 in. broad, draws 28 ft. 8 in. of water, and has a displacement of 13,298 tons; she has no side armour, but the deck armour, curving up from below the water-line, is of steel plate, and she is divided into 150 water-tight compartments; she carries four 104-ton Armstrong guns of seventeen-inch calibre, mounted on two barbettes defended by very strong armour, and many smaller guns; she has twin-screw propellers, with engines of great power, to attain a speed of eighteen knots an hour. The Italia and the Lepanto are ships of equal dimensions.

The Emperor, the King, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Dukes of Aosta and Genoa, on reaching Castellamare, found all ready for their reception. The Italian Fleet was at anchor in the bay, drawn up in four lines facing the shore. Nearest the land was a line of torpedo-boats, next lay some more torpedo-boats, with despatch-vessels and one cruiser, and behind them, in the third line, appeared the majestic hulls of the ironclads of first rank. The fourth line was formed by a number of second-rate ironclads, transport, and service vessels.

The operations for the launch were begun as soon as the Emperor and the Royal party had arrived. The Bishop of Castellamare, in full canonicals, attended by his clergy, pronounced a benediction on the great ship; the christening with a bottle of Italian wine was duly effected; and then the Ré Umberto began her descent into the water amid tumultuous cheering from thousands of spectators, the Emperor taking off his hat and waving it in salutation.

When the ceremony was finished, the two Monarchs went on board the Royal yacht Savoia, where they were received by Admiral Acton. After the Royal party had partaken of luncheon, the Savoia weighed anchor and put further out to sea, where they could witness the succeeding evolutions.

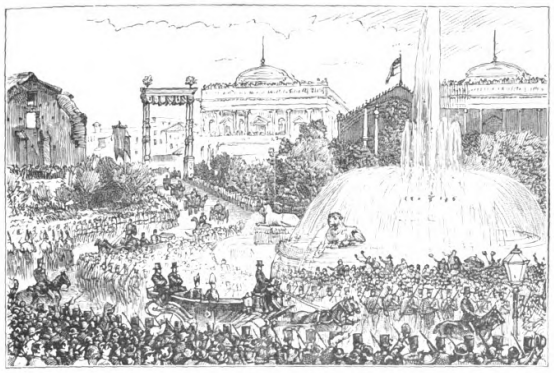
All the ships of the fleet began to move, and forming lines, passed to the right and left of the Savoia, steaming towards Naples. Near Cape Posilipo they made a long counter-movement, and, turning, took up fresh positions to defile past the Savoia. Sixteen torpedo-boats led the way, followed on the right by the ironclads Lepanto, Dandolo, Duilio, and Affondatore and the cruisers Galileo, Tripoli, Saetta, Sparviero, and Nibbio, the left line consisting of the cruisers Etna, Bausan, Stromboli, and Vesuvio. After these came the screw despatch-vessels Staffetta and Colonna, and the torpedo cruisers Goito, Folgore, Aquila, and Avoltoio. The rest of the fleet had remained at their stations as an escort to the Savoia.

The spectacle from the shore of the Bay of Naples was most imposing. Ship after ship passed the Royal yacht, each saluting as it steamed by, with yards manned. The two Monarchs remained on the bridge three hours, the Emperor expressing his admiration.

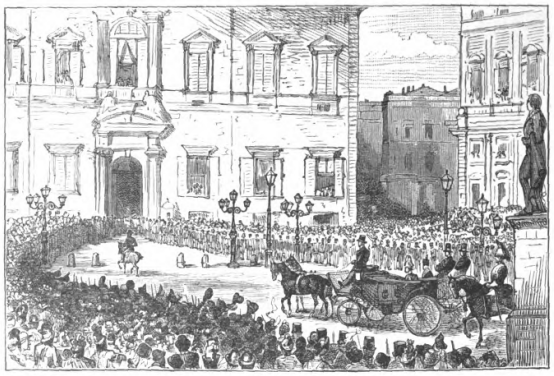
The illumination on Thursday night of the ruins of Ancient Rome, and of the view stretching from the Capitol to the Coliseum, was one of the most interesting spectacles offered to the German Emperor. A Royal stand, surmounting two others for specially invited guests, was erected on the highest point of the Palatine Hill, facing the Temple of Peace, and thence the Emperor and the Royal party commanded the whole view. The Forum and the Via Sacra were kept quite clear, and every stone was visible, as now the electric light, anon red, white, or green fires, shed strong reflections on the mighty ruined buildings. The Coliseum was illuminated from within. Many coloured lights came and went, transfiguring the Capitol, the Arch of Titus, the Temple of Peace, the Arch of Septimius Severus, and the surrounding churches with magical effect. Sheaves of fiery rockets darted upwards from the ruins, dissolving in multicoloured stars. When the last rocket had been fired, there suddenly shone out from the summit of the Capitol an immense star in a pure white light, symbolising the Hope of Italy.

Next morning the Emperor and the King witnessed some manœuvres by the Third Regiment of Bersaglieri, on the parade-ground of the Cavalry Barracks, the German Emperor having expressed a great desire to see more of their peculiar mode of marching. At three o'clock the Emperor left Rome, passing to the station by the King's side. They were heartily cheered. The Emperor travelled direct to Berlin.

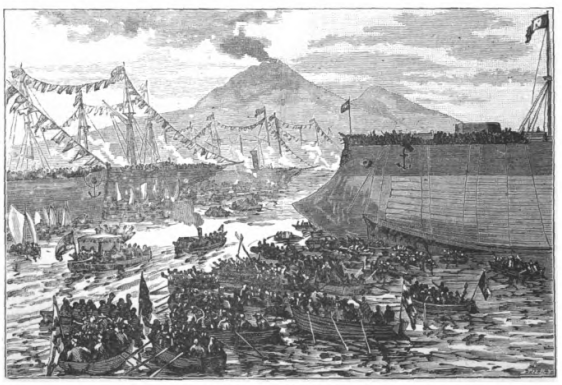
The Queen has approved the appointment of Mr. Gurudas Banerjee, Pleader of the High Court at Calcutta, to be a Judge of that Court.



THE PIAZZA DELLE TERME, ROME, AT THE EMPEROR'S ARRIVAL.
Sketch by our Special Artist.



ARRIVAL AT THE QUIRINAL PALACE, ROME.
Sketch by our Special Artist.



LAUNCH OF THE RE UMBERTO AT CASTELLAMARE, BAY OF NAPLES
Sketch by our Special Artist.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Oct. 23.

The political record of the week is an inextricable labyrinth of financial complications. The Budget of 1889 has come on for discussion, and, like the Budgets of 1888 and 1887, it has to struggle against a terrible deficit. The Republic outlives its income, year in and year out, to the tune of some four hundred millions, and within ten years has borrowed about four milliards. The discussion seems likely to centre on the enormity of this deficit, which, in view of the forthcoming elections, the Republicans will try to conceal and the Conservatives to expose, all of which will tell in favour of Boulanger and the malcontents. To make their electoral prospects worse the Ministers have revived the hated question of an income-tax, to be levied independently of the existing taxes, which apply to various kinds of revenue. There is every probability that the Chamber will reject the Ministerial Bill, which decidedly opens a door for spying of all kinds.

The event of the day about which there is most talk is the publication of another violent anti-Semitic pamphlet of five hundred pages, by M. Edouard Drumont, author of "La France Juive." The present work, called "La Fin d'un Monde," is a social and psychological study of the different classes of French society since the Revolution — the aristocracy, the middle classes, the people, the world of politics, finance, law, Socialism, &c. — the whole from the point of view of a militant Catholic, whose mania it is to see Jews everywhere. M. Drumont depicts modern France as being full of rottenness and corruption—a decadent nation, devoured and dominated by the Jews and the Freemasons, who are masters of its finances, its commerce, its justice, and its government. The only remedy, he thinks, would be the revision of the Revolution for the advantage of all; and, in order to accomplish this, he proposes to arrest some three hundred persons, Jews or Christians by birth, but who have acquired their wealth by the Jewish system—that is to say, by speculation and financial operations—and to force these persons to restore to the nation the millions which they have managed to monopolise. Although M. Drumont makes frequent appeals to violence and bloodshed, he considers that this Revolution could be made peacefully by resorting to the methods of the Middle Ages and of the old Monarchy—namely, the convocation of a Chamber of Justice.

The Chamber of Deputies nominated to-day a Commission to report finally on the projected maritime canal between Paris and Rouen, one of the most important Bills that the present Legislature has had to consider. The object of making Paris a seaport is to enable it to get possession of the transit business which now goes through Antwerp. The maritime canal, by facilitating the provisioning and defence of Paris, would have great strategic importance. The projected canal would be 112 miles long, twenty feet deep, and half as broad again as the Suez Canal. There is a strong movement in favour of the creation of this canal, of which the estimated cost is £4,800,000. The Paris Seaport Company asks no State subvention; and amongst the politicians it is believed that the Bill will be voted authorising the execution of the scheme.

The horrible agglomeration of sheds which have long encumbered the Place du Carrousel, serving as a temporary post-office, are at last being removed, and soon the space will be clear, leaving visible the long perspective of the Tuileries gardens and the Champs Elysées, terminating at one end with the Arc de Triomphe and at the other with the Gambetta monument. This perspective is certainly grandiose, but the contrast of its two extreme points, Napoleon I. and Gambetta, is curious, not to say comic. The space is to be converted into a garden. It is suggested, however, that a vast winter garden, a democratic Crystal Palace, might be built there for the joy of the children, who could play there in the cold months, while their parents listen, as usual, to the military band.

M. Paschal Grousset, taking advantage of experience gained in England, has been making a journalistic campaign in *Le Temps* in favour of physical education and athletic sports. The consequence is the formation of a Ligue Nationale de l'Education Physique, presided over by M. Berthelot, of the Academies of Science and of Medicine, and the projected foundation at Paris of an Ecole Normale des Jeux Scolaires by means of private subscriptions. The matter is attracting much attention, and strong propagandist efforts are being made.

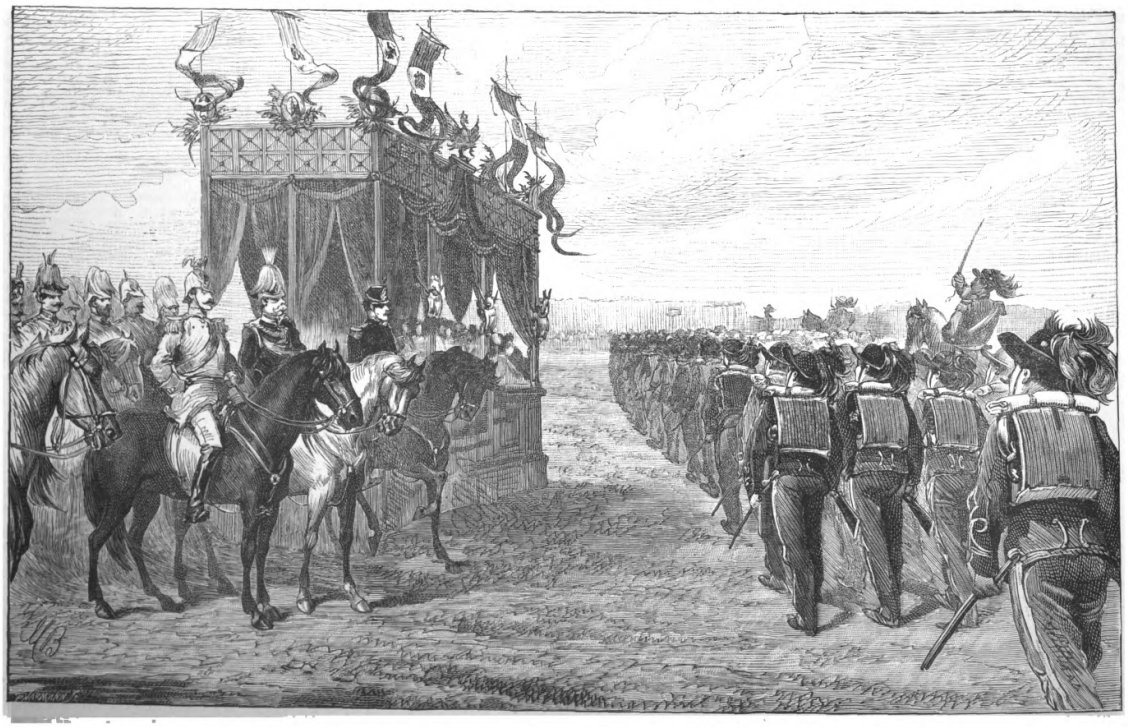
The Municipal Council decided last December to erect a monument to Danton at the corner of the Boulevard Saint Germain and the Rue de l'Ecole de Médicine, near the former dwelling of the famous member of the Convention. A *concours* was opened, and no less than seventy French sculptors have sent in models, which are now on exhibition at the Hôtel de Ville. To the execution of the model finally selected, the Municipal Council has devoted the sum of 60,000 f. T. C.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN ITALY: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



1. Emperor's Carriage. 2. Swiss Guard. 3. Gendarme. 4. Papal Macebearer. 5. Palatine Guard. 6. Cardinals.

THE EMPEROR ARRIVING AT THE VATICAN: SKETCHES IN THE CROWD.



THE EMPEROR AND THE KING OF ITALY AT THE REVIEW AT CENTOCELLE, NEAR ROME.



THE LATE MR. JOSEPH M. LEVY.

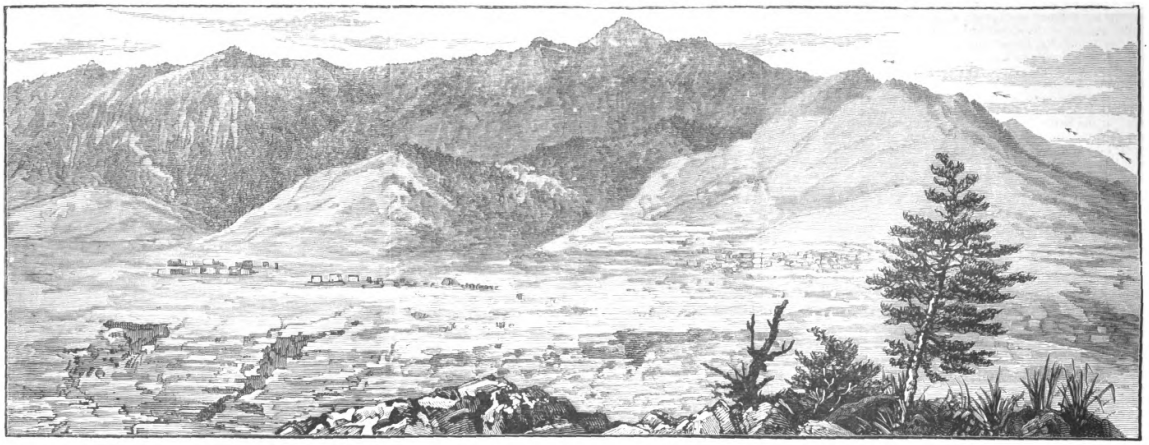


DR. CARL PETERS,
COMMANDER OF THE GERMAN EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

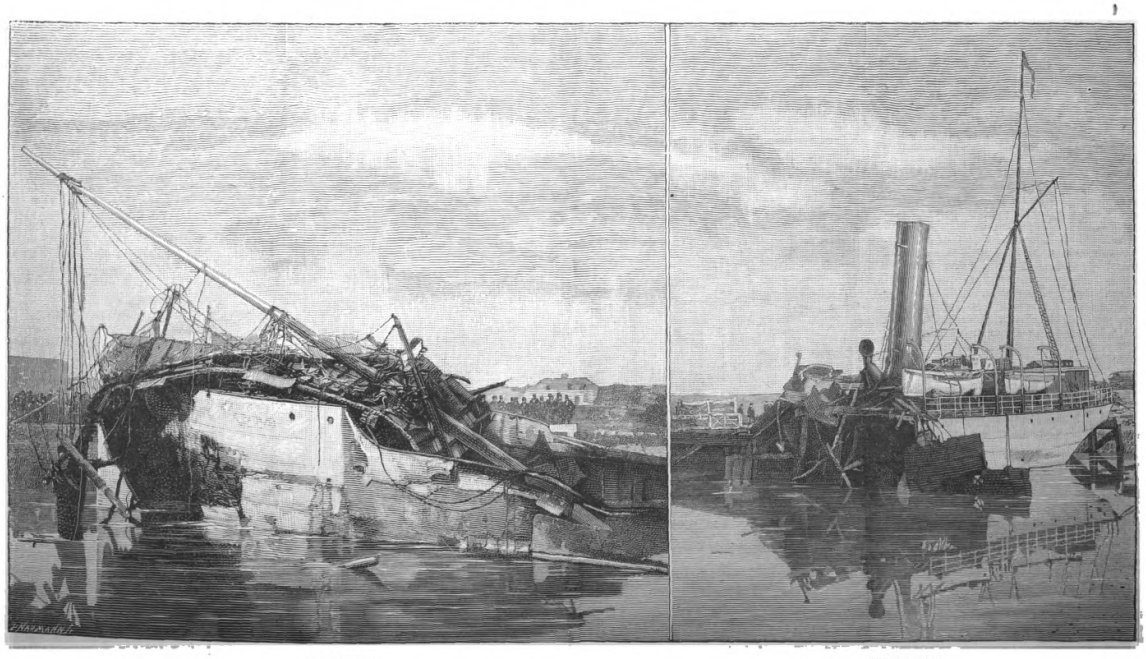


THE LATE LORD MOUNT-TEMPLE.

The arrows show the route of the 1st Column of the Hazara Field-Force ascending the mountain range.



THE BLACK MOUNTAIN, VIEW LOOKING WEST FROM BAGRWAN.



FORE PART. AFTER PART.

THE PETROLEUM EXPLOSION AT CALAIS: THE WRECKED VESSEL.

GERMAN EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

The apprehended failure of Mr. H. M. Stanley's expedition to relieve Emin Pasha, who is a German physician and man of science, from his embarrassed position on the Upper Nile, has caused the Germans to subscribe ample funds to send out a new expedition, the Commander of which is to be Dr. Carl Peters. He is thirty-two years of age, a native of Neuhaus, on the Elbe, and was educated at Ilfeld, and at Göttingen, Tübingen, and Berlin, studying law, history, geography, and national economy; and graduating in the Berlin University. From 1881 to 1884, Dr. Peters resided in England, gaining a thorough knowledge of the history and state of our Colonies. Having returned home, he obtained, with the support of Prince Bismarck, an Imperial charter, under which he formed the German East African Company, of which he was elected President. He dispatched sundry expeditions to East Africa, in order to take possession of the territory opposite Zanzibar. In September, 1886, Dr. Peters convened at Berlin the first German Colonial Congress. In the following spring, he went to Zanzibar with his executive staff, and concluded a treaty with the late Sultan Said Burghash. Since his return to Europe, Dr. Peters has initiated in Germany the movement for a relief expedition to aid his countryman, Emin Pasha, and is President of the committee. He is also presiding Director of the German East African Company, Chairman of the German East African Plantation Company, joint President, with Prince Hohenlohe, of the German Colonial Society, and President of the General German Colonial Alliance. He is author of several works on colonisation. Lieutenant Wissmann, the well-known African traveller, will be associated with Dr. Peters in the command of the German Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.

THE LATE MR. JOSEPH LEVY.

The death of Mr. J. M. Levy, one of the chief proprietors and managers of the *Daily Telegraph*, not, indeed, from its foundation, but from the early period at which it was put on a footing that rendered it a most successful London newspaper, took place on Oct. 12, at his seaside residence, Florence Cottage, Ramsgate, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. He was born in London, in 1812, and was partly educated at Bruce Castle School, Tottenham, the well-known establishment of Mr. Hill, father of Sir Rowland Hill, where the late Right Hon. W. E. Forster and other sons of the Nonconformist families, several of them destined to public eminence, received their education. Mr. Levy finished his education in Germany, and engaged in commercial business. He was an esteemed member of the Jewish Community in England, a steadfast Liberal, and a man of enlightened views; and he took much interest in musical and dramatic art, while his private virtues were known to his family and many personal friends. His funeral, in the Ball's Pond Cemetery, performed by the Rev. A. Löwy, was attended by Mr. Edward Lawson, Mr. H. W. Lawson, M.P., Sir Edwin Arnold, and the members of the *Daily Telegraph* editorial staff.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

The military expedition commanded by General M'Queen in the hill country on the Hazara frontier of the Punjaub seems, within ten days of its starting for the Black Mountain, to have effected the complete defeat of the Hasanzais and the Akozais. These hostile tribes have been summoned to pay a fine in money, and to surrender the leaders of the attack on Major Battye's detachment of the Punjaub Frontier Force at midsummer last. Their villages and the towers of their chiefs have been destroyed to enforce submission. Some fighting took place on Oct. 10, when a force which had crossed the Indus to reconnoitre Palosi was on its return march. The fourth column was still advancing northward, and occupied Kunhar on Oct. 11, having cut a road through the forest. We have received from Captain Francis C. Carter, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, with the first column, a sketch of the view of the Black Mountain looking west from the Bagrwan post, near Dilbori, where this portion of the Hazara Field-Force was on Sept. 27. The highest peak, in the centre of the background, is that of Chittabut, which was reached by General M'Queen in the first week of October.

PETROLEUM-SHIP EXPLOSION AT CALAIS.

An alarming disaster, by which four persons were killed, took place on Tuesday, Oct. 16, at seven o'clock in the evening, in the dock basin at Calais. A vessel of 1100 tons, called the Ville de Calais, which had brought a cargo of petroleum from America, blew up from an explosion of petroleum gas, and was broken into two pieces; the fore part continued burning all night. The cargo of oil had been discharged, as the ship was to leave the port next day, but the woodwork partitions were saturated with that liquid, which had generated an immense quantity of inflammable gas; and this, mixing with the air, became highly explosive, and was ignited by some accident. The sound was tremendous; houses in that part of the town were shaken as by an earthquake, and hundreds of windows were shattered by the concussion of the air. Huge beams, spars, and other fragments of the vessel were hurled to a great distance. The second officer, Lieutenant Clinquart, of Gravelines; the third engineer, a Breton named Kervouasou; a sailor named Derrien, and another, lost their lives by this disaster. Captain Blondel, who was lying down in his cabin; M. Souvignon, the chief engineer, and one or two other persons on board, were unhurt, but the stoker had a leg broken. Several ships in the dock were more or less damaged. The explosion was felt and heard at Boulogne.

The Fishmongers' Company have given £250 to the funds of the National Sea Fisheries Protection Association.

Arrangements have been made with the Great Western Railway Company for the despatch of a special train from Paddington at 8.55 a.m. on Saturday, Oct. 27, for the conveyance of passengers to be embarked by the Orient, leaving Plymouth the same afternoon for Gibraltar, Naples, Suez, Albany, Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney.

The new school-room at the High School for Girls, at Bromley, Kent, was opened on Oct. 22 by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir John and Lady Lubbock being present.

The Marchioness of Salisbury has given another proof of her sympathy with women's work by opening the premises taken, in Brook-street, by Miss Charlotte Robinson (Home-Arts Decorator to her Majesty) for the decorative work done in her London and Manchester studios.

THE PARIS STATUE OF SHAKSPEARE.

The bronze statue of Shakspeare presented to the city of Paris by Mr. William Knighton, vice-president of the International Literary Association, is erected at the junction of the Avenue de Messina with the Boulevard Haussmann. The sculptor, M. Paul Fournier, has represented our great dramatic poet in an Elizabethan costume, with a cloak hanging over his left arm, and in a meditative posture. An ornamental stone pedestal supports the statue. At the unveiling ceremony, on Sunday, Oct. 14, speeches were made by Mr. Knighton, M. Darlot, President of the Paris Municipal Council, and M. Mézières, a



STATUE OF SHAKSPEARE IN THE BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN, PARIS, GIVEN BY MR. W. KNIGHTON.

member of the French Academy, and former lecturer at the Sorbonne on English literature. Several other persons of note, among whom were the Belgian and the Chinese Ambassador, were also present. The study of Shakspeare in France has not been despised or neglected during the past half-century, as it was in the times of Boileau and of Voltaire, having been favoured by the influence of the French romantic school and of Victor Hugo. The translation of Shakspeare by François Hugo is considered to have some merit.

THE FULHAM FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Bishop of London, on Saturday, Oct. 20, opened the new building erected, at a cost of £6000, by the Commissioners appointed under the Act of Parliament to carry out the vote



THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY AT FULHAM.

of the parishioners of Fulham, at their polling in December, 1886, for the establishment of a free public Library. The votes in favour of this institution were 3788; against it, 1324. The sum mentioned has been raised by a loan to be paid off in thirty years, secured by a penny rate which brings in £1300 a year. The new building is on the main road to Putney and Richmond, in the centre of Fulham. Mr. J. G. Hall is the architect, and Mr. Charles Wall, of Chelsea, the builder. The reading-room is 70 ft. long, 30 ft. wide, and in height 22 ft. The ceiling is beautifully decorated by Messrs. Merolda and Casanova, Italian artists, from the Italian Exhibition. In the front of the building are the lending and reference libraries, the ladies' reading-room, and the Commissioners' room, on the first floor; the remainder being occupied by Mr. H. Burns, the librarian. There are seven thousand volumes of books.

OBITUARY.

LORD MOUNT-TEMPLE.

The Right Hon. William Francis Cowper-Temple, Baron Mount-Temple, died on Oct. 16. He was born Dec. 13, 1811, the second son of the fifth Earl Cowper by Amelia, his wife, daughter of Viscount Melbourne. He was educated at Eton, and was formerly Brevet-Major Royal Horse Guards. He sat in the House of Commons for Hertford, 1834 to 1868, and for South Hampshire, 1868 to 1880, holding at various periods several Ministerial appointments—viz., a Lord of the Admiralty, 1846 to 1852; Under-Secretary of State, 1855; President of the Board of Health and Vice-President of the Educational Department, 1855 to 1858; Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Paymaster-General, 1859 to 1860; and Chief Commissioner of Public Works, 1860 to 1866. He was private secretary to Lord Melbourne when Premier, and was sworn of the Privy Council in 1855. He assumed, by Royal license in 1869, the additional surname and arms of Temple on succeeding to the estate of his stepfather, Viscount Palmerston; and was created a Peer in 1880. He married, first, June 24, 1843, Harriet Alicia, daughter of Mr. Daniel Gurney, of North Runcton, Norfolk, which lady died in the August following; and secondly, Nov. 22, 1848, Georgiana, daughter of Admiral J. R. D. Tollemache. As Lord Mount-Temple has died without issue, the title becomes extinct.



Our Portrait of the late Lord Mount-Temple is from a photograph by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of 230, Regent-street.

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

Princess Mary of Baden, widow of the eleventh Duke of Hamilton and eighth Duke of Brandon, died on Oct. 18. Her Grace was born Oct. 11, 1817, the younger daughter of Charles Louis Frederick, Grand Duke of Baden, by his wife, Princess Stephanie, Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, adopted daughter of the Emperor Napoleon I. The issue of the marriage consisted of two sons and one daughter—viz., William Alexander Louis Stephen, the present Duke of Hamilton and Brandon; Lord Charles George Archibald Douglas Hamilton, who died in 1886; and Lady Mary Victoria, married, first, to Prince Albert of Monaco, Duke of Valentinois, and secondly to Count Tassilo Festetics.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Count di Robilant, Italian Ambassador at the Court of St. James, at the Embassy in London, on Oct. 17, aged sixty-two.

The Rev. Thomas Agar Holland, Rector of Poynings, suddenly on Oct. 18, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

Captain H. V. Pennefather, late of 22nd and 41st Regiments, at Pietermaritzburg, Natal, South Africa, on Aug. 9, aged fifty-nine years.

Mr. J. W. De Longueville Giffard, Judge of the Exeter County Court, and brother of the Lord Chancellor, on Oct. 23, at his residence near Exeter. He was appointed Judge of the Huddersfield circuit in March, 1875, and was transferred to Exeter a few years ago.

COLONEL SIR B. P. BROMHEAD.

Sir Benjamin P. Bromhead, Bart., Lieutenant-Colonel Bengal Staff Corps, and Commandant of the 32nd Pioneers, who lost his right hand in the action with the Thibetans, saw service in Afghanistan, where he took part in both the Bazar Valley expeditions, comes of a family of soldiers. He is brother of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Bromhead, commanding 2nd Battalion South Wales Borderers; of Major Gonville Bromhead, V.C., of the same regiment, whose heroic defence of Rorke's Drift after the massacre of Isandlwana, in conjunction with Lieutenant Chard, will ever be one of the brightest pages in our Army annals; and of the late Captain Edward Bromhead, of the 4th King's Own, who served in the Crimea, and died in Burmah. Their father, Sir Edward Gonville Bromhead, Bart., was a Peninsular and Waterloo officer, who led the forlorn hope at Cambrai, and was present, then a Major, at the capture of Paris; while their grandfather, the son of a gallant officer who had been at Louisburg, and with Wolfe at Quebec, distinguished himself in the North American campaigns, and obtained a baronetcy for his services. Other members of the family have been noted for their prowess.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. Robert Piercy, eldest son of the late Mr. Piercy, of Marchwiel Hall, Denbighshire, was recently married to Margherita Alliata Vaglienti, only daughter of the Count and Countess Alliata Vaglienti, of the Palazzo Scotto, Pisa.

The church of St. Mary, Weldon, Northamptonshire, was crowded on Oct. 17 by a fashionable assembly to witness the marriage of Mr. Charles Vere Gunning, of the 68th (Durham) Light Infantry, son of Sir George Gunning, Bart., of Horton, with Miss Ethel Beatrice Finch-Hatton, daughter of the Rev. W. R. Finch-Hatton, Rector of Weldon. The bridesmaids were the Misses Finch-Hatton (the bride's sisters), the Misses Gunning (the bridegroom's sisters), Miss Maud Oxenden, Miss Monckton, and Miss S. Pratt. The best man was Mr. G. C. Ansel, of the 68th (Durham) Light Infantry, and Master Laud Robinson officiated as page.

The marriage of Dr. Edward Stewart and Lady Philippa Fitzalan Howard took place on Oct. 18 at St. John's Church, Heron's Ghyll. The bride was given away by her brother, the Duke of Norfolk, and was attended by her sister, Lady Margaret Howard, and Miss Stewart, sister of the bridegroom, as bridesmaids. Among those present were the Duke of Norfolk, Lady Mary Howard, Lord and Lady Edmund Talbot, Mr. James Hope, and Dr. Pasteur, who was the best man.

THE LATE LORD SHAFTESBURY.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts, on Oct. 7, unveiled the statue of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, which has been placed in Westminster Abbey, near the western door. The statue is the work of Mr. Boehm, R.A., and was executed from a bust by the same artist which was finished from life a few years before Lord Shaftesbury's death. He is represented in the robes of the Garter, with his hands clasped in front. The statue is about



STATUE OF THE LATE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

8 ft. 6 in. high, and is placed upon a marble pedestal, which bears the inscription :—"Anthony Ashley Cooper, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G. Born April 28, 1801; died Oct. 1, 1885. Endeared to his countrymen by a long life in the cause of the helpless and suffering. Love. Serve." The last two words are the family motto of the Shaftesburys. It is also intended to erect another memorial, probably in Piccadilly-circus, in the shape of a bronze drinking-fountain, which has been designed by Mr. A. Gilbert, A.R.A., and it is also hoped that funds will be forthcoming for the establishment of a seaside or country home for poor and convalescent children.

The Queen has conferred the dignity of a Marquisate on the Viceroy of India under the title of Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

The Prince of Wales has appointed Colonel Robert N. Fitzhardinge Kingscote, C.B., Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall, vice the late Right Hon. Sir John Rose, Bart.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

The Special Commissioners appointed to investigate the charges against the Parnellite members proceeded with their inquiry on Monday, Oct. 22. Little public interest was manifested in the proceedings or the personages engaged or concerned in the inquiry. When Sir J. Hannen, the President, and Justices Day and Smith took their seats, only a few of the members implicated in the charges besides Mr. Parnell were present, and the Court was not full; but the attendance increased during the day. Counsel for Mr. Parnell applied at the outset for an order for the release from prison of Mr. W. Redmond, M.P. The Commissioners consented to order his release on his undertaking to take no part in public proceedings during his release. These conditions being refused, no order was made. The Attorney-General, in opening the case for the *Times*, said he alleged that the acts which he should prove were done in furtherance of a concerted and preconceived conspiracy, with definite objects and aims, and with the knowledge or idea that the only way in which the organisation could do its work was by the commission of crimes. He proceeded to show the connection of individuals with various organisations, beginning with the formation of the Land League after the collapse of the Fenian movement, and stated that Mr. Parnell and others implicated in the charges were connected with the League, which derived its support from those in America who advocated dynamite and assassination. He read extracts from intimidating speeches made by members of the League, which were followed by murders and outrages, and had not finished this branch of the case when the Court adjourned. The Attorney-General, continuing his statement next day, reviewed the operations of the Land League between 1879 and 1882 in the counties of Kerry, Mayo, Cork, and Clare, with a view of showing that the institution of local branches and the holding of meetings at which violent speeches were made invariably resulted in murders and other outrages, as well as in intimidation and boycotting. The heads of the League were cognisant of the acts of their agents, and found the money for carrying on the organisation of crime. Some documents had come into the possession of the *Times* which would be produced to establish that contention. As to the letters alleged to have been written by Mr. Parnell, every information would be given to the Court as to their source. Impartial persons had had the opportunity of comparing them with undoubtedly genuine autographs of Mr. Parnell, and declared that they were in the same handwriting. Mr. Parnell came into court at the time the Attorney-General was referring to the letters which are alleged to have been written by him. The proceedings were continued on the 24th, when there was a considerable discussion about certain documents in a box marked "A," which it was ultimately agreed on should be handed over to the Commissioners to decide whether they were material to the inquiry or not. After a few more words the Attorney-General then resumed his address.

THE CANADIAN SHOEBURYNESS.

The Dominion Artillery Association of Canada, in September, held its annual meeting on Orleans Island, in the River St. Lawrence, near Quebec. It may be called "the Canadian Shoeburyness," and will be interesting to our Artillery Volunteers in England. Captain Imlah, of the Regiment of Canadian Artillery in Quebec Citadel, took some photographs, which have been sent us by Captain R. N. Rutherford. The meeting, which was a complete success, was attended by batteries from the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. Some of the detachments had travelled over 800 miles to be present. It was expected that an English and a Scotch team would have been present; but this is hoped for next year. The last English team that came out for the meeting was in 1884. The Canadians sent a detachment to England in 1886.

TRAFALGAR-SQUARE STATUE OF GORDON.

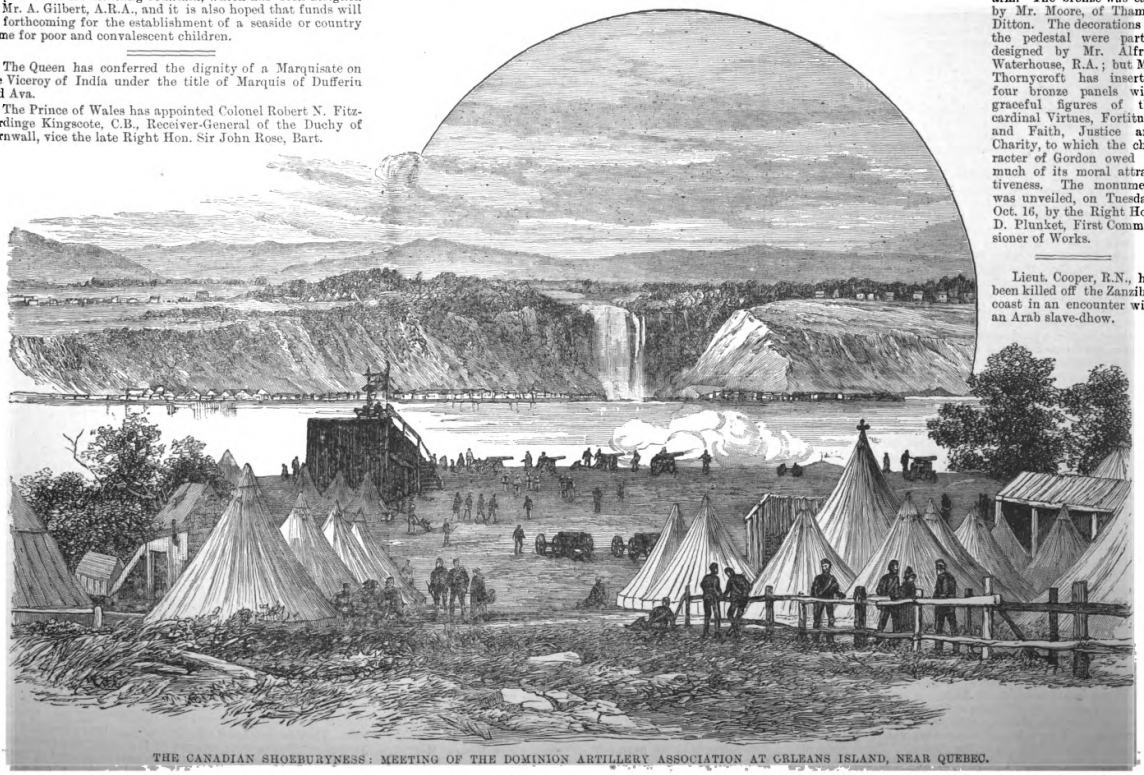
The National Monument, for which money was voted by Parliament, in honour of the late Major-General Charles George Gordon, C.B., the hero of China and of Khartoum, is erected in the middle of Trafalgar-square. It is a bronze colossal statue, 10 ft. 6 in. high, standing on a pedestal of Derbyshire limestone, which is nearly 20 ft. high, with two granite steps. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., the sculptor, has



STATUE OF THE LATE GENERAL C. G. GORDON IN TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.

produced an effective figure, looking perhaps more robust and athletic than Gordon seemed when living: the hero stands, bareheaded, in undress military uniform, with his left foot resting on a shattered cannon; a Bible is in his left hand, which also supports the head in an attitude of deep thought. A short cane, which he was accustomed to carry even on the battle-field, is under his arm. The bronze was cast by Mr. Moore, of Thames Ditton. The decorations of the pedestal were partly designed by Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A.; but Mr. Thornycroft has inserted four bronze panels with graceful figures of the cardinal Virtues, Fortitude and Faith, Justice and Charity, to which the character of Gordon owed so much of its moral attractiveness. The monument was unveiled, on Tuesday, Oct. 16, by the Right Hon. D. Plunket, First Commissioner of Works.

Lieut. Cooper, R.N., has been killed off the Zanzibar coast in an encounter with an Arab slave-dhow.



THE CANADIAN SHOEBURYNESS: MEETING OF THE DOMINION ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION AT ORLEANS ISLAND, NEAR QUEBEC.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIDEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE VISION OF CONSOLATION.



I ran so fast, being then young and strong, that Benjamin, I am sure, could not have overtaken me had he tried, because he was already gross of body and short of breath in consequence of his tippling. I have since heard that he did not follow me, nor did he dare to push aside his father. But he laughed and said, "Let her run; let her run. I warrant I shall find her and bring her back," thinking, I suppose, that I had run from him as a girl in play runs from her companions. I ran also so long, fear lending me strength, that the sun was getting even into the afternoon before I ventured to stop. I looked round from time to time, but saw no one following me. I do not remember by what road, track, or path, I went: pasture fields and plantations I remember; twice I crossed a stream on stepping-stones, once I saw before me a village with a church-tower; but this I avoided for fear of the people. When I ventured to stop, I was in a truly wild and desolate country—our county of Somerset hath in it many such wild places, given over to forests, fern, and heather. Presently I remembered the place, though one forest is much like another, and I knew that I had been in this part before, on that day when we rode from Lyme to Taunton, and again on the day when we walked prisoners with the soldiers to Ilminster. I was on the Black Down Hill again.

When, therefore, I understood where I was, I began to recover a little from the first horror which had driven me to fly like one possessed of an evil spirit; and seeing that no one was in pursuit, I began to collect my senses and to ask myself whither I was going, and what I should do. I was then near that ancient inclosure called Castle Ratch, from whose walls one looks down upon the broad vale of Taunton Dean. In the distance, I thought I could discern the great tower of St. Mary's Church: but perhaps that was only my imagination. I sat down, therefore, upon the turf under these ancient walls, and set myself to consider my condition, which was indeed forlorn.

First, I had no friends or protectors left in the whole world, because after what I had done I could never look upon Robin or even Humphrey again; nor could I importune Madam, because she would not anger her son (I represented him in my mind as most unforgiving); nor could I seek the help of Mr. Boscorel, because that might help his son to find me out, and everybody knows that a husband may command the obedience of his wife. And Sir Christopher was dead, and my father was dead, and my mother was dead, and I could not even weep beside their coffins or follow their bodies to the grave. A woman without friends in this world is like unto a traveller in a sandy desert without a bottle of water.

Yet was I so far better than some of these poor friendless creatures, because I had, concealed upon me, a bag containing all the money which Barnaby had given me—two hundred and fifty gold pieces—save a little which we had expended at Taunton and Ilminster. This is a great sum, and by its help I could, I thought with satisfaction, live for a long time, perhaps all my life, if I could find some safe retreat among godly people.

No friends? Why, there was Susan Blake of Taunton; she who walked with the Maids when they gave Monmouth the Bible, the sword, and the flags. I resolved that I would go to her and tell her all that had happened. Out of her kindness she would take me in and help me to find some safe hiding-place and perhaps some honest way of living, so as to save his money against Barnaby's return from the Plantations.

Then I thought I would find out the valley where we had lived for a fortnight, and rest for one night in the hut, and in the early morning before daybreak walk down the comb and so into Taunton while as yet the town was still sleeping. And this I did. It was very easy to find the head of the comb and the source of the stream, where we had made our encampment. Close by, beneath the trees, was Barnaby's hut: no one had been there to disturb or destroy it; but the leaves upon the boughs which formed its sides were now dead. Within it the fern and the heath which had formed my bed were still dry. Outside, the pot hung over the black embers of our last fire; and, to my great joy, in the basket which had contained our provisions I found a large crust of bread. It was, to be sure, dry and hard; but I dipped it in the running water of the stream and made my supper with it. For dessert I had blackberries, which were by this time ripe, and are nowhere bigger or sweeter than on Black Down. There were also filberts and nuts, now ripe, of which I gathered a quantity, so that I had breakfast provided for me, as well as supper.

When I had done this, I was so tired and my head was so giddy with the terror of the day, that I lay down upon the fern in the hut and there fell fast asleep, and so continued until far into the night.

Now, in my sleep a strange thing happened unto me. For my own part, I account it nothing less than a Vision granted unto me by mercy and special grace of Heaven. Those who read of it may call it what they please. It was in this wise. There appeared before my sleeping eyes (but they seemed wide open, as it were, a broad and open campaign; presently there came running across the plain in great terror, shrieking and holding her hands aloft, a girl, whom one face at first I could not see. She ran in this haste and terrible anguish of fear because there followed after her a troop of dogs, barking and yelping. Behind the dogs rode on horseback one whose face I saw not any more than that of the girl. He cursed and swore (I knew the voice, but could not tell, being in a dream, to whom it belonged), and cracked a horrid whip and encouraged the dogs, lashing the laggards. In his eyes (though his face was in some kind of shadow) there was such a look as I remembered in Benjamin's when he put the ring upon my finger—a look of resolute and hungry wickedness, which made me tremble and shake.

Now, as I looked, the dogs still gained upon her who ran, and yelped as if in a few moments they would spring upon her and tear her flesh from her bones. Then suddenly, between her who ran and those who pursued, there arose an awful form. He was clad in white and in his hand he bore a sword, and he turned upon that hunter a face filled with wrath. Lightnings shot from his eyes and a cloud of thunder lay upon his brow. At the sight of that face the dogs stopped in their running, cowered, and fell dead. And at the dreadful aspect of that face the hunter's horse fell headlong, and his rider, falling also with a shriek of terror, broke his neck, and so lay prostrate and dead. Then this dreadful minister of God's wrath turned from him to the flying figure, and lo! his face was now transformed; his eyes became soft and full of love; he smiled graciously; a crown of glory was upon his head; white robes flowed downward to his feet; his fiery sword was a palm branch: he was the Angel of Consolation. "Have no more fear," he said, "though the waves of the sea rise up against thee and the winds threaten to drown thee in the deep. Among the ungodly and the violent thou shalt be safe; in all times of peril the Lord will uphold thee; earthly joy shall be thine. Be steadfast unto the end."

And then I looked again, those blessed words ringing in my ears; and behold! I saw then, which I had not seen before, that the flying figure was none other than myself; that he who cruelly hunted after with the dogs and the whip was none other than my husband; and that the Angel of Wrath, who became the Angel of Consolation, was none other than my father himself! But he was glorified! Oh! the face was his face—that anyone could see; but it was changed into something—I know not what—so far brighter and sweeter than the earthly face that I marvelled! Then the Vision disappeared, and I awoke.

So bright and clear had it been that I seemed to see it still though I was sitting up with my eyes open and it was night. Then it slowly vanished. Henceforth, however, I was assured of two things: first, that no harm would happen unto me, but that I should be protected from the malice of my enemies, whatever they might design (indeed, I had but one enemy—to wit, the man who had that morning sworn to love and cherish me); and next, that I had seen with mortal eyes what, indeed, hath been vouchsafed to few, the actual spiritual body—the glorified body, like to the earthly but changed—with which the souls of the Elect are clothed.

So I arose now without the least fear. It was night; but in the East there showed the first grey of the dawn, and the birds were already beginning to twitter as if they were dreaming of the day. The wind was fresh, and I was lightly clad, but the splendour of the Vision made me forget the cold. Oh! I had received a Voice from heaven! How could I henceforth fear anything? Nay, there was no room even for grief, though those terrible things had fallen upon me, and I was now alone and friendless, and the world is full of ungodly men.

It must have been about *half*-past four in the morning. It grew light quickly, so that not only the trees became visible, but the black depths between them changed into glades and underwood, and I could see my way down the comb beside the stream. Then, without waiting for the sun to rise (which he presently did in great warmth and splendour), I started, hoping to get into Taunton before the people were up and the streets became crowded. But I did not know the distance, which must have been seven miles at least, because it was nearly eight o'clock when I reached the town, having followed the course of the stream through three villages, which I have since learned must have been those of Pitminster, Troll, and Wilton.

It was market day, and the streets were full of country people—some of them farmers with bags of corn in their hands, going to the corn-market, and some with carts full of fresh fruit and other things. Their faces were heavy and sad, and they talked in whispers, as if they were afraid. They had, indeed, good cause for fear; for the prison held over five hundred unfortunate men waiting for their trial, and the terrible Judge was already on his way with his carts filled with more prisoners rumbling after him. Already Colonel Kirke had caused I know not how many to be hanged, and the reports of what had been done at Dorchester and Exeter sufficiently prepared the minds of the wretched prisoners at Taunton for what was about to be done there. Among them was the unfortunate Captain Hucker, the Serge-Maker, who had looked for a peerage, and was now to receive a halter. There was also among them that poor man, Mr. Simon Hamlyn, who was hanged only for riding into Taunton in order to dissuade his son from joining Monmouth. This the Mayor of Taunton pointed out to the bloodthirsty Judge; but in vain. The whole five hundred prisoners were, in the end, sentenced to death; and one hundred and forty-five actually suffered, to the great indignation of those who looked on, even of the King's party. Nay, at one of the executions, when nineteen were hanged at the same time, and a great fire was made so that the sufferers might actually see before their death the fire that was to burn their bowels, the very soldiers wept, saying that it was so sad a thing they scarce knew how to bear it. Three years later, the hard heart of the King met with its proper punishment.

The soldiers were among the crowd, some leaning against bulkheads, some drinking at the ale-houses, some haggling for the fruit; some were also exercising upon Castle Green. They looked good-natured, and showed in their faces none of the cruelty and rage which belonged to their officers. But what a doleful change from the time when Monmouth's soldiers filled the town, and all hearts were full of joy and every face shone with happiness! What a change, indeed!

As I passed among the crowd, one caught me by the arm. It was a little old woman, her face all wrinkled and puckered. She was sitting on a stool beside a great basket full of apples and plums, and a short pipe of tobacco within her lips.

"Mistress," she whispered, taking the pipe from her mouth. "Thou wert with the Maids the day of the Flags: I remember thy pretty face. What dost thou here abroad among the people? The air of Taunton town is unwholesome! There may be others who will remember thee as well as I. Take an old woman's advice, and get thee gone. How fares it with thy father, the worthy Dr. Eykin?"

"Alas!" I said, "he died in Ilminster Jail."

"'Tis pity. But he was old and pious: he hath gone to Glory. Whither will those poor lads in the Clink go when they are hanged? Get thee gone, get thee gone! The air is already foul with dead men's bodies: they tell strange stories of what hath been done by women for the safety of their brothers. Get thee gone, pretty maid, lest something worse than prison happen to thee. And Judge Jeffreys is coming hither like the Devil, having much wrath."

I could not tell her that nothing would happen to me because I was protected by a Heavenly Guard.

"I was in the town forty years agone," the old woman went on, "when Blake defended it and we were wellnigh starved. But never have I seen such things as have been done here since the Duke was routed. Get thee gone!—haste away, as from the mouth of Hell!—get thee gone, poor child!"

So I left her and went on my way, hanging my head, in hopes that no one else would recognise me. Fortunately, no one did, though I saw many faces which I had seen in the town before. They were then tossing their caps and shouting for Monmouth, but were now gloomily whispering, as if every man feared that his own turn would come next. Over the great gateway of the Castle was stuck up a high row of heads, arms, and legs of rebels blackened with pitch—a horrid sight. Unto this end had come those brave fellows who went forth to dethrone the King. No one noticed or accosted me, and I arrived safely at Susan's house. The door seemed shut, but when I pushed I found that it was open—the lock having been broken from its fastening. Barnaby did that, I remembered. I went in, shutting it after me. No doubt Susan was with her children in the school-room. Strange that she should not repair her lock, and that at a time when the town was full of soldiers, who always carry with them their riotous and lawless followers. 'Twas unlike her orderly housekeeping.

There was no one in the back parlour, where Susan commonly took her meals and conducted the morning and evening prayers. The dishes were on the table, as if of last night's supper or yesterday's dinner. This was, also, unlike a tidy housewife. I opened the door of the front parlour. Though it was already past the hour for school, there were no children in the room; the lesson-books and copying-books and slates lay about the floor. What did this untidy litter mean? Then I went up-stairs and into the bed-rooms, of which there were three—namely, two on the floor above, and one a garret. No one was in them, and the beds had not been made. There remained only the kitchen. No one was there. The house was quite empty; I observed also that the garden, which was wont to be kept with the greatest neatness, now looked neglected: the ripe plums were dropping from the branches trained upon the wall; the apples lay upon the grass; the flower-beds were cumbered with weeds; grass grew in the walks; the lawn, which had been so neat and trim, was covered with long grass.

What had happened? Where was Susan? Then I seemed to hear her voice above chanting God for the victory, as she had done when Barnaby burst in upon us; and methought I heard her singing a hymn with the children, as she had done while we all sat embroidering the Flags. Oh! the pretty Flags! And oh! the pretty sight of the innocents in white and blue carrying those Flags! The house was filled with the sounds of bygone happiness. Had I stayed another moment I am certain that I should have seen the ghosts of those who filled the rooms in the happy days when the army was in the town. But I did not stay. Not knowing what to do or whither to fly, I ran quickly out of the house, thinking only to get away from the mournful silence of the empty and deserted rooms. Then, as I stepped into the street, I met, face to face, none other than Mr. George Penne, the kind-hearted gentleman who had compassionated the prisoners at Ilminster.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MAN OF SAMARIA.

"'Tis no other than the Fair Maid of Ilminster!" said Mr. Penne, with surprise. "Madam, with submission, is it safe—is it prudent—for one who walked with the Maids of Taunton on a certain memorable day, to venture openly into the streets of this city at such a time? Judge Jeffreys doth approach to hold his Court. Thy friends are in prison or in hiding. The Maids are scattered all."

"I sought shelter," I said, "at the house of Susan Blake, the schoolmistress."

"How? You have not heard then? Miss Susan Blake is dead."

"She is dead?"

"She died in Dorchester Jail, whither she was sent, being specially exempted from any pardon. 'Twas fever carried her off. She is dead. Alas! the waste of good lives! She might have bought her freedom after a while, and then—but—well, 'tis useless to lament these mishaps."

"Alas! alas!" I cried, wringing my hands. "Then am I in evil plight, indeed! All, all are dead!—all my friends are dead!"

"Madam," he replied very kindly, "not all your friends, if I may say so. I have, I assure you, a most compassionate heart. I bleed for the sufferings of others; I cannot rest until I have brought relief. This is my way. Oh! I take not credit to myself therefore. It is that I am so constituted; I am not proud or uplifted on this account. Only tell me your case, entrust your safety to me. You may do so safely, if you reflect for one moment, because—see—one word from me and you would be taken to prison by yon worthy clergyman, who is none other than the Rev. Mr. Walter Harte, the Rector of Taunton. No one is more active against the rebels, and he would rejoice in committing thee on the charge of having been among the Maids. A word from me would, I say, cause you to be hauled to jail; but, observe, I do not speak that word—God forbid that I should speak that word!"

"Oh, Sir!" I said, "this goodness overwhelms me."

"Then, Madam, for greater privacy, let us go back into the house and converse there."

So we went back into the empty house and sat in the back parlour.

"As for the nature of your trouble, Madam," he began, "I hope you have no dear brothers or cousins among those poor fellows in Taunton Jail."

"No, Sir; my only brother is at Ilminster, and my cousins are far away in New England."

"That is well. One who, like myself, is of a compassionate disposition, cannot but bewail the grievous waste in jail-fever, smallpox, scarlet fever, or putrid throat (to say nothing of the hangings) which now daily happens in the prison. What doth it avail to hang and quarter a man, when he might be usefully set to work upon his Majesty's plantations? It is a most sinful and foolish waste, I say"—he spoke with great sincerity and warmth—"and a robbing of the pockets of honest merchants."

"Indeed, Sir," I said, "your words prove the goodness of your heart."

"Let my deeds, rather than my words, prove that. How fare the prisoners with whom you are most concerned?"

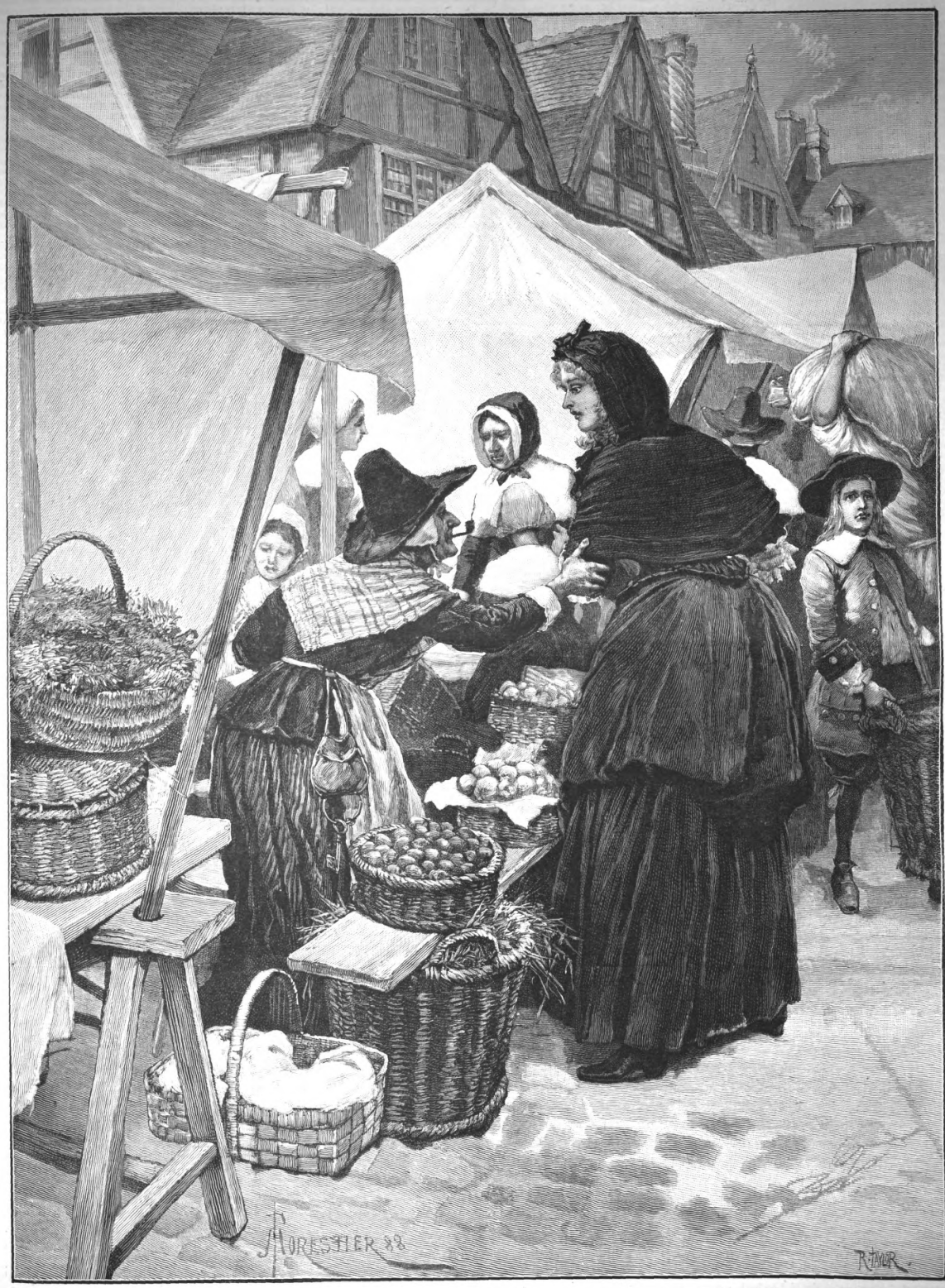
"Alas! Sir Christopher is dead; and my father hath also died of his wound."

"So?—indeed? More waste! They are dead. More waste! But one was old: had Sir Christopher been sent to the plantations, his value would have been but small, though, indeed, a ransom—but he is dead; and your father, being wounded—but they are dead, and so no more need be said. There are, however, others, if I remember aright?"

"There is my brother, in Ilminster Prison, and"——

"Yes; the two young gentlemen—Challis is their name—in Exeter. I have seen them and conversed with them. Strong young men, especially one of them. 'Tis sad, indeed, to think that they may be cut off in the very bloom of their age when they would command so high a price in Jamaica or Barbadoes. I ventured to beg before their trial that they would immediately begin to use whatever interest they might be able to command in order to get their sentence (which was certain) commuted. Many will be suffered to go abroad—why not these young gentlemen? But they have no interest, they assured me; and therefore I fear that they will die. 'Tis most sad. They cannot hang all—that is quite true; but then these young gentlemen were officers in the army, and therefore an example will be made of them if they have no interest at Court."

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

As I passed among the crowd, one caught me by the arm. It was a little old woman, with a short pipe of tobacco within her lips.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

"Well, Sir," I told him, pleased to find him of such a kindly and thoughtful disposition, "you will be glad to hear that they are already pardoned, and have been presented by the King to a gentleman at Court."

"Aha! Sayest thou so?" His eyes glittered, and he rubbed his hands. "This is, indeed, joyful news. One of them, Mr. Robin Challis, is a goodly lad, like to whom there are few sent out to the plantations. He will certainly fetch a good price. The other, Mr. Humphrey, who is somewhat crooked, will go for less. Who hath obtained the gift of these young gentlemen?"

"It is a person named Mr. Nipho."

"Mr. Jerome Nipho. I know him well. He is a good Catholic—I mean a Papist—and is much about the Court. He is lucky in having had many prisoners given to him. And now, Madam, I hope you will command my services."

"In what way, Sir?"

"In this way. I am, as I have told you"—here he wagged his head and winked both eyes, and laughed pleasantly—"one of those foolish busybodies who love to be still doing good to their fellow-creatures. To do good is my whole delight. Unfortunately the opportunities are rare of conferring exemplary benefit upon my fellow-men. But here the way seems clear."

He rubbed his hands and laughed again, repeating that the way was clear before him, so that I believed myself fortunate in falling in with so virtuous a person.

"Oh, Sir," I cried, "would that the whole world would so live and so act!"

"Truly if it did, we should have the prisons cleared. There should be no more throwing away of good lives in hanging; no more waste of stout fellows and lusty wenches by fever and smallpox. All should go to the plantations—all. Now, Madam, to our business, which is the advantage of these young gentlemen. Know, therefore, that Mr. Jerome Nipho, with all those who have received presents of prisoners, straightway sells them to persons who engage to transport them across the seas to his Majesty's plantations in Jamaica, Virginia, or elsewhere. There they are bound to work for a certain term of years. Call it not work, however," he added, quickly; "say rather that they are invited every day to exercise themselves in the cotton and the sugar fields. The climate is delightful; the sky is seldom clouded; there are never any frosts or snows; it is always summer; the fruits are delicious; they have a kind of spirit distilled from the sugar-canes which is said to be finer and more wholesome than the best Nantz; the food is palatable and plentiful, though plain. The masters or employers (call them rather friends) are gentlemen of the highest humanity, and the society is composed of sober merchants, wealthy planters, and gentlemen, like your brother, who have had the misfortune to differ in opinions from the Government."

"Why, Sir," I said, "I have always understood that the transported prisoners are treated with the greatest inhumanity: forced to work in heat such as we never experience, driven with the lash, and half starved, so that none ever come back."

He shook his head gently. "See now," he said, "how prejudices arise! Who could have thought that the plantations should be thus regarded? 'Tis true that there are estates cultivated by convicts of another kind—I mean robbers, highwaymen, petty thieves, and the like. Bristol doth every year send away a shipload at least of such. Nay; 'tis reported that rather than hang murderers and the like the Bristol merchants buy them of the magistrates: but this is out of the kindness of their hearts. Madam," he thrust his hand into his bosom and looked me in the face, "I myself am sometimes engaged in that trade. I myself buy these unhappy prisoners and send them to estates where, I know, they will be treated with the greatest kindness. Do I look like a dishonest man, Madam? As for my name it is George Penne, and I am known to every man of credit in Bristol. Do I talk like one who would make money out of his neighbours' sufferings? Nay, if that is so, let us part at once and say no more. Madam, your humble servant—no harm is done: your humble servant, Madam." He put his hat under his arm, and made as if he would go; but I begged him to remain, and to advise me further in the matter.

Then I asked him if transported persons ever came home again.

"Surely," he replied, "some of them come home laden with gold. Some, possessed of places both of honour and of profit, who return to visit their friends, and then go back to the new country. It is a very Eldorado, or land of gold, to those who are willing to work; and for those who have money and choose to buy exemption from work, it is only an agreeable residence in cheerful society for a certain term of years. Have you, by chance, Madam, any friends who can influence Mr. Jerome Nipho?"

"No, Sir: I have none."

"Then will I myself communicate with that gentleman. Understand, Madam, that I shall have to pay him so much a head for every prisoner; that I shall be engaged to place every man on board ship; that the prisoners will then be taken across the seas and again sold. But in the case of those who have money, a ransom can be procured, by means of which they will not have to work."

So far, he had spoken in the belief that I was at Taunton on my brother's business, or that of my friends. I told him, therefore, that certain events had occurred which would prevent me from seeing the prisoners at Exeter. And because I could not forbear from weeping while I spoke, he very earnestly begged me to inform him fully in every particular as to my history, adding that his benevolence was not confined to the unhappy case of prisoners, but that it was ready to be extended in any other direction that happy chance might offer.

Therefore, being, as you have seen, so friendless and so ignorant, and so fearful of falling into my husband's hands, and, at the same time, so grateful to this good man for his kindly offers (indeed, I took him for an instrument provided by Heaven for the safety promised in my Vision of the night) that I told him everything exactly, concealing nothing. Nay, I even told him of the bag of gold which I had tied round my waist—a thing which I had hitherto concealed, because the money was not mine, but Barnaby's. But I told it to Mr. Penne.

While I related my history he interrupted me by frequent ejaculations, showing his abhorrence of the wickedness with which Benjamin compassed his design, and when I finished, he held up his hands in amazement.

"Good God!" he cried. "That such a wretch should live! That he should be allowed still to cumber the earth! What punishment were fitting for this devil in the shape of man? Madam, your case is, indeed, one that would move the heart of Nero himself. What is to be done?"

"Nay—that I know not. For if I go back to our village he will find me there; and if I find out some hiding-place he will seek me out and find me; I shall never know rest or peace again. For of one thing am I resolved—I will die—yea—I will, indeed, die—before I will become his wife more than I am at present."

"I cannot but commend that resolution, Madam. But, to be plain with you, there is no place in the world more unsafe for you than Taunton at this time. Therefore, if you please, I will ride with you to Bristol without delay."

"Sir, I cannot ask this sacrifice of your business."

"My business lies at Bristol. I can do no more here until Judge Jeffreys hath got through his hangings, of which I fear there may be many, and so more sinful waste of good convicts. Let us, therefore, hasten away as quickly as may be; as for what shall be done afterwards, that we will consider on the way."

Did ever a woman in misfortune meet with so good a man? The Samaritan himself was not of better heart.

Well, to be brief, half an hour afterwards we mounted and rode to Bristol, by way of Bridgwater (this town was even more melancholy than Taunton), taking three days; the weather being now wet and rainy, so that the ways were bad. Now, as we rode along—Mr. Penne and I—side by side, and his servant behind, armed with a blunderbuss, our conversation was grave, turning chiefly on the imprudence of the people in following Monmouth, when they should have waited for the gentry to lead the way. I found my companion (whom I held to be my benefactor) sober in manners and in conversation; no drunkard; no user of profane oaths; and towards me, a woman whom he had (so to say) in his own power, he behaved always with the greatest ceremony and politeness. So that I hoped to have found in this good man a true protector.

When we reached Bristol he told me that for my better safety he would lodge me apart from his own house; and so took me to a house in Broad-street, near St. John's Gate, where there was a most respectable old lady of grave aspect, though red in the cheeks.

"I have brought you, Madam," he said, "to the house of a lady whose virtue and piety are well known."

"Sir," said the old lady, "this house is well known for the piety of those who use it. And everybody knows that you are all goodness."

"No," said Mr. Penne; "no man is good. We can but try our best. In this house, however, Madam, you will be safe. I beg and implore you not at present to stir abroad, for reasons which you very well know. This good woman has three or four daughters in the house, who are sometimes, I believe, merry"—

"Sir, said the old lady, "children will be foolish."

"True—true," he replied laughing. "Take care, then, that they molest not Madam."

"No, Sir; they shall not."

"Then, Madam, for the moment I leave you. Rest and be easy in your mind. I have, I think, contrived a plan which will answer your case perfectly."

In the evening he returned and sent me word, very ceremoniously, that he desired the favour of a conversation with me. As if there could be anything in the world that I desired more!

"Madam," he said, "I have considered carefully your case, and I can find but one advice to give."

"What is it, Sir?"

"We might," he went on, "find a lodging for you in some quiet Welsh town across the Channel. At Chepstow, for instance, or at Newport, you might find a home for a while. But, the country being greatly inflamed with dissensions, there would everywhere be the danger of some fanatical busybody inquiring into your history—whence you came, why you left your friends—and so forth. And, again, in every town there are women (saving your presence, Madam) whose tongues tittle-tattle all day long. Short work they make of a stranger. So that I see not much safety in a small town. Then, again, you might find a farm-house where they would receive you; but your case is not that you wish to be hidden for a time, as one implicated in the Monmouth business. Not so; you desire to be hidden all your life, or for the whole life of the man who, if he finds you, may compel you to live with him, and to live for—how long? Sixty years, perhaps, in a dull and dirty farm-house, among rude boors, would be intolerable to a person of your manners and accomplishments."

"Then, Sir, in the name of Heaven"—for I began to be wearied with this lengthy setting up of plans only to pull them down again,—"what shall I do?"

"You might go to London. At first I thought that London offered the best hope of safe retreat. There are parts of London where the gentlemen of the robe are never seen, and where you might be safe. Thus, about the eastern parts of the City there are never any lawyers at all. There you might be safe. But yet—it would be a perpetual risk. Your face, Madam, if I may say so, is one which will not be quickly forgotten when it hath once been seen—you would be persecuted by would-be lovers; you would go in continual terror, knowing that one you fear was living only a mile away from you. You would have to make up some story, to maintain which would be troublesome; and presently the time would come when you would have no more money. What, then, would you do?"

"Pray, Sir, if you can, tell me what you think I should do, since there are so many things that I cannot do."

"Madam, I am going to submit to you a plan which seems to me at once the safest and the best. You have, you tell me, cousins in the town of Boston, which is in New England."

"Yes. I have heard my father speak of his cousins."

"I have myself visited that place, and have heard mention of certain Eykins as gentlemen of substance and reputation. I propose, Madam, that you should go to these cousins, and seek a home among them."

"Leave England? You would have me leave this country and go across the ocean to America?"

"That is my advice. Nay, Madam"—he assumed a most serious manner—"do not reject this advice suddenly; sleep upon it. You are not going among strangers, but among your own people, by whom the name of your pious and learned father is doubtless held in great honour. You are going from a life (at best) of danger and continual care to a place where you will be certainly free from persecution. Madam, sleep upon it."

(To be continued.)

Mrs. A. M. Herbert has borne the entire cost of rebuilding the church at Upper Helmsley, Yorkshire, and has placed a set of bells in the tower as a memento of the Queen's Jubilee.

Lord Aveland, in reply to a request from the labourers of Edenham, Lincolnshire, has granted them 25-acre allotments, at a rental of 25s. an acre, including rates.

The scholarships offered by the Council of Newnham College for competition in the Cambridge Higher Local Examination, held in June last, have been awarded as follows:—The Winkworth Scholarship, to Miss Windsor, Manchester High School; the Goldsmiths' Scholarship, to Miss M'Aulay, Scarborough; the Clothworkers' Scholarship, to Miss Hall, Blackburn; the Drapers' Scholarship, to Miss Reddan, Notting-hill High School; and the Cobden Scholarship, to Miss Latter, Downham Market. Scholarships have also been awarded to Miss Tabor, Newnham College, and to Miss Vernon, Manchester High School.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

OCTOBER 27, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of *this week's number* forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny;* THIN EDITION, *One Penny.* To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (*viâ* United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence;* THIN EDITION, *One Penny.* To China (*viâ* Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny;* THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence.*

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

D. of M.	D. of W.	ANNIVERSARIES, FESTIVALS, OCCURRENCES, HISTORICAL NOTES, ETC.	SUN Rises	SUN Souths before Noon.	SUN Sets.	MOON Rises, Morn.	MOON Sets, Aftern.	Moon's Ages	Before Sunrise, O'Clock.	After Sunset, O'Clock.	HIGH WATER AT London Bridge, Morn.	HIGH WATER AT London Bridge, Aftern.	HIGH WATER AT Liverpool Dock, Morn.	HIGH WATER AT Liverpool Dock, Aftern.	Day of Year.
			H. M.	M. S.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.		0 2 4 6 8	6 8 10 12	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	
1	Th	*All Saints' Day*	6 56	16 20	4 31	3 0	3 53	27			11 42	—	8 37	9 7	306
2	F	Michaelmas Law Sittings begin	6 58	16 21	4 29	4 23	4 18	28			0 7	0 31	9 32	9 56	307
3	S	Battle of Hohenlinden, 1800	7 0	16 20	4 27	5 47	4 42	29			0 53	1 15	10 18	10 40	308
4	✠	23RD SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	7 2	16 19	4 26	7 14	5 12	●			1 35	1 56	11 0	11 21	309
5	M	Gunpowder Plot, 1605	7 4	16 17	4 24	8 38	5 48	1			2 17	2 39	11 42	—	310
6	Tu	*Leonard, Confessor*	7 6	16 14	4 22	9 59	6 33	2			3 1	3 24	0 4	0 26	311
7	W	Battle of Mooltan, 1848	7 7	16 10	4 21	11 12	7 27	3			3 45	4 9	0 49	1 10	312
8	Th	Milton died, 1674	7 8	16 6	4 19	Aftern.	8 29	4			4 32	4 56	1 34	1 57	313
9	F	Birth of Prince of Wales, 1841	7 10	16 0	4 18	1 1	9 39	5			5 19	5 46	2 21	2 44	314
10	S	Martin Luther born, 1483	7 11	15 54	4 16	1 40	10 50	☽			6 14	6 45	3 11	3 39	315
11	✠	24TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	7 13	15 47	4 14	2 8	Morn.	7			7 17	7 53	4 10	4 42	316
12	M	Charles Kemble died, 1854.	7 14	15 39	4 13	2 31	0 1	8			8 33	9 16	5 18	5 58	317
13	Tu	Rev. A. M'Caul died, 1863	7 16	15 30	4 11	2 52	1 12	9			9 58	10 33	6 41	7 23	318
14	W	Leibnitz died, 1716	7 18	15 20	4 10	3 11	2 22	10			11 7	11 38	7 58	8 32	319
15	Th	*Machutus*	7 20	15 10	4 9	3 30	3 29	11			—	0 2	9 3	9 27	320
16	F	Rubens born, 1577	7 22	14 59	4 7	3 49	4 34	12			0 25	0 46	9 50	10 11	321
17	S	Suez Canal opened, 1869	7 23	14 47	4 6	4 9	5 40	13			1 5	1 24	10 30	10 49	322
18	✠	25TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	7 25	14 34	4 5	4 33	6 45	○			1 41	1 57	11 6	11 22	323
19	M	Battle of Navarino, 1827	7 27	14 20	4 4	5 0	7 50	15			2 13	2 28	11 38	11 53	324
20	Tu	Earl of Elgin died, 1863	7 29	14 6	4 3	5 34	8 52	16			2 44	2 59	—	0 9	325
21	W	Princess Royal born, 1840	7 31	13 50	4 1	6 15	9 50	17			3 14	3 31	0 24	0 39	326
22	Th	*St. Cecilia*	7 32	13 34	4 0	7 4	10 43	18			3 47	4 3	0 56	1 12	327
23	F	*St. Clement*	7 34	13 17	3 59	7 59	11 28	19			4 20	4 37	1 28	1 45	328
24	S	John Knox died, 1572	7 35	12 59	3 58	9 2	Aftern.	20			4 55	5 14	2 2	2 20	329
25	✠	26TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	7 37	12 41	3 57	10 9	0 41	21			5 35	5 58	2 39	3 0	330
26	M	Marshal Soult died, 1851	7 39	12 22	3 56	11 22	1 7	☾			6 23	6 52	3 23	3 48	331
27	Tu	Princess Mary (of Teck) born, 1833	7 40	12 1	3 55	Morn.	1 32	23			7 23	7 57	4 17	4 48	332
28	W	Washington Irving died, 1859	7 41	11 41	3 54	0 36	1 55	24			8 33	9 13	5 22	5 58	333
29	Th	La Plata foundered, 1874.	7 43	11 19	3 53	1 54	2 17	25			9 50	10 26	6 38	7 15	334
30	F	*St. Andrew*	7 44	10 57	3 53	3 14	2 41	26			10 58	11 28	7 51	8 23	335

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES FOR NOVEMBER.

The MOON is near Mercury on the 3rd; she is near, and to the right of, both Jupiter and Venus on the evening of the 5th, Jupiter being between Venus and the Moon, the Moon on this day sets at 5h 48m p.m. She is near, and to the right of, Mars on the evening of the 7th. The Moon is near Saturn on the mornings of the 25th and 26th, being right of the planet on the former and to the left on the latter morning. On the 25th the Moon will be on the meridian at 57 minutes after 4 a.m., and Saturn will be due south 36 minutes later; on the 26th Saturn will be on the meridian at 10 minutes after 5 a.m., and the Moon 35 minutes later. Her phases or times of change are:—

New Moon on the	3rd at	2 minutes after midnight.	
First Quarter	„ 10th „	16	„ 4 in the afternoon.
Full Moon	„ 18th „	16	„ 3 „ „
Last Quarter	„ 26th „	21	„ 5 „ „

She is nearest the Earth on the 4th, and most distant from it on the 19th.

MERCURY is a morning star rising on the 1st at 6h 52m a.m., or 4 minutes before sunrise; on the 5th at 6h 6m a.m., or 58 minutes before the Sun rises; on the 10th at 5h 30m a.m., or 1h 41m before sunrise; on the 15th at 5h 23m a.m., or 1h 57m before the Sun rises; on the 20th at 5h 33m a.m., or 1h 56m before sunrise; on the 25th at 5h 53m a.m., or 1h 44m before the Sun rises; and on the 30th at 6h 16m a.m., or 1h 28m before sunrise. He is in ascending node on the 2nd; is near the Moon on the 3rd; at least distance from the Sun on the 6th; and at greatest western elongation (19 deg. 26 min.) on the 17th.

VENUS sets on the 1st at 5h 42m p.m., or 1h 11m after the Sun; on the 8th at 5h 41m p.m., or 1h 22m after sunset; on the 18th at 5h 47m p.m., or 1h 42m after the Sun; on the 28th at 6h 4m p.m., or 2h 10m after sunset; and on the 30th at 6h 9m p.m. She is near Jupiter on the 1st; near the Moon on the 6th; and at greatest distance from the Sun on the 13th.

MARS sets on the 1st at 7h 28m p.m., on the 9th at 7h 27m p.m., on the 19th at 7h 27m p.m., on the 29th at 7h 29m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 7th.

JUPITER sets on the 1st at 5h 52m p.m., or 1h 21m after sunset; on the 7th at 5h 33m p.m., or 1h 12m after the Sun sets; on the 18th at 4h 58m p.m., or 53 minutes after sunset; and on the 28th at 4h 25m p.m., or 31 minutes after sunset. He is near Venus on the 1st; and near the Moon on the 5th.

SATURN rises on the 1st at 11h 14m p.m., on the 7th at 10h 52m p.m., on the 17th at 11h 14m p.m., on the 27th at 9h 35m p.m. He is in quadrature with the Sun on the 11th; and near the Moon on the 25th.

THE LEEDS FINE ART GALLERY.

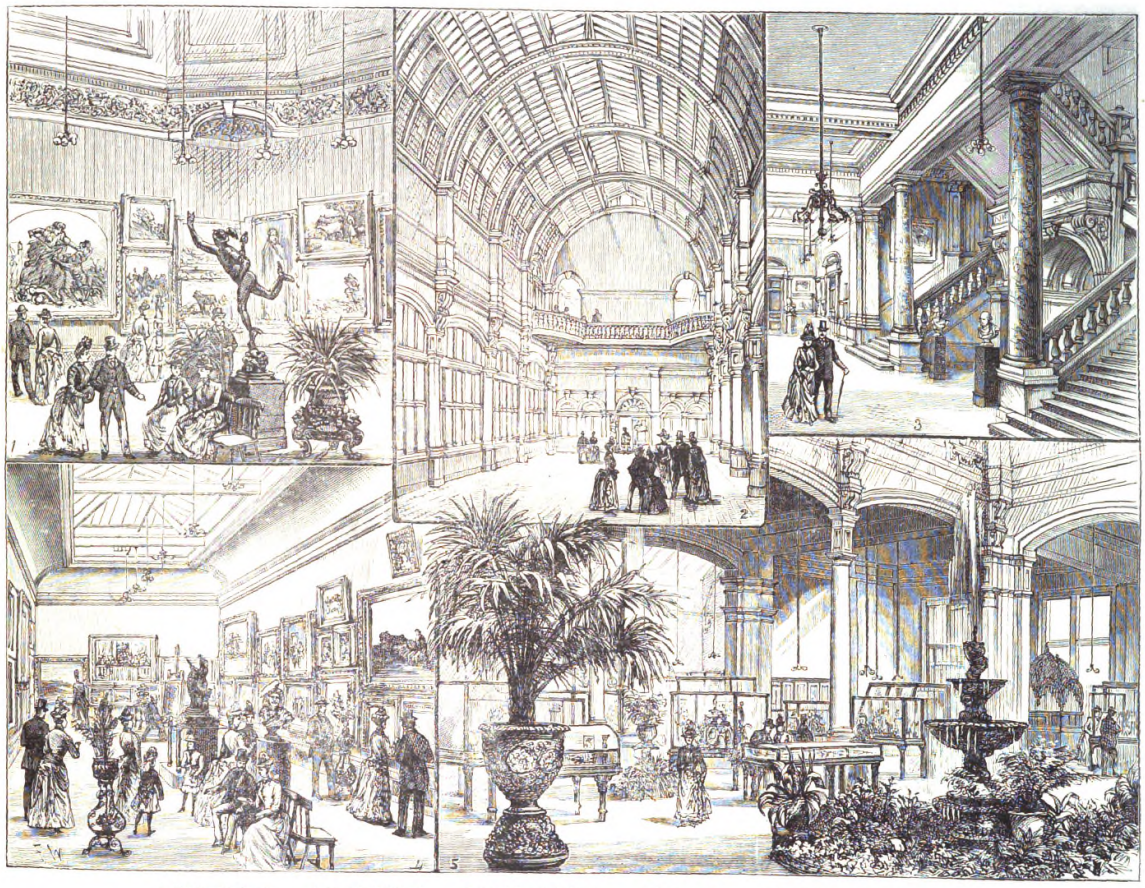
The new Fine Art Gallery erected by the Municipal Corporation of Leeds was opened by the Mayor of that great manufacturing town, Alderman Scarr, on Wednesday, Oct. 3, an event upon which the townspeople may be fairly congratulated. This addition to their flourishing public institutions has been the work, during two years past, of a special committee of the Town Council, whose zealous and active chairman is Colonel Harding, while Councillors Ambler and Tweedale have been useful members. The Free Library, supported by a special rate, affording a surplus of £800 a year, as it was largely stocked with books, £400 a year was to be set apart for interest on the fund raised to erect an Art Gallery, and there will be £400 a year for its working expenses; but £5171 of the Queen's Jubilee Fund last year has been devoted to this object. An Art Exhibition is now opened, the profits of which will also be applied to the purchase of pictures and sculpture and other works of art.

We give some Illustrations, from photographs by Mr. T. D. Nettleton, of the interior of the Art Gallery, which forms part of the Leeds "Municipal Buildings," adjacent to the Townhall, with their principal front in Calverley-street. The main block of those buildings, constructed between 1878 and 1884, in the Italian Renaissance style, from designs by Mr. George Corson, architect, of Leeds, contains most of the administrative offices of the town, and the central library, reading-room, and news-room. The library, for reference and lending, consists already of forty thousand volumes. The former reading-room, a noble apartment on the ground-floor, is now converted into a sculpture gallery, and an additional building, of which the architect is Mr. W. H. Thorp, of Albion-street, Leeds, has been erected at a cost not much exceeding £9000. This is entered from the sculpture gallery, which is 80 ft. long and 40 ft. wide, divided into nave and aisles by an arcade of six arches, resting on twelve pillars of polished granite, the ceiling decorated with coloured mosaic, and the walls covered with embossed diaper tiles of a greyish-green tint. Having windows only on the south side, it is proposed to use the electric light to show the sculpture in this gallery. The first apartment of the new building is the Queen's Room, a beautiful rectangular apartment with arches crossing its corners, which give the roof an octagonal character, with coved ceiling and lantern, and with clerestory lights through arcades with classic moulded pilasters; it has a fine frieze, designed by Mr. Thorp, and carried out by Mr. J. W. Appleyard, with panels bearing the names of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner, Past Grand Masters of the English school of painting. All the new rooms forming the Art Gallery are lighted from the roof, and their walls are coloured in maroon, of dead texture, which shows off the pictures and their gilt frames to the best effect, and which contrasts agreeably with the ivory white of the ceilings and lanterns. Most of the pictures will be placed on the walls of the four fine rooms on the upper floor. This is reached by a noble double staircase, at the bottom of which rise two Ionic pillars where the inner balustrades commence, and two massive Doric pillars aiding to support the upper staircase and the lantern above. The Central Court, lighted from the roof, is surrounded with a lofty Doric arcade, with low segmental arches; and this arcade is used as a museum, except one portion screened off as a new reading-room. On the upper walls of the Central Court are studies for mosaics, from the old masters; in the centre is a pretty fountain of Burmantofts faïence, with a pleasing collection of plants. Mr. George Birkett is curator of the Art Gallery.

The opening ceremony was attended by the Marquis of Ripon, the Bishop of Ripon, Mr. W. Beckett, M.P., Mr. J. Barran, M.P., Sir Edward Baines, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Director of the South Kensington Museum, and the eminent artist, Professor Herkomer, founder of the School of Art at Bushey, near Watford; besides the Lord Mayor of York and the Mayors of thirteen other towns in Yorkshire.

There has been an extension of the Homes for Working Girls in Queen's-road, Bayswater, which were founded ten years ago.

The Duchess of Westminster, on Oct. 17, presented the prizes at the annual exhibition of the Cheshire Dairy Association, and also distributed the certificates awarded to the pupils of the Cheshire Dairy Institute.



1. The Queen's Room. 2. The Central Court. 3. Vestibule and Staircase. 4. North Room. 5. Arcade in Central Court, with Fountain.

MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY AND MUSEUM, LEEDS.

THE CARPET MARKET AT CAIRO.

The part of Cairo which most completely retains its old characteristics as a Moslem city—Asiatic rather than African characteristics—and which differs greatly in the aspect of its buildings and inhabitants from the modern half-European quarter—is situated towards the eastern wall, between the gate called the Bab-el-Futuh and the citadel, a mile or two from the banks of the Nile. Here is a line of streets, called in different parts the Souk-el-Nasin, or Coppersmiths' Bazaar, the Ghoriyeh, and the Sukkariyeh, or Sugar Market, crossed by another, the Muskye, with numerous by-streets, alleys, and courts, many of which are occupied by particular classes of tradesmen. The Gemaliyeh, which is the north-eastern quarter, devoted to wholesale commerce, and the great Khan-el-Khalily, where the Red Sea trade is accommodated, occupy a good deal of space; there is also a separate market for goods from the Soudan, but this trade has of late years been much diminished. The principal kinds of retail shopkeeping find their allotted places in markets composed of narrow lanes or alleys, where on the ground-floor of almost every house, with its large arched doorway of massive stone, the front apartment is a shop, open all day, but closed by heavy wooden doors at night, and without any shop-windows. Divans and benches at the entrance, and within the shop, invite customers to lounge there, and to inspect the goods offered for sale. Such is the carpet-shop, of which our Artist made a sketch, where two European ladies and a gentleman who can speak Arabic, while their dragoman stands aside, and the ladies' female attendant sits closely veiled behind them, are examining a carpet held up for them to see, and are listening to the shrewd-looking bearded and turbaned master of the shop, as he explains to them his reasons for asking a very moderate price. The progress of their bargaining is attentively watched by the dealer's friends waiting outside, who may even presume to put in a word in his favour, and may expect their reward in the event of his concluding a profitable sale. It is much the same in the armourers' bazaar, where fine scimetars and silver-mounted pistols, or muskets with inlaid ivory ornamental stocks, and other weapons of a decorative style, are to be purchased by curious collectors; also in the street of silversmiths and jewellers, in the bazaar of booksellers and collectors of manuscripts, and among the shops and stalls of other branches of trade.

The Duchess of Albany has become a patroness of the Bethnal-green Free Library.

A portrait of the late Sir Barrow Ellis has been unveiled in the Council Room of Jews' College, Tavistock-square, of which institution he had been chairman until his death last year.

Mr. Corney Grain has produced yet another of the musical sketches which have for so long formed the most attractive portion of the programme at St. George's Hall. The subject of Mr. Grain's new sketch is "John Bull Abroad"—a fitting sequel to its predecessor, "Mossoo in London." In "John Bull Abroad" Mr. Grain describes, in his own quaintly unctuous way, his impressions and experiences during a visit to the Italian lakes, keeping his audience in a simmer of laughter throughout. Mr. Grain's portion of the evening's entertainment is preceded by Mr. Watson's familiar comic operetta "Tally-Ho," in which Mr. Alfred German Reed, supported by his well-known company, is as thoroughly amusing as ever.

EARLY NAVIGATORS.

The sailing of a toy boat on any pond is a fascinating employment for youngsters. There is a mystery in the uncertain movements of the diminutive vessel between two elements, the air and the water, of which their unscientific minds have the vaguest notions; and, as they are ignorant both of the art of setting the sails and that of adjusting the rudder, not the slightest idea of controlling the course of the voyage, after giving one push at the moment of launching, can possibly be entertained. A child has indeed been observed, in frantic anxiety, blowing with all the force of his small lungs to send a favourable gale to his ship ten yards off the shore; and we have seen a boy throwing stones to assist the progress of his boat, which thereupon reeled in the eddy caused by the sinking pebble, turned round, and presently came home on a different tack. Where all sides of the pond are easily accessible, and there are no weeds, the children may feel tolerably sure of welcoming the return of their adventurous craft to land, in one direction or another; and they are quite indifferent to the chance of a port, having no cargo of merchandise or mails and passengers to deliver. This interesting play does not always meet with parental approval, and we should scarcely be inclined to permit it, on deep water, in the absence of older persons whose prudence and vigilance can be trusted. But there are many shallow ponds, with low shores, where it can be safely practised, and wet feet may be the only real danger.

The fish condemned during September at and near Billingsgate Market, and on board boats lying off that place, amounted to 59 tons 10 cwt. The weight of fish delivered at that market during the month was 13,368 tons.

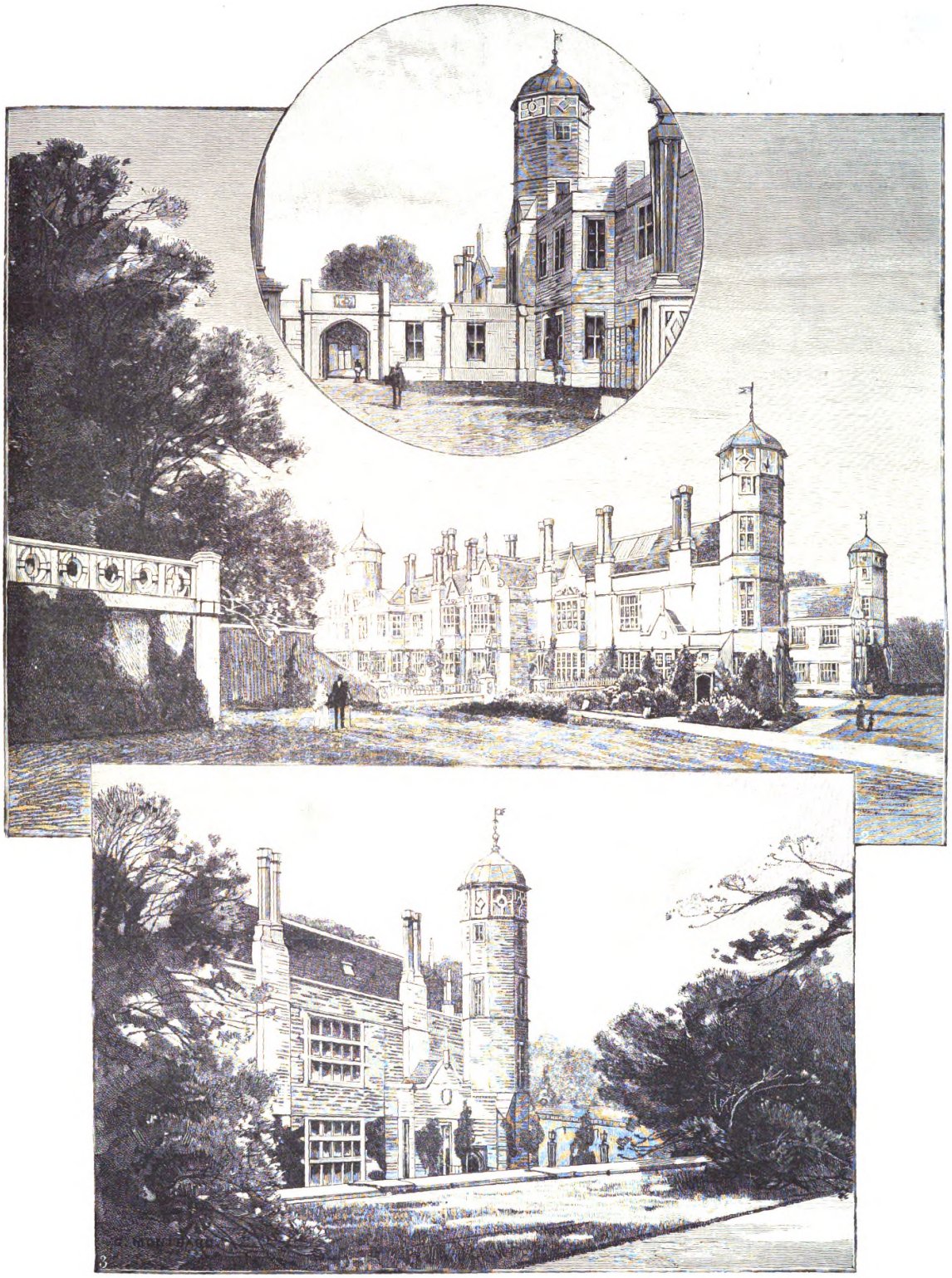


CARPET MARKET, CAIRO.



EARLY NAVIGATORS.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XVI. COBHAM HALL.



1. The Entrance-Gate. 2. The Entrance, Side View. 3. The Right Wing, from the Private Gardens.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XVI.

Cobham Hall.

IN the north-western part of Kent—about half-way between the curious old town of Gravesend, with its houses slipping downhill into the river, and the immense mass of dingy brick-and-mortar known as Chatham, Rochester, and Strood—stands Cobham Hall, the famous seat of an ancient Kentish family.

The great houses of Kent are interesting in their unlikeness. Penshurst is a castle still, with its mighty hall five



SKETCH IN THE PRIVATE GARDENS.

centuries old; Knole is a congeries of countless picturesque old rooms; the family histories of both have their flavour of romance, are studded with famous or notorious names. Cobham wears its antiquity with a difference. The house is great and stately, but its main interest is to be found in its galleries of wonderful pictures. The history is that of an important English family—not of the very highest fame, like the Stanleys or the Cecils—but of a substantial influence, the leader of its county, sending every generation or so a great statesman to help to lead the nation: a family which held its place, estates and honours descending without a break from father to child, for some four hundred years.

Such a history, of a line unbroken from the days of John till those of James II., has a completeness, a continuity perhaps unrivalled; and they were sturdy English nobles, the Lords of Cobham—warriors and statesmen, living long and living vigorously, marrying their three or five times, leaving their families of fourteen or so, ruling their neighbours and adding to their lands. We have the records of their rise, of their long and on the whole little varied prosperity, of their decline and somewhat swift extinction. In Holinshed and many other of our old books of history, their doings are told; and, in the village that bears their name, the most complete and remarkable series of brasses to be found in England preserves for all churchgoers their features and their dates.

The family seems to have taken its name from the village, where in the twelfth century Serlo de Cobham held some property. His son Henry—said to have been one of the Crusaders who fought in the siege of Acre in 1191—obtained a grant of the manors of Cobham and Shorne from a Norman soldier known as William, Knight of the Four Seas ("Quatremere"). Henry was Lieutenant of Dover Castle, and died in the year 1225, leaving—as in the good old stories of "once upon a time" people always did—three sons to succeed him: John, known as the Elder, Henry "of Roundall" (in Shorne), and Reginald or Reinold "of Allington"; for the eldest son very properly made a division of the estates with his brothers. John reigned in Cobham for a full quarter of a century, apparently a prosperous gentleman—old records show him to have been Keeper of Rochester Castle, Sheriff of Kent, a Justice Itinerant (as were his two brothers), and a Justice of the Common Pleas; and moreover he added to his estates the manors of Cowling and West Chalk. He was twice married, and, like his father, left three sons.

John "the Younger" succeeded his father, and soon took a leading part in county politics. From 1258 to 1261 he was Sheriff of Kent; and in 1264 he aided Simon De Montfort at the siege of Rochester in the Barons' War. As one often sees in the history of the Cobhams, there was little rancour in these English civil wars. Within three years of this (unsuccessful) siege, the King had made his defeated opponent one of his Justices, both Itinerant and of the Common Pleas; and the next Monarch, Edward I., not only made him a Serjeant-at-Law, and, a little later, a Baron of the Exchequer, but actually appointed him, for life, Constable of that very Rochester Castle which he had tried to take from Henry III.—and which his executors, oddly enough, objected to deliver up to the Bishop of London. It is interesting to note that his yearly allowance for his expenses as Justice Itinerant was £40; and that the sturdy old gentleman marched to Scotland with the King against William Wallace when he was close upon his seventieth year. The army had, however, to return to England for want of provisions; and it is very likely that the hardships of the war hastened John de Cobham's end.

His eldest son and successor, Henry "the Younger" (so called to distinguish him from his father's brother, Henry "le Uncle," of Roundall) also fought in Scotland; and was knighted, with three others of the family, at the siege of Carlaverock. Henry was forty years old when his father died; he was the eldest son by that first wife, Joan de Septvans, whose memory is perpetuated by the earliest "brass" in the chancel of Cobham Church. Its inscription runs thus, in its old rhyming French:—

DAME JONE DE KOBEHAM GIST ISI
DEVS DE SA ALME EIT MERCI
'KI KE PVR LE ALME PRIERA
QVARANTE JOVRS DE PARDOVN AVERA.

"For her soul whoever prays, Shall have pardon forty days"—a common promise of indulgence at that time.

This Henry the Younger was the first to bear the title of Lord of Cobham, by which he was summoned to Parliament in 1313; he became one of the most noted of his house, in his long and busy life of seventy-nine years. Constable (like his father and his son) of the castle and city of Rochester, Constable of Dover and Canterbury Castles, Governor of the castle and honour of Tunbridge, Warden of the Cinque Ports, "Guardian of all the lands forfeited by the King's enemies in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex," he had many duties and many prisoners to look after. The most famous of the latter was Queen Elizabeth of Scotland, wife of Robert Bruce, and ancestress of those Lords of Darnley who, centuries later, came to bear rule at Cobham.

When the famous Order of the Templars was prosecuted and dissolved, Henry Lord Cobham was appointed custodian of their lands in Surrey and Sussex. He was a Justice, too, and a tried soldier; summoned to take his part against the Scotch; to raise troops and march to join the King against the Earl of Lancaster, at Coventry; to lead the Kentish detachment in a projected war with France; and, later, to block the shores of the Thames to prevent a landing of the French.

He died in 1339, at Stoke-under-Hamden, in Somerset. John, his eldest son and the next Baron, had already—seven-and-twenty years before—served as a Knight of the Shire. In those practical days, a member of Parliament was not expected to serve his country for nothing, and John received £26 16s. for his expenses in attending the House for sixty-seven days.

Like his forbears, John the third was a distinguished man in his way—which was not so much the way of law, like that of John the second, nor of the keeping of castles, like the second Henry's, but a naval way: he was indeed Admiral of the King's fleet "from the mouth of the Thames westward"—a title which to our ears savours somewhat of burlesque.

He was a brave soldier, too—made a Knight-banneret for service in the field—and a gentleman of great hospitality, if we may judge from the expression, *cortays viandour* (shall we say "courteous dinner-giver"?) on the brass, in some respects unique, which preserves his memory. The wayfarer in Cobham Church is asked to pray for the soul of the good Knight who "overcame his last enemies" on the morrow of St. Matthew, 1354:—

Vous qe passez ley entour
Priez pur lalme le cortays viandour
Qe Johan de Cobham avoit a noun
Dieux luy face mercy pardoun
Qe trepassa lendemayn de seint Mathi
Le puissaunt otrie a demorer one *[ly*
En lan de] grace Mil C C C L quatre
Ces enemis mortels fist abatre.

Next comes John, third Baron, and last of this line; the best remembered of the Cobhams. "John the Founder" he was called, because he founded that ancient and picturesque college which, in the pretty village of Cobham, is still the most interesting thing, as it stands back behind the church, with its curious high chimneys, dull-red roof, and ivy-covered walls, yellow-grey with extreme old age. It is not a college now, but a hospital, whose ancient pensioners have something of the weather-worn look of those crumbling walls which shelter them.

Cobham Church was greatly rebuilt and adorned by this "pious Founder": who, moreover, built Cowling Castle, not far off, "for the defence of the country," and joined with Sir Robert Knollys in the construction of Rochester Bridge. A liberal-minded, patriotic, and a brave and independent man: too upright to hope for the favour of Kings. Gower, the poet (one of whose executors he was), described him, in the jingling Latin verse of the day:—

Unus erat dignus, patiens, pius atque benignus,
Providens, et justus, morum virtuti robustus
Non erat obliquus, regni sed verus amicus
Hunc rex odivit, in quo bona talia scivit
Ut dicunt mille, dominus Cobham fuit ille.

During a life of, at all events, over four score and ten years—for he died at least seventy-four years after his marriage—he was constantly employed for the good of his country. Indeed, for many years he seems to have spent most of his time in France, either as a warrior or as a Commissioner to treat for peace. In the very year in which he succeeded his father, 1355, it seems most likely that he was in France (where a very energetic little war was just going on), since we find him paying his wife's father-in-law, Hugh, Earl of Devonshire, £15 6s. 8d. for her board and lodging for a year. Such payment hardly tallies with our ideas of the old English hospitality of a princely family in those days; but there is the Earl's receipt, in antiquated French, for "*quynze livres sys south, S oyet deniers pur le soiourn S awltres necessaries Margaret de Cobeham n're fylle sa compaigne*" ("our daughter, his wife").

That same year he was summoned to Parliament as Baron of Cobham, and four years later made one of the brilliant army whose successful expedition into France, under Edward III. himself, was terminated the following autumn by the Treaty of Bretigny. By this treaty King John of France, at that time our prisoner, was allowed to return home, the Dukes of Orleans, Anjou, Berry, and Bourbon becoming hostages; but in 1363 the Duke of Anjou and others broke their knightly parole—another shock to the reader who had faith in those chivalrous days—Lord Cobham was sent to Calais as our King's representative, and King John had to return to his captivity.

Fighting in France and Scotland—and bravely, for he was made a banneret—defending our coasts against the French, and oftentimes an Ambassador to France, Sir John of Cobham passed many years of an active and honoured life. He was a much-trusted public servant; was placed on Committees "to inquire into the expenses of the King's household," "to investigate the complaints of piracy on the high seas," and many others; and was appointed to confer with the Commons on the grant of the franchise and the manumission of villeins.

So far, so good. But in the tenth year of the reign of the foolish young King, Richard II., he was chosen as one of the fourteen Lords, "Governors of the Realm," to inquire into the abuses which, later on, made possible the rebellion of Henry Bolingbroke. In 1388, the Commons impeached the King's Chancellor, the Archbishop of York, De Vere, "Duke of Ireland," and others; and the venerable John de Cobham was one of the Lords Appellants. On the day fixed for their meeting, however—as Mr. Waller tells us in his very full account of "The Lords of Cobham" ("Archæologia Cantiana," vol. xi.)—"an armed ambuscade was placed at the mews, under the command of Nicholas Brembre, Lord Mayor of London, to waylay them on their route to Westminster. Being duly warned, they avoided the snare, and then demanded a safe-conduct under the King's own hand."

When the time came, it appeared that the Lords Appellants had a very comprehensive idea of their duties, and no intention to shrink from carrying them out. None of the accused put in an appearance; but the Barons declared at length their charges against them, and flung their gloves, as gages of their readiness to support these charges in person against the defendants, upon the floor of the House, before the King. Meanwhile, one of the accused, Sir Robert Tresillian, was arrested, in disguise, within the Abbey precincts, and brought before the Lords. He was by no means loth to decide the matter in single combat; but—despite the aforesaid bravery of his judges—this was not allowed. Both he and Sir Nicholas Brembre were drawn on hurdles to Tyburn and executed.

But when the King for a while got the upper hand again—by tampering with the elections, it is said—he lost no time in taking his revenge upon those subjects who had made him submit to such humiliation. Even the walls of a monastery did not protect the good Lord Cobham. Though he had taken refuge with the Carthusians, and renounced the world, he was dragged forth, sent to the Tower, tried, and doomed to death: the statesman of eighty was to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and his estates confiscated to the Crown. But even Richard did not dare to carry out this sentence. Lord Cobham was banished to Jersey, and there remained till Henry Bolingbroke overthrew the King, against whom one of the heaviest charges was his treatment of the "Lords Appellants." The last public act of John the Founder's life was the signing of the entail of the Crown upon the sons of Henry IV.

The great statesman of Cobham left no child to succeed him. His daughter Joan, who was married to Sir John de la Pole, died some twenty years before her father; and as she again left no male heir, her daughter inherited the estate—a second Joan, whose husbands were, for their time, the Lords of Cobham.

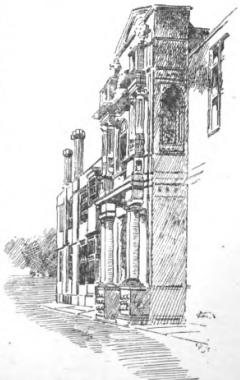
I say husbands, for she had five. They were all Knights—Sir Robert, Sir Reginald, Sir Nicholas, Sir John, and again Sir John. Sir Robert Hemenhale, of a good Norfolk house, married her when she was quite a girl. There was one child, a boy, who died in infancy; and Sir Robert went to rest in Westminster Abbey in 1391. Joan was still under age when she married Sir Reginald Braybrooke, a man of distinguished family; and this union lasted for about a dozen years. Sir Reginald fought in Ireland in 1399, and died abroad, in Holland, in 1405. There were two sons and a daughter of this marriage; but it is curious how about this time there was fated to be no male heir to Cobham. Though the Lady Joan had (as appears by her brass *in* the church) ten children *in* all—only the last marriage being childless—yet one girl alone survived her parents; and Joan the grand-daughter, like Joan the daughter and Joan the mother, was heiress to the lands of Cobham.

Not more than a year after Sir Reginald Braybrooke's death his widow wedded one Sir Nicholas Hawberk, of whom little is known but that he was of no great family, but was a proper man of his hands, overthrowing, "horse and man," one Cookeborne, Esquire, of Scotland, in the jousts at Smithfield, in 1393. He was a widower when he married Joan. She was a widow again in a year or little more.

Three months after the death of Sir Nicholas, "John the Founder" died, and the thrice-wedded Joan succeeded him as ruler at Cobham. So wealthy a lady as she had now become was not likely to remain unwooed; and in about a year she married the most famous of her husbands—Sir John Oldcastle, whom some historians make a hero, and others the prototype of Falstaff. This latter charge, however, Shakspeare distinctly denies—"Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man"—and there seems no reason that we should not take the highest estimate of his character.

That he was a brave warrior there is no question; and his attitude as a protector of Lollards is little likely to do him harm in these days. In his own, however, it brought him to death. He was tried for heresy, excommunicated—which involved all the consequences of the more modern boycotting—and sent to the Tower. Hence, however, he escaped, and fled to Wales. A thousand marks were offered for his capture, dead or alive; he eluded pursuit for four years; but was then taken (grievously wounded), again condemned for heresy, and—on Christmas Day, 1417, in the presence of an immense crowd of orthodox holiday-makers—drawn on a hurdle through the city, and, in the new place of execution, at the gate of St. Giles's Hospital, "hung, and burnt hanging."

Joan's fifth husband—Sir John Harpenden, of the old Hertfordshire family—distinguished himself chiefly by outliving his wife four and twenty years. Joan was, indeed, despite her many marriages, by no means a very old woman when, in 1434, she died; as far as one can make out, only about sixty or sixty-one. The beautiful brass to her memory gives her a somewhat stately figure; its inscription, curiously enough, only describes her as the "wife of Sir Reginald Braybrooke."



ENTRANCE-DOOR, 1670.

Joan the third married a Somersetshire gentleman, Thomas Brooke, who was in Parliament as Knight of the Shire for Dorset, and afterwards for Somerset, and who received the dignity of knighthood about 1420. He died before the Lady Joan, leaving a family of fourteen children; and his eldest son, Edward, was summoned to Parliament by the title of Lord Cobham—which had been in abeyance for thirty-two years, since the time of Oldcastle. Sir Edward fought in the wars of the Roses and on the winning side—for though he married the daughter of the Lancastrian Lord Audley, he was a trusted friend of Richard, Duke of York, and (with John Bagenhall) commanded the Kentish forces in the battle of Northampton.

His son John, the next Baron, led the Royal forces to victory at the battle of Blackheath—which peaceful suburb is

now hardly to be imagined as a battlefield—and the commander of the rebels was his grandfather, the Lord Audley just named, who was captured and afterwards beheaded. Yet when Henry of Lancaster came to the throne Lord Cobham seems to have had no great difficulty in obtaining his friendship and his confidence, for the King employed him as an Ambassador to Flanders.

The sixth Baron, Thomas, son of John, was a distinguished soldier, and high in favour with Henry VIII. We find him attending the King at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and during the visit of the Emperor Charles V. to England; he was one of the twelve Barons who tried the unhappy Duke of Buckingham; and was a Commissioner for the levying of taxes in the county of Kent. These taxes were both illegal and oppressive—four shillings in the pound for the clergy, three-and-fourpence for the laity—and Lord Cobham's action shows that he, like the rest of the waning nobility, had lost, under the Tudors, the old sturdy independence of the great Barons.

His eldest son died in his lifetime, and the second, George, became his heir. George was made a Knight of the Garter by Henry VIII., and was the Lord Deputy of Calais. He was cast into prison by Mary, on suspicion of sharing the rebellion of Wyatt; though he had opposed Wyatt's entrance to his castle of Cowling.

With the next Baron, William, the fortunes of the House of Cobham stood high, before their final fall. He was a favourite of Elizabeth, and during a Royal progress in Kent entertained her at Cobham—where is a room called by her name, perhaps on no very high authority. He was employed as an ambassador, was made Knight of the Garter and a member of the Privy Council, and, like so many of his family, was Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Governor of Dover Castle. He endowed a new College on the site of that built by John the Founder, and died in 1596.

To him succeeded the weakest and worst of the Cobhams: Henry Brooke, whose confession—of a conspiracy against the Cecils—ruined the noble Raleigh. For this confession Henry received a pardon; but, with a characteristic meanness of cruelty, James I. had the three Lords—Cobham, Markham, and Grey—who were doomed to death, actually brought to the block and shrived by the priest before their pardon was announced.

All Lord Cobham's possessions were seized by the King, and he was himself confined to the Tower "during his Majesty's pleasure." "The miserable man was almost starved," says Weldon, "had not a trencher-scraper, some time his servant at Court, relieved him with scraps!"

He died in 1619, without issue. His brother, George Brooke, succeeded, was beheaded as a conspirator, and left a son who was made a Knight of the Bath; but the male line became extinct in 1651, with the death of Sir John Brooke, made Baron of Cobham in the twentieth year of Charles I.

So disappeared a great and representative English house; and the history of the later Lords of Cobham may be very briefly told. James II. granted the estates to his kinsman, Lodowick Stuart, Duke of Lenox; from him they descended for some four generations, then passed to a cousin germaine, Charles Stuart, Earl of Lichfield, and then became the subject of a very remarkable lawsuit which followed the death, in 1707, of their next owner, Sir Joseph Williamson. Sir Joseph—a very wealthy man, and the originator of the *London Gazette*—had married the sister and heiress of Lord Lichfield, and bought back Cobham Hall, which had been sold for debt; and he left two thirds of his estate to his widow, and one third to Mrs. Mary Hornsby, who had been his housekeeper. The suit was brought—in opposition to Mrs. Hornsby's claim—by John Bligh, the husband of the sister of the son of the daughter, by her first husband, of Sir Joseph Williamson's widow. This sounds sufficiently complex; but it will be seen that it is nothing to the complications which might have arisen among the five families of the Lady Jean. In the end, Mrs. Hornsby's suit was settled, in 1731, by the payment of £70,000 by Edward, second Lord Darnley. (The John Bligh above mentioned had been created first Earl of Darnley in 1725; and the earldom has remained in the family ever since, with the estate and the great house of Cobham.)

The house, as it now stands, was built by instalments, divided by two intervals of something less than a century apiece. It is a great rectangular building, in the shape of the letter H, only with the top half closed, so as to form a quadrangle, and an addition (of stables and coach-house) at the right-hand top corner. The H lies nearly east and west; and its lower limbs, called the north and south wings, were the first built—their builders being the two last Barons of Cobham, and their dates from 1584 to 1603. The crossbar of the H was built for the Duke of Lenox by Inigo Jones, partly on the remains of an earlier house; and from 1770 to 1818 the third and fourth Earls of Darnley added (or, as regards some portions, rebuilt) the "Kitchen-square," which forms the upper part of the H. By these two Earls—whose architects were James Wyatt and the Reptons—the interior of the house was entirely remodelled, and very greatly improved in comfort and convenience.

The finest view of Cobham Hall is, I think, from the near end of the great avenue, which was the ancient and noble approach to it. Here two sides of the house are seen—the south, long and low, of red brick like all the rest, varied and broken up with turrets, mullioned windows, high chimneys, and cupola-tower, and overlooking a little plain with stone-walled ponds and fountain; and the west front, with its great open quadrangle—if so Irish a figure may be admitted—formed by the stately Elizabethan wings and the more Classic centre. The warm red of the walls stands out against the trim grass and gravel at their feet; it is broken in the north wing by the great grey Tudor doorway, a stately work, built by William Lord Cobham of two hundred tons of stone from Caen, and bearing the date 1594, and the inscription *Deo Opt. Max.*

The chief entrance to the house is rather curiously placed, under an archway in a long covered corridor, projecting northwards from the middle of the north side (a continuation of the cross bar of the H, one might say). Passing inwards up the long Gothic entrance hall, beneath the arms of Elizabeth, and by the ancient fireplace, on which is blazoned the coat of William Brooke, Lord Cobham, a turning to the right brings us to the Large Dining-Room, where hang some of the finest portraits in the house.

The room is fine, quiet, simply furnished; with woodwork of a soft brown, a brown ceiling fretted with gold, and much brightness of white marble—a statue at the end of the room, marble arches, a kind of marble fountain by the long, small-paned window, and (over the blazing fire of logs, piled on the massive firedogs) a high chimneypiece, of marbles, black and white. This reaches to the ceiling, and in its midst stands up a statue of Pomona—white against a black background—with

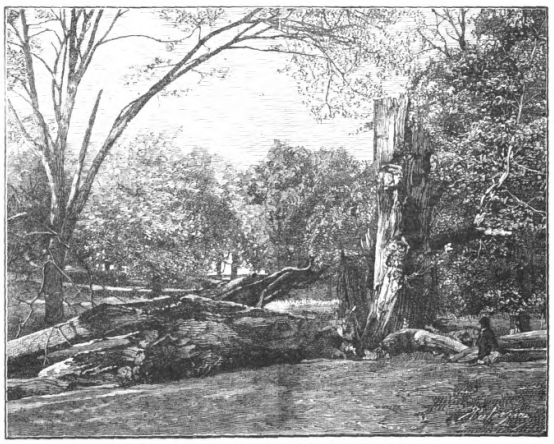


OLD TREE IN THE PARK.

great vases to the right and left; and a curious picture of Moses striking the rock is outlined on the black marble.

Among the most interesting portraits are the Mary Stuart, painted after her death, the execution shown in the background; the Charles I. of Mytens, with a face so noble that critics think it must be someone else; the fourth Duke of Lenox (by Vandyke), his hand on the head of his faithful dog; and the charming "Lady Frances Cole"—a lovely child—by Reynolds, said to be the last picture he finished.

When these, and many more, have been long studied, we may go—in half a dozen steps—to the room which was called by George IV. the finest he had ever seen. This is the lofty and brilliant Music-room, all flashing with white marble and gold tracery, light and rich, after the fashion of Louis Quinze. It is thirty-two feet in height, and at its ends are two galleries, upheld by yellow pillars of scagliola. Along the balustrade of the organ gallery is just one line of red—a crimson velvet cushion, there placed at the suggestion of Sir Edwin Landseer to add colour to the room. To the height of one storey the walls are entirely of white veined marble; from the ceiling—designed by Inigo Jones, rich with the arms and monograms, in gold on white, of Dukes of Lenox—there hangs a round gilded chandelier; and over the carved marble mantelpiece is the great Vandyke which shows us Lords John and Bernard Stuart—young "bucks" of that day—brave in their blue and



OLD TREE AFTER A STORM.

amber satin, shadowed by no foreboding of their early deaths in battle for their King.

The room is further brightened, as all such rooms should be, with mirrors; and at its western end four windows above and four below look out towards the lawn.

Between this Music-Room and the Library comes the Vestibule, a kind of boudoir or snuggery: a quaint and happy little place in green and white, divided by an arch and pillars, behind which, in the dim background, is a round divan of Turkish luxuriance. Tall, grey-green vases adorn the little chamber; and a French window opens into the great quadrangle, just where, it is said, was formerly the grand entrance to the house (whence the room's name of Vestibule).

Then comes the Library, delightful, homely, cosy; as a library should be. It is a very pretty room—or pair of rooms, rather, divided by little pillars, with two fireplaces, cheery and comforting; and the colouring is warm and (shall I say?) British, dotted and broken up into spaces of red, and green, and brown, and cream-colour, glimmering with mirrors, with family portraits looking down from the walls. Lord Darnley's grandfather—a good picture by Phillips—hangs in state above the quaint china on the chimneypiece; and there are two pretty pictures of the Queen, as a child and a young woman, by Fowler. Yet the famous rooms at Cobham—famous for their priceless contents—are of course the Picture Gallery and the Portrait Gallery. From the Music-Room one goes to them up the grand staircase—built of stone, cold, white, and broad, with solid railings of iron, curved and gilt. On the ceiling above are the arms of Lenox, with the motto, *Avant D'Arnley;* and great game-pictures hang on the walls.

In the long Picture Gallery the ceiling is painted like the blue sky, but with a red border; and the walls are red. There are four fireplaces, of which the chief one is magnificently carved in white marble, and bears the date 1599—the time of that unhappy Lord Cobham of whose fall I have spoken, and who (as if by some strange prevision) had here placed as motto, "Sibi quisque naufragium facit."

The artist who did this and other marble-work—perhaps, indeed, all the sculpture in the buildings—was an unlucky Dutchman named Giles de Whitt, specially brought over from Holland by the noble owner, who had to be reminded (by a conscientious steward) of his duty to the poor fellow. "Yr. Lo: must resolve," wrote the steward, "what and how much you are pleased to have doen by Giles de Whitt, either upon som newe Chymney piece, or upon my Lo: yor. father's tombe, that the poore man may have some worcke, to get wherewithall to maintaine and susteyne himself."

Among the painters at Cobham, the great master is Titian; and to some minds his finest picture will be the one first seen—a glorious portrait of Ariosto. The poet stands, his arms folded, wearing a plain, grey, heavy dress; and in the dark voluptuous beauty of his face one seems to read the man's whole character. The most famous Titian in the gallery, the Europa, is unrivalled in the luxurious beauty of its colouring, and the wonderful flesh-painting of the superb girl-figure; yet the greater "human interest"—the beauty which is more of insight than of technique—is in the portrait.

A tremendous picture by Rubens—"one of the most magnificent gallery-pictures in Europe," says Mr. F. G. Stephens, in his interesting paper on the masterpieces at Cobham—is that which shows us Thomyris, Queen of the Massagetæ, causing the head of Cyrus to be plunged into a vessel of blood. The picture is all strength and freshness, with a curious realism in the faces and figures of the lookers-on.

A companion-picture, for its strength, is the gloomy and splendid "Death of Regulus," by Salvator Rosa. The unlucky Roman is being vigorously rolled down-hill, and the whole scene is alive with action.

Then there are other Titians: a jolly little Rubens, of Cupids; a curious Carlo Dolci—a picture within a picture, the inner one being a very large portrait of their founder which the Virgin is handing down to the Dominicans. And—in that room adjoining this Gallery, which is called, on no known authority, Queen Elizabeth's—are four most curious and valuable allegorical pictures by Paolo Veronese.

The Portrait Gallery is a long, low, narrow corridor of pale grey-green, overlooking the plain buildings of the great servants' quadrangle; along its western side one sees the faces of almost all the greatest men of our history. Here is Shakspeare, and a very smooth, uninteresting person the painter has made him; while not far off is the presentment of Sir Philip Sidney, by just as much rougher than one has usually seen him. Locke's troubled, curious face is here; and Dryden, dismal, sleepy, and feminine. Several of the great men of the period when (as Thackeray says) all the great men were fat, are shown in their fullest fatness: the blue-cheeked, half-shaven Steele; the plump and piglike Swift; the substantial Bolingbroke; with, as the necessary exception, Pope's thin fretful face. Perhaps the face and forehead which strike one as the finest in all the gallery—solid, intellectual, manly—are those of Betterton, the great actor; and another big, powerful head is that of Sir Hugh Myddelton, who holds a picture of the New River. Royal people—Mary Stuart, Elizabeth, Catherine of Russia—there are, of course, in abundance.

Of the private rooms of Cobham I have not space to speak; of the charming gardens, the beautiful park, a very few words must be enough. Not thirty years ago, much of the private grounds—which, by-the-way, cover fifty-five acres—was a wilderness, but since that time they have been laid out carefully and with taste. Of the old avenues many have been cut down, but the Grand Avenue is still as magnificent a one as can be seen, with its four parallel rows, 1100 yards in length, of glorious limes.

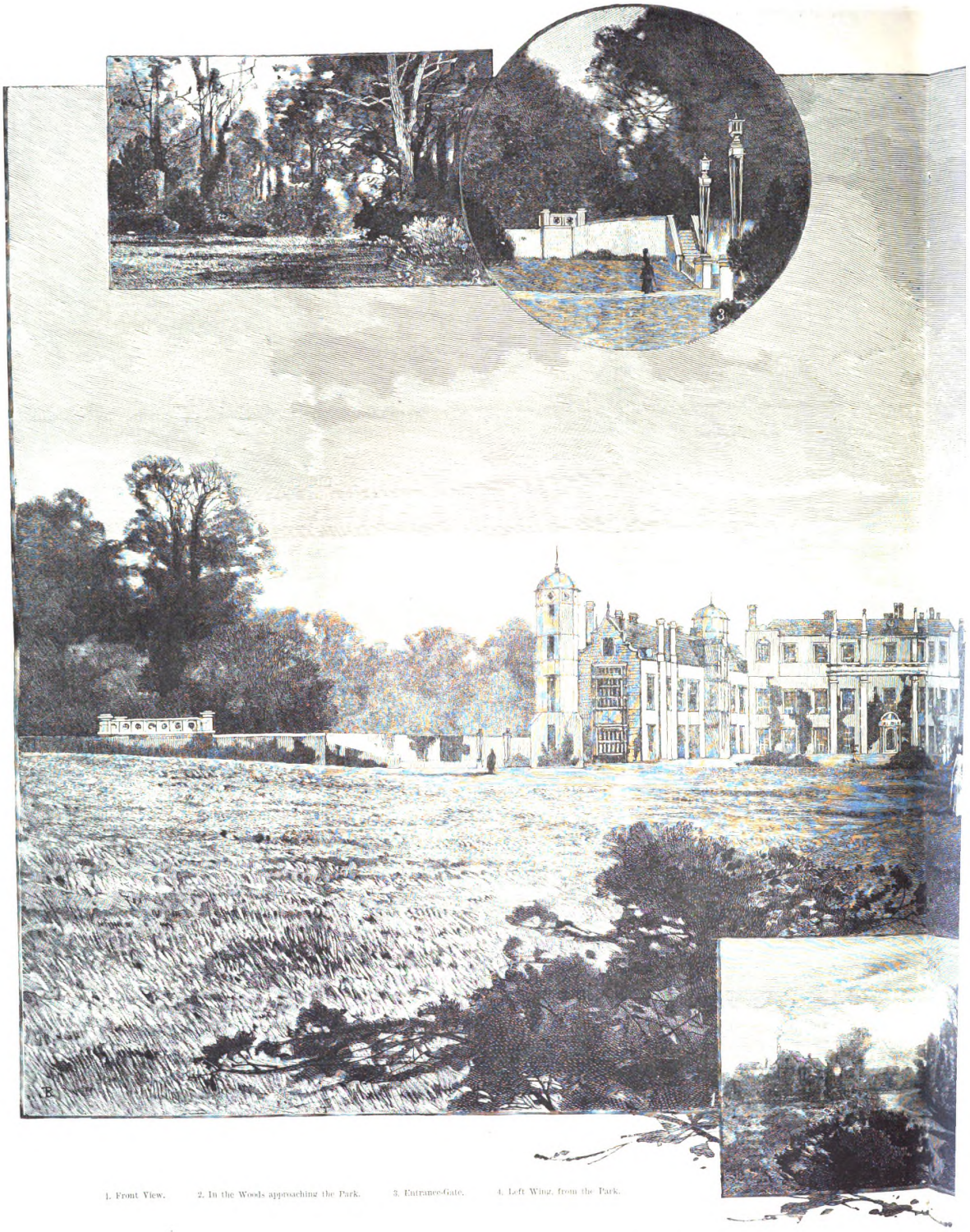
The gate at the further end of this avenue is now closed to the public: on which slender foundation is built the legend that the stately walk is never used but at the funeral of an owner of Cobham—a story which Charles Dickens was not ashamed to tell to Cyrus Field, who trustfully printed it!

In the private grounds stands the pretty châlet, given to Dickens by Fechter, in which the great novelist wrote most of his later books. This is a little two-storey building of wood, the upper room being fitted up as a study, with hangings of the curious pea-green that Dickens loved. His family asked their father's old neighbour, the Earl of Darnley, to place it in his garden.

The park contains 700 acres, and is seven or eight miles round. There are fine sweeps of hill, sometimes bare, sometimes studded with great trees, standing single and in groups. There are woods, too, of noble trees, often knee-deep in bracken: a grand ash, whose gigantic widespread roots tell of a century of growth; immense sturdy oaks, and beautiful elms; fine old pollard chestnuts, and many noble ruins of great trees, blown down in recent gales—for there has been rough work of late years—where the green, broken trunk lies on the ground, and the dry hulk stands desolate.

The most famous tree of Cobham is, of course, the great chestnut known as the Four Sisters, one of whose stems was

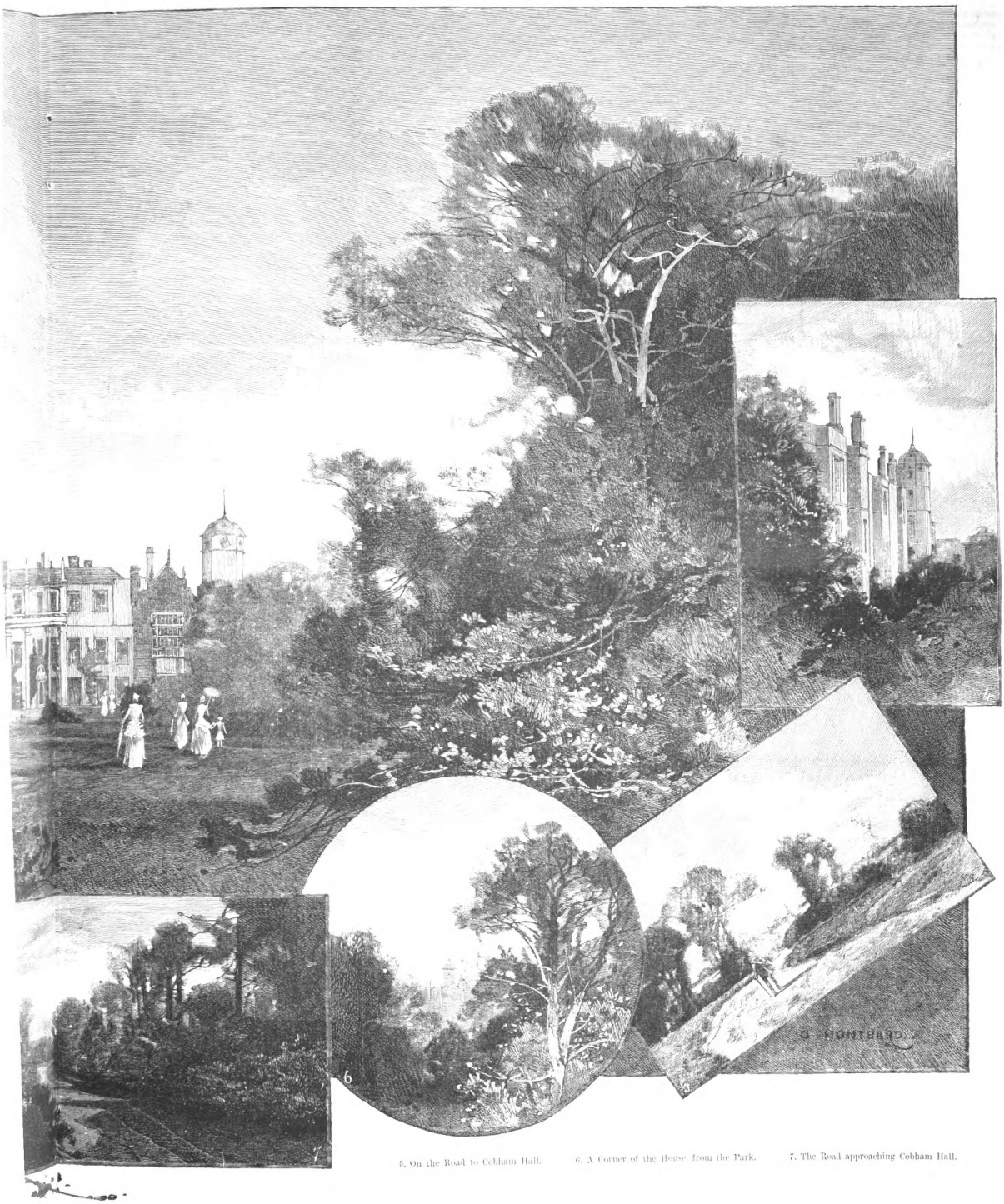
ENGLISH HOM



1. Front View. 2. In the Woods approaching the Park. 3. Entrance-Gate. 4. Left Wing, from the Park.

COBHAM HALL, THE SEAT OF T

HOMES.—No. XVI.



5. On the Road to Cobham Hall. 6. A Corner of the House, from the Park. 7. The Road approaching Cobham Hall.

SEAT OF THE EARL OF DARNLEY.

unfortunately blown down in April, 1887. Of this Lord Darnley kindly sends the following account:—

"This venerable relic of sylvan antiquity, although consisting of four distinct stems, had, until closely examined, the appearance of a single tree. It was probably the second Spanish chestnut-tree in this country in point of size, the celebrated Tortworth chestnut being the first. The measurement of the latter is given by Strutt as being fifty-two feet at five feet from the ground; that of the Four Sisters, twenty-nine feet at three feet and thirty-three feet at twelve feet from the ground."

By the public path from Rochester—trodden by the immortal feet of Pickwick and his companions, on their way to join the disconsolate Tupman at the Cobham Leather Bottle—there stands high up, as a landmark, a Mausoleum, which may be described as a Greek temple with a pyramid at top. Rumour says that it has never been used, as there was a difficulty about its consecration; and, further, that in it abides a hermit—indeed, the Earl of Darnley has often received applications for the post. Need it be said that the rumour is as wrong as usual?

From many points of the park one has a distant glimpse, across a wide slope of grass, of the long line of the great avenue, looking, through the haze of a winter day, like the dark battalions of an army on the march. Over the hillsides are dotted the small black and white Shetland cattle, with their roughish coats, no two marked alike; among the trees glance the great herds of deer; little rabbits dart and dip about; and the rooks caw, as they come in their long line over the great red house, which stands back, half-hidden by the ancient trees, where the long avenue ends. EDWARD ROSE.

MUSIC.

THE BRISTOL FESTIVAL.

The sixth of these triennial celebrations terminated on Oct. 19. The opening performance of "Elijah" (already briefly referred to) included, as principal vocalists, Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. The selection from Gluck's opera "Iphigénie en Tauride" (given at the evening concert of the same date) was an interesting example of the noble simplicity of style by which the composer redeemed the opera stage of his time from the prevailing Italian frivolities and inanities. Madame Albani's fine delivery of the soprano portion was an admirable feature of the performance. Her coadjutors were Miss M. Gane, Mr. W. Mills, and Mr. W. Thomas. As previously said, another specialty of this programme was Sir Charles Hallé's artistic rendering of Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto in A minor. The concert also comprised interesting vocal and orchestral pieces that do not call for specific mention.

The morning performances of the other days of the festival week included Cherubini's fine fourth Mass (in C), followed by Dr. Mackenzie's dramatic cantata "The Rose of Sharon." The principal soloists in the Mass were Madame Albani, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. C. Banks, and Mr. Santley, those in the cantata having been Mesdames Albani and Belle Cole, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Santley, and Mr. Worlock. Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" music (soloists, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley) and Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend" (with Madame Albani, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. W. Thomas as solo vocalists) formed the morning programme of Oct. 18; "The Messiah" having closed the festival on Oct. 19. The solo vocalists on this last occasion were Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Worlock.

The second of the evening concerts opened with Berlioz's dramatic symphony "Romeo and Juliet"—a work that comprises much beautiful and effective music, together with some of that eccentricity which colours most of the composer's works. The solo vocalists were Madame Belle Cole, Mr. C. Banks, and Mr. W. Mills. Miscellaneous orchestral and vocal pieces completed this programme. The last of the evening concerts—on Oct. 18—comprised some effective orchestral and vocal performances of pieces too familiar to call for specific mention. It is much to be regretted that the continued indisposition of Madame Trebelli hindered her from fulfilling her engagement at the Bristol Festival, where she was readily replaced by Madame Belle Cole.

Sir Charles Hallé's fine band, with himself as conductor, a powerful and well-trained chorus, and the eminent solo singers already named, have combined to realise performances mostly worthy of the standard classical works of which the programmes have chiefly consisted. Mr. Rootham, as chorus-master, and Mr. Riseley, as organist, have rendered efficient services to the festival proceedings.

The opening of the thirty-third series of the Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts on Oct. 13 was duly recorded by us. At the second concert of the series, on Oct. 20, the programme comprised two works, given for the first time here—a symphony (No. 2) by Herr Goldmark, and a "Concerto Romantique" for violin, by M. Benjamin Godard. The symphony is a work of a similar class to one by the same composer, entitled "A Country Wedding," that has been given at these concerts and elsewhere with much success. The second symphony contains much effective writing, especially in the earlier portions, and may well find a second hearing. The violin piece contains many passages affording scope for executive display, which were brilliantly rendered by M. Johannes Wolff. Other portions of the concert require no mention beyond stating that vocal solos were successfully rendered by Madame Valleria and Mr. Braxton Smith.

Mr. William Carter will give the first of a new series of grand concerts at the Royal Albert Hall on Oct. 31, with a Scotch festival.

Mr. W. Nicholl is to begin a new series of his interesting chamber concerts at Princes' Hall on Nov. 1, when a varied and attractive programme of vocal and instrumental music will be offered.

Dr. Latham delivered the annual Harveian oration at the Royal College of Physicians on Oct. 18.

Sir Edward Watkin, Bart., M.P., was on Oct. 18 presented with an address from the electors of the Parliamentary borough of Hythe, on the occasion of his departure for India.

The Lord Mayor entertained at the Mansion House on Oct. 17 a large number of the Mayors and Provosts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

A deputation representing the ratepayers of Kensington waited upon Mr. James Heywood at his residence, Palace-gardens, on Oct. 20, to present him with a bust of himself, executed in white Carrara marble, by Mr. Adams Acton, in acknowledgment of his gift of a library, which is to form a nucleus for the new Free Library in Kensington.

The Wax-Chandlers' Company have enriched their hall in Gresham-street with a stained-glass window containing their arms, granted in the time of Richard III., surrounded by those of members of the Court. The whole has been carried out by Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, under the direction of Mr. Horatio Gregory, clerk of the Company.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J H BLACKBURNE.—Many thanks for the game and the information.

E W P (Wandsworth).—Held over for want of space.

HEREWARD.—There has been some confusion, which we cannot at the moment explain. The problem shall be re-examined with a view to publication.

E. H. E.—We do not publish solutions; and as you send no solution of your position, we cannot offer an opinion on its merits.

JEFF ALLEN (Romiley).—We have a large number of two-movers yet to be published, and cannot, therefore, promise an early appearance of yours, even if it stands examination.

E HALLEWELL (Bolton).—Your problem is marked for insertion, if sound.

J AMYGDALIS.—Thanks for problem, which shall not be overlooked.

F HEALEY, Carshake; W Wood, Mrs Baird, J P Taylor, W T Pierce, J Pierce, B G Laws, Senior Asps, W Biddle, E Hallwell, Hereward, J Amygdalis, A Silvery, L Desanges, and Columbus are severally thanked for the problems so courteously placed at our disposal.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2320 received from J W Shaw (Montreal), G J Veale, and J Rutter; of No. 2322 from J Sage, A W Hamilton Gell, Alpha, Mermet, J Bryden, B Reynolds, J G Hankin, Quidnunc, and W H D Wallbank.

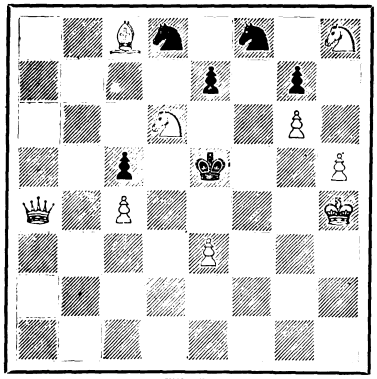
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2323 received from Hereward, B Reynolds, J D Tucker (Leeds), Howard A. E Casella (Paris), Martin F. Dawe, A Newman, E Lucey, W Hilbert, Jupiter Junior, G J Veale, E Phillips, J Bryden, R F N Banks, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Peterhouse, Julia Short (Exeter), T G (Ware), T Roberts (Hackney), Dr Gustav Waltz (Heidelberg), Mrs Kelly, D McCoy (Galway), W S (Shefffield), E Louden, H Wortzel (Canterbury), Columbus, W H Hallewell, H H Brooks, L Desanges, Dr F St, E Lucas, Percy Ewen, and J Dixon (Colchester).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2321.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to K 2nd	P takes P
2. Kt to Kt 3rd	K takes Kt
3. Kt Mates.	

Numerous correspondents point out a solution in two moves by 1. Kt *to* B 8th.

PROBLEM NO. 2325.
By L. DESANGES.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

BRITISH CHESS CONGRESS.
Game played between Mr. GUNSBERG and the Rev. J. OWEN.
(*French Defence.*)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. O.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q B 3rd
3. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th
4. P to K 5th	Kt to Q R 3rd
If Black Kt Black answers with Q to R 5th check.	
5. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to B 2nd
6. B to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd
7. Castles	P to Kt 3rd

Black is constructing an elaborately defensive position, but this Pawn is moved from a post where it would presently prove useful to one in which the subsequent proceedings do not invite it.

8. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Q B 4th
9. Q to K 2nd	P to Q R 3rd
10. B to Kt 2nd	B to Q Kt 2nd
11. K to R sq	Q to Q 2nd
12. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to K 2nd
13. Q R to Q sq	

Black's game is strong only in appearance, and with true strategical instinct White detects the weakness of his opponent's centre, and acts accordingly.

13.	Kt to B 3rd
14. P to B 4th	

White continues with admirable judgment. By this move he preserves his K it and connects an *exclusive* of Pawns, greatly to his own advantage.

14.	B P takes P
15. P takes P	Kt takes Q P
16. Kt takes P	Kt (Q 4th) to Kt 5th

Loss of time. The Knight is well posted, and should not have been moved. B to R 3rd, threatening a Pawn not easily defended, would have been better.

17. Kt to K 4th	

White's position is decidedly the better of the two.

17.	B to K 2nd
18. B to Kt sq	Kt to Q 4th

A confession of the weakness of his 16th move.

19. Kt to Q B 2nd	Castles (Q R)
20. Kt to K 3rd	Q to B 2nd

Losing the exchange and the game. K R to B sq would have still left Black with some fight; but he was, in any case, getting hard pressed. The remaining moves are merely a massacre of his forces.

21. Kt to Q 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
22. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
23. Kt takes P	B to B 4th
24. Kt takes K R	P to Q 5th
25. Kt takes P	P takes Kt
26. B takes Kt P	Kt to Kt 5th
27. B to K 4th	B to Q B sq
28. P to Q R 3rd	P to Q 6th
29. Q to B 3rd	Kt to B 7th
30. R takes P,	and wins.

Mr. Blackburne, who is now starring the provinces, gave an exhibition of his skill at Trowbridge on the evenings of Oct. 10 and 11. On the first night he played thirty-six simultaneous games, of which he only lost two and drew three, winning the rest; and the following evening, when meeting eight opponents, blindfold, he won six, drew one, and lost one. His programme includes visits to Birmingham, Manchester, and Luton. On Nov. 3 he gives a blindfold performance at the British Chess Club.

At the Dover Chess Club, on Oct. 15, Mr. Bird played twenty simultaneous games, of which he won seventeen, drew two, and lost one. Some of the games were very spirited, being forced by the single player in characteristic style.

The match between the Athenæum and North London Chess Clubs, played at the rooms of the latter on Oct. 11, resulted in a victory for the Athenæum team by 9½ games to 5½.

"The Chess-Player's Pocket-Book and Manual of the Openings," by James Mortimer (Wyman and Sons). Chess-players of all classes ought to be grateful to Mr. Mortimer for this excellent little work, which is so simple in idea that the wonder is no one has ever thought of it before. Within a compass permitting the book to be easily slipped into a breast-pocket, the author has managed to give the first ten moves of sixty-one different openings, including such novelties as the Pierce and the two Blackmar gambits, whilst an appendix provides further analyses of the leading attacks. The volume is, in fact, an exhaustive compendium of the labours of all the analysts, and contains as much real instruction in the openings as one ten times its size. There are, of course, no notes; but by an ingenious code of signs, the value of different lines of play, or of particular moves, is as fully indicated as in any of the ordinary text books. In each case the criterion is Mr. Mortimer's own; but his proved merits as a player necessarily command respect for his judgment as a commentator. We already owe to him some interesting variations in the most popular lines of play; but we consider that in this manual he has done still more for the game. So far as our examination has gone, we have discovered no defects of any kind, and great care has evidently been taken to avoid errors. The volume is daintily got up, and its price (one shilling) brings it within the reach of everyone. We wish it all the success it deserves, and shall be surprised if it does not obtain a large demand.

The tenth annual Brewers', Mineral Water Manufacturers' and Allied Trades' Exhibition was opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Oct. 22, and continued till the 27th.

The Board of Trade have received two silver medals and their diplomas, which have been awarded by the French Government to Mr. William Garson, second mate, and John Neill, seaman, of the British steam-ship Richmond, in recognition of their services to the passengers and crew of the French vessel Ville de Victoria, which foundered in Lisbon Harbour on Dec. 21, 1886.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OYSTERS.

That window in the oyster-shop has always had a strange fascination for me, and I never contemplate the bivalves in its tanks without a sigh of regret that so much in the way of complex anatomy should glide over the human throat without exciting even a quiver to mark its sense of the social barbarity to which it has been subjected. It is curious, too, to note how different are the feelings with which we of these islands regard two nearly-related molluscs—the oyster and the snail. For the former we pay down cheerfully our two-and-six or three-and-six per dozen on Mrs. Driver's counter, while the dainty, vegetable-feeding snail (costing us, as imported, nothing like such prices) is eschewed as a Continental culinary and gastronomic eccentricity. I suppose it always will be so in the matter of our food. We are terribly insular, in a dietetic sense. I do not aspire to the free ideas of John Chinaman, who despises nothing which is edible, and to whom a rat or a dog may come with equal relish as does his trepang or bird's nest (for soup); but I do contend we might enlarge our daily bill-of-fare with great advantage to health and pocket alike. In my many journeyings to and fro over the surface of the earth it is my lot to sojourn frequently at hotels. I find the British waiter has invented a shibboleth which in the matter of breakfast is repeated over the length and breadth of the land. Inquire what there may be ready to offer you for the first meal of the day, and you are answered at hotel No. 1, "Chop-fish-steak-ham-and-eggs, Sir!" At hotel No. 2 it is, "Fish-chop-steak-ham-and-eggs, Sir!" At No. 3 it varies like the same old chimes—"Steak-fish-chop-ham-and-eggs, Sir!"—and so on, from Land's End to John o' Groat's, the refrain ceaseth never.

What this plaint of mine has to do with oysters may not, I confess, be apparent all at once; but my logical position is, luckily, secure. I contend that, as we have gone out of our (edible) way, ages ago, to devour the mollusc, we should progress a little further on the same (dietetic) lines. Why not enlarge and extend the British bill-of-fare? Here is a topic for my friend Mr. Payn. The oyster must have been "a great departure" in its time. Imagine the attitude of the solid and eminently respectable Britisher who first swallowed an oyster. It was, in truth, a great feat; it led to a great innovation in food delicacies, and I trust it may be repeated in the case of many of the products of marine zoology as yet limited to the aquarium. The late Mr. Gosse used to relate how once upon a time he cooked and ate a sea-anemone. In the days of my youth, fired with a strong emulation to imitate my masters in science, I went and did likewise. The experiment was not a success. The anemone was tough, and it wanted a nice *Sauce Hollandaise*, say, to make one fancy it was only cod-fish after all. Unfortunately I had to cook the animal myself (the head of the kitchen in those days refused to "mess about," as she put it, with "such filthy things"), and there were no directions in any of the estimable manuals of the culinary art at my command whereby I might be guided in my attempts in food-reform. Later on I may "return to my anemone"; but it will be rather in a literary than in a culinary sense, I fear. You get nice fresh cuttlefish on the Mediterranean borders, and it tastes like nicely-done tripe. Everybody has had (or thinks he has enjoyed) frogs' hind legs in Paris; but "you can never be sure," as the comic song has it, unless you go to the Halles Centrales and buy your frogs nicely skewered on those little bits of wood, each looking for all the world like a monkey on a stick. Anyhow, I always take mine oyster as a proof that once upon a time we did make a step in the direction of a fuller *menu*; and when one thinks of the endless reiteration of the "beef, pork, mutton," and of the "chop-fish-steak-ham-and-eggs, Sir!" I can only hope (without being a Sybarite) that when we next enlarge our dietary I may be there to see—and to partake likewise.

Our oyster is designated, somewhat unfeelingly, I confess, in natural history text-books, "a headless bivalve." Whether it ever possessed a head or not, the sequel doth not show. I can certainly hie back, if you will, in oyster-history, and trace for you its development; but even in its early days there is no appearance of a head. Hence it is an inferior creature in this sense to your snail or whelk, which not only posseses a head, but contrives to see a good deal of the world in the course of its somewhat laboured peregrinations.

The oysters lying in Mrs. Driver's tank this morning are gaping widely enough. You might almost think they had died in the night; but when you tap the shell ever so lightly you notice how it closes with a somewhat leisurely but highly determined motion. Now, this observation proves two things to the inquiring mind. It shows, first of all, that the bivalve exhibits a quick appreciation of the "tapping at its garden-gate"; in other words, it is provided with a very distinct nervous system. Then, secondly, you observe that it possesses a powerful muscle wherewith the shell is closed. Look at the empty valve or shell from which you have just removed its tenant. You see the oval impression on the valve showing where the muscle was attached, and you note on the other and companion valve, the neighbour impression. Between the two valves of the shell, then, there stretches this strong band of muscular fibres: so strong that it requires the deft hand of the oyster-opener to detach them. This muscle which closes the valves and keeps them shut is called the "adductor"; and while our oyster has but one, the mussels themselves possess two. It is a voluntary muscle this of the oyster, and quite as much at the command of the animal as your own biceps is placed under your behest. But the adductor muscle of the oyster is not an organ which is frequently in use. If the shell is closed by its action, how, you inquire, are the valves opened? Look once again at the empty shell. You observe at its beak or apex the remains of a brownish substance. That is the "ligament" of the shell. It is an elastic band, which is put on the stretch when the shell is closed by the adductor muscle. If that muscle relaxes, you see what will happen. The elastic ligament will come into play, and by that elasticity will keep the shell open. Now, as an open shell is the oyster's natural condition, we can see in this contrivance a saving of power. The shell is kept unclosed by the purely elastic and mechanical action of the ligament. The oyster has no need to bother itself over this duty. But it is when the more unusual work of closing the shell has to be accomplished that the vital and muscular act comes into play. Then the muscle acts, and "shuts up shop," so to speak, without delay. Nature is always economical in her distribution of power, and our oyster is kept gaping without the expenditure of any vital activity.

I may not linger to-day to tell you of the gills of the oyster (otherwise the "beard"), with their countless cilia, which waft in currents of water perpetually for food and breathing, and as perpetually sweep out these currents laden with the waste of the molluscan body. But perchance I have said enough to convince you that the oyster-shop exhibits many interesting problems in science in the contents of its tanks; and to suggest that, as oysters contribute largely to the material nutrition of mankind, they may also be found not less wholesome when regarded from an intellectual point of view. ANDREW WILSON.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XVI. COBHAM HALL.



1. The Alley in the Private Gardens. 2. From the Terrace of the Gardens, showing the Communication Bridge between the House and Gardens. 3. Corner View, from the Entrance.

THE BLUE LION DEBATING CLUB.

The old-fashioned tavern in Bustle-street, which anciently displayed for its sign the painting of a ferocious King of Beasts, fabulously called blue, rampant in a scarlet field, as true to Nature as the ideas and speeches of some tavern debating clubs are true to fact and common-sense—retains



"Mr. Chairman, the learned opener of the debate has told us that"——

merely its name as the Blue Lion, with its license to sell wines and spirits and malt liquors, and with a respectable sort of custom. Passing through the bar, where glasses clink merrily on the broad zinc-covered counter, behind which a potman and two barmaids ply the brass-handled engines that pump up streams of refreshing liquids from the cellar, you may, if you have nothing better to do, at eight or nine o'clock on a Monday evening, find an odd kind of mutual amusement going on, to which listeners are freely welcome, though only members of a recognised society take an active part in the performance. The visitor, however, will soon be courteously asked by a Blue Lion waiter to mention what he prefers in the way of stimulating drink; and, if he likes also to smoke, will be encouraged by neighbouring examples.

The large inner room, entered from the bar through swing-doors, has a divan of green leather seating at the upper end and along two sides, except at the ample fireplace; and there are tables, marked with many a dint and stain by the setting down and spilling of thousands of pots, jugs, and tumblers, or the burning ashes of thousands of pipes and cigars. The wall at the upper end is adorned with portraits of John Wilkes and Tom Paine, which attest the historic boast that the Blue Lion Debating Club has existed a hundred years, being the gift of two of its founders when those great demagogues were most admired. Below them, on a little raised platform, with a little separate table, is an arm-chair, now occupied by Mr. Soggins, who presides over the feast of reason and the flow of soul, but does not contribute to either. His flow pours down his silent throat; reason to his stomach is an indigestible feast. He is a second-hand furniture dealer in Bag-lane, with no particular family call to spend his evenings at home. The landlord of the Blue Lion is an old friend of his, and Mr. Soggins gets his brandy-and-water free of cost. Every half-hour the rap of a hammer is sounded, and you may observe the Chairman looking at the clock; this happens regularly from half-past eight till eleven. He does not look at the waiter, but the waiter understands this glance at the clock as a signal, and instantly brings to the Chairman's little table another "six of brandy," with a fresh jug of hot water. The Chairman is armed, as we have noticed, with a handy wooden hammer of cylindrical shape, with which he knocks to enforce order. When his fifth glass of brandy-and-water is nearly finished, he knocks very decisively, and calls out, "Time! gentlemen! Time!"

This is all that Mr. Soggins, the Chairman, has to do; except that, when he takes his seat, at half-past eight, and gets his first glass, he rises and says, "Gentlemen, Mr. White," or "Mr. Black," or "Mr. Brown," "will address you on the question of which he has given notice." The question, or abstract proposition, or assertion of "policy," to be debated, with the name of its propounder, written on a sheet of paper, has been publicly set on view in the bar-window of the Blue Lion, during four days of the preceding week. Anybody stopping for a moment in Bustle-street might have read the following:—

"That the present crisis in the affairs of the human race imperatively demands the total and immediate abolition of the existing system in all its ramifications, social, political, religious, industrial, and commercial; and that institutions based on despotic tyranny, consecrated by hypocrisy, and bearing the fruits of moral anarchy, servility, and wide-spread misery, shall forthwith be superseded by arrangements more conducive to the progress of mankind. Proposed by Mr. Sadface."

The rising of Mr. Sadface, one of the most frequent and lengthy speakers of this society, is but faintly cheered, or rather is not cheered at all, but is saluted by a slight rapping of spoons on the table. With a visage bearing the dismal expression of a convicted criminal just awaiting his sentence to be hanged, his stream of oratory, in forced monotonous utterance like the tones of a cow's-horn, begins and proceeds for nearly five-and-twenty minutes. Among the forty or fifty members present, some are furtively chatting with each other, some are loudly giving their orders for "Scotch" or "Irish," brandy, gin, or "bitter;" some are busily filling and lighting their pipes, while several, being near the door, escape with a sly wink into the bar, promising to return directly. Mr. Sadface, absorbed in the recollection of a train of tremendous thoughts and terrible phrases, to which he has previously devoted long hours of solitary study, glares at the wall-space between the two pictures above the Chairman's head, unobservant of the demeanour of his audience. He is an attorney's copying clerk, and a furious philosophic reformer. His speech is a convincing exposition of the notorious rottenness of all that is established—legal, traditional, or customary—in this and every other so-called civilised nation. Church and State, Law and Gospel, the Court, the House of Lords, the Bench of Bishops, the Bench of Judges, Landed Estate and Trade



"Mr. Chairman, I denounce"——



"Downright robbery, gentlemen—robbery and confiscation!"——



"But, gentlemen, let us be serious"——

Capital, Finance and Credit, all Corporations, all officials, all professions, all who seek gain by trade or investment of money, are denounced as the crafty enemies and robbers of the working classes. "Mr. Chairman, I denounce," he exclaims with a solemn gesture; and he stands still denouncing—

Until the Chairman's hammer is heard; for it is nine o'clock, and the Chairman is going to signal for his second



"That question, Mr. Chairman, is doubtless full of difficulty and"——

glass of brandy. Then Mr. Sadface indignantly sits down; and to him rises Mr. Backstead, a retired tax-collector, who has, with his wife's money, bought up the leases of the dilapidated old dwelling-houses in Mugsby's-alley, and screws £300 a year of weekly rents out of the wretched tenants overcrowding those squalid abodes of filth and disease. He is, of course, a member of the Select Vestry of his parish, and a



"There was one subject, Mr. Chairman, that—er—er—I—er—would like to mention—er—er—er—one other matter that—er—er"——

practised debater. "Mr. Chairman," he says, "the learned opener of the debate has told us that"—property is robbery; but Mr. Backstead can prove that it is not; for if there were no property, nobody could get anything; if there were no rents, there would be no houses to live in; if there were no capital, there would be no trade and no wages; what would become of the working classes then? "Property, in fact, gentlemen, supports and provides for all."

But Mr. Backstead has an inveterate personal antagonist, Mr. Trounce, one of the People's Grievances' Reform Association, who is the next speaker. He attacks the management of local and parochial business, and declares that it is

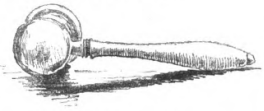


"And this is the man, gentlemen, who has the effrontery to tell you"——

often perverted, "worse than our National Government, I say, bad as that is," by private jobs and corrupt transactions. Then he relates an instance in which a Select Vestry was prevailed on by intrigue to rescind a resolution passed in consequence of its surveyor's report, ordering some ruinous and unwholesome dwellings to be put in repair. "I will tell you, gentlemen, those dwellings and their owner; they were in Mugsby's-alley, and he was Mr. Backstead! And this is the man, gentlemen, who has the effrontery to tell you that private property is held for the benefit of all!"

After Mr. Trounce's exciting harangue, which dealt with various local topics, a slowly-moving, honest-looking, elderly man, recognised as Mr. Waite the shoemaker, stood up, carefully feeling his chin to make sure that his head was upright. He could not agree with the sweeping denunciations of everything in this country that Mr. Sadface, who was a gentleman who had had a much superior education to himself (Mr. Waite) had so strongly expressed. But he believed that the prosperity of the country might be improved by an amendment of the Land Laws. "That question, Mr. Chairman, is doubtless full of difficulty"—so Mr. Waite candidly confesses that he has not yet made up his mind whether it would be more desirable to repeal the antiquated "Statute of Primogeniture," or to decree the summary confiscation of all estates hitherto settled in perpetuity on male heirs under the iniquitous "Law of Entail."

But Mr. Bangham, the sturdy gentleman with an intensely earnest countenance, who makes the table shudder under the blows of his muscular fist, has inexorably made up *his* mind to wipe out that huge national scandal, the infamous and accursed Pension List, by which, as he proves from printed figures in the *Democratic Almanack*, the vast sum of two millions and three quarters sterling is yearly paid by the British taxpayer among ninety-seven descendants of the illegitimate offspring of that base and profligate Monarch, King Charles II. "It is downright robbery, gentlemen—robbery and confiscation!"

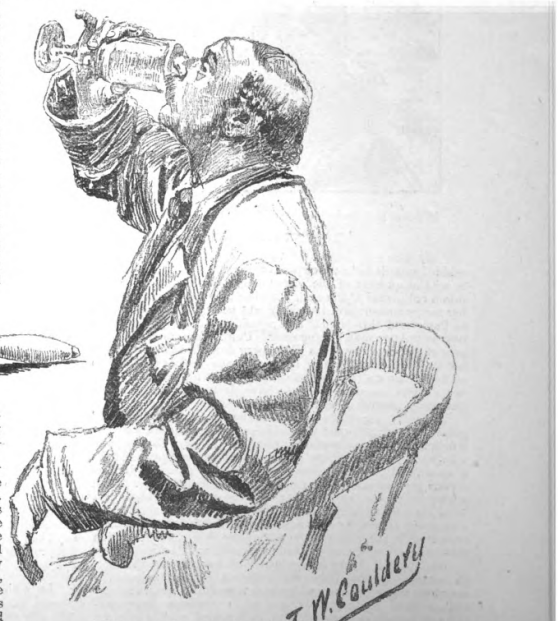


When so much vehemence and portentous gravity seem to have fatigued the company, they are relieved by the bland jocosity of Mr. Felix Smoothers. He is a personal friend of Mr. Sadface, and sits with him all day at an opposite desk in the same office. "I deeply regret," he says, "that I have come here too late this evening, and have missed the rich treat you have all enjoyed in hearing my honourable and learned friend's brilliant exposition, set off, as I can fancy, by the flashes of wit, the genial glow of humorous pleasantry, the soft touches of delicate irony, the charming graces of a refined and captivating eloquence, that we appreciate in his frequent discourses. Mr. Sadface, gentlemen, is blessed with a temperament of airy cheerfulness. There he sits, with a glass only of water before him, as you observe, sufficiently exhilarated by the internal radiance of his delightful imagination; we, less gifted minds, are fain to imbibe a slight inspiration of hopeful benevolence through the medium of whisky or brandy or whatever it may chance to be. But, gentlemen, let us be serious"—— Cries of "No, no!"

interrupted the speaker, and a voice at the lower end of the room, beginning timidly in subdued tones, was heard trolling the notes of an old rollicking chorus, "For we always are so jolly oh—Slap, bang, here we are again, what jolly dogs are we!"

The whole assembly, within three minutes, had assumed a convivial aspect; fresh orders were shouted to the waiters; there was a clattering of pots and a tinkling of spoons in glasses, a loud chattering of tongues in many sociable groups of laughing talkers, brief snatches of song from different quarters, and a growing cloud of tobacco-smoke filling the hall of debate. Amidst this festive turmoil, the figure of Mr. James Priggins, one of the most punctual attendants of the club, was discerned rising with a written paper in his left hand, while his right manipulated a double eyeglass. He feebly uttered the following syllables:—

"There was one subject, Mr. Chairman, that—er—I—er—would like to mention—er—er—er—one other matter that—er—er"——



"Time! gentlemen! Time!"

But the Chairman saw, at that moment, the bottom of his fifth glass of brandy-and-water. He drained its last drop, and put down the glass. He lifted the official hammer, exclaiming "Time! gentlemen! Time!" The hammer fell with such force that fifty glasses jingled on the tables. Mr. Soggins left the chair, and the Blue Lion Debating Club presently went home to bed.

HALLOWMAS EVE.

"The good old customs of the country are passing away."

No speech, perhaps, is oftener heard than this when, over the walnuts and the wine about Christmas time or Hallowe'en, the talk has turned upon the subject of old-fashioned festivities. And the sentiment seldom fails to evoke a sigh of regret, and to awake recollections of frolic mirth enjoyed in lighter-hearted days. But while there is, without doubt, truth in the remark, happily it is not altogether true. The portly old gentleman who animadverts upon the subject is generally too apt to take for granted that, because for some decades he has ceased to share in these festal sports, the sports themselves have ceased to be observed. If, however, the speaker were to return upon such a night as All Hallow's Eve to the village where perchance his youthful years were passed, he might find that the quaint and merry customs he laments do not altogether belong to the golden dusk of long-forgotten days. Though he himself has grown older and graver, the great heart of the world has remained ever young; and ever still, as the traditional occasions come round, there breaks forth amid its long-accustomed scenes the ancient madcap carnival of mirth.

Not, indeed, quite as in bygone times is this festival of Hallowe'en now observed. The witches no longer, as in days of yore, are believed to hold their revels then upon the green-sward, and something of the ancient superstition which otherwise lent awe to the eve of All Saints' Day has been dispelled by modern education. But enough remains of uncanny feeling to lend interest to the more mysterious proceedings of the night: and the spirit of simple enjoyment may be trusted to keep alive for its own sake most of the mirth-giving functions of the feast. An institution which took its origin probably from some strange rite of far-back pagan times, and which has managed to survive countless changes of thought, and, like a rolling snowball, to incorporate in itself traces of the Crusades, of the Mediæval Church mysteries or miracle plays, and of later witchcraft and elfin superstitions, must have a strong hold somewhere upon human nature, and is not likely to disappear quite at once even before the blast of the steam-engine and the roll of the printing-press.

If one wishes to know how lads and lasses spent their Hallowe'en in Ayrshire a hundred years ago, he has but to read the famous description of the occasion written by the glowing peasant-pen of Burns; and cold indeed must be his imagination if he does not catch from that description something of the madcap frolic of the night. In these lines he may hear the timid lasses "skirl" as their sweethearts surprise them pulling the fateful corn-stalks; he may watch Jamie Fleck secretly sowing his handful of hemp-seed, and waiting for the image of his destined true-love to appear behind him in the act of harrowing it; he may see Meg in the empty barn, weighing her "wechts o' naething," and likewise waiting for her true-love's presentment; and he may laugh at the mishap befalling the wanton widow as she dips her left sleeve in the rivulet at the meeting of three lairds' lands. But one must not think that these time-honoured frolics are all unpractised now.

Let him step into some great farm-kitchen of the Lothians, with its red fire roaring up the chimney, its plate-racks gleaming on the walls, and dressers, tables, and chairs clean as scrubbing can make them, and he will find, in practice, bits of traditional folklore and traits of human nature equally worthy of the poet's pen.

The place for the moment is empty, the lamps shining from their bright tin sconces on the walls upon unoccupied wooden settles and chairs; for lads and lasses together have betaken themselves to pull each his particular prophetic stock in the kailyard at hand. But presently, with shouts of laughter, they come streaming in out of the darkness; and shrieks of merriment greet the discovery of the fortune which has befallen individual members of the company. For, according as the stock lighted on in the dark turns out to be straight or crooked, and its taste sweet or bitter, so the appearance and disposition of its possessor's future mate will be; and according as earth has clung to the upturn root or not will the pockets of the future pair be well-filled or the reverse. A merry party these men and maidens make, bringing in with them as they enter a breeze of the cool night air, and a breath of the sweet, fresh-smelling earth. And from the flaming cheeks and sparkling eyes of at least one of the laughing girls it is to be doubted that she has met outside with somewhat warmer and more certain assurance of the personality of her future partner in life than is likely to be afforded by her stock of curly kail.

Another method of divination, however, presently engrosses all attention indoors. Three bowls are set out on the hearth—one full of clean water, one muddy, and the remaining vessel empty. One after another each lad and lass is blindfolded, the position of the bowls is changed in thimble-rigging fashion, and he or she is led forward and invited to place a hand in one. According as the dish chosen proves dirty, clean, or empty will the inquirer of the Fates marry a widow or a maid, or remain a bachelor; and shrieks of merriment are occasioned by the appropriate mishaps which befall the most confident.

Then there is the burning of nuts to be done in the great kitchen-fire—a method of discovering whether the future



1. The feast, with Hawaiian female attendants bearing fans of feathers. 2. The "houlah-houlah," or native dance, in the presence of the King.

ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN TO BRITISH AND AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICERS AT HONOLULU (SANDWICH ISLANDS).

wedded state is to be one of peace or discord. And it is amusing to see the quietest of the maids drop two nuts side by side into a red corner of the coal, blushing at the guesses made by her merry companions, but shyly whispering to herself, "This is Patey and this is me," and watching with bashful eagerness as the two take fire together. Puff! Alas for her hopes, poor child! "Patey" has shot away from her side; and the hot tears are woefully near her eyes as she notices that he has settled down to burn by the nut of her neighbour. May her sorrows, sweet lass, never have darker cause than this imaginary presage of losing a fickle lover!

And now, by way of supper, a mighty platter of "champed" potatoes is placed upon the table—a pile mountain-high, in which are hidden somewhere a ring, a sixpence, a thimble, and a button. The lamps are put out, each person is armed with a spoon, and in the uncertain light of the glowing fire the mystic procession moves round the table in single file. Each one as he passes the platter takes a spoonful of potatoes, and he or she who finds the ring is fated to be first married. The sixpence is an augury of wealth, and the finding of the thimble or button is, according to the sex of the finder, an indication that he or she will marry a maiden spouse or will die single.

But, listen! There is a sudden loud knocking at the door. It heralds the time-honoured visitation of the Guizards, a ceremony annually renewed by each succeeding generation of village boys. In they stalk, got up in grotesque improvisations of mumming costume, and each armed with a wooden sword, and carrying a ghostly lantern hollowed out of a giant turnip. "Hare comes in Galoshin," as that individual himself informs the company—being doubtless the traditional representative of some forgotten Templar Knight; and presently he is engaged in a sanguinary hand-to-hand encounter with another wooden-sworded champion upon the floor. Many are the bold words that are said and the doughty deeds that are done; and through the whole performance one may see, as Scott remarked in a note to Marmion, traces of the ancient monkish plays and the revels of the mediæval Lord of Misrule. At the end the players are contented with a reward of apples and nuts, and a share in their elders' merriment.

Tubs full of water are placed on the floor, and dozens of red-cheeked apples set swimming in them; and immediately a wild scene of revel ensues as all and sundry, men and maids, on their knees, seek to snatch the floating apples with their teeth. Many an unexpected ducking is got, and shrieks of laughter greet each mishap and each ineffectual effort to secure a prize. Then there is a wild game of blindman's buff, led off by Galoshin himself, who turns out, now that his burnt cork and whiskers have been washed off, to be one of the younger men of the house, and the soul of all the fun. And from the sly fashion in which he avoids other quarry and keeps hemming one rosy little maid into corners, compelling her to spring shrieking over settles and chairs, it may be gathered that the knowing fellow is no more blinded than he wishes himself to be.

And so the night goes on, a night of whole-hearted and innocent mirth—enough to prove that the spirit of old-fashioned revelry is by no means dead, and that, for at least one night in the year, the young blood of Lowland and Lothian still can wake as much and as joyous merriment as ever did its progenitors a hundred years ago. G. E.-T.

Lady Shelley, accompanied by Sir Percy Shelley, on Oct. 17, started an engine which drove in a pile in connection with a new pier to be erected at Boscombe, about a mile and a half to the eastward of the present Bournemouth pier. The new pier, the first portion of which will be 400 ft. long, is to be completed before the next summer season, and will cost £6000.

In Edinburgh, on Oct. 17, the Marquis of Huntly's Aberdeenshire estates were for sale in eight lots. The upset price was over a quarter of a million pounds sterling. The only sale effected was the estate of Dess, which sold at the upset price of £18,000. The far-famed deer forest of Glentanar, and Birse Forest, with fine grouse-shooting, were unsold. Dumbarrow estate, in Forfarshire, fetched £16,600.

A ROYAL ENTERTAINMENT IN HAWAII.

The island kingdom of Hawaii, formerly called the Sandwich Islands, in the middle of the North Pacific Ocean, has made considerable progress in civilisation since Captain Cook was killed there a hundred years ago. Its position, in the highway of commercial navigation between San Francisco and China and New Zealand, secures to it an increasing amount of intercourse with the most prosperous nations of the world. The natives, who are probably of a race akin to the Maoris of New Zealand, have been converted to the profession of Christianity by American missions, and there are numerous churches and schools. The King, who not long ago visited Europe, is a Constitutional monarch, and his habits of life are quite European. In August last, when two British ships of the Pacific Squadron, H.M.S. Hyacinth and H.M.S. Espiègle, were in the harbour of Honolulu, with two of the United States Navy, the Vandalia and the Dolphin, his Majesty gave an entertainment to the officers of these ships. Our Illustration is from a sketch by Lieutenant A. W. Smith-Dorrien, R.N., of H.M.S. Espiègle. The feast took place in a tent made out of flags and palm-leaves. All the guests were decorated with garlands of flowers, in accordance with the pretty custom of the country. The table was covered with ferns, and most of the delicacies were carefully wrapped in green leaves. There was both seaweed and raw cuttle-fish on the table, and many other luxuries. The guests at table were fanned by women holding great feather fans. After the feast a native dance, called a "houlah-houlah" was given in the garden. This scene is represented in the smaller Engraving. His Majesty is standing in front with a wine-glass, while a few natives with guitars and banjoes are playing and singing Hawaian music. In the distance is the band, which played at intervals, and behind the dancers are some natives climbing up cocoanut-trees for a prize. In the foreground are native Princesses and naval officers, served with champagne by a waiter.



NOW! IS THE CONSTANT SYLLABLE TICKING FROM THE CLOCK OF TIME.

NOW! IS THE WATCHWORD OF THE WISE. **NOW!** IS ON THE BANNER OF THE PRUDENT.
NOW! YOU CAN CHANGE THE TRICKLING STREAM BUT TO-MORROW YOU MAY HAVE THE RAGING TORRENT TO CONTEND WITH.

IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents fevers and acute inflammatory diseases, removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics, such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means; thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood and over-cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, worry, &c.

DON'T GO TO SEA WITHOUT A BOTTLE OF ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."—"From a Town in British Guiana, South America.—J. C. Eno, Esq., London.—Sir,—After two years' trial of your excellent 'FRUIT SALT,' I can safely say that it has saved me much misery from colonial fevers, indigestion, and impaired appetite, to which I have been subject during eleven years' residence in the tropics. It is invaluable to travellers as a preventive of sea-sickness, and a relief from the other ailments of life aboard ship; and for myself I would as soon think of going a voyage without my tooth-brush as my bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' With ordinary care it does not get hard and caked as other effervescent preparations do in warm and humid climates, and this is greatly in its favour.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully, W. J. B."

HEAD WINDS AND HEAVY SEA CROSSING "THE BAY."—"I have recently returned from a trip in a P. & O. Company's ship, and consider it a duty incumbent upon me to make known to you that, during a nautical career extending over a period of thirty years, I have been invariably a sufferer from sea-sickness, more or less, according to the weather; but on the last occasion, I am happy to say (although we experienced strong head winds and heavy sea crossing 'The Bay'), I entirely escaped; and this I attribute to my HAVING PROVIDED MYSELF with ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' which I can most conscientiously recommend to all who may be similarly afflicted, whose business or pleasure may cause them to 'go down to the sea in ships.'—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, A PURSER."

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, AUSTRALIA.—Important to all Travellers.—"Please send me half a dozen bottles of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have tried ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in America, India, Egypt, and on the Continent for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all Travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours faithfully, AN ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL, June 26, 1878."

"I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. ENO."

CAUTION.—*Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked* "ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'" *Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.*

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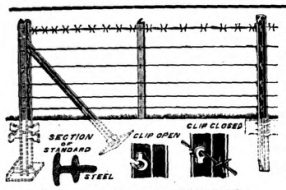
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WEST INDIES. To Mr. J. C. Eno, London.—"Please send me further supply of your 'VEGETABLE MOTO' to the value of the P.O. inclosed (eight shillings). The first small parcel came fully up to what is written of them.—St. Kitts, West Indies, Oct. 11, 1887." THE SAME CORRESPONDENT, in ordering a further supply of the "VEGETABLE MOTO," in July, 1888, writes as follows: "I cannot help telling you that the 'MOTO' is a valuable addition to your 'FRUIT SALT,' and ought to be as generally known as the latter."

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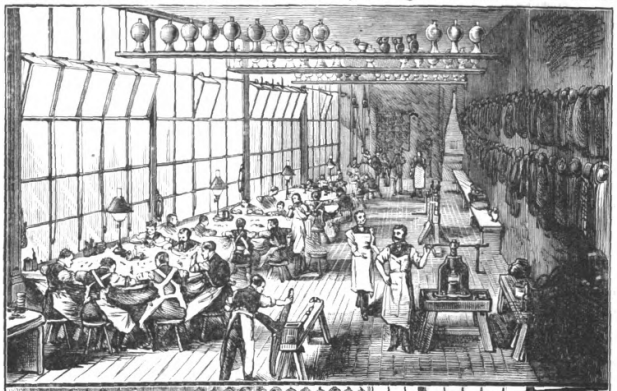
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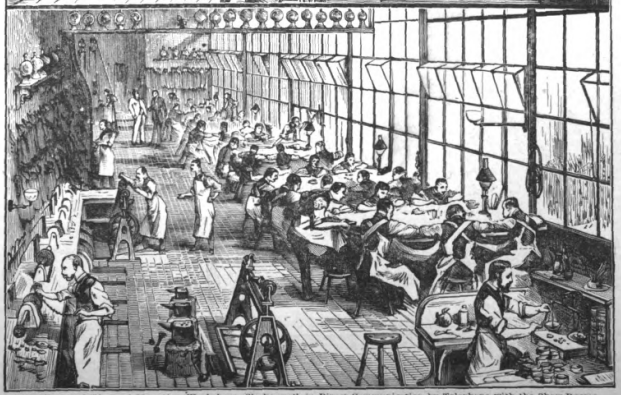
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MEDALS.—Awarded Seven Gold and Prize Medals and the Legion of Honour, the highest distinction conferred on any firm.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (as contained in writings marked B and A), with a codicil, of Mr. Edward Young, J.P., late of Thornleigh, Richmond-hill, Bournemouth, who died on Aug. 31, at Hoylake, Cheshire, was proved on Oct. 17 by Mrs. Betsey Young, the widow, Reginald Young, the son, Mrs. Mary Field, the daughter, and the Rev. Reginald Gunnery, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £110,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Church Missionary Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Bible Society, and the Liverpool Scripture-Readers' Society; £500, all his household furniture, plate, &c., consumable stores, horses, and carriages to his wife; £100 each to his nieces, Emma Barrow and Elizabeth Woodward; £50 to each executor; annuities of £30 each to his sisters Mary Woodward, Anne Young, and Elizabeth Woods; and specific gifts of pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others, to his children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one eleventh thereof to each of his children by his former wife—viz., Mrs. Emelyn Drury, Mrs. Mary Field, Mrs. Dora Edmonds, the Rev. Vincent Young, Sydney Young, and Reginald Young—and the remaining five elevenths, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and on her decease to her five children, in equal shares.

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At the Hanover Gallery (47, New Bond-street) Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti have brought together a more than usually interesting collection of cabinet pictures, chiefly by artists of the French school. As they do not limit themselves to the works painted within the last year or two, we are enabled to judge of the French school in a catholic spirit, and to contrast the widely different aims of men like Corot, Diaz, Roybet, J. F. Millet, and of that talented lady, Rosa Bonheur. From her we have the well-known "Troupeau de Moutons," with its strong effects of light and shadow—a characteristic work in all respects, and more attractive than Millet's "Dénicheurs"—peasants or poachers knocking down from their roosting-places the birds suddenly awakened by blazing torches. The lady who paints under the name of A. Brandeis sends a number of clever miniature studies of Venice, of which we may say that the smallest are invariably the best; and Mr. Gilbert Munger is almost as fertile in his productions of sylvan and riverside sketches in the valley of the Seine. Amongst the other exhibitors may be named Messrs. De Haas, Th. Weber, Madrazo, A. Stevens, Lybaert (his "Caligula" is a masterpiece of colour), Mellery, and Backhuysen, who inherits more than the name of his possible ancestor.

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THE SEVILLE LADY'S EASY CHAIR,
In Saddlebags of rich Persian design and colourings, mounted on velvet, £3 15s.

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MAPLE and CO. devote special attention to the production of high-class DINING-ROOM FURNITURE that will afford permanent satisfaction in wear. The numerous recommendations with which Messrs. Maple and Co. have been favoured by customers who have used the furniture for years is a pleasing testimony to the excellence of the articles.

MAPLE and CO.—DINING-ROOM SUITES.—The LICHFIELD SUITE, in solid oak, walnut, or mahogany, consisting of six small and two elbow chairs in leather, dining table with patent screw, also Early English sideboard with plate glass back; and fitted with cellaret, 16 guineas.

MAPLE and CO.—DINING-ROOM SUITES.—The STAFFORD SUITE, comprising six small chairs, two easy chairs in leather, telescope dining table, sideboard with plate glass back and cellaret, and dinner waggon, in light or dark oak, walnut or ash; very substantial in character; 23 guineas.

FURNITURE FOR EXPORTATION.

VISITORS as well as MERCHANTS are INVITED to INSPECT the largest FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT in the world. Hundreds of Thousands of Pounds' worth of Furniture, Bedsteads, Carpets, Curtains, &c., all ready for immediate shipment. Having large space, all goods are packed on the premises by experienced packers—very essential when goods are for exportation so as to insure safe delivery. The reputation of half a century.

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TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD, LONDON, W.

THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT

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INDIAN CARPETS.

INDIAN CARPETS AT IMPORTERS' PRICES.—MAPLE and CO. receive all the Finest Qualities of INDIAN CARPETS direct from their Agents, and sell them at Importers' Prices, thus saving buyers of Indian Carpets at least two intermediate profits.

MAPLE and CO. have also a great number of really fine Indian Carpets, measuring about 12ft. by 9ft., which they are offering at the low price of 7 guineas, as well as a varied assortment of other sizes at proportionate prices.

PERSIAN CARPETS AT IMPORTERS' PRICES.—All these goods are bought by MAPLE and CO.'S Agents in Persia, and sold at Importers' Prices, thus saving purchasers of Persian Carpets at least two intermediate profits.

TO BUYERS of ORIENTAL CARPETS.—MAPLE and CO. offer exceptional facilities to buyers of ORIENTAL CARPETS. The goods are exhibited in ware-rooms, some of which are more than a hundred feet long, so that the very largest carpets can be fully displayed and minutely examined.

TURKEY CARPETS.

A TURKEY CARPET is, above all others, the most suitable for the Dining-room, its agreeable warmth of colouring enhancing the effect of the furniture and decorations, and indicating alike the good taste and comfortable circumstances of its possessor.

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MAPLE and CO.—PARQUETERIE

MAPLE and CO.—PARQUETERIE FLOORING for Dining, Billiard, or Smoking Rooms; also for Ball-rooms, Public Halls, Vestibules, as well as for surrounds to central carpets. Maple and Co. are now showing all the New Designs and Combinations of Wood at Greatly Reduced Prices.

THE SEVILLE SUITE IN SADDLEBAGS AND VELVET.



THE SEVILLE SETTEE, Persian Design and Coverings, mounted on velvet, £7 10s.

MAPLE and CO., Upholsterers by Special Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen. The reputation of half a century. Factories: Beaumont-place, Euston-road; Southampton-buildings, Liverpool-road; Park-street, Islington.

HUNDREDS of THOUSANDS of POUNDS' WORTH of Manufactured GOODS ready for immediate delivery. All Goods marked in plain figures for net cash—a system established 50 years.

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BED-ROOM SUITES.

500 IN STOCK.

MAPLE and CO.—BED-ROOM SUITES. The WHITBY SUITE, in solid ash or walnut, consisting of wardrobe with plate-glass door, toilet table with glass affixed, washstand with marble top and tile back, pedestal cupboard, and three chairs, £10 15s. Illustration free.

MAPLE and CO.—BED-ROOM SUITES. The SCARBOROUGH SUITE, in solid ash or walnut, including wardrobe with plate-glass doors, and new-shaped washstand, £12 12s.; or, with bedstead and spring bedding, £17 10s. Designs and full particulars free.

MAPLE and CO.—BEDSTEADS.

MAPLE and CO. have seldom less than Ten Thousand BEDSTEADS in stock, comprising some 600 various patterns, in sizes from 2 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. 6 in. wide, ready for immediate delivery—on the day of purchase, if desired. The disappointment and delay incident to choosing from designs only, where but a limited stock is kept, is thus avoided.

POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT. Messrs. MAPLE and CO. beg respectfully to state that this department is now so organised that they are fully prepared to execute and supply any article that can possibly be required in Furnishing, at the same price, if not less, than any other house in England. Patterns sent and quotations given free of charge.



"I'm weak and weary!"—
so the maiden sighed—
My spirits droop, of late—my
roses pine!
Oh, for the days when I might
row or ride,
And glowing health made light
this heart of mine!
Are there no medicines that can recall
My fresh young strength, and
rid me of my ills?
I sometimes think that
I have tried them all—
But stay—I have not
yet had
Beecham's
Pills!"
And thus,
by hope and
doubt alternate
swayed,
She, tired
with musing,
sought her
couch once
more;
When dreams
of gladness
came to cheer
the maid
And tell how
Beecham's
Pills
could
yet
restore!



Oh, kindly vision!
And oh, maiden wise,
Who flew to this ne'er failing friend
in need!
Her merry laugh, bright cheeks,
and sparkling eyes
Now prove that Beecham's Pills
brought strength, indeed!
And gaily can she ride or row, to day,
For health from every hour new
joy distils;
Her happy face remains—so people
say—
The best advertisement of
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INDIAN CARPETS.

INDIAN CARPETS AT IMPORTERS' PRICES.—MAPLE and CO. receive all the Finest Qualities of INDIAN CARPETS direct from their Agents, and sell them at Importers' Prices, thus saving buyers of Indian Carpets at least two intermediate profits.

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THE SEVILLE LADY'S EASY CHAIR,
In Saddlebags of rich Persian design and colourings, mounted on velvet, £3 15s.



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In Saddlebags of rich Persian design and colourings, mounted on velvet, £5 10s.

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MAPLE and CO. devote special attention to the production of high-class DINING-ROOM FURNITURE that will afford permanent satisfaction in wear. The numerous recommendations with which Messrs. Maple and Co. have been favoured by customers who have used the furniture for years is a pleasing testimony to the excellence of the articles.

MAPLE and CO.—DINING-ROOM SUITES.—The LICHFIELD SUITE, in solid oak, walnut, or mahogany, consisting of six small and two elbow chairs in leather, dining table with patent screw, also Early English sideboard with plate glass back; and fitted with cellaret, 16 guineas.

MAPLE and CO.—DINING-ROOM SUITES.—The STAFFORD SUITE, comprising six small chairs, two easy chairs in leather, telescope dining table, sideboard with plate glass back and cellaret, and dinner waggon, in light or dark oak, walnut or ash; very substantial in character; 23 guineas.

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VISITORS as well as MERCHANTS are INVITED to INSPECT the largest FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT in the world. Hundreds of Thousands of Pounds' worth of Furniture, Bedsteads, Carpets, Curtains, &c., all ready for immediate shipment. Having large space, all goods are packed on the premises by experienced packers—very essential when goods are for exportation so as to insure safe delivery. The reputation of half a century.

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500 IN STOCK.

MAPLE and CO.—BED-ROOM SUITES. The WHITBY SUITE, in solid ash or walnut, consisting of wardrobe with plate-glass door, toilet table with glass affixed, washstand with marble top and tile back, pedestal cupboard, and three chairs, £10 15s. Illustration free.

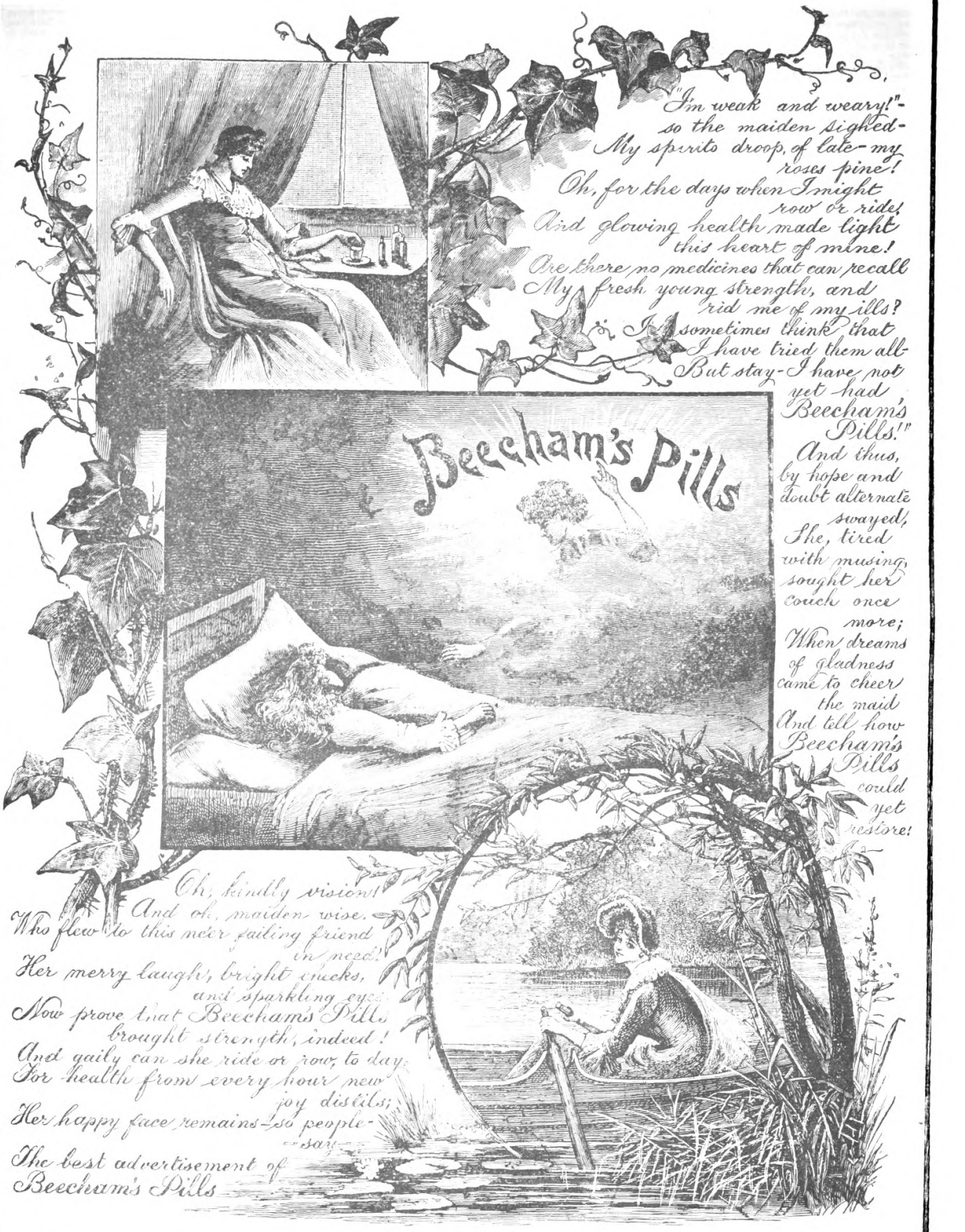
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"I'm weak and weary!"—
so the maiden sighed—
My spirits droop, of late—my
roses pine!
Oh, for the days when I might
row or ride,
And glowing health made light
this heart of mine!
Are there no medicines that can recall
My fresh young strength, and
rid me of my ills?
I sometimes think that
I have tried them all
But stay—I have not
yet had
Beecham's
Pills!"
And thus,
by hope and
doubt alternate
swayed,
She, tired
with musing,
sought her
couch once
more;
When dreams
of gladness
came to cheer
the maid
And tell how
Beecham's
Pills
could
yet
restore!
Beecham's Pills
Oh, kindly vision!
And oh, maiden wise,
Who flew to this ne'er failing friend
in need!
Her merry laugh, bright cheeks,
and sparkling eyes
Now prove that Beecham's Pills
brought strength, indeed!
And gaily can she ride or row to day,
For health from every hour new
joy distils;
Her happy face remains—so people
say—
The best advertisement of
Beecham's Pills

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Lord Mount-Temple's decease is a great loss to many of the more gentle charities and humane "movements" of the day. He was always found ready, in company with his now bereaved lady, to give aid of any kind to attempts to help the suffering and oppressed. I have not seen in any obituary notice of him a mention of the fact that the medical education of women owes its present legal position mainly to Lord Mount-Temple, who, when he was in the House of Commons, got an Act passed making it permissible for any examination for a recognised degree to be thrown open to women, at the option of the governing bodies granting diplomas. This was rendered necessary by the decision of the highest Scotch Court that the Senatus of the University of Edinburgh had no power to admit women to sit for medical degrees. It was known that some out of the seventeen doors to the medical profession would be immediately opened to women if it were once declared to be legal for the authorities to admit female students, so that a Permissive Bill would be, and in fact turned out to be, all that was required. In this action Lord Mount-Temple was influenced no less by the belief that female doctors would often be a boon to suffering womanhood than by a desire to give women a free course in life.

His Lordship himself had the advantage (I know that he held it so) of being related to women of more than common distinction and excellence. He was the son of the famous Lady Palmerston by her first husband, Earl Cowper: and Lady Mount-Temple is reverenced for her goodness by all who have the honour of her acquaintance. It makes a great difference to a man of naturally fine disposition when the women belonging to him are singularly admirable for wisdom or goodness, or for moral and intellectual qualities combined.

How do ladies put on their watches now? Amongst the little changes of fashion that are readily noted by people "in the movement," but are perplexing to those who live quiet lives, such a little matter as this comes in. The newest of all new notions in this regard is the outcome of the Directoire fashions in dress. For the coats and bodices made in that now familiar and popular style, a watch-pocket, and even a watch tucked into the bodice, are impossible. The proper thing, therefore, is to have a tiny pocket put in the skirt, quite near to the front, but towards the left side, and as high up towards the waist-band as the short vest will allow. The watch being snugly placed therein, a short chain hangs over outside, just as it did from the gentlemen's fob-pockets in olden days. At the end of the few inches of gold chain is either a jewelled or engraved ball of the same precious metal, or a little cluster of seals and trinkets on a ring. Similar short chains are used for the wearing of a watch with an ordinary bodice, only then the timepiece nestles between two of the fastenings of the dress, and allows the tiny chainlet to hang its inch or two of length and its jewelled ball over the bodice. Watch wristlets of leather or bracelets of gold and silver, enclosing the timepiece in the centre, are a good deal worn, too.

Another new fashion. There prevails in town just now a modern and approved method of shaking hands, the which if you are ignorant of, you receive a sort of electric shock on greeting by an initiate. This silly salutation *à la mode* is achieved by elevating the right elbow as high in the air as possible and delivering the one or two short abrupt shakes which alone are then convenient as near the level of the chin as may be. Only remember, if your hand is opposite your chin your elbow must be as high as your ear! This amiable and elegant vagary of fashion does not, of course, commend itself to the elder and the more highly-placed fraction of society. It is simply one of those shibboleths, like the talking of a peculiar and ever-changing slang, and wearing of "the newest things out" as rigidly as though they were a uniform, by which a certain large but rather feeble-minded class of folk strive to obtain and to confer a sort of distinction that they are well aware their own social and personal merits will not award to them. It is the kind of persons who a couple of years ago spoke of "swells" and now always talk of "smart people"; who call their dresses "frocks" one season and "gowns" the next; who scarify their chins with "masher" collars, or who (if of the other sex) wear "the colour of the year," however unsuited to their complexions; whose hair is smooth and dark when they are twenty years old, and becomes fair and crimpled when they are twenty-five, or the other way round, according as "the style" may be—this large class of social sheep it is who are indulging in the latest fashion in handshakes.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has sailed for the land of her adoption: for such America is, she being by birth and bringing-up English; by marriage and residence American. The day before she sailed, the presentation was made to her of an address from her brother and sister novelists, to which I referred when it was in embryo. The address was signed by nearly a hundred authors. It thanked her for the protection which she had secured for novelists, preventing a writer's plot and language being turned into a drama without his consent; and these pretty words were accompanied by a gift of a diamond bracelet. Mrs. Burnett, in her reply, had the tact and good sense to recognise that the whole affair, though graceful and justifiable enough, was really an instance of the truth of the severe prophecy—"Men shall speak well of thee if thou doest good unto thyself." She says that she was encouraged in her legal struggle to prohibit the representation of a pirated version of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" by the reflection that even if she failed she would have drawn attention to that grievance of novelists: "but to have been allowed to aid through success, and to receive such a generous tribute of sympathy, is to be fortunate indeed."

The private view on Oct. 20 of the Pastel Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery showed that, though the fashionable world still does not think fit to show its presence in town, literary and artistic London is quite full. The most striking figure at the private view was Mrs. Bernard-Beere, who looked perfectly charming in a grey faille française Directoire coat, with white silk front and cut-steel buttons, and a big broad-brimmed hat almost covered with white and grey plumes, and having one of the new long white feather boas hanging from the back and twisted two or three times round the throat. A pretty costume was of black silk with epaulettes of alternate gold and jet fringes, and a band of trimming to match passing right across the shoulders back and front—quite an old fashion revived. Cloth dresses were the most general wear. Lady artists are excellently represented on the walls, pastel drawing, which is done with coloured chalk used dry, appearing to suit them. Mrs. Jopling has one of her fine frank women's heads, Miss Hilda Montalba a capital study of a middle-aged lady, and Miss Elizabeth Armstrong some good country figures and scenes. The most remarkable contributions from a woman, however, are several works by Mdlle. Anna Belinska—strong and individual and realistic to a degree. This lady had a striking painting at the Academy two years ago, which attracted the attention of many good judges by its force and realism, though it was the reverse of lovely. Everybody interested in female art should look at Mdlle. Belinska's pastels.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Sir Arthur Sullivan gave the presidential address and presented the prizes, in connection with the Birmingham and Midland Institute, on Oct. 19. He took "Music" as his subject.

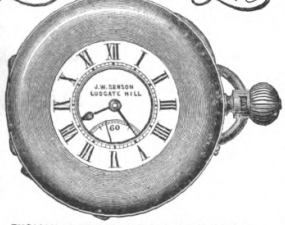
The Bishop of Bedford has acknowledged the receipt of £100 3s. from Mr. Richard Mansfield, being the result of the benefit given at the Lyceum Theatre on Oct. 19 in aid of the Home and Refuge Fund.

Silver Cases, £1 5s. BENSON'S "FIELD" Gold Cases, £2 5s.

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ARE THE BEST TIMEKEEPERS.

PURCHASERS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD using these Watches under most trying conditions testify to their strictly accurate timekeeping qualities.

COLD MEDAL, INVENTIONS, 1885.



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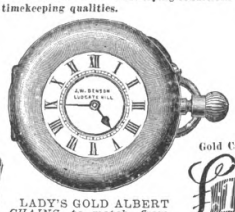
Best London Make, for Rough Wear, with Breguet spring to prevent variation when worn on horseback, &c. Specially adapted for Hunting Men, Colonists, Travellers, Soldiers, and Sailors. HUNDREDS of TESTIMONIALS from all parts of the world. In Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, 18-Ct. Gold Cases, £25; or Silver, £15.

The Hunting Editor of the "Field" says:—"I can confidently recommend Messrs. Benson's Hunting Watch as one that can be depended on."—*Field*, March 22, 1884.

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Is now fitted with a Three-Quarter Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled throughout, and with strong keyless action, thus making it the best and cheapest Watch ever made at the price, and far superior for strength and timekeeping to the Swiss Horizontal Watches sold by all other Firms. The Cases are 18-ct. gold, very strong and well made, either Hunting or Half-Hunting, engine-turned, richly engraved all over, or plain polished with Monogram engraved gratis. Price £10; or, in Sterling Silver Cases, £5.

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And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; and 25, OLD BOND-STREET, W.

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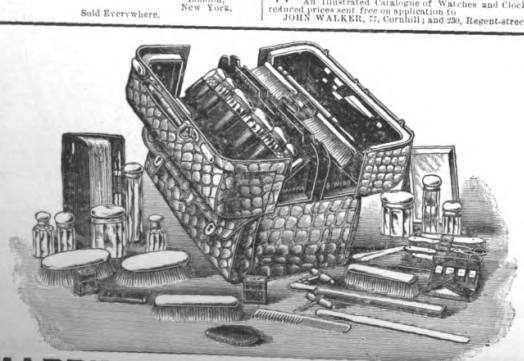
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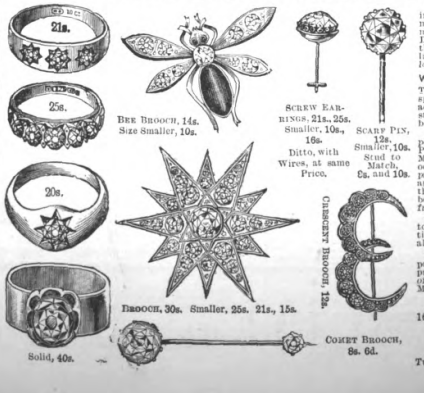
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DETECTION IMPOSSIBLE.
KNOWN all over the WORLD as the FINEST STONES ever Produced.



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WORTH TWENTY GUINEAS,

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THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

The exhibition with which Sir Coutts Lindsay proposes to fill up the interval between now and the date of the ordinary winter exhibition has at all events the merit of novelty. Nothing of the sort has, we believe, been attempted before in this country; and we may congratulate both the manager of, and contributors to, the present exhibition on the ease and rapidity with which they have adopted and revived a branch of art which, except in a few hands, has in this country at least fallen into neglect. The limits of pastel-painting, if we may use the term, leave little room for anything more than the display of certain technical skill, which we gather comes almost naturally, though in different degrees, to every painter in oils or water-colours. Further than the production of a certain surface it seems difficult to go—and consequently the pictures, chiefly portraits, must be wanting in dramatic expression.

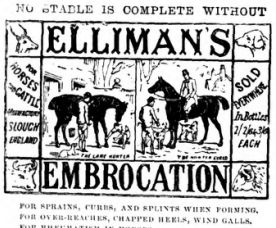
The art of the "pastellistes," a *recognised* body in French art, is so little known in this country, that we may be excused if we briefly refer to its history—of which we hasten to add very little is known with certainty; for whilst some authorities refer it back to the ancient Egyptians, others assert, with no less confidence, that it was never practised, as a recognised form of art, until the early part of the last century.

Pastels hold a sort of middle place between drawings and painted pictures. They are executed with coloured pencils on rough paper, and occasionally on specially prepared canvas. Three sorts of pencils are usually employed by artists in this work—hard and medium ones for the outline and more strongly-marked traits; and soft ones, of which the chalk is crumbled and spread with the finger, so that the result is, in fact, nothing more than a light coating of coloured dust, which adheres more or less to the paper. The perishable nature of all pastels has been recognised by artists of all times and in all countries, and many attempts have been made to fix their work; and in Italy paper is specially prepared with marble powder rubbed into the surface, which has the quality of attaching the chalk subsequently applied. In spite, however, of the difficulties which would seem to stand in the way of making pastels permanent, there are numerous collections of the highest interest both in this country and on the Continent. At Castle Howard, at Windsor, and at Wilton House are to be found specimens which certainly date from the sixteenth century, and in many cases the colours are fresh and the likenesses well preserved. Most of these works are attributed to French artists, but there is little doubt that Holbein also worked with this medium. Historically, however, the invention of pastel-painting is attributed by most authorities to the Germans—the honour being divided between two ladies of Dantzig, Madame Vernerin and Fräulein Heid, and Herr Thiele, of Erfurt, all of whom lived in the first half of the eighteenth century. The Louvre contains some portraits of the kind which go back to the times of Charles IX., although it was not until after the accession of Louis XV. that the pastellistes became fashionable, and were sought after by the ladies of the Court who desired to sit for their portraits. Amongst the artists of that time Maurice Quentin de la Tour was the most noteworthy, and after him may be mentioned Vivien, Liotard, Russel-Nattier, Vigée, Grenze, and others. Amongst the Italians the works of the Venetian lady Rosalba Carriera are the most sought after by amateurs; and those of Lundberg among the Germans. Amongst the modern artists in this style are Fless, Bouquet, Riesener, Vidal, &c.; and among contemporaries we may mention Madame de Léoménil, M. Perrogis, M. Steuben, and Mdlle. Allain.

Of these pastellistes there are no specimens at the Grosvenor Gallery; but, for all that, the French school is strongly represented in both its realistic and impressionist phases, although, as Frenchmen, they will scarcely be gratified at the attention and well-deserved admiration which Mr. Otto Scholderer's "Master Victor" (38) will obtain—a delightful boy in a Cavalier suit standing firmly on his little legs, and looking every inch a boy of force and character. If we compare this with M. J. E. Blanche's most effective work, the portrait of Donna Olga Caracciolo (24) in a brown frock and white spotted pinafore—the stiffness of which is a parody rather than a triumph of realism—we must feel that the less affected school of which Herr Scholderer is a disciple produces the pleasanter impression. In absolute *technique*, possibly M. Blanche is far above all other competitors. His portrait of Mdlle. Bartet (52) shows what he can achieve with simple black and white, and, it must be added, what the lady also—well known as an actress—can do with very simple materials. It is, at the same time, disfigured by the repetition of the same curves throughout the whole of the drapery; and by the still greater fault of making the lady in all respects subordinate to her clothes. With another portrait (153), a young lady in a painfully ugly pink dress, the same fault cannot be found. M. Machard is another recognised master in pastels amongst our neighbours, and he excels in flesh colour, with a slight exaggeration of its green reflections, as seen in his "Juno" (28) and "Soap Bubbles" (20), where the figure, however, is admirable in pose. It requires a long apprenticeship to foreign art—and, we may add, to foreign climate—to appreciate M. P. Roll's not very elegant nor gracefully-proportioned nymphs "Resting" (44) and "Bathing" (60); and we honestly confess our inability to discover wherein the beauty of such work resides. We infinitely prefer M. Dubufé's portrait of a lady (23) in black, where the surface of the flesh is produced with far greater regard to truth, and is far more complimentary to the lady; and in his other smaller work, a study of a boy's head (14), the colour is stronger and the expression of character more strongly marked. M. Emile Lévy's portrait of his daughter (25), and that, apparently, of his wife (90), and of Madame D. (249); Madame Louise Abbema's portrait of M. Paul Mantz (163), Théodore Roussel's admirable "Pierrot" (174), a true harmony in white, are amongst the best figure pictures of the foreign school. The impressionists — who, for the most part, are brought together in the East Gallery—must be judged by another standard; but their principal exponent, Mr. P. Helleu, is not seen at his best in his "Spanish Lady" (148), clever though it be, or by the "Young Lady" (156) in evening dress. Of the more intricate difficulties which landscapes and groups offer to the pastellist we have some very interesting examples—especially "The Sunset" (75) and "Le Rocher du Dombier" (77), by M. Pointelin; M. Montenard's "Road in the South of France" (22), and M. Léon Lhermitte's "Confirmation Day" (6), Mr. J. L. Brown's "Battle-field" (73), strewn with dead horses, and his less gruesome "Hunting-Scene" (167). We should not, perhaps, quit the French school without mentioning the name of Mdlle. Anna Belinska, whose numerous works show a very decided individuality, which, in many cases, has no sympathy with French art. She is always firm and vigorous, and sometimes as uncompromising in colour as in pose.

Another lady, who is well represented in this exhibition, Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, also belongs to two schools. In sentiment she is thoroughly English, but in her treatment of colour she is ultra-French, as seen in "One, two, three, and away we go" (43), a band of merry children in full sunlight playing in the fields; and again in the "Maids in the Garden hanging out the Clothes" (59). In these and other works Miss Armstrong pushes pastel-work to such an extreme that we are inclined to ask why they were not painted in oils, which would have given her far more freedom, and permitted greater finish? But amongst the English exhibitors Mr. George Clausen deserves almost, if not quite, the foremost place. In "The Harrow" (39), although too obviously a reminiscence of F. J. Millet, there is a delicacy of touch combined with an honest rendering of nature, which stamps it as a true work of art; and we meet these characteristics again in his "Child's Portrait" (178) and the "Girl's Head" (210). It is difficult to fix accurately Mr. Hubert Vos's nationality, but he has settled himself amongst us, and we are only too glad to welcome so accomplished an artist. His skill in rendering attractive the somewhat attenuated Mdlle. De Staal (12) shows no less cleverness than his thoroughly French rendering of such pre-eminently English scenery as is to be found in the neighbourhood of Porlock (36). Mr. Vos has also two "political" pastel "Home Rulers" (139) and "In Dreamland" (233), which will attract notice. Mr. W. Llewellyn's "Waiting" (37), a lady dressed for a walk in a green dress against a green background, is *très chic*, and the success which the artist has achieved justifies his boldness; and with it we may compare Mr. Jacomb Hood's "Lady Artist" (57) and Mr. George Hare's portrait of Madame H. (65), both of which show great refinement as well as deftness in manipulation. Mr. Whistler and Mr. Holman Hunt, essentially different in their use of pastel, belong to an older school of workers; but we scarcely think the latter's portrait of Mr. T. Coombe (78) will provoke admiration, for it lacks that quality of colour in which Mr. Holman Hunt excels. Mr. Whistler is as delicate as ever in his little bits of Venice, of which, by-the-way, we seem to have seen some at his own exhibition a year or two back. If this be so, it is only fair to say that they have not deteriorated by keeping; and if they are fresh fruit from his store, we can honestly compliment him on maintaining his high position amongst contemporary "pastellistes." Mr. Solomon I. Solomon's full-length portrait of Miss Ethel Wright (72), which occupies one of the places of honour in the large gallery, in spite of its cleverness, betrays too much effort to obtain a simple result, and, like Mr. J. J. Shannon, he seems to have taken to this style of work almost *en dépit de lui-même*. In fact, when we look through the catalogue and recognise the familiar names of those who have achieved a reputation in oils and water colours, without once, so far as the public knows, suspecting their own talent for pastel, one is inclined to be a little sceptical of the spontaneity of much of their work. In time, doubtless, we shall see the English school take its place, and possibly it will distinguish itself by some special features; but at present the artists in pastel, for the most part, are imitators of the French, or simply bring to their easel the ideas and aims which inspired them when at work in oils or water colours. We do not say this in any depreciation of the exhibition or of its object. Many of those who send works are deserving of high praise, and amongst such we may name Mr. W. E. F. Britten, Mrs. Stokes, Miss E. M. Osborne, Miss Florence Small, and others. It is, perhaps, needless to add that Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, finds in pastel-work an admirable means of filling his frames with wide expanse of sand and water; but the result is hardly more attractive, to the initiated, than in his more ordinary medium. In conclusion, we should say one word of commendation for the admirable hanging of the rooms. M. Deschamps has shown not only judgment, but excellent taste, in the grouping of English and French artists; and, whilst keeping in view the general effect, he has managed to do full justice to the claims of individual works.

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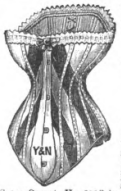
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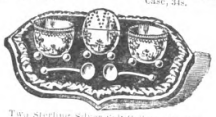
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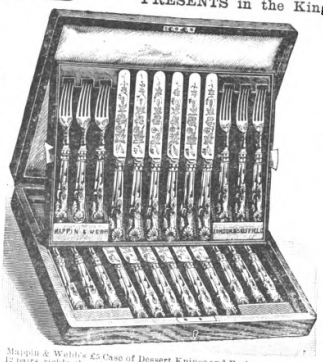
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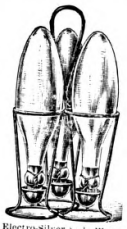
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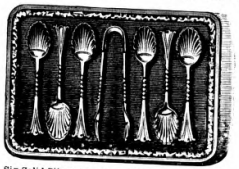
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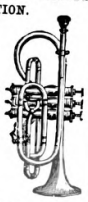
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

On Saturday, Oct. 20, a new theatre was opened, and, luckily, without any mishap. The paint was dry, the staircases suited, nobody had got wet outside—for the very good reason that the night was uncommonly fine—no rights had been abused, and no privileges taken away: and the success of the new Shaftesbury Theatre was acknowledged without one dissentient voice. The pit was so large and excellent; the architectural arrangements and improvements so good, thanks to clever Mr. Phipps: the refreshments, served by the management itself, of such good quality, that it would have been ungracious indeed to bait an author, to groan at an iron curtain, or to attack the defenceless. All went off with flying colours, so far as the management was concerned; and though the entertainment itself was a little tedious and lasted until close upon midnight, there was a cheer still left for that excellent Lancashire man, Mr. Lancaster, who was cordially summoned, and brought on smiling by his charming wife, Miss Wallis. The play selected was "As You Like It," the one particular poem by Shakspeare that requires, not only an intelligent direction, but a guiding hand and brain not wholly destitute of poetry, imagination, and fancy. Something more than smart dresses, silks and satins, gorgeous foresters and elaborate courtiers is needed to do justice to "As You Like It." We want first the heart and soul—the breathing spirit of the play. In a certain sense this can be supplied by an intelligent director: the poetic weakness of the company can be in a measure concealed by the scene-painter and decorator. For instance, one can conceive how "As You Like It" would be presented at the Lyceum with Mr. Hawes Craven to revel on the woodland pictures, with Mr. Irving to direct—and oh! if it were possible to play not Touchstone but Jaques—and, best of all, with Miss Ellen Terry as Rosalind. That, of course, would be something like an ideal revival; but we must not banish the play from the stage because it is not always presented as the mind can picture it. In this instance, however, most unfortunately, very few engaged in the preparation of the play seem to understand the dominant idea of the poem: they, one and all, get away from Shakspeare and the text as far as they possibly can. The scene-painter considers that the wild carol of an English springtime is to be depressed with the fading leaves and intense melancholy of autumn; he makes Rosalind and Orlando wander under beech-trees whose yellow leaves are scattered on the ground; the designer of costumes, being an Italian, naturally goes as far away from England and English characteristic dresses as he possibly can. We all desire to get back to Shakspeare's day and the English woods of Warwickshire; to imagine this fantastic scene as Shakspeare imagined it; but the decorator, with his dresses, drives us away from England as far as possible, and arrests the imagination. An incongruous mixture is the result. We have foresters who look like court cards, and peasants the least picturesque ever presented; and castles of modern design, surrounded by the newest Hampton-Court ribbon beds; and old Adam issuing from a modern villa that might have been built yesterday at Brixton or Balham. It will be said that these are very small matters: on the contrary, they are most important things when an attempt is made to stimulate the imagination, and to suggest an atmosphere of poetry. Some may consider it a very insignificant thing whether or not Phebe or Silvius look pretty or ugly. It is apparently the object of the decorator to make them hideous. He swathes them in clothes and oppresses them with bandages. Phebe looks as if she had just come from a day's washing; and Silvius appears to be attired for an Arctic expedition. They have so many wraps on them—poor creatures!—that they can scarcely waddle. Phebe looks, thanks to the clever designer, five times her age; and Silvius might be, apart from his young voice, a veritable Methuselah. Now, here we maintain that the supposed realistic scheme of design, or whatever it may be, positively destroys the pleasure of the play, and is as inimical to the success of the actor. The idea of the poet is to make Phebe and Silvius a pretty pastoral pair. They ought to be romantic and charming. Far better see them dressed up as Dresden china shepherd or shepherdess, than bundled on to the stage in woollen stuff and padded calves. The best actors in the world cannot utter poetical sentiments when they look ridiculous. To the retort that the swains and maids in Shakspeare's day did not look romantic, we may reply nor did the foresters look so uncommonly smart. If it be worth while to make a forester picturesque, who blows "the lusty, lusty horn," why on earth not extend the same favour to the very characters in the play whose every utterance teems with poetry? It would appear as if the style of the poem to be illustrated is the last thing considered by the illustrator. As it turned out, the best performances were those of Miss Wallis as Rosalind and Mr. Arthur Stirling as Jaques. Both these artists understood how to deliver the text of Shakspeare. Both were distinct and audible. Both have studied the play, and made the most of every line intrusted to them. This was not the general rule. Mr. Forbes Robertson made Orlando a flippant young gentleman who sneered at love and treated Rosalind with insolent disdain—a petulant boy, who was positively bored and disgusted with the attentions of his innocent. This may be a new reading, but is scarcely a defensible one: and it is not recorded that it was adopted by the same actor on other memorable occasions. The Touchstone of Mr. Mackintosh was a painstaking, conscientious performance, but quite barren of the requisite called "humour." Mr. William Farren as old Adam did not succeed in touching the emotions of his audience: Miss Annie Rose made a pretty Celia: and Mr. Seymour Jackson sang with some effect several Shakspearean and non-Shakspearean songs in the character of Amiens. The elocutionary failures in the play were really quite remarkable. They displayed an utter inability to produce the voice or to do justice to the text. In the dull history of modern elocution on the stage it is not conceivable that the beautiful lines allotted to Oliver were ever so unintelligently spoken. We sometimes wonder why Shakspeare is not more attractive. The reason is that the modern actor does not take the trouble to read the text or understand it. How can we appreciate Shakspeare if we cannot hear the speeches that he has put into the mouths of the players?

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, went to Abergeldie on Oct. 17, and took leave of the Princess of Wales, who, with Prince Albert Victor and the three Princesses, left for the south shortly afterwards. Her Majesty, again accompanied by Princess Beatrice, drove in the afternoon to Braemar, and honoured Lady Cochrane with a visit at Kindrochit. The Marquis of Lansdowne had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On the 18th her Majesty went out with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove out, accompanied by Princess Frederica. The Marquis of Lansdowne kissed hands on his appointment as Viceroy of India, and took leave of the Queen. On the 19th her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice and Princess Frederica, drove to the Glassalt Shiel, where they were joined by the Duchess of Albany, attended by Fräulein Von Riedel. The Queen and Princess Beatrice went out from Balmoral on the morning of the 20th; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Mr. Ritchie, Minister-in-Attendance, had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. On Sunday morning, the 21st, her Majesty, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Frederica, with Baron Von Pawel Rammingen, was present at Divine service at the parish church of Crathie. The Communion was dispensed. Mr. Ritchie dined with the Queen and the Royal family. Major-General Sir John M'Neill arrived at the castle on the 22nd, and, with Mr. Ritchie, had the honour of dining with the Royal family.

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House on Oct. 18 from Abergeldie Castle. Next evening the Princess and her three daughters witnessed the performance of "The Yeomen of the Guard" at the Savoy Theatre. On Sunday morning, the 21st, the Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, was present at Divine service. The Prince arrived at Marlborough House early on the morning of Monday, the 22nd, from Paris. The Duke of Cambridge visited the Prince and Princess of Wales. In the evening their Royal Highnesses witnessed the performance of "L'Abbé Constantin" at the Royalty Theatre. Lieutenant-General Sir Dighton Probyn represented the Prince and Princess at the funeral service which was held for the late Italian Ambassador (General Count di Robilant) at the Roman Catholic Church in Warwick-street, Regent-street. The Prince of Wales travelled to Newmarket on the 24th to witness the contest for the Cambridgeshire Stakes.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales fulfilled a series of public engagements, on Oct. 20, at Manchester, where he was the guest of the Corporation. He was first presented with a loyal address from the citizens, and was subsequently entertained at luncheon in the Townhall. Afterwards his Royal Highness opened a public recreation-ground at Rusholme, laid the foundation-stone of a new wing of the Ancoats Hospital, and opened a new club for working lads. On the 22nd his Royal Highness shot over the Ashley estates, and next day hunted with the North Cheshire hounds.

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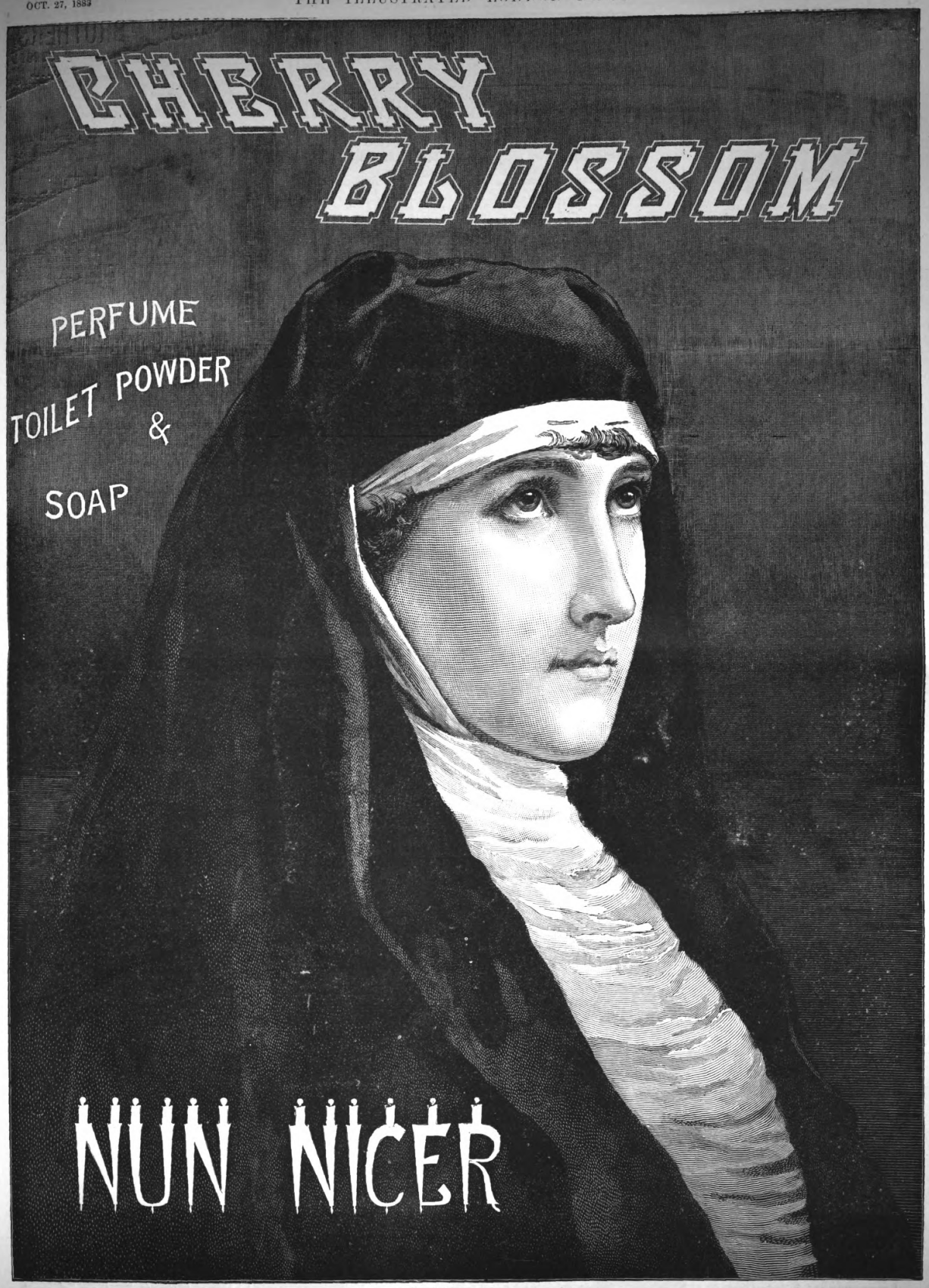
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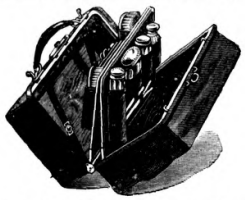
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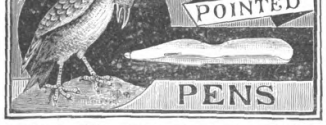
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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"Clericus Dubitans," a correspondent of the *Spectator*, to which all cases of conscience seem naturally to come as to a Father Confessor, is seriously exercised in his mind as to the morality, or otherwise, of sixpenny whist; and he has been taken to task by a writer in another journal for having any doubt of its wickedness. The divine is very properly dead against playing for points "unnecessarily high," but cannot divorce his mind from the conviction that unless people play for something they "don't try"—not having sufficient motive for any exertion; and, in a word, that whist for nothing, though, of course, very moral, is apt to be very bad. Like the wine which the rich but thrifty host put before his guest, with the encomium that it was honest wine, it is "poor but honest." To this the journalist cynically rejoins that "Clericus Dubitans" seems to be of opinion that nothing is done well unless there is a little money upon it. I am unfortunately not "Clericus" (for though so many people find themselves in holes, it is only a few who are in the hole that just suits them); but I think "Clericus" is right in this matter, with very little "Dubitans" about it. It is my experience that work of all kinds is better done when it is paid for. We all know what a lawyer's opinion is worth when it is got for nothing: I believe that dentists who write "Teeth extracted gratuitously between ten and two" over their doors are not spoken of by their patients with the gratitude one would expect; and though I may have dreamt it, *I think* I have occasionally seen the doings of the Great Unpaid contrasted unfavourably with those of our stipendiaries. Breathes there, again, an editor in all England who can lay his hand upon his heart and speak highly of that "Amateur Contributor," who prefaces his dreadful MS. with the statement that he seeks no pecuniary remuneration for it? And, surely, anyone who has ever belonged to a club, must be aware that a committee does not look into matters with the same keen eye for economy that belongs to the paid housekeeper. There are, of course, some exceptions: honorary secretaries of charitable associations, for example, who do their duty manfully; while the admirable journalist who derides the notion of anything being worse done for "love" than "money" no doubt would scorn remuneration for his articles; but, speaking of men and not angels, my opinion is that they do do things better, from whist upwards or (not to be rude to the noble science) downwards, for their having "a little money upon it."

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* is perplexed by the chronology of "Pickwick"; but probably not so much as was the author himself. He dated the commencement of his fiction in 1827, with a light heart, without reflecting that as the serial itself began in 1836, there was not time enough allowed for the development of the story. The circumstance is not at all surprising, nor does it the least detract from the reality of the composition. For my part, I can hardly fix a date for any occurrence in my life, and yet I suppose I must have lived, though I may have failed to "flourish." Moreover, the author of "Pickwick" was a very young man, and, with all his genius, had, of course, no knowledge of the art of writing fiction, though in later years he grew to be the most careful story-teller of his time, and took great precautions to ensure accuracy. Nothing, indeed, annoyed him more—for "whatever is worth doing is worth doing well" was his favourite proverb—than to be proved incorrect even in the smallest matter. For that reason I always forbore during his lifetime to point out his mistake in setting down Cleopatra and the Major to piquet, at Brighton, and then making them play écarté instead; one would almost think, but for his known ignorance of cards, that he could not resist making Cleopatra ask her admirer to "propose." The truth is, every novel has plenty of errors of inconsistency, of misdating, and of misnaming; it is scarcely possible, indeed, that it should be otherwise, if the story is artistically written, and has its characters, each in halves, as it were, the one part being drawn from real life and the other from the imagination. Fortunately, the gentlemen who read the stories submitted to their criticism—though it may not be true that they only "cut the leaves and smell the paper-knife"—do not give a very particular attention to them, or they would more often find us tripping. Sometimes an admirer will write to his novelist to inquire why Angelina in the first volume has golden hair, and in the third (instead of a change to grey, which would seem reasonable enough) "tresses dark as the raven's wing." The poor story-teller gets out of his hobble as best he can (probably by another story); but if he told the truth his explanation would be simple enough. The person he is describing under the veil of fiction has black hair; he makes it golden, and generally pictures to himself his creation in the hue it owes to his artistic hands; but on some particular occasion, his mind, though he is writing of her presentment, reverts to the original, and he paints her in her natural colours.

In the recent anecdotal biography of Mr. Toole there is a pleasant note upon theatrical orders from which one gathers that some people imagine with difficulty the existence of an individual who would not take advantage of an order for the theatre if he could get one. Charles Mathews, it is related, was once at a country inn, where, struck by the civility of "the Boots," he gave him an order for the theatre where he was playing. The next day, he asked him how he liked the play; to which "the Boots" answered rather dubiously, "Oh, well enough; but who 's to pay me for my time?" To have seen Mathews or Mr. Toole can scarcely, of course, be called lost time; but that everybody wants to be amused is rather a doubtful dogma; while to suppose that everybody finds amusement where his fellow-creatures find it is certainly an error. "The Lady of Lyons" is said to be a most popular play, but so far from hungering for an order for it, I should require at least ten pounds—and my expenses there and back—to see it out. Musical entertainments are thought to be very charming by some people; but others, like myself, have literally not the sense for them; I am, unfortunately, growing deaf. I must confess, however, that when I had my full hearing they were still more unattractive to me. I could not expect, of course, to have got for listening the same sums that Mr. Sims Reeves got for singing, but I should have wanted a good deal of money. A large class of persons, I am told, even like lectures; it is impossible to account for some people's tastes; but, for my part, I cannot conceive an intelligent being hurrying over his dinner, and smoking one pipe instead of two afterwards, in order to attend a lecture without some handsome "compensation for disturbance." We are all too apt to think that what we like ourselves other people must like; but the idea of a "ticket for the platform" (let the "platform" be what it will) being a privilege to be struggled for, seems to push this social error to its extreme verge. To be asked, if one is not a sportsman, to pay a country visit in November is also rather "a large order" (though not of course a theatrical one); no doubt it would be an unusual thing for the would-be host to enclose a cheque in three figures along with his invitation, but it is a thing that ought to be done, and until it is done many persons, in the rôle of invited guest, will continue to say with that untheatrical Boots, "Who is to pay me for my time?"

Miss Edna Lyall, the authoress, is enviable for many reasons, and not the least of them that, writing—as she does—under a *nom-de-plume*, her "double," though apparently eccentric and certainly unorthodox, seems to confine her depredations upon the individuality of her original to the isle of Ceylon. Miss Lyall's publishers are very indignant upon her account, whereas they ought in reality to be astonished at the moderation of this impersonator of their client. Everyone who writes a book "By the Author of" something or other, instead of in his (or her) proper person, is wellnigh certain to have this compliment—a much more sincere form of flattery than mere imitation—paid to his success in literature. Everyone knows about George Eliot's double, and, indeed, the chance she gave him, by pretending to be of his own sex, was an irresistible temptation; but the fact is, it is a very common offence, and arises almost naturally from the system of anonymous authorship. To a person with a literary turn, but without a literary gift, it is the easiest way of securing a reputation—an ephemeral one, it is only too probable; but how ephemeral is fame itself! How many more writers for the *Times* there are in the world than are known in *Printing* House-square! How many more contributors to *Punch* than his dog Toby (who never forgets a face) can recognise! I have seen articles appropriated before now (not innocently, alas! but unconsciously) in the very presence of their owners. To say "I am 'S. G. O.' or 'X.,'" is only to mount one round higher on the ladder of impudence. What is much worse than this is when not Vanity but Impecuniousness is the motive of the impersonation—when the anonymous author of that very successful poem "Heart-Throbs," or of that fine philosophical work on the Moral Emotions, finds himself asking for money of strangers and running up bills, with gin and beer in them, at country inns by proxy. This little mischance may happen, as I have reason to know, to the best of authors.

I don't know whether the author of "Robbery Under Arms" is an Australian, but certainly, except by Charles Reade (who, by-the-by, had never been in Australia), life in the under-world has never been so well described. Rolf Boldervood (as the writer calls himself) might very well have hit upon a better name for his story; and, indeed, "The Bush-ranger" would have seemed ready to his hand; but what is the main point, after all, it is a good story. There is adventure enough in it to serve for half a dozen ordinary novels, and the interest never flags. The writer has little literary skill; but in these days, when we are so overdone with "art" and "style," his straightforward way of telling things is by no means unwelcome. One has seen his high-born hero-highwayman "Starlight" and his matchless steed before, but not for these many years, and one is very willing to renew their acquaintance.

If some people take too much pains to associate themselves familiarly with men of letters, "because of advantage," others, it seems, take too little. That most good-natured of authors, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, tells us that he has really thought it his duty to refuse a lady's application for an autograph who has addressed him as "Miss Oliver Holmes." The existence of such an individual will seem incredible to those who do not know the amateur autograph-hunter, but not to those who do. Of course there is no reason why an illiterate person should not have made such a mistake; but the wonder is that anyone who felt sufficient interest in the author to want his handwriting should have done so. Yet it constantly happens. Charles Reade had almost as many gushing correspondents who addressed him as "Read" or "Reed" as by his true name; and not seldom he was "Sir Charles Reid." It must have been difficult even for a born fool to spell Dickens's name wrong; yet even he had admirers who preferred to use two "k's" instead of the "ck." I remember a dreadful story of a very pretty young lady coming to show herself to him, as Dolly Varden on her way to a fancy ball; and the painful fact being disclosed during their brief conversation that she had not the least idea from what book of his (or anybody's) the character was taken. The saddest experience of the want of knowledge of one's own subject *I* ever remember, was the rapturously applauded song of a young lady in which the line occurred "Thou who so gently walkest over me." It was encored, so I felt I could not be mistaken in the words, and ventured to inquire their meaning of the fair songstress. She said she thought it was plain enough, and that she had never had such an inquiry addressed to her, though she had sung it scores of times. "Don't you think it would sound better" I said (I thought the "sound" might move her, which the sense would obviously never do), "if you said 'watchest'?" "If you like," she replied good-naturedly; "'watchest,' or 'walkest,' what can it matter?"

It is probable that no one has had so many bird's-eye views of his native land as Mr. William Green, the champion Steeple Jack. He has repaired no less than fifty-three towers or spires, from that of Salisbury Cathedral, 404 ft. high, to that of Whittlesea, 280 ft. What an authority he must be on "Picturesque England"; though his line of business lies rather in the other direction, for I read that he has built 550 chimneys, which probably raise their stately heads and raven tresses in the manufacturing districts. Like his father before him, he is also an aeronaut, and took his first flight under the paternal care, from York to Wolverhampton, when eleven years old. He must know a deal more of "high latitudes" than the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, though he probably never wrote "letters" about them. What is very curious, when he is not in the clouds, he is a Government diver—he recovered ten of the bodies after the Tay Bridge disaster—and goes to the bottom of things as well as the top of them; and yet I don't find his name among "Men of the Time." His hardest piece of work, we are told, was the setting right of a chimney 280 ft. high (with a diameter of 70 ft. at the base and only 8 ft. at the summit) which had got 3½ ft. out of the perpendicular. It was accomplished, we are vaguely told, "very expeditiously by screw-jacks and cutting out;" but what "cutting out expedition" was ever to be compared with this for danger and audacity? He is, of course, quite above all sectarian prejudices, and is just now repairing a Roman Catholic Cathedral spire at Plymouth. I am not very fond of going out to dinner, but I would not decline an invitation which had in its corner "To meet Mr. William Green." How much more interesting he would be than the generality of elevated persons!

THE COURT.

The Duchess of Albany, who had received the sad intelligence of the death of her mother, the Princess of Waldeck and Pyrmont, drove over from Birkhall on the morning of Oct. 27, and, having taken leave of her Majesty and the Royal family, left for Germany. The Prince of Wales arrived at the castle at one o'clock. A guard of honour of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, under the command of Captain Davidson, was mounted at the Ballater Station. Colonel the Hon. Henry Byng, Equerry-in-Waiting, attended his Royal Highness from Ballater. Her Majesty drove in the afternoon, attended by the Countess of Erroll and Miss M'Neill. The Rev. J. Mitford Mitchell, Minister of the West Church, Aberdeen, arrived at the castle. The Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie and Major-General Sir C. Teesdale, in attendance on the Prince of Wales, had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner-party. Divine service was performed at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, the 28th, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Rev. J. Mitford Mitchell, Minister of the West Church, Aberdeen, one of her Majesty's Chaplains, officiated. Princess Frederica and Baron Pawel Rammingen dined with the Queen and the Royal family. Mr. Ritchie, the Rev. J. Mitford Mitchell, and Major-General Sir C. Teesdale had the honour of being invited. On Monday morning, the 29th, the Queen went out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice; and her Majesty drove in the afternoon, attended by the Countess of Erroll, the Hon. Ethel Cadogan, and Miss M'Neill. The Prince of Wales, attended by Major-General Sir Christopher Teesdale, left the castle for Marlborough House. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg accompanied the Prince to Ballater, where a guard of honour of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, under the command of Captain Davidson, was mounted at the station. The Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie and Mr. Allan Mackenzie had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Major-General Sir C. Teesdale, left Marlborough House on Oct. 26 for Balmoral on a visit to the Queen, and returned to town on the 30th. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud—attended by Miss Knollys, Mdlle. Vauthier, Fräulein Noedel, and Lieutenant-General Sir D. M. Probyn—arrived at Sandringham on the 27th by Great Eastern Railway from Marlborough House, for the winter season. Her Royal Highness and her three daughters, together with the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at Sandringham parish church on Sunday morning, the 28th. The Rev. F. Hervey, Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, Chaplain to the Queen, and Rector of Sandringham, officiated and preached.

The Duchess of Connaught has attended a course of nursing lectures with a St. John Ambulance class at Poona, India, and has passed a very satisfactory examination. Her Royal Highness obtained the "first aid" certificate some weeks previously.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

The military expedition, under General M'Queen, against the hostile tribes of the Black Mountain, on the frontier of the Hazara district, north of the Punjaub, seems to have nearly finished its work, and was expected to return to the Oghi Fort, near Abbotabad, in the first week of November, having occupied just one month in this campaign. The Akozais, the tribe who began hostilities last June, paid the fine imposed upon them by Oct. 27. It was the intention of the general commanding to proceed to Thakot and explore the whole district. The Thakotis number 1500 fighting men. General Sir Frederick Roberts, Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, arrived at headquarters of the expedition and inspected the force there. He went on to visit General Channer at Maidan, and inspected his brigade. The Khyber levies, with their chief, Major Adam Khan, have proved, by their wonderful activity, more than a match for the enemy in the harassing guerrilla warfare of the tribesmen, entirely disconcerting the ambuscades. Colonel Crookshank, who was wounded in the fighting on Oct. 4, has died.

The first and reserve columns of the Black Mountain Expedition, advancing northwards, have already reached Thakot, beyond the northern spurs of the mountain. No opposition is offered by the tribes. The other columns continue to hold their positions.

Our Illustration is a view of the post beyond Bagrwan, at the foot of the Black Mountain, which was occupied by the Northumberland Fusiliers at an early stage of the expedition. It is from a sketch by Captain F. C. Carter.

Prince Ferdinand opened the Bulgarian Sobranje on Oct. 27, and congratulated the country on the fact that the cause of Bulgaria was daily growing stronger.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Oct. 30.

General Boulanger has been banqueted by the revisionist committees of the arrondissements of Paris. The ceremony was crowded, enthusiastic, and uninterrupted by dissident cries, fighting, revolver shots, or other disagreeable incidents. The General made a speech, was applauded by a thousand people, and escorted home in triumph by a considerable crowd. It may be remarked that the General spoke with singular confidence; he seems convinced of his strength; he is evidently sure that he has only to stretch out his arm in order to reach the coveted prize. Nevertheless, with all his protestations of Republicanism, we cannot yet say that the pretender has clearly expounded his programme; he still remains vague, Sphinx-like, and fascinating. One important point to be noted is the scarification by the General of M. Floquet's project for the revision of the Constitution, and his severe ridiculing of the Cabinet, which hoped to confiscate to its own advantage the popularity of General Boulanger simply by adopting a Revisionist platform. Thus, M. Floquet is abandoned by the extreme Left, scoffed at by the Boulangist, and left in the lurch with a stillborn Bill in his arms, and no prospects.

Political matters are in more than their usual state of confusion, which all turns to the advantage of General Boulanger, who carefully preserves his character of a new and untried broom. The Income Tax Bill irritates all classes—commercial people and worldlings alike. The Cabinet and the Chamber are becoming more and more unpopular. The era of petty measures is beginning. Thus, Police orders have been issued for seizing and confiscating certain Boulangist pictures, portraits, and caricatures of the General, in which he is represented vanquishing the Chamber and putting the Deputies to flight. Propagandist pictures of the Comte de Paris and Victor Napoleon are likewise being seized. Instructions have also been issued by the Minister of the Interior concerning the swarms of Boulangist song-singers who have recently spread all over France and penetrated even into the remote communes with songs of an insulting nature about the President of the Republic. On the occasion of the marriage of the General's daughter, Mdlle. Marcelle Boulanger, to Captain Driant this morning, at the church of Saint Pierre de Chaillot, an unnecessary display of police force attracted to the ceremony more attention than it deserved. As the General has often said, he has only to wait and to take advantage of the mistakes of his adversaries.

Speeches on financial questions are not often attractive. We may therefore note that of M. Jules Roche, the reporter of the Budget of 1889, who depicted in striking terms the physiognomy which the events of 1870 have given to Europe. M. Roche contrasted the need and the power that all nations have at the present day of developing their well-being and their morality with the fatality which compels them to live, as in the Middle Ages, in an immense intrenched camp. The consequence is that the prodigies of modern science, instead of serving the advancement of civilisation, cause it to retrograde to the times of barbarism. Speaking of the extraordinary Budget, M. Roche explained that for several years to come France will have to spend a hundred million francs a year in order to put her defences in such a condition as the progress of artillery and fortification demands.

The hastily-elaborated decree, in virtue of which foreigners residing in France are required to register themselves at the Prefecture of Police, has received an additional clause, by which the time for inscription is prolonged until Jan. 1. Another recent decree, prohibiting the admission of foreign officers to study in the French military schools, is severely criticised by the press, because it will put an end to the growth of French influence in many minor States, who will henceforward send their officers to school in Germany. The case of Roumania is cited in particular.

A Frenchman, M. Jules Imbs, has, it appears, invented a new system of elevated cable railways, which will enable us to go from Paris to Calais in one hour, to Marseilles in two hours, and to St. Petersburg in eight hours. The car or boat will be very long and spindle-shaped, and capable of carrying 150 to 200 passengers. This new method of travelling at a speed of 250 miles an hour will be applicable only to long distances, or to a minimum of sixty miles. Experiments are to be made shortly in the environs of Paris.

The right of levying a tax of three sous for an arm-chair and one sou for a plain chair in the public promenades and gardens of Paris will be put up to auction shortly. The upset price for the period of four years from January, 1889, to January, 1893, is 45,000f. The city of Paris furnishes a minimum of 6700 chairs, which the lessee has to keep in good order.

Zola's new and reputedly chaste novel "Le Rêve" is being transformed into an opera by M. Gallet, the librettist, and M. Bruneau, a pupil of Massenet.—A new operetta by Leterrier and Vanloo, with music by Lacome, called "La Gardeuse d'Oies," has been produced with some success at the Folies Dramatiques. It is an absurd libretto in the style of "Girofle-Girofla," but the music has many pleasing *morceaux*.—The famous old ship La Belle Poule, which brought back the remains of Napoleon I. from St. Helena in 1840, is now being broken up at Toulon.

T. C.

The Emperor William, with a large suite, left Berlin on Oct. 25 for Blankenburg, in the Harz, to shoot with the Prince-Regent of Brunswick, returning on the following day. The Emperor has ordered his Foreign Office to convey to the Governments of the countries which he recently visited his thanks for the reception accorded to him. His Majesty received, on the 27th, the Municipal Deputation, which offered him a welcome on his return. In commemoration of his journey they propose to erect a fountain on the Schloss Platz. On the 29th his Majesty visited Hamburg, and was cordially greeted by the people. He drove through the streets to the spot where a stone was to be placed to commemorate the incorporation of the city in the German Customs Union. An address of welcome was read, and his Majesty then laid the stone. He afterwards inspected the ports. In the afternoon the Emperor was entertained at a banquet, and in the evening the city was illuminated; his Majesty proceeding to Friedrichsruh, where he was the guest of Prince Bismarck until the 30th, when the Emperor returned to Potsdam.—The decree of confiscation on Sir Morell Mackenzie's book in Germany has been suspended.—There has been a great fire at the small town of Huenfeld, near Cassel, 1500 persons having been rendered homeless.

The Queen of Portugal and the Duke of Oporto left Vienna on Oct. 25 for Lisbon.

King George, in opening the Greek Chamber, on Oct. 27, expressed satisfaction at the progress made by the nation since he took the oath to the Constitution twenty-five years ago; and also at being able to announce the betrothal of the Duke of Sparta to Princess Sophie of Prussia.

The Metropolitan of Servia has pronounced the dissolution of the marriage of King Milan and Queen Natalie.

THE LATE SIR HUGH OWEN.

The death, seven years ago, of Sir Hugh Owen, formerly Chief Clerk of the Poor Law Board, from which office he retired in 1872, was much regretted by his fellow-countrymen in Wales, to whom he had rendered great services by promoting institutions of popular education. He had also, during his residence in London, as a leading member of the British and Foreign School Society, and for three years a member of the London School Board, gained public esteem, and had taken an active part in religious and philanthropic efforts. In Wales, he gave valuable assistance to the establishment of the University College at Aberystwith, and the Bangor Normal College for Teachers, also the Cambrian Association for the Deaf and Dumb, while he was a zealous patron of the Eisteddfod and other national institutions.

The erection of a monument to commemorate the regard in which Sir Hugh Owen was held by Welshmen has been promoted by a committee whose chairman is Lord Aberdare; and on Monday, Oct. 22, a statue was unveiled in the town of Carnarvon by the Hon. Mrs. Wynne Jones, his Lordship's daughter, wife of the Vicar of Carnarvon. The present Sir Hugh Owen, K.C.B., Permanent Secretary to the Local Government Board, was among the company. Sir John Puleston, M.P., presided, and Mr. Lewis Morris, Captain Verney, and others spoke. The Aberystwith, Bangor, and Cardiff Colleges were represented, and other Welsh institutions. A procession was formed in Carnarvon Castle, comprising the magistrates and gentry of the district, Mayors of towns in North Wales, representatives of the Welsh colleges and of societies with which Sir Hugh Owen was connected, local Volunteers, friendly societies, and school-children. The statue, which is in bronze, is the work of Mr. Milo Griffith, and had been provided by public subscription,



STATUE OF THE LATE SIR HUGH OWEN AT CARNARVON.

the cost of the pedestal being defrayed by local subscriptions. On behalf of the subscribers, Sir J. Puleston presented the statue to the Mayor of Carnarvon. The ceremony of unveiling was performed by Mrs. Wynne-Jones, and the people, led by Mr. David Jones and the band, sang an old Welsh air.

The statue is placed in a well-chosen position in the great square of Carnarvon, and stands out well against the castle. The inscription upon the statue runs as follows:—

"Sir Hugh Owen, born 1804, died 1881. Erected by a grateful nation."

All the representatives of the Powers met at the Porte on Oct. 30 and signed the Suez Canal Convention.

Lord Justice Clerk M'Donald was on Oct. 30 installed in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, as Lord Kinsburgh. The Lord Advocate and the Solicitor-General also presented their commissions.

At the Chester Diocesan Conference on Oct. 30, an address, signed by 382 clergy and 895 churchwardens and lay representatives of the diocese, was presented to Dr. Stubbs, on his translation to the See of Oxford. The Duke of Westminster made the presentation.

The Czar and Czarina and the Imperial family arrived at Sebastopol on Oct. 28, and continued their journey to Gatschina in the afternoon. Among those who greeted their Majesties on their arrival was a special Envoy from the Sultan of Turkey. An accident to the train in which the Czar was travelling on the 29th is reported from St. Petersburg. The second engine ran off the line, dragging with it four carriages. No member of the Imperial family or suite was injured.—The Russian Grand Dukes Paul and Sergius and the Grand Duchess Sergius left Cairo on Oct. 26 for Alexandria, whence they started for Athens, in order to attend the festivities in celebration of King George's accession.—There was a special religious service on the 25th at St. Petersburg to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the entrance of M. De Giers into the public service. A grand reception was held at the Foreign Office, where the heads of the Embassies and Legations presented M. De Giers with a gold inkstand.

THE DEPOSED GERMAN HANSE TOWNS, HAMBURG AND BREMEN.

The German Emperor visited the city of Hamburg on Monday, Oct. 29. It is with a half-feeling of regret that one hears of the closing of Hamburg and Bremen as free ports. In a few years the name of the Hanseatic League will sound as quaintly as that of the Vehm-Gericht. We shall think of the "League" as of some half-mystic mediæval institution, suggestive of secret guilds, of burghers' feasts, of stout-hearted citizens throwing down the gage to monarchs and nobles. But the life of Hamburg and Bremen is not likely to die out with the spirit of historical romance, as has been the case with old Ghent and Bruges.

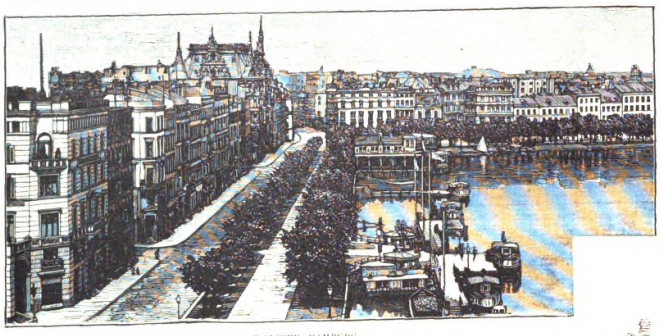
On a bright winter or autumn morning, if you are standing on the deck of either of those famous liners, the Penguin or the Mavis, you will be struck by the busy aspect of the broad and flowing Elbe. Ocean-liners sweep proudly along, throwing up their after-wash on banks that are not so well kept as those of the "lazy Scheldt." Smaller craft, too, from Antwerp, Rotterdam, the Thames, Grimsby, and even Liverpool, bear you company. Some rather clumsy fishing-boats, less gaily painted and less quaint in form than those of the Dutch Maas, tack to and fro. But the Elbe has a charm of its own, possessed neither by the Maas nor by the Scheldt. The richly-wooded hills rising within view remind you, oddly enough, of the Bosphorus, mingled with a dash of the Upper Thames. On these heights are many pleasant villas of the rich Hamburg merchants. Leaving them behind, you soon find your way into the docks by the Kaiser Quay. On a bright, sunshiny day, the view of Hamburg from the river will be a surprise. Although much of the old city has been swept away, still, in the neighbourhood of the quays, there remains a good deal that is picturesque. Great peaked-roofed houses, with numerous windows glittering in the sun, overlook the broad canals and the lesser waterways that are not too suggestive of a perfect system of sanitation. The copper spires, too, of the churches, having turned to a brilliant green, add to the cheery aspect of the town. Yet, after all, Hamburg, despite its new Bonded Stores—which rival anything of the kind in England—has no architectural magnificence. Even the much talked-of new Post-Office is nothing to boast of greatly. As to the collection of pictures at the Museum, perhaps the less said about them the better. This remark does not apply to the five rooms of good paintings by the best English masters, presented to Hamburg by a wealthy citizen of great commercial renown.

Hamburg, in one respect, is almost unrivalled. Our View of the "Alster" Lake, surrounded by its boulevards and handsome buildings, imperfectly represents its aspect. The British tourist, standing on the steps of Streit's, cannot fail to be struck with the beauty of this city lake. The Jungfernstieg Quay, too, is spoilt by no dingy, clumsy craft moored against it. Only pretty little steamers take their passengers to the suburbs and pleasure gardens on the banks of the Alster. At nighttime these small craft darting to and fro in different directions, with their gaily-lit cabin windows, add a curious charm to the scene. Indeed the best sights in Hamburg are far from being the regulation shows of a great city. In public buildings it is poor indeed; but it affords rich opportunities for strolling about and seeing the place. Though guide-books have little to say about it, take, for instance, the quaint old street of "Bei den Hütten"; walk through it on a fine moonlight night, and the spirit of the Middle Ages is all around you. The pleasures of modern Hamburg also are not to be despised. St. Pauli, with its Bier Gartens and its perpetual fair of cheap shows, is well worth looking at, if only to pay a visit to the "Grotto," an arrangement of cork rockery, waterfalls, and electric lights, of its kind perhaps unequalled. But what will be the future of the old city, now that its historic "freedom" is at an end? The natives of Hamburg are emigrating year by year, and the Prussians are coming in. As a matter of fact, there are not above 150,000 born Hamburgians in the city. When the Municipality is swept away, Hamburg will become as much a part of Prussia proper as Berlin itself; the streets will be filled with blue uniforms and clanking sabres, and the rule of pipeclay and drill-sergeant will utterly banish the old sentiment of civic pride and civic good-fellowship.

We next proceed to Bremen, the quaint, clean, pretty town, where, standing by the crumbling Rolandssäule and looking towards the Rathhaus—if one is not thinking of a lunch in the Rathskeller—one is struck by the brisk, busy aspect of the market-place and its crowd of peasant dealers. The Bremen people, indeed, seem to be cheery, contented folk; and despite their cigar grievance with the German Chancellor, take, perhaps, a little more kindly to the bluecoats than the Hamburg people do. Immediately after the late war, strict orders were given to all Prussian officers to make themselves as agreeable to the citizens as possible. Etiquette was even to be waived in favour of the citizens. Duty calls were thus ordered to be paid *first* by the military to the civilians. The result of this is that many marriages have taken place between the well-dowered daughters of Bremen and the aristocratic, but not so wealthy, military "Vons." In the pretty gardens, laid out seventy years ago on the site of the old fortifications, beside the lake, and within sight of the odd-looking windmill, Prussian bluecoat and Bremen bonnet may be seen side by side. The young men of the city take very readily to military service, which they make an excuse for a few years' comfortable frolic with as good an allowance as an indulgent father can be expected to supply. Stern parents, however, do not always see the situation in this light, retaining many of their old prejudices against the Prussians. But, whatever political sentiment may be felt, it apparently has no saddening effect upon the bright cheerfulness of the city. Sauntering along, or taking the tram-car down the Oberstrasse, a more lively crowd of business people one could not wish to see. If, however, you want a more sombre experience, you cannot do better than pay a visit to the famous Bleikeller beneath the Dom. This cellar is remarkable for its power of preserving everything from decay that is placed within its gloomy walls. The collection of remains here is of a varied character, including those of a defunct English Countess (at least, so the guide tells you), and those of favourite dogs and cats. On emerging from this place you can take a stroll through the gardens, and, paying a visit to the Rathskeller, gaze at the mighty cask of the "Twelve Apostles" and other works of art, finishing with a regulation Bremen lunch of oysters, lampreys, "beefsteak," and Rheinwein. Bremen is well worth a visit, though no longer a Free Town of the Hanseatic League.

The Executive Committee of the Prince's Cinderellas announce the advent of the sixth series of these successful and high-class dances, which for the past five years have been held on behalf of the Chelsea Hospital for Women at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. These dances begin at eight and terminate as the clock strikes twelve. The committee intend to cancel all vouchers given in previous seasons, so that both old as well as new subscribers will have to obtain vouchers for introduction to the forthcoming series. Several new features are to be introduced this year. Further particulars may be had from the secretary at the Hospital in the Fulham-road.

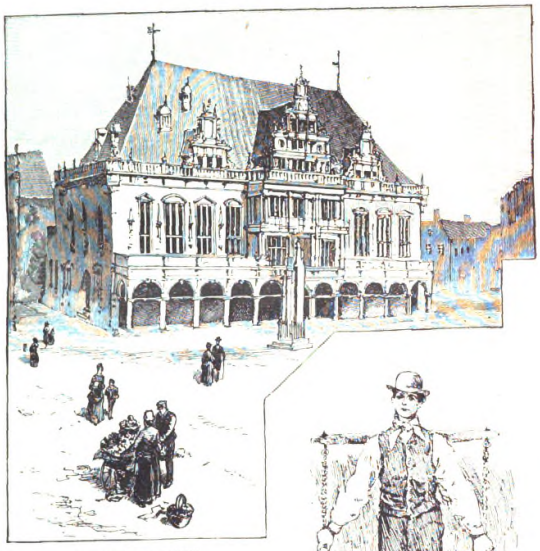
HAMBURG and BREMEN.



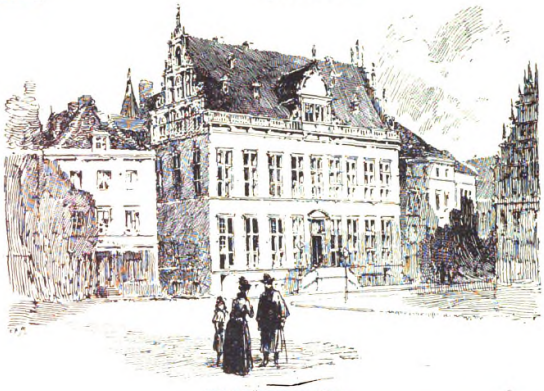
ON THE ALSTER, HAMBURG.



VIEW OF HAMBURG.



THE RATHHAUS, BREMEN.



THE SCHÜTTING, BREMEN.



MILKMAN OF HAMBURG.



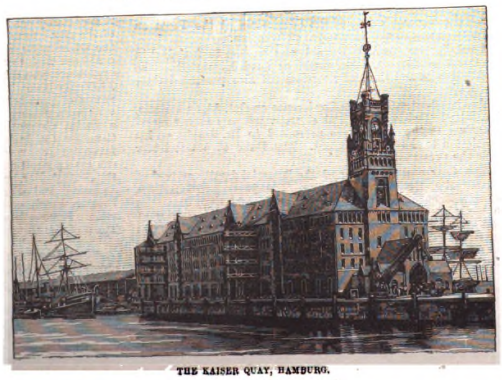
SERVANT-MAID, HAMBURG.



A VIERLAND BEAUTY.



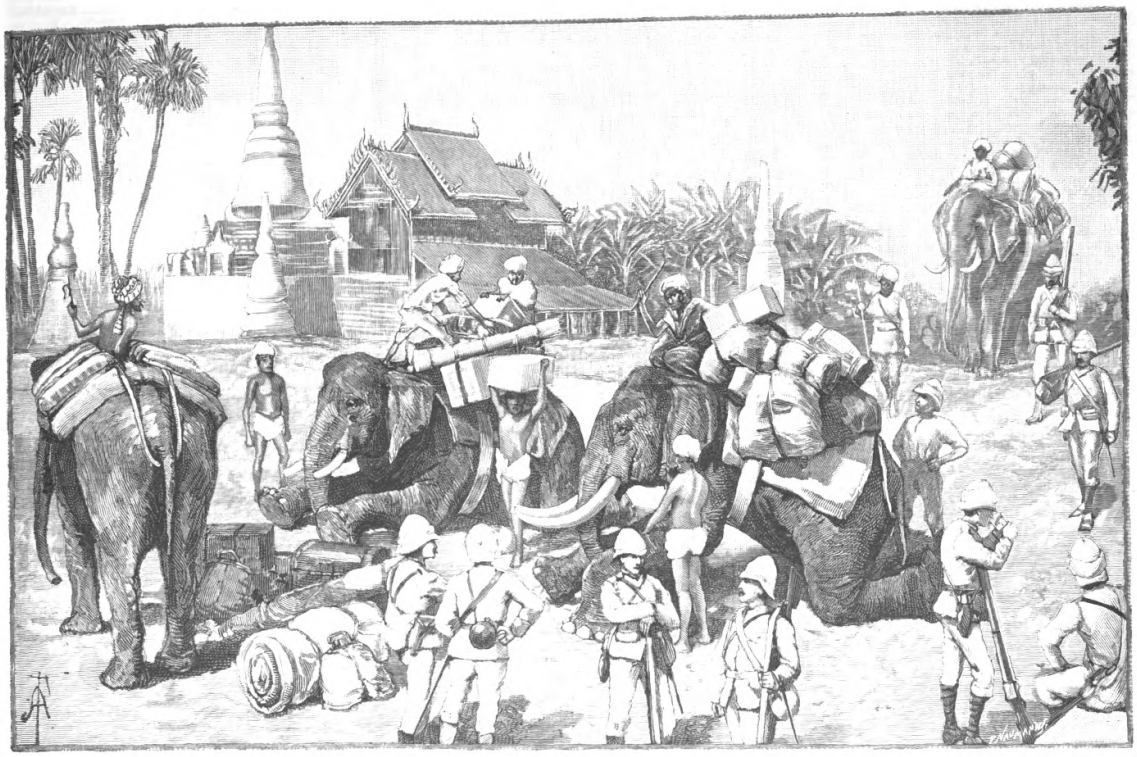
FIRE BRIGADE MAN, HAMBURG.



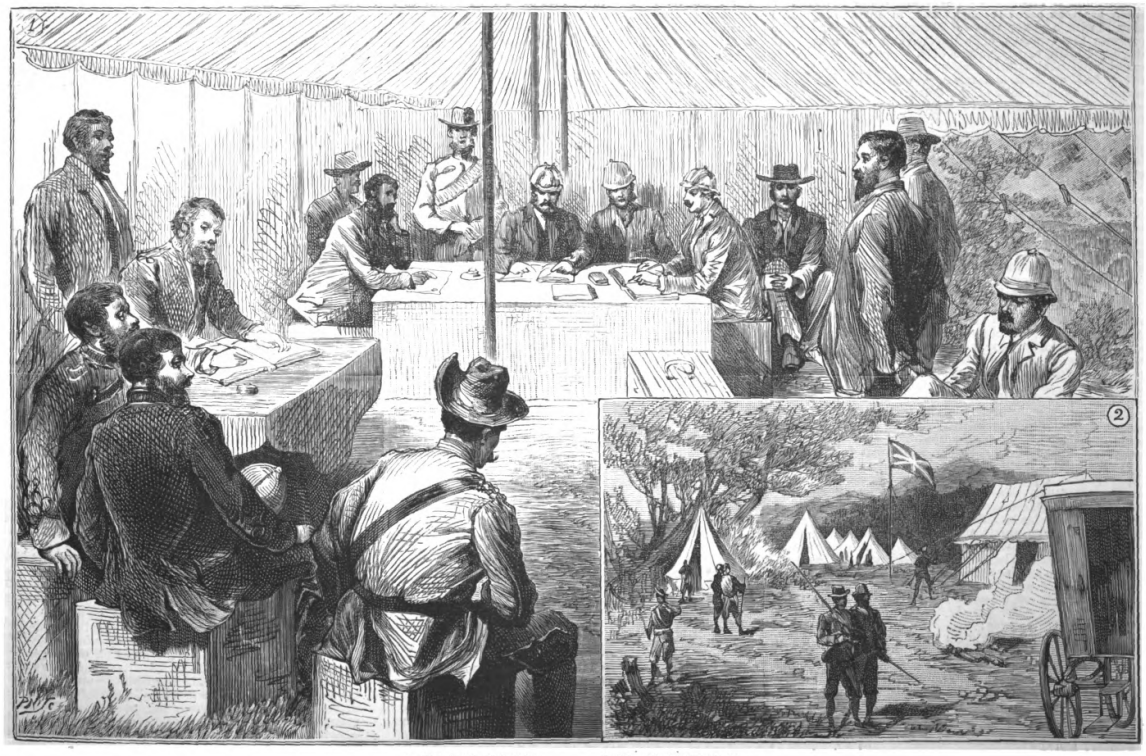
THE KAISER QUAY, HAMBURG.



SCULPTURE OF BACCHUS, AT THE RATHSKELLER, BREMEN.



CHANGING QUARTERS IN UPPER BURMAH: BAGGAGE ELEPHANTS ARRIVING IN CAMP.



1. The Court of Inquiry. 2. The Administrator's Camp.

THE BRITISH ADMINISTRATOR OF BECHUANALAND HOLDING A COURT OF INQUIRY ON THE CROCODILE RIVER.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

There is some really admirable criticism scattered about Dr. Westland Marston's lively and scholarly description of "Recent Actors." For instance, in commenting on Mrs. Glover—who is contrasted with excellent skill with Mrs. Stirling in the character of Mrs. Malaprop, giving both the benefit of their style and characteristics in interpreting a character that some think "plays itself"—our author comments on the essential difference between success in tragedy and comedy. "In reviewing a number of performers," observes Dr. Marston, "whose merits are often alike in everything but degree, it becomes difficult to apply epithets which have not lost something of their force by repetition. To say simply that Mrs. Glover's main excellence was her truth to nature, though no doubt literally correct, would hardly tell anything. Edmund Kean for instance, Macready, the Kembles were of course generally true to the passions and characters they represented. But this truthfulness can only be general in tragedy, which represents the essential feelings men have in common, and rejects everything that savours of mere peculiarity. In comedy, however, which represents the idiosyncrasies of persons, and the modes in which men differ, the expression of vivid personality is often one of the highest merits." The absolute truth of this last statement, as applied to the highest form of comedy, is very striking when one comes to consider such a performance as that of the French actor Lafontaine in the play called "Un Fils de Famille." Few comedies that have been written during the last forty years have boasted so many able interpreters, whether we consider the original French or the various English adaptations. Lafontaine was the original martinet Colonel, a part subsequently played with remarkable skill by Benjamin Webster, John Ryder, and John Hare. Bressant was the original young Lancer, a part subsequently taken by Leigh Murray, David Fisher, and W. H. Kendal. Add to these names Robert Keeley as the trumpeter and Mrs. W. H. Kendal as the heroine, and it may be taken for granted that the comedy has lost nothing at the hands of its interpreters. And yet, as we see Lafontaine now, and as we have seen him more than once in the same part of the same play, he seems to stand head and shoulders above his followers and imitators. The last time that Lafontaine played the old Colonel in the "Fils de Famille" was very shortly before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was attacked with typhoid fever. We remember him to have been present at the French Plays to see Lafontaine, at the St. James's Theatre, immediately before the Prince's illness. No actor is better able, by slight and delicate touches, to "express the idiosyncrasies of persons and the modes in which men differ." It is difficult to believe that it is the same man who is playing L'Abbé Constantin and the old Colonel Deshayes. Both men are essentially different in temperament; both are distinct types of idiosyncrasies or marked differences in temperament.

Lafontaine's Colonel shows himself in his true colours five minutes after he has stepped on the stage—an old gentleman who has not forgotten the gallantry of his youth; a strict disciplinarian who seldom neglects to observe the manners of a gentleman; a man testy, polite, severe, courteous, quick to resent an insult, and equally quick to forgive an injury. The scene at the piano is inimitable. The old Colonel, who is fooled to the top of his bent by an adulatory sister, has been asked to sing a song in order to ingratiate himself with a pretty widow. Though of a certain age, he possesses the remnant of a pretty voice and a style of singing foreign to the nature of a younger school. His rival with the widow is a young *fellow full of chaff and frivolity*, who has escaped from the ranks of the Colonel's regiment and is meeting him on a common platform. The Colonel all through this excellently-played scene shows his sensitiveness and apprehension. He thinks he has seen the young fellow before, but does not know where it was; he sniffs warfare afar off; he is desirous to pick a quarrel, but too polite to do so without a cause. The change from hectoring attack to polite retraction was admirably done, and from first to last it was a specimen of the highest comedy skill. Mr. Hare's Colonel Daunt, excellent idea as it was, seemed cast in a wholly different mould. Both are as good and as distinctly apart as the Mrs. Malaprop of Mrs. Glover and of Mrs. Stirling. The school of the highest acting of comedy is almost extinct in France. Bressant and Lafont are no more; Delaunay has retired from the Français; Bouffé is just dead, and Regnier very few can remember well; at this juncture no time should be lost in seeing Lafontaine, one of the last of the old school of actors, whose Abbé Constantin and Colonel are a revelation of fine comedy skill.

The visitors to Drury-Lane Theatre have now an opportunity of seeing arranged in the grand salon one of the most perfect and extensive collections of Elizabethan relics that have ever been brought together in this country. The Plymouth collection in the summer was fair enough; but this is infinitely better. Collectors and connoisseurs of old armour, admirers of old books and pictures, all who are learned in iron chests and bric-à-brac of every degree, will probably thoroughly enjoy the entr'actes when "The Armada" is going on, and will pause in wonder and horror before the steel torture-chair, which is the sensational gem in the thousands of objects secured by Mr. Augustus Harris. "The Armada," by-the-way, is going as well as ever; and Mr. Leonard Boyne has returned to work again after a long and severe illness.

Before this week has passed away we shall have seen the promised new burlesque "Faust up to Date," at the Gaiety by Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt; a new ballet at the Empire; and "Nadgy," the new comic opera at the Avenue, where Arthur Roberts is the hero of the entertainment. Next week we shall be more serious, for will it not be November? and the first important event will be Mr. Pettitt's drama, "Hands Across the Sea" at the Princess's.

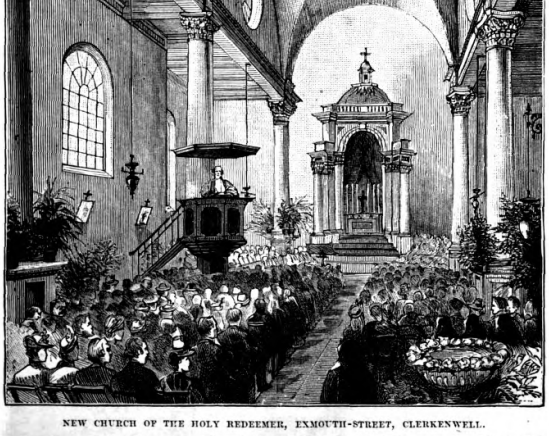
The Bishop of Rochester, speaking at Sion College, said all that the Voluntary schools demanded was justice; those schools were the life of Christian thought and principle to the people of England.

NEW CHURCH IN CLERKENWELL.

The new Church of the Holy Redeemer, Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell, of which we give two Illustrations, is interesting from an art point of view as being, with the exception of the Oratory at Brompton, the only specimen of Italian or English Renaissance church architecture erected in the metropolis since the days of Sir Christopher Wren. In plan the church is cruciform, with nave aisles, but the transepts are shallow projections that do not rise above the roof of the aisles. The nave and chancel, about 150 ft. in length, are of uniform height, and are vaulted throughout. The width of the interior is 36 ft. Of the four bays which will compose the building when complete, only three are at present finished. The easternmost bay forms the choir, and against the temporary wall has a lofty baldachino, about 40 ft. in height, standing upon marble columns. There is some excellent carving, though simple in design, on the capitals of the pillars; and the general effect is light and at the same time impressive. The architect, Mr. J. D. Sedding, of 447, Oxford-street, may be congratulated on his design, which not only pleases the eye, but is more suggestive of the purpose of the building than the Countess of Huntingdon's chapel, on the site of which the Church of the Holy Redeemer now stands. The site was given by the Marquis of Northampton, and the cost of the building is about £7000.



NEW CHURCH OF THE HOLY REDEEMER, EXMOUTH-STREET, CLERKENWELL.



NEW CHURCH OF THE HOLY REDEEMER, EXMOUTH-STREET, CLERKENWELL.

CAMP-BAGGAGE ELEPHANTS IN BURMAH.

To change quarters in Upper Burmah, to relieve a post, or to make even a short march, is often attended by some worries and anxieties about the conveyance of baggage. Of the means of transport there is frequently a choice, as carts, mules, ponies, and coolies are employed in this service, according to circumstances; and the elephant is also requisitioned for duty, especially in and about the neighbourhood of Mandalay, where the *stud of the deposed King Theebaw* was added to the animals of the Transport Department. Picking his way with careful tread along the slippery roads, or up the mountain paths of the Shan Hills, the intelligent and hard-working beast conveys on his capacious back 800 lb. or 1000 lb. weight of baggage; and, at the journey's end, kneels obediently at the word of command of the mahout, a preliminary, as he well knows, to biscuits or chupatties, the reward of his day's labour. Our Illustration is from a sketch by Lieutenant A. E. Congdon, of the 2nd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers at Maymyo, Upper Burmah.

In recognition of his public services during the past year the Queen has conferred the honour of knighthood on Mr. De Keyser, the retiring Lord Mayor.

The old Crimean colours of the 2nd Battalion Border Regiment (formerly the 55th) have been deposited in Kendal parish church, the regiment having recently been presented with new colours by the Duke of Cambridge.

BRITISH PROTECTORATE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The accompanying Sketches show the progress of the British protectorate in tropical South Africa, to the north of Bechuanaland. In 1884 we took under our protection Khama's country, up to the 22nd parallel of south latitude. Last year, we limited this protection, on the north side of the Crocodile river, to a line running north from where the Macloutse river enters the Crocodile. The Boers were not slow to take advantage of this concession to make a route through to Matabeleland, where they, too, are intent on Mashona gold. They placed a pont on the Crocodile river, and sent Mr. Grobler as their Consul to Lobengulo. He passed by this pont, and entered Khama's territory between the Macloutse and Shashi rivers, violating thereby the British protectorate. The Matabele King refused to receive him; and Grobler returned by the same route, but was stopped by Khama's men for going through his country without leave, and by a route that Khama will not recognise, while the trade route through his town is free to all. Then ensued the fight in which Grobler and three of his party were wounded (Grobler has since died), and seven of the Bamangwato were wounded. This affray took place well within the protectorate. At the same time, another fight was going on at the pont, of which Francis and Chapman, with an armed party of Boers, had taken advantage to cross from the Transvaal, with a waggon laden with arms and ammunition, intent on getting to Matabeleland, to induce Lobengulo to support them against Khama about a concession in the disputed territory between the Macloutse and Shashi rivers. This party attacked Khama's men, but ultimately recrossed the river with their waggons.

To inquire into the disputed facts or conflicting stories put forward by the parties, Sir Sidney Shippard, K.C.M.G., the Administrator of British Bechuanaland, was commissioned to hold an inquiry on the spot. This inquiry was attended by delegates from the Transvaal—General Joubert and Mr. H. Pretorius, with their secretary, and two German officers of the Transvaal Artillery. On the other side, Khama, chief of the Bamangwato, was present with his brother Selechwe, and the Rev. Mr. Hepburn, a well-known missionary who has long resided in Khama's dominions. Sir Sidney Shippard had travelled up along the north bank of the Crocodile, as far as Baines' Drift, where the pont is placed, with an escort of fifty mounted police under Major Goold Adams. He was attended by Mr. Ashburnham, secretary to the Administrator of Bechuanaland; Major Goold Adams and Lieutenant Lockner, of the Bechuanaland Border Police, were also present at the Court of Inquiry. Our Illustration, from a sketch by Mr. E. A. Maund, shows the scene at a *sitting of this Court*, with most of the gentlemen seated on boxes, as there are few chairs in that part of the country. Many witnesses gave their evidence, some in Dutch, and some in the Sechuana language, interpreters being employed. The evidence will be referred to the consideration of the Crown lawyers. Another Sketch is that of the British Commissioner's camp, situated in the bush or forest on the banks of the Crocodile river, where the Union Jack was hoisted above Sir Sidney Shippard's tent. The flag of the Transvaal Republic was hoisted on the opposite side. Khama was encamped near with about 4000 men, of whom 300 were horsemen.

THE SPEAKER ON EDUCATIONAL EXAMINATIONS.

The Speaker presided at the annual prize distribution of Portland Wesleyan School, Leamington, on Oct. 29, and delivered an address on the sacrifice of education to examinations. The great subject of education was (he said) at this moment exciting an unusual amount of attention in the country. It threatened, even before long, to become a burning question. It was a very *curious thing* that this subject of education had been so long before the country. If any gentleman would go to the House of Commons and ask to see the Journals of that House he would find that the very *earliest entry* there was that of a Bill introduced in 1547, entitled "A Bill for the Bringing-up of Poor Men's Children." From that day to this they had had vast changes, certainly, in the educational system, but it was only recently that there had been anything like a national system of education. Public attention had been called in a leading review to the question of these examinations. About a month ago he was furnished with a document asking for his adhesion by signature to a series of statements to the effect that there were too many examinations, and that examinations were killing education. Prize-winning is a noble ambition, but that ambition in itself might degenerate into a downright vice. There was in the sporting world a person known by the name of the "pot-hunter." So it was with some boys and girls who were encouraged by their friends—held up as models by the school in which they received their training. There was, however, grave danger in the system. Were these prizes ends or were they means? If they were means to something else, well and good; let them be taken and enjoyed, and let those who win them get a proper meed of honour. What he disputed and deprecated was the habit of going in for prizes alone. Complaints were being made now that they were spread all over the country that the examinations were becoming too rigid, too systematised, and that they did not allow the play of individual minds to prove themselves, and the result was that they did not always get the best boys or girls for their examinations. He was not asking for the abolition of competition or of examination. That was impossible under the English system, unless they reverted to pure patronage and favour, which none of them wished to do. It was impossible to believe that the questions put to children in schools and young men entering public offices were exactly those which were best fitted to show they had profited by their education. There was a class of persons who played into the examiners' hands, and he was sorry to say the examiners played into their hands. It was known what kind of examination was to be held; and a class of people known as crammers crammed boys up for this special examination, and the result was an artificial system throughout. The examinations should and must be sensible examinations, and such as to elicit the whole mental calibre of the boy, and to detect and defeat a system of cramming.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN ITALY.

Some account has been given of the visit of the Emperor William II. to the King of Italy, and his Majesty's sojourn at Rome, and for two days at Naples, between Oct. 11 and Oct. 19, with the military review at Centocelle, the naval review and launch of a great war-ship at Castellamare, and other interesting spectacles provided for his entertainment.

The arrival of the King and his Imperial guest at Naples, on Oct. 16, was greeted with enthusiastic popular acclamations. Their Majesties, accompanied by Prince Henry of Prussia and the Dukes of Aosta and Genoa, were received at the railway-station by the Mayor of Naples and the civil and military authorities. The Royal party drove to the palace through the Strada Carriera, the Via Grande, the Strada Foria, the Corso Garibaldi, and the Via di Toledo, which is now called Via Roma. The Emperor and the King were everywhere received with the utmost enthusiasm by the crowds in the streets. The cortége was followed by the Workmen's Associations from the suburbs, headed by bands of music, as well as by the Fishermen's Company, in picturesque costumes. The Piazza del Plebiscito, in front of the Royal Palace, was crammed with spectators. On the appearance of the Emperor's carriage the applause became deafening, and continued as the Royal party entered the palace, the cries of "Long live the Emperor," and "Long live the King," being incessant. The Emperor and King Humbert, with the Royal Princes, shortly afterwards appeared on the balcony, when the acclamations of the people were renewed with increased vigour.

Very soon after his arrival the Emperor went out with the King to visit the Museum, where Signor Botticelli, the Minister of Public Instruction, was waiting to conduct their Majesties through the building and point out the principal objects of interest. The visit lasted an hour and a half, during which the Emperor conversed with the Ministers and Generals in attendance. In the evening the Piazza del Plebiscito, on one side of which the palace stands, was lighted up in very effective style. While a band played a serenade in front of the palace, the Emperor and King Humbert came out on the balcony and remained several minutes in view of the people.

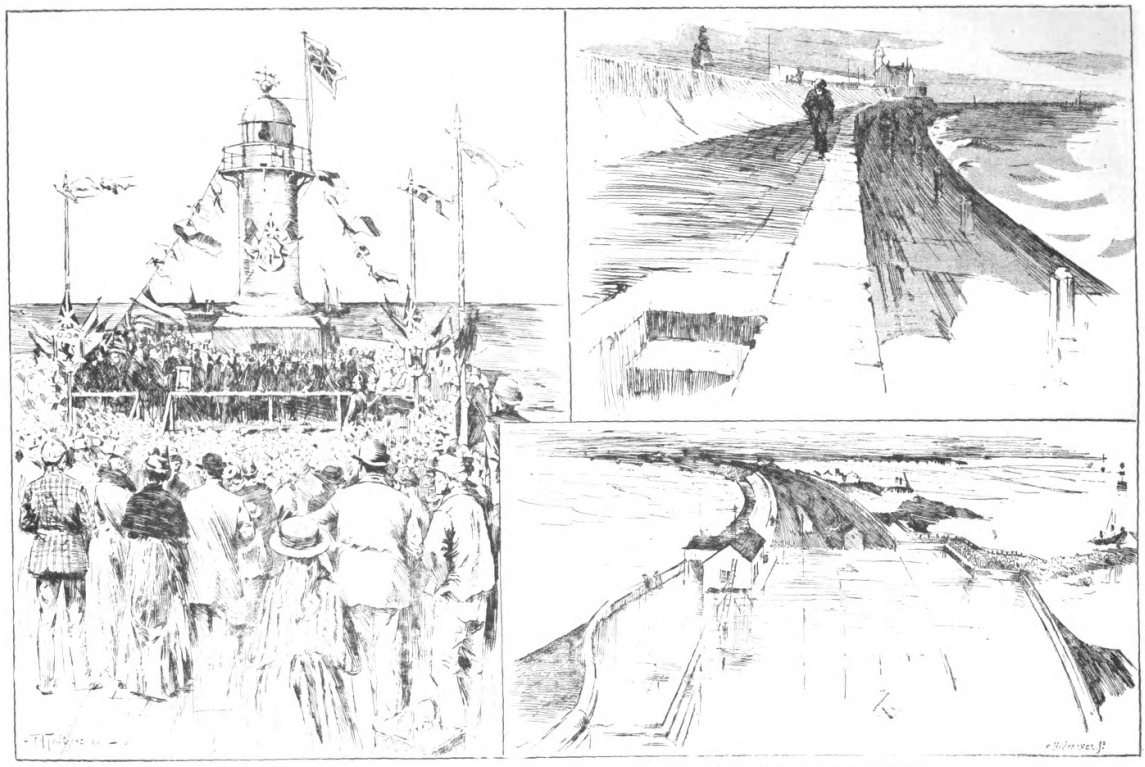
At Rome, on the 18th, in the evening, after the return of their Majesties from Naples, the Emperor, Prince Henry, the King and Queen, and several members of the Italian Royal family went to the Palatine to view the illumination of the Coliseum, the Forum, and other monuments of the ancient city. The display of fireworks thrown up from the interior of the Coliseum, and casting, as they rose above its stupendous walls, a vivid glare of light on the ruins of Imperial Rome, was, indeed, a strange and marvellous exhibition.

THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

The sittings of the three judicial Commissioners, Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith, appointed under an Act of Parliament to inquire concerning the charges and allegations set forth by the *Times*, and by the Counsel for its proprietor in the trial of "O'Donnell v. Walter," against Mr. Parnell and many Irish members of Parliament and others connected with the Land League and the National League, were resumed on Tuesday, Oct. 30, in the Probate Court, Royal Courts of Justice. The Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, the leading Counsel for the *Times*, had finished his speech on Friday, the 26th, having gone through all the matters of which he was prepared to bring evidence. The other Counsel on that side were Sir Henry James, Q.C., Mr. Murphy, Q.C., and Mr. W. Graham, of the English Bar, and Mr. John Atkinson, Q.C., and Mr. Ronan of the Irish Bar. Mr. Parnell was represented by Sir C. Russell, Q.C., and Mr. Asquith; and the other members of Parliament against whom charges have been brought by Mr. R. T. Reid, Q.C., Mr. F. Lockwood, Q.C., Mr. Lionel Hart, Mr. A. O'Connor, and Mr. A. Russell, of the English Bar, and Mr. T. Harrington, of the Irish Bar. Mr. Hammond (solicitor) represented Mr. Chance. Mr. Biggar and Mr. Davitt appeared in person. Sir Walter Phillimore and Mr. Fitzgerald appeared for the Hibernian Bank, and Mr. Wheeler, Q.C., for the National Bank. The first business on Tuesday, the 30th, was to decide on an application to enforce the order to produce the books of these banks for inspection of the National League banking accounts, as well as the cheques and other documents concerning those accounts. The Court resolved to enforce this order. The Attorney-General then called his first witness, Bernard O'Malley, a head-constable of the Irish Constabulary, to give evidence of speeches made in July, 1880, at Milltown Malbay, Clare, by Thomas Brennan, J. W. Nally, and others, and in Galway, a few months later, by Mr. Matthew Harris, Patrick Gordon, and others, inciting the people to fight, and threatening the landlords with violence. Evidence of the same kind was given by another head-constable named Irwin, and the Court adjourned for the day.

The four-light west window of the south aisle of Ruabon Church, North Wales, has been recently filled by the Dowager Lady Williams Wynn with some finely-painted glass to the memory of her late husband, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, the sixth Baronet, who died at Wynnstay in 1885. Messrs. Ward and Hughes, of London, are the artists.

On the side of the Breakwater towards the sea.



Opening Ceremony at the Light-house.

View along the Breakwater, from the Light-house.

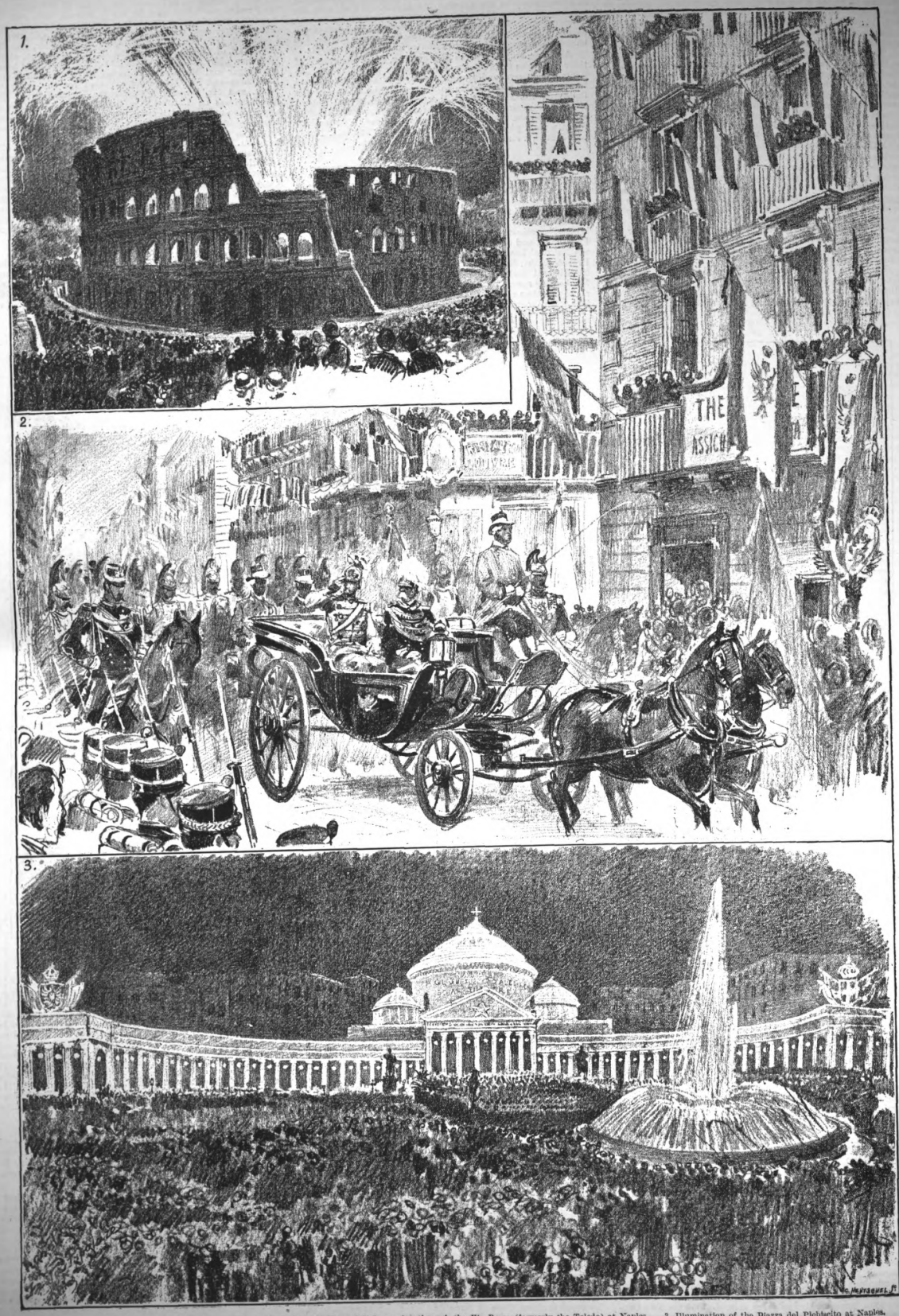
THE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH OPENING THE SOUTH GARE BREAKWATER, AT THE MOUTH OF THE TEES, NEAR MIDDLESBROUGH.

NEW BREAKWATER AT MOUTH OF THE TEES.

A public work of much importance to the commerce of Stockton-upon-Tees, and the coal and iron districts of Middlesbrough and Cleveland, has just been completed. On Thursday, Oct. 25, the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., First Lord of her Majesty's Treasury, formally opened the South Gare Breakwater at the mouth of the Tees, which has been constructed at a net cost of £250,000. The improvement of that river reflects great credit upon the Tees Conservancy Commissioners, consisting of Sir Joseph Whitwell Pease, M.P., the chairman, and several other gentlemen largely interested in the industries of the district. Fifty years ago, Middlesbrough was a lonely hamlet, amidst a waste of marshes, sandbanks, and waters of the Tees estuary. The discovery of the Cleveland ironstone, the works of Messrs. Bolckow and Vaughan, established between 1840 and 1850, and since greatly extended, and more recently the working of rock salt, have brought a large industrial population, supported by capital to the amount of several millions sterling. The river has been greatly improved to meet the growing requirements of the iron and other trades. Miles of training walls and great breakwaters have been formed of millions of tons of slag, the waste product from the blast furnaces; and the wide estuary between Redcar and Seaton Snook has been converted into a spacious harbour of refuge, guarded by a corps of Marine Engineers, furnished with the most scientific electrical appliances. Vessels from all parts of the world come to Middlesbrough and find every accommodation in the docks. The borough has now a population of 75,000, and there are signs of further extension on every side. In 1852 the Tees Conservancy Commission was formed and took the management of the river, having for their engineer Mr John Fowler, who died very recently. Before they began operations there were three, and sometimes four, channels in the estuary, all very shallow, and, owing to the shifting sand-banks, subject to be frequently changed. The Commissioners selected the south channel, and by dikes and dredging made it safe and easily navigable. From Stockton Bridge to the mouth of the river twenty miles of low-water training walls have been erected for the purpose of confining the channel to one course, increasing the volume of water and its scouring power. By dredging in the bed of the river its depth from Stockton downwards has been increased. The total quantity dredged since 1854 has been about 22,700,000 tons, of which 2,129,750 tons were dredged last year. Several projections have been cut off, and the portion cut between Stockton and Newport has been widened. Dangerous reefs have been removed by blasting, and fourteen miles of high-water embankments have been constructed. About 2600 acres of land have been reclaimed, of which over 1000 acres have been sold. Graving and ship docks have also been built by the Commissioners. The most important, difficult, and costly work undertaken by the Commissioners was the breakwaters, the object of which, by fixing the sandbank, was to improve the passage over the bar and the channel of the river, while it would form a harbour of refuge in stormy weather. It was pointed out that by using the waste slag from the blast furnaces in the district the breakwaters might be constructed at a much less cost than of stone. Plans were prepared by Mr. Fowler, and it was resolved to proceed with the work, the Public Works Loan Commissioners lending the Tees Conservancy £80,000 with which to commence operations. The work was carried on under great difficulties, as heavy storms destroyed it from time to time. In 1873 it was resolved to protect the slag with concrete, adding greatly to the cost; but this appeared to be the only way in which the violence of the waves could be checked, heavy seas sometimes carrying away as much as 100 feet of slag from one side of the embankment. A circle of concrete blocks, weighing each from 40 tons to 300 tons, protects the toe of the end of the breakwater, upon which has been erected a light-house with an iron shaft. There is a wrought-iron lantern, with a revolving heliophotal apparatus of the fourth order, and the focal plane of the light is 35 ft. above the level of the sea. The total length of the South Gare Breakwater is about two miles and a half. In 1863 the depth at the bar at low-water was 3½ ft., and now it is 19 ft. The construction of the North Gare Breakwater was begun about seven years ago, and is making satisfactory progress.

The death is announced of the Dowager Maharanee of Indore. The Maharanee left the seals to the next senior dowager, and, previous to her death, informed the British Resident about the future succession, and also sent a telegram to the Viceroy.

The late Mr. H. S. Leifchild, a sculptor of much talent, left in his studio, at 13, Kirkstall-road, close to the railway-station at Streatham-hill, some works deserving the attention of those interested in ideal sculpture. These may be inspected by visitors during the next few weeks, and collectors or connoisseurs of such works of art should avail themselves of the opportunity. Examples of Mr. Leifchild's style, from the beginning to the end of his career, will be found in the studio. They include the marble statue (heroic size) of the Greek poetess Erinna, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1864, and which has been purchased to be presented to Holloway College; also the grand figure of "Opportunity," exhibited in 1882; and many others, some of which are to be placed in the art galleries of the Castle Museum at Nottingham.



1. Illumination of the Coliseum at Rome. 2. The Emperor and the King of Italy passing through the Via Roma (formerly the Toledo) at Naples. 3. Illumination of the Piazza del Plebiscito at Naples.

VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO ROME AND NAPLES.



THE NEW WAR GAME, "POLEMOS," AS PLAYED AT THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

THE NEW WAR GAME, "POLEMOS."

Professional and amateur students of the art of modern military tactics have recently had introduced to their notice a new game, invented by Dr. D. C. B. Griffith, of Brighton, which seems both interesting and instructive. Differing considerably from the "Kriegspiel" and other games of this kind, it is well adapted to represent, within a limited area, any kind of field-manœuvres in which a complete regiment is the recognised unit. The game is played on a cloth 10 ft. by 5 ft., divided into squares, each representing a distance of 400 yards, and can be set out on an ordinary dining-table. The opposing forces are represented by an equal number of regiments and batteries of artillery, each distinguished by its uniform and arms. The field of operations can be varied by the addition, in any form, of hills, rivers, redoubts, lines of intrenchment, and buildings—the possession of which may constitute the special object of attack or defence, or the winning-point of the game. Well-defined rules, which are quite consistent with all the general principles of warfare, determine the mode of advance (front or flank) of each regiment, in column or line, the time and space covered in a move, the delay caused by obstacles, and other points. Chance has no place in the game; the winning-point can be determined by mutual consent in any position, and no umpire is needed. A full description of the game can be obtained from Mr. Roles, 32, Duke-street, Brighton. It obtained a prize medal at the International Inventions Exhibition of 1885.

For a right understanding of this war-game, a critical position of which is shown in our Illustration, we must give a short description of what is taking place.

The tract of undulating country represented on the map or key-plan is about five miles by seven. Its chief feature is an impassable river, winding from left to right, between three hills from 600 to 800 ft. in height. The river is crossed by a bridge at B, and by another, several miles lower down its course, at C.

The opposing forces engaged are, roughly speaking, about 10,000 men of all arms on either side. They are here respectively distinguished on the table by flags with diagonal divisions of black and white, for the attacking force; and by flags displaying three perpendicular divisions, black, white, and shaded, for the defending force. On the key-plan, the squares of the defending force are black.

A town is supposed to be well away to the extreme left of the battle-field; the object of the defending force is to cover this town from a hostile force known to be about fifteen miles distant to the right, and to be rapidly advancing to the attack. This attacking force is reported to be divided. About one third of it is on the left bank, or further side, of the river, and is composed of one regiment of cavalry and three battalions of infantry. The main body is on the right bank, or near side, of the river, and consists of the staff, two batteries of artillery (of six guns each), one regiment of cavalry, and five battalions of infantry. Both divisions are making for the bridge at C, in order to effect a junction there.

The defending force, for their part, send forward one battery of artillery (six guns), one regiment of cavalry, and two battalions of infantry, to occupy the hill marked No. 1, on the left, or further bank of the river. On the right, or near bank, one battalion of infantry is ordered to occupy the hill marked No. 3, and to entrench itself there; and is accompanied by the staff, which takes up a commanding position on the top of the hill. The main body, consisting of one battery of artillery (six guns), one regiment of cavalry, and five battalions of infantry, meantime advances, and occupies the hill marked No. 2, and the plain to the right of it.

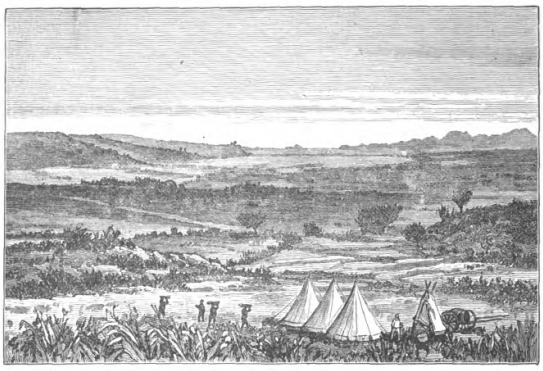
From its higher ground the defending force descries the enemy marching to capture the Bridge C. Orders are immediately given for the simultaneous advance of the troops on both sides of the river, from Hills 1 and 2, and from the plain to the right of Hill 2; in order to prevent, if possible, the seizure of Bridge C, and the consequent amalgamation of the hostile force.

The batteries and cavalry on both sides are soon in action; but the infantry of the attacking force, getting up to the support of their cavalry and artillery before the infantry of the defending force can come up on their side, after a sharp skirmish drive the defenders back, and they eventually retreat to their former positions on Hill 2 and the adjacent plain, where they at once commence entrenching themselves.

The assailants, having thus gained possession of Bridge C, proceed to throw up entrenchments for its protection on the right bank of the river and opposite Hill 2. When safely entrenched, a battery is despatched over the bridge to the assistance of their hard-pressed troops on the left bank. Thus reinforced, these are now enabled likewise to drive back the weaker force in front of them to Hill 1. The battery, the cavalry, and one battalion of infantry attack this hill in front, while the other two battalions of infantry succeed in working round to the far side of the hill, and attack it in flank. The defenders, being thus outflanked and outnumbered, are compelled to retire; they retreat over Bridge B, which they blow up, losing severely while doing this under a heavy fire from the hostile battery, which gains the summit of Hill 1.

The Hill 1 being thus captured, and that side of the river being cleared of the defenders, the staff proceeds to take up its position there; the attacking infantry push on some distance up the river and begin throwing a pontoon-bridge at A, and the cavalry are sent back over Bridge C to strengthen the main body of the assailants, now in its turn hard pressed. For, in the meantime, the defenders on and about Hill 2, observing that the force in front of them is weakened by the before-mentioned withdrawal over the river of one battery, and by the loss of the support of the troops which have gone forward to attack Hill 1, once more advance to the assault; but the enemy, being entrenched, succeed in repulsing them, though only after a close and severe struggle, in which they are for some time in the greatest jeopardy, and the defenders again fall back upon their old positions on and about Hill 2. It will be remembered that the left wing of the defenders' troops driven over Bridge B (which they blew up) consisted of one battery of artillery (now reduced to three guns), one regiment of cavalry, and two battalions of infantry, now considerably weakened. These are now ordered to take up the following positions. The battery advances down the river in the valley between Hills 2 and 3, and, although weak, attempts again to engage the enemy's battery posted on Hill 1. The cavalry ride over Hill 3 to cover the flank of the infantry on the plain below Hill 2. The two battalions march up the river to the rear, and endeavour to check the crossing of the river by the three hostile battalions over the Pontoon-Bridge A, and to preserve their communications with the town. It is this particular crisis in the game which was sketched by our Artist, and is represented in our Illustration.

The subsequent dénoûment and finale are as follow:—The enemy's battery on Hill 1 silences the defending battery in the valley between Hills 2 and 3. Descending to the river-bank, it then begins to fire across the river upon the flank of the defenders' troops, occupying Hill 3. This manœuvre compels

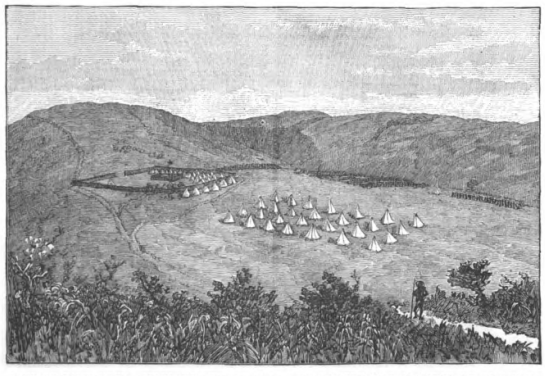


VALLEY OF THE UMVOLOSI, ZULULAND, LOOKING TOWARDS SOMKELI'S STRONGHOLD AND ST. LUCIA BAY.

the retirement of the two battalions in the extreme rear, closely pursued by the three hostile battalions, which have forced a passage over the Pontoon-Bridge A, and thus severed the defenders' communications. The Hill 3 being thus made untenable by the combined rear (infantry) and flank (artillery) attack, is captured and occupied; and the defenders are driven into the valley between Hills 2 and 3, where they become exposed to an enfilading fire from the battery on the other side of the river, which, in order to reach them, takes up a fresh position lower down. The main body of the enemy, lying before Hill 2, observing that Hill 3 is now held by its own battalions, at once advances from its intrenchments and makes a general attack upon the defenders, on Hill 2 and the outlying plain. The defenders, being thus surrounded, being exposed to three fires, and having lost their line of communications with the town in their rear, have no alternative but to surrender, to escape annihilation.

PLANTING IN BRITISH NORTH BORNEO.

The last British consular report from British North Borneo describes the progress which is being made there in the introduction of new plants. Last year pepper appeared for the first time among the exports, and much is expected in future from it. It is a remunerative crop, and is rapidly extending in the Bundoo district, where there is such a large infusion of Chinese blood that the people may almost be said to belong to that thriving and industrious race. In the neighbourhood of Sandakan Bay a British company is planting Manila hemp and pineapples for the fibre. The same company is also proceeding with the cultivation of Liberian coffee and pepper, and coffee estates are being laid out elsewhere. It is purposed shortly to give attention to indiarubber and rattans. Both of these plants are indigenous, growing wild in the forests, so that there can be no doubt of the suitability of the country for their production, while, owing to their growing



CAMP OF INDWANDWA, ZULULAND, WHERE THE CHIEF USIBEPU WAS ATTACKED BY DINIZULU.

under natural forest shade, their cultivation will not be attended with the expenses incident to the opening and maintenance of ordinary estates. During 1887 applications for 278,335 acres of land were received by the Commissioner of Lands, 218,000 by Dutch and about 60,000 acres by English planters or companies.

The preachers at Westminster Abbey for November are:—Sunday, 4th, at ten a.m., in choir, the Rev. J. H. Cheadle, Minor Canon; at three p.m., in choir, Canon Prothero. Sunday, 11th, at ten a.m., in choir, the Bishop of Bedford; at three p.m., in choir, Canon Prothero. Sunday, 18th, at ten a.m., in choir, Canon Maclure, Vicar of Rochdale; at three p.m., in choir, Archdeacon Farrar. Sunday, 25th, at ten a.m., in choir, Canon M'Cormick, Vicar of Hull; at three p.m., in choir, Archdeacon Farrar. Thursday, 1st, All Saints, at three p.m., in choir, the Dean of Windsor. Friday, 30th, St. Andrew, at three p.m., in choir, the Rev. S. Flood Jones, Precentor.

THE OUTBREAK IN ZULULAND.

The suppression of the brief outbreak of native warfare in Zululand, by the prompt action of the small British military force under command of Lieutenant-General Smyth, has been related in our Journal. It was successfully accomplished in the months of July and August, when the insurgent chiefs, members of the family of the late famous King Cetewayo, were forced one after another to surrender. These persons were Dinizulu, a son of Cetewayo, claiming to succeed him in the Royal authority, and his three uncles, N'Dabuko, Somkeli, and Tsingana, each of whom was the leader of several thousand warriors of the former Zulu army. They had given credit to a rumour last year that the British sovereignty or protectorate over Zululand was about to be withdrawn. Instead of this, Zululand was, in August, 1887, formally annexed to the British Empire. The disappointed partisans of a restored native Kingdom then began to attack Usibepu, a chief loyal to the British authority; and in June last there were gathering hosts of enemies in several parts of the country. Dinizulu assembled a considerable force of Usutus in the Cesa Bush, which is in the north-west corner of Zululand, near the frontier of the New Boer Republic. Tsingana established himself in a strong position on the Hlopekulu mountain; while Somkeli retired to his favourite stronghold of Douka-douka, amidst the swamps and morasses adjacent to the great St. Lucia lagoon, on the sea-coast. The police-station of Umsindusi, on the Lower Umvolosi, fifty miles north-east of Etshowe, in charge of Mr. Pretorius, Assistant-Commissioner of the Coast District, was closely besieged until July 8, when it was relieved by Major M'Kean, with 160 of his Inniskilling Dragoons, a company of the Inniskilling Fusiliers, and a company of the North Staffordshire Regiment, aided by John Dunn, the well-known "Zulu Englishman," with his "impi" of 2000 natives, and by 200 mounted Basutos. There was very little fighting. The General in command then established a line of military posts across the country from Etshowe, the basis of operations, a place noted for Colonel Pearson's stout defence of it during the Cetewayo war of 1879, to the advanced headquarters of his field-force at N'tonjaneni, of which we gave an Illustration. A fort, named Fort M'Kean, overlooking the Umsindusi valley, was rapidly constructed, and was left with a sufficient garrison, while the mounted troops, divided into three parties, were sent by different routes through the insurgent districts, where they soon broke up all large bodies of the enemy. We have been favoured by Mr. Joshua A. Nunn, F.R.G.S., veterinary surgeon, of the Army Veterinary Department, with the two Sketches now published. One is that of the stronghold of Somkeli in the marshes towards St. Lucia Bay; the other is that of Indwandwa, in the north of Zululand, where Usibepu was attacked by Dinizulu, and nearly all the men of his tribe were slaughtered, which was the occasion of the late war.

MUSIC.

The performances of the National Russian Opera Company at the "Jodrell" (late the "Novelty") theatre, have consisted of repetitions of Rubinstein's opera "The Demon," the production of which on the opening night of Oct. 22 has already been noticed by us. The dramatic and vocal excellence of M. Winogradow in the title-character has continued to be a special feature in the representations of Rubinstein's opera; and it is to be hoped that the theatrical performances of the company will be attended with a success that may compensate for the unsatisfactory results of the previous concerts given at the Royal Albert Hall. It is said that M. Winogradow has been engaged by Mr. Augustus Harris for five years in association with his forthcoming Italian Opera seasons.

The third of the new series of Saturday Afternoon Concerts at the Crystal Palace took place on Oct. 27, when the programme comprised several special features. Absolute novelties were a "Benedictus," by Dr. Mackenzie, and an "Offertoire," for organ, by Mr. J. F. Barnett. The first-named piece is for violins, with accompaniment of wind instruments, and contains some charmingly melodious writing, replete with graceful expression. It is an adaptation and amplification of one of a set of pieces for violin and pianoforte by the same composer. Mr. Barnett's organ piece was intended for performance at the recent Birmingham Festival. It is in an appropriate style of calm placidity, and gained deserved applause. It was ably rendered by the composer. Herr Grieg's concert-overture, "In Autumn" (given at the Birmingham Festival last August); and an effective scena, "At the cloister-gate," for two female voices, female chorus, orchestra, and organ (by the same composer), were features in the concert now referred to, which likewise included Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," the solo vocalists in which were Misses Anna Williams and M. Curran and Mr. Lloyd—the ladies having been the soloists in Herr Grieg's scena, and the gentleman having contributed the "Preislied" from Wagner's "Die Meistersinger."

Mr. William Carter has begun a new series of his grand festival concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, the opening performance of which was of a Scottish character in celebration of Hallowe'en.

An important addition will be made to musical activity on Nov. 7, when the institution hitherto known as the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society will enter on its eighteenth season under the changed title of the "Royal Choral Society." The gigantic choir trained and conducted by Mr. Barnby has long ago attained special eminence by the excellence of its performances, and these will again be heard in Mozart's "Requiem" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" on Nov. 7.

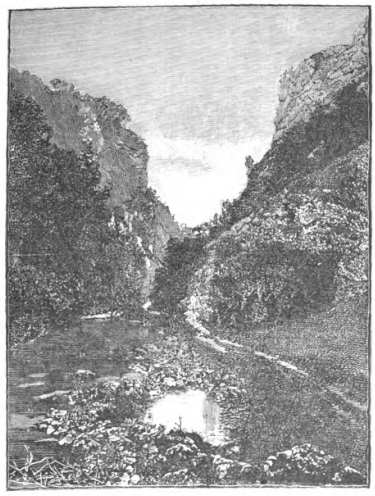
The recent provincial tour of the Marie Roze Opera Company has been attended with such special success that arrangements have been made by Mr. N. Vert for another series of performances, to be given in Scotland and Ireland as well as in England, commencing early in January. These performances will not change the date of Madame Marie Roze's departure for her projected tour in Australia, America, &c.

Mr. Pritchard Morgan has been elected member of Parliament for Merthyr Tydfil, in the place of the late Mr. Henry Richard. He polled 7149 votes, against 4956 given to Mr. Griffiths.

BY DERBYSHIRE STREAMS.

THE VALE OF THE DERWENT.

Away yonder to the north the moorland stretches for miles in shadow; but down here in the vale of the Woodlands the sunlight is peeping, touching the waters of the Derwent with silvery tints, glistening the wet breasts of the moss-grown stones against which the river's spray is ever tossing, and forming delicate often-changing traceries on pasture and rougher hillside—a graceful fretwork of foliage reflected by this shaft of sunlight as it moves through the woods. The leaves, flecked with gold and brown and ruddier hues, are gently fluttered by



THE STRAITS, DOVE DALE.

the west wind, reminded that there is a limit to life, and they fall to die in rich clusters, whispering as they go of the loveliness of the Ashopton glen.

With light knapsack, and lighter rod, you wander by the river-side, skirt the base of Winhill and the village of Hathersage, noted as the burial-place of Robin Hood's giantlike friend, Little John, and as the locality in which Charlotte Brontë's heroine, "Jane Eyre," sprang into literary being. The stream grows wider, deeper, and really attains the dignity of a river as it flows sedately through the wide-sweeping valley fringed by the high ridge of Froggatt Edge.

There is no prettier part of the Derwent's course than this in the whole of its fifty miles' wandering, from its source on the Yorkshire border to the county town. Whether viewed from the timeworn bridge at Grindleford, or the doorway of the Chequers' Inn, it is a delightful picture of fertile country, that seems in the sunshine to be clasped by a broad belt of silver—a picture of grey-stone homesteads and orchards and far-stretching pastures, sloped and bordered by rich woods, and fringed by great rocks and "a wilderness of heath."

The vale of the Derwent has a charm beyond its own beauty. It is the threshold, as it were, to much that is curious, and not a little that is historic. Castleton, with its strange caves and subterranean streams, is not far away; and Stoney Middleton, with its dark gritstone cottages clinging to the crags, and its legend of "The Lover's Leap," lies round the bend from Stoke Hall. While a little further away is Eyam, one of the quaintest villages of the Peak, with its memories of the piteous Plague, and its stories of heroism at that grievous time.

Along a quiet country road—almost a lane—getting glimpses now and then of the coy river, you have reached the village of Baslow, a well-known holiday haunt with the workers of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Go over the bridge, by the homely cottages, and on the narrow path into Chatsworth Park. The Derwent there is not difficult to wade, nor is fishing a mere tradition. But it is impossible to concentrate your thoughts entirely on the river, there is so much to see on its banks—the great house, rich in sculpture, painting, and literature, shining white and golden in the sunlight; the moat-rimmed, ivy-wreathed bower close by, associated with the captivity of the Scottish Queen; the arcadian village of Edensor, with its cosy houses and pretty gardens, and simple grave in the churchyard, around which gathered six years ago much that was distinguished in English political and social life, after the tragedy in Phœnix Park. Notwithstanding this sad memory you think the Cavendish domain a paradise, especially as you stroll through the gardens, along broad terrace, or narrow, shadowed path, by fountain and cascade, by tropical vegetation and familiar flowers, and the famous tree that, like a modern hypocrite, can turn on its tears at will. But, after all, Chatsworth is seen at its best from the wooded ridge that gives foothold to the hunting-tower and leads you by moss-grown steps and winding ways to forest depths. The picturesque stateliness of the scene from the ridge prompts the thought that the old Duke (famous for his dignified bearing and grandeur at the St. Petersburg Court) must have stamped the place with "the Devonshire manner."

ALONG THE WYE.

The Derwent flows by many a noted haunt after leaving Chatsworth. Through Darley Dale, within a stone's-throw of the ancient yew-tree; at the base of High Tor, at Matlock; near Lea Hurst—Florence Nightingale's old house; and by Belper, the nail-makers' workshop and factory of hosiery, to Derby, the thriving county town; but at Rowsley we must break away from the river, and saunter by another Derbyshire stream—the Wye. It is a winsome rivulet. It frolics through the Haddon pastures, joyously embracing the brook that comes tumbling down Latkill Dale, and has a fine story to tell the foam-flecked waters from the upland, of how, with strange caprice, it has been coquetting with the willows and rushes, and endeavouring to tie itself into a knot ever since it glided beneath the bridge at Bakewell, and danced over the weirs in its path. It is a smiling, pleasant, sylvan vale through which the Wye flows from the pleasant market-town, past Haddon Hall, until lost in the Derwent at Rowsley.

There are many worshippers of Haddon, the grey hall by the riverside in which the King of the Peak revelled with his friends and kicked his retainers. It is a real relic of the past, with its banqueting-hall and minstrels' gallery; and wainscotted ball-room, in which many a proud dame has tripped with courtly grace. But if you have the poetic temperament, the time to see Haddon is at night, when you have grassed your last grayling below the little bridge at the evening rise, and are free to watch the mists in their autumn manœuvres—how silently and adroitly they mass under their phantom leader, and sweep majestically over the country side in fantastic formation! Suddenly the mist squadrons are routed by the breeze, and the valley is bathed in a silvery light that etherialises the old hall. Then you can almost imagine you hear the sound of the harp and the rustle of brocade as the fair ladies dance, and the whisper amid the yews on the terrace—and that the hurrying figures yonder on the white road are the forms of John Manners and Dorothy Vernon, the runaway lovers.

At Haddon you get the romance of history; in Miller's Dale the romance of Nature! The Wye—born in the darkness of Poole's Hole, and curbed at Buxton to make tiny lakes in the gardens—hums tunefully about its own liberty as it leaps and eddies through Miller's Dale. Its waters break, pure white, against stubborn rock; or gently flow, like molten silver, over smooth boulder; or tumble foam-tipped on stony bed, making joyous cadence in their riot; or swirl beyond the current into some tiny inlet to lap the drooping flowers. The stream goes through a wild glen. Limestone crags hem in "the murmuring waters" and the rough path by the Wye. The great, high, grotesquely-shaped crags are always with you. Here, there is a rustic bridge; there, a grass-grown dell. In that cleft of the limestone the dark-green moss is sheltering. Yonder is a tangle of trailing foliage and bracken massed thickly. The trees cluster in nook and on slope, and the daring foliage creeps about the breast and brow of nearly every crag.

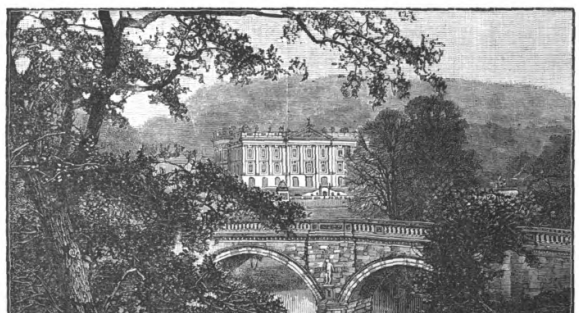
The sprite of autumn has touched the dale, mingling with the white and grey of the limestone the brilliant, but fleeting, glory of a myriad fading leaves. And in the midst of this russet and golden glow towers Chee Tor—lifts its head proudly above the rushing stream, and its mighty form is almost as bare as on the day, centuries ago, when the earth moved in volcanic unrest, and parted the crag from its mate, that stands disconsolately across the brook trying in vain to hide its ashen face with trailing verdure.

IN DOVE DALE.

Miller's Dale and its solitude are now far behind you. What a quiet hamlet is Hartington, at which you have slept through the stormy night, undisturbed by the wind and rain! The morning is radiant. Down yonder, in the tree-shadowed depths of Beresford Dale, Charles Cotton's fishing-house and the winding Dove are in a dazzle of sunlight. You will never—though sorrow, privation, and despair may fleck your life—forget this stroll by the river that Izaak Walton loved.

There are people who say that Dove Dale is gaunt and uninteresting. But you admire the bend of the stream, and the great, grim crags that stand half-clad, not a bit ashamed of their grotesque shape, just as if they were scorning their critics. The sunshine tries to oust the gloom from the greystone caves. The firs look less sombre in its beams. The dale is bright with the fitful colour of autumn foliage. The butterfly lingers in the genial solitude. The swallow skims the water sadly, loth to depart, yet conscious that it is time for his southern flight. The grayling, gleaming with purple and silver, rises unsuspectingly, with his tapering snout pointed to the surface of the stream. There is harmony in the life and colour all around you. Even the sedges seem to be moving with rhythm to the sweet voice of the Dove.

At "The Straits," the narrowest part of the dale, there will soon be the roar and spray-leap of the winter's torrent; but the river, in the few pleasant sunlit days that yet remain to us, ripples through a scene of exceeding beauty. Watching the golden shafts of light play on crag and frothing water, and cleft in which lichen and fern are hiding, you think how lovely is this "Sweet pass of the Dove, 'mid rock, river, and dingle"; and are scarcely surprised that Rousseau declared he would rather live in a rabbit-warren here than in the finest room in town.



CHATSWORTH HOUSE, ON THE DERWENT.

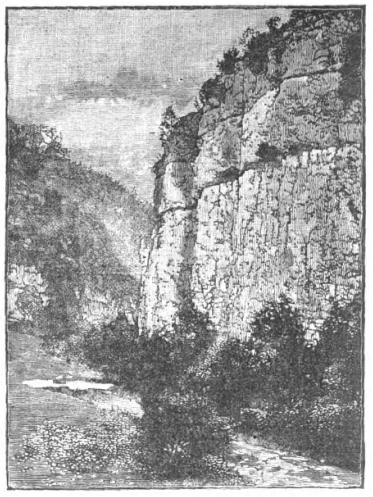
You are back in the city now, in the whirl of commerce, or striving for fame, or, maybe, struggling for bread; but neither toil nor care nor bitterest regret will ever blur the memory of your autumn saunter "By Derbyshire Streams." J. P.

Intelligence received from Alaska reports that thirteen whalers are icebound to the north of Behring's Straits, and the position of the ships, which have crews of over five hundred persons, is considered hopeless.

Mr. W. H. Smith has issued a circular to the supporters of the Government announcing the reassembling of Parliament on Nov. 6, and earnestly requesting their attendance on that date and during the remainder of the Session.

ART NOTES.

It is to the lasting honour of University College, London, that it was the first teaching body which opened its portals to women anxious to take their place as bread-winners. The example given by the Senate in Gower-street has been followed in all other seats of learning, and it is now within the reach of women to finish their education where and how they think fit. A harder trial of their faith in woman's rights to reap the fruits of her labour now awaits the decision of the same body. The Chair of Archæology is now vacant by the resignation of Sir Charles Newton, and amongst the candidates one of



CHEE TOR, MILLER'S DALE, ON THE WYE.

the most prominent is Miss J. E. Harrison, whose qualifications are generally recognised. Such as doubt her powers as a lecturer can judge for themselves at this moment from the course of lectures she is now giving on the "Monuments of Ancient Athens" at the South Kensington Museum. The only other competitor of repute whose name is mentioned in connection with the vacant chair is that of Mr. Stuart Poole. It is difficult, however, to believe that the Trustees of the British Museum, who practically obliged Mr. Sidney Colvin to give up his Slade Professorship, will allow Mr. Poole to hold the chair of Archæology in connection with his present post of Keeper of the Coins at the British Museum. It is unlikely, moreover, that they would be willing to be the first to fly in the face of the Royal Commission presided over by Sir M. White Ridley, which has just reported so strongly against Civil servants holding offices outside the service.

Some of the smaller exhibitions which at this season open to the public deserve a few words of passing notice; but they will be altogether out of proportion to the interest which some of these collections may afford. At the Fine Arts Society (148, New Bond-street) are to be seen 120 water-colours by various artists, whose works are usually to be seen only at the Old Society or at the Institute. The story goes that the Committees of those bodies expressly forbade under severe penalties any of their respective supporters to contribute to this show; but the warning has been unheeded, to judge from the interesting specimens of works sent by Messrs. Alfred Hunt, Albert Goodwin, W. L. Wyllie, Herbert Marshall, and Charles Gregory; by Mesdames Allingham and Cecil Lawson, and by Misses Kate Sadler and Anna Alma-Tadema, but the flowers in water-colours, by these latter, are somewhat unduly tried by their *rapprochement* with "M. Fantin Latour's" oils.

Messrs. Dowdeswells (160, New Bond-street) have a pleasant little collection of water-colour drawings illustrative of "Our Country and our Countryfolk," by Mr. Arthur Hopkins and Mr. C. Robertson. From South Devon to the east coast of Yorkshire the two artists have journeyed, like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque; and it cannot be said that the journeyings have been fruitless. We are occasionally reminded of Walker and Mason by the one, and of Mrs. Allingham by the other; but there are many connoisseurs who will think that there is no harm in perpetuating, at the loss of originality, two such excellent schools of English art.

Messrs. Boussod, Valadon (Goupil Gallery, 116, New Bond-street) have a small but very choice collection of the French *paysagistes* of the best period. Troyon, Théod. Rousseau, the elder Daubigny, Corot, and Courbet show to what elevation of poetry landscape-painting can rise. Do such works serve no other purpose than the raising of a standard which is flouted and sneered at by the next generation? Such is a fair question to ask as we turn from this collection to the Continental Gallery (145, New Bond-street), where may be seen a certain number, not perhaps the best, but fairly typical works of the modern French school of realism. Unquestionably there is force, almost amounting to brutality, in such works as Réalier-Dumas' "Bonaparte," as a young man picking up the besmirched mantle of Royalty; in Govsky's treatment of the gruesome story of Kostomavoff; in Cousin's "Breton Procession"; or Friant's "Scullers of the Meurthe." The qualities which distinguish these painters have as little in common with their own countrymen of the last generation as they have with English art of the present time, and honestly we cannot wish to see their method adopted by our countrymen.

"Professor" Higgins, an Englishman, successfully imitated Mr. Baldwin's aeronautical feat on Oct. 27 by descending from a balloon by means of a parachute.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIDEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ON BOARD THE JOLLY THATCHER.



I LAY awake all night thinking of this plan. The more I thought upon it the more I was pleased with it. To fly from the country was to escape the pursuit of my husband, who would never give over looking for me because he was so obstinate and masterful. I should also escape the reproaches of my lover, Robin, and break myself altogether from a passion which was now (through my own rashness) become sinful. I might also break myself from the loathing and hatred which I now felt towards my wicked husband, and might even, in time and after much prayer, arrive at forgiving him. At that time—yea, and for long afterwards—I did often surprise myself in such a fit of passion as, I verily believe, would have made me a murderess had opportunity or the Evil One sent that man my way. Yea, not once or twice, but many times have I thus become a murderess in thought and wish and intention—I confess this sin with shame, though I have long since repented of it. To have been so near unto it—nay, to have already committed it in my imagination, covers me with shame. And now when I sometimes (my Lord, the master of my affections doth allow it) visit the Prison of Ilchester and find therein some poor wretch who hath yielded to temptation and sudden wrath (which is the possession by the Devil) and so hath committed what I only imagined, my heart goes forth to that poor creature, and I cannot rest until I have prayed with her and softened her heart, and left her to go contrite to the shameful tree. Nay, since, as you shall hear, I have been made to pass part of my life among the most wicked and profligate of my sex, I am filled with the thought that the best of us are not much better than the worst, and that the worst of us are in some things as good as the best; so that there is no room for pride and self-sufficiency, but much for humiliation and distrust of one's own heart.

Well, if I would consent to fly from the country; across the seas, I should find kith and kin who would shelter me. There should I learn to think about other things—poor wretch! as if I could ever forget the village—and Robin! Oh! that I should have to try—even to try—to forget Robin! I was to learn that though the skies be changed the heart remains the same.

How I fled—and whither—you shall now hear.

Mr. George Penne came to see me next morning, sleek and smiling and courteous.

"Madam," he said, "may I know your decision, if you have yet arrived at one?"

"Sir, it is already made. I have slept upon it; I have prayed upon it: I will go."

"That is well. It is also most opportune, because a ship sails this very day. It is most opportune, I say—even Providential. She will drop down the Channel with the coming tide. You will want a few things for the voyage."

"It will be winter when we arrive, and the winters in that country are cold: I must buy some thicker clothing. Will there be any gentlewoman on board?"

"Surely"—he smiled—"surely. There will be, I am told, more than one gentlewoman on board that ship. There will be, in fact, a large and a cheerful company. Of that you may be assured. Well, since that is settled, a great load of care is removed, because I have heard that your husband rode into Taunton with Judge Jeffreys, that he learned from someone—I know not from whom—of your presence in the town, and of your departure with me."

"It must have been the market-woman."

"Doubtless, the market-woman"—I have often asked myself whether this was a falsehood or not—"and he is even now speeding towards Bristol hoping to find you. Pray Heaven that he hath not learned with whom you fled!"

"Oh!" I cried. "Let us go on board the ship at once! Let us hasten!"

"Nay; there is no hurry for a few hours. But stay within-doors. Everything that is wanting for the voyage shall be put on board for you. As for your meals, you will eat with"—here he paused for a moment—"with the rest of the company under the care of the Captain. For your berth, it will be as comfortable as can be provided. Next, as to the money. You have, I understand, two hundred pounds and more?"

I took the bag from my waist and rolled out the contents. There were in all two hundred and forty-five pounds and a few shillings. The rest had been expended at Ilminster.

He counted it carefully, and then replaced the money in the bag.

"The Eykins of Boston, in New England," he said, "are people of great credit and substance. There will be no necessity for you to take with you this money should you wish it to be expended to the advantage of your brother and your friends."

"Take it all, kind Sir. Take it all, if so it will help them in their need."

"Nay, that will not do, either," he replied, smiling, his hand still upon the bag. "For, first, the Captain of your ship must be paid for his passage; next, you must not go among strangers (though your own kith and kin) with no money at all in purse. Therefore, I will set aside (by your good leave) fifty pounds for your private purse. So: fifty pounds. A letter to my correspondent at Boston, which I will write, will cause him to pay you this money on your landing. This is a safer method than to carry the money in a bag or purse, which may be stolen. But if the letter be lost, another can be written. We merchants, indeed, commonly send three such letters of advice in case of shipwreck and loss of the bags. This done, and the expenses of the voyage provided, there remains a large sum, which, judiciously spent, will, I think, insure for your friends from the outset the treatment reserved for prisoners of distinction who can afford to pay—namely, on their arrival they will be bought (as it is termed) by worthy merchants, who (having been previously paid by me) will suffer them to live where they please, without exacting of them the least service or work. Their relatives at home will forward them the means of subsistence, and so their exile will be softened for them. If you consent thereto, Madam, I will engage that they shall be so received, with the help of this money."

If I consented, indeed! With what joy did I give my consent to such laying out of my poor Barnaby's money! Everything now seemed turning to the best, thanks to my new and benevolent friend.

At his desire, therefore, I wrote a letter to Barnaby recommending him to trust himself, and to advise Robin and Humphrey to trust themselves, entirely to the good offices of this excellent man. I informed him that I was about to cross the seas to our cousins in New England, in order to escape the clutches of the villain who had betrayed me. And then I told him how his money had been bestowed, and bade him seek me when he should be released from the Plantations (wherever they might send him) at the town of Boston among his cousins. The letter Mr. Penne faithfully promised to deliver. (Nota bene.—The letter was never given to Barnaby.)

At the same time he wrote a letter for me to give to his correspondent at Boston, telling me that on reading that letter his friend would instantly pay me the sum of fifty pounds.

Thus was the business concluded, and I could not find words, I told him, to express the gratitude which I felt for so much goodness towards one who was a stranger to him. I begged him to suffer me to repay at least the charges to which he had been put at the inns and the stabling since he took me into his own care and protection. But he would take nothing. "Money," he said, "as payment for such services as he had been enabled to render would be abhorrent to his nature. Should good deeds be bought? Was it seemly that a merchant of credit should sell an act of common Christian charity?"

"What!" he asked, "are we to see a poor creature in danger of being imprisoned if she is recognised—and of being carried off against her will by a husband whom she loathes, if he finds her—are we to see such a woman and not be instantly fired by every generous emotion of compassion and indignation to help that woman at the mere cost of a few days' service and a few guineas spent?"

I was greatly moved—even to tears—at these words and at all this generosity, and I told him that I could not sufficiently thank him for all he had done, and that he should have my prayers always.

"I hope I may, Madam," he said, smiling strangely. "When the ship hath sailed you will remember, perhaps, the fate of Susan Blake, and, whatever may be your present discomfort on board a rolling ship, say to yourself that this is better than to die in a noisome prison. You will also understand that you have fallen into the hands of a respectable merchant, who is much more lenient than Judge Jeffreys, and will not consent to the wasting of good commercial stuff in jails and on gibbets."

"Nay, Sir," I said, "what doth all this mean?"

"Nothing, Madam; nothing. I was only anxious that you should say to yourself, 'Thus and thus have I been saved from a jail.'" Such was Mr. Penne's humanity!

"Understand it! Oh! dear Sir, I repeat that my words are not strong enough to express my gratitude."

"Now, Madam, no doubt, your gratitude runs high. Whether to-morrow"——

"Can I ever forget? To-morrow? To-morrow? Surely, Sir?"——

"Well, Madam, we will wait until to-morrow. Meantime, lie snug and still all day and in the afternoon I will come for you. Two hundred and forty-five pounds—'tis not a great sum, but a good day's work—a good day's work, added to the satisfaction of helping a most unfortunate young gentlewoman—most unfortunate."

What did the good man mean by still talking of the morrow?

At half-past twelve the good woman of the house brought me a plate of meat and some bread.

"So," she said—her face was red and I think she had been drinking—"he hath determined to put you on board with the rest, I hear."

"Hush! If you have heard, say nothing."

"He thinks he can buy my silence. Come, Madam; though, indeed, some would rather take their chance with Judge Jeffreys—they say he is a man who can be moved by the face of a woman—than with—well, as for my silence, there—— It is usual, Madam, to compliment the landlady, and though, I confess, you are not of the kind which do commonly frequent this house yet one may expect"——

"Alas! my good woman, I have nothing. Mr. Penne has taken all my money."

"What! you had money? And you gave it to Mr. Penne? You gave it to him? Nay, indeed—why, in the place where thou art going"——

She was silent, for suddenly we heard Mr. Penne's step outside; and he opened the door.

"Come," he said roughly; "the Captain says that he will weigh anchor in an hour: the tide serves—come."

I hastened to put on my hat and mantle.

"Farewell," I said, taking the old woman's hand. "I have nothing to give thee but my prayers. Mr. Penne, who is all goodness, will reward thee for thy kindness to me."

"He, all goodness?" asked the old woman. "He? Why, if there is upon the face of the whole earth"——

"Come, Child!" Mr. Penne seized my hand and dragged me away.

"The woman," he said, "hath been drinking. It is a bad habit she hath contracted of late. I must see into it, and speak seriously to her: but a good nature at heart. Come, we must hasten. You will be under the special care of the Captain. I have provided a box full of warm clothing and other comforts. I think there is nothing omitted that may be of use. Come."

He hurried me along the narrow streets until we came to a quay, where there were a great number of ships such as I had never before seen. On one of them the sailors were running about clearing away things, coiling ropes, tossing sacks and casks aboard, with such a "Yo-hoing!" and noise as I never in my life heard before.

"'Tis our ship," said Mr. Penne. Then he led me along a narrow bridge, formed by a single plank, to the deck of the ship. There stood a gentleman of a very fierce and resolute aspect, armed with a sword, hanging from a scarlet sash, and a pair of pistols in his belt. "Captain," said Mr. Penne, "are all aboard?"

"Aye; we have all our cargo. And a pretty crew they are! Is this the last of them? Send her for'ard."

"Madam," said Mr. Penne, "suffer me to lead you to a place where, until the ship sails and the officers have time to take you to your cabin, you can rest and be out of the way. It is a rough assemblage, but at sailing one has no choice."

Gathered in the forepart of what they call the waist there was a company of about a hundred people. Some were young, some old; some were men, some women; some seemed mere children. All alike showed in their faces the extreme of misery, apprehension, and dismay.

"Who are these?" I asked.

"They will tell you themselves presently. Madam, farewell." With that Mr. Penne left me standing among this crowd of wretches, and, without waiting for my last words of gratitude, hurried away immediately.

I saw him running across the plank to the quay. Then the boatswain blew a shrill whistle; the plank was shoved over; some ropes were cast loose, and the ship began slowly to move down the river with the tide, now beginning to run out, and a wind from the north-east.

I looked about me. What were all these people? Why were they going to New England? Then, as the deck was now clearer and the sailors, I suppose, at their stations, I ventured to walk towards the afterpart of the ship with the intention to ask the Captain for my cabin. As I did so, a man stood before me armed with a great cane, which he brandished, threatening, with a horrid oath, to lay it across my back if I ventured any further aft.

"Prisoners, for'ard!" he cried. "Back you go, or—by the Lord!"——

"Prisoner?" I said. "I am no prisoner. I am a passenger."

"Passenger? Why, as for that, you are all passengers."

"All? Who are these, then?"

He informed me with plainness of speech who and what they were—convicts taken from the prisons, branded in the hand and sentenced to transportation.

"But I am a passenger," I repeated. "Mr. Penne hath paid for my passage to New England. He hath paid the Captain"——

"The ship is bound for Barbadoes, not New England. 'Tis my duty not to stir from this spot; but here's the Mate—tell him."

This was a young man, armed, like the Captain, with pistols and sword.

"Sir," I said, "I am a passenger brought on board by Mr. Penne, by whom my passage hath been paid to New England."

"By Mr. George Penne, you say?"

"The same. He hath engaged a cabin for me, and hath purchased clothes—and"——

"Is it possible," said the Mate, "that you do not know where you are, and whither you are going?"

"I am going, under the special care of the Captain, to the city of Boston, in New England, to my cousin, Mr. Eykin, a gentleman of credit and substance of that town."

He gazed at me with wonder.

"I will speak to the Captain," he said, and left me standing there.

Presently he returned. "Come with me," he said.

"You are Alice Eykin?" said the Captain, who had with him a paper from which he read.

"That is my name."

"On a certain day in July, your father being a preacher in the army of the Duke of Monmouth, you walked with a procession of girls bearing flags which you presented to that rebel?"

"It is true, Sir."

"You have been given by the King to some great Lord or other, I know not whom, and by him sold to the man Penne, who hath put you on board this ship, the Jolly Thatcher, Port of London, to be conveyed, with a hundred prisoners, all rogues and thieves, to the Island of Barbadoes, where you will presently be sold as a servant for ten years; after which period, if you choose, you will be at liberty to return to England."

Then, indeed, the Captain before me seemed to reel about, and I fell fainting at his feet.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

This was indeed the truth: I had parted with my money on the word of a villain; I put myself into his power by telling him the whole of my sad story; and, on the promise of sending me by ship to my cousins in New England, he had entered my name as a rebel sold to himself (afterwards I learned that he made it appear as if I was one of the hundred given to Mr. Jerome Nipho, all of whom he afterwards bought and sent to the Plantations), and he had then shipped me on board a vessel on the point of sailing with as vile a company of rogues, vagabonds, thieves, and drabs as were ever raked together out of the streets and the prisons.

When I came to my senses the Captain gave me a glass of cordial, and made me sit down on a gun-carriage while he asked me many questions. I answered them all truthfully, concealing only the reason of my flight and of my visit to Taunton, where, I told him truly, I hoped to see my unhappy friend Miss Susan Blake, of whose imprisonment and death I knew nothing.

"Madam," said the Captain, stroking his chin, "your case is indeed a hard one. Yet your name is entered on my list and I must deliver your body at St. Michael's Port, Barbadoes, or account for its absence. This must I do: I have no other choice. As for your being sold to Mr. George Penne by Mr. Jerome Nipho, this may very well be without your knowing even that you had been given to that gentleman by the King. They say that the Maids of Taunton have all been given away, mostly to the Queen's Maids of Honour, and must either be redeemed at a great price or be sold as you have done. On the other hand, there may be villainy, and in this case it might be dangerous for you to move in the matter lest you be apprehended and sent to jail as a rebel, and so a worse fate happen unto you."

He then went on to tell me that this pretended merchant, this Mr. George Penne, was the most notorious kidnapper in the whole of Bristol; that he was always raking the prisons of rogues and sending them abroad for sale on the Plantations; that at this time he was looking to make a great profit, because there were so many prisoners that all could not be hanged, but most must be either flogged and sent about their business, or else sold to him and his like for servitude. "As for any money paid for your passage," he went on, "I assure you, Madam, upon my honour, that nothing at all has been paid by him; nor has he provided you with any change of clothes or provisions of any kind for the voyage; nor hath he asked or bargained for any better treatment of you on board than is given to the rogues below; and that, Madam," he added, "is food of the coarsest, and planks, for sleep, of the hardest. The letter which you have shown me is a mere trick. I do not think there is any such person in Boston. It is true, however, that there is a family of your name in Boston, and that they are substantial merchants. I make no doubt that as he hath treated you, so he will treat your friends; and that all the money which he has taken from you will remain in his own pocket."

"Then," I cried, "what am I to do? Where look for help?"

"'Tis the damnedest villain!" cried the Captain, swearing after the profane way of sailors. "When next I put in at the Port of Bristol, if the Monmouth scare be over, I will take care that all the world shall know what he hath done. But, indeed, he will not care. The respectable merchants have nothing to say with him—he is now an open Catholic, who

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

When I came to my senses, the Captain gave me a glass of cordial and made me sit down on a gun-carriage.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

was formerly conceived in that religion. Therefore, he thinks his fortune is at the flood. But what is to be done, Madam?"

"Indeed, Sir, I know not."

He considered a while. His face was rough and coloured like a ripe plum with the wind and the sun; but he looked honest and he did not, like Mr. Penne, pretend to shed tears over my misfortunes.

"Those who join rebellions," he said, but not unkindly, "generally find themselves out in their reckoning in the end. What the deuce have gentlewomen to do with the pulling down of Kings? I warrant, now, you thought you were doing a grand thing, and so you must needs go walking with those pretty fools the Maids of Taunton! Well; 'tis past praying for. George Penne is such a villain that keel-hauling is too good for him. Flogged through the fleet at Spithead he should be. Madam, I am not one who favours rebels; yet you cannot sleep and mess with the scum down yonder. 'Twould be worse than inhuman—their talk and their manners would kill you. There is a cabin aft which you can have. The furniture is mean, but it will be your own while you are aboard. You shall mess at my table if you will so honour me. You shall have the liberty of the quarter-deck. I will also find for you, if I can, among the women aboard, one somewhat less villainous than the rest, who shall be your grumeta, as the Spaniards say—your servant, that is—to keep your cabin clean and do your bidding. When we make Barbadoes there is no help for it, but you must go ashore with the rest and take your chance."

This was truly generous of the Captain, and I thanked him with all my heart. He proved as good as his word, for though he was a hard man, who duly maintained discipline, flogging his prisoners with rigour, he treated me during the whole voyage with kindness and pity, never forgetting daily to curse the name of George Penne and drink to his confusion.

The voyage lasted six weeks. At first we had rough weather with heavy seas and rolling waves. Happily, I was not made sick by the motion of the ship, and could always stand upon the deck and look at the waves (a spectacle, to my mind, the grandest in the whole world). But, I fear, there was much suffering among the poor wretches—my fellow prisoners. They were huddled and crowded together below the deck; they were all seasick; there was no doctor to relieve their sufferings, nor were there any medicines for those who were ill. Fever presently broke out among them, so that we buried nine in the first fortnight of our voyage. After this, the weather growing warm and the sea moderating, the sick mended rapidly, and soon all were well again.

I used to stand upon the quarter-deck and look at them gathered in the waist below. Never had I seen such a company. They came, I heard, principally from London, which is the rendezvous or head-quarters of all the rogues in the country. They were all in rags—had anyone among them possessed a decent coat it would have been snatched from his back the very first day; they were dirty from the beginning; many of them had cuts and wounds on their heads gotten in their fights and quarrels, and these were bound about with old clouts; their faces were not fresh-coloured and rosy, like the faces of our honest country lads, but pale and sometimes covered with red blotches, caused by their evil lives and their hard drinking; on their foreheads was clearly set the seal of Satan. Never did I behold wickedness so manifestly stamped upon the human countenance. They were like monkeys for their knavish and thievish tricks. They stole from each other what they could lay hands upon: pieces of rope, the sailors' knives when they could get them, even the marlinspikes if they were left about. When they were caught and flogged they would make the ship terrible with their shrieks, being cowards as prodigious as they were thieves. They lay about all day ragged and dirty on deck, in the place assigned to them, stupidly sleeping or else silent and dumpish, except for some of the young fellows who gambled with cards—I know not for what stakes—and quarrelled over the game and fought. It was an amusement among the sailors to make these lads fight on the forecastle, promising a pannikin of rum to the victor. For this miserable prize they would fight with the greatest fury and desperation, even biting one another in their rage, while the sailors clapped their hands and encouraged them. Pity it is that the common sort do still delight themselves with sport so brutal. On shore these fellows would be rejoicing in cock-fights and bull-baitings: on board they baited the prisoners.

There were among the prisoners twenty or thirty women, the sweepings of the Bristol streets. They, too, would fight as readily as the men, until the Captain forbade it under penalty of a flogging. These women were to the full as wicked as the men; nay, their language was worse, insomuch that the very sailors would stand aghast to hear the blasphemies they uttered and would even remonstrate with them, saying, "Nan," or "Poll"—they were all Polls and Nans—"'tis enough to cause the ship to be struck with lightning. Give over, now! Will sink the ship's company with your foul tongue!" But the promise of a flogging kept them from fighting. Men, I think, will brave anything for a moment's gratification; but not even the most hardened woman will willingly risk the pain of the whip.

The Captain told me that of these convicts, of whom every year whole shiploads are taken to Virginia, to Jamaica, and to Barbadoes, not one in a hundred ever returns. "For," he said, "the work exacted from them is so severe, with so much exposure to a burning sun, and the fare is so hard, that they fall into fevers and calentures. And, besides the dangers from the heat and the bad food, there is a drink called rum, or arrack, which is distilled from the juice of the sugar-cane, and another drink called 'mobbie,' distilled from potatoes, which inflames their blood and causes many to die before their time. Moreover, the laws are harsh, and there is too much flogging and branding and hanging. So that some fall into despair and, in that condition of mind, die under the first illness which seizes on them."

"Captain," I said, "you forget that I am also to become one of these poor wretches."

The Captain swore lustily that, on his return, he would seek out the villain Penne and break his neck for him. Then he assured me that the difference between myself and the common herd would be immediately recognised: that a rebel is not a thief, and must not be so treated; and that I had nothing to fear—nay, that he himself would say what he could in my favour. But he entreated me with the utmost vehemence to send home an account of where I was, and what I was enduring, to such of my friends as might have either money to relieve me from servitude or interest to procure a pardon. Alas! I had no friends. Mr. Boscorel, I knew full well, would move heaven and earth to help me. But he could not do that without his son finding out where I was; and this thought so moved me that I implored the Captain to tell no one who I was, or what was my history; and, for greater persuasion, I revealed to him those parts of my history which I had hitherto concealed, namely my marriage and the reason of that rash step and my flight.

"Madam," he said, "I would that I had the power of revenging these foul wrongs. For them, I swear, I would kidnap both Mr. George Penne and Mr. Benjamin Boscorel; and, look you, I would make them mess with the scum and the sweepings whom we carry for'ard; and I would sell them to the most inhuman of the planters, by whom they would be daily beaten and cuffed and flogged; or, better still, would cause them to be sold at Havana to the Spaniards, where they would be employed, as are the English prisoners commonly by that cruel people, namely, in fetching water under negro overseers. I leave you to imagine how long they would live, and what terrible treatment they would receive."

So it was certain that I was going to a place where I must look for very little mercy, unless I could buy it; and where the white servant was regarded as worth so many years of work; not so much as a negro, because he doth sooner sink under the hardships of his lot, while the negro continues frolick and lusty, and marries and has children, even though he has to toil all day in the sun, and is flogged continually to make him work with the greater heart.

Among the women on board was a young woman, not more than eighteen or thereabout, who was called Deb. She had no other name. Her birthplace she knew not; but she had run about the country with some tinkers, whose language she said is called "Shelta" by those people. This she could still talk. They sold her in Bristol; after which her history is one which, I learn, is common in towns. When the Captain bade her come to the cabin, and ordered her to obey me in whatsoever I commanded, she looked stupidly at him, shrinking from him if he moved, as if she was accustomed (which was, indeed, the case) to be beaten at every word. I made her first clean herself and wash her clothes. This done, she slept in my cabin; and, as the Captain promised, became my servant. At first she was not only afraid of ill-treatment, but she would wilfully lie; she purloined things and hid them: she told me so many tales of her past life, all of them different, that I could believe none. Yet when she presently found out that I was not going to beat her, and that the Captain did never offer to cuff or kick her (which the poor wretch expected) she left off telling falsehoods and became as handy, obliging, and useful a creature as one could desire. She was a great, strapping girl, black-eyed and with black hair, as strong as any man, and a good-looking creature as well, to those who like great women.

This Deb, when, I say, she ceased to be afraid of me, began to tell me her true history, which was, I suppose, only remarkable because she seemed not to know that it was shameful and wicked. She lived, as the people among whom she had been brought up lived, without the least sense or knowledge of God; indeed, no heathen savage could be more without religion than the tinkers and gipsies on the road. They have no knowledge at all: they are born; they live; they die; they are buried in a hedgeside, and are forgotten. It was surprising to me to find that any woman could grow up in a Christian country so ignorant and so uncared for. In the end, as you shall hear, she showed every mark of penitence and fell into a godly and pious life.

My Captain continued in the same kindness towards me throughout the voyage—suffering me to mess at his table, where the provisions were plain but wholesome, and encouraging me to talk to him, seeming to take pleasure in my simple conversation. In the mornings when, with a fair wind and full sail, the ship ploughed through the water, while the sun was hot overhead, he would make me a seat with a pillow in the shade, and would then entreat me to tell him about the rebellion and our flight to Black Down. Or he would amuse me with an serious talk (though his own conversation with his sailors was over-much garnished with profane oaths), listening with grave face. And sometimes he would ask me questions about the village of Bradford Orcas, my mother and her wheel, Sir Christopher and the Rector, showing a wonderful interest in everything that I told him. It was strange to see how this man, hard as he was with the prisoners (whom it was necessary to terrify, otherwise they might mutiny) could be so gentle towards me, a stranger, and a costly one too, because he was at the expense of maintaining me for the whole voyage, and the whole time being of good manners, never rude or rough, or offering the least freedom or familiarity—a thing which a woman in my defenceless position naturally fears. He could not have shown more respect unto a Queen. The Lord will surely reward him therefor.

One evening at sunset, when we had been at sea six weeks, he came to me as I was sitting on the quarter-deck and pointed to what seemed a cloud in the west. "'Tis the island of Barbadoes," he said. "To-morrow, if this wind keeps fair, we shall make the Port of St. Michael's, which some call the Bridge, and then, Madam, alas!"—he fetched a deep sigh—"I must put you ashore and part with the sweetest companion that ever sailed across the ocean."

He said no more, but left me as if he had other things to say but stifled them. Presently the sun went down and darkness fell upon the waters; the wind also fell and the sea was smooth, so that there was a great silence. "To-morrow," I thought, "we shall reach the port, and I shall be landed with these wretches and sent, perhaps, to toil in the fields." But yet my soul was upheld by the vision which had been granted to me upon the Black Down Hills, and I feared nothing. This I can say without boasting, because I had such weighty reasons for the faith that was in me.

The Captain presently came back to me.

"Madam," he said, "suffer me to open my mind to you."

"Sir," I told him, "there is nothing which I could refuse you, saving my honour."

"I must confess," he said, "I have been torn in twain for love of you, Madam, ever since you did me the honour to mess at my table. Nay, hear me out. And I have been minded a thousand times to assure you first that your marriage is no marriage, and that you have not indeed any husband at all; next, that since you can never go back to your old sweetheart, 'tis better to find another who would protect and cherish you; and thirdly, that I am ready—ay! and longing—now to become your husband and protector, and to love you with all my heart and soul."

"Sir," I said, "I thank you for telling me this, which indeed I did not suspect. But I am (alas! as you know) already married—even though my marriage be no true one—and can never forget the love which I still must bear to my old sweetheart. Wherefore, I may not listen to any talk of love."

"If," he replied, "you were a woman after the common pattern you would right gladly cast aside the chains of this marriage ceremony. But, Madam, you are a saint. Therefore, I refrained." He sighed. "I confess that I have been dragged as by chains to lay myself at your feet. Well; that must not be." He sighed again. "Yet I would save you, Madam, from the dangers of this place. The merchants and planters do, for the most part, though gentlemen of good birth, lead debauched and ungodly lives, and I fear that, though they may spare you the hardships of the field, they may offer you other and worse indignities."

I answered in the words of David: "The Lord hath delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear: He will deliver me out of the hand of the Philistines."

"Nay; but there is a way: you need not land at all. It is but a scratch of the pen, and I will enter your name among those who died upon the voyage. There will be no more inquiry, any more than after the other names, and then I can carry you back with me to the Port of London, whither I am bound after taking in my cargo."

For a space I was sorely tempted. Then I reflected. It would be, I remembered, by consenting to the Captain's treachery towards his employers, nothing less, that I could escape this lot.

"No, Sir," I said; "I thank you from my heart for all your kindness and for your forbearance; but we may not consent together unto this sin. Again, I thank you; but I must suffer what is laid upon me."

He knelt at my feet and kissed my hands, saying nothing more: and presently I went to my cabin, and so ended my first voyage across the great Atlantic Ocean. In the morning, when I awoke, we were beating off Carlisle Bay, and I felt like unto one of those Christian martyrs, of whom I have read, whom they were about to lead forth and cast unto the lions.

(To be continued.)

THE LAND OF NOD.

There's a beautiful Land that the Children know,
Where it's Summer the whole year round;
Where chocolate-drops, and balls and tops,
Lie thick on the grassy ground;
Where the trees grow tarts and Banbury hearts,
And bull's-eyes pop from the pod,
And you never do wrong the whole day long—
They call it the Land of Nod!

When the clock strikes eight, and each curly pate
Lies low on the pillow white;
When the small mouse squeaks and the wainscot creaks,
And the shadows dance in the moonlight-streaks,
And the star-lamps jewel the Night;
When the soft lids close on the ripe check's rose,
And the tiny feet that trod
The nursery floor are heard no more—
Hurrah for the Land of Nod!

There they play in the puddles and steal from the stores.
They juggle with matches and knives;
And they poke *such* jokes at the grown-up folks,
Who daren't say "Don't" for their lives!
All the persons who teach by means of speech,
And whipped with a pickled rod,
And fed upon Dates, through dark dungeon-grates,
In the beautiful Land of Nod!

When the clock strikes eight, and each curly pate
Lies low in the darkened room;
When the small mouse squeaks and the wainscot creaks
And the shadows dance in the moonlight-streaks,
And the cricket chirps through the gloom;
When the soft lids close on the ripe cheek's rose,
And the tiny feet that trod
The nursery floor are heard no more—
Hurrah for the Land of Nod!

All the dear old dollies are mended there
That were broken in days that have flown;
All the kittens that died in their early pride
To beautiful cats have grown;
All the pleasures upset by the wind and the wet
Smile out in the sunshine broad;
And the meaning of "*dose*" not a youngster knows,
In the wonderful Land of Nod!

When the clock strikes eight, and each curly pate
Lies low on the dainty bed;
When the small mouse squeaks and the wainscot creaks,
And the shadows dance in the moonlight-streaks,
And the dull fire's core glows red;
When the soft lids close on the ripe cheek's rose
And the tiny-feet that trod
The nursery floor are heard no more—
Hurrah for the Land of Nod!

And it's O! for the dreams of the old, old days
That have fled for ever and aye!
For I watch and weep, as the dull dawns creep
Up the cold grey cliffs of the sky.
Could mine eyelids close on that blest repose,
Would the hearts that lie under the sod
Rise to greet the glad sound of my feet and beat
On my heart—in the Land of Nod?

When the clock strikes eight, and each curly pate
Lies low in the curtain's shade;
When the small mouse squeaks and the wainscot creaks,
And the shadows dance in the moonlight-streaks,
And the hearth-sparks glimmer and fade;
When the soft lids close on the ripe cheek's rose,
And the tiny feet that trod
The nursery floor are heard no more—
Hurrah for the Land of Nod!

CLO. GRAVES.

The students of the Royal Female School of Art, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, held a soirée on Oct. 29.

The Bishop of Carlisle on Oct. 25 reopened the parish church at Satterthwaite, which has been extensively restored, and a handsome oak reredos has been added by Mr. Ainslie, M.P. The church dates back to 1557.

Mrs. Charles Turner, of Liverpool, has given £20,000 towards the formation of a fund for pensioning Incumbents in the diocese of York who feel themselves incapacitated from further duty. The same lady had previously bestowed a like gift for the diocese of Liverpool.—Lord Grimthorpe has offered £3000 towards the promotion of a scheme for procuring a Bishop of Beverley as a Suffragan Bishop of York.

The outturn of the coffee crop in Coorg for the season 1888-89 is estimated at 5180 tons; the average annual exports for the last ten years having been 4590 tons. The Commissioner of Coorg writes:—"The total area of coffee plantations, European and native, is 80,389 acres, of which 59,124 acres are actually planted. Of this area 33,141 acres are held by Europeans, and forecast returns have been furnished for the bulk of these estates. The native holdings comprise 25,983, for the greater portion of which no returns are obtainable. The present forecast has been based, as far as practicable, on the returns furnished, and for the rest a rough estimate has been framed, giving a total of 5180 tons."

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

NOVEMBER 3, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (viâ United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (viâ Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

A BICENTENARY RETROSPECT.

The expulsion of James II. was a necessity, both in the interests of Protestantism and in those of good government. He was an embodiment of the most reactionary ideas of the Stuart dynasty. Before he came to the throne, his cruel treatment of the Scotch Covenanters, during his administration of the affairs of Scotland, showed what the people had to expect when the reins of government fell into his hands. Succeeding his brother in February, 1685, his reign was arbitrary from the beginning, and the Parliament he called was one of the most servile in English history. He suppressed with little difficulty Argyll's invasion of Scotland and Monmouth's invasion of England, but the insurgents were visited with most vindictive punishments. James then set himself systematically to work to achieve two ends—the overthrow of the Constitutional system of England, and the restoration of the Catholic religion. Strangely did he misread the temper of his people in these foolish undertakings. England had thrown off the yoke of Rome under the Tudors, and was never more to be in bondage to the Vatican; while the unfortunate history of his father should have taught James that Constitutional liberty had been permanently won for the British race by Pym, Hampden, Cromwell, and the other great patriots of the stirring period of the Civil War.

Gravely and profoundly interesting are those episodes in our history which the present memorable year recalls. They were swift and they were dramatic, four brief years being sufficient to bring to a conclusion James's inglorious career. He began his attempts to coerce the nation by requiring his pliable Parliament to repeal the Habeas Corpus Act and the Test Act. Now, these two great statutes were regarded as the bulwarks of the popular safety, and they were as much prized by the Tories as by all other subjects of the Crown, except the Roman Catholics. Parliament, therefore, though generally obedient, declined in this matter to bend to the King's will; neither did it regard with favour James's effort to establish a great standing army. Even the much more popular Charles II. had been unable to effect this. But the contest was very severe. Not only were new regiments levied, but the King gave commissions to Roman Catholic officers, which step was a distinct violation of the Test Act. The panic that seized upon the nation was reflected in the Council Board; and Lord President Halifax, who condemned his Sovereign's policy, was dismissed from his office. The Commons upon this ceased to be subservient to the Sovereign, and the disaffection spread to the House of Lords. The Government sustained two defeats, and in a fit of Royal anger the offending legislators were summoned to the bar, and dismissed to their homes, Nov. 20, 1685.

In everything, James was badly advised; for it was not difficult to find counsellors who readily encouraged his headstrong policy. England prided herself upon her independence in foreign affairs; but James was the paid servant of Louis XIV. of France, and was most superstitiously devoted to the Pope. His first favourite was Father Edward Petre, who found it an easy task in religious questions to keep the Monarch in leading-strings. Then, in home affairs, his principal advisers were the avaricious pervert, Sunderland, whose new-found Papist zeal enabled him to step into the chair of Halifax; Lord Castlemaine, the husband of an infamous woman; and the Earl of Tyrconnell, whose chief characteristic was a want of veracity. After proroguing Parliament from time to time, James ultimately dissolved it, being determined to govern without Constitutional means. He first endeavoured to use the Established Church against the Dissenters; but, discovering that the Episcopalians would not give him their aid, he sought to gain the Dissenters. A systematic *régime* of illegality began by the setting in motion of two great engines of tyranny. The first of these was the exercise of the dispensing power on the part of the King, by which Roman Catholics were placed in office in defiance of the law; and the second was the ecclesiastical supremacy, which took a new shape in the constitution of a High Commission Court, consisting of six persons, presided over by the notorious Lord Chancellor Jeffreys. So great was the hold which Romanism had obtained over James that he dismissed the two brothers of his first wife—Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, who had become Lord High Treasurer, and Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Lawrence Hyde was one of the principal founders of the High Church Tory party, and he declined to give up his Protestantism to maintain his high office.

James's most sensational act at this juncture was the issue of his First Declaration of Indulgence, dated April 4, 1687. Without authority of Parliament, he abolished by his own hand all those penal laws and tests which had long pressed heavily upon the Dissenters. When he ordained that no religious test should in future debar any man from the civil or the military service, and likewise forbade the disturbance of religious meetings, the act at first sight seemed one of a tolerant liberality; yet it was not that James liked the Dissenters, but that he loved the Papists more. The gift of religious freedom, in fact, divided the Dissenters into two camps. On the one side were men like Bunyan, Baxter, and Howe, who distrusted the King and his policy; while on the other were men like the distinguished Quaker William Penn, who highly lauded the Indulgence. Penn had immense influence over James; saw him as often as he wished; and held (says Ranke) the most confidential conversations with him for hours together at Whitehall, and also at Windsor, where he took a house in the neighbourhood of the castle. On July 2 the King dissolved Parliament, stating to the Papal Nuncio as his reason for this measure that it would not otherwise be possible to frustrate the intrigues of the Prince of Orange, and to rend asunder the bond which had been formed between him and the members of the Church of England. Next day there was a gorgeous procession at Windsor, in which the Nuncio, as the representative of the Papal power to which James had bowed the neck of England, was the most imposing figure.

The Universities were next assailed, the King, through his High Commissioners, trampling upon their privileges. The Cambridge Senate received the Royal command in February, 1687, to confer the degree of Master of Arts on Alban Francis, a Benedictine monk. The Senate replied that they would gladly do so if he would take the oaths; but this he declined to do. Vice-Chancellor Pechell and eight members of the Senate (including the celebrated Isaac Newton) were summoned to Westminster to answer for their contumacy, and, after being soundly rated by Jeffreys, the Vice-Chancellor was suspended from office. Still more violent was the action taken at Oxford. The Presidency of Magdalen, one of the wealthiest and most famous of the colleges, having become vacant, James commanded the Fellows to elect one Farmer, a Roman Catholic and a profligate, who was disqualified both by the law of the land and the arrangements of the founder. The Fellows would have none of him, but elected John Hough instead. The King then commanded them to elect Parker, Bishop of Oxford; but all his efforts and those of William Penn to persuade them were fruitless. The old Fellows were consequently ejected, and Roman Catholic successors appointed in their place. By this means the King had now secured three important colleges for the Catholics—viz., University, Christ Church, and Magdalen. Papal pressure also began to be felt elsewhere.

James, in order to show that he was not to be deterred from his purpose, next published his Second Declaration of Indulgence; but, as it fell very flat, he issued an order in Council, on May 4, 1688, directing the ministers of all churches and chapels in the kingdom to read it from their pulpits. On hearing the news, a number of Bishops proceeded to the capital, and at an assembly held at Lambeth Palace on May 18, a petition was drawn up setting forth that the Sovereign had no right to dispense with laws in matters of the Church. The King was furious when this petition was presented to him. The document afterwards got into general circulation, and James, acting mainly on the advice of Jeffreys, ordered the prelates to be arraigned for libel in the Court of King's Bench. The trial of the Seven Bishops caused the utmost excitement in London, and, indeed, throughout the country. A serious technical question arose as to the publication of the libel; but this was decided against the Bishops by the evidence of Lord Sunderland, who proved publication. On the weightier matter of the character of the petition, two of the Judges pronounced it a libel, and the remaining two declared it to be no libel. The case went to the jury, who were locked up all night. Next morning a verdict of "Not Guilty" was returned, and the popular enthusiasm knew no bounds. The news was quickly carried into the country, and James heard the shouts of triumph at Hounslow. As he was riding from the camp there, he heard a great noise behind him. "What is that?" he asked. "It is nothing," was the reply; "only the soldiers are glad that the Bishops are acquitted." "Do you call that nothing!" exclaimed the King. But his defeat only brought out the old Stuart obstinacy in him, and to the Spanish Ambassador, who counselled moderation, he said, "I will lose all or win all."

He was in a fair way to do the former, for he had now alienated all classes of his subjects. One of his last acts was to endeavour to supply the place of the English troops, whose temper proved unserviceable for his purposes, by draughts from the Catholic army which Tyrconnell had raised in Ireland. This was so mad a step that even the Roman Catholic Peers at the Council table protested against it, and the ballad of "Lillibullero," an attack on the Irish recruits and Tyrconnell's Government, was soon heard throughout the length and breadth of England. The disaffection was at its height when a son was born to the King. Popular rumour at



JUDGE JEFFERIES SEIZED IN A BEER CELLAR AT WAPPING.

once pronounced this to be an imposture. Five years had passed since Mary of Modena was last announced to be pregnant, and many now asserted that the child ushered into the world as the Prince of Wales and heir to the throne was not the Royal offspring at all. In any case, the news completely overthrew the hopes of English Protestants, and correspondingly raised those of the Roman Catholics. The general expectation of a Protestant succession became null and void on the appearance of an heir to the throne who would, doubtless, be educated in the Catholic religion.

The crisis thus became acute, and the best friends of the Constitution, sinking for the time their political differences, banded themselves together to save the country. On June 30 a letter was dispatched to the Prince of Orange inviting him to come over. This historical document was signed by seven of the most influential men in England. First, there was Danby, one of the principal founders of the combination of the aristocracy and of Episcopalianism with the King's Government under Charles II., and one of the originators of the Tory party. Then there was the Earl of Devonshire, a leading Whig, who answered for the Nonconformists, who were satisfied with William's promise to secure them toleration. Compton, Bishop of London, who had a leading hand in drawing up the invitation, was the third signatory. Then there were Shrewsbury and Lumley, two recent converts from the Catholic faith, who now spoke in the name of the great body of zealous Protestants; and, finally, there were Edward Russell, cousin of Lord Russell, and Henry Sidney, brother of Algernon Sidney, whose antipathy to tyranny and love of patriotism were in all men's mouths. Many others were privy to the invitation, and certain individuals contributed £30,000 towards the preparations for the undertaking. The letter was carried to the Hague by Herbert, a popular British seaman, who had lost his command for refusing to vote against the test.

The invitation to William of Orange was from every point of view justifiable. English freedom and English Protestantism were imperilled, and as a struggle with James was inevitable, it was desirable to obtain the aid of the only Protestant Prince who had a right to the throne after its actual occupant. Moreover, James was in league with the natural enemies of England, and, if he had succeeded in subduing the people to his will, there would have been a close and slavish alliance with France, which would have been ignominious to England and menacing to the Protestant interests of Europe. James's defeat would mean also the freedom of the Continent from French supremacy. But it was necessary, now that the blow was to be struck, that the intervention should be vigorous and decisive; and the Prince of Orange was requested to land with an army strong enough to justify those who had called upon him to rise to arms. William had some powerful friends on the Continent. There was Marshal Schomberg, who had been a servant of France, but who now expressed a wish to see the Prince and Princess well established in England; he had long discerned that James II. was making himself impossible as a ruler. For the success of the Prince and Princess of Orange, Schomberg said, "I would sacrifice everything; it would give me great satisfaction if we ever found ourselves together on occasions on which we could do them service." Then there was the great Elector of Brandenburg, whose last words, "London, Amsterdam"—uttered as he died, on April 29, 1688—sufficiently testified to the ideas which occupied and engrossed his mind.

Holland agreed to the expedition—as, indeed, it could not well do otherwise, for its own interests were bound up in William's success. Having gained the assent of the States-General, the Prince, as Admiral and Captain-General, used every effort to gather a fleet and a sufficient force, ostensibly as a means of defence against the English fleet, which now appeared in the Channel, while the new Elector of Brandenburg engaged to supply the place of the absent Dutch forces by lending the States 9000 men. In England, William's cause soon made great progress, and many nobles went out to him at the Hague. The Earl of Shrewsbury took with him the substantial donation of £2000 towards the expenses of the expedition, and he was followed by the sons of Lords Winchester, Danby, and Peterborough, and by a well-known High Churchman, Lord Macclesfield. Danby, Devonshire, and Lumley prepared for a rising in the North of England. The Earl of Sunderland, still James's chief counsellor, discovered William's preparations, and promised to reveal all the secrets of his Royal master on the promise of a pardon for his despicable crimes. As for James himself, he still fancied his position secure, for he imagined that the Prince of Orange would be deterred from aiding any revolt in England by the threat of a French attack on Holland.

But when the King at length awoke from his dream and found to his dismay that war preparations were actually going forward, and that the storm was about to break over his head, irresolution seized upon him, and he gave way to panic. Diplomacy and concession were resorted to in order to heal the breach between the Monarch and his subjects. Against the Prince of Orange's demands, as he understood them, he instituted a temporising action. He was convinced that the best means for resisting the Prince of Orange lay in depriving him of the support of the Episcopalian party by doing justice to its demands. A union with the Tory party and the party of the Church was what he now aimed at when it was too late; and he sought to win assent for his plans from the coming Parliament by an abandonment of his recent policy. He issued a Proclamation with the object of restoring things to the same footing as when he succeeded to the Crown; and he relaxed some of the most stringent of those fetters which pressed upon freedom of conscience. Then he made overtures to the Bishops, and in an interview he had with them declared that he wished to learn from them what was necessary in order to secure religion in the realm; he would grant everything that was compatible with his prerogative. The Bishops were moderate in their requests, only demanding at once the abolition of the Ecclesiastical Commission, the immediate filling up of the vacant Episcopal Sees, the discontinuance of the administration of so-called Vicars Apostolic, the removal of Roman Catholic schools, and the restoration of the Protestant Fellows at Magdalen College. James dissolved the Ecclesiastical Commission, and Lord Chancellor Jeffreys went into the City to restore the charters, being solemnly received at Temple Bar. Magistrates who had been driven from office were replaced, and the franchises were restored to the towns. The Bishop of Winchester was dispatched to Oxford to reorganise Magdalen College in accordance with its statutes, and Catholic chapels and Jesuit schools were ordered to be closed.

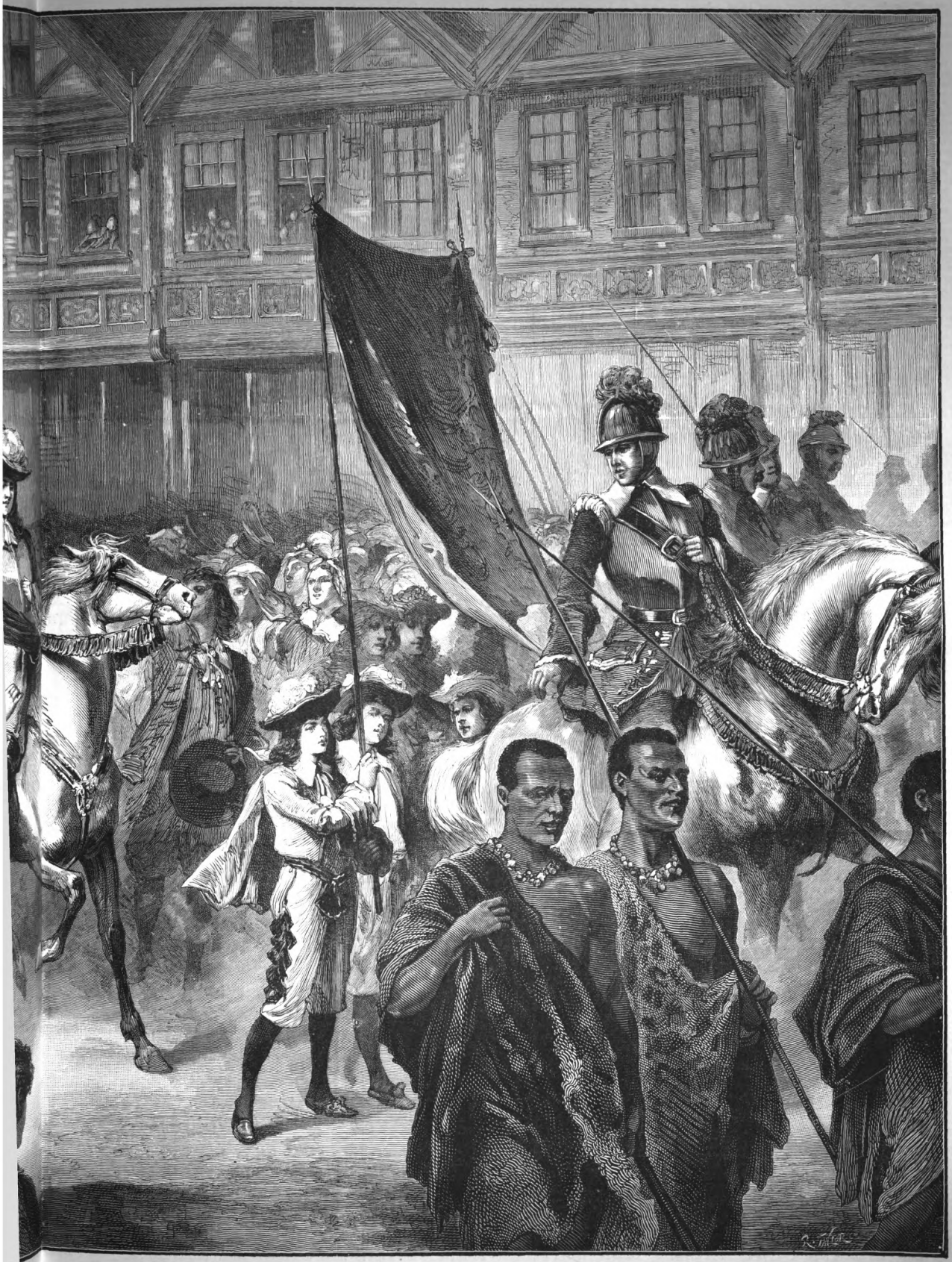
No doubt James thought he was proceeding admirably with his policy of pacification; but concessions which are the result of fear and despair are apt to be distrusted, and there was destined to be written on all his efforts—"Too late!" Sunderland advised him to call a Parliament instantly; but the King knew that in the existing temper of the people a Parliament would declare against him, and, reproaching Sunderland with want of firmness and spirit, he dismissed him from office. Scarcely had the disgraced Minister left Whitehall before the Declaration of the Prince of Orange reached England. This historical manifesto recited all the wrongs and misgovernment under which the English people had recently suffered, and demanded the removal of grievances and the calling of a free Parliament which should establish English freedom and religion on a sure basis. The Declaration promised toleration to Protestant Nonconformists, with freedom of conscience to Catholics; and it remitted the question of the legitimacy of the Prince of Wales and the settlement of the succession, to Parliament. James was deeply wounded by the doubts thrown on the legitimacy of the Prince, for he had only just produced at a solemn assembly of the Peers, who were then in London, proofs of the Prince's birth which were of a satisfactory nature to unbiassed minds. Then he was much disturbed by the assertion that William of Orange had been invited to engage in his undertaking by spiritual and temporal Peers. While he thought it possible this might be an empty boast, he obtained a repudiation of it from Nobles and Bishops; but he proceeded further to require the Bishops publicly to declare their abhorrence of William's undertaking. This would manifestly have been a great point gained in his favour, but the Bishops replied that they must consult the Peers:—"They had no mind to make a declaration under their hands, except the temporal Lords would join with them." The King's pride was offended, and he told the prelates that, if they were not inclined to support him as he requested, he must stand upon his own feet and rely upon his arms. This was the crucial point of the struggle.

On his side, the Prince of Orange was supported by two classes of English clergymen. There were those, like Ferguson, who desired to invest the undertaking with the aspect of a thoroughgoing ecclesiastical and political transformation; while there were others, like the historian Burnet, who earnestly deprecated any quarrel with the English Church, in which the Prince of Orange had many of his best supporters; and these views were supported by Shrewsbury, Russell, and Sidney. Anxious not to repel the Dissenters, they yet wished most of all to place the Church of England under an obligation. There was a strong desire to maintain the interests of the Church in opposition to the Catholics, and William relied largely upon this feeling. Even many who were not Churchmen perceived the wisdom of this. Protestantism, to put the matter into a nutshell, underlay the whole struggle; but there was to be no oppression of the Catholics.

William of Orange, hoisting his flag, which displayed the arms of Nassau and of England, put to sea on Nov. 1, 1688, at Helvoetsluys. The Prince himself embarked on board the frigate Brill, whose flag displayed the inscription "For the Protestant religion, and for a Free Parliament." There were thirteen ships of war of more than thirty guns each, and a number of smaller vessels, bearing together about 14,000 men. William sailed with the full sympathy of his wife. While regretting the necessity for opposing and overthrowing the policy of her father, the King of England, her feelings and aspirations went entirely with her husband. It was expected that the English fleet would give battle in the Channel, but James's commander, Lord Dartmouth, was not strong enough



THE REVOLUTION OF 1688: WILLIAM III



WILLIAM III. ENTERING EXETER.

to do this, and he received orders only to harass the enemy. But even this was not feasible; so William's fleet, after being detained by ill winds and beaten back on its first venture by a violent storm, made its way down the Channel, and on Nov. 5—the anniversary of Gunpowder Plot—safely landed at Torbay, in Devonshire. As William's coming had been unexpected in the west, no great landowner went out to meet him, and the invasion wore at first a singularly quiet aspect. But in the course of a week the nobles and squires joined the Prince in great numbers, and Plymouth declared for him.

Macaulay furnishes a graphic picture of the entry of the invading army into Exeter. Bishop Lamplugh, as soon as he heard of the landing at Torbay, fled in terror to London. The Magistrates of Exeter were for King James, but the bulk of the inhabitants were for the Prince. The Magistrates ordered the gates to be shut; but when Lord Mordaunt threatened to punish further resistance with death, they were opened again. William arrived on the 9th, and made his entry into the city. It was a memorable day for Exeter. "From the West Gate to the Cathedral Close," observes the Whig historian, "the pressing and shouting on each side was such as reminded Londoners of the crowds on Lord Mayor's Day. The houses were gaily decorated. Doors, windows, balconies, and roofs were thronged with gazers. . . . The Dutch army, composed of men who had been born in various climates, and had served under various standards, presented an aspect at once grotesque, gorgeous, and terrible to islanders who had, in general, a very indistinct notion of foreign countries. First rode Macclesfield, at the head of two hundred gentlemen, mostly of English blood, glittering in helmets and cuirasses and mounted on Flemish war-horses. Each was attended by a negro, brought from the sugar plantations on the coast of Guiana. Then, with drawn broadswords, came a squadron of Swedish horsemen, in black armour and fur cloaks. Next, surrounded by a goodly company of gentlemen and pages, was borne aloft the Prince's banner. On its broad folds the crowds which covered the roofs and filled the windows read with delight that memorable inscription, 'The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England.' But the acclamations redoubled when, attended by forty running footmen, the Prince himself appeared, armed on back and breast, wearing a white plume, and mounted on a white charger. With how martial an air he curbed his horse, how thoughtful and commanding was the expression of his ample forehead and falcon eye, may still be seen on the canvas of Kneller. Once those grave features relaxed into a smile. It was when an ancient woman, perhaps one of the zealous Puritans, who, through twenty-eight years of persecution, had waited with firm faith for the consolation of Israel—perhaps the mother of some rebel who had perished in the carnage of Sedgemoor, or in the more fearful carnage of the Bloody Circuit—broke from the crowd, rushed through the drawn swords and curvetting horses, touched the hand of the deliverer, and cried out that now she was happy. Near to the Prince was one who divided with him the gaze of the multitude. That, men said, was the great Count Schomberg, the first soldier in Europe since Turenne and Condé were gone; the man whose genius and valour had saved the Portuguese Monarchy on the field of Montes Claros; the man who had earned a still higher glory by resigning the truncheon of a Marshal of France for the sake of the true religion. It was not forgotten that the two heroes who, indissolubly united by their common Protestantism, were entering Exeter together, had twelve years before been opposed to each other under the walls of Maestricht, and that the energy of the young Prince had not then been found a match for the cool science of the veteran who now rode in friendship by his side. Then came a long column of the whiskered infantry of Switzerland, distinguished in all the Continental wars of two centuries by pre-eminent valour and discipline, but never till that week seen on English ground. And then marched a succession of bands designated, as was the fashion of that age, after their leaders—Bentinck, Solmes, Ginkell, Talmash, and Mackay. With peculiar pleasure Englishmen might look on one gallant regiment which still bore the name of the honoured and lamented Ossory. The effect of the spectacle was heightened by the recollection of more than one renowned event in which the warriors now pouring through the West Gate had borne a share." In one respect William's army was honourably distinguished from many other invading forces. Pillage and outrage were effectually discountenanced, and the troops were required to treat all classes with civility. "Those who had formed their notions of an army from the conduct of Kirke and his Lambs"—during the Jeffreys' Reign of Terror—"were amazed to see soldiers who never swore at a landlady or took an egg without paying for it. In return for this moderation the people furnished the troops with provisions in great abundance and at reasonable prices."

In Exeter Cathedral a solemn service was performed in honour of the safe arrival of the Prince, William going thither in military State. The Dean, like the Bishop, had taken to flight, and the Canons absented themselves from their stalls; but Bishop Burnet read out the Declaration, and at the close cried in a loud voice, "God save the Prince of Orange!" Many voices fervently answered, "Amen." A manifestation of feeling in favour of William now rapidly set in. Men of rank began to join his standard; and the first Peer of the realm who made his appearance at the quarters of the Prince of Orange was the Earl of Abingdon, who had previously been a supporter of arbitrary government, and a true friend to James at the time of the Exclusion Bill. But, like many others, the dread of Popery had driven him into opposition and rebellion. Lord Cornbury, eldest son of the Earl of Clarendon, next deserted the King; and when James heard the tidings, he turned away from his untasted meal and retired to his closet. The Queen and her ladies broke out into tears and loud cries of sorrow over the news; for where could the Royal cause find support if those who might have been expected to cling to it to the last thus abandoned it? The Bishops and a number of temporal Peers petitioned the King to call a free Parliament, and to open negotiations with the Prince of Orange. James, still not understanding that everything was sinking under him, was furious, and swore that the first messenger who arrived from the Dutch with flags of truce should be dismissed without an answer, while the second should be hanged.

In a violent temper, James set out for Salisbury, leaving behind a Council of five Lords to represent him in London. To two of these, Preston and Godolphin, no objection could be taken; but two of the others were Papists; while the fifth was Jeffreys, unquestionably the most unpopular and the best-hated man in England. Disastrous news followed the King. The head of the Seymours joined William; and the Earl of Bath, who commanded at Plymouth, placed himself and his troops at the Prince's service. All the south-west was now in William's favour. In the north, Danby conducted a great rising. Peers and gentry flocked to his standard at York, and from that city he marched on Nottingham and united his forces with those of Devonshire, who had mustered at Derby many great Lords of the midland and eastern counties. Churchill and Grafton deserted to William; the former stating that, while he owed everything to the Royal favour, he could not conscientiously draw his sword against the Protestant cause.

The King's camp at Salisbury broke up in confusion, and James proceeded to Andover. He was accompanied by his son-in-law, Prince George, and by the Duke of Ormond—both, however, conspirators against him. Prince George unwittingly furnished the humour of these stirring times. He was extremely stupid, and whenever any news was told him he would exclaim, in French, "Est-il possible?" As soon as he learnt that Churchill and Grafton were missing, the ejaculation was forthcoming, and when it was reported from Warminster that Kirke was no longer faithful to the King, he again exclaimed, "Est-il possible?" Charles II. once said, "I have tried Prince George sober, and I have tried him drunk; and, drunk or sober, there is nothing in him." But "Est-il possible" and Ormond had sufficient sense of what was good for them to leave the King before it was too late, and after James had retired to rest on the evening succeeding his arrival at Andover, they mounted their horses and rode off, accompanied by the eldest son of the Duke of Queensberry, a nobleman who was the recognised head of the Scotch Presbyterians. James was not so moved by the news of Prince George's defection as might have been expected. "What!" he said, "is 'Est-il possible' gone, too? After all, a good trooper would have been a greater loss." He was more enraged against Churchill, and immediately set off for London. Before he arrived there, Princess Anne had fled from Whitehall. Fearful of her father's vengeance, and moved by her idolatrous affection for her favourite, Lady Churchill, her resolution was soon taken. "I will jump out of the window," she cried, "rather than be found here by my father!" Accordingly, at dead of night, the Princess and her friend stole down the back stairs in dressing-gown and slippers. They gained the street, and entered a hackney coach that was in waiting. The coach was guarded by Compton, Bishop of London, the Princess's old tutor, and by the accomplished Lord Dorset. Resting for the night at the Bishop's palace in Aldersgate-street, next day the fugitives were safely conveyed to Dorset's mansion in Epping Forest. Thence she went to Nottingham, Bishop Compton assuming for the time a militant character and taking command of her escort, in a buff coat and jack-boots, with a sword at his side and pistols in his holster. The flight of the Princess caused great consternation at Whitehall. When the King arrived there in the evening, this last affliction caused him to exclaim: "God help me! My own children have forsaken me!"

James held a Council of his Lords. He was advised to negotiate, to announce the redress of national grievances, and



JAMES II. LEAVING WHITEHALL WITH THE GREAT SEAL.

to pardon those over whom he had really no longer any power. In a burst of indignation he exclaimed: "I cannot do it: I must make examples—Churchill, above all; Churchill, whom I raised so high. He, and he alone, has done all this. He has corrupted my army; he has corrupted my child. He would have put me into the hands of the Prince of Orange but for God's special providence. My Lords, you are strangely anxious for the safety of traitors. None of you troubles himself about my safety." Deluded Monarch, he still could not see that it was his own conduct which had precipitated events, and caused them to take a turn that neither Churchill nor anyone else could withstand. The King, nevertheless, did so far submit to counsel as to resolve to call a Parliament, and appoint Commissioners to treat with William. A Proclamation was also issued granting a free pardon to all rebels, and declaring them eligible for service in Parliament. But the negotiation was a feint, as James had no intention of yielding anything, and he told the French Ambassador that he was merely gaining time to ship off his wife and the Prince of Wales, and to secure that symbol of Kingly authority, the Great Seal. When these things were done, then he, too, would leave England, and take refuge either in Ireland or Scotland, or at the French Court.

But Lord Dartmouth, who was still in command of the Royal fleet, having learnt that the negotiation, the amnesty, and the Parliament were all a fraud, was naturally wroth at being deceived. He declared that, while he would risk his life in defence of the Throne, he would be no party to transporting the Prince of Wales into France. Meanwhile, events marched rapidly. Great agitation arose in London, and there were risings in various parts of the country. Newcastle declared for Protestantism and a Free Parliament, and the King's statue was hurled into the Tyne; Hull followed Newcastle; the Duke of Norfolk secured Norwich; Bristol opened its gates to Shrewsbury; and Oxford enthusiastically greeted Lord Lovelace, who had been released by the people of Gloucester after his capture by the Royal troops. William of Orange advanced to Salisbury, where he was joined by the Earls of Clarendon and Oxford, and other nobles, who had hitherto been regarded as ardent Royalists. The invader marched to Hungerford, where he arrived on Dec. 5. Negotiations were here opened with the King's Commissioners. The Prince's demands were put in writing and handed to Halifax. At a dinner at Littlecote, Halifax inquired of Burnet, "What is it that you want? Do you wish to get the King into your own power?" "Not at all," replied Burnet, "we would not do the least harm to his person." "And if he were to go away?" continued Halifax. "There is nothing," said Burnet, "so much to be wished."

Flight was the great solution of the difficulty favoured by the Whigs. At Whitehall James was busy about the safety of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. He confided them to the care of the Count of Lauzun, telling him that everything must be risked to carry them into France. Lauzun courageously accepted the task, and, with the aid of his friend Saint Victor, a gentleman of Provence, he conveyed the Queen and her little son in a skiff to Lambeth. Thence they went by coach to Gravesend, where they embarked in a yacht which they found waiting for them, and which had on board Lord Powis and his wife. On Dec. 10 James learnt that the Royal fugitives were safely on their way to France, and at the same time he received unexpectedly favourable proposals from the Commissioners at Hungerford. Instead of accepting them, however, he made preparations for flight, observing to his few remaining friends that Parliament would force on him concessions which he could not endure, while flight would enable him to return and regain his throne with the assistance of French forces.

Early on the morning of the 11th, James quietly disappeared through a secret passage at Whitehall, bearing the Great Seal in his hand. Sir Edward Hales was waiting for him with a hackney coach, in which he was conveyed to Millbank. Crossing the Thames in a small wherry, he threw the Great Seal into the river, from which it was accidentally recovered months afterwards. The King landed at Vauxhall, and made his way to the Isle of Sheppey, where a boy was in readiness to convey him to France. Intense excitement ensued in London when the flight became known. The actual Sovereign of England had departed, and the Prince of Orange had not arrived. It was a curious interregnum. Riots broke out in the Metropolis, and the Spanish Ambassador's house was sacked. The Lords met at Whitehall, and by a kind of Provisional Government endeavoured to preserve order. The infamous Jeffreys was arrested in the disguise of a common sailor at an ale-house in Wapping. He was conveyed to the Tower, where his life was destined to close in a fearful manner, but one righteously retributive for his diabolical actions. What is called by the historians an "Irish night" next succeeded in London, the whole city being thrown into a state of terror. But although much property was destroyed, not a single Roman Catholic lost his life, though the prejudice against the Irish Papists was exceedingly strong.

The King, during this exciting time, did not get away to France as he hoped. He was detained near Sheerness by some fishermen, who suspected him to be a Jesuit. When his identity was discovered, he threatened and implored by turns to be allowed to go. "Let me go," he exclaimed; "get me a boat. The Prince of Orange is hunting for my life. If you do not let me fly now, it will be too late. My blood will be on your heads. He that is not with me is against me." But a troop of Life Guards brought James back in safety to London. William was now at Windsor. He could offer no further terms to the King, whose only plan was to make a second and more successful attempt to escape. Some of the Tories, like Clarendon and Rochester, now hoped that things would blow over in James's favour. The Prince of Orange had done good service in overthrowing the King's design to establish a Catholic despotism; but this being achieved, there was no reason to fear that a reconciliation could not be effected between James and the new Tory Parliament that was to be summoned. But Halifax, perhaps the most far-sighted statesman of the times, had himself abandoned these hopes. He saw that the Revolution was practically accomplished, and he "pressed upon William the impossibility of carrying out a new system of Government with such a Sovereign as James." The Whigs, of course, took the same view, and the Prince was also brought to see that the time for compromise had passed, and that the fallen Monarch must depart.

One thing was clear; there could not be a King James at Whitehall and a King William at St. James's. Something must be done with the former. There was a consultation of Peers at Windsor, and it was decided that James must be sent out of London. It would be hard to depose him if he remained, and still more dangerous to keep him a prisoner. The Dutch troops now occupied Whitehall, and three English Lords—Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Delamere—delivered to the King a message to the effect that the Prince of Orange would be at Westminster in a few hours, and that his Majesty would do well to set out for Havre before ten the next morning. On Dec. 18, the King, who seemed paralysed by untoward circumstances, set out for Rochester instead, and while his barge made its way with difficulty down the river, which was somewhat rough, the Prince's troops poured into London. Notwithstanding the severe weather, a great crowd assembled near Albemarle House and St. James's to welcome the Prince, and all were adorned with an orange ribbon.

The Prince of Orange duly arrived at St. James's, accompanied by Schomberg. He had succeeded in his enterprise, but now began his Constitutional difficulties. Was he to assume the Crown by right of conquest, and then as King send out writs summoning a Parliament? This was what several eminent lawyers advised him to do, but there were obstacles in the way; so he decided upon calling together the Lords and the surviving members of the Parliaments of Charles I. They were appointed to meet at St. James's on Dec. 21, and about seventy attended. Before the assembly proceeded to business, a number of Royalists made one last effort to restore James. They sent assurances to him at Rochester that if even now, at the eleventh hour, he would abandon those designs abhorrent to his people, they would strenuously defend his interests. But James was so overcome by fears of personal danger that he was not able mentally to take in the situation. All he felt was that it was at his peril if he remained in England; so on the morning of Feb. 23 he embarked for France. His flight discomfited the Royalists, but in an equal degree rejoiced the Whigs.

The Revolution was now practically complete, for the most serious difficulty had been removed by the departure of the King. The two assemblies of Peers and Commoners requested William to take upon himself the provisional government of the kingdom, and to issue circular letters inviting the electors of every town and county to send up representatives to a Convention Parliament, which was to meet on Jan. 22, 1689. William pursued a tolerant policy, and would permit no interference with the elections. But, in truth, the people were so favourable to him, and had been so long waiting for this appeal to their suffrages, that no kind of coercion was needed on behalf of his cause. The City of London elected four great merchants, all zealous Whigs, and other towns imitated the example of the capital—the result being that a large majority of the shires and boroughs returned Whig members to the new Parliament.

James arrived at St. Germains, where he was received by the French King, and England began to adapt herself to the new condition of things. But the Convention Parliament was far from being harmonious in its early sittings. The Commons declared the throne to be vacant in consequence of the conduct and the virtual abdication of James; but the Lords, while admitting that James had ceased to be King, denied that the throne could be vacant, and affirmed that the Sovereignty was now vested in his daughter Mary. Nevertheless, William

declined to be Regent, or, as he said, "Gentleman-usher to his wife"; and Mary refused to accept the Crown save in conjunction with her husband. The difficulties were finally set at rest by the decision of the Houses that William and Mary should be acknowledged as joint Sovereigns, but that the actual administration should rest with William alone. The new King and Queen were proclaimed by the Convention Parliament on Feb. 13, 1689.

One great legislative act remained to be achieved before the grand results of the Revolution could be said to be finally secured. The famous Declaration of Rights was drawn up by a Parliamentary Committee, and adopted by both Houses. This important instrument recapitulated the misgovernment of James, his abdication, and the resolve of the Lords and Commons to assert the rights and liberties of English subjects; it condemned as illegal the Ecclesiastical Commission and James's resolve to raise an army without Parliamentary sanction; it denied the right of any King to suspend or dispense with laws, or to exact money without the consent of Parliament; it asserted the rights of petition and of the free choice of Parliamentary representatives, and demanded a pure and merciful administration of justice; it claimed liberty of debate for both Houses, demanded securities for the exercise of the Protestant religion, and bound the new Sovereign to maintain that religion as well as the laws and liberties of the nation; and it concluded by declaring the Prince and Princess of Orange King and Queen of England. The Declaration of Rights was accepted by William and Mary, and from their accession may be said to date the great paramount authority of the Commons of England. Limitations were placed upon the power of the Crown, and the real government of England henceforth lay in the hands of the people. Of all revolutions that the world has seen, there has never been one which, with so little bloodshed, achieved such great and enduring results as the Protestant Revolution of 1688.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

NOVELS.

The Ladies' Gallery. By Mrs. Campbell Praed and Justin M'Carthy, M.P. Three vols. (Bentley).—Combined authorship, even between two practised novel-writers, is apt to injure the harmony of æsthetic impression that should prevail in a work of high literary art. This is the more to be regretted when the main design is conceived and wrought out, in all essential passages of action and movements of feeling, by an author of such vivid and powerful dramatic imagination as Mrs. Campbell Praed. Supposing, as we are inclined to do, that the portions of this novel contributed by Mr. Justin M'Carthy are the comparatively trivial and insignificant descriptions of the precincts of the House of Commons, and the fantastic misdescription of the notorious riots in Trafalgar-square, it seems to us that the omission of those chapters would render Mrs. Campbell Praed's story one of the finest we have lately read. It would not then be entitled "The Ladies' Gallery;" and so much the better, for it is really no picture of the lives and labours of Members of Parliament, or of the instructed sympathies of their lady friends with the contests of political ambition. If Mr. Richard Ransom, a young Australian millionaire, utterly a stranger in Europe and ignorant both of public business and of English concerns, had the vanity to tell Mrs. Florence, whom he met on his way hither from Melbourne, that he should at once get into the House and would give her the first seat he could procure in the gallery, he was then behaving very unlike the modest and genuine hero represented in the more important parts of this story. The incident can only have been put in for the sake of giving to the novel a catching title which bears no relation whatever to its true subject, and which was certainly far from being needful or expedient to recommend a work of romantic fiction otherwise distinguished by great and rare merits. Its true interest, we are happy to assure the reader, may yet be enjoyed profoundly in spite of these blots and de acements, as it is fully developed with the quiet strength of artistic genius, with evenness and simplicity of style, and with an unfailing grasp of the dramatic intention controlling a few vital changes in the relative situations of the chief actors. Its subject is the position of an honourable man who, having contracted under circumstances of extreme peril and hardship an intimate friendship with another man, being indebted to him for thrice saving his life when they were destitute wanderers in the Bush of North Queensland, and for sharing with him a discovery of gold that suddenly enriched them both, a few years later meets at the Falls of Niagara a woman supposed by him to be a widow; he loves her instantly with a first and final, fatal love, and she, though firmly rejecting and resisting his suit, nevertheless, in a moment of apparent danger, at the impending collision of their ship with another steamer, involuntarily betrays her affection for him when death seems close at hand. This woman, Mrs. Florence, accompanied by her brother Anthony Strange, is also on her way from Australia; and she is the wife of the man now calling himself Joseph Binbian, the trusty comrade, sworn friend, and gold-mining partner of Richard Ransom, who knew that his friend was an escaped convict, and that he had been guilty of embezzling some money of Government; that he had formerly been a gambler, drunkard, and profligate husband; but who had seen, during five years of close companionship, the sincerity of his moral reformation. Ransom does not know the name that his friend had borne in another Australian colony—Queensland is a long way from Melbourne—before he was condemned to imprisonment, and got away into the wild region where they first met; where one shared with the other, dying of thirst, his last drop of water; one nursed the other for weeks in fever; one plunged into a raging torrent to save the other from drowning; one received in his own body a spear hurled by murderous savages at the other; and where the profits of a marvellous find of gold were faithfully shared between them. Surely, in such a situation there are elements of romance, of heroic tragedy, of that mysterious game of cross purposes between Fate or Fortune or Providence and the highest resolves and noblest emotions of the human heart, which makes the Drama, in any form—even in a prose narrative of common folk of our own days—incomparably the most interesting kind of literature? These three persons, Ransom, his partner "Binbian Joe"—a name taken from the Binbian Range, where they found the gold—and this man's lost wife, Berenice, who hates and loathes the memory of her brief and wretched married life, are the principal characters. And they are all noble, each in his or her own way; for she, dreading no evil so much as that of again meeting her husband, never thinks, except in one moment of frantic despair, and as a refuge from that horror, that she can give herself to the man she loves; while Joe, purified of every low habit and passion by intense suffering, and exalted by his brotherly friendship with Ransom, never thinks of the chance of finding her except for atonement and pardon, but like Enoch Arden, prefers that she shall believe him dead, so that she may be free. Such is the theme which Mrs. Campbell Praed has treated in a tale of so much imaginative force, refinement of feeling, and moral beauty that to label it with that silly title, "The Ladies' Gallery," and to mix up with it the mere commonplace London newspaper anecdotes to which we have referred, is a sad mistake between the joint authors. The sincerity of genius ought also to guard such an author as she here proves herself against ironically depreciating her own art by introducing the useless figure of Miss Philippa Dell: a lady novelist who practises flirtations with different men for the purpose of utilising her experiences in fiction to be paid for by the booksellers, and who sets down in her note-book as material for "copy" the tenderest or the painfullest things she hears among her friends. There is a grotesque unreality, too, in the manners of that amiable old couple, Sir Anthony and Lady Strange, living at the banking-house in Lombard-street; and young Tony's language is that of an excessively silly and vulgar boy, not at all amusing. As for the final catastrophe in Trafalgar-square, where Ransom and Binbian Joe, who together have five millions sterling in their pockets, appear as champions of the starving London poor, and Binbian is shot dead—we can only say that it is a shame to spoil a noble story by appending such a gross absurdity at the end. It would have been easy to devise another way for Binbian to die in performing an act of self-devotion; as it would have been easy to choose a better place than "The Ladies' Gallery" for one of the most critical moments in the revelation of the central fact of this story. Notwithstanding the blemishes that have been pointed out, we must declare it to be a good novel, almost a great one, and we can decidedly recommend it to our readers.

From Moor Isles. By Jessie Fothergill. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—The readers of Miss Fothergill's new story will find it abundantly engaging and interesting; but its main concern is far removed from the few people belonging to "Moor Isles." That rather misleading name, instead of denoting a maritime situation, has by some perverted pronunciation of a local dialect word been given to an old farm-house among the inland hills between Lancashire and Yorkshire. In that neighbourhood, where old-fashioned rustic life still abides the admixture of a rather uncultured social element from the residences of thriving district manufacturers, the ruinous infatuation of Brian Holgate, and the unselfish constancy of Alice Ormerod, might afford sufficient motives for a pathetic tale. Up to a certain point, their history is developed with considerable effect, but its spring of interest is soon dried up by the exposure of Brian's contemptible moral weakness; and, though Alice presents a noble womanly figure, her action in the story has no important result. The person whose youthful affections and experiences command most attention is Ines Grey, an orphan girl, brought up from infancy under the generous protection of the eminent professional vocalist, Felix Arkwright, known as M. Félix in Paris and other foreign cities. Her mother, the widow of a young English gentleman who had been disinherited for marrying her, failed as a public singer and died in poverty; upon which Felix kindly undertook the care of the child. The characters and the behaviour of Mr. Felix and of his confidential friend, Madame Reichardt, an English lady of great benevolence and of high accomplishments, the widow of a German merchant at Irkford (evidently Manchester), are represented in the most pleasing light. They are perfectly consistent; and such rare examples of unaffected goodness, allied with tact and discretion, and with true refinement of taste and manners, are very possibly to be met with in the actual world, as both these congenial allies in well-doing are within the marriageable age between thirty and forty, and are in constant correspondence, besides occasional visits, one is inclined to hope that they will make a suitable match; but the demands of romance are preferred by allowing Ines Grey, when she grows up to womanhood, to feel an affection warmer than gratitude for her wise and faithful guardian. Becoming, as she presently does become, the real heroine of the story, Ines relates the most essential portion of it in chapters supposed to be written by herself, which have little connection with the affairs of the unfortunate dwellers at Moor Isles. Upon one occasion, indeed, when Mr. Felix, Mrs. Reichardt, and Miss Grey, accept Brian Holgate's invitation to spend an afternoon in his moorland home, where Alice Ormerod helps to entertain them, some links of mutual esteem are formed, which do not afterwards bind the separate fortunes of these parties closely together: Brian, an enthusiast about music, but a careless idler, never recognises the true worth of Alice, who loves him and would save him; but he falls a victim to the seductions of Lucy Barraclough, the wickedest little flirt in the country, takes to drink and gambling with her brother Jim and with the artful schemer, Dick Law; finally, loses all his money in the wild game of "poker," and goes to America by the assistance of Mr. Felix. We do not care much about him; and the concluding information that he has mended his life, and has found a new home and a wife in the United States, leaves us only content to know that he is never to become the husband of Alice. With regard to the other group of characters, their relations to each other excite lively and agreeable sympathy, of which Ines is naturally the centre. Among the best scenes are those of her being presented to her haughty grandfather, old Mr. Grey, and to her cousins, Maurice and Maud, at the Kirkfence (Leeds) Musical Festival; and her subsequent meeting with Maurice at an evening party in London. She has been educated with the highest intellectual advantages under learned professors, and is a scholar of the Oriental languages, Persian and Sanscrit, intending to earn her own livelihood by teaching or literary work. Resenting the former harsh conduct of her grandfather towards her own parents, and the long neglect of herself by all her paternal kindred, she declines the offer of a home with the Greys, who are a rich and aristocratic family; and she of course refuses the hand of Cousin Maurice, being half-unconsciously in love with Mr. Felix. The admirable self-denying arrangement made by her kind benefactor to wean her from this suspected attachment to himself, of which he thinks it would not be right to take advantage, is ultimately defeated. After leaving her two years under the care of Madame Prénat in London, neither seeing her nor writing to her during that time, Mr. Felix at length perceives, when Mrs. Reichardt and Ines join him in his American tour, that the girl's heart is fairly and irretrievably given to him; and then, putting aside his needless scruples, he at length obeys the prompting of his own heart by marrying Ines after all, with the sincere approval of Mrs. Reichardt. All this part of the story comes to an end very happily, and even with an intimation that "Moor Isles" is a place to be revisited now and then; but with a lonely prospect for Alice Ormerod, who was deserving of a better fate.

Broken Wings, by Avery Macalpine (Chatto and Windus), is a one-volume work by the author of "Teresa Itasca," and has all the charm of lifelike characterisation and vivid description which marked the previous book. Rouen, in which most of the incidents of this interesting story of French life occurred, is graphically described. The tale is romantic to the verge of sensationalism; yet it is thoroughly wholesome, its chief theme being the passionate, self-sacrificing love of a mother for her daughter, who is under training for a *danseuse;* while the other characters are drawn with dramatic power. The narrative is picturesque, and the style everywhere graceful and frequently poetical. Some illustrations by W. J. Hennessy adorn the work.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

The old proverb about the hardships encountered by a fish out of water, might, of course, be paralleled by the case of a man in the sea. But just as there are fishes which (like the climbing perch of India and others) can live for prolonged periods outside the medium in which they naturally exist, so it would appear there are variations and degrees in the length of time which humanity can remain under water. M. Lacassagne has been studying this latter point of late, his chief subject being a celebrated diver. This man, it was alleged, could remain under water for 4 min. 14 sec., which, it must be confessed, is a great advance in duration over the period commonly believed to prove fatal to a completely immersed person. The study of this man revealed certain interesting and important points. In the first place, he expelled all the air from his lungs—that is all the air which breathing can expel from the lungs, for there always remains in the lungs an amount over and above that which can be exhaled in the deepest expiration—when he filled his lungs as completely as possible, and dived. While in the water, he swallowed about a litre of the fluid, a litre being nearly (1·76) two pints. On emerging from the water, it is said he "snorted" frequently, while his face was congested, his heart-beats slow and feeble, and his eyes flushed.

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M. Lacassagne observed that this diver, in the course of his deep inspirations previous to his immersion, really swallowed a large amount of air; while, when under the water, he swallowed saliva, or the fluid of the mouth. During immersion, also, the movements of breathing proceeded at a regular rate of twenty to the minute; the cavities of the chest and abdomen diminishing proportionately in size. The explanation of the ability to remain below water for such a prolonged period appears to rest on the fact that the man's pharynx (the cavity which intervenes between the mouth and throat) acts as a reservoir of air. The air is drawn, it is supposed, from the stomach into the cavity first named, and is thence inhaled into the lungs. The faculty of successful diving would thus appear to rest upon a power of swallowing air in the first instance, this swallowed air serving as a store upon which the lungs may and do draw when the diver is below water. It would be interesting to learn what physiologists have to say to this theory of diving; but I am reminded that in certain fishes which can remain out of water for a length of time there exists a storehouse for water in the head. In other fishes, which seem actually to require in part to breathe air like ourselves from the atmosphere, and which perish if kept below water, the pharynx serves as a cavity wherein air is contained. The latter fishes in this respect resemble M. Lacassagne's diver in their possessing an aerial reservoir on whose stores they may draw for the vital supply.

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The "omnipresent germ" is, day by day, extending its range of action. The latest information to hand regarding the work of bacilli, as the germs are named, and their neighbours, is to the effect that the phosphorescent light of certain animals is really a consequence of the action of these germs. There is a shell-fish called the Pholas, which burrows in rocks by means of its shells; and in this animal, M. Raphael Dubois tells us he has discovered a bacillus or germ, which, through the chemical changes it produces in the animal tissues, evolves the phosphorescent gleam. Some phosphorated substance being oxidised, to put the matter chemically, by the germ-action, we get the strange weird light of the sea produced. There is another point in this explanation worth recording, because it favours the views of the author I have just quoted. Phosphorescence is known to be frequently associated with decay of animal tissues. Now, decay really means the pulling to pieces of the dead animal by germ-action; and if this notion be correct, we are at no loss in such a case to connect the phosphorescence with a likely cause. Again, the germ-origin of these lights of the sea may serve to remove some of the difficulties which naturalists have felt in accounting for the utility and causes of the strange gleaming in animals whose deep-sea habits place them far beyond the influence of light.

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One of the premonitions of earthquake has long been alleged to exist in the disturbed temper of the animal creation in the neighbourhood of the affected area. Professor Milne, whose observations on earthquakes are so numerous and interesting, says that animals are more widely affected during earthquakes than we have hitherto supposed. Not only do domestic animals exhibit consternation, but fishes experience what appears to be great alarm. In 1880, at Tokio, in Japan, the cats tried to escape from houses, foxes barked, and horses tried to break loose from their stables. Before earthquakes began, pheasants have screamed, and ponies threatened a stampede. Birds hide their heads beneath their wings, as if apprehensive of coming danger. In Calabria, the sand-eels left their burrows, and came to the top of the sand in multitudes. Probably, as Mr. Milne remarks, animals are highly sensitive to the slight premonitory tremors which herald the greater shock. When we consider how much more extensive and delicate than our own senses those of many lower animals are, we cease to wonder at such examples of their sensitiveness. A dog's sense of smell, for instance, must transcend immensely our own olfactory sense, and open up to the animal, worlds of odours and impressions all unknown to his master.

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Great activity now reigns in our educational departments everywhere. The winter sessions and autumnal terms are in full swing, and from our Universities downwards to the night-classes for working-lads, the busy work of gaining knowledge proceeds apace. One cannot avoid the thought that with this wide diffusion of knowledge, the world, while it grows wiser, must grow better likewise. I am afraid, however, that until we succeed in acquiring "culture," as the method of applying our knowledge to making life happier and healthier, we shall not reap the full benefit of all our educational activity. I know of no word which has been more roundly and soundly abused than this same term "culture." Matthew Arnold's definition of it strikes me as being admirably succinct. Knowledge comes, but culture lingers—to parody the Laureate's lines; in truth, the "wisdom" of the poet is much the same thing as the "culture" of the philosopher. Let us get knowledge by all means—without it man would relapse into the savage state—but in all our educational aspirations let us strive after the culture that applies knowledge to its useful ends. Culture is only the successful utilisation of knowledge in the aim of increasing human happiness, after all. Let us be careful that, amidst all our acquirements, we at least learn the high art of putting our knowledge to useful ends.

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I have received from various correspondents accounts of frogs and toads "in solid rocks," corroborative of the views expressed by me in "Science Jottings" for Oct. 13. But the "toad in the rock" is such a venerable institution that I doubt whether any criticism of a scientific kind can dispose of him. People dearly love their superstitions. ANDREW WILSON.

IN THE TIME OF THE EMPIRE.

The fashion of Parisian female dress, in the last years of the eighteenth century and at the beginning of this century, under the Directory of the French Republic and under the Consulate and Empire of Napoleon Buonaparte, affected a kind of simplicity which seemed to denote a reaction from the pompous attire customary under the old Monarchy. At first there was a rage for imitating the classical Greek and Roman costumes, with no waist, but a long loose garment fastened by a brooch at one shoulder; this was superseded by the short-waisted white frock of the "ingénue" or "jeune fille," with arms bare, except when a long silk mitten was drawn up beyond the elbow of the left arm, while the head was covered with a huge Leghorn bonnet, surmounted by a wreath of flowers. This innocent-looking dress, which is represented in the picture by an Italian artist, was actually worn for some time not only by girls, but also by ladies who perhaps were not so young as they had been, and who practised the airs of juvenile sprightliness and tenderness until they had passed middle age. It is so disagreeable to think of beginning to grow old.



"IN THE TIME OF THE EMPIRE."—AFTER THE PAINTING BY F. ANDREOTTI.
From a Photograph by Alinari Brothers, Florence.

NEW BOOKS.

Life of Lord Stratford De Redcliffe, K.G. By Stanley Lane Poole. Two vols. (Longmans).—The biography of that eminent diplomatist and statesman, who during nearly half a century bore an active part in British policy, and in the East of Europe had great influence over its affairs, cannot fail to be of much historical interest. His commanding personality, as well as the deference long paid to his wishes and opinions, which rose to its height at the time of the Crimean War, make him almost as great a figure as some of the rulers of considerable States. It is questionable whether he could have attained much authority at home, or the rank of Prime Minister, in any case, as a Parliamentary statesman. Though an able councillor and a masterly administrator, he, perhaps, lacked the sympathetic insight, as he lacked the peculiar experience, needful for success in popular government. His public-spirited uprightness, with his extraordinary force of purpose, secured the assent of Lord Palmerston and other political leaders to his own views, which he undoubtedly believed to be wise and just. Some of us, in this year 1888, may think, as some did in 1854, that the policy of playing guardian and tutor to the Turkish Empire was not the true English policy, and that very little good has come of the immense sacrifices we have made for its sake. Yet we hold the memory of Sir Stratford Canning, Lord Stratford De Redcliffe, in sufficient esteem to greet Mr. Stanley Lane Poole's "Life" of him with real satisfaction, which is enhanced by the perusal of a work so good in literary composition, so well arranged, and so full of exact information, characteristic anecdotes, and valuable details concerning momentous transactions. Stratford Canning, nephew to the Right Hon. George Canning, but only seventeen years his junior, was born in 1786, in the City of London, the son of a not very successful merchant, was brought up by his widowed mother at Wanstead, was educated at Eton and partly at King's College, Cambridge, was placed in the Foreign Office by his uncle's influence, was sent to Copenhagen, and soon afterwards to Constantinople, as Secretary of a Legation, and in 1810, at the age of twenty-three, was acting as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Porte, then beset with Russian and French intrigues in the midst of our great war with Napoleon I. His biographer candidly observes that this easy and rapid advancement in the diplomatist's career accounts for his "exceeding masterfulness"—which some have called high-handed arrogance and occasional insubordination—his want of the faculty of "getting on with others"; his impatient, menacing temper, and a disposition to be suspicious which came from the nest of intrigues that surrounded him at Constantinople. These faults in an English statesman at home would have been fatal to high political usefulness; but there are some indiscriminating admirers of "the Great Eltchi" who seem to regard them as the best qualifications for a British Minister dealing with Turkey and Russia. Most readers of the biography, who are likely to be somewhat acquainted with the history of our foreign affairs from 1824 to 1858, will have formed an opinion long ago upon the manner in which "the Eastern Question" was handled. This may even be extended to the events of 1878, under the Beaconsfield Administration; but happily, in the present situation of Europe, it is not of urgent practical need to correct any misapprehensions that may have been entertained on that score. Ten years ago, thirty years ago, sixty or seventy years ago—what is it all to us now but past history, worth studying, of course, for example and instruction, but with no imperative bearing on the actual interests and duties of this time? These two volumes, apart from the concerns of the Turkish Empire, of Greece, of Navarino, of Asia Minor, of Syria, of Egypt, of "the Danubian Principalities," of Servia, of Montenegro, of the Unkiar Skelessi and other Treaties, of the Czar Nicholas and Prince Mentchikoff, of the result of the Crimean War, the Hatti Humayoun, the manifold breakings and patchings of the rotten Imperial garment of Ottoman rule, contain much that will interest readers who have given all that up as a bad job. The brilliant figure of George Canning is naturally prominent in some chapters of the first volume. His generous sympathy with struggling nationalities of old renown was effectually proved, during his Ministry, by his friendly efforts at European intervention on behalf of Greece. These had the zealous co-operation of Stratford Canning, in Constantinople, from 1826 to 1832; and we are inclined to regard them as the brightest achievement of both the Cannings, from first to last. Stratford Canning, however, was not Minister in Turkey, but in the United States of America, from 1820 to 1823, when he privately wrote, "I wish with all my soul that the Greeks were put in possession of their whole patrimony, and that the Sultan were driven bag and baggage into the heart of Asia"; much the same wish that Mr. Gladstone expressed in favour of the Bulgarians eleven years ago! It has never, indeed, been possible for any English statesman, Conservative or Liberal, to entertain a feeling of positive hostility to the cause of national independence in the countries under Turkish rule; but some of our statesmen have too often thought fit to postpone such claims to their chief object, that of thwarting Russian influence among the populations attached to the Greek and other Eastern Churches. Leaving, once more, the not very agreeable consideration of such topics, and the costly errors of our foreign policy which are not likely to be repeated, we commend Mr. Stanley Lane Poole's work as a piece of history, as a biography, and as the narrative of a great and dignified Englishman's public and private life. It has some domestic and personal interest. Sir Stratford Canning sat many years in the House of Commons, and as Lord Stratford De Redcliffe many years in the House of Lords, dying in 1880, a "Grand Old Man," at the age of ninety-three. He was certainly deserving of a book to be written about him, and here is a good one.

The Long White Mountain. By H. E. M. James (Longmans).—Manchuria is not unknown to us, but few travellers have explored it. Mr. H. E. M. James, of the Bombay Civil Service, has lately spent his holidays in a seven months' journey in that country, the result of which is now published in this volume, and is full of fresh and interesting matter. Its chief feature is the exploration, for the first time, of the Ch'ang-Pai-Shan, which is the Chinese for the "Long," or "Old" White Mountain. The present dynasty which rules in China is Manchu; its ancestors come from the region of this mountain, and there is a fabulous legend which ascribes their first origin to it; so to them it is very sacred, and it presents us with an instance of a mountain being a kiblah, or shrine, towards which prayer is offered. The Emperor Kanghi visited Kirin in 1682, and when he came in sight of the mountain he alighted from his horse, and bowed thrice by way of salutation. The present Military Governor of the district has once a year to perform a ceremony of praying, looking to this sacred mountain of the dynasty. It was supposed to be of great height, and that its whiteness was from the eternal snow on its summit; Mr. James's exploration gives us now the real account of it. The mountain is only about 8000 ft. high; it is, no doubt, covered with snow in winter, and a few patches were seen in the clefts, but the colour is that of the rock, which is pumice-stone. The top is an old volcano, and the crater is formed of this pumice-stone, standing up in jagged peaks and perpendicular sides, in the centre of which, in the old crater, is a pellucid pool of deep blue water, about six or seven miles in circumference. This is the Lung-Wan-T'an, or the "Dragon Prince's Pool." The visitors could not descend the steep sides of the crumbling pumice-stone, but Lieutenant Younghusband managed to ascend the top of the highest peak. Amongst the principal towns visited were Moukden, Kirin, Tsitsihar, Sansing, Ningtu, and Hun-Ch'un, which are described, as well as the rivers and roads, with the manners and customs of the various races to be found in Manchuria. Mr. James was accompanied by Mr. H. Fulford, of the Chinese Consular Service, and by Lieutenant Younghusband, of the King's Dragoon Guards, who has since returned to India by way of Mongolia, the great desert of Gobi, to Kashgar and Yarkand, and got safely into Kashmir by way of the Mustagh Pass, the crossing of which has been already related before the Royal Geographical Society.

Sketches of Hindoo Life. By Devendra N. Das, B.A. (Chapman and Hall).—It will tell people in England what a great change has taken place in India, and how far our language has progressed in that country, when we note how many have learned to speak and write English, and the large numbers of the better classes who come to our universities to complete their education. It is even more significant to find that many of these gentlemen are becoming authors, and producing books. There are learned authors in India, such as Dr. Rajendralala Mitra, who has written a number of works in English on Indian literature and archæology. He is only one of many authors, and few will dissent from the hope that the number of these native Indian scholars may increase. Devendra N. Das has lately contributed a number of Sketches of Hindoo life to the daily papers, and one of them, rather longer than the others, had the honour of appearing in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*. These have now been published in a volume; and they give a very good account of the everyday life and customs of the natives of India. The sketches are evidently written to be popular in this country, and to attain this the author has avoided almost all Hindostanee words and phrases. Perhaps he has carried his abstinence of reference to Indian ideas a little too far. For example, his account of the "Yogee" would not have suffered, if he had just hinted that the practice of these ascetics was founded on the Yoga Philosophy, which dates back to a remote period; and that a celebrated author, known as Patanjali, has left a work on the subject as old as 200 B.C. Nor would it have interfered with the spirit of his purpose had he told us that one Vatsyayana wrote a book, about 1800 years ago, on which the domestic and social life of the Hindoos is moulded, as it teaches the science of life. The author of "Sketches of Hindoo Life" evidently writes from his own experience, and this gives a value to his descriptions. The whole is very fresh, and the work is a contribution to our knowledge of the daily existence of the people of India, a subject on which we have not as yet many books of authority to refer to.



1. Bridge over Pond, East Park Estate.
2. View of Highgate from lower side of the East Heath, Hampstead, looking over the late Brickfields.
3. Parliament Hill from Highgate Ponds, Millfield-Lane.
4. Wooded Dells, East Park Estate.
5. Old Tree in the East Park Estate.
6. Stile in Parliament Hill Fields.
7. View towards the Vale of Health, from the late Brickfields.
8. View of Highgate and Caen Wood from East Park Estate.

THE NEW EXTENSION OF HAMPSTEAD-HEATH: THE EAST PARK ESTATE AND PARLIAMENT HILL FIELDS.

THUN.

Thun is just the place for anyone who, tired of the noise and racket of London life, seeks simplicity and the calm enjoyment of beautiful walks amidst the most delightful scenery. Of course it does not boast the rugged grandeur of glaciers and snow-capped mountains, such as we meet with more in the heart of Switzerland; but in its quiet beauty of river, lake, and wooded hills, with the loftier heights of the Eiger, the Mönch, and the Jungfrau in the distance, it is not to be surpassed.

The little town itself is charmingly situated on the river Aare, about three-quarters of a mile from the point where it issues from the Lake of Thun, and is quite a typical Swiss town. Many of the houses are very old, for the most part built of wood, and often curiously carved, with great overhanging eaves, high gables, and queer-shaped roofs of many-coloured tiles and numerous pinnacles. There are two or three quaint old covered wooden bridges across the river, which is extremely rapid and of the deepest blue-green hue; it is said, too, that its waters are excessively cold, but of this I cannot speak from experience.

The main street of Thun is very curious. No two houses in it are alike, and the effect of the different styles, fancifully adorned fronts, and diversity of colouring, is most picturesque. A row of shops, generally rather inferior ones, or such as are used for the sale of very homely articles, project in front of the houses on the ground-floor, the footway being made over their flat roofs, and in front of the better class of shops. An arcade, such as is often met with in old Swiss and German towns, extends part of the way above this footpath. I constantly found myself descending into the roadway in order to have a good look at the lower shops, many of which contained a great deal of copper-ware, some of the vessels being made in shapes quite strange to our eyes, while in others were odd-looking tubs and wooden utensils of every description, homespun linens, &c., all interesting to a stranger's eye. This walking in the roadway is, however, not always pleasant, as it is not very broad, and though the amount of traffic is not very great, some of the vehicles are extremely clumsy and unwieldy, and the driving is most promiscuous, so that I had to keep a pretty sharp look out.

Thun, for the most part, is built on the steep side of a hill; the church, the schools, and many of the houses being at a very considerable height above the river. It is, in fact, quite a pilgrimage up to the church, the usual way of reaching it being up a flight of between two and three hundred wooden steps, roofed in almost to the top, and forming a most quaint and curious approach. The last part of the ascent is made by a flight of stone steps between walls with gardens on the other side, and when I was there some vegetable-marrow plants had been trained across from side to side, and formed quite a pretty green bower, while huge yellow marrows hung down over the heads of the passers-by. Hung, I say—but one came down on the steps with a crash the instant after I had passed, and its size and weight were quite enough to make me thankful it did not come down upon my head. The result, if nothing worse, must have been a headache for the rest of that day.

A little turret is built out at each corner of the churchyard, each commanding a most exquisite view of the lovely valley (the Aare here divides itself into two branches), with the impetuous river hurrying along through the most verdant meadows, the wooded sides of the Stockhorn, the sterner Niesen, the triple peaks of the Blümlis-alp, and the distant snow-capped Jungfrau; or, again, of the quaint-looking town below us, the castellated villas in their beautiful gardens that seemed to rise out of the water, and, a little further on, the glittering lake shut in by lofty mountains. All this makes a veritable feast for the eyes that one would never tire of. The curious old square tower with a pinnacled turret at each corner—part of the former castle of Zähringen-Thyburg—stands a little higher up than the church, the views from it being almost identical with those just described.

Thun seems a very busy little place. One of its principal trades consists of porcelain, the manufacture of which is carried on at Heimburg, a village a little way out of the town. I paid a visit to these porcelain works, and was much interested in what I saw. The pottery is made by men, who also attend to the baking of it; but almost the whole of the painting, and of the fine stencil-work one sees on much of it, is the work of girls, who execute the designs entirely according to their own fancy. The "Thun ware," as it is called, is of several kinds: some, very fine, and of exquisite shades of colour, and with a dull surface, is considered the best, and is fashioned into elegant vases of classical shapes; another sort, the ground of which is often black, while the embossed pattern upon it is painted in bright tints of blue, red, and yellow, is made upon the models of vessels found by Dr. Schliemann in his recent excavations; while a third, less costly kind, is generally glazed on the surface.

Coppersmiths and bellfounders also form an important part of the manufacturing population of Thun. Bells of every description, from the weighty and sonorous church-bell to the tiny tinkling things which the Swiss are so fond of placing about their harness, are made here; and we were told that cow-bells, as well as bells for sheep and goats, so universally hung round the necks of all these animals in Switzerland, are made in greater numbers at Thun than in any other place; while large quantities of them are yearly exported to America and several other countries.

Thun is also the great market for the Gruyère cheeses, which are chiefly made in the neighbouring "Simmenthal," and hundreds of which are brought to the great cheese fair held there from time to time. One of these fairs took place while I was there. It was amusing to see the rough-and-ready way in which the cheeses, varying in size from the circumference of a moderate-sized cart-wheel to that of an infant's perambulator, were brought into the town on the rude waggons of the country, generally drawn by oxen, and then rolled and tumbled about like so many logs of wood, till they are placed on open stalls along the street. Of course, intending purchasers were freely invited to taste of these, as well as of the various other sorts of cheeses (some of very *decided aroma*, to say the least of it!) displayed, while the vendors tried to outdo one another in shouting the praises of their own especial dairy. The Gruyère cheeses are not, as is generally supposed in England, made entirely of goats' milk—the best, at least, being composed of a mixture of goats' and cows' milk. Many of them are made during the short summer when the flocks and herds are grazing on the "Sennen," or heights, whence the cheeses are brought down to the valleys on the backs of stalwart young men, as is shown in our Illustration. The frame in which the cheese is placed resembles a glazier's frame somewhat, though much narrower, and is fastened by straps round the shoulders. A portion of the woman's head-dress is made of black lace or gauze, stiffened, and in some instances even held up by wires. It is attached to the back part of the head-gear.

There are charming drives to be had around Thun, and, for those who do not mind going uphill, most delightful walks. I must content myself with mentioning one or two of the latter only.

An instinctive feeling always leads me to try and get high up wherever I am, and this had already induced me to establish myself at a nice, quiet hotel a good way up the hill-side, whence I could overlook the town. Still, I wanted to get higher; so, on starting out for my first walk, I naturally turned my face upwards.

The path led at first past two or three pretty little villas, just then the abode of English residents, and on by cosy-looking châlets, inhabited by well-to-do peasants, standing in gardens gay with bright autumn flowers of every hue, foremost among them being zinnias and asters of various shades, and shaded by pear and walnut trees bowed down with their load of fruit. The stillness was broken only by the hum of innumerable bees that were busy among the heather and wild thyme at my feet, varied by the occasional chirp of a grasshopper or the buzz of mosquitoes. It was very hot, and I was not sorry when I reached the shade of the beech and pine woods which clothe the Grüsisberg. Here it was cooler, and I wandered up and up, stopping ever and anon to contemplate the exquisite views that continually presented themselves at some opening made at a salient point, till I reached the Rabenfluh, nearly 4000 ft. above the lake. This spot commands a wide prospect of the rich, fertile valley nearly as far as Berne, in the one direction, of the lake of Thun, backed by the Stockhorn, the Niesen, Blümlis-alp, and the far-away Jungfrau in the other.

Having rested a while and enjoyed to the full the beauty of the scenery, I set out on my return, which was more easily accomplished than the ascent had been. I followed the path by which I had gone up till I reached a sign-post with "Kohlerenschlucht" on it, and as I thought "schlucht" (or ravine) sounded promising, I took the direction in which it pointed.

Descending rapidly, the path now led through a lovely wood carpeted with the softest mosses of many sorts, into which my foot sank at every step, while on all sides were ferns of most luxuriant growth, among which the English maiden-hair and the Asplenium Rathumarania were conspicuous. Fungi, too, abounded, some of them of very curious shapes, and nearly all of brilliant hues. Tiny rills and miniature cascades, clear as crystal and cold as ice, came tumbling over



the rocks at every turn, all hurrying down to join their waters with those of the Hünibach, a small mountain stream, which here forces its way through a deep, rocky ravine, where it makes several waterfalls, one or two of them of considerable height and volume. One, the largest, if I remember rightly, was very picturesque, and seemed to have taken the form of a huge ostrich-feather. Following the course of this stream, which I crossed and recrossed by little rustic bridges, and passing by three or four poor cottages on its very brink, I soon came to the hamlet of Kohleren, and found myself on the Goldiwyl road, within a couple of miles of Thun. This road, running parallel with the Aare, from which it is only separated by the width of a meadow, is pleasantly shaded by great walnut-trees, now laden with fruit; while the pastures on the other side were thickly sprinkled with autumn crocuses. As I neared the town my attention was drawn to two or three of the handsomest wooden houses I have seen in Switzerland. Both the colour of the wood and the richness of the carving were very remarkable, and one or two had not merely a *motto*, which is often seen on the front of Swiss dwellings, but a whole poem, or several verses of a psalm, cut in large letters on them—words expressing some patriotic or, still more often, some pious sentiment.

Space forbids, or I should tell of other delightful walks I took in this pretty neighbourhood, the remembrance of which must ever be of the pleasantest. L. T. M.

The Duke of Westminster has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of the newly-created county of London.

An exhibition of Elizabethan relics connected with the Armada Tercentenary is held in the Grand Saloon of Drury-Lane Theatre. It was opened by the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham.

At an influential meeting held at Plymouth it was determined to invite the Royal Agricultural Society to hold its annual meeting in 1890 in that town, and upwards of £2000 was subscribed in the room.

The Hon. W. H. B. Portman on Oct. 25 opened the Victoria Jubilee Nursing Institute, which has been erected and endowed at Taunton, at a cost of £10,000. The institute adjoins the Taunton and Somerset Hospital, which was erected as a memorial of the Jubilee of George III. The scheme of enlarging the usefulness of this institution has been promoted by Dr. Edward Liddon; and on an appeal being made for subscriptions, an anonymous donor gave £5000. The whole of the sum desired has been raised. The architect was Mr Houghton Spencer, of Taunton.

THE EXTENSION OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

All Londoners may congratulate themselves on the completion of a business which has, during three or four years past, engaged the active efforts of many public-spirited persons, and which has been brought to a successful result, securing in perpetuity for the enjoyment and recreation of the people a large addition to the open ground of Hampstead Heath, under the official care of the Metropolitan Board of Works, in future of the new London County Council. It may indeed be considered that this addition was necessary to preserve the advantages hitherto derived from the common use of the East Heath, the part extending from near the railway-station at South-End green to the Vale of Health and the Spaniards Road.

That portion of the heath, which is frequented more than any other by holiday folk of the working classes, fronts towards Highgate a beautiful rising ground, known as the Parliament Hill Fields, with the noble woods of Lord Mansfield's park to the left hand, and to the right hand an elevated knoll, commanding a vast panoramic view which embraces nearly the whole of London, with the Surrey Downs, Shooter's Hill in Kent, and the hills in Essex beyond Walthamstow and Wanstead closing the prospect. The nearer views from the Parliament Hill Fields are certainly more beautiful than any others within ten miles of London. There is Caen or Ken Wood, the park of Lord Mansfield, covering a long ridge of high ground with a thick belt of magnificent foliage; there is the open eastern side of the picturesque little town of Hampstead, ascending the brow of the East Heath to the Flagstaff summit near Jack Straw's Castle, below which, in a deep grassy hollow, the quaint hamlet called "The Vale of Health" is marked by a tall castellated building, which was designed for a grand hotel, and the upper part of which has an imposing effect. But the most delightful view is across the Highgate Ponds, and over the still rural hedges of Millfield-lane, to the West Hill of Highgate, which from Swain's-lane, the quiet, tree-shaded avenue to Highgate Cemetery, rises steeply to the summit crowned by Highgate Church, and is clothed with foliage by Holly Lodge Park, the residence of Lady Burdett-Coutts, and by the groves and shrubberies of the villas in Fitzroy Park. The purchase from Lord Mansfield of these Parliament Hill fields, with the remnant of the Gospel Oak fields, a lower piece of level ground adjacent to the railway, admirably suitable for cricket, football, and lawn-tennis, is an acquisition of the greatest value. They would otherwise, probably, at no distant time, have been covered with houses, like all the land between Kentish Town and Holloway, which we can remember to have been open fields. The enormous increase of population in those districts of North London which are not within an easy distance either of Regent's Park or of Finsbury Park, makes the opening of the Parliament Hill fields an event likely to contribute to the health and happiness of vast numbers of families; we have only now to urge that those fields should be rendered more accessible, from Kentish Town, by constructing an inexpensive foot-bridge over the North London Railway near the Gospel Oak Station, to save walking nearly a mile round.

It has been observed, however, that the hitherto existing attractions of the East Heath at Hampstead, to which we now return, would have been liable to entire destruction, if the recent extension had not been effected at the present time. This can be readily explained with a little attention to the topography. The lower edge of the East Heath is bounded for the most part by a deep ravine, ancently the channel of a stream of which the water is now collected in the Hampstead Ponds. On the opposite bank of this ravine, almost the entire slope of the rising ground, up to the Parliament Hill Fields, forms the East Park estate, part of the large Hampstead property of Sir Spencer Maryon Wilson. Many years ago, in the time of his predecessor, Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, there was a plan of building houses along the whole length of this strip of land; a terrace road, now abandoned and grass-grown, was made ready to be lined with rows of trim villas, which would have completely shut out every view of rural nature from that side of Hampstead Heath. This plan was happily not carried into effect; but a large portion of the ground, as it consisted of good brick-clay, was leased to a brick-maker, who held it until about two years ago, and by whom it was cut down, chopped, and carved in a manner utterly destructive of its natural form, which was that of a hill gracefully swelling with a fine outline, while the very pretty avenue of trees, at the public footpath from Hampstead to Highgate, was ruthlessly despoiled. The mischief can never be repaired; but since the East Park estate, as well as the Parliament Hill Fields, is now purchased on public account, and the ugly traces of clay-cutting and brick-making may be partly veiled by the springing-up of wild grass and brambles, we hope that in time a rough natural thicket will hide the unsightly disfigurement of the once beautiful hillside. If trees were planted there which would grow to a large size, flourishing as they would do in that sheltered situation, our children or grandchildren would find it a charming strip of woodland; but we do not expect that the Metropolitan Board of Works—beg pardon, the London County Council—will go to such an expense. At any rate, the ground is saved from the house-builders, to whom it was actually offered for sale last year or the year before; and this means no less than the saving of Hampstead East Heath from the deprivation of any natural pleasantness that it has been deemed to possess. It was bad enough, in years long past, to have allowed the erection of the South Hill Park houses at one end, and of the misplaced cluster of odd buildings in the Vale of Health, at the other, by which the eastward view is fatally interrupted, and the succession of soft landscape outlines, that charmed the eye of many a poet and many an artist, has been irretrievably spoilt.

To the north-west of the land called the East Park estate, adjacent to that romantic side-path, overhung by trees, which descends skirting the edge of the heath, from the corner by "The Elms," not far from Erskine House in the Spaniards Road, another piece of land, in itself perhaps the most beautiful, has been obtained by the recent arrangements. It is of small extent, but the intimate charm of its scenery, which is due to the meadow-ground falling into dells and sequestered hollows, adorned with various clumps of trees, has remained intact; few public or private parks can boast of a lovelier spot. This ground has never been accessible to unprivileged feet, but it could be admired by looking over the fence. Our Artist, Mr. W. H. J. Boot, a resident at Hampstead, has devoted to its features a due share of his attention, while he has, in other Sketches, delineated the lesser bridge in the East Park estate; the view from the bottom of the East Heath looking towards Highgate; the familiar stile at the entrance to the Parliament Hill Fields; and the view of Parliament Hill from the Highgate Ponds, close to Millfield-lane, looking in the south-west direction. The opposite spires of Highgate and of Christ Church, Hampstead, are seen, rising amidst trees, from one point of view on the East Park estate. Those well acquainted with the neighbourhood will anticipate our admission that these Sketches do not comprise all that has been won for public pleasure; but we may take another opportunity of showing what London has gained by the Hampstead Heath Extension.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 17, 1883), with three codicils (dated Feb. 20, 1886; May 19, 1887; and Feb. 24, 1888), of Mr. Richard Elliston Phillips Balston, late of Thornhills, Maidstone, who died on Sept. 22 last, was proved on Oct. 19 by Thomas Balston (the brother), Richard James Balston (the son), and Robert Lake Cobb, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £343,000. The testator gives and devises his piece of land in Gladstone-road, Maidstone, upon trust, either to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in or towards the payment or endowment of the Vicar or perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Maidstone; or for the erection of a church, chapel, or elementary schools; £3000 to the Vicar and churchwardens of St. Paul's, Maidstone, upon trust, to pay the income to the Vicar for his own use; and £2000 Three per Cent Consolidated Stock to the said Vicar and churchwardens, upon trust, to apply the income in or towards payment of the stipend of a second Curate, and when there is no such second Curate, for the good of the poor. The goodwill, machinery, and capital of his business of a paper maker at Springfield, together with the mills, warehouses, dwelling-houses, and lands he leaves to his son, Richard James Balston but charged with the payment of an annuity of £4000 for his son William Edward Balston. He devises his two messuages at Thornhills, with the gardens and premises, to his daughter, Mary Mansfield Balston, and also bequeaths to her his plate, glass, furniture, pictures, carriages and horses; £500 to his niece, Mary Mansfield; £1000 to his god-daughter, Mary Mansfield Cobb; £1000 to Edward Prentice; £150 to each executor, and other legacies to friends and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one third each to his son William Edward and his daughters Mary Mansfield and Mrs. Catherine Letitia Whitehead.

The will (dated June 18, 1879) of Mr. Robert Roskell, late of Park House, Fulham, and New Bond-street, one of the firm of Hunt and Roskell, jewellers, who died on July 22 last, was proved on Oct. 24 by Allan Roskell and Charles John Roskell, the sons, and Philip Witham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £277,000. The testator, under certain covenants contained in two indentures of settlement, gives £10,000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his son Nicholas Robert Roskell; £7500 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter Mary, Lady Codrington; £5000 each to his sons, Charles John, Nicholas Robert, and Richard; £10,000, upon trust, for his son Charles, and then to his children; £15,000, upon like trusts, for his son Nicholas Robert; £7500 to his daughter, Lady Codrington, for life, and then to her children; £10,000, upon trust, for his grandson, William Robert Codrington; £500 and an annuity of £1000, and the use, for life, of his house, furniture, horses, &c., to his wife, Mrs. Mary Roskell; £200 each to his nephews, John and James Kendal; and legacies to servants and executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his sons Nicholas Charles and Allan, in equal shares, for their respective lives, and then for their children.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Miss Mary Catherine Ann Myers, late of No. 4, Tilney-street, Park-lane, who died on Sept. 24 last, a spinster, without parent, brother or sister, uncle or aunt, nephew or niece, and intestate, were on Oct. 15 granted to the Most Hon. William, Marquis of Abergavenny, K.G., of Eridge Castle, Frant, Sussex, the lawful cousin-german, and one of the next-of-kin, the value thereof amounting to upwards of £169,416.

The will (dated Aug. 6, 1885) of Miss Emily Coates, late of Upper Terrace Lodge, Hampstead, who died, on Sept. 26, at Looe, Cornwall, was proved on Oct. 22, by Miss Marian Julia James, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £83,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 each to her cousins, Mrs. Flora Elizabeth Robinson and Mrs. Eleanor Kathrine Miller; £500 to the London Domestic Mission Society, having stations at Spitalfields and St. Luke's; and £200 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her friend, Miss Marian Julia James, for her own use and benefit.

The will (dated March 6, 1888), with a codicil (dated March 13, 1888), of Mr. Thomas Holt, formerly of New South Wales, and a member of the Legislative Council of that colony, but late of Halcot, Bexley, who died on Sept. 6, was proved on Oct. 19 by Mrs. Sophia Johanna Charlotte Holt, the widow, Joseph Edwin Crawford Munro, and Alice Sophia Ellen Holt, Annie Isabella Holt, and Emmeline Augusta Holt, the daughters, the executors. The value of the personal estate in England exceeds £37,000, the bulk of the testator's property being in Australia. The testator bequeaths £1500 and the use of his house and furniture, an annuity of £150 for life, two annuities of £850 and £2500 during widowhood only, and a further annuity of £150 in the event of her marrying again, to his wife, Mrs. Sophia Johanna Charlotte Holt; £10,000 each to his daughters Alice Sophia Ellen, Annie Isabella, and Emmeline Augusta; and legacies to his executors. He gives and devises his estate called "Arthursleigh," in Australia, to his son Arthur William for life, with remainder over to his first and other sons in seniority in tail male; his estate called "Sutherland" to his son Frederick Samuel Ellis, with a like remainder; and his "Pitt-street Property," Sydney, between his three sons and three daughters, in equal shares; but these devises are conditional upon the payment of part of the annuities to his wife. The residue of his property, both in England and Australia, he leaves between his three sons, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1871), with two codicils (dated Feb. 28, 1871, and July 7, 1882), of Mrs. Harriet Langford Cotton, late of The Convent, Kingsgate, Isle of Thanet, Kent, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Oct. 19 by Thomas William Oliver, R.N., the nephew, Alexander Forbes Tweedie, and Richard Walter Tweedie, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to her sister, Mrs. Charlotte King; £1000 to Henry Oliver; £7000, upon trust, for Thomas Langford Oliver, for life, and then to his children; her leasehold estate at Kensington to Henry Horace Powell Cotton; £50 each to the poor of the parish of St. Peter's, Isle of Thanet, and the parish schools; £25 for the schools at Broadstairs under the superintendence of the Vicar; 200 guineas to each of her executors; and numerous other legacies to relatives and servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her nephew, Thomas William Oliver, absolutely.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the seal of the Commissariot of Selkirk, of the trust, disposition, and settlement (dated Feb. 13, 1885) of Mr. James Johnstone, J.P., D.L., M.P. for the county of Clackmannan from 1851 to 1857, late of Alva, Stirling, and Hangingshaw, Selkirk, who died on Feb. 24, granted to Fletcher Norton Menzies and Robert Blachford Mansfield, the accepting executors nominate, was resealed in London on Oct. 17, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £7000.

The Newark Town Council have elected Mr. F. B. Foottit, solicitor, as Coroner for the borough in place of Mr. W. Wallis, solicitor, who has mysteriously disappeared from Newark.

CHESS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W. H. HAYTON.—No, one solution is enough; but the discovery of others, when they exist, shows more careful analysis of the position.

C. W. W. (Plymouth).—Thanks for game, which shall have attention.

MRS. W. J. HARRIS.—Your inference is wrong, but your judgment is right. The earlier problem was not published on account of the "split" of two-move problems from which we suffer; but, as your turn comes next, we will print the one now sent, which we certainly like better.

B. W. LA MOTHE (New York).—Thanks. We attach no importance to the flaw you mention, and think the position a very good one.

W. PARSONS.—The manner is correct; the matter, unfortunately, possesses no strategical interest.

G. P. NEVOLET, C. E. P., AND OTHERS.—Q to B 4th will not solve No. 2323. P to K 3rd is sufficient answer for Black.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from J. W. Pybus, W. Gleave, Mrs. W. J. Baird, and B. W. La Mothe.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2320 received from E. J. Bohnstedt; of No. 2321 from E. J. Bohnstedt, Blair, H. Cochrane, W. Porter, and Amateurs of Weddle's Hotel; of No. 2322 from A. G. de K. B., P. C. The Hague), Charles Etherington, Joseph T. Pullen, and W. H. Hayton; of No. 2323 from F. C. Cook (Reading), A. W. Hamilton Gell, and Amateurs of Weddle's Hotel.

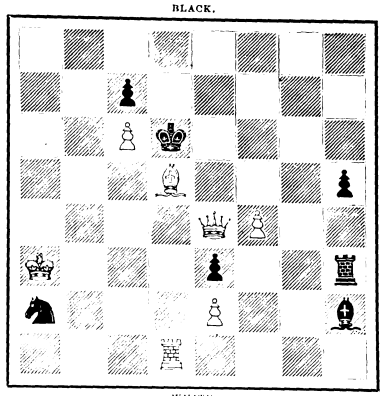
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2324 received from Amateurs of Weddle's Hotel, W. J. (Victoria), Howard A. Thomas (Chown (Brighton), E. Casella (Paris), D. McCoy (Galway), C. E. P., J. Hare, Jupiter Junior, J. Ross (Whitby), Peterhouse, Columbus, Shadforth, Percy Ewen, L. Desanges, J. Dixon (Colchester), E. Phillips, A. W. Hamilton Gell, R. Worters (Canterbury), G. W. (Brentwood), E. Field (Sorbiton), W. R. Raillem, Pembroke, Wilson (Grange-on-Sands), Martin F. Mrs Kelly, Dawn, Blair, H. (Godstone), Julia Short (Exeter), E. J. Winter Wood, J. Hepworth Shaw, W. S. (Sheffield), T. G. (Ware), J. T. Pullen, R. F. N. Banks, E. Louden, J. Thorn, J. Garkin, J. J. H. (Hallingbury) Dr. F. St., W. H. Hayton, G. J. Veale, Dane John, F. C. Cook, T. Roberts, and Nugel.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2322.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P takes P	
2. Q to Kt 2nd (ch)	B to B 4th
3. P or Q mates accordingly.	K or Kt moves

If Black play 1. K to B 6th, then 2. Q takes B (ch); if 1. P to Q 3rd, then 2. Q to Kt 4th (ch); and if 1. Kt to B 5th, then 2. P takes Kt, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2326.
By J. PIERCE, M.A.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

An interesting game played in Mr. Fraser's Tourney, between Mr. J. H. BLAKE, of Southampton, and Mr. G. W. LENNOX, of Cardiff. Notes by Mr. Fraser.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P
4. Kt takes P	B to Q B 4th
5. B to K 3rd	Q to B 3rd
6. P to Q 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd
7. Q to Q 2nd	P to Q R 3rd

Black may also Castle here with perfect safety.

8. P to K R 4th	P to Q 3rd
9. P to K B 2nd	B to Q 2nd
10. Kt to B 2nd	Castles (Q R)

The usual reply is 10. B takes B, but the text move appears far preferable.

11. B to K 2nd	P to K 5th

White obviously cannot, without disadvantage, play P to Q Kt 4th here.

11.	P to K R 4th
12. Kt to Q 2nd	B takes B
13. Kt takes B	P to K Kt 4th
14. P to B 5th	Kt to K 4th
15. Castles (Q R)	B to R 5th

All this is played with great accuracy and vigour.

16. Q R to K sq	P to Q 4th

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
17. P takes P	Kt takes Q P
18. Kt to K 4th	

White originally purposed to exchange Knights here, but at the last moment departed from his intention. He would certainly have had a better game—e.g., 18. Kt takes Kt, R takes Kt; 19. Kt to K 6th, Q to R 3rd (he cannot, we believe, allow the K Kt P to be captured); 20. Kt to Q B 5th, with a good game.

18.	Q to Q B 3rd
19. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
20. Q to K 3rd	

There is apparently no move, now, to save the game, although Q to R 7th would considerably prolong it. For, 20. Q to R 7th, Q takes Kt; 21. Q to B 8th (ch), K to Q sq; 22. R to Kt 5th (ch), B takes R; 23. Q takes B (ch), R takes Q; 24. R takes Q, Kt to Q 6th (ch); 25. K to Q 2nd, Kt to B 7th; 26. R to Q 4th (ch), Kt to K 5th; 27. R takes R (ch), K takes R; and Black must win.

20.	Q takes R P
21. Kt to Q 6th (ch)	B takes Kt
22. Q to K 4th	Q to R 8th (ch)
23. Q to Kt sq	Q takes Q (ch), and White resigns.

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

One of eight simultaneous games played by Mr. BLACKBURNE at Trowbridge.

(Hampe Allgaier Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (No. 7 Board).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Q Kt to B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd
3. P to B 4th	P takes P
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd

Black is evidently unacquainted with this opening.

5. P to Q 4th	P to K Kt 4th
6. P to K 5th	P to Kt 5th
7. Kt to Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd
8. Kt takes P	K takes Kt
9. B takes P	B to K 2nd
10. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
11. Castles	B takes P
12. B takes P	

A reply to Black's last move that is quite à la Blackburne.

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (No. 7 Board).
12.	Q takes B
13. R to B 7th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd

Black's game is lost, but the forced mate is a fine piece of blindfold play.

14. P to K 5th	Q to Q sq

White now announced mate in eight moves.

15. Q to Q 3rd (ch)	K to R 4th
16. R to B 5th	B takes R
17. Q takes B (ch)	B to Kt 4th
18. B to R 7th (ch)	K to R 5th
19. P to Kt 3rd (ch)	K to R 6th
20. Q to B sq (ch)	K takes P
21. Q to B 2nd (ch)	K to R 6th
22. Q to R 2nd.	Mate.

In addition to the important forthcoming English work on the openings to which we alluded some time ago, another treatise on the same subject is announced by Mr. Steinitz. Some novelties of treatment are promised, the chief of which is an explanation of the principles on which each particular analysis is based. If the author's intentions are fully carried out, the book will rank as the best of its kind yet published, and we hope nothing will prevent the speedy completion of the manuscript by the end of the year. A work from so eminent an exponent of the game as Mr. Steinitz will create as much stir in chess circles as that caused by the first appearance of Mr. Staunton's "Handbook" in 1848.

The Windsor Chess Club, under the presidency of the Hon. and Rev. Canon Courtenay, has commenced its winter programme. Meetings will be held every Thursday at Layton's Rooms from three to twelve p.m., and some of the London masters are expected to be present occasionally.

A match between the Hampstead and Somerset House Chess Clubs, played on Oct. 22, resulted in the victory of the latter team by six games to two.

Mr. Gunsberg visited the East London Chess Club, Mile-End-road, on Oct. 20, and gave an exhibition of simultaneous play in the Lecture Hall of the People's Palace. Meeting 24 opponents, he won 19, lost 2, and drew 3. Messrs. H. Cudmore and W. H. Pullinger were his successful antagonists.

Mr. Alderman Whitehead, Lord Mayor-Elect, has been presented to the Lord Chancellor, in accordance with custom, and has received her Majesty's approval of the choice of the citizens.

THE DENISON GOLD-MINES, ALGOMA, UPPER CANADA.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, who was sent to Australia from England "Across Two Oceans," travelled by a somewhat indirect and lingering route: after visiting the West Indies, and making sketches of the Panama Canal works, our Illustrations of which have been published, he proceeded to New York, and thence to Montreal, with the purpose of crossing the North American Continent by the Canadian Pacific Railway. This purpose was accomplished, with particular facilities allowed him for seeing and sketching the most interesting places along that line, from Ottawa by Lake Nipissing, and north of Lake Superior, to Manitoba, to the North-West prairie-lands, to Calgarry and Banff, on the Bow River, thence over the Rocky Mountains and through the highlands and forests of British Columbia, to the Pacific coast. We shall present to our readers an interesting series of Illustrations of the main line; but there is a branch line, running 120 miles in a south-west direction, from the Sudbury Junction by Spanish River to Algoma, at the head of Lake Huron, by which Mr. Prior went to see the new Canadian gold-fields, situated in the township of Denison, not more than twenty-two miles along the Algoma line. The gold-mines there have already become so famous that our Illustrations of this subject may be worth giving apart from those of the main route to the Great West; and our Special Artist was enabled, by the assistance of the consulting engineer, Mr. Charles Dobson, to obtain precise information.

The "Tough and Ranger" gold-mine, henceforth to be called "The Vermilion," which is expected to be one of the richest anywhere, but which is certainly remunerative to its fortunate owners, was discovered in the summer of 1887 by Mr. Ranger, a French Canadian of much experience, furnished with an outfit of necessary stores and appliances by Mr. Robert Tough, and employed on the terms of sharing the proceeds of any successful find he could make. Gold was found on a plot of land which Mr. Tough purchased; and the first portion of the claim was sold to Mr. Duncan, now Vice-President of the Vermilion Mine Company. Several American capitalists at Chicago and New York joined in forming the company, and operations were commenced, which have so far been very successful. Our Special Artist, accompanied by Mr. Dobson, after alighting from the railway freight-train which conveyed them from Sudbury, had to walk three miles, in pouring rain, through forest and swamp, along a path which was often so deep in mire that they could only get on by walking on the fallen trunks of trees. We give the remainder of the description in Mr. Prior's own words:—

"The country all round, for miles and miles, has been ravaged by fire; and only the stumps and sticks of spruce and fir trees remain. The Vermilion Mining Company have put up a few shanties and a house, and are now sinking shafts and crushing the quartz, still on quite a small scale; but the whole township of Denison, so rich in gold, will soon be full of stamping and crushing mills; and no doubt a town will spring up in this wild and burnt forest wilderness. Everything is very primitive at present; the shaft is about thirty-two feet deep, and only two men can work at a time, filling a bucket, which is then carried over to the crushing-machine, and for washing. Extraordinary finds of gold are made; and very rich specimens of ore are constantly brought up. I chanced to arrive just at such a time, and made a sketch of the experts examining a fine piece of quartz.

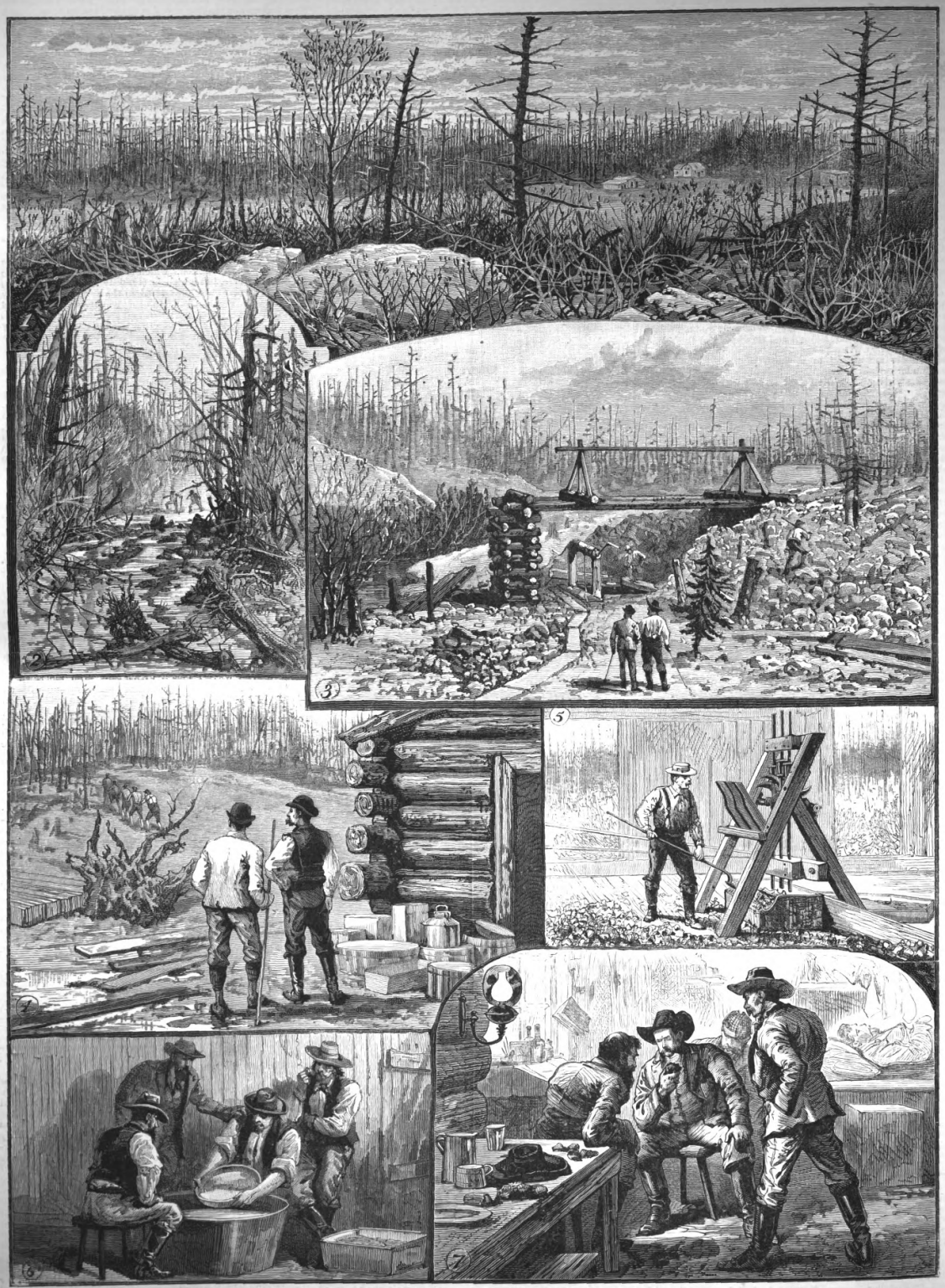
"So great is the excitement about this particular district that people of all classes are flocking to the spot. Men who have bought lots in the township are to be seen and heard of all over the place. I met a great banker, an alderman of Toronto, and an independent gentleman, travelling with an expert, to find out if their property had any gold upon it; and I made a sketch of the party of prospectors starting from the Ranger Lode hut in search of the precious metal. They had seven miles to walk through a burnt forest, with impediments at every step; and I only hope they will have returned perfectly satisfied with their land purchase."

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY AT SEAHAM HARBOUR.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland paid a visit to Seaham Harbour, on Oct. 27, to fulfil, with the Marchioness, some important duties. His Lordship has had erected a magnificent new drill-hall for the 2nd Durham Artillery Volunteers, of which he is the Colonel-Commandant, in succession to his father. Preceded by the band, sixty strong, his Lordship led the brigade to the Vicarage Field, where an inspection took place. They afterwards marched to the new Londonderry Drill-hall, which Lady Londonderry declared open. The Marquis of Londonderry, the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, Lady Helen Vane-Tempest, Colonel Walkey, inspecting officer of the district, and a number of the gentry of the neighbourhood were also present. Lady Londonderry also presented the prizes won by the brigade in its regimental competition and at Shoeburyness and the Scottish camp. The Marquis, addressing those present, said the opening of the new hall marked an epoch in the history of the 2nd Durham Artillery Volunteers. He need hardly say that the reason for their deserting their old quarters was the increase, both rapid and marvellous, in the numbers of the regiment. In 1860 the number of men forming the 2nd Durham Artillery Volunteers comprised four batteries and 204 men, who were at the review held by her Majesty in Hyde Park. In 1880 the strength of the regiment had increased to 788; and in 1888 it was 925. He was also glad to recognise their skill in repository drill, and their soldierly and military bearing in the field. The reports of the inspecting officers for many years had been most satisfactory. This was, no doubt, due to the zeal energy, and perseverance with which they had espoused the cause of the Volunteer movement. They must also feel it was their duty as a regiment to be progressive, and he trusted they would in the future manifest the same zeal, energy, and perseverance in discharging their duties that they had hitherto done. Major Warham having handed to his Lordship a silver salver, and purse containing £65, subscribed by the officers and men of the regiment, the Marquis of Londonderry presented the silver salver and purse of gold to Adjutant-Major R. Hardcastle on his retiring from service under the terms of the Act of Parliament, he having been seventeen years Adjutant of the regiment. His Lordship attributed much of the success of the regiment to the ability and untiring zeal of Major Hardcastle. Major Hardcastle briefly acknowledged the presentation.

An anonymous donor has forwarded £500 to the fund for maintaining the cruising hospital-ships of the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen.

Mr. John Walker, of Cheltenham, has given £5000 to endow a canonry in Gloucester Cathedral, to be permanently associated with the office of diocesan missioner, and to form a memorial of the late Mr. Gambier Parry, of Highnam, the painter of Gloucester and Ely Cathedrals and Tewkesbury Abbey.



1. View of the Tough and Ranger Mine. 2. The Tamarac Swamp, on the Road to the Ranger Mine. 3. Entrance to the Shaft, Tough and Ranger Mine.
4. Mining Prospectors on their Journey. 5. Stamping-Mill for Crushing the Gold-bearing Quartz. 6. Washing and Testing the "Tailings." 7. Examining a Fine Nugget just found.

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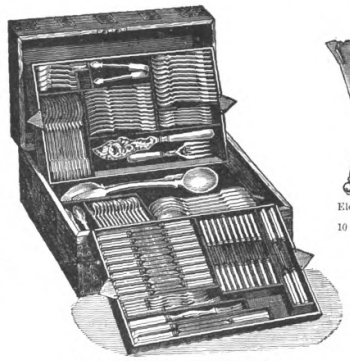
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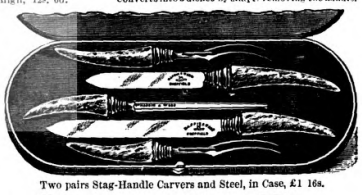
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Obituary, &c., see page 538.

AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS.

The adjoining galleries of Mr. McLean and Messrs. Tooth, which, in friendly rivalry, usually open on the same day, have not, this year, departed from the time-honoured custom. As the managers of both galleries are recognised adepts in catering for the varying taste of the public, it is interesting to study their points of contact and divergence. Both galleries show a marked predominance of works by foreign artists. At Messrs. Tooth's, scarcely more than one third of the 150 exhibited works bear the names of English painters; whilst at Mr. McLean's smaller exhibition the disproportion is still greater. It may be said that British artists have elsewhere abundant opportunities of showing their work, and that they are satisfied with the publicity thus obtained; but it is worthy of notice that the two dealers who are regarded as the most experienced and astute in the trade should thus interpret public feeling in art.

Mr. McLean's *pièce de résistance* (he always has one, at least, in his bill-of-fare) is Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur's latest work, "Pasturage in the Pyrenees" (29), a mountain-top bright with Alpine roses, on which stands a magnificent rough-haired bull, surrounded by his somewhat numerous family of cows and calves. In her rendering of animals Rosa Bonheur stands almost alone amongst foreign artists, and it is enough to say that in the present work she shows no signs of failing powers; whilst in the distant landscape, fringed with snow-touched mountains, she strikes a note of poetry which has too often been absent from her powerful but somewhat prosaic inspirations. It is interesting to contrast Rosa Bonheur's work with that of another past master in the craft, E. Van Marcke, whose "Dutch Pasture Land" (17) is, in its treatment, as far removed from the French lady's as the Pyrenean mountains are from the polders of Holland. If there be those who prefer the realism of the latter, we can find no cause for quarrel, for Van Marcke, in his own line, is as distinctive and praiseworthy as Rosa Bonheur. Amongst the other foreign pictures, Julius Zuber's "In Love" (14) shows that the artist can do something besides Egyptian cafés, and can throw into Western life not a little of that mingled sentiment and humour which distinguished his studies in the streets of Cairo. Señor Barbudo's "First Communion" (16) ought to be studied in conjunction with Señor Gallegos' "Baptism," in Messrs. Tooth's exhibition; for both are the results of Fortuny's teaching or example. In both we have the same crowd of prélates, richly dressed men and women, with clouds of muslin floating in all directions, and in both we have the same minute study of details, the same carefully-finished backgrounds which destroy all sense of repose. From each of these pictures, at least three might be carved without violence to the whole; and we venture to think that in each case the sections would give a fairer idea of each artist's technical skill and sense of colour. Herr Neubert's "Approaching Storm" (33) and "A Fine Evening" (44) are very much like half-a-dozen other works he has produced every year for some time past. Herr Max Todt, Herr Poetzelberger, and Mons. Clays are, as usual, distinguishable by careful work without much imagination.

Amongst the English artists Mr. J. B. Burgess's "Impertinent Students of Salamanca" (15) is a happy return to a style in which he earned his spurs many years ago; and although he may not hope to catch, like John Philip, the richer tones of Spanish colour, he has a keener sense of Spanish humour, which is not, even in these days, devoid of a certain stateliness. The fault of this picture, in our eyes, is the undue importance given to the brazier at which the girls are warming their feet. It occupies the centre of a rather large canvas, and draws away the eye from the laughing girls, the scandalised duenna, and the enterprising young students who have forced their way into the house. In Mr. J. W. Godward, whose single work at Burlington House last summer passed almost unnoticed, Mr. McLean has discovered an artist who has studied Alma Tadema to some purpose. In "The Tiff" (22) and in "Waiting for the Dance" (25) the painter's object has been apparently to show, in the first place, his delicate sense of colour—especially in the single figure of the standing girl; and secondly, his marvellous dexterity in reproducing Mr. Alma Tadema's rendering of marble, leopard's skin, and bronze-work. In time, we hope, Mr. Godward will trust a little more to his own imagination, and a little less to Mr. Tadema's; but meanwhile he will, doubtless, find considerable profit by bringing his work to this high level of technical skill. Mr. Burton Barber is never at a loss for a fresh combination of his chubby child and patient fox-terrier. The present arrangement, "Trying" (21), shows with what more-than-human sweetness the dog submits to be dressed in Dolly's clothes, and how thoroughly he seems to enter into the child's game without losing sense of his own dignity. He seems to wish to convey that he is quite aware that when he likes he can be a much better companion to the child than her doll or her nurse, or even her elder sister. Mr. Peter Graham's "Banks of a Scotch Loch" (11) is painted with his usual dash; but it is sad to find in L. B. Hurt's "Cloudy Day in Glen Sligachan" (39) a reproduction of so many of Mr. Graham's mannerisms with less of his skill.

In Messrs. Tooth's galleries the honours may be said to be more equally divided between our own and foreign artists—Frank Holl, L. Deutsch, and Dagnan-Bouveret. The now well-known picture, "Besieged" (124), by the first-named, was painted in the rare intervals of leisure he could snatch from portrait-painting, and represents another episode in the "Idyll of Suffering," which he never lived to complete. The mother, whose husband is perhaps a prisoner in Germany, or fighting in the snow on the frontier, has just come back to her two children with a scanty scrap of food, and, sick with fear and apprehension at the prospect for the morrow, seems about to abandon as useless the struggle for life. M. Dagnan's "Pardon" (56) is a fine bit of realistic work, representing one of those quaint Breton customs, where men and women, old and young, make the circuit of the church or cloisters, sometimes on their knees imploring in a low melancholy dirge pardon for the faults of their seemingly unchequered lives. Herr Deutsch's "La Jeune Favorite" (90) is chiefly noteworthy for its subdued colour, and for the powerful painting of the four eunuchs in white dresses, who salute the new favourite as she enters the private apartments of her lord. The attendant, in yellow silk, who guards the doorway is also a clever bit of painting; whilst the almost childlike figure of the girl is not without a certain pathetic interest. Mr. L. Raven Hill is, if we mistake not, like Mr. Ridgway Knight, an American by birth and a French artist by education. Both of them are seen here to advantage, the former in "A Little Gipsy" (30), a child surrounded by fallen leaves, and the latter in his Salon work "Left in Charge" (118), a bit of Seine scenery soft and delicate in colour, though showing, perhaps, too much imitative work to attract sufficient notice from the Parisian public. M. Léon Lhermitte in "La Veillée" (129) shows a more joyous side of Breton life, and depicts the custom of many a village where the women, to save fire and light, assemble in one another's cottages to pass the long winter's evenings—spinning and winding their wool in merry companionship. Here, as at Mr. McLean's, are to be found specimens of Mr. Burton Barber's work "Mischief" (12), and of Mr. Godward's "Ianthe" (23), showing how both dealers recognise the current of popular taste. Of Señor Gallegos' "Baptism" (74) we have already spoken; but we may add that, in addition to many other points in common with Señor Barbudo's work, it would seem as if, in many cases, the same models had sat to both artists. In strong contrast with all this foreign work or work modified by foreign influence, are two pictures, "Sympathy" (64) and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (122), by Mr. G. B. O'Neill, which seem to carry us back forty years in English art. Simple and direct in intention and treatment, they belong to a school of which we regret to see the almost total disappearance, even whilst admitting the progress our painters have made, and the good they have learned from their neighbours on all sides. Among the remaining works, which will repay an extra amount of attention, are Eugène De Blaas' "C'est lui" (1); Mr. David Farquharson's "Glen Muick" (4) and "Lochnagar" (104), a very remarkable bit of landscape; M. Julien Dupré's "Haytime" (44); Charles Meissonier's "Improvisatore" (95), in reality a man with a hurdy-gurdy; Mr. John Philip's "New Ballad" (117), painted in 1863; and several typical works by Mauve, Artz, Israels, amongst the foreigners; and by Messrs. Leader, T. Collier, and Heywood Hardy amongst our own fellow-countrymen.

DUAL NOVEMBER.

November has a twin aspect of which each phase is utterly unlike. Hence comes the complete dissimilarity, not to be found of any other month in the year, which exists between the portraiture of November by the urban and rural pen respectively. In description, a London November is usually found as a clear proof of the conventional Frenchman's supposed idea of the month as one promoting general suicide from Waterloo Bridge. And it must be confessed that even the most determined lover of the sweet shady side of Pall-mall, who contemns all rural dwellers as

> Crawling from window to window to see
> A goose on a common, a crow on a tree,

finds his admiration of town much strained when subjected to the test of this particular month. The too common experience of fog, thick, nauseous, and gloomy, which insinuates itself everywhere in combination with slushy, greasy, gloomy streets, which even when the early lamps are lighted merely gains a twinkle of light here and there through the mephitic vapour wreaths of "London particular," the rasping air and biting wind, the general chilliness, dampness, darkness, and ill-temper; the constant performances among all one's friends and acquaintances on "the light catarrh"; the short days and long nights, when the enterprising burglar once more demonstrates how admirable is our system of allowing the night police to announce their progress half a mile off by the regulation boots; the whole aspect of London under a vast canopy of foul-smelling fog, which fills the most carefully warmed room in a most insinuating but effective manner—all these things make a picture of the month which too frequently proves the correctness of Hood's famous lines on November.

And as such is the experience of the town writer, what wonder that in the list of months this one has achieved a reputation of the gloomiest? Can anything be found attractive in its name? may well be asked. Yet, on the same day and within half an hour, you shall see the dual aspect in brilliant contrast—the self-same day, which lours so grimly and depressingly over London, shall, within a few miles out of the metropolitan boundaries, be a picture which is full of charms. Take the train, and run a few miles in whichever direction you will out of town limits—start from the farthest suburb to the edge of the nearest really rural district—why it is like the pantomime transformation from the Cave of Dullness to the Realm of Sunshine! Behind lies London, as you gaze, a blurred, huge mass seen through a grimiest robe of foul black or yellow vapour, with fantastic images here and there, magnified through the fog. You are but a few miles out, yet round you is the other aspect of the month — the rural November. Bare and leafless, indeed, are the trees; but behind them is a background of azure sky, and through their interlacing tracery of boughs the winter sun gleams on every twig. "The air bites shrewdly," it is true; but the clammy rawness of the mephitic fog you have left behind; the keenness is bracing, and the blood circulates anew under it. Look round, and confess that the most inveterate prejudices which have been fostered by town-limners of the month must melt before the scene. Glance at the cottages where some hardy flowers still brave the winter, and notice how rich and beautiful in tint, from bright to dark green and deep crimson, is the Virginia creeper, which so generally clusters round the wall, and enwreathes door and window. Is there woodland near? It is likely the woodman's axe is heard; for the felling of timber, copse, and underwood, is part of the work of the time. In the bare brown fields where the wild November partridges, splendid in condition, where you can get a shot, whirr up a hundred yards before the gun, the clink of the plough-horses' harness is heard, and the hovering cloud of rooks, with, perhaps, a bevy of sea-gulls from the nearest coast mingling with them, attests the progress of the plough. In the turnip-fields, kept for the purpose, the sheep penned in are feeding, and the cattle stand in the straw-yards lazily munching from the troughs. Cold though the sweeping winds that scatter the carpet of leaves lying thick in the copses and ditches, the sun is gleaming, the air is clear, and all the sights and sounds of active, rural life are in full evidence around, while the workers feel none of the sickly depression which characterises those of London who are breathing, coughing, and sneezing fog in every direction. In some places, where apples and pears abound, the cider-press is at work on the inclosed green in front of the farm-house; while, where the root-crops are ample and valuable—and stock-raising *vice* wheat-raising makes them annually more so—the harvesting of swedes and mangolds is busily going on. Be the air keen—"a nipping and an eager air"—yet all is blithe activity. Yet you are only a few miles out of London, which this self-same morning is groaning gloomily against murky November.

Nor is it only in farm-life that the maligned month has its charms. The shooter ranges the fields pretty sure, if birds are scarce and wild, to have a chance of finding a woodcock, and certainly snipe; while if pools or streams lie in his way it is even betting that some scattered individuals of the duck race will rise with heart-stirring quack and flapping of wings to dart swift as an arrow upwind, presenting as thrilling a target for the choke-bore as can well be wished. Of horse and hound we say nothing, for who knows not the exciting glimpse in the course of a brisk November walk of pink as the field stream away in the distance, and the maddening music of the pack as they flash across the fallows, the woodlands echoing their cry! To the honest angler, who thinks Izaak Walton greatest of English men, the month has its own particular charm, for it is the special feeding time of the pike—"the tyrant of the watery main"—who finds his appetite keen in proportion to the air, and trolling or spinning, despite wet lines and freezing fingers, is at its best in this month. Wild as is the aspect of the month, with winds roaring many a time and oft through the woods, while leaves fly in clouds and twigs fall in crowds—was not the greatest storm ever known in England that tremendous one of Nov. 27, 1703, when in Kent alone 250,000 trees were blown down?—wild, we say, as sometimes the aspects of the month, the wayfarer who has eyes, and uses them, often sees sights not seen in tamer times. High aloft, for instance, if you be near the sea, may you now and again hear the echoing "hank, hank!"—wild trumpet-cry of the wild geese—and see that curious wedge-formation of theirs as they cleave the air with their strong pinions. Far oftener will you behold the Indian file of the wild ducks going at express speed, or, turning by some field, start a huge bevy of fieldfares or a vast cloud of starlings, which wheel and turn like an animated sheet of glossy feathers. In the woodlands you shall see the stock-dove, far rarer and less known than the ordinary wood-pigeon, which arrives this month from more northern regions, being one of the latest birds of passage. And in the fields, if haply you be not above studying the ground beneath your feet, you shall see one of the most curious of sights if investigation of a specimen be made—a mole's nest. The moles this month make the nests in which they intend to pass the winter and in the spring to deposit their young; they are of larger size than the ordinary mole-hill, and lined with grass and leaves. But this is only one of the interesting things which make the "harvest of a quiet eye," and prove how much there is to charm in the rural phase of the aspect of November.

F. G. W.

Earl Dudley (with the Countess, his mother) paid a visit to Worcester on Oct. 29 to receive an address from the Mayor and Corporation of that city on the attainment of his majority. The occasion was made a public holiday, the bells of the principal churches were rung, and flags floated in the chief streets.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON BOARD A CUNARDER FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK.

Of all the great Atlantic steam-ship lines the Cunard still stands without a rival in popularity. Its steamers are not only the fastest, but excel all in comfort and general attendance. Life on board one of these floating palaces is not, as some may suppose, one of dull routine, but full of incidents; acquaintances are quickly made, friendships are established of which many interesting tales are told in after years. A late United States Consul at one of the English ports relates the following:—"On my last voyage from England, on one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few days out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches, and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and no little pain. He was well-dressed, and of exceedingly handsome countenance; but his limbs were emaciated and his face sallow, which bore traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail looking out on the foaming track which the steamer was making. 'Excuse me, my young friend,' I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, 'you appear to be hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage; but if you require any assistance I shall be glad to help you.' 'You are very kind,' he replied, in a weak voice, 'but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my state-room up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze.' 'You have been a great sufferer, no doubt,' I said; 'and I judge that you have been afflicted with rheumatism, whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America?' 'You are right,' he answered; 'I have been its victim for two years, and after failing to find relief from medical skill, have lately tried the springs of Carlsbad and Vichy; but they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die, I suppose. I shall be content if life is spared me to reach my mother's presence. She is a widow, and I am her only child.' There was a pathos in this speech which affected me profoundly, and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silently beside him, watching the snowy wake of the ship. While thus standing, my thoughts reverted to a child—a ten-year old boy—of a neighbour of mine, residing near my Consulate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and I remembered the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured himself of a very severe attack of the gout in New York, just before his last voyage, by the use of the remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation, and, hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After doing so, I covered him up snugly in bed, and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his state-room and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him, and inquired how he felt. 'Like a new man,' he answered, with a grateful smile. 'I feel no pain, and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty. I think I'll get up.' 'No, don't get up to-night,' I said; 'but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be much better able to go above.' I then applied the Oil, again rubbing his knees, ankles, and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard-poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning, when I went up on deck, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, *and without his crutches*. I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of our voyage—some four days—applying the Oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp spring breezes; and on landing at New York he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting for his home that evening. With a grateful smile he welcomed me, and pointing to a box carefully done up in thick brown paper, he said:—'That is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Hudnut, the chemist across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her in health. If you should ever visit Sedalia, in Missouri, I will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enshrined in a silver and gold casket, which we shall keep as an ornament, as well as a memento of our meeting on the Cunard steamer.' We parted, after an hour's pleasant chat, with mutual goodwill and esteem, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health, and containing many graceful expressions of his affectionate regards."

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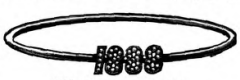
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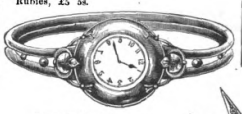


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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The little season of London is beginning—that season which runs from about November to Easter, preceding the full season, between May and July. The parties of that winter *demi-saison* are often more interesting than those more formal ones which come in the busier time. They are less crowded, and the people who are there are more certain to know each other, because the country visitors who introduce such an element of novelty are not now in town; hence the winter parties are rather less ceremonious. It is not "good form" to stop very late at them. It is not "good form" to give a big supper or to have extensive decorations. Even at these parties, however, the amateur musician and entertainer is no longer considered sufficient. The days when the daughters of the house played their "pieces," and their young lady friends, after much pressing, "obliged the company"; when Stokes, though dull and unimportant, was asked to endless parties because he sang a comic song, and Jenkins because he recited Owen Meredith and Browning—those days are over. Now, it may be little entertainment that is given to supplement the conversation; but what is provided must be good, and that usually means—professional. The problem for all hostesses is, therefore, how to get something fresh and something superior; and, for the poor or the mean ones amongst them, how to get that something cheaply. The professional musicians and readers frequently find it hard to avoid being almost forced to give their really valuable services for naught in society, and some of the richest people are the most stingy in this matter.

Mr. George Grossmith tells how he once met such an attempt on him from a very great lady. He was invited to dinner, and it was intimated by the gentleman bringing the invitation that he would be expected to sing afterwards; on which the artist mentioned his fee. "Oh, Lady Dash thought if you came to dinner you would not think of asking a fee!" said the emissary. Mr. Grossmith replied that he could not possibly eat and drink more than half-a-guinea's worth, and that his fee was much more; but if the lady liked, that charge for his dinner might be deducted! Improving on this, an eminent pianist, who had dined out one evening last season, was met after dinner at the drawing-room door by his hostess, who said, graciously but firmly, pointing to the music-stool: "Now, your place is *there!*" The outraged German *maestro* forthwith fumbled a sovereign out of his vest-pocket, and declared, "I vill pay for mine dinner." The lady, of course, refusing to take the coin—though in principle she had demanded it—he trundled off down-stairs, seized his hat, and departed, handing the piece of gold, as he left, to the footman who opened the street-door. An eminent lady singer of my acquaintance has elevated her meek and obedient husband into the position of a dragon to guard her from such imposition. When her hostess says sweetly, "Oh! Madame So-and-So, will you oblige us with just one of your beautiful songs?" the prima-donna replies, "I should *lore* to—I love singing in a drawing-room; but Mr. Smith would be *so* angry, he positively will not let me use my voice on my free nights!" Many good-natured professional artists still "oblige" under such circumstances; but when the host is a rich man, it is really discreditable for him to allow such a tax to be levied on a guest in return for his meat and drink.

A young lady whose semi-religious novels have been very successful in certain circles, has had to issue a protest against the assumption of her pen-name by some impostor, who has been doing all manner of tricks under the designation of "Edna Lyall." It may be some consolation to the young writer to reflect that in enduring this annoyance she is in first-rate company. When Harriet Martineau was at the height of her fame, a drunken woman used to give that name for hers when called on in the police-court to answer for her disorderliness. George Eliot's earlier books were claimed by one Liggins, a Methodist parson; and an innocent country friend wrote, in all seriousness, to the real author about the characteristics of the sham one:—"A deputation of Dissenting ministers went over to ask him to write for the *Eclectic*, and they found him washing his slop-basin at the pump. . . . One of them said that he inspired them with a reverence that made any impertinent question impossible. He calls himself 'George Eliot.' It is strange to hear the *Westminster Review* doubting whether he is a woman, when here *he is so well known!*" A similar experience befell the Brontë sisters, who had to divest themselves of their pseudonymity as "The Brothers Bell" because a certain person stated that they were one, and that that one was a man. As to the impudent claims of impostors to have written poems which they have only copied out, the instances of that sort of trick are innumerable.

"The Life and Letters of Mrs. Shelley," the wife of the famous poet, is a forthcoming work that promises to be of great interest. Shelley's wife was the daughter of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. She was herself as clever and uncommon a woman as such a parentage should have made her. "Frankenstein," her singular novel, has passed into a classical place in English literature. Her first connection with Shelley was not free from blame; but during her long life as his widow she held an unblemished position, and her son, Sir Percy Shelley, who has authorised and aided the writing of the "Life," feels with all justice that by telling the truth about her he is rendering homage to the memory of a mother to whom he was devoted.

An effort is being made to induce some well-known ladies to stand for election to the London County Council. The effort seems to me futile, as it appears clear that women are excluded from seats in that body by the Act of Parliament, though female householders are entitled to vote at the elections. When the measure was passing through the House of Commons an appeal was made to me to raise the question of the eligibility of women for membership of the Councils, and I declined to trouble about it on the ground that women are evidently not ready yet for taking up such offices. The membership of the London School Board, which is open to women, is peculiarly a duty which many of them ought to undertake, for the sake of the girls in the schools and the female teachers. Yet, amongst all the women of means and leisure in London, scarcely any are found willing to put their hands to this work. The nominations for the next election must be made by Nov. 2, and I hear of only some half-dozen ladies as possible candidates for the whole of the Metropolis.

In the sense of having any chance of election, indeed, perhaps even some of those who are named are *im*possible. The electors will not return persons who hold the most impracticable and mischievous Socialistic views, or persons who do not appear to have any qualification of ability or educational experience, merely because those persons are women; nor ought they to do so. It is not to the advantage of the girls or the female teachers, or of education generally, to have either a foolish or an unconscientious woman made a member of the School Board. But there are very many ladies who have proved their suitability for the work, whether by their experience on local management committees for the schools, by general philanthropic or public services, or by their writings or other intellectual records. While womanhood should not be counted as alone a sufficient qualification to satisfy the electors, it should at least be considered as a great additional recommendation for one representative in each division, if a lady candidate otherwise suitable can be found. There are many such ladies; but it is difficult to induce them to undergo the trouble and to meet the considerable cost of a public election. The money is, indeed, a great obstacle in many cases. Mr. E. N. Buxton told the House of Commons Committee on Cumulative Voting that each of his School Board elections had cost him £700. This was extravagance, though; for my three elections to the London School Board cost only between one hundred and one hundred and fifty pounds each; but this amount, I think, must be counted as the minimum cost of "running to win." Printing and advertising to address 60,000 or more electors will absorb nearly all that money, services as canvassers and secretaries and the use of many school-rooms and halls being freely given by supporters and friends to a popular candidate.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Mr. Parnell's action, in the Scottish Court of Session against the *Times*, came before Lord Kinnear on Oct. 27, when the question of jurisdiction was discussed, and after considerable argument the matter was sent to the procedure roll.

The annual summary of British contributions to foreign mission work, just completed by Canon Scott Robertson, shows that for the financial year of 1887 the sum voluntarily given thereto in the British Isles was £1,228,759. Of this total, the sum of £461,236 was given through Church of England societies; £187,043 through joint societies of Churchmen and Nonconformists; £367,115 through Nonconformist societies in England and Wales; £202,940 through Scotch and Irish Presbyterian societies; and £10,420 through Roman Catholic societies.

The Printers' Almshouses at Wood-green were the scene of an interesting gathering on Oct. 27, the occasion being their inspection by the Lord Mayor, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Gray, and Mr. Sheriff Newton. The visitors were conducted round the buildings, with the appearance and general arrangements of which much satisfaction was expressed. A complete tour having been made, the party adjourned to the board-room, where a meeting was held, the business consisting of a proposition to raise the sum of £5000 for the purpose of erecting and endowing on the ground now vacant another set of buildings sufficient to accommodate four more families of pensioners. The proposal met with general approval, and it was resolved that a petition be presented to the Corporation of London on the subject. The Lord Mayor, on behalf of himself and Sheriffs, promised to contribute to the object 100 guineas. Other sums were announced during the afternoon, including one of £1000 from an anonymous friend of the local visitor, Mr. W. H. Collingridge.—The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs also inspected the Fishmongers' and Poulterers' Asylum, which are adjacent.

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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1853.

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OBITUARY.

SIR EDMUND ARTHUR WALLER, BART.



Sir Edmund Arthur Waller, fifth Baronet, of Newport, in the county of Tipperary, died at St. Heliers, Jersey, on Oct. 22. He was born March 16, 1846, the only son of Sir Edmund Waller, fourth Baronet, by Rebecca, his second wife, youngest daughter of Mr. Arthur Guinness, of Beaumont, in the county of Dublin, and sister of Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, first Baronet, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father, March 9, 1851. He was educated at Eton, and served for some years in the 84th Foot. He married, firstly, March 4, 1869, Annie, daughter of Mr. George Parsons, which lady died Dec. 27, 1876, and secondly, Sept. 2, 1878, Jessie Marian, daughter of the late Mr. Henry James Purbrook, of Brighton, but left no issue. He is succeeded by his uncle, now Sir Charles Waller, sixth Baronet, who married, in 1830, Maria, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Burgher, of New York, and has three sons and five daughters.

SIR JOHN WALLIS ALEXANDER, BART.



Sir John Wallis Alexander, fourth Baronet of Belcamp, in the county of Dublin, died at his residence, 27, Eaton-square, S.W., on Oct. 25, after a long illness. He was born Oct. 1, 1800, the second son of Sir Robert Alexander, second Baronet, by Eliza, his wife, daughter and heiress of Mr. John Wallis, and succeeded his brother March 31, 1873. He married, first, May 18, 1858, Lady Lepel Charlotte Phipps, youngest daughter of Henry, first Earl of Mulgrave, and sister of Constantine, first Marquis of Normanby (she died Jan. 29, 1869); and secondly, Aug. 22, 1877, Mary Kathleen, second daughter of the Rev. John Dreaper, of Manchester, but had no issue. The baronetcy, created Dec. 11, 1809, has consequently devolved on his cousin, Sir William Ferdinand Alexander, fifth Baronet, who was born Oct. 15, 1845, and married, Nov. 27, 1884, Edith, second daughter of Mr. George Heriot La Fargue, of Bosworth Hall, Leicestershire.

GENERAL SIR EDMUND HAYTHORNE.

General Sir Edmund Haythorne, K.C.B., Colonel 1st Battalion Hampshire Regiment, died at Silchester House, near Reading, on Oct. 18. He was born in 1818, the son of the late Mr. John Haythorne, of Hill House, in the county of Gloucester, and was educated at Sandhurst. He entered the Army in 1837, became Captain in 1844, Major in 1849, Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel in 1854, Major-General in 1863, Lieutenant-General in 1877, and General in 1879. He served with distinction in the China War, 1841; in the Punjaub Campaign, 1848-49; was present at the forcing of the Kohat Pass, under Sir Charles Napier, 1850; and at the siege and fall of Sebastopol, 1855. He received for his gallantry four medals with clasps, fifth class of the Medjidieh, and the Turkish medal, and was several times mentioned in despatches. He was made K.C.B. in 1873. The distinguisned General married, in 1862, Eliza, daughter of Mr. J. Thomas.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Thomas Chandos Leigh Benedict, on Oct. 22, aged seventy-five.

Captain Robert Charles Whyte, R.N., at Instow, North Devon, on Oct. 18, aged seventy-five.

The Rev. Thomas Boston Wilkinson, M.A., Rector of East Harling, Norfolk, since 1829, on Oct. 15, aged ninety.

Mary, Lady Soame, widow of Sir Peter Buckworth Hearne-Soame, seventh Baronet, and daughter of Mr. William Bradshaw, at 7, Tregunter-road, on Oct. 17, aged eighty-eight.

Major-General Allan Hamilton Graham, late Royal Artillery, at Graham House, Malvern Wells, on Oct. 22, aged seventy-one.

The Rev. William Bousfield, M.A., late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and for thirty-five years Rector of Cublington, Bucks, at Aylesbury, on Oct. 21, aged seventy.

Colonel Arthur Chichester Crookshank, C.B., of wounds received in the skirmish at Kotkai recently. A portrait of the Colonel, with a memoir, was given in our issue for Oct. 20.

The Rev. James Fleming, on Oct. 27, at Troon, in his ninety-sixth year, and the seventieth year of his ministry. Associated with Dr. Chalmers he had written a number of works on Church affairs.

Mr. Henry Digby Sheffield, at Jacksonville, Florida, on Oct. 22, aged fifty-five. He was the second son of Sir Robert Sheffield, fourth Baronet, by Julia, his wife, daughter of Sir John Newbolt, Chief Justice of Madras.

Mr. Robert Charles Catling, F.S.I., of Needham Hall, Cambridgeshire, on Oct. 13, aged seventy-six. He was a J.P. and D.L. for Cambridge, High Sheriff for that county in 1880, and Captain, 5th Cambridgeshire Rifle Volunteers.

Mr. John Walter De Longueville Giffard, M.A., Judge of Exeter County Courts, after three days' illness, on Oct. 23. He was the eldest son of Mr. Stanley Lees Giffard, LL.D., and brother of Hardinge Stanley, first Lord Halsbury, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain.

Captain Charles Harold Beley, D.S.O., 25th Punjaub Native Infantry, killed in action while serving with the Black Mountain Expedition, India, on Oct. 5, aged thirty-three. A memoir and portrait of Captain Beley appeared in our issue for Oct. 13.

Mr. John Harward Jessop, of Marlfield, Cabinteely, in the county of Dublin, J.P., High Sheriff of Longford in 1853, at Weymouth-street, Portland-place, of inflammation of the lungs, on Oct. 18, aged sixty-five. He was the only son of the Rev. Robert Jessop, Rector of Kilglass, by Catherine, his wife, daughter of Sir Thomas Fetherston, Bart.

Mr. William Wallace Rodger Cunliffe, of Hadlow Castle, Kent, after a short illness, on Oct. 23, aged forty-one. He was the eldest son of Mr. Robert Rodger, of Hadlow Castle, J.P., and assumed in 1887 the additional name of Cunliffe, under the will of his maternal grandfather.

Captain Thomas Fraser Sandeman, of Stodham, Hants, J.P., late 73rd Regiment, on Oct. 18, in his eighty-second year.

Lady Brownlow Cecil (Charlotte Alexandrina Mabella), wife of Lord Brownlow Montagu Cecil, brother of the present Marquis of Exeter, and daughter of Mr. Edward Thompson Curry, British Consul at Ostend, at Dover on Oct. 17, aged sixty-three.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry John Peet, Bengal Infantry, Deputy-Commissioner at Assam, on Sept. 21 at Calcutta, aged forty-six. He entered the Army in 1860, and became Lieutenant-Colonel in 1886. He served with the Bhootan Expedition in 1864-65, and was present at the recapture of Dewangiri (medal with clasp).

Major Thomas Bayley Graves, late Royal Welsh Fusiliers, at 3, Burwood-place, Hyde Park, on Oct. 14. He entered the Army in 1862, became Captain in 1874, and Honorary Major in 1882. He embarked for the Gold Coast with his regiment and served in the Ashantee War in 1874, including the Battle of Amoaful and the capture of Coomassie, for which he was several times mentioned in despatches, and received a medal with clasp.

Vice-Admiral Sir W. Graham has been appointed President of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, in the room of Vice-Admiral Sir T. Brandreth.

The Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, at the morning and evening services at St. Paul's Church, Onslow-square, on Sunday, Oct. 28, brought before his congregation the claims of the Consumption Hospital, Brompton, and urged upon his hearers that the institution was in their own parish, and it was their duty and privilege to give it their liberal support. There had been about 38,000 in-patients and about 350,000 out-patients under treatment for periods of a few weeks to several months. The letters, which through the kindness of the congregation were placed in his hands, were extremely valuable to the many poor sufferers who applied to him. Mr. Webb-Peploe impressed upon his hearers the great importance of annual subscriptions, and alluded, in eloquent and feeling terms, to the great benefits conferred by the hospital. The Rev. A. B. G. Lillingston also preached in the afternoon in aid of the charity. The collections amounted to £103 5s. 5d., including several annual subscriptions.

BIRTHS.

On Oct. 23, at Norman House, First Tower, Jersey, the wife of N. R. Pogson, C.I.E., Government Astronomer, Madras, of a daughter.

On Oct. 27, at South Collingham, Newark, the wife of Charles Constable Curtis, of a son.

DEATH.

On Oct. 8, at Springfield House, St. Christopher, West Indies, the Hon. Charles Monroe Eldridge, President of St. Christopher-Nevis, aged sixty-three.

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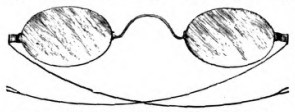
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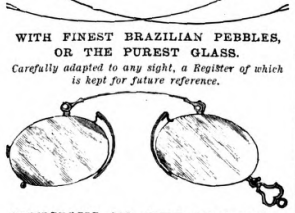
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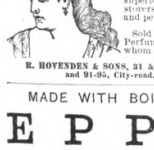
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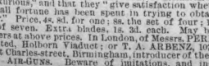
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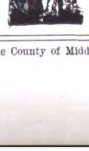
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THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSIONER



MISSIONERS SITTING AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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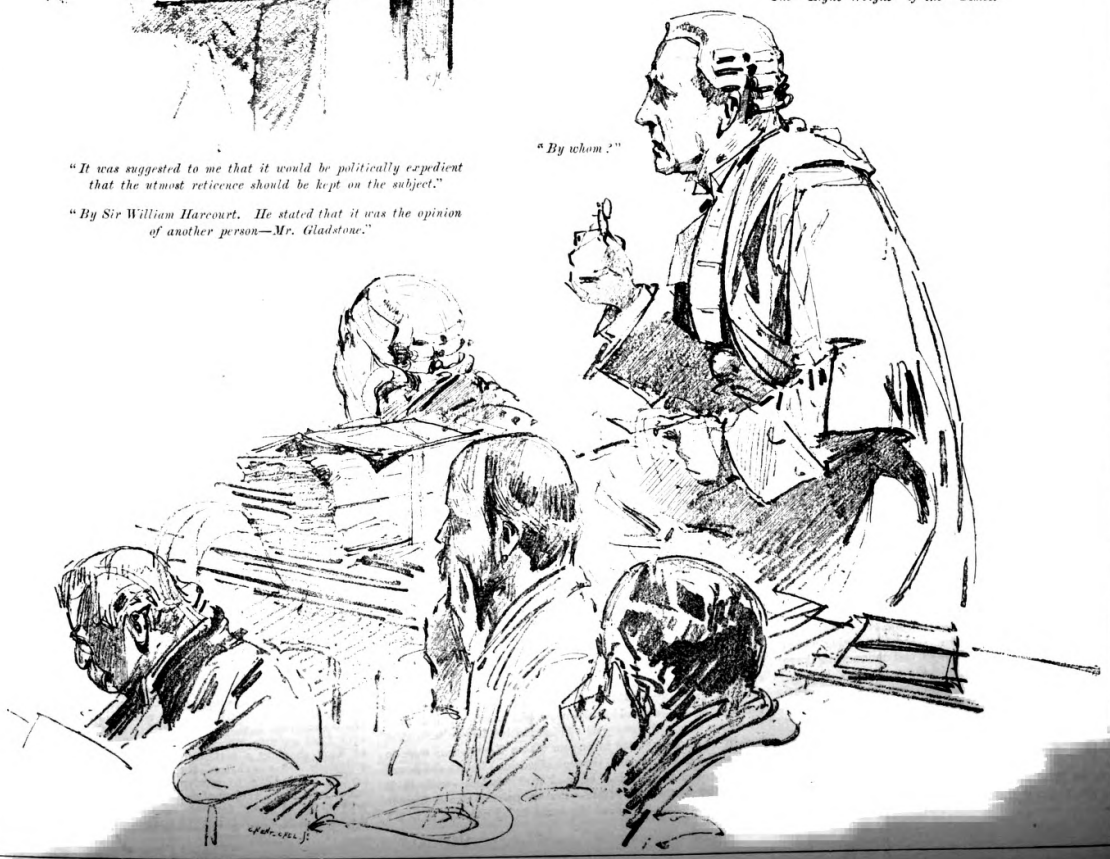
"It was suggested to me that it would be politically expedient that the utmost reticence should be kept on the subject."

"By Sir William Harcourt. He stated that it was the opinion of another person—Mr. Gladstone."



The "Light Weight" of the "Times."

"By whom?"



OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A number of eminent persons have been denouncing competitive examinations, and most offensive things they doubtless are, especially to those who have to pass them. I confess that, without being deeply impressed with the intelligence of the young gentlemen I have had the pleasure to meet who win the prizes, I am amazed at the information which they temporarily carry about with them; even those who are beaten seem to be miracles of learning; and when they show me their examination-papers there is not a question which (in their own phraseology) would not "utterly stump" me. If my own time were to come over again, I feel that not a messengership—far less a civil appointment in the land of the pagoda-tree—would be within my educational grasp. But then, somehow, something, which is not vanity but commonsense, tells me that as a boy I was not such an utter fool, though I knew none of these things; and a similar conviction is borne in upon most persons who have made their way in the world, without one-tenth of the "ologies" that are now necessary at starting. At a time when persons of great literary distinction were pressing upon the attention of young persons their Hundred (I had almost written their hundredweight, for they seemed to be selected for their ponderosity) Best Books, I ventured to remark that it was possible to educate people beyond their wits; and this, it seems, has now been accomplished. Our youths are absolutely "stodged" with dates and facts and book-lumber of all kinds. If you ask a boy at any crammer's how many hours his classical or mathematical nose is kept to the grindstone, his answer throws the slavery revealed by the Factory Act into the shade; whereas everyone acquainted with intellectual toil is aware that no real benefit, but the reverse, is derived from "overtime" work: nothing comes of it but mist and muddle.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that competitive examinations have, on the whole, given us more competent public servants; there is not so much shirking of work in our Government offices as there used to be; not so many "Queen's hard bargains"; and especially it is certain young men take a greater pride in their professions, and more interest in them, than they did in the days of patronage and purchase. Moreover, the other side will doubtless have their word to say. I remember one who has had a vast experience of military education telling me that the cry about the physical inferiority of candidates for the army under the present system is simply the clamour raised by the dullards (or their friends) who have failed to pass. "If you choose to add raising weights with their teeth," he said, "to the present tests, I will back the lads who win in the other subjects to make the most marks in that too." He illustrated, if I remember right, his contention that the physical and intellectual powers on the whole went hand in hand, by the fact that the youth of the scientific corps (i.e., at Woolwich Academy), though inferior in numbers to the cadets at Sandhurst, held their own with them and something more, at cricket and football. What seems to me would be a great improvement in our competitive training is to make it less a matter of drudgery and slogging, and more an exercise of the intellectual faculties; it is not easy to make a young gentleman learn, but the process for making him think has not as yet been discovered. If a Royal Commission can do it, I shall believe in the Divine Right of Kings; but at all events, let us try *something*; there must surely be some middle course between cramming our boys like chickens, and letting things slide.

If, as at home, the abdication of a head-master at the Antipodes means extra holidays, the public schoolboy in New Zealand must be having a high time. In the seven oldest schools in the colony no less than twenty-two head masters have thrown up the reins of office, or had them snatched from them by their "governing committee," in as many years. The *Post* (not the *Morning Post*, but a Wellington paper) gives the items of this very unfashionable intelligence:—so many "Worried to death," so many "Badgered into resigning," so many "Driven away," and so on. One, it is pleasant to find, "Still survives, but sorely baited." This is certainly not the way public schoolmasters are treated in the old country, and to the mathematical mind, if to no other, it may afford some satisfaction as tending to restore the balance. These unfortunate gentlemen, we are told, were "nearly all chosen by first-rate men at home, on the ground of special fitness for their posts, and from a long list of candidates." It would have been better for them to have failed in obtaining these Antipodean prizes. The fault seems to lie in divided government. I once had a friend who edited a magazine conducted by a committee of divines, and *his* experience was not encouraging. They objected to everything except the articles they wrote themselves, and which they insisted on his inserting. He was a lean man; but in six months he lost more than a stone in weight, and would doubtless have been a living skeleton had he not thrown up his appointment. But the case of these unhappy New Zealand schoolmasters seems far harder.

In Mr. Shaw Lefevre's interesting paper in the *Nineteenth Century* on the "Public Buildings of London," he insists on the necessity of "relieving the pressure which has arisen from crowding Westminster Abbey with monuments." He called attention to the fact, he tells us, six years ago, "during which no fewer than eighteen statues, busts, and monuments have been added." One a year seems to be the amount of bust (or otherwise) required by public opinion, but three times this allowance has been awarded to deceased claimants. It is now proposed to add a monumental chapel—an annexe, which if not the rose shall be near the rose—by pulling down certain houses on the north side of Old Palace-yard.

This is as it should be, and let us make haste about enlarging the National Walhalla so that there may be room and verge enough when our time comes to be put there. It is not a case where "business" can be "carried on during the alterations." There is "snug lying in the Abbey," but it is too snug: there might be written over its doors what is so constantly seen over those of our omnibuses—"Full inside." It is not a question of "Si momentum requiris, Sir-come-spy-see"; there are only too many monuments, and no standing place for another, nor even a niche in the wall for one's tablet. It is not a matter of choice as it was in St. Paul's, where the poet warns us against inartistic monumental neighbourhoods:—

> It should not be there, nor nearer the door,
> Where the Man and the Angel have got Sir John Moore,
> And are quietly letting him down through the floor,

and so on. In Westminster there is really no room for anybody, whether in eligible situations or not. It is not egotism—for I don't care where they put *me*, unless it 's in a draught, and I dare say even *that* won't matter, only it is so difficult to get rid of a life-long prejudice—but a sincere desire that much more eminent persons may find a resting-place suitable to their merits that causes me to add my feeble voice to this cry of "Enlarge the Abbey!" We are told, on good authority, that "not more than fifteen or twenty burials, at most," can possibly now take place there; and when we consider the uncertainty of life—in the case of some of us who are getting on in years one might put it even a little stronger—there is evidently not an hour to lose in providing the necessary accommodation. Of course, as a temporary measure, one could be embalmed, and wait; but literary persons, at all events, have no money to spend in luxuries of this kind. There was a time when a great man, on the eve of a great deed, could exclaim, "Westminster Abbey or a Peerage!" without evoking a smile from his contemporaries. But the area of aspiration is now more limited; nobody wants to be a Peer (or, at least, he says he doesn't), and, in any case, we are told that the Peerage is played out. In a few more years there will be nothing *but* Westminster Abbey for the reward of genius. It will never, I hope, be contemplated to take people out of it in order to make room for more worthy claimants; the idea of a committee sitting upon the merits of Departed Worth, and deciding which of them is to go, is too painful to dwell upon; there is therefore clearly nothing for it but to enlarge the Abbey.

The Jews seem thankful for small mercies. In one of their organs the opinions of one Emperor and a King regarding them are quoted this week with much apparent satisfaction. In a recent conversation between the young Emperor William and King Humbert, the former is said to have observed, "The Jews are an intelligent element, and I am not prejudiced against them in particular"; to which his Majesty of Italy replies, "I think as you do. Good and bad individuals are to be found in every religious denomination." This is not the sort of praise to which one would apply the epithet "fulsome," but, when one considers who are the speakers, I suppose little more could be expected of them. With the Emperor of Russia, on the other hand, the Caucasian race (as might have been expected from his geographical position) have distinctly scored. The love of religious freedom is not, however, the leading feature of some of his subjects; and a young Jew, though he had distinguished himself in scholarship, was refused admission the other day into the University of Kieff on account of his creed. Upon this "he took the extreme step" (and so it seems, indeed; good Heavens!) of telegraphing to the Czar, and petitioning for his good offices. In a few days he received a message from the Rector of the University that he was admitted into its orthodox bosom. This is, so far, satisfactory; but it would be interesting to learn how this young Hebrew scholar has been welcomed by his brother-students, and whether University life at Kieff has the charms for him which it would have at Oxford or Cambridge.

At the Grand Masonic Lodge of Scotland at its last quarterly (and Edinburgh) meeting, a most terrible outrage was brought to the notice of the authorities. Three "brethren" had been so forgetful of their vows as to introduce two members of the other sex to hear, and "partially through a closed door" to behold, the proceedings of a certain lodge "when tyled in the third degree." The expression is a little vague to the outsider, and reminds one of the locking and "double locking" the door, a superfluous caution peculiar to novelists; but it no doubt signifies some apartment thoroughly roofed in, and intended to exclude spectators. These audacious persons, however, we are informed, actually "broke the tyling," so that an opportunity for inspection must have been afforded similar to that of a skylight. For my part, I know nothing of these mysteries except from report; but what I exceedingly resent is that these sacrilegious persons have been only punished with "expulsion" *from* the order, and "special censure." One had reasonably looked forward, from all one has ever heard of Freemasonry, to some penalty ("humorous and lingering" as Mr. Gilbert terms it) like boiling oil, or the being put to death to slow music (the bagpipes would hardly have been too bad for them) at the very least. Humanity is all very well, but it is terrible to be thus deprived of our illusions. There is still a chance, of course, that the offenders may mysteriously disappear, when we shall be at liberty to hope for the worst; but to find that, for introducing females to the secrets of Masonry, offenders are only expelled (as they might be from an anti-tobacco club for smoking a cigarette) is a blow from which the lovers of legend and believers in the Vengeance (with a big V) of a violated cult will not easily recover. As for the ladies, who seem to have escaped (thanks, I suppose, to their nationality) scot free, I tremble to think what, under an older régime, might have been their fate. Everyone knows the story of the inquisitive female who shut herself up in a cupboard in a room where Freemasons were to meet and was discovered (through sneezing) before she heard anything worth speaking of, and nevertheless—well, it is almost too horrible to relate—was on pain of death herself sworn a Mason, but without the secret being confided to her—a refinement of cruelty that, so far as we know, though he was very cruel to women, never entered into the brain of Torquemada himself.

Some people are always complaining that they have been born before their time, with what seems to their friends very little reason. But I wish I could have my life at a public school over again, not so much with the object of being a better boy, as because, at one of them at least, it is no longer necessary to learn Greek. Mr. Welldon (a capital name), the Head-Master of Harrow, has come to the conclusion that boys who may be expected to advance enough to profit by Greek literature, will know quite as much about it at eighteen if they learn it at fourteen as though they had begun it earlier; while the immense majority, "who never get beyond stumbling through the Iliad with the help of a crib and a lexicon," had very much better not begin it at all, but give their attention to something more useful. Here is common-sense at last in a classical seminary. But in the mean time what have I, and thousands like me, "kept from the playground oftentimes upon no ground whatever," suffered from what I am afraid we used to call "that beastly language"! and how can we ever obtain compensation? The hours of sunshine spent in looking out its filthy roots, which we might have passed in the open air, or in reading story-books; the headaches, the vertigos, its irregular verbs engendered; the consonantless shrieking (those much-admired "cries of females without") in its terrible plays—I protest, when I think of them, I hate it with a hate that I have never been able to develop against a fellow-creature who has injured me! It is wrong to speak of the dead with such bitterness, but not of a dead language.

THE COURT.

The Queen, who is in good health at Balmoral, went out on the morning of Nov. 1 with Princess Beatrice. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess, drove in the afternoon. Sir Algernon and Miss Borthwick lunched at the castle, and Miss Borthwick afterwards had the honour of being received by the Queen. Princess Frederica and Baron Pawel-Rammingen dined with the Queen and the Royal family. Miss Trotter, in attendance on Princess Frederica, the Rev. A. Campbell, and Captain Davidson, commanding the Guard at Ballater, had the honour of being invited. Lieutenant M'Kerrell and Lieutenant Wolrige-Gordon dined at the castle, and were received by the Queen in the evening. On the morning of the 2nd the Queen went out, attended by the Hon. Marie Adeane. In the afternoon her Majesty drove with Princess Beatrice and Princess Frederica. Prince Henry of Battenberg left the castle for London. Prince Arthur and Princess Margaret of Connaught took leave of her Majesty, and left for London on their way to India. The Queen went out, with Princess Beatrice, on the 3rd. In the afternoon her Majesty drove out, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe and the Hon. Marie Adeane. Princess Frederica and Baron Pawel-Rammingen dined with the Queen. Lord Knutsford, who arrived at the castle as Minister in attendance, had the honour of being included in the Queen's dinner-party. Divine service was performed at the castle on Sunday morning, the 4th, in the presence of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Royal household. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated. In the afternoon her Majesty and Princess Beatrice visited Princess Frederica at Abergeldie Mains. The Queen and Princess Beatrice went out on Monday morning, the 5th, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe; and in the afternoon her Majesty and the Princess drove out, attended by Miss M'Neill. Princess Frederica and Baron Von Pawel-Rammingen dined with the Queen, and Lord Knutsford had the honour of being invited.

The Prince of Wales, attended by General Sir Charles Teesdale and Sir Francis Knollys, arrived at Sandringham on Friday night, Nov. 2, for the winter season. Prince Albert Victor, attended by Captain Holford, arrived at Sandringham next day. The Prince and Princess, with Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at the church of St. Mary Magdalene on the morning of Sunday, Nov. 4. The Rev. F. Hervey, M.A., Rector of Sandringham, Domestic Chaplain to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Chaplain to the Queen, officiated. The Prince and Princess have accepted an invitation, forwarded through Dr. James Williams, the late Mayor of Brecon, to attend the National Eisteddfod at Brecon in 1889.—Prince Albert Victor has been granted long leave of absence from his military duties, and leaves London for Copenhagen, to represent the Prince and Princess of Wales at the celebrations in honour of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of the King of Denmark to the throne.

Princess Louise on Nov. 5 visited Newcastle, and opened the Durham College of Science. An enthusiastic welcome was accorded her Royal Highness, on whose behalf the Marquis of Lorne acknowledged two addresses presented to her, first by the Corporation and afterwards by the Council of the College.

Prince Arthur Patrick and Princess Margaret of Connaught left Charing-cross by the Continental express-train, on Nov. 6, for India, to join their parents.

Prince Christian, who has been spending the vacation on the Continent, returned on Nov. 4 to Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, from Germany.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

Some of the Vienna papers have lately circulated alarming reports that preparations are being made in the West Russian provinces, close to the German and Austrian frontiers, for the arrival of considerable numbers of troops, which are to be transferred from the interior of Russia to those frontier provinces. On the other hand, it was understood months ago that the division from the Caucasus, frequently mentioned last spring, would reach the Western frontier late in the autumn; and a recent communication from St. Petersburg refutes as completely incorrect the statement concerning the alleged movement of the Caucasus Division in the direction of the western frontier of Russia. It is added that no such orders have been received by the division referred to; and that the movements of troops which are taking place are merely connected with concentration which was carried out in the camps of exercise lately held, and which is now discontinued, the manœuvres having terminated. We have received, however, from our own correspondent, sketches made by M. Baruch at Kiev, showing a certain degree of activity in military preparations. One is that of the Russian conscripts assembling at the Kiev dépôt, to receive their arms and uniforms; the other is that of a review of mounted Cossacks of the Caucasus, previously to their farther march westward, the precise destination of which is not yet known.

THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

The Special Commissioners, Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith, holding the Court of judicial inquiry concerning the charges and allegations set forth by the *Times* against Mr. Parnell and other Irish members of Parliament connected with the Irish Land League and the Irish National League during eight or nine years past, have continued their sittings at the Royal Courts of Justice in



the Strand. The proceedings on Tuesday, Oct. 30, which was the sixth day of sitting, Wednesday, and Thursday, Nov. 1, were enlivened by some characteristic incidents, as the witnesses called by the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, who was, with Sir Henry James and Mr. Murphy, leading counsel for the *Times*, were cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell, counsel for Mr. Parnell, and by Mr. T. Healy, Mr. Davitt, and others, who appeared for themselves or for clients on the Parnellite side. The first witnesses belonged to the class of official reporters of speeches made in Ireland at the League meetings; they were head-constables or other officers of the



Royal Irish Constabulary, who could take notes in shorthand, and who were sometimes called upon to compare their notes with the reports published in the newspapers of the time. Mr. Healy, at the beginning of this course of evidence, declared that he had read the reports of his own speeches as they appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*; he added, "I admit having made them, and I am proud of them." At the sitting on Wednesday, Oct. 31, Captain W. H. O'Shea, formerly a



friend of Mr. Parnell and M.P. for Clare until 1885, was examined at great length with regard to the negotiations which he privately carried on, in April, 1882, with the assent of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Gladstone, to ascertain what promise Mr. Parnell could be induced to give, in case of his liberation from prison, that he would use his influence to stop outrages and acts of violence. This was the transaction called at the time, by some opponents of Mr. Gladstone's Government, "the Kilmainham Treaty." Considerable sensation was now excited by Captain O'Shea's statement that he destroyed some of his memoranda concerning these negotiations in 1883 because, as he said, "it was suggested to



me that it would be politically expedient that the utmost reticence should be kept on the subject." Sir Charles Russell, who was then cross-examining the witness, asked, "By whom?" to which Captain O'Shea answered, "By Sir William Harcourt (much laughter); "he stated that it was the opinion of another person, Mr. Gladstone." The President of the Court rebuked the laughter with which the name of Sir William Harcourt was greeted. Captain O'Shea, in reply to other questions, said that no suggestion of the kind was made by Mr. Chamberlain, and certainly not by Mr. Parnell; it was at the time when there was danger of a Select Committee being appointed to inquire into "the Kilmainham Treaty." He produced the letters and papers remaining, and related his conversations with Mr. Parnell, who desired him to speak about procuring liberty for Brennan, Egan, Boulton, and Sheridan, saying that he could induce them to put down outrages and boycotting. Captain O'Shea was then shown the original of the alleged letter of Mr. Parnell, dated May 15, 1882, [illegible] the Phœnix Park murders of May 6, and the object [illegible] assert that the signature was Mr. Parnell's hand-



A Witness reading Speeches.

writing. The eighth day's sitting was chiefly occupied with further reports of Land League meetings and speeches. The Court then adjourned to Tuesday, Nov. 6, when Mr. Albert Chester Ives, special correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who in December, 1879, had long conversations with Mr. Parnell on board an Atlantic steamer, produced his report of those conversations, as published at the time. They chiefly related to the distress then prevailing in Ireland, for the relief of which the *New York Herald* gave £20,000, and raised a subscription fund of nearly £50,000; but Mr. Parnell explained the plan and objects of the Land League, on which he was going to lecture in America, and said that there was nothing secret or illegal in its proceedings. He remarked, however: "A true revolutionary movement in Ireland should, in my opinion, partake of both a constitutional and an illegal character. It should be both an open and a secret organisation, using the constitution for its own purposes, but also taking advantage of its secret combination." Mr. Parnell said that his own party was constitutional, and that he would not belong to any illegal body. The Attorney-General next put in the certificate of registration, in July, 1881, of *United Ireland*, proving that Mr. Parnell and Mr. Patrick Egan were the principal proprietors of that newspaper, each holding 237 shares. Evidence of the perpetration of agrarian outrages, from May, 1880, was then produced; the Attorney-General undertaking to show that these outrages were connected with the local branches of the Land League, or with the speeches and published writings for which the Land League was responsible. The Counsel on the other side, Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Reid, and Mr. Lockwood, objected to this evidence as not expressly connected with Mr. Parnell and the other persons incriminated; but the Judges held it to be admissible. John Rafferty, of Castlegrove, Galway, a tenant of nine or ten acres, then described how he was pulled out of his bed at night, and his back was "carded," or scraped with a board in which nails



"I submit, my Lord, that you have no jurisdiction."

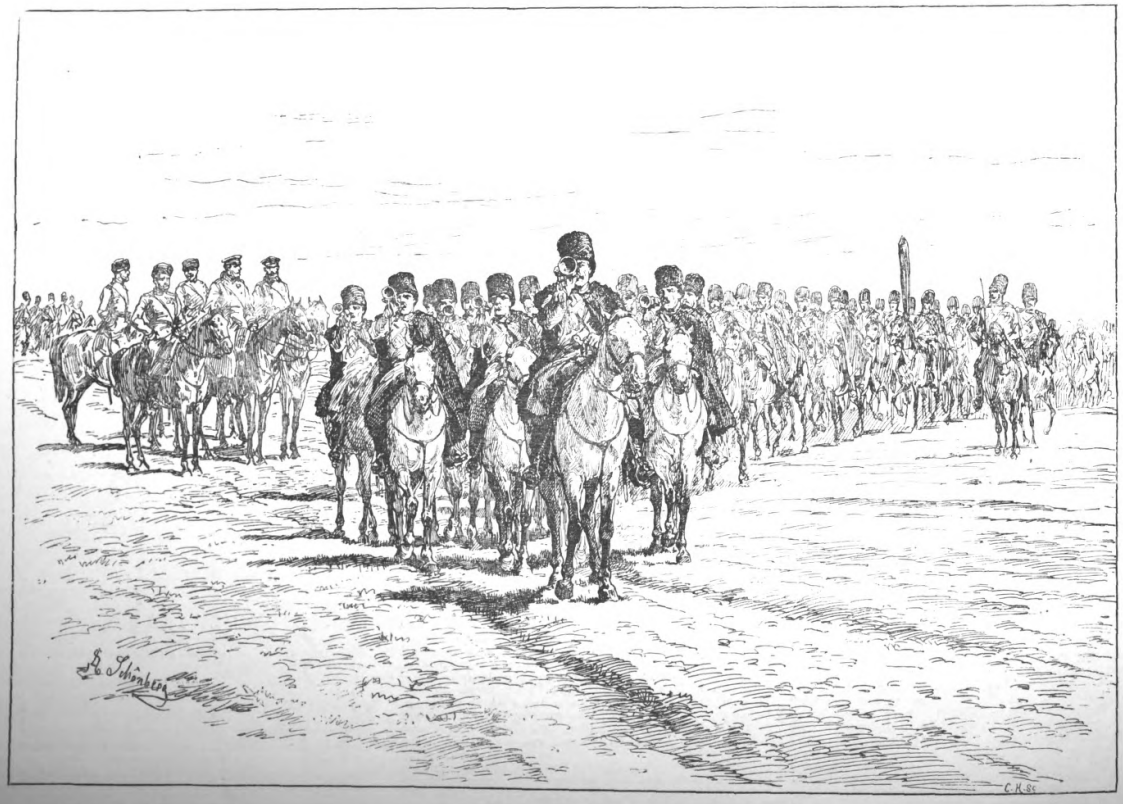
were fixed, because he had taken a bit of land. Mrs. Dempsey related the murder of her husband, in May, 1881; and Mrs. Connors, another widow, told a similar sad story. Acts of malicious damage to property, and the practice of boycotting, from 1880 to 1887, were proved by landowners and county magistrates. The Court adjourned to the next day.



"I admit having made them, and am proud of them."



RUSSIAN CONSCRIPTS ASSEMBLING AT THE KIEV MILITARY DÉPÔT.



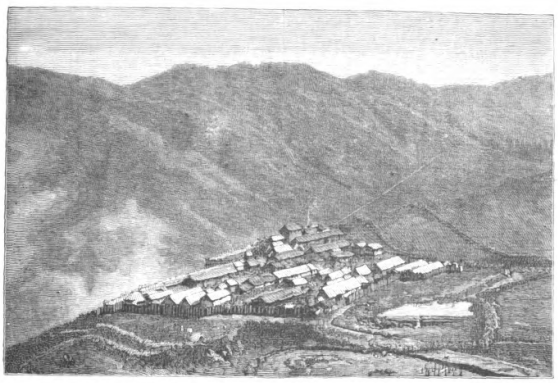
REVIEW OF COSSACKS OF THE CAUCASUS AT KIEV.



THE LATE GENERAL SIR EDMUND HAYTHORNE, K.C.B.,
FORMERLY ADJUTANT-GENERAL.



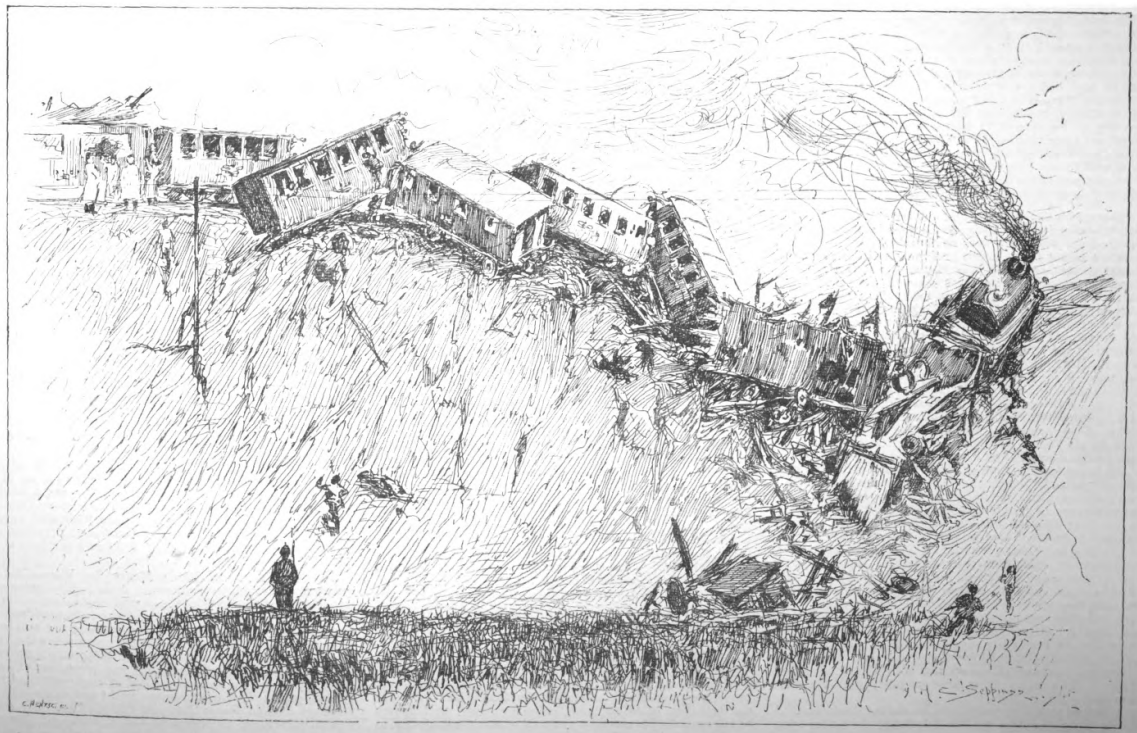
COLONEL SIR B. BROMHEAD,
WOUNDED IN THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION.



THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION: THE STOCKADE AT GNATONG.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION: BRIGADIER-GENERAL GRAHAM AND OFFICERS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



ACCIDENT TO THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S TRAIN ON THE AZOV RAILWAY.
FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Nov. 6.

This is a week of *causes célèbres*. Prado is being tried at Paris and Henri Chambige at Constantine, and both cases interest the public deeply. Prado is accused of having assassinated a woman named Marie Agnetan in 1886; he is the hero of the mystery of the Rue Caumartin, a sort of second Pranzini, a man of energy and violence, who has been all over the world, exercised all sorts of trades, and lost all scruples while acquiring all vices. Prado is a brute, a predestined criminal, and a consummate comedian. Yesterday, the first day of the trial, he astounded Judges and public alike by the prodigious energy of his defence, by the force of his savage eloquence, by the vehemence of his attacks upon his Judges. In truth, it was not the Bench that directed the proceedings; it was the bold adventurer called Prado, whose antecedents, history, and real name are veiled in mystery; who questioned and cross-questioned his Judges and talked and gesticulated to his heart's content, for nothing could resist his vigorous determination. The case of Henri Chambige is still more mysterious and strange: it is a drama of passion in which the rôle of the victim—a charming lady of thirty—remains unexplained and provocative of contradictory hypotheses. In January, 1888, a young man of twenty—Henri Chambige—entered a villa near Constantine with a young woman, Madame Grille. Two hours later four shots were heard. The door was forced, and the young woman was found laid on a bed which had not been disordered, with two bullets in her head and a bunch of violets on her breast. The young man lay on the floor bleeding with wounds from the other two balls. Henri Chambige was a law student, who had written a novel, and had literary aspirations. He also possesses singular hypnotic power, and figures as a subject in one of Paul Marguerite's books. Madame Grille was a lady above reproach. What can be the key of this mystery? Whatever it may be, the victim and the hero are not commonplace.

The great event of the theatrical week has been the production of "Pepa," a new piece by MM. Meilhac and Ganderax, at the Comédie Française. The piece is rather a vaudeville than a comedy, although it contains many clever notes of the manners and ways of those Hispano-American people of wealth and leisure whom the Parisians call *rastaconères*. At the same time the principal subject of the piece is the situation of a divorced couple who determine to get remarried together after thinking for a moment of contracting each a new and independent union. It is easy to pick holes in "Pepa," and to demonstrate that it is an inferior piece; nevertheless the dialogue is so sprightly, and some of the scenes are so clever, that it constitutes a most agreeable spectacle, especially as it is played to perfection by Mdlle. Febvre, Feraudy, Lebargy, and Mesdames Reichemberg and Bartet. "Pepa" is a piece to see and to be seen only at the Comédie Française. If it were played by other actors it would be null.

At the very interesting semi-private Théâtre Libre a drama called "Rolande," by M. Louis De Gramont, has created quite a sensation in the literary world, both on account of the remarkable talent displayed by the author and of the extreme audacity of the subject, which turns on the irresponsible depravity of a man of the type of Baron Hulot, in Balzac's "Cousine Bette." In the way of realism on the stage this is the strongest and at the same time the most vehemently uncompromising thing we have yet seen, far beyond anything that Zola or Daudet have risked in their revolutionary pieces.

In accordance with the touching Parisian custom, the first two days of November were devoted to visiting the various cemeteries of the capital, on the occasion of the Fête of the Dead, as it is called. The number of persons who visited the ten cemeteries of the capital amounted to more than 200,000. The municipal statistics show that during 1887 there were 51,514 burials at Paris, and that the city treasury received nearly a million francs in funeral taxes and nearly 2½ millions for the sale of burying-ground in the cemeteries. It appears that the number of non-religious burials is decreasing. In 1887 they were 11,000, as compared with 11,200 in 1882.

A terrible explosion of fire-damp in a mine at Campagnac, Department of the Aveyron, has killed forty-eight miners and injured three.—M. Maurice Richard, one of the most respected and influential representatives of the Bonapartist camp, died this week at the age of fifty-six. M. Richard entered political life in 1863, and was Minister of Fine Arts in the Ollivier Cabinet in 1869.—The Eiffel tower has reached the height of 178 mètres. The remaining 122 mètres will be finished next January at the rate of 11 mètres a week.—Paris is full of Royal and noble visitors. The Russian Grand Dukes Nicolas, Alexis, and Wladimir may be seen breakfasting every morning in a well-known restaurant in the Avenue de l'Opéra, and other members of the Russian Imperial family have taken up winter quarters in the south of France. T. C.

The celebration of the Royal Jubilee at Athens began on Oct. 31 with a State procession to the cathedral. King George and the Duke of Sparta were on horseback, while the other members of the Royal family and the English, Russian, and Danish guests drove in Court carriages. On the arrival of the Royal party a "Te Deum" was sung, at the conclusion of which a salute of 101 guns was fired. Both in going and returning from the cathedral the King was loudly cheered by the vast crowd which had assembled. The Athens Exhibition was opened on Nov. 1 by the King, who was accompanied by Queen Olga and all the members of the Royal family, as well as by the Royal guests now staying here. The ceremony was conducted with much pomp, and the Exhibition affords evidence of the great development and progress of the industrial arts in Greece. The Royal fêtes concluded on the 3rd with a general illumination at Athens and a display of fireworks. King George has conferred the Order of the Grand Cross on the Envoys who have brought him congratulations from foreign Courts. The King and Queen and the members of the Royal family, together with a number of other guests, were entertained at luncheon on the 5th by the Duke of Edinburgh on board the Alexandra, the flag-ship of the Mediterranean Squadron. The Duke left with the squadron for Malta on the 7th; but the Duchess and Prince George of Wales remained as guests of the Greek Court for a few days longer.

The Czar and Czarina returned on Nov. 4 to St. Petersburg, the streets of which were gaily decorated. Their Majesties were enthusiastically cheered by vast crowds. It is now officially announced that, in the accident which occurred to his train, the Czar was injured on the foot and the Czarina in the hand, but they were not prevented from going about to attend to those who had received more serious injuries.—A telegram received at St. Petersburg announces the death of the famous Russian explorer, General Prjevalsky.

General Benjamin Harrison has been elected President of the United States by a large majority over President Cleveland.

A cyclone took place recently in the Madras Presidency. A steamer carrying coolies was disabled, five of the coolies being killed and several seriously injured. A train of twenty-two carriages was blown off the line, the engine alone remaining.

THE LATE SIR EDMUND HAYTHORNE.

General Sir Edmund Haythorne, K.C.B., who died on Oct. 18 at Silchester House, near Reading, was educated at Sandhurst, and entered the Army in 1837 as Ensign in the 98th Regiment. He was with the expedition to the north of China in 1842, including the operations in the Yang-tse-Kiang, the attack and capture of Chin-kiang-foo, and the operations before Nankin. He served as Brigade-Major to the Chusan Field-Force, and under Brigadier-General Campbell, from July, 1843, until the island was given up to the Chinese authorities. In India, he acted as Aide-de-Camp to Sir Colin Campbell, commanding the third division of the army in the Sikh War of 1848-9, and was present at the passage of the Chenab and the battles of Sadoolapore, Chillianwallah, and Goozerat, and in the pursuit of the Afghans to the Khyber Pass. In 1850, as Major, commanding flank companies of the 98th Regiment, he was present at the forcing of the Kohat Pass, under Sir Charles Napier. During this service he commanded a detached column for the reduction of two villages and towers. In 1851, as Aide-de-Camp to Sir Colin Campbell, he was present at the operations against the Momund tribe on the North-West Frontier. In 1855 he proceeded to the Crimea with drafts and took command of the 1st Battalion Royal Regiment at the siege of Sebastopol, afterwards serving as Assistant Adjutant-General of the Highland Division until the evacuation of the Crimea. In 1859, when in command of the garrison of Hong-Kong, he was Chief of the Staff of the army for service in the north of China, and had the sole responsibility of the organisation of this force until the arrival of Lieutenant-General Sir Hope Grant. The rank of K.C.B. was conferred on him in 1873. His services, which had several times been mentioned in despatches, were specially recognised by Lord Herbert, Secretary of State for War, in proposing a vote of thanks to the troops in the House of Lords. He was Adjutant-General of the British forces in India from May, 1860, to February, 1863, when he became Adjutant-General of the Army, which office he held till November, 1865; and was instrumental in carrying out the reorganisation and amalgamation of the Indian Army, which was effected during that period. His name is several times mentioned in the "Life of Lord Clyde," who had great esteem and affection for him. Several of his comrades-in-arms attended his funeral, amongst whom were General Sir Donald Stewart, Bart., General Sir Martin Dillon, K.C.B., and General Ravenhill, R.A.

THE MONTROSE MEMORIAL, EDINBURGH.

This monument has been erected in the cathedral of St. Giles, at Edinburgh, in memory of the "Great Marquis of Montrose," who was executed on May 21, 1650. The Clan



THE MONTROSE MEMORIAL IN ST. GILES'S CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

Graham and their friends have subscribed the money for the memorial, which cost £1100. Dr. Rowand Anderson, F.R.I.B.A., was the designer of the work; and Messrs. J. and W. B. Rhind, of St. Helen's, Cambridge-street, Edinburgh, were the sculptors. Their recumbent figure, in white marble, of the Marquis in armour, and bearing a bronze sword grasped in his right hand, forms a dignified composition, resting on a black marble bier which rises from the sarcophagus, mounted on a pedestal. The central panel of the frieze of the sarcophagus is thus inscribed:—

> Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air,
> Lord, since Thou knowest where all these atoms are;
> I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust,
> And confident Thou'lt raise me with the just.

The principal feature of the design is a semi-circular arch, deeply recessed, and flanked by two Corinthian pillars in black and gold marble, with alabaster bases and caps. The wreaths in the middle of the columns are also of alabaster. These piers carry a frieze, entablature, and cornice, crowned by boys supporting shields over the columns. Floral wreaths and panels enrich the frieze. Rising over the cornice in the middle is a central panel within a columned and pedimented niche, quartered with the full coat of the Graham arms. The arched recess behind the monument proper is divided into three panels, formed with alabaster mouldings, with a sculptured inscription in the centre compartment. The width of the composition is 9 ft., and the height 16 ft. The style chosen is the Renaissance of the seventeenth century.

The directors of the Gaslight and Coke Company have resolved from and after Jan. 1 next to reduce the price of gas to private consumers on the north side of the Thames to 2s. 6d. per 1000 cubic feet for common gas, and to 3s. 1d. per 1000 cubic feet for cannel gas.

Amongst the passengers by the British and African Company's steamer Calabar, which left the Mersey on Nov. 3 for the West Coast of Africa, was Bishop Crowther, well known on the coast for his missionary and other work, principally in the Niger district. Bishop Crowther, who is an African native, is an octogenarian.

THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT TO THE CZAR.

A Russian officer, who was an eye-witness of the perilous accident on the Azov Railway, between Taranovka and Borki, on Oct. 29, by which the lives of the Emperor Alexander III. and the Empress were greatly endangered, sends us a Sketch of the Imperial train breaking up and falling off the embankment. It happened at noon, when the train was approaching the Borki station. The train was drawn by two engines, and was composed of several carriages, besides the Imperial saloon carriage, which was of massive construction. There is a steep incline, down which the Imperial train travelled at a moderate pace: but it seems certain that the disaster was due to the bad state of the line. The railway officials had superficially repaired the line, instead of replacing some worn rails by new ones, and the existing rails were not strong enough to support the weight of the locomotives and large saloon carriages. It was the carriage in which the Minister of Roads was travelling that ran off the line. The Czar and Czarina, and all their children, except the Grand Duchess Olga, were in the Imperial saloon-carriage. The Emperor was just about to take coffee, which had been handed to him by a footman. The latter was killed, likewise the dog, which was lying at his Majesty's feet. The flooring of the carriage collapsed, and all the occupants were precipitated on to the ground. Fortunately, the train stopped immediately, its speed being only about twenty-six miles an hour. The Grand Duchess Olga, who happened to be in the next carriage, which was overturned, was thrown out to a distance of several yards without being hurt. Tears stood in the Czar's eyes when he found his entire family were safe. He and the Empress lost no time in helping the wounded. The Director of the Caucasian Railways, M. Alexnikoff, who was to have been dismissed on account of the disaster, is reported to have shot himself in his office, leaving a letter addressed to the Emperor Alexander. The persons killed were Captain Bresch, Staff-Captain in the courier service, a physician, a secretary, and another official, two couriers, a chamber Cossack, a Chasseur, five railway servants, and six soldiers of the Railway Battalion. Eighteen other persons were injured. Baron Stjernval, Chief Inspector of Railways, received a severe shock. The Emperor has ordered provision to be made for the families of those killed and injured. Their Majesties continued their journey next day, arriving at Charkov on Oct. 31, where they visited the patients in the hospital; thence proceeding to Moscow, and reaching Gatchina, their home near St. Petersburg, in safety.

THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION.

The brief history of the expedition successfully conducted by Colonel W. Graham (Brigadier-General) from the Sikkim territory in the Himalayas, north of Darjeeling, over the lofty mountain passes of the Thibet frontier to Chumbi, has been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The hostile Thibetans were speedily driven from those passes, at Tukola and Nimla, at Jalapla and Pemberingo, in about a week's marching and fighting, towards the end of September: and, little show of defence being offered at Rinchingong, on the eastern side of the mountain range, Chumbi, the Thibetan residence of the Rajah of Sikkim, was speedily occupied. The force then returned to Gnatong, the newly-constructed fort in Sikkim, where the Rajah—who had not been hostile, but had been under apparent compulsion as a vassal of the Lamas of Thibet, though he owes equal allegiance to the British Indian Government—soon arrived to declare his loyalty; and the Chinese Envoys in Thibet undertook to bring the Lamas to terms of peace and amity. The fighting on Sept. 23, when General Graham attacked the enemy's position, defended by 7000 or 8000 men behind a wall, on the Tukola Ridge, was the principal engagement. Four guns, three companies of the Derbyshire, and most of the Ghoorkas formed the left wing, where the main attack was intended. Colonel Sir Benjamin Bromhead, Bart., with 300 Pioneers, formed the centre; and the remainder of the Pioneers, with their two guns and G Company of the Derbyshire, the right wing. It was a stiff climb up the hill. The Pioneers and Ghoorkas behaved capitally, and it was a very pretty sight to see them advancing. The Thibetans, however, did not wait until they got to close quarters, but abandoned the wall and fled across the open towards the Nimla Ridge. The pursuit was carried on as far as the Nimla Ridge; the road was strewn with killed and wounded, shot down as they were running away. Colonel Sir B. Bromhead, armed only with a walking-stick, jumped off his pony and called on two Thibetans to surrender. Instead of doing so they attacked him with swords, nearly severing his right wrist, and slashing his right arm and leg. The hand has been amputated at the wrist, and the elbow joint of the right arm has been taken out. This gallant officer, whose Portrait we give, served with high credit in the Afghan War, and has been, since 1885, a Lieutenant-Colonel on the Bengal Staff Corps, and in command of the 32nd Bengal Native Infantry. He is the fourth Baronet of an ancient family, the Bromheads of Thurlby Hall, Lincolnshire, near Newark; his father was a Waterloo officer, and his grandfather, Sir Gonville Bromhead, was a Lieutenant-General. Major Bromhead, of "Rorke's Drift," the hero of a famous incident in the Zulu War of 1879, is his younger brother.

The photographs taken recently in Sikkim, which are copied in our Illustrations, have some interest; one represents General Graham with several of his officers seated, and with men of the Royal Artillery standing behind; the other is a view of Gnatong.

Messrs. Marion and Co., of Soho-square, have just brought out a new hand or detective photo-camera invented by McKellen. The novel feature of this ingenious instrument is that the user can, at the very moment of taking the picture, see exactly what he is going to get. Thus all disappointment or error is avoided.

Another valuable addition has been made to the effective strength of the Royal Navy by the completion for sea of the new armour-plated cruiser Immortalité. She has a displacement of 5000 tons, and is armed with two 22-ton guns, ten 5-ton guns, sixteen quick-firing guns, and Whitehead torpedo-tubes. The Immortalité is one of the fastest armed cruisers afloat, having attained a speed of 19·5 knots per hour at her trial off Sheerness.

In compliment to Baron Henry De Worms for his endeavours to abolish the foreign sugar-bounty system, he was recently entertained by the sugar-trade of Greenock in the Townhall Saloon, Provost Binnie, of Gourock, presiding. In the evening of the same day a public meeting was held in the Townhall, when a handsome casket was presented to the Baron by the Corporation. On the front of the casket is a view of the Municipal Buildings, with arms and monogram of Baron De Worms; on the back is a view of sugar-refining by the vacuum-pan, and of a sugar-cane mill; and on the ends are views of Custom House Quay and Prince's Pier. The casket was manufactured by Messrs. R. and W. Sorley, of Glasgow; who also made the cylinder containing an address from the working-men of Greenock, presented at the same meeting.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

With the Marquis of Salisbury smiling like Father Christmas as he entered the House of Lords, red despatch-box under his arm, the Ministry may be said to have resumed their Parliamentary labours cheerfully enough on Tuesday, the Sixth of November. There was the customary ripple of self-satisfaction round the plump cherubic face of the Lord Chancellor. With Lord Cross and Lord Cranbrook (fresh from unveiling the white marble statue of the late Earl of Iddesleigh in the Central Hall of the Houses of Parliament), the Duke of Rutland and Earl Cadogan, and one or two other Ministers on the Ministerial bench near the Prime Minister, the Government put a bold front to the Opposition. Deserted and lonely, indeed, looked the shadowy figure of Earl Granville in the centre of the front Opposition bench. Their Lordships, having met, found there was little business to detain them, and arranged to meet for the remainder of the Session on Tuesdays only.

Lord Salisbury adroitly and discreetly avoided comment on Lord Sackville's slip by briefly referring Lord Granville to the papers on this diplomatic storm in a tea-cup. The noble Marquis spoke out boldly regarding the question of joint action with Germany on the east coast of Africa. The Earl of Harrowby seemed desirous that the ill odour incurred by the German settlers in their conflicts with the natives should not extend to Englishmen; and the Bishop of Carlisle hoped that any contemplated action on the part of the Government would not injuriously affect the University Mission in that quarter of Africa. Lord Salisbury pretty soon showed that he was in fine voice. He spoke with accustomed clearness of style and distinctness of delivery. It was with a view to firmly grapple with the reviving Slave Trade, and to extinguish that deplorable traffic, he explained, that her Majesty's Government had decided to join hands with Germany in a strong endeavour to suppress it, the co-operation of England being limited to naval action. It is to be hoped, however, that in the event of any collateral advantages being within reach, the German "elephant" will not leave the English "whale" in the lurch.

Mr. Gladstone, conspicuous by his absence from the front Opposition bench of the House of Commons on the Sixth of November, was nevertheless more prominently before the public than any other statesman. The right hon. gentleman, hale, erect, and hearty, lightly bore the weight of his seventy-eight years, and set out with Mrs. Gladstone from Hawarden Castle, the previous day, to pay his promised visit to Birmingham. Mr. Gladstone, who met with an enthusiastic reception from the populace that thronged the streets, opened his oratorical campaign the same day in the Birmingham Townhall, and struck a sympathetic keynote when he heartily expressed the hope that Mr. John Bright would soon be enabled to rise from his bed of sickness, and be restored to health and vigour. With a dialectical skill unimpaired by his great age, Mr. Gladstone on this occasion, and in his subsequent speeches to various large audiences in Birmingham, pleaded for Irish Home Rule. He touched on other reforms; but that was the burden of his argument: Ireland; Ireland; always Ireland.

The Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, the Speaker, was, happily, in good health when he took the Chair on the Sixth of November, the day the Commons reassembled for the winter session. There was a thin attendance of members; but many familiar faces, imbued with health, were to be seen. The Recess had evidently braced Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. Goschen, Mr. Henry Matthews and Mr. Edward Stanhope, Lord George Hamilton and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Raikes. Sir Richard Webster alone, when he stole in from the Parnell Commission, and joined his colleagues on the Treasury bench, looked pale and worn. In pallor, Sir Charles Russell almost equalled Sir Richard on the front Opposition bench, whereon were presently to be also noted the Marquis of Hartington, flanked by Mr. C. R. Spencer instead of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain (away on a connubial trip to America, *on dit*); Sir William Harcourt, beaming from Birmingham, Mr. Arnold Morley, and Mr. Stansfeld. It was pleasant to see Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Hanbury, Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. Dillwyn, Mr. Henry Labouchere, and Mr. Bradlaugh likewise in their places. Mr. H. W. Cross having taken his seat as the new member for the West Derby Division of Liverpool, the Speaker read letters announcing the imprisonment in Ireland of Mr. O'Kelly and Messrs. W. and J. Redmond. The First Lord of the Treasury then so far resolved himself into a counterfeit presentment of Oliver Twist that he asked for "more" in the shape of "Supply." In Committee, various members of the Ministry and of the Opposition had full opportunity of demonstrating the benefits they had derived from their holidays, and defended and criticised the estimates with ability. And thus wags the world of Parliament.

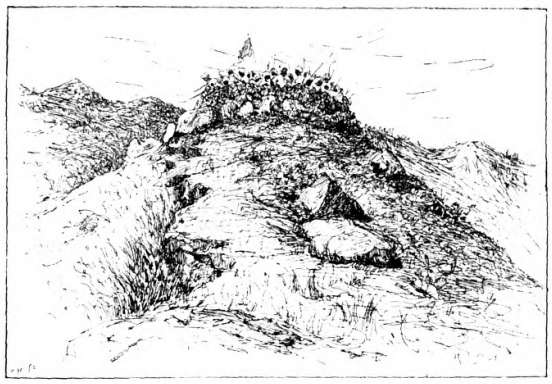
I may add that the Prime Minister lost no time in laying on the table the papers referring to the Sackville incident; and that the Report of the Royal Commission on the Metropolitan Board of Works censures Mr. Fowler and Mr. Saunders for the malpractices revealed; but, at the same time, recognises the valuable services the Board, as a whole, had rendered to London. Neither the deponent nor anyone else knows when the Parnell Commission will be in a position to deliver their report.

THE DURHAM COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AT NEWCASTLE.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, on Monday, Nov. 5, visited Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to open the first-erected portion of a building for the Durham College of Science. This institution, representing the faculties of science and engineering in the University of Durham, is designed for the educational service of the North of England—comprising Northumberland and Durham, Cumberland, most of Westmorland, and the Cleveland district. It is established at Newcastle, as the commercial centre of the mining and manufacturing district, and in a convenient local situation between that of the University Colleges at Leeds, Manchester, and Liverpool, to the south and south-west, and that of Edinburgh and Glasgow, to the north and north-west. It is an incorporated body, with numerous Governors and a Council, of which the Warden of Durham University, the Very Rev. Dean Lake, is President; Lord Armstrong, Sir Lowthian Bell, and other well-known persons, are members of the Council. The College provides teaching in literary and classical studies for the Arts Faculty of the University, as well as complete courses of instruction in mathematics, physics, chemistry, electricity, mechanics, geology, natural history, mining, engineering, metallurgy, and some branches of technical instruction, but not to supersede workshop training in the use of tools. Its students will alone be eligible to the science degrees of the University and diplomas in engineering. The Principal of the college is Dr. W. Garnett, Professor of Mathematics. The accommodation in the buildings of the Institute and Coal Trade Chambers, at the Wood Memorial Hall, and in the College of Medicine, has been found very inadequate. A plot of six acres was therefore obtained, at Lax's-gardens, near the end of Northumberland-street, between Barras Bridge and Castle Leazes, towards Jesmond, within three-quarters of a mile of the Central Railway Station. Two acres of this land are to be occupied by the college premises, while the remainder will have a high commercial value. Mr. Robert J. Johnson, of Newcastle, is the architect of the buildings, which have been carefully designed after inspecting, with the Principal and other professors, many colleges of the same kind. The wing that has already been built, at a cost of £23,000, is about one-third of the intended buildings. Externally, it is of the English Jacobean style of architecture, partaking in some features of the Tudor style: the front towards the Leazes will be rather more ornate, with a row of pilasters, tall bay-windows surmounted by gables, and a triple-arched portico, and a tower. The present block of buildings contain the physical laboratory, the electricity testing-room and preparation-room, the lecture-theatre for physics and mathematics, an advanced lecture-room, and various subsidiary apartments, constructed on the most advantageous plan.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It was scarcely to be expected that there would be no regrets, no comparisons, or sighs, remembering what has been when the Gaiety reopened for its annual burlesque season. Playgoers are loyal as a body, they stick fast to their old friends, and it was not surprising that Miss E. Farren should be sorely missed, since she was absent from her accustomed post for the first time for twenty years. Think of that! Miss Farren helped to open the Gaiety in the year 1868, and here she has been dancing, singing, and winning new admirers ever since. Mr. George Edwardes, like a careful manager, did his utmost to provide a pleasant party. He could not give us the sparkle of a Farren, or the humour of a Leslie, or the grace of a Sylvia Grey or Letty Lind; but he gave "the boys" instead Miss Florence St. John, the very best singer on the lighter operatic stage, and an excellent actress into the bargain. He promoted the energetic Mr. Lonnen to the first comedian's place. He showed us one of the prettiest and neatest burlesque actresses of recent times in Miss Jennie M'Nulty, who abjures the vulgarities and coarse methods of the modern music-hall school, and reminds one of the departed days of Marie Wilton and her Strand companions. And what with Mr. Stone, a new-comer called Fanny Robina, and three or four clever girls who will dance themselves into favour some day, a very fair compromise was made. The subject of the burlesque was as old as the hills. Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt played a safe card with the eternal Faust. It, at any rate, saved the audience the trouble of unravelling the mystery of the story; the danger was that if it was proved that the Gaiety "boys" knew the Frankenstein legend too little there was just the chance that they might know that of "Faust" too well. But both authors are experienced in stagecraft. It would be difficult for them to make a mistake. Mr. Sims can rhyme as well as Orlando, Rosalind, Touchstone, and Autolycus combined. Versification is with him a natural gift; and if some regrets are expressed that the story of "Faust" is played very low down—to the life of barmaids and bookmakers—it may be presumed that so experienced an author has studied and understands his audience. The young gentlemen in the stalls who stand up and shriek like the wildest and most untutored gallery boys at Drury-Lane at pantomime time, and who, disguised in evening dress, imitate the manners of the cheery lads in shirt-sleeves, have clearly no wish for an entertainment of a very advanced kind. Gretchen as a barmaid, and a running fire of sporting slang, are good enough for such patrons of the play. So the burlesque went as well as was expected.



BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION: MANAKI DANA, WHERE THE ENEMY MADE THEIR FIRST STAND.



CHARGE OF NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS AND 3RD SIKHS DOWN THE LUNDHA SPUR.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

The news to the end of October from the expedition against the hostile league of tribes in the mountains above Hazara, on the northern frontier of the Punjaub, shows that nearly all of them had been forced to submit, and to pay the fines imposed upon them. On the 28th, a detachment under General Channer entered Thakot. The road was less difficult than had been anticipated, and there was no opposition, keeping the promise made by the mountaineers to their Moollah: so the British force only paraded through the villages, the pipers of the Seaforth Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs, the Duke of Albany's) leading. They encamped at Dora, the first village on the return journey, belonging to a river tribe of Thakotees living near the Indus, here about 150 yards broad. Sharp firing was opened in the afternoon behind some rocks. Next day the force returned to Serai, as previously arranged, after burning Dora and destroying with guns the town on the opposite side of the river, to punish the unprovoked attack. The rear-guard was followed up by the enemy. On the 30th, the detachment retired farther, rejoining the column at Maidan, preparatory to an advance against the Aliwals, unless their submission be made by Nov. 13. But this tribe has sent a deputation to General M'Queen asking for peace, and the expedition began to return on Nov. 5.

We have received from Captain F. C. Carter, field intelligence officer with the first column of the Hazara Field-Force, some further Sketches, which we now present; one is that of the men of the 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, numbering about sixty, and forty men of the 3rd Sikhs, on Oct. 6, charging the enemy down the Lundha spur of the mountain, after the capture of Doda. The enemy, who numbered about 300, skirmished in splendid style after their charge was repulsed. They lost twelve killed and about thirty wounded. The loss on our side was two wounded. "One of our gallant foes," says Captain Carter, "met his death by a Martini-Henry bullet in the act of trying to carry off a wounded comrade under fire." The other Sketch is that of the hillock at Manaki Dana, where the enemy made their first stand; to the left-hand, in the background, the Chittabut Peak rises 9000 ft. high; to the right, along the ridge of hills, the enemy are seen advancing from Bilandkote and Trund. They were dislodged from this position by shell fire.

"THE MONK'S ROOM."

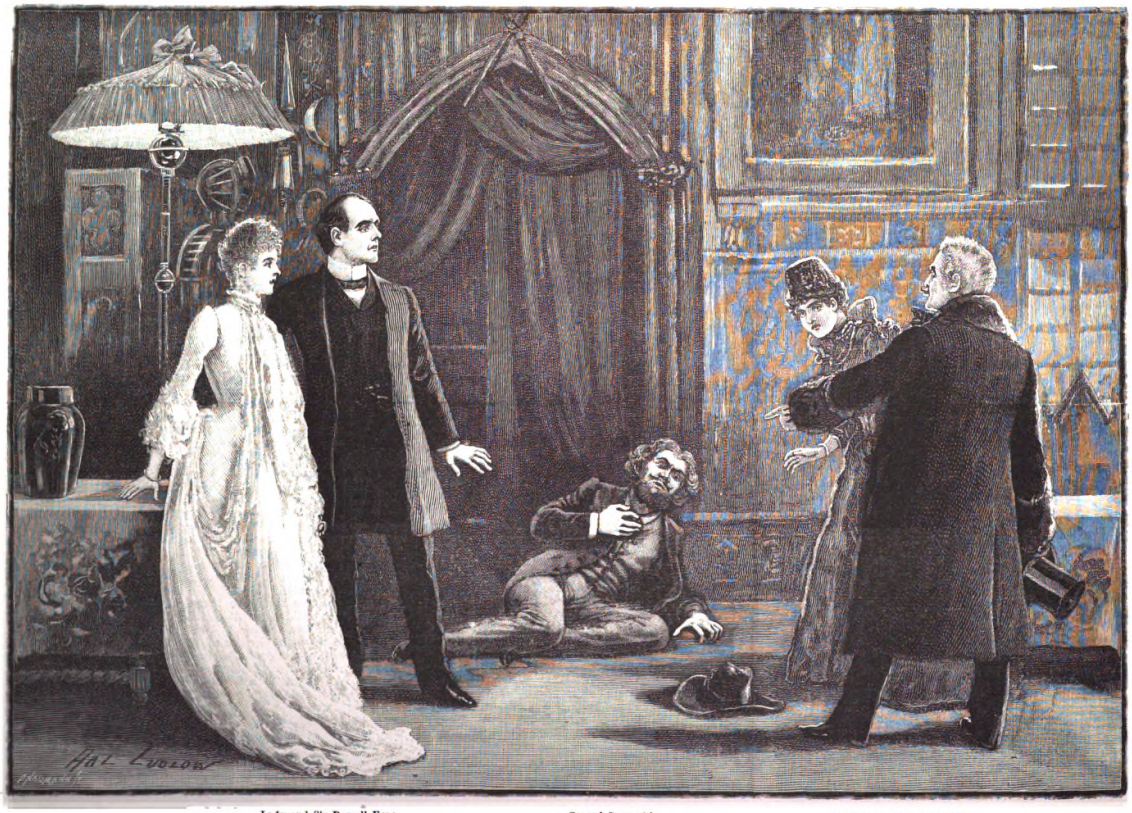
When the theatre-goer is sated with a round of thrilling melodrama, diverting farcical comedy, and more or less comic opera and burlesque, a welcome change of dramatic diet may be found at the Globe Theatre. Though the menu may be drawn up on somewhat old-fashioned lines, there is a "grip," there's a power in Mr. John Lart's ragoût of "The Monk's Room" that is eminently satisfying to the palate. This weird play has the advantage of being enacted by an exceedingly strong company, including that admirable artist, Mr. E. S. Willard, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Miss Alma Murray, Miss Marion Lea, and Mr. Ivan Watson. These form the effective closing tableau our Artist has chosen for Illustration. It is a tragic story that is set forth in "The Monk's Room." Returning to this gloomy, mystic chamber after many years of absence abroad, Sir Darrell Erne (Mr. Willard) soon realises that, in the words of Hood (quoted in the playbill):—

> O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
> A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
> And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
> The place is haunted!

It is haunted indeed! In an old oak chest here Sir Darrell's grandfather had deposited a woman he had murdered, an ancient servitor, Jabez Kulp, alone sharing the dead secret; and the legend goes, according to lugubrious Jabez, that the tragedy may be repeated. Left alone with this comforting assurance, Sir Darrell Erne is in no mood to be confronted in this dismal room with the evil genius of his life, the wife who had striven to betray him, a Russian Nihilist beauty by the name of Clotilde (Miss Marion Lea). They quarrel. She snatches up the knife that had been murderously used by Sir Darrell's respected relative. In the struggle Clotilde unwittingly stabs herself. Obviously, no handier place than the aforesaid oaken chest as a hiding-place for her body. Clotilde is no sooner dropped therein than a change takes place in the ancestral portrait above, and Sir Darrell stands aghast at the sight of what he believes to be the reproving look on "the Monk's" face sternly regarding him. Now, the key of the play is that Sir Darrell is persecuted by an inflexible Nihilist, Conrad Lazanski (Mr. H. Vezin), the confederate of Clotilde; and that this Lazanski uses the secret he knows Sir Darrell would guard from the world to wreck his connubial happiness, break the heart of his faithful young wife (Miss Alma Murray), and thus complete his revenge. The scene depicted shows how the wily conspirator is defeated in the end by the opportune appearance of a Russian nobleman, Count Zoroff (Mr. Ivan Watson) in company with Clotilde, who survived her injuries, and who turns out to have been married before she was espoused to Sir Darrell. Whilst Lazanski falls to the ground, dying from heart disease, Sir Darrell Erne and his young wife learn with relief that their clouds have rolled by at last.



THE DURHAM COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.



Lady and Sir Darrell Erne (Miss Alma Murray and Mr. Willard). Conrad Lazanski (Mr. Hermann Vezin). Clotilde and Count Zoroff (Miss Marion Lea and Mr. Ivan Watson).

SCENE FROM "THE MONK'S ROOM" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.



"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE."—DRAWN BY G. E. ROBERTSON.

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

Nineteenth Century.—The alleged baneful effects of competitive prize cram examinations on education at schools and colleges and at the Universities have elicited an argumentative protest, filling five pages, with fourteen pages of signatures, many being those of eminent physicians and surgeons; with a petition to the Queen for a Royal Commission of Inquiry, and a request that the authorities of Oxford and Cambridge and other Universities, and the head-masters of public and endowed schools, may also set on foot an inquiry into this subject. Professor Max Müller, Professor E. A. Freeman, and Mr. Frederic Harrison contribute forcible statements of their opinions adverse to the present examination system. In opposition to another educational project or tendency of this day, that of giving technical instruction in specific trades and industries in the popular schools, Lord Armstrong has written a second paper, replying to Sir Lyon Playfair. The recent progress of architectural design with reference to the public buildings at Westminster is reviewed by Mr. Shaw Lefevre. "A Scheme for the Unemployed," put forward by the Rev. S. A. Barnett, of Whitechapel, is that of sending destitute able-bodied men, who cannot get work in London, to labour for some months on a training-farm, established and managed by the Poor-Law guardians, with a view to agricultural emigration. Mr. Gladstone furnishes to the student of English history a minute analysis of Queen Elizabeth's acts of legislation and administration regarding the Church Establishment; but his concluding hint, that this part of our national institutions may perhaps be "assailable enough," is calculated to rouse fresh political alarms. Mr. "Montagnie Crackenthorpe," a gentleman not seeking to disguise his identity, recommends the complete amalgamation of Conservatives and Hartington Liberals in a solid Unionist party. The other articles are by Mr. R. E. Prothero, on the late Emperor Frederick and "the New Germany;" by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, on the memoirs of a Comte de Brienne, who saw much of Cardinal Mazarin and of the early part of the reign of Louis XIV.; by Dr. Villiers Stanford, a reply to certain rude attacks on Wagner, the musical and dramatic composer; and by Mr. W. L. Rees, a friend of the deposed King Malietoa, of Samoa, bringing grievous accusations against the official agents of the German Empire in their conduct towards that unfortunate native monarch. Certainly, if the French had anywhere in the Pacific islands behaved with such apparent treachery and high-handed violence, we should have heard loud expressions of indignation; but "one man may steal a horse, while another may not look over the hedge."

Contemporary Review.—The published fragments of the late Emperor Frederick's diary, written by him when Crown Prince of Prussia during the French war, are examined by Mr. Archibald Forbes, with a view to disprove the notion that he was the originator of the project of the German Empire, which Mr. Forbes believes, we think rightly, to have been a cherished idea of the Crown Prince's father, King William, from the beginning of his reign in Prussia, confirmed by the victory over Austria in 1866. Dr. R. W. Dale's impressions of Australia, which he recently visited on behalf of the Congregational Union, are very bright and pleasant. The report of the Commission on Elementary Education is discussed by the Rev. Canon Gregory, with a moderate restatement of the claims of schools established by voluntary efforts in which there is definite religious teaching. Sir Robert Ball, an eminent Dublin professor of astronomical and physical science, describes the tremendous volcanic eruption of Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda, five years ago. "The Religious Novel," by the Very Rev. Dr. Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor, is a tardy and not very effective deprecation of "Robert Elsmere." Mr. Albert Shaw explains the financial and political position of the tariff question in the United States. A weighty, learned, and comprehensive essay by the Rev. Principal Fairbairn, dealing with a vital theme of theological history, "The Genesis of the Puritan Ideal," will command the attention of earnest thinkers on religious questions. The account which Mr. J. Theodore Bent gives us of a Turkish gentleman, Hamdi Bey, Director of the Museum at Constantinople, a man of European education, an artist and an enthusiastic archæologist, has a piquant air of novelty, in contrast with common notions of the hidebound Turkish mind. If anybody still wants materials for the dreary controversy on the Irish Land Question, the statistical labours of Archbishop Walsh may serve a political purpose.

National Review.—Remedies for the evils of the "sweating system" in the manual industries of the East-End of London are discussed by Mr. Arthur Baumann, M.P., who advocates restrictions on foreign immigrants, factory inspection of all workshops, and sanitary regulations, which by transferring much of the work to country villages, would relieve the pressure in London. Mr. James Munro discourses of deer-shooting in Scotland. The sectarian violence of some Welsh newspapers is complained of by Mr. Edmund Vincent. A French estimate of Lord Randolph Churchill is translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Two medical men, Dr. Roy and Mr. Adami, jointly defend the wearing of stays and waist-belts, in the paper read before the British Association and here printed. The Rev. Dr. F. G. Lee relates the history of aid given in England to the exiled French clergy. Mr. W. Seton Karr censures the Indian Government of Lord Ripon for its dealings with grants for ecclesiastical purposes. "The Oratory of the House of Commons" is rather feebly satirised by Mr. C. W. Radcliffe-Cooke, M.P., whose parliamentary experience is not very old. Mr. E. Salmon enlarges on the benefit that might be gained by making the theatre an instrument of good moral teaching for the people. The revenue and expenditure of the University of Cambridge are analysed by the Rev. Professor G. F. Browne, who has met persons in society marvellously ignorant of this matter, one believing that the Universities and Colleges have about £300 a year of revenue for each undergraduate! but what was said may have been misunderstood.

Fortnightly Review.—No question concerning the administration of our national affairs is now more urgent than "What our Navy should be?" Three high authorities, Admiral Sir Thomas Symonds, Admiral Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby, and Admiral Lord Alcester, here deliver their testimony, declaring that, in case of war, we could neither blockade the French ports nor protect our maritime trade; that we need thirty new ironclads, 250 more fast cruisers, and a large number of smaller vessels, with 5000 more sailors and as many Royal Marine Artillery, and great enlargement of naval docks. Meantime, let us avoid quarrelling with France. The Rev. Canon Taylor follows up his criticism of the management of the Church Missionary Society by contrasting the scale of its financial expenditure, and the work done for it, with the vastly greater efficiency of the results obtained by the Universities Mission to Central Africa at a much smaller cost. "Where is Stanley?" is the question on which Mr. H. H. Johnston, who has been up the Congo with Stanley, writes in a hopeful strain, believing that Stanley has for months past been sojourning with Emin Pasha, and suggesting the likelihood of his returning westward through Darfur and Wadai to the Niger. Mr. William Morris discourses on the revival of artistic handicraft as an element of social reform. Lord Compton relates a visit to the ruins of Palmyra, dwelling on the romantic history of Queen Zenobia's fall. The actual performances of British official skill and integrity in the internal improvement of Egypt since 1883 are precisely indicated by an anonymous writer. Mr. Frederic Harrison's earnest and reverent explanation of the religious sentiments which he finds compatible with the Positivist mode of thought cannot but enhance our personal esteem for him, though readers who commend his spirit may still consider his views to be erroneous or inadequate to solve the problem of the spiritual life. The recent severe criticism of Mr. Rider Haggard's romances is smartly vindicated by its writer against the "ipse dixit" of Mr. Andrew Lang.

Blackwood's Magazine.—The story of "A Stiff-necked Generation" reaches its thirty-third chapter; we shall soon read it in three volumes. Mrs. Oliphant is evidently the author of "On the Dark Mountains," a solemn and pathetic religious prose-poem, in which "The Little Pilgrim" is again introduced. A memoir, or the review of a biography, of the late Major-General Sir Charles MacGregor does ample justice to his merits as a good soldier and practical adviser of military affairs on the Indian frontier. The administration and discipline of female convict prisons, described by an official visitor, but in a spirit of sympathetic compassion, are the subject of an article called "Scenes from a Silent World." Mr. W. W. Story's poem, "The Death of Antony," is the imaginary address of the dying Roman to Cleopatra: but it is not an excellent specimen of poetry. "Professions for Dogs" is a curious title; but Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming justifies its use by her account of the different special crafts and employments to which the various kinds of those useful animals have been trained; as hunters, as house-guards, as kitchen turnspits, as shepherds' assistants, as drawers of carts, as smugglers, as military sentinels, as carriers of letters, as trackers of criminals, and in the police service. "On the Wallaby Track" is, of course, a tale of adventures in the Australian Bush. An interesting study of antiquarian topography is presented in Mr. John Russell's description of the "Catrail," or Picts' Wark Ditch, running from Gala Water, on Tweedside, to Peel Fell on the Cheviots, and supposed to have been constructed by the Picts after the Roman garrison withdrew from Britain early in the fifth century. There is a review of Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of the late Principal Tulloch."

Murray's Magazine.—Sir Charles Warren, the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, rather haughtily lectures the inhabitants of London, and especially the London Press, on their alternate needless panics at the failure to detect the perpetrators of hideous crimes, and apprehensions of some defect in the existing police organisation, contrasted with fits of applause for the occasional examples of signal bravery and loyalty characteristic of policemen as a class of public servants. These sentiments, however, may be reconciled more easily than he seems to think by considering, as many do, that the defect to be remedied lies in the detective staff or in its methods of procedure; and his minute detail of the legal powers and ordinary duties of his force, much of which had been set forth in the "Manual" of Mr. Howard Vincent with equal precision, does not furnish all the information that we desire on that part of the subject. The author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" continues "The Reproach of Annesley." Mr. F. L. Moir, one of the managers of the African Lakes Company, pleads for British help to fight the slave-trading Arabs and their marauding native allies, whose atrocious cruelties have been abundantly exposed. "Beertown-upon-Trent," we need hardly say, is Burton, and here is a striking description of the great beer manufacture of that town. Mr. A. M. Wakefield, relating the early history of English music, treats of the old carols. There is a short tale, "An Unexpected Visit"; several chapters of another, "A Good Old Family"; and a wise little moral essay on Hesiod's very true saying, that "the half is more than the whole."

Macmillan's Magazine.—Mr. Bret Harte's "Cressy" is continued; and Mr. W. Clark Russell commences "Marooned," which sailors' word, signifying the situation of being put ashore on a desolate island by pirates or mutineers, promises to be verified in the experiences of the gentleman embarking on board a sailing-brig to escort a young lady from London to Rio Janeiro. Mr. Arthur Benson's study of the poet Gray, and a lively critical essay on historical romances and poems, have some literary interest. "Seas and Rivers" will attract the sentimental lover of Nature. The description of Mount Pentelicus and Marathon, and Greek peasant life, has an agreeable freshness.

Longman's Magazine.—Chapters are added to Mr. D. Christie Murray's tale, "A Dangerous Catspaw." A scheme to supersede "payment by results" in Government aid of elementary schools is expounded by Mr. J. H. Yoxall. Messrs. Walter Pollock and Brander Matthews combine to produce a short tale called "Mated by Magic." Miss May Kendall's "Barbara" is a tenderly humorous picture of the mental vagaries of some academical young ladies bewildered with "higher education." Frogs and herrings are described by competent naturalists.

Time.—Church-work and church-workers are discussed by the Rev. Harry Jones, a well-known London clergyman. There are strictures on a recent article by Mr. George Moore concerning the habits of actors and actresses. Mr. Henry Jephson recommends Ireland for the sport of grouse-shooting. Two young ladies, not too young but "in their twenties," have enjoyed a walking tour in Derbyshire. "A Forgotten Corner of England," which is the peninsula of Selsey, in West Sussex, is agreeably described. "The Novelists of the Restoration," including Mrs. Manley and Mrs. Aphra Behn, may be allowed a very small niche in literary history. "Kophetua XIII." approaches its conclusion.

English Illustrated Magazine.—Mr. H. Ryland's designs to illustrate the "Morte d'Arthur," with the analytic commentary on that old romance, and Mr. A. McCormick's sketches of antiquated buildings in Southwark, associated with Dickens's stories, will engage the reader's notice. "The House of the Wolf," an historical romance of the French Huguenots, and Mr. F. Marion Crawford's Roman story, "Sant' Ilario," are continued.

Cornhill Magazine.—"French Janet" and "A Life's Morning" are proceeding; there is also a short tale, "Chaloner's Best Man." "A Coach Drive at the Lakes," is a title needing no explanation. The "Notes by a Naturalist" are those of an autumn ramble over the hills of West Surrey.

Gentleman's Magazine.—"Shakspeare without End," by Mr. H. Schütz Wilson, is a gathering of a few personal details from the researches of Mr Halliwell-Phillipps. The useful St. John Ambulance Association is compared with the Crusading Order,—that of Jerusalem, Cyprus, Rhodes, and Malta—from which it takes its name. The Rev. S. Baring Gould relates the tragical murder of Winckelmann, the learned German art-critic, by a robber's hand at Trieste in 1768. Mr. Alexander C. Ewald revives the reminiscences of irregular marriages in the Fleet Prison. The great English novelist, Henry Fielding, had a sister, Sarah Fielding, of whose contributions to that kind of literature we learn something from Miss Clementina Black. Dr. A. H. Japp supplies an instructive treatise on quinine and the chinchona plant.

Temple Bar.—We have already reviewed "From Moor Isles." Mr. W. E. Norris is near putting an end to "The Rogue," and "The Ugly Miss Lorrimer" has come to her end. There are several brief tales here; an article on New York; one on Montserrat, in the West Indies, and one on the mud-bath establishment of Franzensbad, in Bohemia.

Belgravia.—This magazine is filled with stories, including the latter chapters of "Undercurrents," by the author of "Phyllis" and "Molly Bawn"; and Miss Sarah Tytler's "Blackhall Ghosts."

Woman's World.—This elegant magazine for ladies, edited by Mr. Oscar Wilde, maintains its pretensions as a journal of taste and fashion and feminine charities; but it may be doubted whether an article on Guy de Maupassant is quite in place. Mrs. Eliot-James writes of "Shopping in London"; Mrs. Fawcett, of "Women's Suffrage"; and Lady Wilde, of Irish peasant tales. Ostrich-rearing in South Africa, feather-fans, embroidery, hair-dressing, and housewifery are treated by different writers. There are many good engravings.

The Theatre.—Mr. Clement Scott's monthly review of dramatic and musical entertainments has a serviceable function to perform. It is adorned with photographs of Miss Edith Woodworth and Mr. Richard Mansfield. The editor writes a feeling personal memoir of the late Mr. J. M. Levy; there is also an account of Talma, the great French tragedian, who died in 1826.

The Century.—We are glad that American readers of this excellent magazine should have so good an account of the City Companies or Guilds of London, written by Dr. Norman Moore, warden of Bartholomew's Hospital, with illustrations by Mr. Joseph Pennell, an American artist. A portrait of Lord Nelson, the frontispiece to this number, accompanies the publication of twenty-four private letters, never before printed, which he wrote to Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge from the Baltic in 1801, before and after the bombardment of Copenhagen. The Rev. Dr. Robinson's topographical dissertation on the probable site of Calvary is based on the views of Mr. Fisher Howe, so long ago as 1871, confirmed by later examinations. The descriptions of Russian convict prisons in Siberia, and the history of the American Civil War, are continued.

Harper's Monthly.—Some of the wood-engravings are exquisitely fine in execution. The scenery of the Lower St. Lawrence is described in the first article. Mr. Theodore Child gives an account of the museum of the history of Paris, in the Hôtel Carnavalet, once the residence of Madame De Sévigné. Elk-hunting in the Rocky Mountains, the Tagus with the Portuguese boats and boatmen, the Bench and Bar at New Orleans, and the New York Real Estate Exchange, are topics sufficiently wide apart. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell end their "Journey to the Hebrides" by going round to the east coast of Scotland.

Scribner's Magazine.—In his estimate of the late Matthew Arnold's literary work, Mr. Augustine Birrell shows not an unfriendly spirit, but he disparages, more than sufficiently, the merits of that accomplished master of free-thinking criticism, while doing justice to his poetry. The late General Sheridan's narrative of his observations as a witness of the German military exploits from Gravelotte to Sedan is of some historical value; it is accompanied by a good portrait of that distinguished soldier. The everyday life and labours of railroad men in the United States are described in an article furnished with nineteen special illustrations. Mr. R. L. Stevenson contributes the first chapter of a new Scottish story, "The Master of Ballantrae," and reminiscences of his own youthful experiences at Wick, as pupil to an engineer.

"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE."

One is tempted now and then to provoke the anger of pedantic etymologists by wantonly hazarding a suggested derivation of some word that one knows to be more than questionable; it may serve as a sort of pun, which is no inapt weapon of defence against those who are too serious about trifles. Let this be the apology for boldly declaring that "sauce" and "souse" are just the same; and that to pour a bucketful of cold water over a living bird is a similar operation to the introduction of a spoonful of savoury condiment into the dish or the dinner-plate containing a portion of its flesh. The proper "sauce" for goose—not the human goose, who is often saucy enough by nature—may be determined by gastronomic art or science; we prefer apple-sauce, but that is a matter of opinion, not of "reason," like the "roasting of eggs." If anybody were minded deliberately to eat gander, instead of goose, as some have been reported to eat bull-beef—it is to be hoped with plenty of mustard—the precepts of natural equity, as between the sexes, would recommend the application of the same kind of sauce to which the goose is accustomed, or rather to which, more strictly speaking, she has to look for her final beatification and consecration to the human feast. But we are assured by a knowing poet—the author of the "Essay on Man," who might with equal wit and wisdom have written an "Essay on Goose," treating these subjects with much philosophic analogy from a moralist's point of view—that the feathered biped of the farmyard has no idea of serving or being served, with or without any sauce, for the gluttonous repast of that silly race, the "two-legged animals without feathers," who take the trouble to feed her and to fatten her as long as she lives:—

> While Man exclaims, "See, all things for my use!"
> "See Man for *mine*!" replies a pampered Goose.

We shall not pretend—being neither Pope nor moral philosopher—to decide whether the goose or the man is the greater goose, when it comes to that extreme of artificial epicurism, the manufacture and consumption of a "paté de foie gras," one of the foolishest things invented since the Roman's dish of nightingales' tongues. All that need be said in excuse for Sim Meeks, an Englishman of the seventeenth century, to judge from his costume, who is detected in the act of ducking a goose, or at least drenching one with the water from his ready pail, stands already patent in the humorous artist's drawing. This honest fellow keeps a stall of kitchen vegetables, the innocent produce of industrious gardening, which he is anxious to protect from the rapacious beaks of immoral and unmannerly customers of the poultry persuasion, mere Communists and Anarchists, rebelling against both Episcopalian and Presbyterian doctrine—a sort of Anabaptist professors of universal license, odious to sober Roundheads in the time of the Commonwealth. So he lifts his bucket, with the approval of his faithful partner, and gives them a cooling 'souse," which will admonish them to behave more prudently, and by which, though less than "immersion," something more than "sprinkling," the original sin of their nature may for a time be chastened, if not effectually subdued. This goose, at any rate, will not say of England, with the Frenchman, "What a country, to have five hundred religions, and only one sauce!"



LADY ARTISTS AT THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

The method and practice of professional instruction for artists in Paris may now be considered the most efficacious, for intelligent and industrious students, to be found in any European city; and the high degree of technical skill, by which a number of French painters are distinguished, proves the general excellence of their training. At the same time, Sir J. E. Millais, on a recent occasion, gave a warning to some of our own art-students against being led too far in the direction of Parisian discipleship. "There is among us," he said, "a band of young men who, though English, persist in painting with a broken French accent, all of them much alike, and seemingly content to lose their identity in their imitation of French masters, whom they are constitutionally unable to copy with justice either to themselves, or to their models." It may be true that the legitimate function of art-schools is that of teaching the processes, and not the effects, of art; but the learning of processes is the very advantage to be gained by the custom, frequent among notable French artists, of admitting pupils to their studios and allowing these to see them at work. The practice of attempting to copy great and admired works in the public Galleries may be commendable at a certain stage of the artist's education; and the noble collections in the Louvre, perhaps more abundantly than our own National Gallery, present examples suitable to form the style of a modern painter. It is one thing to learn the history of Art; another to acquire practically, by experiment, some knowledge of the means by which its finest effects have been produced, and of the extent to which these means are still available for the uses of the present day. Descending, however, from these serious considerations, we have merely to notice the constant attendance of students at the Louvre; especially the devoted zeal of the lady students, who belong to various nationalities, and who come armed with their palettes, bundles of brushes, and mahlsticks, in a rather formidable array. They are so terribly in earnest, and have so little time to spare—many of them being dependent on scanty and precarious earnings—that small heed is taken of the niceties of feminine dress, and coquetry is banished from their department; but we nevertheless applaud their industrious toil.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE WHITE SLAVE.



WHEN we dropped anchor in the port or road of Carlisle Bay we were boarded by a number of gentlemen, who welcomed the Captain, asked him the news, and drank with him. I meantime kept in my cabin, knowing that I must shortly come forth; and presently I heard the boatswain's pipe, and the order to all the prisoners to come on deck. Then one knocked softly at my door. It was the Captain.

"Madam," he said, with a troubled voice, "it is not too late. Suffer me, I pray you, to enter your name as one of those who died on the voyage. It is no great deception; the villain Penne will alone be hurt by it; and I swear to take you home, and to place you until better times with honest and Godfearing people in London."

"Oh! Sir!" I replied, "tempt me not, I pray you. Let me go forth and take my place among the rest."

He entreated me again, but finding that he could not prevail, he suffered me to come out. Yet, such was his kindness to the last that he would not place me with the rest, but caused his men to give me a chair on the quarter-deck. Then I saw that we were all to be sold. The prisoners were drawn up standing in lines, one behind the other, the men on one side and the women on the other. The hardships of the voyage had brought them so low that, what with their rags and dirt, and their dull scowls and savage faces, and their thin, pale cheeks, they presented a forbidding appearance indeed.

Three or four gentlemen (they were, I found, planters of the island) were examining them, ordering them to lift up their arms, stretch out their legs, open their mouths, and, in short, treating them like so many cattle; at which the women laughed with ribald words, but the men looked as if they would willingly, if they dared, take revenge.

"Faugh!" cried one of the planters. "Here is a goodly collection indeed! The island is like to become the dust-heap of Great Britain, where all the rubbish may be shot. Captain, how long before these bags of bones will drop to pieces? Well, sweet ladies and fair gentlemen"—he made a mock bow to the prisoners—"you are welcome. After the voyage, a little exercise will do you good. You will find the air of the fields wholesome; and the gentlewomen, I assure you, will discover that the drivers and overseers will willingly oblige any who want to dance with a skipping-rope."

There were now twenty or thirty gentlemen, all of them merchants and planters, on board, and a man stepped forward with a book and pencil in hand, who was, I perceived, the salesman.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this parcel of servants" (he called them a parcel, as if they were a bale of dry goods) "is consigned to my care by Mr. George Penne, of Bristol, their owner. They are partly from that city and partly from London, though shipped at the port of Bristol. A tedious voyage, following after a long imprisonment in Newgate and Bridewell, hath, it is true, somewhat reduced them. But there are among them, as you will find on examination, many lusty fellows and stout wenches, and I doubt not that what you buy to-day will hereafter prove good bargains. They are to be sold without reserve, and to the highest bidder. Robert Bull"—he read the first name on the list—"Robert Bull, shoplifter. Stand forth, Robert Bull."

There arose from the deck where he had been lying a poor wretch who looked as if he could hardly stand, wasted with fever and privation, his eyes hollow (yet they looked full of wicked cunning). The planters shook their heads.

"Come, gentlemen," said the salesman, "we must not judge by appearances. He is at present, no doubt, weak, but not so weak as he looks. I warrant a smart cut or two of the whip would show another man. Who bids for Robert Bull?"

He was sold after a little parley for the sum of five pounds. Then the speaker called another, naming his offence as a qualification. No pillory could be more shameful. Yet the men looked dogged and the women laughed.

The sale lasted for three or four hours, the prisoners being knocked down, as they say, for various sums, the greatest price being given for those women who were young and strong. The reason, I have been told, is that the women make better servants, endure the heat more patiently, do not commonly drink the strong spirit which destroys the men, and, though they are not so strong, do more work.

Last of all, the man called my name. "Alice Eykin, Rebel. Stand forth, Alice Eykin, Rebel."

"Do not go down among them," said the Captain. "Let them see at once that yours is no common case. Stand here."

He led me to the top of the ladder or steps which they call the companion—leading from the waist to the quarter-deck.

"Madam," he said, "it will be best to throw back your hood."

This I did, and so stood before them all bareheaded.

Oh! ye who are women of gentle nurture, think of such a thing as this: to stand exposed to the curious gaze of rough and ribald men; to be bought and sold like a horse or an ox at the fair! At first my eyes swam and I saw nothing, and should have fallen but that the Captain placed his hand upon my arm, and so I was steadied. Then my sight cleared, and I could look down upon the faces of the men below. There was no place whither I could fly and hide. It would be more shameful still (because it might make them laugh) to burst into tears. Why, I thought, why had I not accepted the Captain's offer and suffered my name to be entered as one of those who had died on the voyage and been buried in the sea?

Down in the waist the gentlemen gazed, and grasped in astonishment. It was no new thing for the planters to buy political prisoners. Oliver Cromwell sent over a shipload of Irishmen first, and another shipload of those engaged in the rising of Penruddock and Grove (among them were gentlemen, divines, and officers, of whom a few yet survived on the island). But as yet no gentlewoman at all had been sent out for political reasons. Wherefore, I suppose, they looked so amazed, and gazed first at me and then at one another and then gasped for breath.

"Alice Eykin, gentlemen," said the salesman, who had a tongue which, as they say, ran upon wheels, "is a young gentlewoman, the daughter, I am informed, of the Rev. Comfort Eykin, Doctor of Divinity, deceased, formerly Rector of Bradford Orcas, in the county of Somerset, and some time Fellow of his college at Oxford, a very learned Divine. She hath had the misfortune to have taken part in the Monmouth Rebellion, and was one of those Maids of Taunton who gave the Duke his Flags, as you have heard by the latest advices. Therefore, she is sent abroad for a term of ten years. Gentlemen, there can be no doubt that her relations will not endure that this young lady—as beautiful as she is unfortunate, and as tender as she is beautiful—should be exposed to the same hard treatment as the rogues and thieves whom you have just had put up for sale. They will, I am privately assured"—I heard this statement with amazement—"gladly purchase her freedom, after which, unless she is permitted to return, the society of our Colony will rejoice in the residence among them of one so lovely and so accomplished. Meantime, she must be sold like the rest."

"Did Monmouth make war with women for his followers?" asked a gentleman of graver aspect than most. "I, for one, will have no part or share in such traffic. Are English gentlewomen, because their friends are rebels, to be sent into the fields with the negroes?"

"Your wife would be jealous," said another, and then they all laughed.

I understood not until afterwards that the buying and selling of such a person as I appeared to be is a kind of gambling. That is to say, the buyer hopes to get his profit, not by any work that his servant should do, but by the ransom that his friends at home should offer. And so they began to bid, with jokes rude and unseemly, and much laughter, while I stood before them still bareheaded.

"Ten pounds," one began; "Twelve," cried another; "Fifteen," said a third; and so on, the price continually rising, and the salesman with honeyed tongue continually declaring that my friends (as he very well knew) would consent to give any ransom—any—so only that I was set free from servitude: until, for sixty pounds, no one offering a higher price, I was sold to one whose appearance I liked the least of any. He was a gross, fat man, with puffed cheeks and short neck, who had bought already about twenty of the servants.

"Be easy," he said, to one who asked him how he looked to get his money back. "It is not for twice sixty pounds that I will consent to let her go. What is twice sixty pounds for a lovely piece like this?"

Then the Captain, who had stood beside me, saying nothing, interfered.

"Madam," he said, "you can put up your hood again. And harkee, Sir," he spoke to the planter, "remember that this is a pious and virtuous gentlewoman, and"—here he swore a round oath—"if I hear when I make this port again that you have offered her the least freedom—you shall answer to me for it. Gentlemen all," he went on, "I verily believe that you will shortly have the greatest windfall that hath ever happened to you, compared with which the Salisbury Rising was but a flea-bite. For the trials of the Monmouth rebels were already begun when I left the port of Bristol, and though the Judges are sentencing all alike to death, they cannot hang them all—therefore his Majesty's plantations, and Barbadoes in particular, will not only have whole cargoes of stout and able-bodied servants, compared with whom these poor rogues are like so many worthless weeds; but there will also be many gentlemen, and perhaps gentlewomen—like Madam here—whose freedom will be bought of you. So that I earnestly advise and entreat you not to treat them cruelly, but with gentleness and forbearance, whereby you will be the gainers in the end, and will make their friends the readier to find the price of ransom. Moreover, you must remember that though gentlemen may be flogged at whipping-posts, and beat over the head with canes, as is your habit with servants both black and white, when the time of their deliverance arrives they will be no longer slaves but gentlemen again, and able once more to stand upon the point of honour and to run you through the body, as you will richly deserve, for your barbarity. And in the same way any gentlewomen who may be sent here have brothers and cousins who will be ready to perform the same act of kindness on their behalf. Remember that very carefully, gentlemen, if you please."

The Captain spoke to all the gentlemen present, but in the last words he addressed himself particularly unto my new master. It was a warning likely to be very serviceable, the planters being one and all notoriously addicted to beating and whipping their servants. And I have no doubt that these words did a great deal towards assuring for the unfortunate gentlemen who presently arrived such consideration and good treatment as they would not otherwise have received.

The island of Barbadoes, as many people know, is one of the Caribby Islands. It is, as to size, a small place, not more than twenty miles in length by fifteen in breadth, but in population it is a very considerable place indeed, for it is said to have as many people in it as the City of Bristol. It is completely settled, and of the former inhabitants not one is left. They were the people called Indians or Caribs, and how they perished I know not. The island hath four ports, of which the principal is that of St. Michael or the Bridge, or Bridgetown, in Carlisle Bay. The heat by day is very great, and there is no winter, but summer all the year round. There is, however, a cool breeze from the sea which moderates the heat. A great number of vessels call here every year (there is said to be one every day, but this I cannot believe). They bring to the island all kinds of European manufactures, and take away with them cargoes of Muscovada sugar, cotton, ginger, and logwood. The island hath its shores covered with plantations, being (the people say) already more thickly cultivated than any part of England, with fewer waste places, commons, and the like. The fruits which grow here are plentiful and delicious—such as the pineapple, the pappau, the guava, the bonannow, and the like—but they are not for the servants and the slaves. The fertility of the country is truly astonishing; and the air, though full of moisture, whereby knives and tools of all kinds quickly rust and spoil, is considered more healthy than that of any other West Indian island. But, for the poor creatures who have to toil in the hot sun, the air is full of fatigue and thirst: it is laden with fevers, calentures, and sunstrokes. Death is always in their midst; and after death, whatever awaits them, cannot, I think, be much worse than their condition on the island.

After the sale was finished, the Captain bade me farewell, with tears in his eyes, and we were taken into boats and conveyed ashore, I, for my part, sitting beside my purchaser, who addressed no word at all to me. I was, however, pleased to find that among the people whom he had bought was the girl Deb, who had been my maid (if a woman who is a convict may have a maid who is a sister-convict). When we landed, we walked from the quay or landing-place to a great building like a barn, which is called a barracoon, in which are lodged the negro slaves and servants before they go to their masters. But at this time it was empty. Hither came presently a certain important person in a great wig and a black coat, followed by two negro beadles, and carrying a long cane or stick. After commanding silence, this officer read to us in a loud voice those laws of the colony which concern servants, and especially those who, like ourselves, are transported for various offences. I forget what these laws were; but they seemed to be of a cruel and vindictive nature, and all ended with flogging and extension of the term of service. I remember, for instance—because the thought of escape from a place in the middle of the ocean seemed to me mad—that, by the law, if anyone should be caught endeavouring to run away, he should be first flogged and then made to serve three years after his term was expired; and that no ship was allowed to trade with the island or to put in for water, unless the captain had given security with two inhabitants of the island in the sum of £2000 sterling not to carry off any servant without the owner's consent.

When these laws had been read, the officer proceeded, further, to inform us that those who were thus sent out were sent to work as a punishment; that the work would be hard, not light; and that those who shirked their work, or were negligent in their work, would be reminded of their duties in the manner common to Plantations; that if they tried to run away they would most certainly be caught, because the island was but small; and that when they were caught, not only would their term of years be increased, but that they would most certainly receive a dreadful number of lashes. He added, further, that as nothing would be gained by malingering, sulking, or laziness, so, on the other hand, our lot might be lightened by cheerfulness, honesty, and zeal. A more surly, ill-conditioned crew I think he must have never before harangued. They listened, and on most faces I read the determination to do no more work than was forced from them. This is, I have learned, how the plantation servants do commonly begin; but the most stubborn spirit is not proof against the lash and starvation. Therefore, before many days they are as active and as zealous as can be desired, and the white men, even in the fields, will do double the work that can be got out of the black.

Then this officer went away, followed by his beadles, who cast eyes of regret upon us, as if longing to stay and exercise their wands of office upon the prisoners' backs. This done, we were ordered to march out. My master's horse was waiting for him, led by a negro; and two of his overseers, also mounted and carrying whips in their hands, waited his commands. He spoke with them a few minutes, and then rode away.

They brought a long cart with a kind of tilt to it, drawn by two asses (here they call them assenegoes), and invited me courteously to get into it. It was loaded with cases and boxes, and a negro walked beside the beasts. Then we set out upon our march. First walked the twenty servants—men and women—newly bought by the master; after them, or at their side, rode the overseers, roughly calling on the laggards to quicken their pace, and cracking their whips horribly. Then came the cart in which I sat. The sun was high in the heavens, for it was not more than three of the clock; the road was white and covered with dust; and the distance was about six or seven miles, and we went slowly, so that it was already nigh unto sunset when we arrived at the master's estate.

Thus was I, a gentlewoman born, sold in the Island of Barbadoes for a slave. Sixty pounds the price I fetched. Oh! even now, when it is all passed long since, I remember still with shame how I stood upon the quarter-deck, my hood thrown back, while all those men gazed upon me, and passed their ribald jests, and cried out the money they would give for me!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE FIRST DAY OF SERVITUDE.

Thus began my captivity. Thus I began to sit beside the waters of Babylon, more wretched than the daughters of Zion, because they wept together, while I wept alone. I looked for no release or escape until the Lord should mercifully please to call me away by opening the Gate of Death. For even if I were released—if by living out the ten years of servitude I could claim my freedom, of what use would it be to me? Whither could I fly? where hide myself? Yet you shall hear, if you will read, how a way, terrible at first and full of peril, was unexpectedly opened, and in what strange manner was wrought my deliverance.

We arrived at our new master's estate—which was, as I have said, about seven miles from the port—towards sundown. We were marched (rather, driven) to a kind of village, consisting of a double row of huts or cottages, forming a broad street, in the middle of which there were planted a large number of the fruit-trees named here bonanows (they are a kind of plantain). The green fruit was hanging in clusters, as yet unripe; but the leaves, which are also the branches, being for the most part blown into long shreds, or rags, by the wind, had an untidy appearance. The cottages looked more like pigsties for size and shape; they were built of sticks, withs, and plantain-leaves both for sides and for roof. Chimneys had they none, nor windows; some of them had no door, but an opening only. Thus are housed the servants and slaves of a plantation. The furniture within is such as the occupants contrive. Sometimes there is a hammock or a pallet with grass mats and rugs; there are some simple platters and basins, in each but there are two, three, or four occupants.

Here let me in brief make an end of describing the buildings on this estate, which were, I suppose, like those of every other. If you were to draw a great square, in which to lay down or figure the buildings, you would have in one corner the street or village of the people; next to the village lies the great pond which serves for drinking-water as well as for washing. The negroes are fond of swimming and bathing in it, and they say that the water is not fouled thereby, which I can not understand. In the opposite corner you must place the Ingenio, or house where the sugar-canes are brought to be crushed and ground, and the sugar is made. There are all kinds of machines, with great wheels, small wheels, cogs, gutters for running the juice, and contrivances which I cannot remember. Some of the Ingenios are worked by a wind-mill, others by horses and assenegoes. There is in every one a still where they make that fiery spirit which they call "kill-devil." Near the Ingenio are the stables, where there are horses, oxen, assenegoes, and the curious beast spoken of in Holy Writ called the camel. It hath been brought here from Africa, and is much used for carrying the sugar. The open space around the Ingenio is generally covered and strewed with trash, which is the crushed stalk of the cane. It always gives forth a sour smell (as if fermenting), which I cannot think to be wholesome. In the fourth corner is the planter's house. Considering that these people sometimes grow so rich that they come home and buy great estates, it is wonderful that they should consent to live in houses so mean and paltry. They are of wood, with roofs so low that one can hardly stand upright in them; and the people are so afraid of the cool wind which blows from the east that they have neither doors nor windows on that side; but will have them all towards the west, whence cometh the chief heat of the sun—

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

"Madam," he said, "it will be best to throw back your hood." This I did, and so stood before them all bareheaded.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

namely, the afternoon heat. Their furniture is rude, and they have neither tapestry, nor wainscoted walls, nor any kind of ornament. Yet they live always in the greatest luxury, eating and drinking of the best. Some of the houses my master's among them—have an open verandah (as they call it: in Somerset-shire we should call it a linney) running round three sides of the house, with coarse canvas curtains which can be let down so as to keep out the sun, or drawn up to admit the air. But their way of living—though they eat and drink of the best—is rude, even compared with that of our farmers at home; and a thriving tradesman, say, of Taunton, would scorn to live in such a house as contenteth a wealthy planter of Barbadoes. Behind the house was a spacious garden, in which grew all kinds of fruits and vegetables, and all round the buildings on every side stretched the broad fields of sugar-canes, which, when they are in their flower or blossom of grey and silver, wave in the wind more beautifully than even a field of barley in England.

On the approach of our party and the voices of the overseers, a gentlewoman (so, at least, she seemed) came out of the house and stood upon the verandah, shading her eyes and looking at the gang of wretches. She was dressed splendidly in a silken gown and flowered petticoat, as if she was a very great lady, indeed; over her head lay a kerchief of rich black lace; round her neck was a gold chain; when she slowly descended the steps of the verandah and walked towards us I observed that she was of a darker skin than is customary to find at home; it was, indeed, somewhat like the skin of the gipsy people; her features were straight and regular; her hair was quite black, her eyes were also black, and large, shaped like almonds. On her wrists were heavy gold bracelets, and her fingers were loaded with rings. She seemed about thirty years of age. She was a woman of tall and fine presence, and she stood and moved as if she was a Queen. She presently came forth from the verandah and walked across the yard towards us.

"Let me look at them—your new batch," she said, speaking languidly, and with an accent somewhat foreign. "How many are there? Where do they come from? Who is this one, for instance?" She took the girl named Deb by the chin, and looked at her as if she were some animal to be sold in the market. "A stout wench, truly. What was she over there?"

The overseer read the name and the crimes of the prisoner. Madam (this was the only name by which I knew her) pushed her away disdainfully.

"Well," she said, "she will find companions enough here. I hope she will work without the whip. Hark ye, girl," she added with, I think, kindly intent, "it goes still to my heart when I hear that the women have been trounced; but the work must be done. Remember that! And who are those—and those?" She pointed with contempt to the poor creatures covered with dirt and dust, and in the ragged, miserable clothes they had worn all the voyage. "Street sweepings; rogues and thieves all. Let them know," she said grandly, "what awaits those who skulk and those who thieve. And whom have we here?"—she turned to me—"Is this some fine city madam fresh from Bridewell?"

"This prisoner," said the overseer, "is described as a rebel in the late Monmouth rising."

"A rebel? Truly?" she asked with curiosity. "Were Monmouth's soldiers women? We heard by the last ship som thing of this. Madam, I know not why you must needs become a rebel; but this, look you, is no place for gentlewomen to sit down and fold their arms."

"Madam," I replied, "I look for nothing less than to work, being now a convict (though I was never tried) and condemned—I know not by whom—to transportation in his Majesty's Plantations."

"Let me look at your hands," she said sharply. "Why, of what use are these little fingers? They have never done any work. And your face—prithee, turn back your hood." I obeyed, and her eyes suddenly softened. Indeed, I looked not for this sign of compassion, and my own tears began to flow. "'Tis a shame!" she cried. "'Tis a burning shame to send so young a woman—and a gentlewoman, and one with such a face—to the Plantations! Have they no bowels? Child, who put thee aboard the ship?"

"I was brought on board by one Mr. Penne, who deceived me, promising that I should be taken to New England, where I have cousins."

"We will speak of this presently. Meantime—since we must by the law find you some work to do—can you sew?"

"Yes, Madam, I can perform any kind of needlework, from plain sewing to embroidery."

"What mean they," she cried again, "by sending a helpless girl alone with such a crew? The very Spaniards of whom they talk so much would blush for such barbarity. Well, they would send her to a convent where the good Nuns would treat her kindly. Madam, or Miss, thou art bought, and the master may not, by law, release you. But there is a way of which we will talk presently. Meanwhile, thou canst sit in the sewing-room, where we may find thee work."

I thanked her. She would have said more; but there came forth from the house, with staggering step, the man who had bought us. He had now put off his wig and his scarlet coat, and wore a white dressing-gown and a linen nightcap. He had in his hand a whip, which he cracked as he walked.

"Child," said Madam, quickly, "pull down your hood. Hide your face. He hath been drinking, and at such times he is dangerous. Let him never set eyes upon thee save when he is sober."

He came rolling and staggering, and yet not so drunk but he could speak, though his voice was thick.

"Oho!" he cried. "Here are the new servants. Stand up, every man and woman. Stand up, I say!" Here he cracked his whip, and they obeyed, trembling. But Madam placed herself in front of me. "Let me look at ye." He walked along the line, calling the unhappy creatures vile and foul names. O shame! thus to mock their misery! "What!" he cried. "You think you have come to a country where there is nothing to do but lie on your backs and eat turtle and drink mobbie? What! You shall find out your mistake." Here he cracked his whip again. "You shall work all day in the field, not because you like it, but because you must. For your food, it shall be lobbollie, and for your drink, water from the pond. What, I say! Those who skulk shall learn that the Newgate 'eat' is tender compared with her brother of Barbadoes. Tremble, therefore, ye devils all; tremble!"

They trembled visibly. All were now subdued. Those of them who swaggered—the dare-devil reckless blades when first we sailed, were now transformed into cowardly, trembling wretches, all half-starved, and some reduced with fevers, with no more spirit left than enabled them still to curse and swear. The feeblest of mortals, the lowest of human wretches, has still left so much strength and will that he can sink his immortal soul lower still—a terrible power, truly.

Then Madam drew me aside gently, and led me to a place like a barn, where many women, white and black, sat sewing, and a great quantity of little black babies and naked children played about under their charge. The white women were sad and silent; the blacks, I saw with surprise, were all chattering and laughing. The negro is happy, if he have enough to eat and drink, whether he be slave or free. Madam sat down upon a bench, and caused me to sit beside her.

"Tell me," she said kindly, "what this means. When did women begin to rebel? If men are such fools as to go forth and fight, let them; but for women"—

"Indeed," I told her, "I did not fight."

Then nothing would do but I must tell her all, from the beginning—my name, my family, and my history. But I told her nothing about my marriage.

"So," she said, "you have lost father, mother, brothers, lover, and friends by this pretty business. And all because they will not suffer the King to worship in his own way. Well, 'tis hard for you. To be plain, it may be harder than you think, or I can help. You have been bought for sixty pounds, and that not for any profit that your work will bring to the estate, because such as you are but a less and a burden; but only in the hope that your friends will pay a great sum for ransom."

"Madam, I have indeed no friends left who can do this for me."

"If so, it is indeed unfortunate. For presently the master will look for letters on your behalf, and if none come I know not what he may threaten or what he may do. But think—try to find someone. Consider, your lot here must be hard at best; whereas, if you are released, you can live where you please; you may even marry whom you please, because beautiful young gentlewomen like yourself are scarce indeed in Barbadoes. 'Tis Christian charity to set you free. Remember, Child, that money will do here what I suppose it will do anywhere—all are slaves to money. You have six months before you in which to write to your friends and to receive an answer. If in that time nothing comes, I tell thee again, Child, that I know not what will happen. As for the life in the fields, it would kill thee in a week."

"Perhaps, if the Lord so wills," I replied helplessly, "that may be best. Friends have I none now, nor any whom I could ask for help—save the Lord alone. I will ask for work in the fields."

"Perhaps he may forget thee," she said—meaning the master. "But, no; a man who hath once seen thy face will never forget thee. My dear, he told me when he came home that he had bought a woman whose beauty would set the island in flames. Pray Heaven, he come not near thee when he is in liquor. Hide that face, Child. Hide that face. Let him never see thee. Oh! there are dangers worse than labour in the fields—worse than whip of overseer!" She sprang to her feet, and clasped her hands: "You talk of the Lord's will! What hath the Lord to do with this place? Here is nothing but debauchery and drinking, cruelty and greed. Why have they sent here a woman who prays?"

Then she sat down again and took my hand.

"Tender maid," she said, "thy face is exactly such as the face of a certain Saint—'tis in a picture which hangs in the chapel of the convent where the good Nuns brought me up long ago, before I came to this place—long ago. Yes, I forget the name of the Saint: thou hast her face. She stood, in the picture, surrounded by soldiers who had red hair, and looked like devils—English devils, the Nuns said. Her eyes were raised to Heaven, and she prayed. But what was done unto her I know not, because there was no other picture. Now she sits upon a throne in the presence of the Mother of God."

The tears stood in her great black eyes—I take it that she was thinking of the days when she was young.

"Well, we must keep thee out of his way. While he is sober, he listens to reason, and thinks continually upon his estate and his gains. When he is drunk no one can hold him, and reason is lost on him."

She presently brought me a manchet of white bread and a glass of Madeira wine, and then told me that she would give me the best cottage that the estate possessed, and for my better protection, another woman to share it with me. I thanked her again, and asked that I might have the girl called Deb, which she readily granted.

And so my first day of servitude ended in thus happily finding a protector. As for the cottage, it was a poor thing; but it had a door, and a window with a shutter. The furniture was a pallet with two thick rugs and nothing more. My condition was desperate, indeed; but yet, had I considered, I had been, so far, most mercifully protected. I was shipped as a convict (it is true) by a treacherous villain, but on the ship I found a compassionate Captain, who saved me from the company among whom I must otherwise have dwelt. I was sold to a drunken and greedy planter; but I found a compassionate woman who promised to do what she could; and I had for my companion the woman who had become a most faithful maid to me upon the voyage, and who still continued in her fidelity and her love. Greater mercies yet—and also greater troubles—were in store, as you shall see.

(To be continued.)

The Registrar-General's quarterly return of marriages, births, and deaths has been issued. It states that the population of the United Kingdom in the middle of 1888 is estimated at 37,440,505 persons; that of England and Wales at 28,628,804, of Scotland at 4,034,156, and of Ireland at 4,777,545. In the United Kingdom, 270,720 births and 139,821 deaths were registered in the three months ending Sept. 30, 1888. The natural increase of population was, therefore, 130,899. The registered number of persons married in the quarter ending June 30, 1888, was 124,920. The birth-rate in the United Kingdom in the third quarter of 1888 was 28·7, and the death-rate 14·8 per 1000. The marriage-rate in the second quarter of 1888 was 13·4 per 1000.

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MATRIMONY.

I think it was the *Times* newspaper—then sole monarch of the journalistic world now so Republican—which started, in years gone by, the "silly season" discussions of matters interesting to the public at large by that public itself. Now a younger rival has made itself chief master of the secret of "tapping the reservoir," as it has been well called, of middle-class feeling and opinion: and provides, in the letters it publishes, invaluable documents for the social history of the England of our time.

Its discussion this year has been perhaps the most noteworthy yet started: full to the brim of signs and self-revelations of the times. Probably a good many of the letters are not genuine—the roar of those "young lions," as they used to be called, is often to be recognised: but great numbers of these confessions, complaints, outbursts of ill-temper or of conceit, are as real as they can be; and some, let us hope, of the records of happiness—though I think that, as a rule, when a man has a happy home he does not blow a trumpet to proclaim the fact.

And how curious it all is: how like Le Sage's story, in which the "Devil on Two Sticks" shows his hero the world of Paris—with the roofs off. Here we see nagging wives, drinking husbands, lonely bachelors—and British newspaper-readers of to-day, and the editors who provide reading for their tastes.

This is almost the most instructive part of it. Has anyone noticed that there are many among these letters which a British editor of even ten years ago would not have dared to publish at all? Cautiously beginning with a wholesale onslaught on this Mrs. Mona Caird, whom they have so suddenly made famous, the adroit managers of the discussion have found themselves able to publish, unrebuked, letters advocating what we may call experimental matrimony, and letters describing at first hand experiments therein—doubtless instructive and valuable, but in no way sanctioned by Church or Law.

And Mrs. Grundy has not arisen and torn the *Daily Telegraph* to pieces! What does it mean? Is she sleeping? or is she still on a journey—perhaps to Boulogne, and other places where things shocking are but the sights of the country, and as such to be stared at! Or may we hope that she is at last growing old and toothless, and that the forgotten virtue of telling the truth may be expected to "come in" next season, or the season after?

If this were so indeed there might be hopes of improvement in many things—and in matrimony not least. These letters in the main confirm what is, I think, the judgment of most men whose views are not too strongly biassed by personal experience: that misery in marriage is more often caused by an apparent lack of money than by anything else (except drink).

And, if Mrs. Grundy do but lose her power, the sensible minority who are happy with only money enough to pay for food, warmth (of shelter and clothing), and education, will gain a great following: and much nagging, many lies, and many tears will be saved. Moreover, more men and women would marry; and so would come a great addition to the world's stock of happiness.

For here is a point, which has been curiously overlooked by every writer on this question. Even though, as I am inclined to think, marriages are now happier than ever they were—because the woman is taking her fair place in the household—yet, year by year, marriage is more and more a failure.

This is no paradox, but a mere arithmetical truth. For, if every marriage in England were a perfectly happy one, but only one per cent of the adult population got married, I think it would be admitted that matrimony as an institution had broken down—had, indeed, ceased to be a regular "institution" altogether.

And we of the middle-class are going that way, and going quickly. Nearly every working-man has his wife—and so have a good many working-boys; and the aristocracy seem to marry early and often. But, though statistics could hardly prove whether marriage is a failure in the case of the married, I think they would show clearly enough that it fails to attract as large a proportion of the middle-class as it did a century or half a century ago. Look at the immense number of unmarried men of thirty—and think what that means in spinsters!

Perhaps as far as this reluctance to marry is caused by lack of money to keep up appearances, it may tend to disappear with the decay of Mrs. Grundy—and, indeed, I think she is beginning to dodder a little; but that is not all. People are getting cautious, in the world's old age: boys escape later from their parents' control, and have often passed the first period of hasty impulse before they are really their own masters. And then, they think, and sigh, and hesitate: and youth goes by, and even middle-age; and they remain alone, unloved. The old ties break, as years roll on, and new ones are not formed. It is sad, after all. Even looking at a "jolly old bachelor" of fifty—before the last loneliness has set in—one cannot help thinking of the prayer of Victor Hugo: that he, and those he loved, and even his enemies "triumphant in wrongdoing," might never see—

> L'été sans fleurs vermeilles,
> La cage sans oiseaux, la ruche sans abeilles,
> La maison sans enfants.

Only, what is to be done! Schemes, visions, theories of Utopia, come to very little; whatever is done in this matter, as in most other matters, will, in the main, do itself; but in time, no doubt, something *will* be done. Matrimony has known many forms, during the lifetime of this elderly planet, and will know many more. The Hebrews were strongly in favour of a plurality of wives, and it is noteworthy that the wisest of them had most: King Solomon rejoiced in seven hundred—a number which seems to have excited some wonder even then.

But the serious objection to his proceedings was that many of these ladies, though highly eligible on social grounds (for they were Princesses, all of them) were foreigners, belonging to the heathen nations across the borders. This was as directly against the laws of the Hebrews as marrying any member of one's own tribe was with some other primitive peoples. Even so, in our own time and country, it is not at all the thing to marry your own sister, your mother-in-law, or even your grandmother; while in polite circles in (I think) the South Sea Islands, the crime of wedding any but a very near relation indeed is one hardly to be alluded to before ladies.

Now-a-days in England you can marry when you like, or not at all; it is only the dissolution of partnership which is difficult. But in Greece, by the laws of Lycurgus, criminal proceedings might be taken against you if you married too late or unsuitably—or, of course, if you were a hardened offender and did not marry at all. And in Rome—where a Roman citizen could only legally marry the daughter of a Roman citizen—the idea of a complete personal unity of husband and wife was acted upon so strictly, that the mere dissent of either party (when formally expressed) could dissolve the marriage. Indeed, one may pretty safely say that, whatever system has been devised by Mrs. Mona Caird as a substitute for modern matrimony, the one thing certain about it is that it will be no novelty.

E. R.

ACROSS THE FURKA PASS.

It was on a warm sunny morning in the third week of September that I started from Martigny to visit the Rhone glacier and cross the Furka Pass. Several people had hinted to me that it was too late in the year for the expedition, but I had not been able to accomplish it earlier, and as it was one to which I had long looked forward, I was determined to carry it out, if possible; nor was I in any way disappointed at the result.

The first part of the journey, from Martigny to Brieg, a distance of about forty-five miles, was by the railway which traverses the lower and least interesting part of the Rhone Valley, much of which shows unmistakable traces of repeated inundations, though there is much that is romantic and even grand. Lofty mountains, some clothed with forests, but mostly bare and rugged, enclose the valley on both sides, snow-capped peaks being occasionally seen in the distance, while the aspect of several of the small towns and villages, with their ruined castles and ancient houses, is decidedly picturesque. Especially noteworthy is Sion, the capital of the canton of Valais, with its old Roman towers and walls, which give it the appearance of being strongly fortified.

From Brieg the journey was made by carriage. The road, at first nearly level, runs for some distance along a green and fertile tract of country, passing by one or two prosperous-looking villages, after which it ascends rather steeply through a narrow ravine, down which the Rhone rushes wildly over its rocky bed; then crossing two or three wooden bridges, whence lovely views are obtained, reaches Lax, the point from which travellers generally start to ascend the Eggischhorn. After passing Fiesch the character of the country becomes somewhat different, the road here traversing a wide, pastoral valley in which the people were busily endeavouring to get their crops housed.

By far the greater part of the land here is utilised for feeding cattle, the pasture being of the same rich description and vivid green as elsewhere in Switzerland, the cows literally standing far above their hoofs in the lush growth. No wonder that the animals themselves are so sleek, and the milk they yield so sweet and creamy. Here and there were little, sorry-looking patches of corn being cut, as it seemed to me before it was anything like ripe; but the poor people were, no doubt, anxious to get it in, for the weather often changes suddenly in these high regions, and they knew that if it once broke their chance of harvesting would be gone. Men and women were working together, the latter taking their full share of the labour, cutting both corn and fodder and putting it into the large hempen sheets which they spread on the ground for the purpose, and then tie up by the four corners, after which they often carry the heavy bundles on their backs or heads for a considerable distance, not infrequently up or down the side of some steep incline. The work is considerably easier when the bundles have to be brought downhill instead of being carried up, as a vigorous kick, rightly administered, will often set them rolling for a long way.

We next passed through a succession of villages so near to each other that they almost joined—so close, in fact, that I was rather surprised to find each of them possessing not only a church, but also a mortuary chapel. This is rendered necessary by the scanty accommodation afforded in the houses, which are very poor at this part (and mostly built on piles, with the double purpose of protecting them from the floods caused by the melting snow in spring, as well as from the rats which abound), far more space in them being devoted to the cattle and the stores than to the human occupants; besides which, the windows are small and few, the idea in this region, where winter is so rigorous, being rather to exclude than to admit the outer air.

The churches hereabouts struck me as ugly, high-shouldered-looking buildings, with little slits of windows very high up in them; all had one—several, three or four—small metal pinnacles, I must call them for want of a better word. Of course, no one would expect the churches in such a remote district to be otherwise than plain; but these were as desolate-looking in the interior as they were outside, the altars and chapels being as hideous and trumpery as the shrines we so frequently passed on the road, where the representations of the Saviour and the Virgin Mary were so grotesque as to be almost repulsive. Münster is the last of this series of villages, and by far the largest; and, while the horses rested, we paid a visit to the church, the largest in the valley, and one which is regarded by the people somewhat in the light of a cathedral. It is certainly more decorated than any of the others, and can boast of some stained glass; but this is of an ultra-modern type, and I could not see much to admire. The porch is adorned with some horribly realistic frescoes. The view from the churchyard is, however, well worthy of note, commanding the wide valley we had just traversed, with range upon range of mountains in the background. Most of the graves had a simple wooden cross at the head, and nearly all a stone, mortar-like vessel beside it. I supposed this was intended for holy water, though I had never before seen them thus placed, and my conjecture was confirmed by a peasant woman and her daughter who came up at the moment, bringing with them a friend, who I afterwards learnt belonged to the neighbouring canton of Unterwalden. The elder woman had evidently been very good-looking in her youth, and her eyes were still handsome and expressive; but hard work and poor food soon leave their traces upon these villagers, and the women look old very early. She replied to my questions about life in this out-of-the-way place without any complaint, yet a half melancholy tone pervaded her words and aspect—a tone that I also observed among the men. This woman told me that they had quite enough to do to get in their crops during the short summer; but when I asked if they did not find the winter long, she quickly answered that there was more than work for all hands; the men and boys tending the cows and cutting and carving wood, the women minding their household duties, spinning their thread, weaving it into material and afterwards making it into garments. "Besides which there are always the stockings to knit," she added, as if this were conclusive. Her patois was much easier to understand than that of many of the people with whom I talked, but she seemed to think it strange that I should be English, as I told her I was, and yet able to speak German, and she finished by expressing her surprise that so many foreigners should come to her country, "where there was so little to see." The rushing river, glorious mountains, and other natural beauties, among which she had always lived, were as nothing in her eyes, so true is the old adage that "Familiarity breeds contempt."

After passing through Ulrichen, a rather dismal-looking place, where we saw a priest haranguing his flock in the street, and one or two other villages still higher up the valley, the road began to wind steeply up the mountain-side, at first between pine-woods, the scent of which was delicious, till at length we seemed to get above the region of trees and found ourselves climbing the wild and narrow gorge down which the Rhone forces its way. It was a grand scene, but so lonely and desolate-looking as to make us feel almost glad to have overtaken another party of travellers whose destination was the same as our own—viz., the Rhone Glacier Hotel. Our driver had been walking for a long time beside the patient horses that toiled steadily on, only now and then stopping to rest for a minute or two at one of the many bends in the road which sometimes almost overhang the yawning depths below, while at other places the mighty rocks looked as if they would fall and bury us beneath them, while the river roared and thundered over huge boulders hundreds of feet below. I was getting very cold by this time, and was not sorry when the man remounted, saying, "We shall be there in five minutes!" Another turning, and the mighty glacier lay before us.

It was a wonderful sight, never to be forgotten, filling the soul with reverent awe. There was no need for words; it would have seemed like sacrilege to speak in the presence of such a scene. So grand, so pure, so silent, the vast field of ice rose before us like a huge frozen torrent, and as I looked the words of the poet came into my mind—

> Ye icy falls! Ye that from the mountain's brow
> Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
> Torrents, methinks, that heard the mighty Voice,
> And stopped at once, amid their maddest plunge!
> Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
> Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
> Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
> Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
> Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your feet?
> God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
> Answer; and let the ice-plains echo—God!

But I have lingered so long over this first part of my journey as to leave myself but short space to speak of the remainder of the ascent, and it is a long way from the Rhone glacier to the top of the Furka Pass.

Starting by eight o'clock the next morning, we soon found ourselves winding up steeper gradients than any we had yet ascended, and now it was, as we neared the top of the glacier, that we gained some idea of its great extent, its actual length from top to bottom being no less than six miles, rising in a series of terraces of colossal ice-pillars one above another. The glacier loses none of its grandeur in the daylight, though it seemed less appalling. Goats were browsing at its very brink, and some cows, too, were making the best of the coarse grass which grew close to its edge, climbing about the almost perpendicular declivities that looked as if they could scarcely afford a foothold to any living creature.



VALAIS WOMEN SHOWING THEIR GRAVEYARD TO A FRIEND FROM UNTERWALDEN.

A toilsome ascent of more than two hours brought us to the top of the pass, nearly 8900 ft. high, and here we paused to take a last view of the magnificent scene we were leaving. The glacier had long ago disappeared from sight, hidden by the shoulder of the Galenstock, over which we had just come; but the whole of the Upper Rhone Valley stretched before us, inclosed on all sides by ranges of lofty mountains: the Finsteraarhorn and the Eggischhorn prominent in the front, the snow-clad peaks of the Schreckhorn, the Jungfrau, the Breithorn, and even the far-distant Mönch and Wetterhorn rising clear and distinct behind them; while the glittering points of the Weisshorn and the Matterhorn, completed the picture on the other side. It was a view of marvellous beauty and grandeur, one that our driver told us we were unusually fortunate in obtaining, as it was seldom so clear as then.

Once over the pass the scene was a very different one as we rapidly descended the windings of the road.

Below and before us lay the Urserenthal, watered by the clear, green Reuss, which flows rapidly between lovely pastures, ever and anon being fed by fresh streams from the mountains on both sides. Soon we passed Hospenthal, where the road from the St. Gothard joins ours, and hurrying on through Andermatt, which stands in the midst of fertile meadows, we soon reached the fearful defile of the Schöllenen, crossed the far-famed Devil's Bridge, and were at Göschenen, ready for the train that was to carry us away from this region of loveliness.

L. T. M.

The Bishop of Marlborough on Nov. 1 consecrated the new church of the Holy Cross in Cromer-street, King's-cross.

The representatives of the Universities Mission to East Africa have been officially informed that, in view of active operations to be begun by her Majesty's Government against the slave-traders on the Zanzibar Coast, it is desirable that all Europeans should be at once withdrawn from stations on the mainland.

The private chapel attached to St. Saviour's Hospital for Diseases of Women in Osnaburg-street, Regent's Park, was on Nov. 2 reopened with an impressive service. The building had been closed for some four months for the work of fitting up the carved oak interior which the treasurer of the institution, Mr. Edward Howley Palmer, presented in June last.

THE COURT OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

At Mequinez, one of the three capitals of Morocco, where the Sultan was residing before he started on his expedition this year against the revolted tribe of the Beni M'Guild, all the business of State affairs was then transacted in one of the numerous courtyards, surrounded by high walls, built by Christian slaves during the reign of Muley Ismaël. The bare uniformity of these walls, only broken by some large gateways opening into other courtyards, is a most characteristic feature of the architecture at Mequinez. The courts form a never-ending maze of gigantic buildings. During the few weeks previous to the moving of the Moorish army, the Maghzen, as it is called, was the scene of many picturesque assemblies. Those which our Artist has chosen to represent include the Minister's Court, with some faithful tribes bringing their contingent to be armed and equipped for the Sultan's military service. Others are soliciting to have some old quarrel forgiven, and are probably receiving an order to be sent to prison. The proud Minister and Court official, wrapped in his supreme dignity and in a white muslin "haïk," sits perched on a fat mule, and is hurrying, with a touch of his sharp stirrup-spur, to escape the kissing of the ragged suppliants. The entrance to the Sultan's pavilion is shown in another Sketch, with the people outside waiting for whatever may be decided, whether good or evil, behind the thick walls of the inner dwelling, the temporary abode of that despotic potentate on whose will their fate depends.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Yes, I love you" is the title of a song by F. L. Moir, in which protestations of affection are expressed in smooth melodious phrases that lie well for any voice of ordinary compass. A good variety of rhythm is given by changes of tempo from three-four to six-eight. Another love-song, but in a more playful style, is that by Theo Marzials, entitled, "Never laugh at love." The quaint humour of the lines (by Mike Beverly) is well reflected in the vocal strains, which are bright and piquant without being flippant. Both the songs just named are issued by Messrs. Boosey and Co., from whom also we have "Margarita," a very pleasing song, with an expressive and flowing melody by F. N. Löhr; "In sweet September," a ballad by Hope Temple, which is simple and unaffected in style without being commonplace; and "How dear thou art to me," a song, by Lovett King, in which expressive sentiment is successfully realised in smooth vocal strains that effectively alternate between six-eight and three-four tempo.

From among publications by W. Morley and Co. we may specify the following: "The Bell Rock," an effective song in the declamatory style, with good suggestions of ocean storms and dangers, composed by J. L. Roeckel; "A Ribbon and a Flower," a setting by Joseph Barnby of some graceful lines of a pathetic kind by Mary Mark Lemon. Mr. Barnby's music is, as it should be, unaffected in style, yet capable of thoroughly realising the sentiment of the words, and demanding from the singer earnest expression rather than any exceptional skill or vocal compass. "Ask not" and "The Ripple of the River" (also from Messrs. W. Morley and Co.) are songs by, respectively, Maude Valérie White and Frank L. Moir. The first is a very effective piece, which, although presenting small difficulty, has occasional passages somewhat more florid than is usual in the ordinary run of songs. The accompaniment is well written, and the piece altogether is above the common average. Mr. Moir's song is of a serious cast, but is neither dull nor uninteresting. The solemnity of the opening and incidental phrases in the minor key is well contrasted by the alternate use of the major key with a more florid accompaniment. It is altogether a musicianly and effective song.

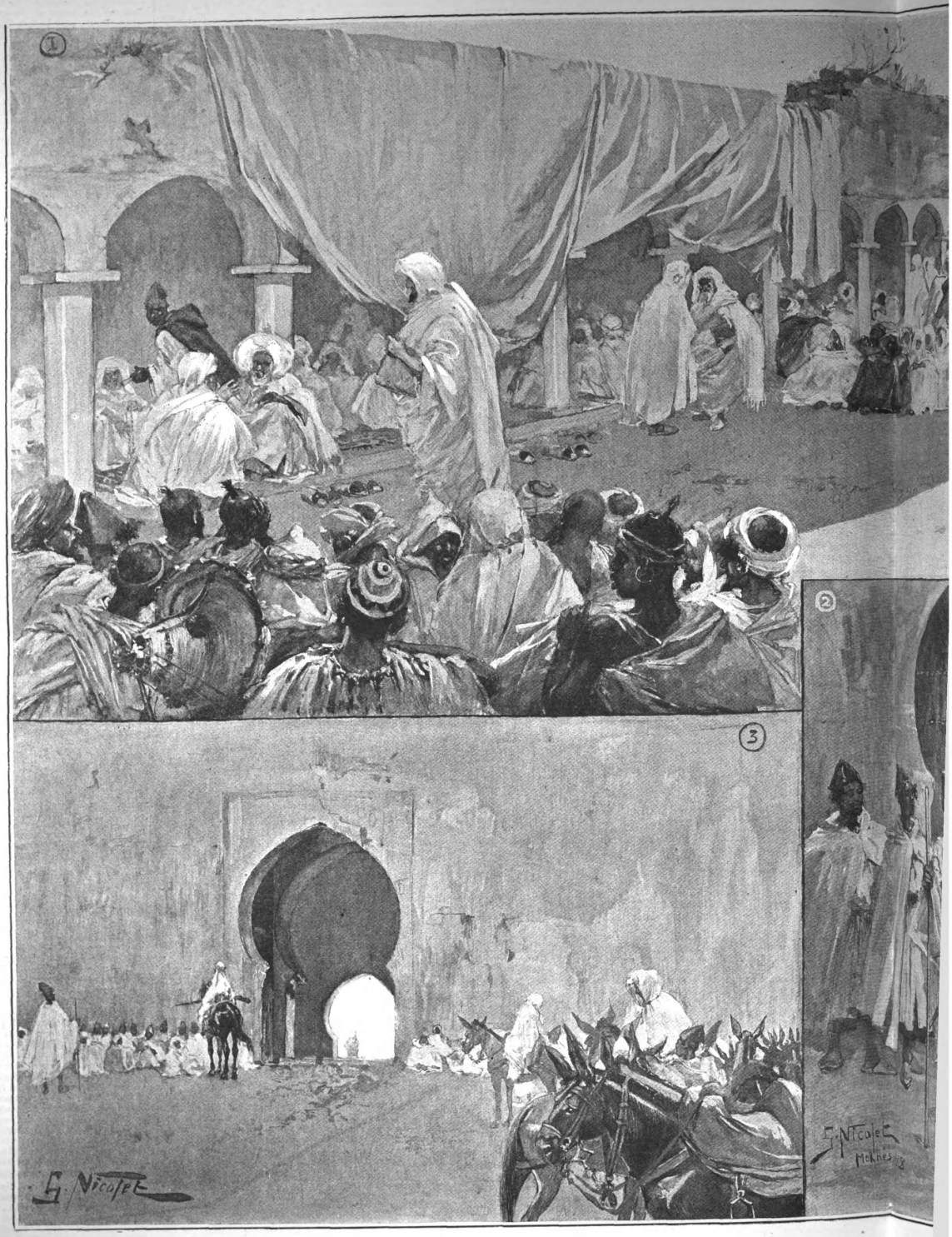
"Love's Thorn" is a song by Tito Mattei, who has enhanced the effect of a melody of expressive simplicity by an accompaniment of a varied character, comprising some rich harmonic treatment, yet offering no considerable difficulties. Messrs. Patey and Willis are the publishers; as also of "Our dear old Home," words and music by M. Watson—an unpretentious yet pleasing song, with some good contrasts of key. "The Crown of Love," by F. N. Löhr, and "Who was it?" by J. L. Roeckel, are songs also issued by Messrs. Patey and Willis. The first is a good specimen of the sentimental style; the other is in a lighter vein, with some effective reiterations of a piquant phrase in the accompaniment. Both songs, in their different styles, will be welcome in drawing-room circles.

MARRIAGES.

Major-General Sir Henry Ewart, K.C.B., Equerry to the Queen, and the Hon. Evelyn Clementina Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Aveland, were married on Nov. 3 at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, the Duke of Teck, and Princess Victoria were among the congregation. The bridegroom was attended by Lord Henry Vane-Tempest as best man. The six bridesmaids were the Hon. Margaret, Hon. Nina, Hon. Cecilie, Hon. Alice, and Hon. May Adelaide H.-D.-Willoughby, sisters of the bride, and Miss Ewart, niece of the bridegroom. The bride's youngest brother, the Hon. Peter Robert H.-D.-Willoughby, was also in attendance in a white satin costume copied from a print of Charles Edward as a child. The bride was accompanied by her father, who led her to the altar and afterwards gave her away. The bridal presents were numerous, and included, from Princess Mary Adelaide and the Duke of Teck, a gold fichu brooch, with sapphire centre and pearl at each end. Sir Henry received from the Queen a white marble bust of her Majesty on an alabaster pedestal. The Prince of Wales presented the General with a silver-gilt mounted cut-glass claret jug, in case.

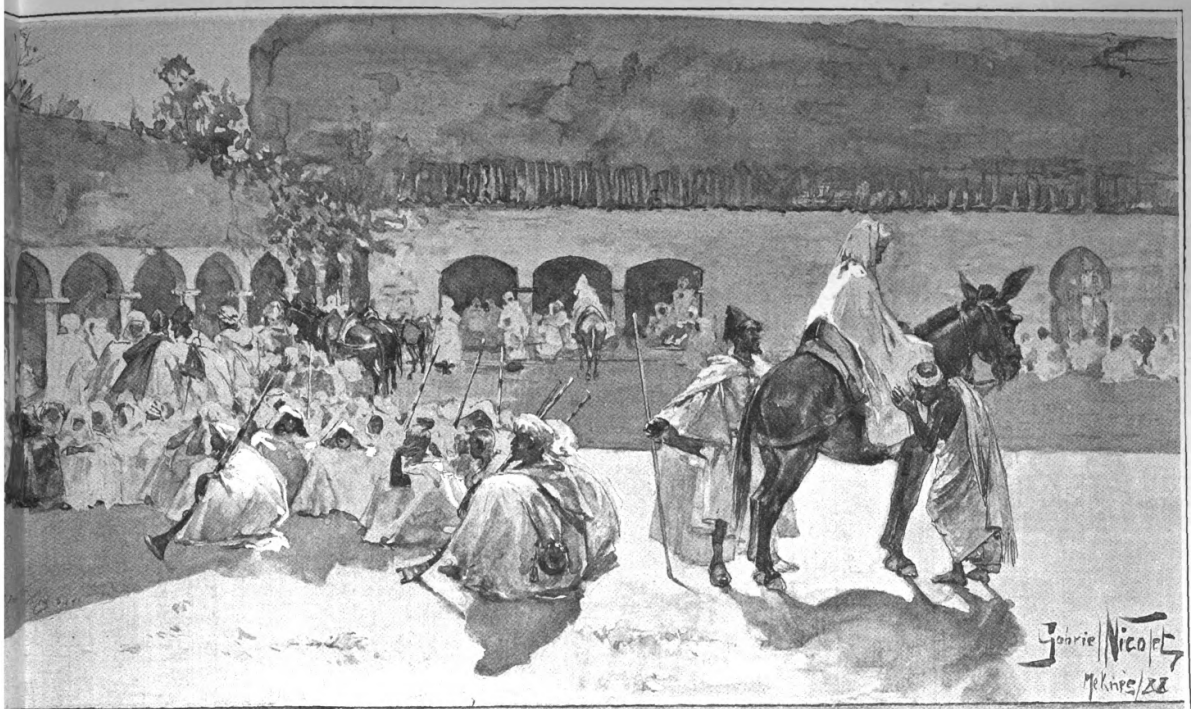
The marriage of Mr. Hulse, M.P. for Salisbury, eldest son of Sir Edward Hulse, Bart., with Miss Lawson, only daughter of Mr. Lawson, of Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, was solemnised on Nov. 1 in the parish church, Beaconsfield. Mr. Lawson gave his daughter away. Captain Douglas Dawson (Coldstream Guards) was the bridegroom's best man. The bridesmaids were Miss Goetz and Miss Evelyn Goetz, cousins, and Miss Dorothy Lawson, niece of the bride; Miss Maitland-Crichton, niece of the bridegroom; Miss Hylda Marshall, Miss Berens, and Miss Genevieve Harvey; and there were two pages, Masters David and Henry Maitland-Crichton, nephews of the bridegroom. The presents numbered over four hundred.

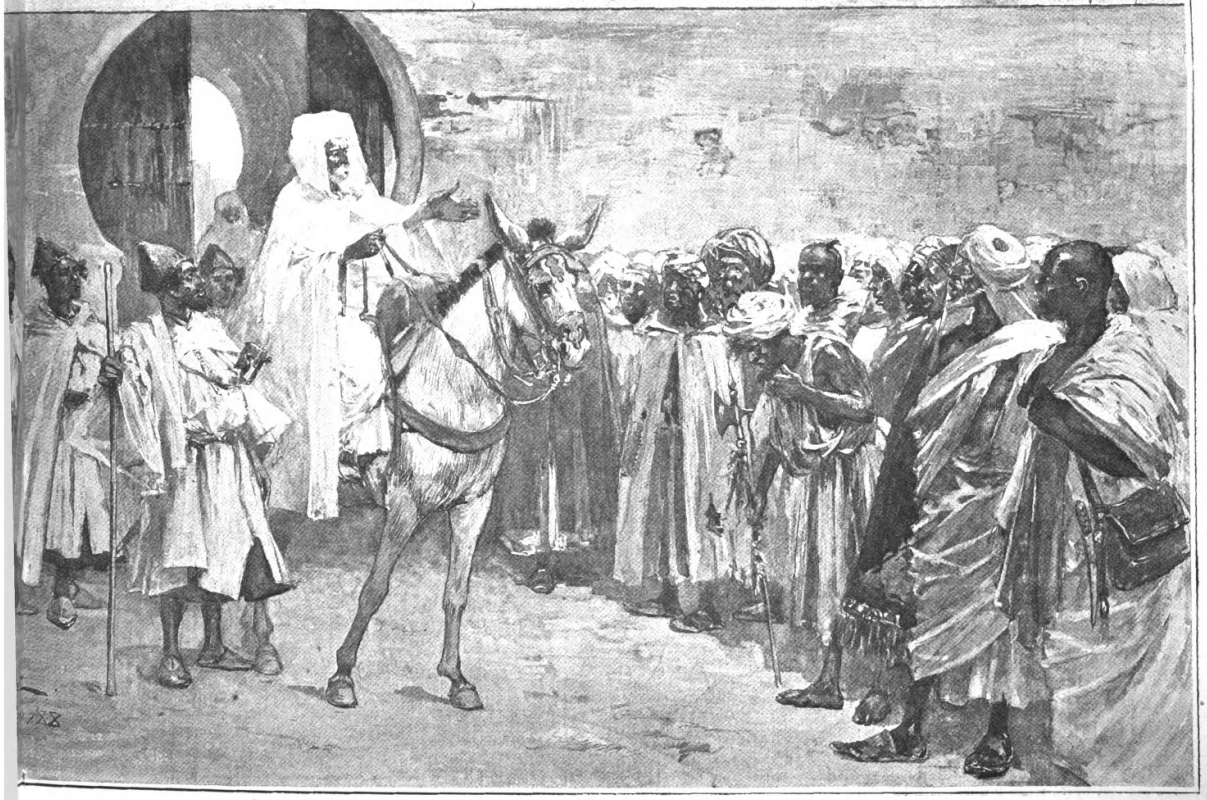
The Home for Crippled Boys, Kensington, has received a gift of £1000 from the trustees of the residue of the estate of the late Mr. Edward Boustead, of Clapham-park.



1. THE MINISTER'S COURT. 2. DEPUTATION OF A REVOLTED TRIBE ASKING

THE MAGHZEN AT MEQUINEZ, THE COUR





D TRIBE ASKING FOR PARDON. 3. ENTRANCE TO THE SULTAN'S PAVILION.

E COURT OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A RAINY DAY.

For hours past the rain has been falling, until every leaf and spray has become dripping wet, and the whole atmosphere saturated with vapour. There has been no stirring outside the domicile to-day. Not even an invitation from a friend (in waterproofs) to fish eels in the brook could tempt me out of my snuggery, where, deep in "Robert Elsmere," I have been passing the hours of the morning. True, eels will and do bite in wet weather more readily than other denizens of the brook, perhaps, and there is good fun (from an angler's point of view) to be got out of a nice two-feet lively member of that serpentlike race of fishes. But the charms of an enthralling book and the genial warmth of the first fire of the season are together sufficient temptations to remain indoors. There is no sign of a clearing yet. Mr. Piscator is yonder in the meadow whipping the stream. The macadamised road in front of the snuggery has been washed almost bare of its dust and débris, and the side-channels overflow with the downpour from the clouds.

Looking at that road, one sees something suggestive of bigger things than raindrops, and mightier currents than the streams of the pathway. Observe how, between the imbedded stones of the road, the water-drops gradually collect to form rills. Note again, how the little rills unite to make streams. See how rill joins rill, until quite a respectable current, as to size, runs into the channel of the overflowing gutter. The gutter itself is made and formed by such rills. The road is, indeed, the "catchment basin" of the rivers, which its gutters represent. If you were to draw a map of that road, its rills, rivulets, and gutters, you would imitate clearly and closely the chart of every big river you know. For, in truth, the biggest river differs only in kind, and not in degree, from the rill on the road. It is fed and nurtured by its streams, exactly as that gutter is fed before your eyes to-day. There is a whole lesson in physical geology spread out before us this rainy day, in the shape of that soaking roadway; and from small things at home to great things abroad is but a step, which the scientific use of the imagination will bridge over easily enough.

Look again at the rills in the road, and note the work they are accomplishing in the small arena they occupy. For see, how the road is washed bare by the rain, its dust-particles having been swept away to the gutters at the sides. This is the first work of the rill and the river alike. Each cuts out a channel for itself—the river through the land, on a big scale; the rill between the stones, on a small one. Again, each is a carrier and transporter of the débris which it detaches from the land. The sodden and dirty water of the gutters is the result of the sweeping away of the things of the earth by the rills. If you take up a tumbler of that gutter-water, and allow its sediment to settle, you will find it is one-half mud. Multiply your one tumbler-full of such débris by the thousands that have flowed along the roadways to-day, and you may estimate how great must be the amount of solid matter which a rainy day disposes of, in that it sends all its material first to the rills, then to the gutters, and finally to the brooks and the rivers themselves.

Turn your thoughts next to the rivers of the world. The same action meets your mental gaze that you see in that roadway. The river is an eater-away, an eroder, of the land; and it is likewise a transporter of the materials it steals from the solid earth. Be it slow or be it rapid in its course, its action is essentially the same in character. When you come to multiply the daily wear and tear of the river by its yearly work, the amount of material it is seen to carry down to the sea is found to exceed belief. Think of what the Amazon, and the Mississippi and Missouri, the Danube, Volga, Rhine, Rhone, and even our own Thames must accomplish in this work of earth-wear day by day! Millions of tons of matter are removed from the land, from mountain-peak and valley alike, and carried to lake or sea; just as the rills on the road pour their burden into the gutter beyond. There is no cessation to this action. It is perennial, incessant, everlasting, as a world-phenomenon, and will continue until this orb of ours becomes a waterless, dried-up cinder of a globe like the moon itself. This action of running water is, in truth, a serious thing, speaking geologically. For the tendency of every rill and river is to wear down the land-surfaces through which it flows to the level of the sea. If you open a geological text-book, you will find the rate at which each river performs this work of earth-sculpture duly chronicled. It is not the least interesting part of the history of running water, however, to find that, on a miniature scale, the rain-rills in the road are doing their best to emulate the work of their greater neighbours of the valleys and the plains.

You have seen how the rills of the road cut out their channels through the interstices of the stones, and shape their course according to the obstacles they encounter in their journeys to the gutter. Each rill is like your winding river. With a spice of philosophy, it goes round what it cannot sweep away. This is the case with many a stream you know which meanders through flat lands, without the flood and force necessary to carve out a straight course and to sweep all before it. The Thames in its flat-lands, or the "sweet winding Devon" of the north, whereof Burns sings, illustrate rivers which wind in a sinuous course because they have not the force necessary to sweep away the obstacles which oppose them. But when you read of the doings of such a river as the Rio Colorado of the West, your respect for the work of running water increases vastly in extent. The Colorado river, in part of its course, runs through rocky defiles, or "cañons," of immense depth. These cañons measure in some parts more than a mile in depth, and extend for many miles as the natural course of the river. Now, it is provable that the river itself has actually made these cañons. It has slowly, but surely, through the long ages, cut and carved its way downwards through the rock, until it has found a channel a mile deep from the surface. Geologists will tell you that this river has been a successful sculptor of the earth, because its waters carry just a sufficiency of sand to eat out, as does a file, the hard substance of the rocks. This is river-action on a great and grand scale, it is true; but nevertheless it leads us backwards, by simple enough steps and gradations, to these rills of the roadway and to the gutters by the side of the street.

One word more before you draw the blinds and shut out the dismal prospect and the dripping rain. All is not waste in this action of running water. The material torn from the land is not lost to the world; it is only changed in its form and uses. Deposited in lakes and seas by the rivers, it will form the matter from which new rocks will be constructed. Nay, even to-day many a river filling up its lake is a land-maker, just as you see that drain yonder has become choked with the débris of the rills. The Mississippi has, for centuries, been making new land at its delta out of the débris of the old. To-morrow, you may see how the water-borne material has been deposited at the drain-mouth in the road, as it is being laid down everywhere in the world's history by the rivers that thieve and steal from the land with one hand, and give back their spoil with the other. Such are the lessons which are taught us by a rainy day. ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

T G (Ware).—Quite right, but spare the slain.

M A S (The Hague).—We explained that the Knight printed on White's K 3rd ought to have been Black, with this correction the problem is correct.

F N Braund.—Most acceptable, thanks.

C Adamson (City Club).—Thanks for the information. Always glad to hear from you.

W H E (Boarp, Sweden).—Your problem is quite unintelligible to us. Bishops do not move like Rooks, nor unite as Queens.

E J Winter Wood.—Much obliged. It shall duly appear if correct.

Peterhouse and Others.—We are in communication with the author on the subject.

J G Hanbin, E F A, and Others.—Q to Q sq will not solve No. 2325; P to K 3rd being a good defence.

Hereward.—Marked for immediate insertion.

E Bohnstedt (Bonn).—Thanks for problem; who is the author?

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2320 received from: G B Hewett (Middle Colaba); of No. 2322 from E Bohnstedt; of No. 2323 from E Bohnstedt, W H Reed (Liverpool), Shuffertin, P C (The Hague), Jacob Sage, and Thomas Chown; of No. 2324 from John G Grant, H S B (Ben Rhydding), R Elliott, E Bohnstedt, J Bryden, W H Reed, M A S (The Hague), Hereward, Dr Gustav Weltz (Heidelberg), Ruby Rook, Quotidiane (Ben Rhydding), P C (The Hague), W P Welch, Bernard Reynolds, H C Sessions (Furnival's Inn), and J King.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2325 received from Ruby Rook, Howard A Dawn, E Bohnstedt, W H Reed, John G Grant, Dr F St, E Phillips, E Casella (Paris), Jupiter Junior, H S B (Ben Rhydding), A Newman, Bernard Reynolds, Rev Winfield Cooper, Alpha, W R Hamblin, T Roberts, J King, R Worters (Canterbury), F C Cook (Carlisle), Dane John, J Thorn, R H Brooks, Shuffertin, Lt.-Col Loraine, J Hepworth Shaw, A H Mole, C R P, E Louden, W Von Bevertmoth, J Bryden, Peterhouse, R F N Banks, Mrs Kelly, James Sage, Columbus, J Goskirk, Alfred Aldridge, W R Railton, Wilson, Grimsargh-Sandis, E Field (Sunbridge), J D Tucker (Leeds), J Hall, J Dixon (Colchester), Nugel, W H Hayton, T Chown, J Ross (Whitley), Hereward, F G Tucker (Pembroke), T G (Ware), E G Boys, Martin F, Percy Ewen, E Loens, W Hillier, G J Veale, and J Ryder.

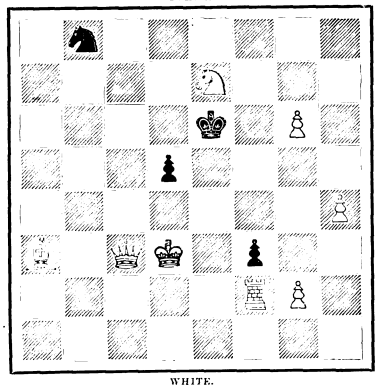
Solution of Problem No. 2323.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to R 4th	P to B 5th
2. P to Q 4th (ch)	K moves
3. Q or B Mates.	

If Black play 1. K to Q 3rd, then 2. Q to Q 4th (ch); if 1. Kt to Q Kt 7th, then 2. P to Q 4th (ch); and if 1. any other, then 2. Q to K B 4th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2327.
By J. Paul Taylor.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Mr. Blackburne, in continuation of his tour, went through the usual programme at the Midland Institute, Birmingham, on the evenings of Oct. 23, 24, and 25. On the first night he played seventeen concurrent games against an exceedingly strong team of local players, and won thirteen, three of the remainder being lost, and the other drawn. The blindfold match was against eight picked men, in which he scored four wins against one defeat and three draws. On the 25th he played twelve of the St. George's, Birmingham, drawing one game, and winning all the others. Going on to Manchester, he met twenty-two members of the Athenæum Club there on Friday, Oct. 26, and obtained sixteen wins, losing with four, and drawing against two. He plays at Burton-on-Trent on Nov. 6 and 7.

The annual match between the Manchester and Liverpool clubs took place at the rooms of the former on Saturday, Oct. 27. Liverpool had everything its own way, winning 7 games, drawing 3, and losing 1; the only winner for Manchester being Mr. D. Y. Mills, lately a leading Metropolitan amateur and ex-Champion of Scotland.

The great tournament of the City of London Chess Club began on Monday, Oct. 22, and has proved highly attractive to its members. The room where the contest is held is crowded with competitors, as many as thirty boards being in play together. Amongst the winners so far are the names of Messrs. Jacobs, Vyse, and Ross; but several well-known amateurs had not taken their part in the first round at the date of the secretary's last communication.

Those who wish, for use or for pleasure, to keep a record of any game, position, or problem that may attract them, will find the "Bristol and Clifton Chess Recorder" of much assistance. It takes the form of a note-book, and is lined and figured for the games, with the useful addition of as many blank diagrams for whatever purpose they may be needed. Messrs. Taylor, Sons, and Hawkins, of the *Times and Mercury*, Bristol, are the publishers, and the price is the now fashionable sum of one shilling.

The Athenæum Chess Club, at its own rooms, beat the Ludgate-circus team by 8½ games to 6½.

For the "Chessplayers' Annual and Club Directory, 1889," the authors, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Rowland, 9, Victoria-terrace, Chontarf, Dublin, invite the following particulars of chess clubs:—Town, club name, year established, place of meeting, time, number of members, annual subscription, laws, president, hon. secretary.

The Amethyst Chess Club commenced their second season at their rooms, Church-street, Stoke Newington, on Saturday, Oct. 27; Mr. Stevens, a prominent member of the City of London and North London Chess Clubs, was the visitor, and played simultaneously fifteen games, winning nine and losing five.

A match between the North London and London Banks Clubs was played on Oct. 30, and resulted in a victory for the former by seven games to five.

A match was played at the Plymouth Chess Club on Oct. 29 between the married and single members; and, after a close contest, resulted in a victory for the latter by 8½ games to 4½.

We have received the seventeenth annual report of the Bristol and Clifton Chess Club, from which we learn that the club has benefited by an unusually large accession of members, and much activity has been shown in bringing to a successful issue the various contests in which the club has been engaged. Mr. H. L. Leonard wins the champion cup, having defeated Mr. N. Fedden, the last year's holder. Mr. A. T. Perry takes the chief prize in the handicap, and Mr. R. Griffith the junior cup. At the annual general meeting Mr. W. Tribe was, by a large majority, elected president and, unanimously, hon. treasurer for the year. A vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. N. Fedden, the retiring president, for his services during the past two years.

A match has been arranged between Mr. Steinitz and Herr Tschigorin, the Russian champion, to be played in America early next year.

Several important football matches took place on Nov. 3. At the Rectory Field the London Scottish defeated Blackheath by three goals and a try to a try; Bradford defeated Richmond on the ground of the latter by two tries to nothing; and at Newcastle a match between the Maoris and a local team was drawn.

Lord Emly, Vice-Chancellor of the Royal University of Ireland, has conferred degrees on the successful candidates at the recent examinations, including Miss Letitia Walkington, M.A., as Bachelor of Laws, and Miss Margaret Johnston and Miss Mary Robertson as Masters of Arts, with honours in experimental science. Fourteen ladies took bachelor's degrees in arts, with honours, one of them gaining a scholarship.

NOVELS.

Hartas Maturin. By H. F. Lester. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—It has lately been estimated, with regard to quantity, that one-third of the present average supply of novels would suffice for the actual demand; and, with regard to quality, that two-thirds of those now published are not worth even the blank paper on which the "copy" was written, much less the reams of other paper on which the hundreds of book-seller's queries are printed. Why they are written, printed, and published the reviewer has no business to inquire; but it becomes his unwelcome duty, now and then, to show why they should not be read by sensible persons, whom he would help to avoid the disgust that he has been obliged to suffer for their sake. It is not, however, against the feeble and insipid, the trivial and vulgar, or even the sensual and licentious tales, which some authors present as pictures of domestic and social life, that a warning is most needed. Dulness can be left to its own lack of attraction; while indelicacy soon betrays itself to the aversion of readers endowed with average good taste. Among other objectionable kinds of bad novels are those which cater for a morbid appetite to pry into supernatural mysteries by the lurid light of a hideous crime, glaring upward from the nether region, and raising phantoms of superstition, in some form of so-called "spiritualism," where simple moral and religious consciousness ought alone to be invoked. This unwholesome tendency is the worst fault of "Hartas Maturin"; but, in the present confused and excited state of popular opinion with regard to theological and metaphysical questions, any novelist who propounds a startling theory of the future life, different from that usually entertained by the orthodox, may reckon upon gaining a certain amount of attention. We are not called upon here to discuss that psychological speculation, or to deny the doctrine of its singular mystic prophet, a Mr. Bastian, residing sometimes in Whitechapel, sometimes in a lonely cottage on Leith Hill, near Dorking, a worker of miracles and a saintly apostle. He maintains that it is consistent with the true Christian revelation. It appears to be a modification of the very ancient creed of metempsychosis, taught by Asiatic philosophers centuries before Christ, and reported by Pythagoras and other Greek sages, but rejecting the extreme of the transmigration of human souls into souls of beasts. Anyone, learned or unlearned, who thinks himself at liberty to exercise his imagination in conceiving possible modes of existence for the individual spirit after quitting a mortal body, may, without general censure—so far as we know, even without ecclesiastical censure—accept the idea of its passing through a succession of other human lives. This is supposed to be a way of continuing its spiritual discipline here on earth, perhaps through many generations, until the undefined period of its final destination. But we do protest against using such an idea, which must be, whether true or false, of vast importance to religion and morality—and to human happiness in the sacred affections of mutual love and friendship—as a mere piece of literary machinery for the fantastic novelist in a trumpery work of fiction. Dr. Hartas Maturin has murdered his first wife; and immediately on her death, the soul of this woman has become the soul of a new-born female infant belonging to another family. This babe grows up to be a very sweet and beautiful girl of seventeen; the murderer, a clever, handsome, rich, and distinguished man of forty, is about to take this girl for his second wife. But she, being thrown into a trance, has a vision in which she seems to herself to *be* the first wife, and experiences in her dream all the circumstances and sensations that really attended the murder; and she thereby becomes a witness to the crime. What a monstrous story! What good can it do anybody to read such wild nonsense? The belief in a transmission of the spirit through successive mortal lives is rendered utterly intolerable by adding to it the capacity, in any mental phase, of recollecting the outward experiences of another former life; and the imaginary exercise of that faculty would open the way to impostures and delusions fatal to the peace of society. Its supposition is even more pernicious than the contemptible tricks of the spirit-mediums and the infatuated credulity of their dupes; for the rapping and writing communications to these from the disembodied spirits do not meddle so much with past affairs. The author of "Hartas Maturin" can have had no reprehensible intention; and we will only point out the inconsiderateness, not to say the impropriety, of employing this notion to concoct an idle romance. Other faults of the tale are excusable as failures of conception or of execution. The herd of third-rate novelists, in their imitative run after each other on the same notable incident, resemble a flock of sheep jumping the same way over a ditch or stile. Ever so many of them have lately presented to us, with slight variations, the wicked scientific member of the medical profession, a vivisectionist of course, who poisons several of his family and friends. Mr. Grant Allen took his turn, the other day, in this just and discreet line of fiction; and a pretty mess he made of it, not doing much harm, we hope, to the funds of the Middlesex Hospital, or to University College. As for Dr. Maturin, if any discerning reader should spend time on the perusal of his nefarious career, it will be apparent that all the actions related of him, as a man of consummate ability and remorseless selfishness, are precisely the things he would not have done. If he wanted to be elected M.P. for a metropolitan district, and to spend £5000 in procuring his election, there are many lawful ways of buying local influence far more efficaciously than by a donation of that sum towards the purchase of a public park. If he wanted £5000 for any purpose, being the husband of a lady with £100,000, of which fortune he had the reversion, he could have raised it with no great difficulty. His wife being greatly admired in society, and he being esteemed an admirable husband, while their beautiful house was frequented by the leading families in the borough for which he was candidate, it could not serve his ambition to put her to death. As she was fond and proud of him, and he did not wish to marry any other woman till seventeen years afterwards, one does not see the motive he had for killing her, by which he incurred the direst suspicions on the part of her uncle and of her most intimate lady friend. He was living in affluence on the interest of her fortune, and did not want to spend the principal. After succeeding in his Parliamentary ambition, and gaining high political office, he remains a cheerless widower till he is captivated by the charms of a penniless young girl—not what might be expected of Hartas Maturin! Finally, when Netta Vane, having preternaturally remembered, by the mystic effect of "reincarnation," how cruelly her predecessor was murdered with a suffocating gas, refuses to become the second Mrs. Maturin, this atrocious, cold-blooded egotist behaves like a raging madman. Having walked all night from London to Dorking, for the purpose of shooting the Prophet Bastian, he goes to sleep in the cottage, which catches fire, and he is burnt to death. So much for Hartas Maturin, the most unreal creation of a rather clumsy, but very audacious writer of fiction. There are, however, descriptive passages which merit a word of praise; the scenery around Leith Hill is vividly and truthfully pictured; and the sojourn of the Vane family in the Greek island of Mytilene is an agreeable idyll, with strong local colouring.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS.

The new Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Alderman Whitehead, of Highfield House, Catford Bridge, Kent, was born in 1834, at Appleby, Westmoreland. He was educated at the Appleby Grammar School. Early in life he entered into the Bradford trade, and came to London in 1860. Having retired from business, he was elected in 1882 Alderman for the Ward of Cheap, and in 1884-5 served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex. He has been chairman of the visiting Justices of Holloway Prison, and is one of the visitors of the City of London Asylum, and on the committee of Christ's Hospital and Emmanuel Schools, also of St. Bartholomew's, Bethlehem, and other hospitals. He is a governor of Queen Anne's Bounty, and a past-master of the Fanmakers' Company; one of the Deputy-Lieutenants for the City of London, a Justice of the Peace for Kent and Westmoreland, and a Deputy-Lieutenant of the county. He is a Knight Commander of the Servian Order of Takovo, and a Knight Officer of the Belgian Order of Leopold. He is on the board of management of the Commercial Travellers' Schools, a trustee of the Rowland Hill Benevolent Fund for Aged and Distressed Post-Office Servants, and a member of the council and committee of distribution of the Hospital Sunday Fund. He is a member of the Devonshire and City Liberal Clubs, being on the committee and political council of the latter. In 1880 he was unanimously invited by his party to come forward for West Kent, but declined at that time to stand. In 1885, and again in 1886, he was induced to contest the northern division of Westmoreland, but met with defeat at the hands of the Hon. William Lowther. He is an extensive traveller, having visited most countries of Europe, the United States, Australia, and New Zealand. In 1860 he married Mercy Matilda, fourth daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Hinds, of Bank House, St. Neots. Their family consists of four sons and two daughters.

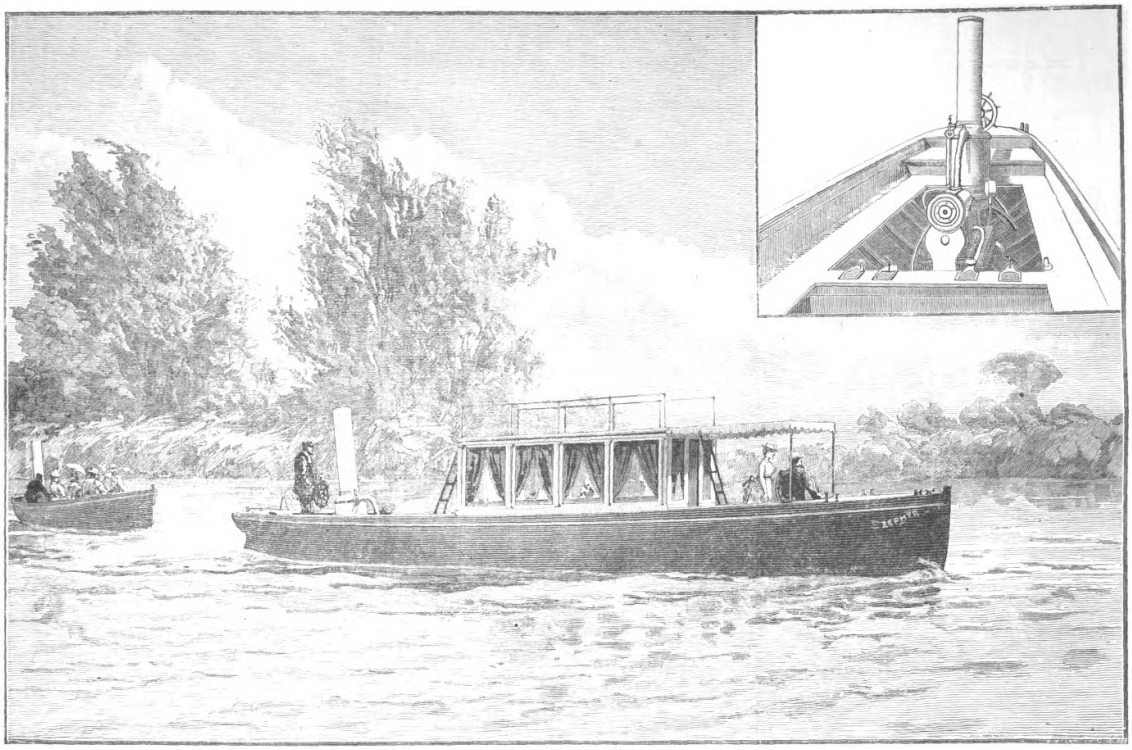
Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Gray was born at Stockton-on-Tees in 1826. His father was then head-master of the Grammar School of that town. When the son was but six years of age his parents came to London, and he was educated at the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society. On leaving school, he entered the office of a colonial broker in Mincing-lane. Mr. Gray has been successful in business, and is now senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Anderson, Fairley, and Gray. In 1881 he was elected to the Court of Common Council for Tower Ward, and two years later he became an Alderman. He is a member of the following committees: Epping Forest, Law and City Courts, and City School; also a governor of the Royal Hospitals. He is a member of the General Produce Brokers' Association, the committee of Mincing-lane Benevolent Fund, and the committee for the Reformation of Boys on board the Cornwall and the Tower Ward Schools, and a director of the London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Company.

Mr. Sheriff Newton, who was born in the year 1849, at Hull, began his commercial career at Burton-on-Trent. Later, he entered into partnership with his brother, the late Captain Newton, whose business of shipowner was then extended to London. Mr. Newton is engaged in other commercial enterprises, being proprietor of the business of H. Love and Co., Borough. He is also a director of two or three financial companies.

THE "ZEPHYR" SYSTEM OF PROPULSION FOR LAUNCHES.

At the last meeting of the British Association, the President, Sir Frederick Bramwell, drew attention to the probability of a great change in obtaining motive power. He referred to a new method of propulsion introduced by Messrs. Yarrow and Co., of Poplar, in which a volatile spirit instead of water is used for obtaining an expansive vapour. Up to the present time, Messrs. Yarrow and Co. have only adapted the plan to steam-launches. In these it has proved a very marked success, so that for small powers it may take the place of steam. The system may here be briefly described. The whole of the machinery is placed at the stern; it consists of an engine of very simple and special construction and a generator. This generator, which produces the spirit vapour, is placed close to the engine, and is very compact and light. It comprises a coil of copper pipe, surrounded by a casing, within which the spirit is made to circulate continuously; in its passage it is converted, by means of a relatively small amount of heat, into vapour, which passes to the motor and drives it, just as steam drives an ordinary engine. This motor is connected to a shaft and a screw, as usual, which propels the boat. The heat is obtained from a flame produced from either spirit or ordinary petroleum. The engine is started by simply making a few strokes with a pump and applying a lighted match to the burner, and in three minutes the vaporised spirit in the coil shows a pressure of from 60 lb. to 70 lb. on the square inch, and then the boat is ready to get under weigh at full speed. The spirit, after having passed through

The Engine and Generator of Spirit-Vapour.



LAUNCH PROPELLED ON THE "ZEPHYR" SYSTEM.—BUILT BY MESSRS. YARROW AND CO., POPLAR.

the engine and done its work, is condensed, and issues forth in a liquid state into a tank placed in the bow. It is then pumped back into the generator, re-evaporated, and again condensed; the same process being carried on continuously. Consequently, there is absolutely no waste, the same spirit being used over and over again. After the boat is started, the entire machinery is automatic, requiring no attention whatever, nor any skilled engineer to look after it, so that one man, if the steering-wheel is placed near the machinery, can take entire management of the boat with perfect convenience to himself. A small handle is fitted, by which the engines can be started, stopped, and reversed. As will be seen from our Illustration, owing to the machinery being placed quite aft, it leaves the entire central portion of the boat available for passenger accommodation, which position in an ordinary steam-launch is occupied by the machinery. The reason why the engine and generator can be placed at the stern is on account of their small weight; and as evidence of the lightness of the whole arrangement, it may be stated that a launch 30 ft. in length weighs only a ton; and one 21 ft. long, 10 cwt., which is about half the weight of a steam-launch of the same size and power. We would add that the whole arrangement is free from dirt or smoke, no coal being taken on board for the furnace.

ART MAGAZINES.

The *Magazine of Art* for November opens with a paper by Mr. W. Cosmo Monkhouse on the work of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., one of the pioneers of the new school of English sculpture, influenced much by Donatello and other Florentine sculptors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Mr. Frith, R.A., contributes another of his tersely expressed protests against the artistic fads of the day, and inveighs with renewed vigour against his *bête-noir*, impressionism, in "Realism versus Sloppiness." Mrs. Pennell, in her paper on "Wells and its Cathedral," with its charming illustrations by C. E. Mallons and Joseph Pennell, cannot fail to interest her readers in the quaint historic old town she describes so picturesquely. Mr. William M. Rossetti has written a description of the various sketches and portraits of his celebrated brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, now extant, some of which are reproduced for this article.

The opening paper in the *Art Journal* for the current month is one continued from the October number on "A Modern Private Collection"—that, namely, of Mr. Humphrey Roberts, of Kensington; among the examples reproduced are a drawing by Mr. A. W. Hunt, Mr. Albert Moore's "Kingcups," and Mr. Alma Tadema's "On the Stairs." Mr. Edwards Roberts' experiences in "The American Wonderland," as he calls the marvellous Yellowstone Park district, are also continued from the last issue. Mr. Marcus B. Huish contributes more "Notes on Japan and its Art Wares"; and Mr. Joseph Hatton another paper on "Provincial Clubs," this month of Manchester and Leeds. One of the most interesting articles is that by Mr. Claude Phillips on the great Alsatian painter, Jean Jacques Henner.

The *Art Annual*, or yearly extra number of the *Art Journal*, for 1888 is some account of the life and work of Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A., by Mr. F. G. Stephens. The eminent marine-painter has already been several times the subject of biography, but such is the popularity of the artist that any facts relative to his life and works cannot fail to be of interest. Although now best known as a painter of sea and rocks and boats, Mr. Hook began his professional career as a portrait-painter, and executed many figure subjects exhibited in the Royal Academy and elsewhere, of which several are reproduced in the *Art Journal*. One of the most beautiful of the pictures reproduced is "The Mirror of the Seamew; or, The Gulls' Toilet," in the possession of Sir John Millais, the artist's intimate friend, and is purely a picture of sea and rocks. This annual will be welcomed gladly by all who have been carried out of dusty London to fresh sea-breezes by Mr. Hook's wonderful seascapes on the walls of the Academy.

The fourth monthly publication, by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., of *Artistic Japan*, a journal conducted by Mr. S. Bing, with the assistance of many English and French connoisseurs, the English edition being in charge of Mr. Marcus B. Huish, has an elegant and attractive appearance. It is technical, descriptive, and illustrative, rather than historical, the leading article being a treatise, by L. Falize, on the Japanese methods of decorating bronze and other metal with coloured enamel. The next writer will be M. Edmond de Goncourt. There are eight separate plates, on thick paper, representing curious and beautiful ornamental designs of native art.

The fourth number of *The Salon*, a monthly review of "art, fashion, music, and the drama," contains several engravings of pictures, "The Trial of Constance of Beverley," "The Morning Hymn at an Orphanage," and views at Chatsworth. There is much brief and summary comment on topics of the day belonging to these departments, a short tale, "The Comedian's Tragedy," and a review of the memoirs of Mr. Sims Reeves.

Lady De Keyser, the Lady Mayoress, has been presented with a diamond bracelet and earrings by the Court of Common Council, in remembrance of her courtesy and kindness at the Mansion House during the mayoralty of her husband.

A ballad or operatic-tableau concert will be given each Thursday during November at the Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Bridge-road; a science-lecture each Tuesday; and variety entertainments on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.

The Earl of Yarborough's Hounds commenced the hunting season on Nov. 1, when the meet was at Brocklesby. The Master gave the customary hunt breakfast, which was largely attended.—Colonel J. T. North, of Eltham, has taken over the duties of Master of the Mid-Kent Staghounds. On Oct. 31, Colonel North entertained the hunt at breakfast at Farningham, and a field of 500 horsemen took part in the opening run.

The fourth annual exhibition of ancient art needlework, curious old brocades, and laces is open at the Art Galleries of Howell and James (Limited), Regent-street. The exhibition is interesting, not only on account of the rarity of such antique specimens of weaving and embroidery as have been brought together in this collection, but also as showing the beauty and thoroughness of the work done in ancient Persia, India, and Turkey.



MR. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF GRAY.



MR. ALDERMAN WHITEHEAD,
THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.



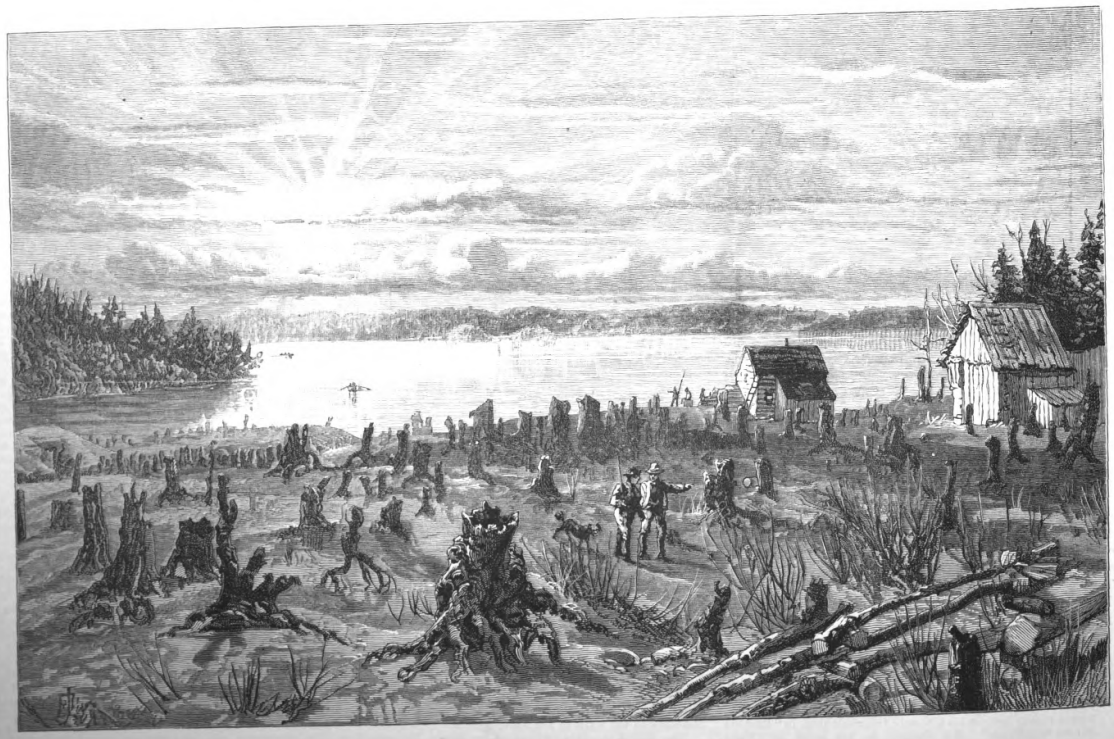
MR. SHERIFF NEWTON.



SUDBURY JUNCTION, TO ALGOMA AND GOLD MINES.

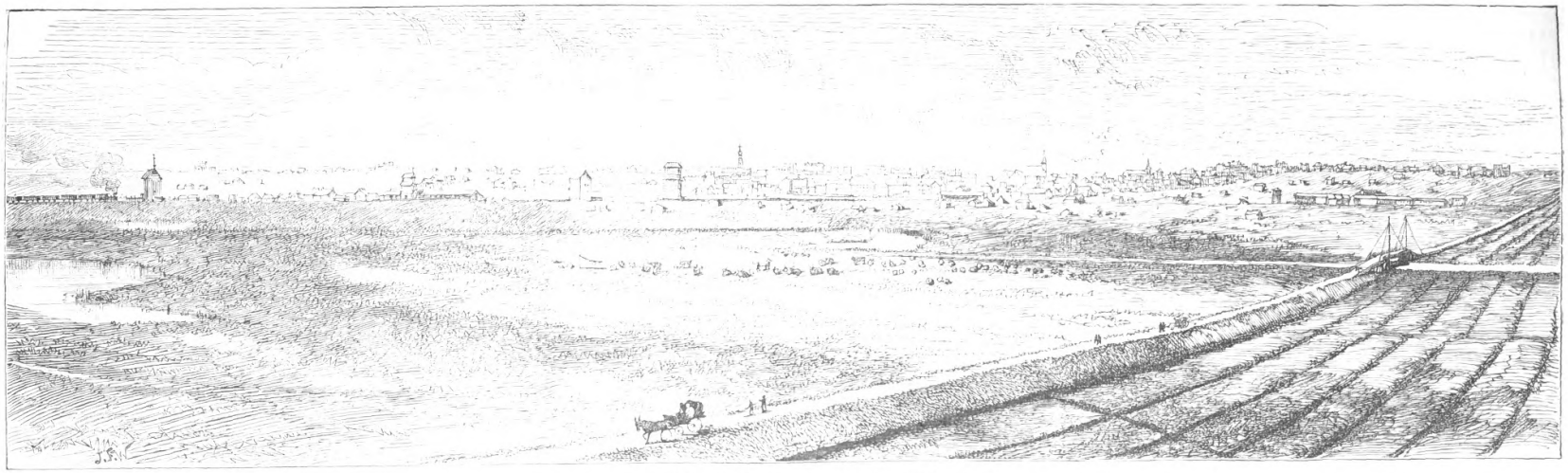


TROUT LAKE, FOUR MILE BAY, NIPISSING.

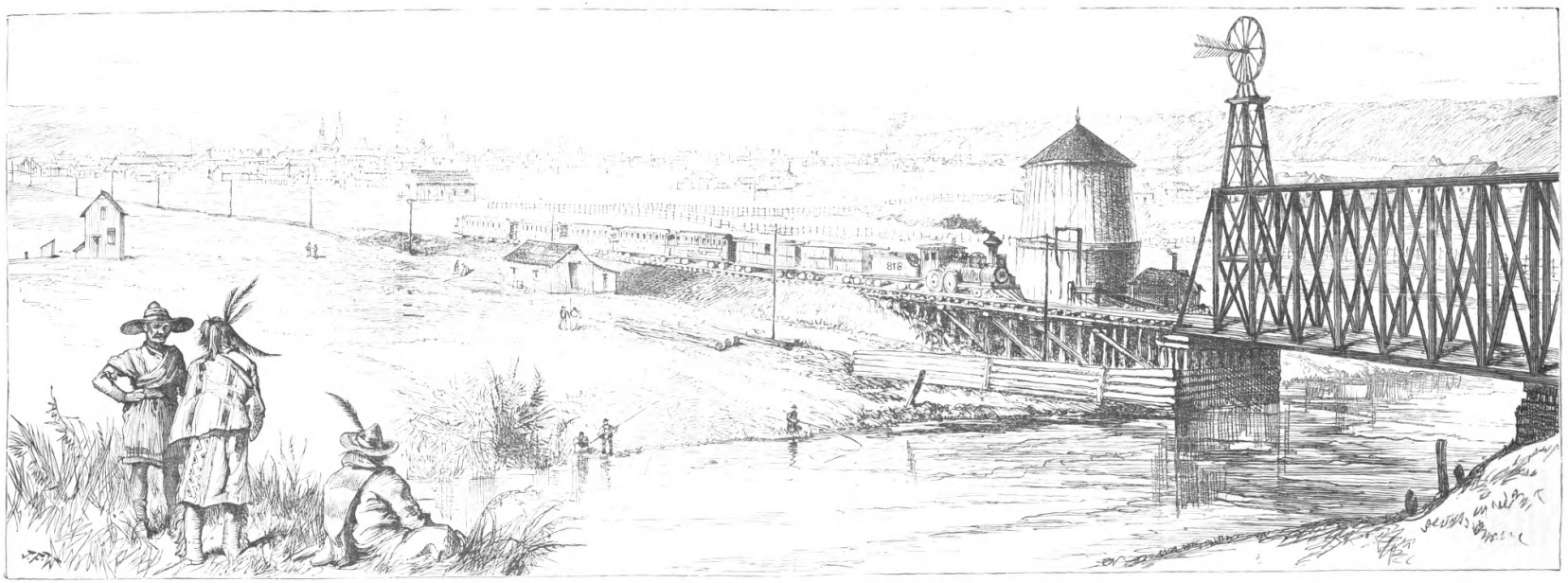


LAKE NIPISSING, ONTARIO: TROUT LAKE, NEAR NORTH BAY.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR MELTON PRIOR.



BRANDON, THE CENTRE OF THE AGRICULTURAL DISTRICT IN MANITOBA.



CALGARY, AT THE FOOT OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, 2262 MILES WEST OF MONTREAL.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

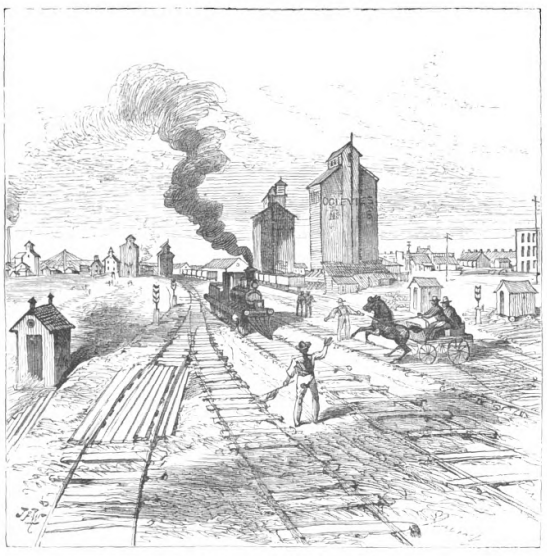
We present this week, as promised, the first of a series of Sketches made by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, to furnish Illustrations of a grand and important work accomplished by public enterprise in the greatest of the British Colonies, an achievement that is destined to have political and commercial results, as we confidently hope, most beneficial to the whole of the British Empire, and by which not only the national possession of a very large portion of North America is rendered more secure, but our intercourse with the farthest countries of Asia, with Japan and China and the East Indian Archipelago, and possibly hereafter with Australasia, obtains a new route. "Across Two Oceans," with the intervening breadth of the American Continent entirely traversed by railways over lands under British sovereignty in the vast territories of the Canadian Dominion. It is henceforth impossible—even if, by a hostile combination of European Powers which is not likely ever to arise in force superior to that of our own navy in the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal were to be closed against us, and if the safety of the Cape route were also compromised—it has become impossible for all the Powers of Europe to deprive England of direct access to the East, since Canada has made for us a road through the Far West to the Far East, by which a belt of steam-traffic, on sea and land, under the British flag, binds together the Old World and the New. In our own temperate latitudes, from London to Montreal, from Montreal to Vancouver, from Vancouver to the nearest islands of Eastern Asia, crossing 220 deg. of longitude, this region of Imperial dominion and maritime supremacy is given to be held by Englishmen; and it will be our own fault, whatever may be the disposition of any foreign nations, if we do not keep the Empire and the facilities of trade that England enjoys at the present time.

This is the grand consideration, from a British point of view, in estimating the Imperial value of the Canadian Pacific Railway; but with regard also to the spread and growth of that magnificent colony, until a late period not one but several colonies and remote settlements, now joined by a Federal Government with institutions as free as those of the United States Republic, the line of railway is actually proving what it was designed to be—the mighty instrument of agricultural, commercial, and industrial enterprise. It is rapidly covering "the Great Lone Land," the ancient hunting and trapping-ground of Indians and of the Hudson's Bay Company's fur trade, the "Red River" and the thousand miles of prairie, the Rocky Mountains, and the rugged highlands and forests of British Columbia, and the creeks and inlets of its Pacific coast, with a robust and energetic civilisation. For Canada is already so much of a nation, with her five millions of people of vigorous European race, accustomed to manage their own affairs, that she does not wait for help from England, for labour or capital—though she will pay well for both—and she certainly does not want Imperial guidance, counsel, or credit, in this huge task of filling up the empty places of half a continent with farms and villages and towns, abodes of thriving industry and comfortable homes. The Canadian nation, we expect, will be twenty or thirty millions before Old England is half a century older; and every Colonist feels sure of the capabilities of that vast country, whose geography is on such a scale that the British Islands might be dropped into one of its lakes. We take no account, indeed, of the greater part, about two-thirds, of the territorial extent of "British America," which is, on the whole, nearly as large as all Europe, and as large as the United States; but, setting aside the northern regions, Canada possesses more than a million square miles of territory favoured with a climate fit for the habitation of our countrymen and for agricultural industry. The soil and the climate are better as you go west, and are better than in many parts of the United States lying some degrees farther to the south. In mineral wealth, including coal as well as useful and precious metals, Canada is abundantly endowed, while her forests and her fisheries are most valuable possessions; her manufactures and her shipping exceed those of any country with the same population. There is ample justification, then, for the estimate that we form of the Canadian future; to which reference is here made only as the prospect, from a colonial point of view, attending the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is a line made by the Canadians for their own benefit, not expressly for the advantage of British Imperial policy, strategy, or commerce; and it is quite unlike the line sometimes talked of from North to South Australia, for it runs through fertile plains, and through a mountainous region which is rich in valuable minerals, and near great navigable rivers and lakes, which cannot fail to support a great traffic and a large population.

There are about 13,000 miles of railway in Canada at the present time. Every place of any importance has its one or more railway-stations. The three principal systems are the Canadian Pacific (4319 miles), Grand Trunk (2600 miles), and the Intercolonial (1190 miles). The remainder of the mileage is made up of smaller lines in the various provinces. The Dominion and Local Governments and municipalities have contributed, in one way or another, a fourth part of the cost. The number of passengers carried in 1887 was 10,698,638, and the freight is put down as 16,356,335 tons. There is no country in the world better served by railways than Canada.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is now in operation to the Pacific Ocean, and the rapidity and energy displayed in its construction deserve special mention. Until 1881, the line was being built by the Government; but in that year the work was undertaken by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the contract requiring its completion in ten years. It was, however, finished in December, 1885—nearly six years before the stipulated time; and it is one of the greatest engineering achievements of modern times. It is the shortest of the three great trans-continental lines, the distance from Montreal to Vancouver being 600 miles less than from New York to San Francisco. By the Canadian Pacific Railway, too, New York, Boston, and Portland are brought within from 300 to 500 miles nearer the Pacific coast by rail than formerly; and the distance from Liverpool to Japan and China, viâ the Canadian line, is shortened by about 1000 miles. The construction of this railway and the Intercolonial Railway has cost Canada about £24,000,000, equal to an annual burden of nearly £1,000,000, and about 18,000,000 acres of land. The Canadian Confederation may be considered as having been consolidated by means of this railway. Each province has now communication with the others and with the seaboard, and in consequence a great impetus will be given to trade and commerce. Eastern Canada has long had railway facilities, but Manitoba, the North-West, and particularly British Columbia, have until recently remained more or less isolated, and therefore practically undeveloped. The railway, however, now brings this state of things to an end. Besides, it has opened up a large tract of fertile land in Manitoba and the North-West, unencumbered with timber, ready for the plough, and considered to be the largest wheat-field in the world. This tract of land is at least 900 miles long and 300 miles wide, or an area of over 200,000,000 acres, all more or less suitable for agricultural purposes, for the raising of wheat and other crops, and the breeding of cattle; and its population is rapidly growing. Without the railway the country must have remained an "illimitable wilderness." With it there is afforded the prospect of bright and happy homes for a large number of inhabitants, increased markets for local and British products, and a new era of prosperity for the Dominion. Branch lines have already been made in different parts of the North-West, and more are projected. Charters have been granted for a railway between Manitoba and Hudson's Bay, in anticipation of the shorter route through the Hudson Straits to the Atlantic Ocean being available for a sufficient time each year for commercial purposes. Not only have the people of Manitoba connection with the Pacific Ocean and with Eastern Canada through British territory, and access to the great lakes, but there are also two lines running to the United States boundary, joining there the American system of railways. Coal has been discovered in large quantities along the line of the railway; mines are being worked, coal is now sold at all the railway stations at a reasonable price, and dependence has no longer to be placed upon the supply from the United States.

Montreal, a city of 160,000 people, at the head of the navigation of the St. Lawrence, is practically an Atlantic Ocean port for large ships, though nearly six hundred miles from the open sea; though in winter the Lower St. Lawrence is closed by ice, Montreal is always accessible by railway either from Halifax, in Nova Scotia, by the Intercolonial line, or from Portland, Boston, or New York. While the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has a line to Quebec and others into



BRANDON, MANITOBA, WITH GRAIN ELEVATORS.

the maritime provinces, the eastern terminus of this great railway is at present at Montreal. Here are located its extensive shops for locomotive and car building and repairing. Here is its grain elevator of 600,000 bushels capacity, which the export trade over its lines had soon outgrown, so that a second and third of equal size and capacity have been required. The admirable terminal facilities are so arranged that the steamer or ship can take in grain and move other cargo at the same time, and the elevator charges are reduced to but one cent a bushel. At Montreal are the grand passenger station and the general offices for the company; while at Lachine, above the city, the railway company have constructed a second great bridge across the St. Lawrence. This bridge, to connect the Canadian Pacific lines on both sides of the river, is about 3500 ft. long, a single-tracked truss bridge, built on seventeen stone piers and abutments, and elevated 60 ft. above high water.

By the Canadian Pacific Railway we will commence the journey up the great tributary valley of the Ottawa from Montreal to the city of Ottawa, the Dominion capital, and beyond to the west. From Montreal to Vancouver is a distance of 2906 miles. Our Special Artist writes as follows:—

"At Montreal I called at the offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and was introduced to the manager, Mr. Van Horne, who at once became interested in the object of my visit—namely, to obtain passes and all information I could get for my sketching tour across from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by the most northern railway-line on the American Continent. I need hardly say that Mr. Van Horne did everything in his power to assist me; and as he is the ruling authority of this vast railway system, it was easily accomplished. I said good-bye to him with hearty thanks, being provided with passes and letters of introduction to all the principal officers of the company I was likely to meet on the road.

"Having engaged my berth in the sleeping-car, and seen my luggage duly labelled, I started on one of the finest trips across a vast continent that any traveller could desire.

"The first station of any importance we stopped at was North Bay, where we arrived at half-past nine in the morning. North Bay is a bustling little town on the romantic shores of Lake Nipissing. It has a population of 1600 people, with four churches and eight hotels, the only really good one being the Pacific Hotel, under the management of Mr. Mackie, where every politeness is shown to you and arrangements made for shooting or fishing-parties. Five years ago the spot on which the town stands was a virgin forest, and it was only by the Canadian Pacific Railway coming through and putting up a few sheds for the navvies, with a store to supply the workmen, that this place was started, which soon developed into a small town. A speculative firm of Americans, Messrs. J. and W. Murray, purchased the surrounding land four years ago, and the town land almost entirely belongs to them. Buildings are still being put up and roads are being made, and there is no doubt that from its peculiar position on the main line, North Bay will, in a very short time, become one of the most flourishing and important of these towns.

"The Nipissing district is said to be one of the very finest for sport. There is moose-hunting—those animals weighing from 500 lb. to 2000 lb.; there are red deer, black bear, hares, partridges, wild ducks, and wild geese. The best fishing is to be had about four and a half miles out, at a charming spot known as Trout Lake. Here, in the season, which commences on June 1, sportsmen of the rod or line are to be seen in parties—some from England, as well as from the United States and Canada. Here the speckled trout is to be caught, weighing from half a pound to two pounds and a half; and salmon trout from 10 lb. to 30 lb. A lady last season caught a magnificent specimen weighing 35 lb. It is quite a sportsman's headquarters at Trout Lake. At a house owned by two brothers named Jessop, the elder, Dick Jessop, supplies boats, dogs, guides, fishing-tackle, tents, cooking utensils, and all necessary equipment for shooting or fishing; and for a party of five or six, will do the whole thing for four dollars a day, and labour, the party providing their own provisions and extra luxuries. There is a road cut through the forest to Trout Lake; and the view on arrival is charming beyond description. I think a row on the lake to Four Mile Bay is alone worth the journey. Many settlers on the shore are to be seen clearing the ground and building houses. I am bound to own I was delighted with my visit to Mr. Jessop's fishing resort, and I made two Sketches of the spot, also a small view of the principal street in the town of North Bay. Unfortunately, on the return drive, the rain came down unmercifully, which put an end to my sketching. A Canadian buck-board carriage is not one of the most comfortable at any time, but in rain is simply horrible. It is a framework with four wheels and a board fixed across for you to sit on, which cannot be very luxurious, though it makes easy running for the horse; and I was not sorry when the hotel came in sight, and, later on, when I heard the sound of the train that was to take me on to Sudbury, another very young town on the Canadian Pacific Railroad."

Sudbury Junction, where the branch line commences which passes by the Denison gold-mines to Algoma, Lake Huron, opposite Manitoulin Island, and to the Sault Ste. Marie, the rapids by which Lake Superior discharges its surplus waters into Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, was mentioned in our last. The main line of railway proceeds westward, reaching the north shore of Lake Superior at Heron Bay, and keeping along the shore to Port Arthur, in Thunder Bay, where it plunges into the region of forests, rocks, rivers, and small lakes, between Lake Superior and Manitoba; the region which was traversed with much toil, chiefly in canoes, by the Red River Military Expedition of 1870, under command of the present Lord Wolseley. The city of Winnipeg, on the site of the old "Red River Settlement," to the south of Lake Winnipeg, 1423 miles from Montreal, is reached on the morning of the third day; this city is the flourishing capital of Manitoba, a province containing already some 120,000 people, with the best land for agricultural occupation. In this province, far on the line, is the new town of Brandon, with a 4500 inhabitants, a great wheat-market for the Manitoba farmers, of which our Special Artist supplies a View, with another Sketch of the warehouse for corn, and its shaft called a "grain elevator," through which the corn is pumped up, like a liquid, from the waggons below to the topmost floor—the contrivance now much in use at the centres of the American corn trade. Beyond Manitoba, the great prairie provinces of Assineboia and Alberta, respectively occupying the region of the South Saskatchewan and that nearer to the Rocky Mountains, with the Bow River and other large streams, extend more than a thousand miles; and to the north of Alberta is the territory of Athabasca, hitherto unoccupied, but which is described as equally promising, the climate being really less severe than that of Eastern Canada. The places along the line, Qu'Appelle, Regina, Moosejaw, Medicine Hat, and Calgary, which are small towns of rising importance—Regina is the political capital of its territory—need not detain us at present, except to stop at Calgary, a very pretty little town, situated in a broad valley, between the Bow and Elbow rivers, overlooked by the white peaks of the Rocky Mountains. To this place, and to Banff, a little farther on, we shall be called again by the next batch of our Special Artist's Sketches.

Lord Northbrook has built a new church on his estate at Stratton, in memory of his mother.

A new portable vapour bath, known as Mezzetti's "Victoria" Bath, is now in use in many of the London hospitals. By means of a spirit lamp, a kettle of water is rapidly heated, and when the water is boiling the patient can take a seat inside the frame and waterproof cover and prepare for the enjoyment of a most delicious vapour bath. The Victoria Bath may be obtained from all the principal ironmongers, as well as from the sole manufacturers, Messrs. Maxime and Co., 150, Old-street, London, E.C.

Mr. G. E. Lewis, of 32 and 33, Lower Loveday-street, Birmingham, has shown us his new, light, treble-grip gun, which he has named "The Ariel." Mr. Lewis is known as the maker of "The Gun of the *Period*," which has taken honours wherever shown. The gun we saw, though a 12-bore, weighed only 5¾ lb., and this lightness is obtained without any sacrifice of strength; in fact, though the action is shorter and narrower than an ordinary 20-bore gun it is absolutely stronger, and this strength is obtained by the use of a new pattern of bar or front-action locks, which Mr. Lewis is using. Sportsmen will understand this when we say that the main-springs and all the internal work of the lock are behind the hammer, only the lock-plate itself being let into the body, which leaves the latter much stronger than usual. This gun, in its finished state, has passed through the ordeal of proof, the charge of which is more than double that used in a 12-bore cartridge. To gentlemen no longer able or willing to carry a 7 or 7½ lb. gun, or for hot climates, where weight tells, these light guns are indeed a boon. The maker guarantees it as being equal to all the charges of nitro compounds—i.e., Schultze E.C. and J.B., that may be used, as well as with the ordinary black powder.

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INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

The Council must doubly be congratulated on the present exhibition. The number of the pictures is considerably reduced, and the quality proportionately raised. English *genre* painting is liable to certain definite and apparently ineradicable faults—the chief being a persistent effort to tell a large story in a small canvas; but English landscape art is every year adapting itself more and more successfully to the cabinet or easel pictures which attract the majority of the purchasing public.

On the present occasion we shall limit our remarks to the contents of the Central Gallery; but it is fair to say that this preference is without any disparagement to the other rooms, in which, perhaps, the most distinctive works are to be found. Beginning with the President's single work, "Maud and May" (250), the daughters of Mr. Meredith Crosse, we fear that Sir J. D. Linton's admirers will be somewhat hardly pressed to find satisfaction in this arrangement in red. The two young girls are represented as musicians—the one in profile at the piano, and the other in full face with her violin in her lap. In the modelling of both figures Sir J. Linton seems to have been equally unfortunate, and the result, if accepted seriously, might be regarded as highly prejudicial to the girls' success in life. Of course, in every technical detail—in the stuff of the dresses, the gilt leather of the screen, the rich colours of the tapestry—Sir J. D. Linton shows his unrivalled skill and power. There is far more poetry and imagination in Mr. F. D. Millet's "Tender Chord" (299), although the girl who stands at the side of the muslin-curtained window is not in herself a bit more beautiful than the President's sitters. But Mr. Millet has made a charming picture of the girl, the notes of whose guitar have awakened in her mind the memory of some past happiness. Another clever and sympathetic study is Mr. C. E. Plimpton's "Despondent" (335), a girl with her violin lying almost unheeded in her lap. The face is full of feeling as well of expression, and the whole picture is pitched in harmony. Of the other single figures which attract notice are Mr. R. Arnold's "Norah" (217), Mr. Yeend King's "May and Marguerite" (372), Mr. George Morton's "Fortune-Teller" (375), and Mr. W. M. Wyllie's study (398) of a man in fancy dress; but it is only the two first-named whose work shows each year evidence of increasing skill, who will add to their reputation on the present occasion. Mr. Alma Tadema's study (367) of two Roman girls "at home" in the days of the Cæsars is not overcrowded with classical knowledge and effect. The red-haired girl who is reclining on a sofa listening to the budget of news brought by her dark-haired friend is charming and delightful in every respect; and there is thrown over the little scene a subdued colour and softness to which Mr. Tadema does not always treat us. The figure of the girl whose back is turned towards the spectator does not please us so much, the flesh, muscles, and drapery being too much "bunched" to be graceful. Mr. Blair Leighton's "Au Revoir" (288), a lady descending an elaborate staircase in a simple courtyard, and Mr. G. L. Seymour's "Eastern Potentate" (293), owe their attraction to their surroundings; and, in like manner, Miss Miriam J. Davis's "Hiding" is well worthy of notice on account of its delicate colouring.

The more distinctly *genre* works are, as is usual at the Institute, marked by a certain sense of humour. Mr. Fred. Roe's "Mutual Suspicion" (227) is a cleverly-painted variation, though somewhat hot in colour, of the old story of the dubious guest in the days of highwaymen; but whether the gentleman who is warming himself in the ingle-nook is thief or thief-taker is left to the spectator's fancy. Mr. Chevallier Taylor's "House of Cards" (239) is a trifle too grey in its light and too black in its shadows; whilst Mr. Stanhope Forbes spoils one's complete enjoyment of "The Fisherman's Reading-Room" (241) by the incongruity of the lighted lamp and bright day-illumined window in the background. This group of literary politicians is nevertheless admirable and full of character, though, perhaps, a trifle less strong in contrast than Mr. J. H. Lorimer's "Fisherman's Strong Cove" (272), where we have a similar scheme worked out even more boldly. In this case we are almost disposed to think that the reflected light on the bladders which hang from the roof of the fisher's cave-hut is too bright, and almost overbalances the bit of open sea and sky that one sees through the open door in the distance. In a very different key and full of bright sunshine is Mr. David Carr's "Sunday Dinner" (340). Like the two before-named works, it bears witness to the seaside experience of the artist, who has caught without exaggeration the self-importance and contentment of the little fisherboy, who is bringing home the baked dinner for the Sunday meal. The setting of the figure is, however, the best part of Mr. Carr's picture, and shows how fully he can enter into the brighter side of humble life, where toil has not brought everything to dull, faded hues. Mr. Fred. Morgan's "Tired Gleaners" (313) occupies a sort of middle place between Mr. Carr's work and that of a popular French School of Art. The more humorous phase of *genre* painting is well represented by Mr. Dendy Sadler's "Corked" (323), a questionable bottle of port wine offered by a country client to the family lawyer. The pair are seated in a pleasant garden, ready, perhaps, to enjoy the gossip of the neighbourhood, when the unpleasing thought is brought home to the visitor that it is unnecessary to prolong his stay. Mr. Frank Dadd's "Awaiting Sentence" (265) is bright in colour in spite of the awful fate impending over the youthful apple-stealer, who, apparently, is brought before his own grandfather, from whom the despoiled farmer is seeking justice. Mr. Watson Nicoll sends a good pendant in "Forbidden Fruit" (276), but here the merit is in the painting of the foliage rather than in the attitude of the marauders. Mr. J. C. Dollman's "Vols. I., II., and III." (357) represents three young ladies on a bench at various stages of an exciting novel; and indifference, interest, and excitement are cleverly depicted in the three faces. Mr. John White's little family group (360) happily recalls the lines of Cowper's "Task":—

> 'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
> To peep at such a world; to see the stir
> Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd—
> To hear the roar she sends through all gates
> At a safe distance!

Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Original Sketch for St. Paul's" (404) is, we presume, a study for a larger picture; for, although painted with the care he gives to his best work, the subject more properly belongs to historical painting, representing, as it does, Wren and his critics discussing the plans of the cathedral.

In landscape work, the Institute is generally well provided, and this year is no exception. Mr. Alfred Parsons' "Still Waters" (319) is a charming little backwater, overhung by bright, sun-touched foliage, which stands apart from the rest of the landscape work. Scarcely less attractive, though in a wholly different style, are Mr. Fred. Cotman's "Flooded Glebe" (240), Mr. Geo. Chester's "Old Rickyard" (249), Mr. Homer Watson's "Lowland Burn" (242), and Mr. Halfwright's "Norfolk Marsh" (235), in all of which some very distinctive painting is displayed. Of almost equal merit are Mr. Herbert Snell's "Autumn" (253), Mr. Claude Hayes' "After the Floods" (261), Mr. H. C. Fox's "October Afternoon" (263), Mr. A. Heleké's "Study of Heather" (321) and "A Bright October Day" (330), both rich in colour, though the sandy background of the latter is a little too pronounced. Mr. Alfred East's "Bree Day" (346), Mr. C. H. Poingdestre's "Marble Mountains of Carrara" (356), and Mrs. Alfred Williams' "Evening after Rain" (399), all show a touch and appreciation of Nature, and give confidence in the future of English landscape painting.

The leading American etchers have at length agreed upon a step which, we trust, will lead to the removal of some international grievances, and will at the same time give to etching that place in art which it occupies in European countries. The Society of American Etchers not only proposes to hold annual exhibitions, but further to protect the works of its members by a system of stamping, analogous to the printsellers' stamp in this country; to limit the editions of each work, and thus to give guarantees alike to the artist and the purchaser. The officers elected for the ensuing year are Mr. Thomas Moran, president; Mr. C. T. Turner, secretary; and Mr. Fred Dielman, treasurer. The society has its offices at 19, East Sixteenth-street, New York City, U.S.A.

The first of Miss J. E. Harrison's course of lectures on "The Temples and Cults of Ancient Athens" was delivered, on Nov. 2, to a crowded audience, in the theatre of the South Kensington Museum. By means of views and diagrams, Miss Harrison showed the growth of the Acropolis and the building of new temples out of the materials and on the foundations of older ones. Of the original form of worship practised by the oldest inhabitants of Attica we shall probably learn very little; but, as Miss Harrison showed, the slight traces discoverable amongst the débris point to an early recognition of Cecrops as the founder of the Attic race; and his connection with Gaia, the Earth-Goddess, would seem to suggest that the Athenians were content to refer their origin no further back.

A memorial window has been placed in St. Luke's Church, Maidenhead, in memory of the late Admiral Sir A. Cooper-Key. The window contains a representation of "Christ instructing from a ship the multitude on the shore."

Lord Arthur Hill, M.P., in recognition of his efforts to secure the success of the Irish Exhibition, has been presented with a service of plate by the exhibitors.—There is to be a Winter Exhibition at Olympia. The main features are to be manufactures and industries, art galleries, a fair of all nations, promenade concerts, and a children's pantomime.

The results of the American observations of the last transit of Venus, in 1882, have been tabulated and summarised by Professor Harkness. Ten stations of observation had been established in the United States, and 1472 photographs of the transit had been taken. The mean of the results gives the parallax as 8·847 min.—that is, the mean distance of the earth from the sun is about 92,315,000 statute miles.

The medallions of the Queen on the Jubilee Memorial Clock-Tower at Weymouth were on Oct. 31 unveiled by the Mayor (Alderman John Groves), in the presence of the Earl of Ilchester (Lord Lieutenant of the county), Mr. Troyte Bullock (High Sheriff of Dorset), Colonel Hambro, M.P. for South Dorset, and a large concourse of the leading inhabitants of the town and county.

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MUSIC.

The performances of the National Russian Opera Company at the "Jodrell" (late "Novelty") Theatre have continued to consist of repetitions of Rubinstein's opera "The Demon," the production of which on the opening night, Oct. 22, was duly noticed by us. The fine singing and acting of M. Winagradow in the title-character has been, throughout, the chief feature in the representations of the opera.

Mr. William Carter's concert at the Royal Albert Hall, in celebration of Hallowe'en (already briefly referred to), brought forward Miss Josephine Simon, a young vocalist from San Francisco, who made her first appearance here, and met with a very favourable reception. She possesses a soprano voice of very good quality, which will be heard to greater advantage when her style is more matured. Mr. Sims Reeves and other eminent vocalists contributed to the concert, which included some effective part-singing by Mr. Carter's excellent choir, some skilful violin-playing by Herr Johannes Wolff, and other items. The programme was, appropriately, chiefly of a Scotch character.

We have previously alluded to the opening of a new series of concerts of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society (now called the "Royal Choral Society") with Mozart's "Requiem" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater," the performances of which must be further spoken of hereafter.

The competition for the "Lady Jenkinson Prize" of £5 (for the best performance of a pianoforte sonata of Beethoven) took place, at the Guildhall School of Music, on Nov. 1, when it was awarded to Kate Augusta Davies. There were twenty competitors.

Four of the new series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace have now taken place. At the latest, on Nov. 3, a new "Festal" symphony, by Mr. H. Gadsby, was performed for the first time. Orchestral works by the same composer had previously been brought forward at these concerts with considerable success. That now referred to is the most important and the best of Mr. Gadsby's productions. It consists of the full complement of movements, in most of which the jubilant style appropriately prevails, the intermediate "Adagio" being chiefly characterised by melodious grace. The working out of the details of each movement is very skilful, and the instrumentation full of effective variety. The symphony was so favourably received that it will, doubtless, soon be heard again. The instrumental programme of the day included some graceful dances by Schubert (for stringed instruments), ballet music by M. Saint-Saëns, and Mdlle. Janotha's fine pianoforte playing in Mendelssohn's first concerto, and a "scherzo" by Chopin. The vocalist was Mdlle. Douilly, who was favourably received on her first appearance here. The violin obbligato to one of her songs was well played by Miss M. Douglas. The Promenade Concerts given on Thursday and Saturday evenings at the Crystal Palace have been rendered so attractive as to prove widely welcome to the large neighbouring public.

London musical activity will receive an important and powerful impulse on Nov. 12 by the resumption of the Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall. The inauguration of the thirty-first season of these excellent performances will bring gladness to the multitudes who throng to them in just appreciation of the high and pure musical influences which they subserve. The opening concert, which will be of strong and sterling interest, will include the co-operation of Madame Néruda (Lady Hallé), and MM. L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti in the string quartet; Miss Fanny Davies as solo pianist, and Miss Liza Lehmann as vocalist. The first of the Saturday afternoon performances will take place on Nov. 17, when Sir Charles Hallé will be the solo pianist.

Mr. Isidore De Lara will give vocal recitals, to take place at Steinway Hall, on the afternoons of Nov. 13 and 27; and Herr Waldemar Meyer announces two important orchestral concerts, to take place at St. James's Hall, on the evenings of Nov. 22 and Dec. 12. Herr Meyer is a skilful violinist, who has studied under Herr Joachim and gained eminence abroad, and, recently, in this country.

The London Ballad Concerts will be resumed, for the twenty-third season, at St. James's Hall, on the evening of Nov. 21. Several eminent vocalists will contribute to the programme, which will also comprise violin performances by Madame Néruda (Lady Hallé).

It is gratifying to hear of the recovery of Madame Trebelli from her recent severe illness.

The Royal Society of Musicians will celebrate its 150th anniversary on Thursday evening, Nov. 29, by a grand performance of Handel's "Messiah" in Westminster Abbey. Madame Albani, Madame Patey, and other eminent artists will be the soloists, and there will be a full band and chorus conducted by Dr. Bridge, organist of the Abbey. The occasion will be one of high and special interest, it being the first performance of the "Messiah" in the Abbey since that of 1834, when it was given, also for the benefit of the society named above, by command of King William IV.; another point of interest being the fact that Handel was a member and large benefactor of the Royal Society of Musicians. It is to be hoped that the coming performance will result in substantial money aid to an institution that renders great service in the support of decayed musicians, their widows and orphans, and this by a system of unobtrusive and economical self-management that has few parallels.

The eminent music-publishing firm of Ricordi, of Milan, London, and elsewhere, has lately acquired the important copyrights and other trade interests of F. Lucca, of Milan, who has retired from business. By this means, the already vast number of valuable publications comprised in the catalogue of Messrs. Ricordi has been very greatly increased.

Notice is given that the State apartments at Windsor Castle are closed until further orders.

During October, according to the Board of Trade returns, 23,478 emigrants of British origin left our shores, of whom 16,583 were English, 2325 Scotch, and 4570 Irish; 15,781 went to the United States, 2010 to British North America, and 3059 to Australasia. The total numbers in October, 1887, were 16,214 English, 2387 Scotch, and 5040 Irish, who went to the above-named places in about the same proportions.

MARRIAGE.

On Sept. 27, at the house of the bride's father, by the Rev. G. A. S. Adams, English Chaplain at Rosario, Frederick W. Whiting, fourth son of the late Captain George W. Whiting, R.N., to Anna Gatcombe, eldest daughter of J. Frederick Norman, of Santa Fé, Argentine Republic, and grand-daughter of the late John F. Norman, of Staplegrove, Somerset.

DEATH.

On Oct. 31, William James Malet Temple-Barrow, Esq., of Clyde House, Twickenham, and of Southwell, Notts, the eldest son of the late Captain C. I. Barrow, of Southwell, Notts, aged 36.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.*

OBITUARY.

LORD NEWBOROUGH.

Sir Spencer Bulkeley Wynn, third Baron Newborough in the Peerage of Ireland, and fourth Baronet of England, died on Nov. 1, aged eighty-five. He was second son of Sir Thomas Wynn, third Baronet, first Lord Newborough, by Maria Stella Petronilla, his second wife, and succeeded to the family honours at the death of his elder brother, in 1832. He married, May 10, 1834, Frances Maria, eldest daughter of the Rev. Walter De Winton, of Hay Castle, Breconshire, and by her (who died on Nov. 18, 1857) he had several children. The eldest son, the Hon. Thomas John Wynn, dying in the lifetime of his father, the title devolves on his eldest son, William Charles, now fourth Lord Newborough, who is in minority, having been born in 1873. The late Lord's daughter, Isabella Elizabeth, is married to Rowland, Viscount Hill. A very curious and interesting story attaches to Maria Stella, Lady Newborough, which is fully narrated in Sir Bernard Burke's "Vicissitudes of Families."



SIR BENJAMIN CHAPMAN, BART.

Sir Benjamin James Chapman, fourth Bart., of Killna Castle, Westmeath; Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of that county, died on Nov. 3. He was born on Feb. 9, 1810, the second son of Sir Thomas Chapman, second Bart., by Margaret, his wife, daughter of Mr. James Fetherston, of Bracklin Castle, and succeeded to the title and extensive estates of the family at the death of his brother in 1852. From 1841 to 1847, he sat in Parliament on the Liberal interest for the county of Westmeath. He married, in 1849, Maria, daughter of Mr. Richard Steel Fetherstonhaugh, and had two sons and one daughter. The elder son, now Sir Montagu Richard Chapman, fifth Bart., of Killna Castle, was born on Feb. 22, 1853.



We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir Lewis Whincop Jarvis, on Nov. 2, at his residence, Middleton Towers, King's Lynn, after a prolonged illness, in his seventy-second year.

The Rev. George Cooper, M.A., R.N., at his residence, Fairfield, Liverpool, on Oct. 25, aged eighty-five years. He was senior naval instructor and chaplain, having entered the service in 1835. He served on the flag-ship Blenheim at the taking of the forts of Bocca Tigris and the capture of Amoy and Chin-hae in 1841, and received the Chinese war medal for meritorious services.

Count Van Bylandt, the Netherlands Minister to the Court of St. James, who was specially instructed to attend the bicentenary celebration of the landing of the Prince of Orange, on Nov. 5 laid the foundation-stone for a statue of the Prince, to be erected on the beach at Brixham, Devon. There was a large concourse of spectators.

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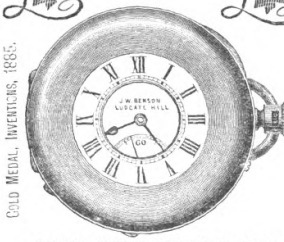
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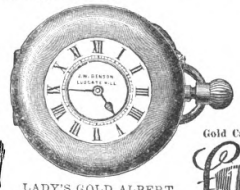
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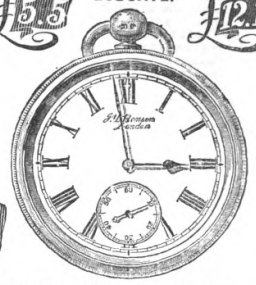
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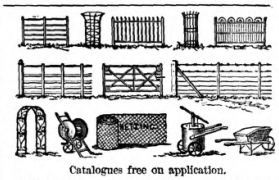
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1883), with three codicils (dated Nov. 28, 1885, and April 12 and Aug. 16, 1888), of Mr. George William Petter, late of Bournemouth, and of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Co., Ludgate-hill, who died on Sept. 16 last, was proved on Nov. 1 by the Rev. William Dixon Halse Petter, the son, Arthur Petter, the brother, Theodore Albert Mitchell, and William Parren, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £520,000. The testator bequeaths £50 to the Church Missionary Society; £20 each to Mrs. Fegan's Boys' Home (Southwark-street), the North Devon Infirmary and the North Devon Dispensary at Barnstaple, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society of Scotland, the Asylum for Idiots at Earlswood, the Home for Incurables at Putney, the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum, the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, the Booksellers' Benevolent Institution, the Newspaper Press Fund, Dr. Barnardo's Home, and the Orphanage at Stockwell founded by Mr. Spurgeon; £500 each to his sister, Charlotte, and his friend, Thomas Dixon Galpin; £250 to his brother Edwin; £50 each to the children of his brothers Edwin and Arthur, £350 each to Theodore Albert Mitchell and William Parren, an annuity of £250 and 150 shares in Cassell and Co., Ld. to his brother Arthur, and legacies to friends, servants, and others. He devises the advowson and perpetual right of presentation to the rectory and church of St. Leonard, Exeter, to the Rev. James Frederick Sheldon, and his estate called Down Grange, Basingstoke, to his son William Dixon Halse Petter. He gives his wife £1500, his house at Bournemouth for life, and an annuity of £2500 during widowhood, to be reduced to £750 in the event of her again marrying. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his children, William, Horace, Clara, Lillie, and Gertrude, the shares of his daughters and son Horace to be held in trust for them, for life, and at their death to their children as they shall respectively appoint.

The will (dated July 7, 1888) of Mr. John Griffith, late of No. 6, Hanover-terrace, Regent's Park, and formerly of Finsbury-place, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Oct. 25 by Samuel Clewin Griffith and Daniel Clewin Griffith, the nephews, and Miss Mary Anne Harcourt Griffith, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £178,000. The testator bequeaths £1500 each to Susanna Bateman Tindall and Florence Rosalie Laming; £4000 to Bateman Harcourt; £3000 to Elizabeth Harcourt; £1000, and about £5800 stock of the Gas Light and Coke Company and the Imperial and Continental Gas Company, to be divided between his nieces, Mrs. Fanny Norman, Mary Anne Griffith, and Susanna Clewin Griffith; £1500, on trust, for the children of John Clewin Griffith; £2500 to Elizabeth Cookson Bowyer; £3500 and his house in Upper Bedford-place to Samuel Clewin Griffith; £3500 and his houses in Woburn-square and Torrington-square to Daniel Clewin Griffith; and many other legacies. He gives £30,000 Metropolitan Board of Works Stock, £22,000 of the Two and a Half per Cent Annuities, and all his Railway Securities (with the exception of those of the Baltimore and Potomac Company), upon trust, to pay £250 per annum for two years to his two nephews, his executors, and then an annual payment of £10 each during his daughter's life, and the residue of the income to his said daughter, for life; and at her death, upon further trust, as to the Board of Works Stock and the Two and a Half per Cents, as she shall by will or testament appoint, among his next-of-kin; and as to the Railway Securities as she shall appoint generally. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay £4000 each to the London Hospital, Guy's Hospital, the Middlesex Hospital, and St. Mary's Hospital; and £4000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society, if the residue shall be sufficient, and the ultimate residue, if any, to his daughter.

The will and codicil of Mr. George Stovin Venables, Q.C., late of Mitre-court, Temple, and Llysdinan Hall, Brecon, who died on Oct. 6, were proved on Nov. 1 by the Rev. Richard Lister Venables, the brother, Franklin Lushington, and Rowland George Venables, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £146,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to Franklin Lushington, £200 to Rowland George Venables, £500 to the Rev. Herbert Venables, and many other legacies and annuities. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brother, the Rev. Richard Lister Venables.

The will (dated March 3, 1885), with a codicil (dated May 4, 1888), of Mr. Arthur Littledale, formerly of Fullford, The Park, Cheltenham, but late of East Cliff House, Bournemouth, who died on Sept. 2, was proved on Oct. 27 by the Rev. Charles Edward Littledale and Captain Henry Charles Littledale, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £143,000. The testator gives all his moveable property and live and dead stock at his mansion house, £1000, and an annuity of £1200 to his wife, Mrs. Emily Denton Littledale; £5000 to each of his daughters, Mrs. Georgiana Emily Tottenham and Mrs. Henrietta Julia Makgill, for their own separate use; and £200 to each executor. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his five sons, Charles Edward, Henry Arthur, Fletcher Castell Hungerford, Herbert Charles Thornton, and Frank Loftus, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 7, 1886) of Mr. Herbert Glendining Bainbridge, formerly of Leamington, but late of Malvern Hall, Solihull, Warwickshire, who died on Aug. 29 last, was proved on Oct. 25 by Herbert William Bainbridge, the son, William Maunsell Reeves, Arthur Torriano Rickards, and Mrs. Rose Bainbridge, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £85,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and all his furniture, plate, glass, &c., to his wife, Mrs. Rose Bainbridge; and £200 to William Maunsell Reeves. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, for life or widowhood, she paying each of his sons who have attained twenty-one £200 per annum; but, in the event of her remarriage, she is to receive a fixed annuity of £300. Subject thereto the whole of his property is to be divided between his children in certain shares, the trusts contained in his will as to his business having become void.

The will (dated Sept. 30, 1887), with two codicils (dated March 3 and Aug. 18, 1888), of Mr. William Freer Scholfield, late of No. 55, Onslow-gardens, South Kensington, who died on Oct. 10, was proved on Oct. 25 by the Rev. Charles Richard Scholfield, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £74,000. The testator bequeaths all his wines and consumable stores, the use and enjoyment, for life, of his household furniture and domestic effects, and an annuity of £1200 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Champion Scholfield; annuities of £100 to his cousin Emma Hindly and £30 to Anne Headley; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, the Rev. Charles Richard Scholfield, for his own use and benefit.

The will (dated 1887), and a codicil (dated April 6, 1888), of Mr. John Archibald Tryon, late of Stamford, Lincoln, who died on June 24 last, were proved on Oct. 30, by Daniel John Evans, Joseph Phillips, and Edward Worsfold Mowll, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £19,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to Daniel John Evans; £1000 each to Joseph Phillips and Edward Worsfold Mowll; £5000 to the Hon. Mrs. Clementina Tryon, wife of Admiral George Tryon; £5000, upon trust, to pay the income to Miss Macleod, for life; £500 to Thomas Peter Greenwood; £500 to his groom, and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between the daughters of Lieut.-Colonel Tryon and Richard Tryon, share and share alike.

The will (dated Dec. 2, 1881), with a codicil (dated Aug. 5, 1886), of Mrs. Elizabeth Antrobus, late of No. 72, Coronation-road, Bristol, widow, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Oct. 27 by Christian Philip Sachs, John Goode, and Henry Havard, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £11,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1100 South Indian Railway Stock to her nephew Henry Havard; £1200 Scinde Railway Stock, upon trust, for her brother, Charles Havard, for life; £1762 Annuities, upon trust, for George Havard; £1300 Madras Railway Stock, upon trust, for Edward Havard, for life, and then, upon further trust, for Louisa, his wife; £1500 Bombay and Baroda Railway Stock to his sister Sophia Sachs, upon trust, for her life; and on their respective deaths to the children of Edward Havard. The residue of her property she leaves between Henry, George, and Elizabeth Havard.

The command of the 1st Battalion Durham Light Infantry has been bestowed on Colonel Russell Upcher, who served with distinction in the Zulu war.

By permission of the authorities of the British Museum, Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen, the Assyriologist, has begun a special series of lectures on the history and antiquities of ancient Babylonia. The subject of the present series is the Creation, Paradise, and Deluge legend. The lectures are supplemented, as usual, by a series of explanatory gallery tours.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

For evening wear in the winter season it is very desirable to have a bodice which protects the chest fairly well. The fullest of full dress undeniably exacts the scantiest of scant shoulder and arm coverings. But occasions exacting such toilettes are very rare at this season of the year, and the ever-growing tendency amongst us to independence of judgment about our costume and to obedience to the dictates of common sense can have its way. It is much less risky to have a bodice cut down only in front than both back and front. It is less than half as dangerous, because it is easy to protect the front of the chest momentarily on perceiving or passing through a draught, by raising the fan or the hand, or turning the back (if covered) in the direction of the danger; but it is not possible to thus counteract the insidious effect of draught when the shoulders are unprotected. The lungs are as close to the surface and as prone to receive a chill at the back of the shoulders as they are at the chest. The moral is, that in winter a bodice cut low at the back should never be worn when it can be helped.

One place in which it is certainly not compulsory—and equally certainly not wise—to wear fully low dresses, is at the theatre. These are most draughty edifices, especially near the stage in the stalls. Frenchwomen wear high though smart bodices to the theatre, as a rule. An attempt was made recently in England by a few women of position to bring the handsome and richly-trimmed tea-gowns, which are so generally used for home dinner dresses, into use for the theatre. The more elaborate tea-gowns, indeed, differ in no respect but a slight looseness in the fit from the Princess robes which were so fashionable a few years ago. However, the movement has not yet succeeded. But the short "tea-jackets," as we call them—in Paris they are confessedly theatre bodices—worn with a nice skirt, are quite fit for opera or for small party wear. They are in every sense bodices, only differing from ordinary costume bodies in being smarter than a walking or morning-dress could possibly be, and yet not at all cut down at the throat, or deprived of a large portion of their sleeves, as even demi-toilette gowns generally are. In a "tea-jacket" the back and sides fit the figure closely, but the front is usually loose, though held in to the waist by a belt, or by a few stitches on to the fitted lining.

Such a jacket was worn, and looked well, in a box at the Empire Theatre on the first night of the new ballet. It was of red plush, with Directoire revers of silk in the same shade, the different sheen of the two materials giving needful variety; the vest was of white lace gathered in slightly to the waist, but, nevertheless, falling easily; the collar was covered with lace, and closed with a diamond fichu-pin. Another, which I inspected recently at a French dressmaker's, was of gold satin brocaded in Oriental tints, in which red predominated: a very handsome material. This was cut with a basque barely reaching below the waist, even at the extreme back; and a vest (which did not quite reach the waist) of finely-pleated plain gold silk, was held in to the figure by a folded "Empire" sash of red silk. The inevitable three buttons of old silver decorated the loose edge of the bodice where it met the vest on either side, and above them revers turned back, faced with red silk, the extreme points of these coming right over the arm. The favourite copper-red, which is this season to be called "terra-cotta" (quite a different hue from the terra-cotta of two years ago), made up well with a dark-blue plush, the latter forming an edging down either side of the fronts, and also a collar, and about half the sleeves, which were slashed out irregularly with the terra-cotta drawn through, so as to have quite a *moyen-âge* effect; while the back and sides, and the vest folded across from either shoulder towards the waist, were all of the soft terra-cotta silk merveilleux. Such bodices go particularly well with plain black lace or dark-coloured silk skirts, especially if a wide moiré or faille sash matching the bodice in tint be added. Such costumes are eminently suitable, not only for the theatre but also for a small evening party, or for an at home or quiet and friendly dinner.

The newest of all new things is in veils. They are more like the quaint "falls" that our grandmothers wore than like anything we have ever donned. The veil, of lace or point d'esprit net, fits quite round the hat, or the high brim of the bonnet, and falls loosely over the whole face; just beneath the chin, it is provided with a running-string of narrow ribbon, which ties round the throat, so that the bottom of the veil forms a full frill or collarette of lace! The small, light veils so long worn are, it appears, to be practically superseded by longer and loosely-hanging ones; indeed, the broad-brimmed hats and high-peaked bonnets now fashionable almost demand that change. But the eccentric arrangement of a throatlet affixed is another novelty. It is very fashionable in Paris, and the London shopkeepers say that these veils are already selling very rapidly here.

Emigration is so easy and simple a method of disposing of surplus population that it is difficult to convince some people that it does not settle the whole question of poverty. But in a new land, men come face to face with the primal conditions of existence. There they learn, however here they may ignore or deny, that capital is needed, as well as labour, for the production of all articles of necessity and use. There they learn that the arts and refinements of life are luxuries obtained only at the price of previous saving of wealth. It is of no use to put human beings down on new soil without the means of cultivating it, and without the will and the ability to do the hard manual labour that is the basis of the social superstructure everywhere. In Australia, in New Zealand, in the far west of America, everywhere the same truth is found—that it is not all men and women that will find a subsistence there, but that it is labourers of either sex in the prime of their productive powers, possessed of health and strength and willingness to do the hard and coarse work of life for whom alone there is room. This specially applies to women.

Lady Carrington, the wife of the Governor-General of New South Wales, has just written over to warn educated women against going to that colony, unless they are prepared to do servants' work. Mrs. Steadman Aldis, wife of the Professor, sent a similar warning from Auckland some time ago. Even domestic servants find that they must work far harder, and do much rougher and more miscellaneous duties, than the better class of servants are asked or will agree to undertake here. They go over thinking they can't do washing, they can't clean boots and windows, and so on; but they soon discover that such objections prevent their getting places at all, although their wages will be higher than at home when they do get into situations. English women who have to support themselves should know that this is the state of the case, according to responsible testimony; and hence that we cannot look to emigration as a perfect panacea for our "over-womaned" difficulty.

The ladies nominated as candidates for the London School Board are only seven in number—far from a due proportion of the fifty-two members, even if all the women candidates were to be elected. They are—Mrs. Ashton Dilke (W. Lambeth), a lady of much ability; Mrs. Evans (Westminster), who has an excellent record as a Guardian for the Strand Union; Mrs. Augusta Webster (Chelsea), who has been a member of the Board for six years, and who is an eminent literary woman, of gracious bearing and excellent temper; Miss Davenport-Hill (City), already for nine years a member; Mrs. Hicks (Marylebone) and Mrs. Besant (Tower Hamlets), both Socialists; and Mrs. Maitland (Marylebone), who comes before the public for the first time.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

A meeting of the Mansion House Committee in connection with the Metropolitan Exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society next year was held on Nov. 5, when it was announced that £320 in addition to £2000 collected at Windsor, had been received towards the required fund of £20,000.

In recognition of his public services during the last three years, a complimentary dinner was given on Nov. 5, by members of the London School Board, to the Rev. Joseph R. Diggle, M.A., the chairman. The gathering took place at the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole, and was presided over by Sir Richard Temple, M.P., the vice-chairman.

A large deputation of the inhabitants of the Ward of Farringdon Without waited on the Lady Mayoress (Lady De Keyser) at the Mansion House on Nov. 5 in order to present to her a full-length portrait of her husband, the Lord Mayor, as an expression of their esteem and their appreciation of the manner in which the duties of the Mayoralty have been carried out during the year. The presentation was made on the part of the subscribers by Mr. Deputy Walter.

The retirement of Dr. G. H. Savage, M.D., from the office of Resident Physician and Medical Superintendent of Bethlem Hospital, to commence private practice in London as a consulting physician for mental disease, has given occasion to a signal demonstration of esteem for his character and services. On Friday, Nov. 2, he was entertained at the Café Royal by the past and present principal officers and resident students of the hospital and others, including the treasurer, Major Copeland (author of the interesting "History of Bridewell," which we lately noticed); Dr. Hack Tuke, joint-editor with Dr. Savage of the *Journal of Mental Science*; Dr. F. Taylor, Professor Stewart, of the Royal College of Surgeons; and Dr. Mickley, Superintendent Physician of St. Luke's Hospital. Dr. Percy Smith, who succeeds Dr. Savage at Bethlem, was in the chair. A testimonial gift, consisting of a large silver bowl and a pair of candelabra, manufactured by Mr. G. Lambert, of Coventry-street, was presented to Dr. Savage, with an illuminated address, declaring high appreciation of his exceptional ability and scientific attainments, and of his energetic and judicious administration, by which steady progress has been effected in the rational and humane treatment of the patients. He entered Bethlem Hospital, with full medical qualifications, as a student in 1866, became one of the resident medical officers in 1872, and has been Superintendent Physician since 1878. He is author of the valuable "Manual of Insanity." The toast of the evening was proposed by Dr. Mickley, and that of "Prosperity to Bethlem Hospital" by Dr. Beach, to which the treasurer responded. Mr. G. H. Haydon, the oldest in continuous service of the officers of the hospital, after bearing his testimony to its admirable management under Dr. Savage, proposed the health of Dr. Percy Smith, who has been three years assistant medical officer, after a distinguished career at St. Thomas's Hospital, and who is now in charge of Bethlem as Resident Physician.

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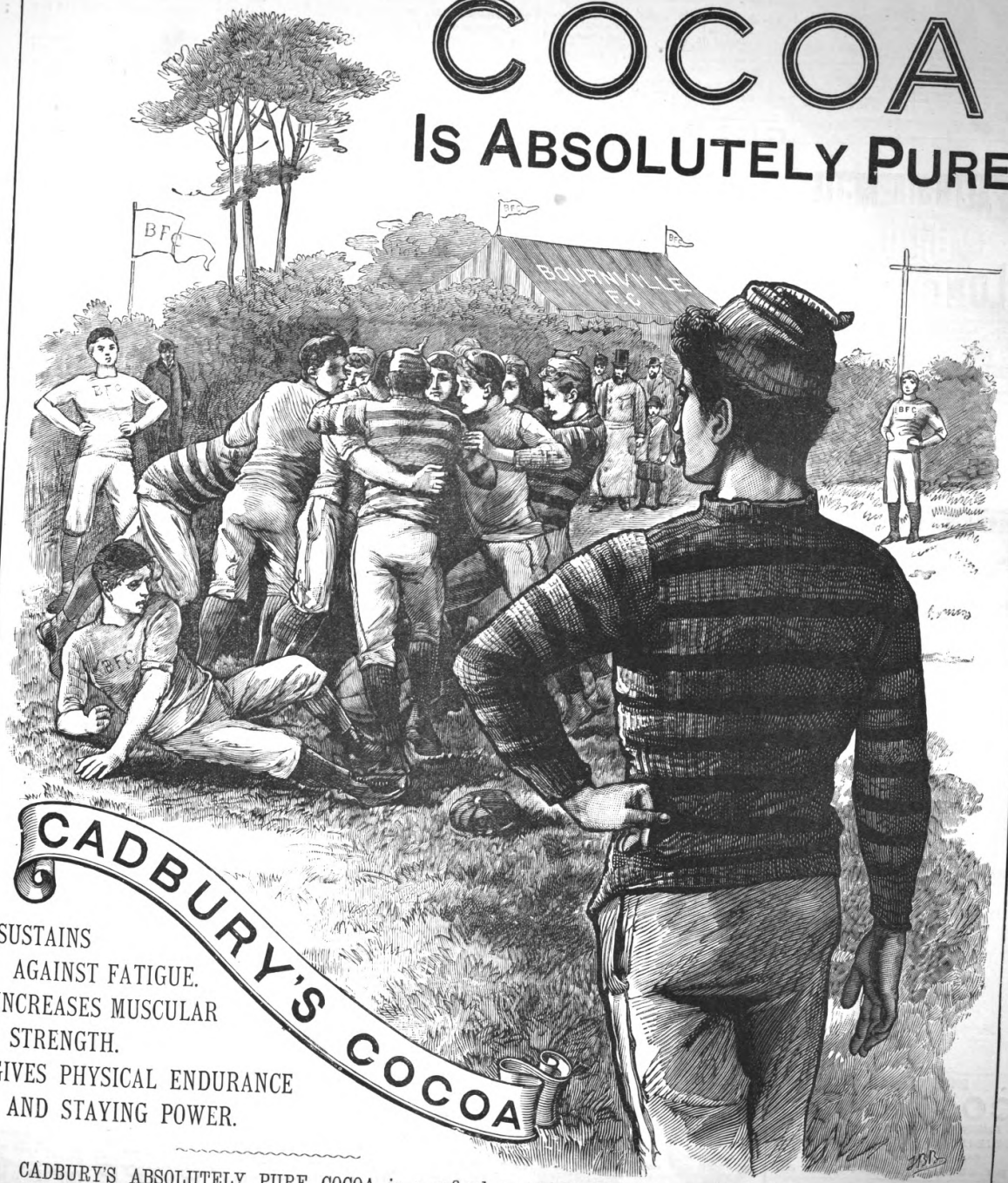
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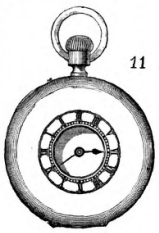
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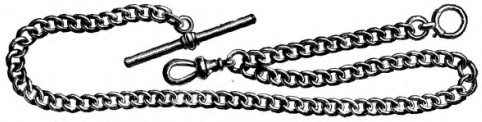
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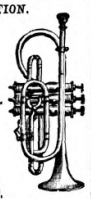
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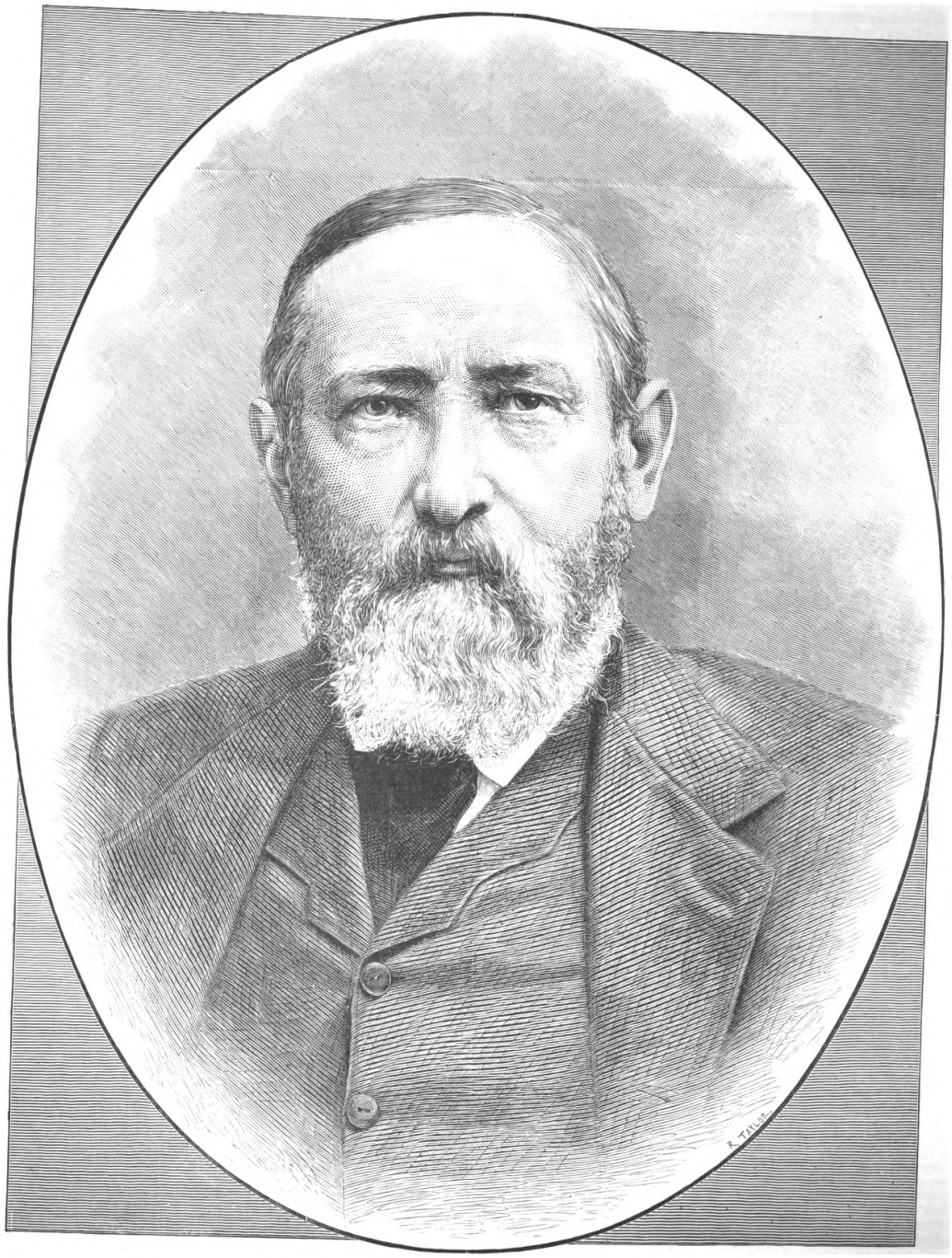
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THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, GENERAL HARRISON.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There are three ladies in America who make a profession of teaching whist. If there were but a fourth—for one cannot imagine any lady playing "dummy"—they would form the most charming rubber in the world. But of course these blessings to civilisation are scattered over the United States, like missionaries: only, instead of forming congregations, they "establish whist-centres." I hope also they have another institution in common with missionary enterprise—that of "making a collection"; for the labourer in every field is worthy of his hire. We learn from the *Milwaukee Sentinel* that that town rejoices in the presence of the most eminent of these three lady professors. The Milwaukee young women, of whom no less than 193 are or have been her pupils, are as distinguished in this branch of science as are our own Girton and Newnham girls in other branches. Their "head"—to use the term employed in "The Princess" for the lady who occupied a somewhat similar position—has written treatises on whist, we are told, "for several railroad companies for issuance in book form." It would therefore seem that these students are so eager to attain proficiency that they even play in the trains. This is diligence indeed; and it is humiliating to reflect that if they followed this wholesome and delightful pursuit in our own country, they might be taken up, under a bye-law, and prosecuted as card-sharpers. I noticed, only last week, an indignant letter from some morose traveller on the Brighton railway demanding to know why this law was not enforced, and the whist-players—the spectacle of whose simple enjoyment had stirred his bile—were not thrown into dungeons. But in Milwaukee—rather a faster place, one would think, than its name suggests—there is Liberty, though no license (unless I have been misinformed) for spirituous liquors. What I would like to read, even more than this professor's treatises, would be her educational experiences.

I have tried to teach young ladies whist myself—of course I played (and I venture to hope there was reciprocity in the stake) for love—but with rather unsuccessful results. They did not say, as I once heard a well-known philosopher observe, when compelled to make up a rubber—"I protest, at starting, against any inference being drawn by my partner from any card I may happen to play;" but it was evidently on that understanding that they proceeded. Unlike him, however, they always professed to know the game: "We are not scientific players, you know, as we want to become; but we have family whist at home." "Do your people play the penultimate?" I once inquired of one of them. "Not that I know of," she answered (very sweetly, but with some of that "amazement" which is so deprecated in the marriage service). "Sophie plays the piano, and Julia the harp; but none of us play the penultimate." It was one of my chief difficulties that I could not prevent my pupils' thoughts from straying from the matter in hand into distant spheres. I could never make them perceive the conventional invitation for trumps. "You didn't notice my ask-for-trumps?" I would sometimes delicately observe, when all had been lost through that neglect. My fair partners would only smile (which, however, I need not say was recompense enough for me) and shake their pretty heads: one of them replied, "I never heard you." My best pupil used to boast that she could "always see a 'picture-peter';" but she couldn't. As for asking for trumps themselves, to give you an idea of how they grasped the meaning of it—not that they were stupid (they were as sharp as needles, only some other magnet than the game of whist was always attracting them)—one of them once said to me, "Why should I have asked; I had plenty of them?" In Milwaukee—whose whist club is, we are told, the largest in the West—its lady professor may not have had these difficulties to overcome; or, as is very probable, she was much sharper with her pupils than I ever dared, or wished, to be; but her experience with them would be very interesting, and, for once, a novel contribution to the great female educational movement.

"Justice to Jurymen" would not be a bad cry to go to the country with—and also the town. There is, very properly, much sympathy expressed for the unemployed, but very little for this unhappy class, who are employed but don't want to be. They are summoned in the most violent and offensive terms that the Law can devise, though (because in this case she is not paid for tediousness) in unusually curt ones, and with a vague threat ("whereof fail not") to conclude with. The affair is so managed that the greatest possible inconvenience is inflicted; there is no name on the summons to indicate to whom you are to state that you are dangerously ill, while "personal attendance" to explain your reason for exemption to the Court is absolutely insisted upon. If one had an infectious disorder, it would be a great temptation to accede to this proposal, and "give it" the Court. If you do go, you are hustled by ushers, and kept "cooling your heels," and much more delicate portions of your frame, in draughts, and told "to wait," or that you are not wanted to-day, but must come to-morrow, and all this with an impertinence of manner that only belongs (with the exception, perhaps, of an underling in a Government office) to a myrmidon of the law. If, on the other hand, you are one of the Elect, you have by no means the great advantages ascribed to persons in that condition. You will be shut up in a box without a lid to it, and have, perhaps, to listen for many days to arguments about the right of way through some moor or wood, where nobody in his senses, one would think, would ever want to go, and in which it is impossible to take the faintest interest—and all for twenty-one shillings by way of recompense. The jury system may be a necessity, for all I know; but the victims who are sacrificed to it, and are the only persons concerned, from the Judge to the doorkeeper, who are not decently remunerated for their services, should at least be treated with civility and shielded from discomfort. It is not a personal matter, for, thank Heaven! I have an infirmity which releases me from this obligation; I am pleading for my fellow-creatures to whom this public service is made so abhorrent that—worse than soldiers who maim themselves to escape the military yoke—some of them will even pretend to have neither creed nor morals in order to evade it. And now—last grain that breaks the camel's back—a Judge has decreed that the consolations of literature (even throughout a right-of-way case) must be denied to jurymen. Once in the box, they are to be spared not one syllable of forensic eloquence—the opening of the counsel, the contests between himself and his learned friend on the other side, the badgering of the witnesses, the summing-up of the Judge. To look at a newspaper is pronounced to be contempt of Court. Well, perhaps there is something to be said against newspapers: the newspaper has speeches in it, and may produce somnolency; but would there be any harm in a juryman who is getting vertigo from a right-of-way case, to refresh himself with a pocket novel and then to vote with his foreman or the majority, whichever seems to promise the quickest way out of his trouble? I notice—if I may say as much without disrespect to any Commission, Parliamentary or otherwise—that when Judges themselves have to act as jurymen they don't seem to like it.

A great poet has told us that in his boyhood he was under the mistaken impression that the tree-tops were "close against the sky," and that when he came to maturity "it gave him little joy" to know that he was farther off from heaven than when he was a boy. It ought (by analogy) to give general satisfaction that the sun has been discovered to be nearer us than we thought it was. By establishing ten stations of observation in the United States, and taking 1472 photographs of the transit of Venus, an American astronomer has found that the parallax is 8847 minutes. She must go much faster than a mile a minute, since the total result of our distance from the great luminary is thus proved to be 92,385,000 miles. Previous British calculation added erroneously 130,000 miles to these figures—a circumstance which was, no doubt, made use of in the late Irish vote for the Presidency, as evidencing our desire to keep the democracy as much as possible in the dark.

In these days of doubt as to the failure or success of marriage, a late matrimonial event at Barnet between two "parties" of an age to know their own minds and with a prolonged experience of the subject in question, has a peculiar attraction and significance. The proportion of their years to one another was exactly what is recommended by the highest authorities, the gentleman being seventy-six and the lady seventy-one; and notwithstanding that they had been dependent on one another's society for half their lifetime they had never complained of *ennui* at home. On the other hand, they had applied for and obtained "out-door relief," which was the cause of their interesting case being made public. This grant in aid was objected to by certain of the parish guardians, on account of their never having been bound together by what an eloquent female writer has termed "the golden chain of matrimonial slavery," with which it was therefore decided they should be, even thus tardily, at once united. As they were unhappily without the means of giving the usual déjeûner, or even providing one for themselves, one of the workhouse authorities kindly undertook to supply a wedding-cake, and another provided a carriage and pair (let us hope with favours) to transport the happy pair to church. An immense congregation witnessed the ceremony, which went off without a hitch save for the absence of a ring, which was, however, ingeniously furnished from a pew curtain. The result of this somewhat unusual alliance will be watched by all those interested in this much-debated question with curiosity. Whatever happens amiss can, at least, never be set down to the ordinary causes of recklessness and precipitancy, or disregard of the advice of friends.

The *Spectator* has a correspondent in New Zealand who sends it a charming anecdote this week of a young Maori's sacrifice to vanity. Someone had given him a pair of boots: but finding them too short, and being unable to force them on, he sliced off his big toes with a hatchet, to harmonise with the length of the other ones, applied some juice of the flax plant (*Phormium tenax*)—the giving the botanical name strikes one as a very pretty touch in such a story—to stop the bleeding, and wore the boots till they (not the boots, but his toes) were healed. No doubt, in a male, such vanity is rare; but I know many a Mary here at home (the name is spelt a little differently, and the sex is feminine, but the character is identical) who endures similar torments every day of her life, not only in her "tootsicums" (as she calls her feet, which are not quite so diminutive as she would have them to be), but in much more vital portions of her dainty frame. To one who is acquainted with the structure of the human body the sight of her waspish waist arouses the tenderest pity; one is inclined—though, of course, one never does, or hardly ever—to put one's arm (twice) round it and murmur: "How can you, *can* you *do* so?" To poke fun at the poor New Zealand dude, who, at least, has his *Phormium tenax*, while such things are being done at home, "in the best circles," without any such mitigation, is surely to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

Literature is but a poor calling, so far as its profits are concerned, to any of its professors, but least of all to those whose mission is to make science popular. A few—a very few—scientific men of reputation may command a sale among the rich and learned for great works of a corresponding bulk and price; but those whose humble, but not less useful, task is to teach the secrets of science to the crowd must do so by means of cheap books; and "the crowd," compared with the public that welcome a lighter kind of literature, is not a large one. If the education of their fellow-creatures is not, like virtue, its own reward, its remuneration is still very small; and those who are benefited by it owe them something beside gratitude. The late Mr. R. A. Proctor, the astronomer, is an example of this ill-rewarded class. A petition, I read, has been signed by many distinguished persons in favour of his widow and six children for a Government pension. If there is any pretence remaining of devoting the proceeds of the national bounty to those for whom it was designed, here is surely a claim that should not be disregarded. The total resources of Mr. Proctor's family are said to be but £150. What a mockery it is to call a man a "popular writer," when with all his toil and pains, and an unquestioned economy, such a pittance is all that he can leave behind him!

NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The contest between the "Democratic" and the "Republican" parties, in the United States of America, for the election of delegates of the several States, in proportion to the numbers of the population in each State, to choose the President of the Union for the next four years, has resulted in the victory of the "Republican" party, whose candidate, General Benjamin Harrison, will therefore be elected instead of Mr. Grover Cleveland, and will be installed in office early next year. Benjamin Harrison was born in August, 1833, at North Bend, on the Ohio, and was educated at Cary's Academy, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, and at the Miami University at Oxford, after which he studied law at Cincinnati two years. At the age of twenty he married Miss Carrie L. Scott, daughter of the Rev. J. W. Scott, of Oxford, Ohio, and has two children. In 1854 Harrison removed to Indianapolis, where he began his work in politics. In 1860 he was elected reporter of the Supreme Court of Indiana. In 1862, when the Union armies had met with reverses in the South, he obtained a Lieutenant's commission, went into camp with Company A of the 70th Indiana Regiment, and in less than thirty days led to the front a regiment of 1000 fighting men. During the Atlanta campaign General Harrison took the place of General Butterfield as Brigade Commander. In the fall of 1864 General Harrison was re-elected reporter of the Indiana Supreme Court; in the same year he became a member of a law firm; and was elected Governor of Indiana in 1880. In January, 1881, General Harrison was elected to the United States Senate, and his term of six years as Senator of the United States established his reputation as a sound statesman and a powerful debater. He is an advocate of Civil Service reform.

THE EX-MAYOR OF CARDIFF.

Sir Morgan Morgan, the ex-Mayor of Cardiff, was on Tuesday, Nov. 6, presented with his portrait, accompanied with a silver dinner-service, subscribed for by numerous friends and fellow-townsmen, in recognition of his many good qualities and efficient services as Chief Magistrate of the borough, as well as of the liberal hospitality which characterised his tenure of office last year. The subscriptions amounted to upwards of £1000, and the presentation was made at the Townhall by the Mayor, Alderman Jacobs, in the presence of a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen. Cardiff is one of the most flourishing towns in the empire, and its population has increased since the last census was taken from 86,000 to upwards of 130,000. A knowledge of this fact was probably one of the circumstances which induced Lord Salisbury to recommend her Majesty to confer upon the ex-Mayor the honour of knighthood, in commemoration of the Jubilee year, and the distinction thus worthily bestowed gave great satisfaction, not only in Cardiff, but throughout the Principality. Sir Morgan Morgan, who practises as a solicitor, is descended from an old Carmarthenshire family, and it is not a little singular that his brother, Colonel Morgan, now fills the offices of the Mayor of the borough and High Sheriff of the county of Brecon—a combination of distinctions to which Mr. Justice Matthew made a graceful allusion in charging the Grand Jury at the last assizes. The Portrait of Sir Morgan Morgan is by Mr. B. F. Marks, of Fitzroy-square, London.

DISASTER AT MONTREUX, SWITZERLAND.

Many English tourists know the charming Swiss Riviera at the head of the Lake of Geneva. They have viewed with delight the shady, flowery gardens of Clarens, with its bright vine-clad slopes, so dear to Rousseau, the noble sweep of the blue lake, the crags and fir-woods of Naye and Jaman, with their scenery "beautiful as a dream," the shining snows of the Dent du Midi in the background, and the stately city of palatial hotels that has risen along the lake at Vernex and Montreux, extending to the historic walls of Chillon. They will be sorry to learn that this favourite abode, on this smiling shore, has been suddenly exposed to dire devastation, and has narrowly escaped destruction on the Clarens-Vernex side. Among recent improvements in this district, besides the cable-rail up to the pretty village of Glion, on the hill immediately overhanging Montreux, is an electric tramway from Vevey, through Montreux, to Chillon. Giving life to the whole region with its cheery horn, and by night with its bright red and green lights, this line has been a great convenience to visitors, and is a pleasing evidence of the progressive spirit of Switzerland.

On an eminence directly above the west end of Montreux, and opposite Glion, at an elevation of about 700 ft. above the lake, is the little village of Sonzier, where the Electric Company has established a reservoir providing the water power to work the dynamos of the company. The reservoir was surrounded by solid walls of limestone, protected outside by a substantial earthwork; but it appears that certain misgivings were entertained latterly respecting the solidity of the structure, and the official commissioned to inspect it reported it to be somewhat insecure, especially if overfilled. Whether or not this contingency occurred is at present undetermined; but on the dismal morning of Nov. 6, in the darkness of five o'clock, a sudden, rushing, thundering noise was heard, and down came the waters of the reservoir, breaking down all barriers, ploughing up broad spaces of vineyard, snapping aged walnut-trees, slicing their way through intervening cottages and hamlets, shaking down solid walls, tossing the unhappy residents out of their beds and burying them under earth, stones, and mud, three mètres deep. Sweeping down some of the main thoroughfares of Montreux, it poured into the lake, narrowly shaving the well-known Hôtel du Cygne and the German Protestant church. When our Correspondent visited the scene of this disaster he was impressed with the wonderful escape the town had made. But for the railway, which was itself covered with rubble and mud, and for some massive intervening walls, which diverted the raging waters, all the front houses of Montreux to the west might have been demolished in an instant.

The authorities seem to have exerted themselves laudably to repair the disaster. The railway was rapidly restored for traffic, and masses of large stones, gravel, and mud were carted from the main street; but there are still great piles of stones, brought down by this water avalanche, while many of the gutted houses threaten speedy collapse, if not promptly removed.



SKETCHES AT A FREE LIBRARY.

MUSIC.

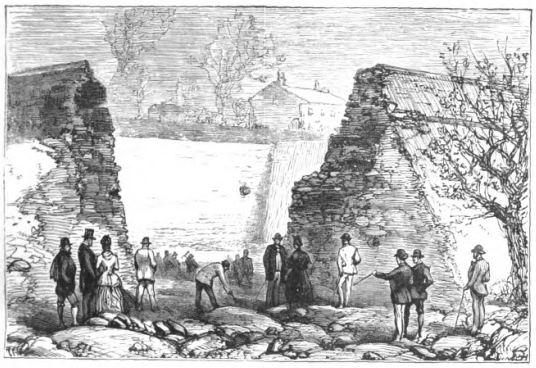
An important addition has been made to musical activity in London by the resumption of the Monday Popular Concerts, which entered on their thirty-first season on Nov. 12. The large attendance at St. James's Hall proved—as on many former occasions—the strong hold which these performances have taken on the London musical public. Their recurrence is as anxiously expected as their temporary cessation is widely regretted. In the midst of much that is meretricious in London music, these concerts serve as wholesome correctives, by excellent performances of works by the great masters in a form of composition free from all admixture of the *ad captandum vulgus*. In addition to compositions that have taken rank as classics, the programmes occasionally offer examples of contemporary productions, so as to afford opportunities for judging of the progress, or otherwise, of creative musical power. In recent seasons the introduction of novelties has, wisely, been somewhat restricted—but few of these being found to stand the test of repetition; while the number of established masterpieces that will bear unlimited rehearing is almost beyond reckoning. The programme of the opening night of the new season was of sterling interest. Beethoven's Third Rasoumowski Quartet, led by Madame Néruda (Lady Hallé), in association with Mr. L. Ries, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti, and Schumann's pianoforte trio in D minor, respectively opened and closed the concert; the other instrumental pieces of the evening having included three charming movements by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie (from his Op. 37) for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment. Miss Fanny Davies was the solo pianist, her chief performance having been in Beethoven's series of variations in E flat, in a theme from his "Eroica" symphony. These were very artistically rendered by the young lady pianist, who also sustained the principal part in Schumann's trio. The names of the executants in each case sufficiently indicate the merits of the performances. The vocalist was Miss Liza Lehmann, who sang Bach's air, "Willst du Mein Herz?" and two songs of her own composition, with much refinement.



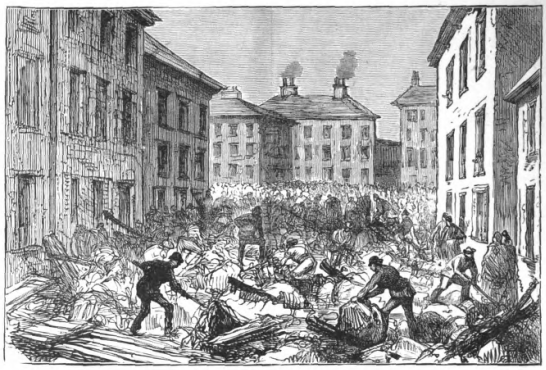
SIR MORGAN MORGAN, EX-MAYOR OF CARDIFF.



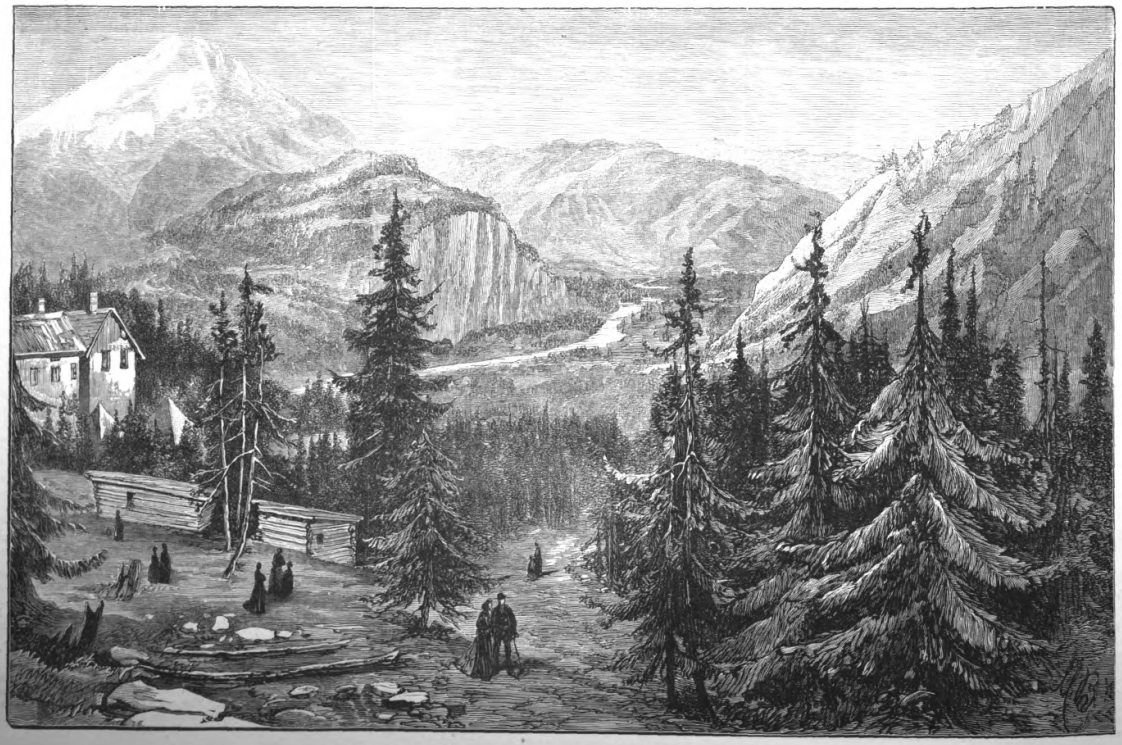
THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL EARL OF LUCAN.



THE DISASTER AT MONTREUX: THE RESERVOIR AFTER ITS BURSTING.

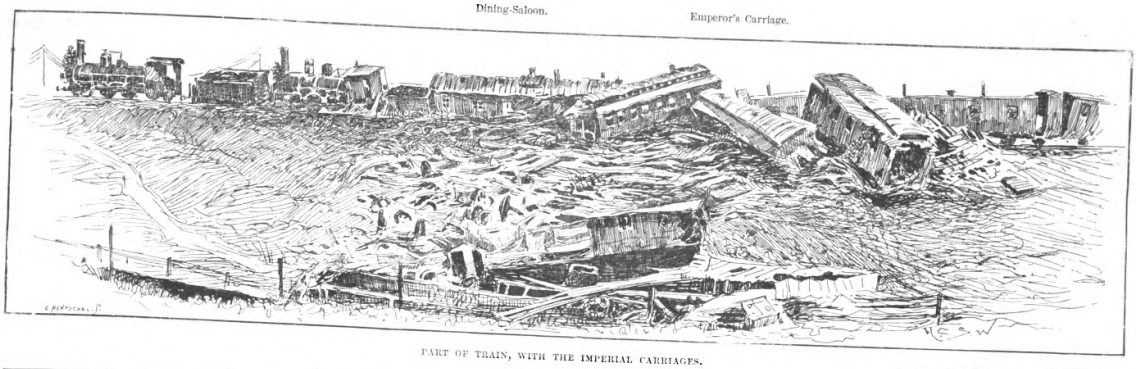


THE DISASTER AT MONTREUX: SEEKING THE DEAD.

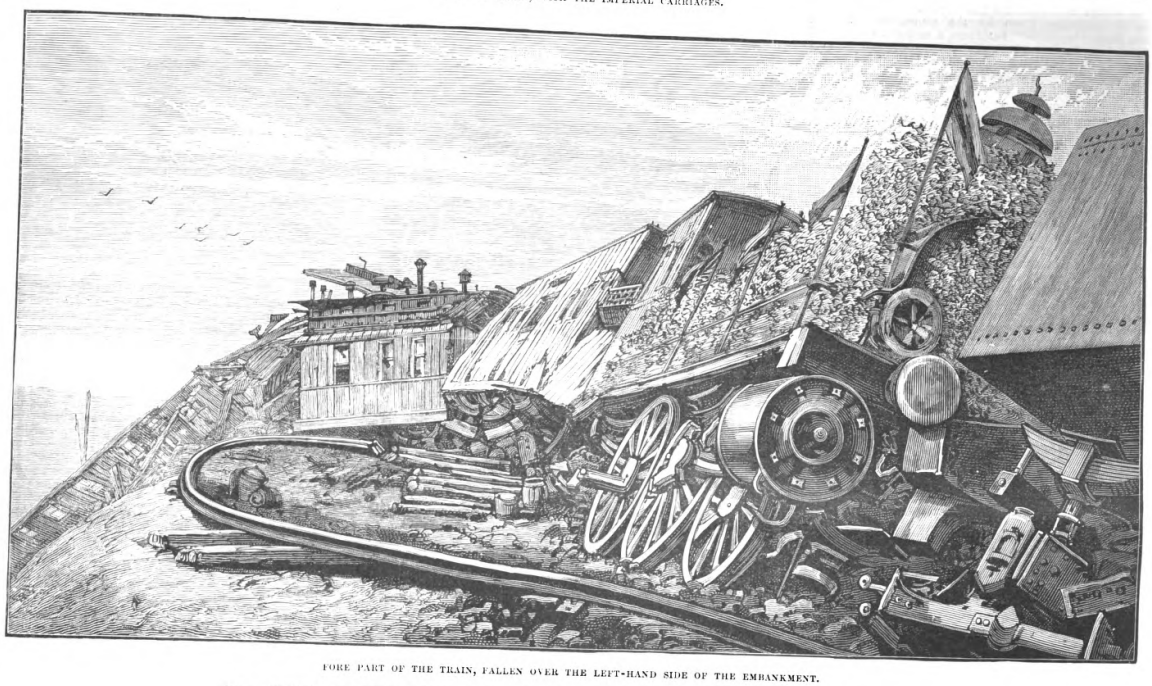


THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: THE BOW RIVER VALLEY, FROM BANFF.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



PART OF TRAIN, WITH THE IMPERIAL CARRIAGES.



FORE PART OF THE TRAIN, FALLEN OVER THE LEFT-HAND SIDE OF THE EMBANKMENT.

THE ACCIDENT TO THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S TRAIN ON THE AZOV RAILWAY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



CAPTURED EAST AFRICAN SLAVES AT ADEN.

THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

Our Artist has made further Sketches in the Court of Inquiry held by the three Judges, Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith, the Special Commissioners appointed under an Act of Parliament to investigate the "charges and allegations" set forth by the *Times* against Mr. Parnell and other Irish members of Parliament connected with the Irish Land League and the Irish National League. The proceedings on Thursday and Friday, Nov. 8 and Nov. 9, were of painful interest, from the appearance as witnesses of several widows whose husbands were murdered by the "Moonlighters" and other agents of the system of agrarian terrorism, and whose sad tales were heard with deep sympathy. One was Mrs. J. H. Blake, of Rathville, near Loughrea, Galway, wife of the agent of Lord Clanricarde, killed in her presence on June 29, 1882; she described how three shots were fired, wounding herself and a servant, and killing Mr. Blake, on the car, and how he lay dead on the road, weltering in his blood, while the people refused to help her. The portraits of three other victims' widows, Mrs. Connors and Mrs. Dempsey, whose cases have been noticed, and Mrs. Lyden, whose case was again referred to in the examinations of other witnesses on Tuesday, Nov. 13, will be found among our Sketches; Lyden was shot, by order of a Land League meeting, for herding cattle on a farm from which a tenant had been evicted. We have not space to describe the evidence given by the numerous witnesses, including three "boycotted" landlords, a sergeant and several constables of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and some farmers and labourers, who had acted with the Land Leaguers or the Fenians, besides Mr. Chester Ives, the special correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who was mentioned last week.

THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT TO THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

The accident that occurred on Oct. 29, near Borki, in South Russia, to the Imperial special train by which the Emperor and Empress, with their children, were travelling homeward from the provinces around the Sea of Azov, was related last week. It occasioned the loss of nearly a dozen lives, and thirty or forty persons were seriously injured, but their Imperial Majesties and the members of their family were unhurt. Two further Illustrations of this disaster are now presented. One is a view of several of the carriages fallen over the left-hand side of the embankment, with a piece of the rail twisted into a sharp curve and lifted above the bed of the railway. The carriages seen in this Sketch are those of Baron Possiet, the Minister of "Ways and Communications" (including railways), the van conveying workmen and materials for repairs to the train, if needful; the van containing the electric light apparatus for the train, with some of the luggage; these carriages preceded the two engines, which were placed together in the middle of the train. One of the engines, decorated with branches of trees and wreaths of foliage, is seen in this Sketch, thrown off the rails, with an engine-tender behind it. The remaining portion of the train is delineated in the second Sketch; it begins with the other engine and tender; there is a van with electric wires, a locksmith's workshop van, a travelling kitchen, a buffet for refreshments, a dining-saloon (in which the Emperor and Empress were at the time), and last came the saloon carriage for the Imperial Princes and Princesses, the saloon carriage for the Emperor and Empress, and one for the Czarewitch. Some of these carriages, it will be seen, were thrown off the rails, and partly down the embankment, while others continued in their right position, which may have been owing to their weight. They did not get lifted on the top of each other, as happens so often in these disasters. But there is no doubt that the rails, which were in bad repair, gave way at first under the carriage of the Minister of State who was officially responsible for the management of all the railways in Russia; and Baron Possiet, as well as the director of this particular line, has incurred the penalty of dismissal. The Emperor and Empress exerted themselves personally on the spot, with great zeal and tenderness, in the relief of their unfortunate fellow-passengers maimed or crushed by this accident; and their Majesties have taken care to provide for those left destitute among the families of the persons killed.

A LITERARY LODGE OF FREEMASONS.

On Thursday, Nov. 8, being the festival of the "Quatuor Coronati," or Four Holy Crowned Martyrs, in the Roman Calendar, the lodge of that name, under the registry of the Grand Lodge of England, met at Freemasons' Hall, for the purpose of installing the new Master and inducting the other office-bearers. The Master-elect, who was Mr. William Simpson, the well-known Special Artist of *The Illustrated London News*, was duly placed in the chair of King Solomon, by the retiring Master, Mr. R. F. Gould, and afterwards invested his subordinate officers. The lodge of the "Quatuor Coronati," which takes its name from the legendary saints of the building trades, was established in 1884; but owing to its first Master, Sir Charles Warren, having been sent to South Africa on military duty at the close of that year, the actual commencement of its Masonic labours only dates from January, 1886. The object of the founders was to provide a centre and bond of union for students of Freemasonry, and its progress has already far outstripped the modest expectations of the little band of authors and artists, for whose fraternal association it was called into existence. At the end of the first year of real work it was decided to establish, under the name of the "Correspondence Circle," a literary society, in close and intimate connection with the lodge. The numbers of the association have increased from 155 to nearly 450 in the past twelvemonth. No persons are admitted to the full membership of the lodge without a literary or an artistic qualification, but this restriction does not extend to the outer or "correspondence" circle. Papers are read at all the meetings, which are printed in the "Transactions" of the lodge. The "Quatuor Coronati" have an admirable treasurer in Mr. Walter Besant, and Mr. G. W. Speth is the indefatigable secretary.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards has been lecturing on Ancient Egypt in the Midlands, in the North of England, and in Scotland.

Mr. John Boyd has been elected Lord Provost of Edinburgh, in room of Sir Thomas Clerk, who retired at the close of the three years' term of office. Mr. Boyd has been a member of the Council for about twenty-five years, and has filled the offices of bailie and treasurer.

The Glasgow International Exhibition was closed on Saturday, Nov. 10, the total number of visitors on the closing day being 117,901. Since the Exhibition was opened, on May 8, by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the visitors have numbered five million and three-quarters. A sum of £120,000 was taken at the gates, besides £15,000 drawn from season-tickets. There is a surplus of £40,000, which will probably be used for promoting art and science in Glasgow.

"MANY A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP."

The experience of most of us has often confirmed the truth of this proverb among the various unforeseen accidents besetting all human plans and hopes. It is not uncommon to see the simplest and most innocent purposes suddenly disappointed, and frequently by the unjust intervention of marauders or defrauders seizing that which is just about to be rightfully bestowed on another. This is the temporary misfortune of the child's favourite dog, with his saucer of milk which is unhappily broken, and its contents greedily lapped up by two canine intruders, leaving the child, as well as the bereaved pet Doggy, to mourn over its loss. They have not sufficient courage or strength to drive away those unlicensed devourers of the spilt milk, which might otherwise serve the turn in spite of the ruin of the saucer. The child may, perhaps, be also in some fear of disgrace, on returning to the house, for carelessness in the use of a fragile vessel which was of greater value than the milk. But it is to be hoped that the kitchen or dairy store can yet supply a fresh allowance, under safer guardianship, to satisfy the lawful wants of the dog for which this customary benefit was properly intended.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF LUCAN.

Field Marshal Sir George Charles Bingham, third Earl of Lucan, Baron Lucan of Castlebar, and a Baronet of Nova Scotia, Colonel 1st Life Guards, Lord Lieutenant of Mayo, a Representative Peer, died Nov. 10, in his eighty-ninth year. He was eldest son of Richard, second Earl, by Lady Elizabeth Belasyse, his wife, daughter and co-heir of the last Earl of Fauconberg. He entered the Army in 1816, and attained the rank of Major-General in 1851. In the Crimean War he commanded the Cavalry Brigade, and received several distinctions, viz.: Medal with four clasps, the Grand Cross of the Bath, the Legion of Honour, the Medjidieh, &c. He became Lieutenant-General in 1858, General in 1865, and Field Marshal in 1887. His Lordship married, June 29, 1829, Lady Anne Brudenell, daughter of the sixth Earl of Cardigan, and by her (who died April 2, 1877) had issue, two sons and four daughters. The eldest son, George, Lord Bingham (born in 1830, and married to Lady Cecilia Catherine, youngest daughter of the fifth Duke of Richmond, K.G.), succeeds as fourth Earl of Lucan.



We give a Portrait of the late Earl of Lucan, from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Fox.

MR. COMPTON FERRERS.

Mr. Compton Gerard Ferrers, male representative of the great house of Ferrers, and senior coheir of the barony of Ferrers of Chartley, died on Nov. 6 at 78, Cadogan-place. He was born, May 12, 1818, the third son of the late Mr. Edward Ferrers, of Baddesley Clinton, in the county of Warwick, by Lady Harriet Anne, his wife, second daughter, and eventual coheiress of George, second Marquis Townshend and sixteenth Lord Ferrers of Chartley. He succeeded his brother, Marmion Edward Ferrers, of Baddesley Clinton, in 1884.

HON. MRS. CAULFEILD.

Hon. Annette Caulfeild, younger daughter of Richard, third Lord Castlemaine, and wife of Colonel James Alfred Caulfeild, of Dramcairne, county Tyrone, Comptroller of the Household of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, died at Dublin Castle on Nov. 10. The death of this estimable lady is deeply deplored. Her marriage was on Feb. 2, 1858, and its issue one daughter, Constance Elizabeth, now Countess of Ranfurly.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. James Campbell Home, A.M., for forty years Vicar of Rawcliffe, Lancashire, recently, at Chester.

Mr. Arthur Willmore, landscape engraver, on Nov. 3, aged seventy-four. He was one of the last and best of our line-engravers.

The Palestine Exploration Fund Committee have just received the sum of £500, left to them by the will of the late Robert Mackay Smith, Esq., of 4, Bellevue-crescent, Edinburgh.

Two stained glass windows (executed by Warrington and Co.) have been placed in Lancaster parish church as a memorial to the late Mr. J. P. Chamberlain Starkie.

The Royal Geographical Society opened their winter session on Nov. 12, when Mr. H. H. Johnston, Vice-Consul for the Oil Rivers District, read a paper on the Niger Delta, which was illustrated by numerous dissolving views.

At a conference of the National Fruit-Growers' League, held in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, on Nov. 12, a resolution was unanimously adopted calling upon the Government to give facilities for the establishment of small fruit gardens.

Two important meetings were held on Nov. 12 in the East of London—one at the Limehouse Townhall, presided over by the Archbishop of York; and the other at St. Bartholomew's Hall, Dalston Junction, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury—in support of the missions of East London. The necessity of increased activity in religious work among the poor of the district, and the importance of enlisting lay assistance were strongly urged by the various speakers, who included, as well as the two Archbishops, the Bishops of Wakefield and Bedford.

An important addition is about to be made to the bibliography of wood-engraving by Mr. W. J. Linton, who is preparing a work to be entitled "The Masters of Wood-Engraving," and which purposes to occupy new ground. While giving an ample account of the books in which wood-engraving has been used, and carefully sifting old judgments through technical knowledge, it also undertakes a history of the art by exhibiting the choicest works from the earliest times. To accomplish this purpose the Library and Print-room of the British Museum have been thoroughly searched for the purest impressions, from which photographs have been taken for re-production by the best facsimile processes. To these will be added copies from unique proofs in the author's possession, the whole forming a collection hitherto unattempted. It will be limited to an edition of 500 copies, signed and numbered, issued to subscribers only. A further edition, on larger paper, of 100 copies, will include such large works as Dürer's "Triumphal Car of Maximilian." As Mr. Linton is himself one of the "Masters of Wood-Engraving," and also an accomplished author, the work cannot fail to be of the highest value and interest.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: BANFF.

Our description of the line which crosses the whole breadth of North America, from the Atlantic ports to the Pacific, within British territory, left off at Calgary, of which new town a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, was published last week, along with those of other places, in Manitoba, and on Lake Nipissing, in the long journey westward from Ottawa and from Montreal. The next place deserving of notice, after Calgary, is Banff, situated on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains and forming the station for the Canadian National Park. This place abounds in medicinal springs, and in addition to the cottages and small hostelries that now exist, the railway company is building a very large and well-appointed hotel, which will offer first-class accommodation. The National Park is 260 square miles in extent, embraces every variety of scenery, and is made accessible by numerous roads and bridle-paths, constructed by the Government at large expense. The rivers and lakes are full of fish, and the forests of game. The average altitude of the valley, which fills most of the park, is 4500 feet, and roads have been built northward to Devil's Lake, a very deep piece of water, hemmed in by precipitous cliffs, and by the Devil's Head, an immense and abrupt peak, so lofty as to be seen far out upon the eastern plains, towering above all the other mountains in its neighbourhood.

Banff is 4200 ft. above the sea, but nestled among mountains rising over 5000 ft. above the hotel, often with snow on their summits and far down the sides of the deep gorges. The sanitarium is on the bank of the Bow River, a stream over 400 ft. wide, of crystal clearness, slightly whitened by glacier water. This river under the hotel breaks through walls of rock 200 ft. high, forming a succession of cascades or rapids 60 ft. in fall, within 140 yards. The views of the snow-clad mountains, the river, the cascades, and whirling pool below makes the situation of the hotel one of the finest ever seen. Trout abound in the river of all angling sizes. A lake-trout was brought in from Devil's Lake, twelve miles off, weighing forty-three pounds. We shall give several Illustrations of the Hot Springs and Sanitarium at Banff.

CAPTURE OF SLAVE-DHOWS NEAR ADEN.

The Arab slave trade on the East Coast of Africa is now exciting the attention of several European Governments. We are indebted to Mr. Herbert E. Dudley for a Sketch of a scene at Aden, consequent on the activity of a British cruiser, H.M.S. Osprey, sloop, Commander E. Gissing. On Sept. 15, while on a cruise, the Osprey sighted Mocha, and boarded a small dhow that had been sent from Assab Bay by the Italians to Mocha, for fruit. She then stood up the coast to the north until night, when she turned round and came down slowly, at a distance of about eight miles from the land. At daybreak next morning, the Osprey sighted three dhows ahead, and immediately went in pursuit of them. On getting within range, a gun was fired from the sloop as a signal to the dhows to stop and submit to examination. No notice was taken of this; but the dhows crowded on more sail and endeavoured to escape. A well-aimed shot at the mast of the largest of the three dhows speedily brought her up. By this time the other two dhows were nearly a mile ahead and widely separated, so that the capture of both was by no means easy. But a fortunate shot through the sail of the nearest resulted in her soon being made a prisoner; then the Osprey went in pursuit of the third dhow, and eventually captured her. Taking the last two in tow, her Majesty's sloop steamed back to the first of the dhows. On search being made it was found that the three dhows contained over two hundred slaves, male and female, the larger proportion being Christians from Abyssinia. The prizes were towed to Aden, where the vessels were condemned and the slaves were taken charge of by the authorities.

The Duke of Wellington has consented to become a vice-president of the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital.

On the evening of Nov. 10 the first through express-train from Paris arrived at Constantinople.

An exhibition of the iron and metal trades is open at the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

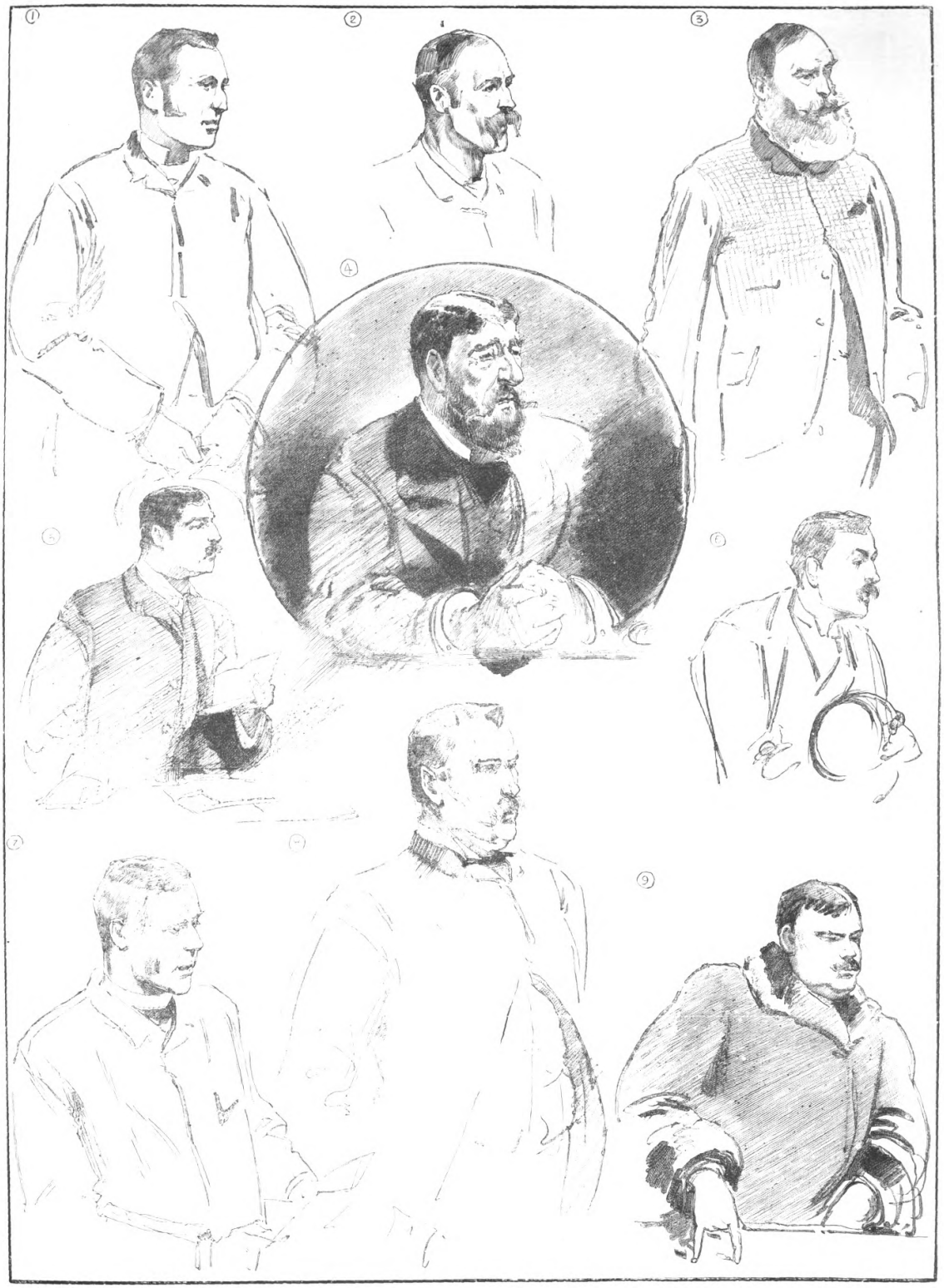
Sir Charles Warren has resigned the Chief Commissionership of the Metropolitan Police, to which he was appointed in March, 1886, in succession to Sir Edmund Henderson.

During October the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized and destroyed at Billingsgate and on board boats lying off that place 76 tons 6 cwt. of fish as unfit for human food.

Lord Lytton, who was elected about a year ago to the Office of Lord Rector of Glasgow University, delivered his rectorial address on Nov. 9. The subject was the principles of action with which Diplomacy was concerned, and his Lordship said that never within his recollection had the peace of Europe been maintained under conditions more onerous than those which now imposed upon its leading States an unrelaxed development of the machinery of war. Five Continental Powers maintained 12,000,000 of fighting men, costing annually 112,000,000 sterling. War was, therefore, sudden and gigantic, having decisive and far-reaching results. Therefore our safety depended upon prudent moderation in our international relations.

The resumption of Mr. John Boosey's "London Ballad Concerts" at St. James's Hall, on Nov. 21, will be welcome to the many who appreciate excellent performances of vocal music—solo and choral—interspersed with violin or pianoforte pieces, rendered by eminent artists.

The opening concert of the Royal Choral Society at the Royal Albert Hall (the inauguration of the eighteenth season of the institution originally known as the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society) has already been briefly mentioned. Mozart's sacred masterpiece, the expiring effort of his genius, the immortal "Requiem," and Rossini's "Stabat Mater," were, as already said, the works performed on the occasion referred to. It would be scarcely possible to find two compositions, each a production of high genius, more opposite in style and treatment. Elevated sublimity is the prevailing characteristic of Mozart's work, while the other is conceived in a more florid style of luxuriant melody in consonance with the most sensuous nature of the surroundings of the Roman Catholic service, to which, indeed, both compositions belong. The vocalists at the concert now referred to were, in the "Requiem," Madame Albani, Madame Scalchi, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Signor Del Puente; the first and third of whom were especially efficient; the same praise being due to the same artists for their performance in the "Stabat," the co-operation of Madame Scalchi in which—particularly her share with Madame Albani, in the duet "Quis est homo"—having resulted in a remarkably fine rendering, on both parts, of that beautiful movement. Another specialty was the magnificent singing of Mr. E. Lloyd in the tenor solo, "Cujus animam." Mr. R. Hilton was very efficient in the bass music of the "Stabat." The choral performances throughout the evening were of the same exceptionally high character as heretofore. Mr. Barnby conducted, and Mr. W. Hodge presided ably at the organ.



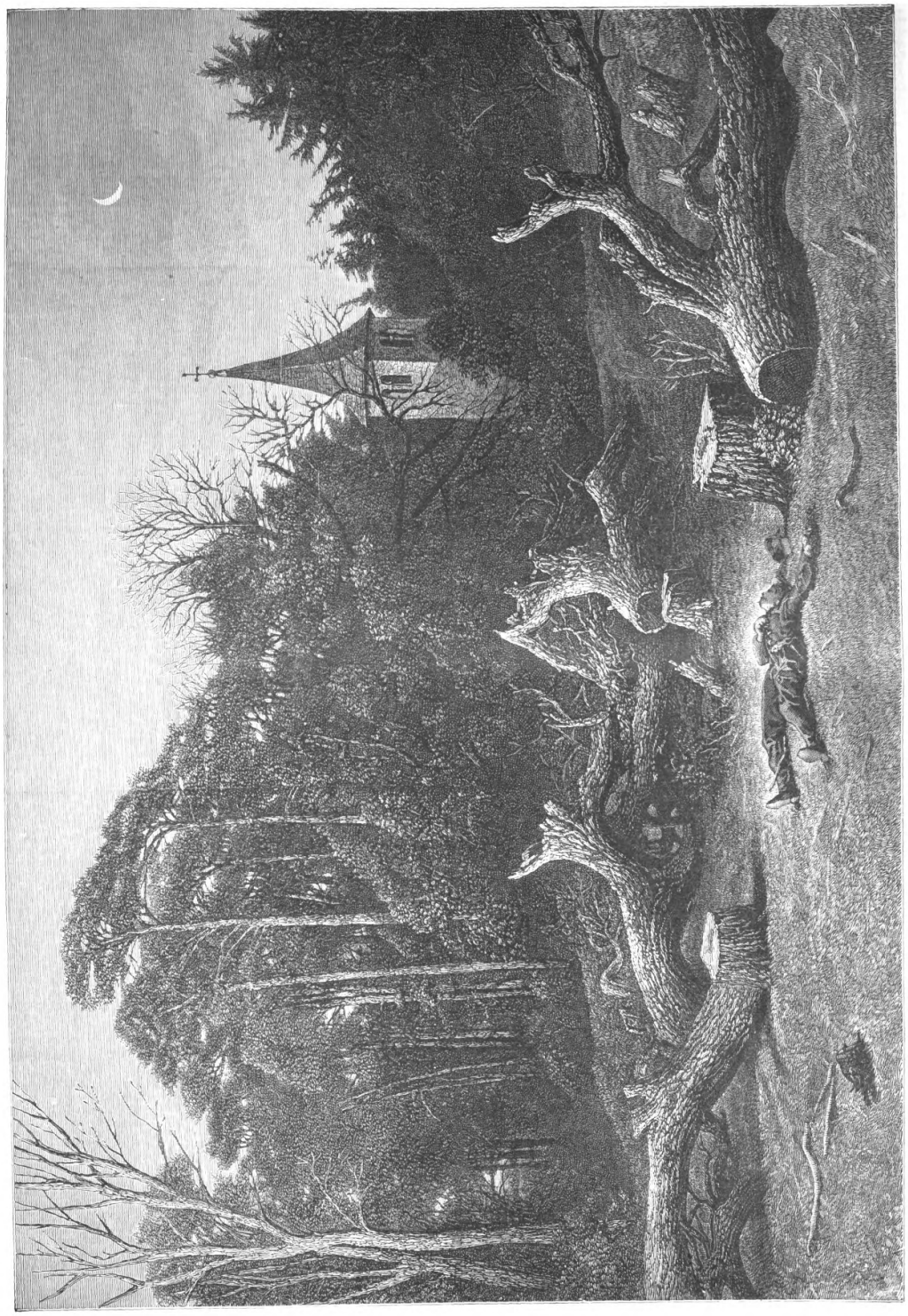
1. White, a voluble Witness.
2. Constable Bolgen, R.I.C.
3. Constable Walsh, R.I.C.
4. Captain Plunkett.
5. District-Inspector Bell.
6. Magistrate Burke.
7. Con Hagner.
8. Dominick Barry, R.I.C.
9. The "New York Herald."

SKETCHES AT THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION COURT: SOME OF THE WITNESSES.



1. Mr. Lewis, a Boycotted Landlord.
2. Mr. Botterill, another Boycotted Landlord.
3. Sergeant Kidd, R.I.C.
4. Pat Small.
5. Mike Corless.
6. Mike Leonard.
7. Kerrigan.
8. Mr. Lambert, another Boycotted Landlord.
9. John Rafferty.
10. Connolly.
11. Sergeant Butler, R.I.C.
12. Mrs. Connors } Victims' Widows.
13. Mrs. Dempsey }
14. Mrs. Lyden }
15. Bridget Kerrigan.
16. Tom Connair.

SKETCHES AT THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION COURT: SOME OF THE WITNESSES.



AFTER THE BATTLE.—DRAWN BY E. MICHEL.

OUR DESERTED VILLAGE.

Cooped up in London, with the dull, dead leaves drifting about the melancholy squares; with no kindly sun putting in an appearance until long after midday; with a dense canopy of grey mist overhead and the wood pavement greasy with black mud underfoot, how should anyone know of the turquoise-blue sky, of the exhilarating atmosphere, of the quiet, waveless sea, the leaves, the flowers, and the delicious restfulness that prevail in our deserted village? No; we are not at the Riviera, or in Devonshire, or in the Isle of Wight: it is not even mid-summer, or mid-autumn, and we have long since passed the little summer of St. Martin; but here I am, on a lovely November morning, sitting writing at an open window—the sun shining brilliantly, the sea sparkling, the birds singing in the green plantation bordering the cliff over the way, the place surely one of the healthiest in all England—the distance an easy two hours from Holborn Viaduct. You will never believe it when I tell you that our deserted village is within a stone's throw of merry Margate; that it nestles down in a secluded corner of the Island of Thanet; and that now, just because the season is over, because the accepted holiday-time is past—though spring never gave such soft breezes, or summer such sun, or autumn such beauty of foliage—the place is as silent as the grave, the cliffs are as deserted as the Island of Sark, and the streets as empty as those of ancient Sandwich round the corner of this white-cliffed coast. Never yet this year has the sea been warmer or more tempting to the bather; the grass on the lawns of hotels and bungalows is as smooth and undisturbed still as if it had been gone over religiously by the garden-roller; but the tennis-nets have been taken up and the players have gone home. The weather is far more suitable for cricket now than it ever was in the past disastrous summer, with its storms and torrents of rain; and the boys, if they had their own way, would soon pitch the wickets again in the green fields and grassy commons, and reserve football and hockey for the winter of the future, when there is a grip of frost in the air and the east wind has some bluster in it.

A sense of life and exhilaration pervades the place. A sunny smile comes into the pale wan face of the invalid, who is wheeled out every morning to enjoy the sunshine among the arbutus and laurustinus that have been planted in warm dells on the sea-front; the girls—a few of them are still left—toss aside their furs and capes and boas with disgust, and loathing, as they settle down in easy corners, in glass shelters, or on exposed benches to enjoy the companionship of an interesting novel or a lady's newspaper; and only to-day, as I was pottering about the pretty shops that abound at the seaside, a youngster rushed past me at full speed, racing like a young greyhound, so overflowing with the delicious air and the sense of life that he shouted to himself as he passed by, "By Jove, isn't this bracing!" Luckily, our celebrated Mr. Jackson, the dandy horseman who wears a white hat and a rose in his button-hole in honour of this exemplary autumn, does not close his stables or curtail his establishment because November has come and it is currently supposed that the gaiety of the year is over. Not a bit of it. He does not follow the lead of the bathing-machine proprietors, or the boatmen, or the owner of the sea and swimming baths; he takes his cue from the sunshine and the glorious winter weather, and personally provides the only excitement that is now known in our village. If the men do not think it worth while to come down and follow the Thanet harriers, and honestly think it is too hot for hunting when an overcoat is an incumbrance, the girls are ready to trot over to Minster, or make headway for Herne Bay or the Reculvers, or gallop past the pretty farm-houses on the road to the romantic Ville of Sarre; and there is always a smart dog-cart or a light buggy ready for an expedition, should anyone want it, to visit distant Canterbury, lunch at the Rose Inn, and so home in the lovely light of a primrose and orange sunset.

If you have not guessed where our village is, or what it is, or all about it, you may just as well know. Founded some years ago by a celebrated doctor, this neighbour of the most rollicking seaside resort in all England, as much a stranger to jetties, and halfs-by-the-sea, and sing-songs and music-hall freedom and such-like fun as one place can be from another, as pretty as a child's box of Dutch toys, and as soothing as Clovelly, this charming hamlet known as "Westgate-on-Sea" is surely the haven of rest for those who work with the brain and desire occasionally to purge the lungs from the smoke and the dirt that life in modern London inevitably provides them with in black abundance. I have seen Westgate grow and grow from a row of bungalows into the compact little colony that now fronts the healthiest sea-board that can be found "round about the islands." Long before Westgate was the place it now is—long before Royal Academicians came down here to build studios in a north light that makes them chuckle over their friends who pride themselves on the purity of Hampstead, Kensington, Campden Hill, and St. John's Wood; long before great men of science, astronomers, and authorities learned on that heavenly body, the sun, left Wimbledon and London in despair, and chose Westgate as a fitting spot to put up their big telescopes and pursue their observations without an intervening obstacle of foul fog and coal smoke, I knew something of the origin of "bungalow-land"; but the wildest enthusiasts who knew Westgate, then in its primitive state, could scarcely have believed that the idea of its founders would have been so faithfully followed even to completion. Why is it that I am always so reminded of a child's box of toys when I wander about this pretty collection of fantastic villas, white wooden balconies, olive-green barge-boards, fanciful finials, and odd graceful architectural devices with which Westgate abounds? Out of Holland there is surely no cleaner place in the wide world. The balconies and gates and red tiles and white window-sashes look as if they were carefully washed with soap-and-water every morning. The shops might have been constructed for an elaborate doll's-house. An edict seems to have gone forth that no inhabitant may leave scraps of paper blowing about the white streets under pain of banishment. All the wandering leaves are swept up so as not to make any litter on the spotless roads. And now, to make all complete, they have planted a doll's-shrubbery, with ornamental paths, and undulating dells, and in-and-out corners, and leafy surprises, where it will be warm and sheltered in mid-winter, even if the north-east wind blows hurricanes hard over the village of villas.

Westgate, like every other seaside resort, has its times and its seasons. Summer sends up its prices to extravagant sums; winter reduces them to zero. But how is it, I wonder, that people who can afford to be luxurious pack up their traps and are off to the sanitary-doubtful Riviera—with its wearisome journey, its false fashion, and its occasionally murderous winds—when, on such a past October, and at the beginning of such a lovely November, they can find, but two hours' from London, warm blue mornings, mellow and yellow afternoons, and soft purple nights, that cheer the depressed, and give animation to the most jaded spirit? In the morning, a bath of sunshine; in the afternoon, a ramble among the homesteads; at night, a rest that can only be obtained when the roar of restless London is miles away, and nothing is heard but the low music of everlasting waves upon the sandy shore! C. S.

"AFTER THE BATTLE."

The war between France and Germany, eighteen years ago, left memories of stirring actions, and of sadness, of death, of suffering, and of desolation, in so many hearts of both nations, that it is natural still to meet with the works of foreign painters representing scenes occasioned by that great military contest. A pathetic effect is that rendered by M. Michel, in the picture of a quiet woodland nook in the grounds of a rural mansion, where a dead soldier lies, alone and unheeded, having been slain in one of the pursuing skirmishes that are apt to follow a desperate defeat, the body of troops to which he belonged having been scattered for miles over the country, and some of them, in all likelihood, slaughtered or left wounded on the roads or in the fields. Warlike pride may be rebuked by the sight of such a pitiful relic of mortality, abandoned in the silent evening hour, when the fury of combat has passed; a thought of sympathy may be given to his parents and friends in a distant village, who will long be awaiting news of one whom they loved. They will, in all likelihood, never receive an exact account of the manner and the place in which he fell; only that his comrades lost sight of him, and that his fate could scarcely be doubtful. Such sorrowful examples are to be multiplied by tens of thousands in a campaign of a few weeks: the sum of them, added to the huge carnage of celebrated battle-fields, makes up the tale of reputed glory, to the renown of Princes, Statesmen, and Generals, to the misery of the people, and to the exhaustion of the resources of peaceful industry by the cost of immense armies maintained for political rivalry and ambition.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

The Civic procession, on the installation of the Lord Mayor, was this year of small proportions, and there was less crowding in the streets than usual. His Lordship was presented by the Recorder to the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Cave, and Mr. Justice Grantham. Lord Coleridge heartily welcomed Alderman Whitehead, the new Chief Magistrate of London, in the name of the Judges. The Lord Chief Justice remarked that the Courts of Law and the Courts of the City of London had been legally severed; but he expressed an earnest hope that the good feeling which had so long subsisted between the Judges and the Corporation would remain as firm and unbroken as ever.

Lord Salisbury was the principal speaker at the banquet which was given at the Guildhall in the evening. After remarking that Parliament had been compelled to sit on Lord Mayor's Day for the finishing of its ordinary business, he alluded to the approaching elections to the County Councils, a great experiment, which could only be successful by the leaders of the community bringing labour and intelligence to the work. With respect to foreign affairs, there was not, on the surface, much to notice. All those who were charged with the duty of ruling in Europe had an earnest desire to keep the peace. A European war was a terrible hazard, and there was a general impression that in the midst of so much preparation as was exhibited on the Continent, England must not remain unprepared.

Some 3000 of the poorest inhabitants of Whitechapel were, through the generosity of the Lord Mayor (Mr. Alderman Whitehead) and several influential residents at the East-End, invited to the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End-road, where they were liberally regaled with a meat tea, and where a miscellaneous entertainment had been provided for them. The Lord Mayor sent £100 towards defraying the cost, while Mr. Sheriff Newton contributed £50.

HEALTH OF THE PORT OF LONDON.

A report upon the sanitary condition of the Port of London during the six months ending June 30, 1888, has recently been presented to the Corporation by Dr. Collingridge, the medical officer of health for the port. During the half-year 9693 vessels have been visited, and of these 8524 carried the British flag: the next nationality in point of numbers being the Scandinavian, with a total of 422. By far the larger number of these vessels were found to be in a satisfactory sanitary condition, and in only 676, or 6·9 per cent, was it necessary to order cleansing to be carried out. The report contains a detailed account of an outbreak of scarlet fever on the London School Board training-ship Shaftesbury (during which sixteen cases were removed therefrom to the Port Sanitary Hospital), and suggests some important precautionary measures for the future health of the ship. Dr. Collingridge calls attention to the imperfect hospital provision at Gravesend. "The existing wards, excellently constructed as they are, do not give sufficient accommodation for the separation of different varieties of disease." He urges that it is wrong to place smallpox under the same roof as any other disease, and that it is absolutely necessary that another ward should be erected at a safe distance, to be used for smallpox patients only. The total amount of mutton condemned during the half-year amounts to 73,391½ stone, being 1·4 per cent of the whole importation through the docks. Of beef, only 512 sides were condemned; 371 canal-boats have been inspected, and these, although registered for a population of 1313, carried only 952 persons on board. The report makes mention of improvements made in the sanitary condition of Canvey Island, and attention is called to the need of a good artesian well for public use. During the half-year the Port Sanitary Hospital received twenty-three cases.

Mr. J. Broughton Edge has been appointed Judge of County Courts, Circuit No. 58, in Devonshire.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has become a benefactor of the Clergy Pensions Institution, Mowbray House, by contributing £100 to the Augmentation Fund.—Lord Grimthorpe, Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., and Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs have made similar contributions.

At the weekly meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works on Nov. 9, Lord Magheramorne was, for the last time, elected chairman of the board, and said he would do his best to hand over the government of the metropolis to the new County Council with their organisation in good working order.

The first meeting of the Royal Botanic Society since the recess was held on Nov. 10; Mr. J. P. Gassiott, vice-president, in the chair. Among other exhibits upon the table were plants of *abrus precatorius*, the so-called "weather-plant." The secretary, in explaining the action of the plant, said he could not do better than quote the late Michael Faraday, who, during a lecture on "Table-turning," remarked that effects noticed were incorrectly attributed to a certain cause. Thus the movement of the table was ascribed to some mesmeric influence rather than to the unconscious mechanical act of the operators: and thus the action of the weather-plant was put down to atmospheric or other influences at a distance of time or place, rather than to that of the immediate habitat in which the plant might be at the moment. The behaviour of the weather-plants in the society's gardens varied at one and the same time according to the special conditions under which they were growing.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Children's hospitals appeal to the best feelings of charity. With regard to them, there can be no question of whether the sufferers should not have provided in health for their own hour of need, no fear of encouraging future improvidence, no suggestion that their illness comes from their own sins or follies. The patient eyes of a helpless child in pain are the most touching sight that can meet one's gaze in this world full of sorrow. No skill or care avails always to cure the pang, alas! we learn in our own homes by the sight of our own loved little ones in sickness. But cure is sometimes, and alleviation is generally, within the reach of the healing art; and how sad it is to think of thousands of little ones pining in pain in wretched homes for want of that aid!

The Children's Hospital in Great Ormond-street, London, has gained in funds by a special effort made in connection with the Queen's Jubilee. A children's fund was raised, to be applied, under her Majesty's sanction, to the purpose of building a new wing. The sum of £6000 was subscribed, and it is to be hoped that a considerable addition to this has been made by the happy thought of the Doll Show for its benefit. The show was held on Nov. 9 in a tent placed on the piece of ground designed for the new wing. Princess Frederica attended to distribute the prizes, and there was a large company.

Dolls had been sent to the exhibition from the far ends of the civilised earth—given for the benefit of the charity by kind-hearted persons, for the prizes were few, and the exhibits were all on sale for the benefit of the hospital. From France, Germany, Italy, and America contributions had arrived. A great many dolls (according to an amusing essay by the hon. secretary of the show, Mr. S. Whitford, jun.) are manufactured in Germany, the eyes, however, coming from Birmingham, where orders are sometimes received for £500 worth of eyes at once. The sum spent on preparing these eyes is indeed very large; the material used for dresses alone in one district of Germany, where all the peasant women work at this business, is calculated at £16,000 annually. Some of the dolls in the show were very original. The first prize was given to an old lady for a most complete doll's wardrobe. There was an Arabian bedstead of considerable size, hung with dimity, and dressed with frilled pillow-cases and spotless white sheets and counterpane; even the night-dress case was not forgotten. Inside the bed reposed doliy, in full *toilette de nuit*. Around hung her dresses. There was her party dress, or demi-toilette, with front of white lace insertion run through with red ribbons and red silk pleated back, red shoes, Suède gloves, and long white cashmere opera mantle, trimmed with swan's-down. There was a full ball-dress of pale pink gauze, and there was a walking dress of blue cashmere, with a brown cloth jacket, a fur boa, and a black straw hat trimmed with brown gauze and ivy; a parasol, a jewel-box, and various articles of underclothing. This complete trousseau naturally carried off the palm. Another prize doll was dressed as a country carter, with a properly made linen smockfrock, grey knitted wool stockings, and regular "clod-hopper" boots of leather, laced. The nurses' competition was for dolls dressed in the various hospital uniforms, and very neat and pretty many of them looked. A little girl of eleven, Miss Phipps, won the children's prize for a Bohemian peasant, in red dress and black satin apron; and two other prizes went to dolls all in white, one as a baby in long embroidered clothes and the other as one of about three.

There were much more original dolls than these on some of the stalls, however. There was an admirable eighteenth-century courtier, dressed entirely in knitted silk garments, which were formed with such perfection that the richest of materials could not have surpassed it in effect. He had a long-tailed brown coat with big and curiously-shaped revers, and trimmed round the fronts with a band of gold braid; a long-flapped yellow vest embroidered in flowers with green silk; brown "smalls" and stockings, a black three-cornered hat, and a white tie-wig. A curious couple were "Darby and Joan," made almost entirely of cotton wool. The faces were of this stuff, and it proved curiously capable of imitating the lines and texture of aged flesh. Joan's mob cap, white shawl with black bands, white apron, and black gown were all of the same stuff, the knitting and the pins in her hands alone being of any other material, and Darby was similarly constructed. A genuine big brown sabot formed a nest for "the old woman who lived in a shoe"; a window was cut in the front of the toe, and children clustered on the ledge thereof; a wooden ladder went up inside from the heel, and swarmed with tiny youngsters; and a tiny doll even looked out of the chimney. A Robinson Crusoe was there, all in white fur, cap included; and a black lady near him was clothed in the brightest of Arabian cottons. Some expensive musical and moving dolls were very handsome. Perhaps the best was one very smartly dressed in brocaded silk, with pink silk gathered front, and holding a basket, the lid of which she slowly lifted from time to time as her clockwork moved, when up from out of the basket rose and peeped in the most natural fashion the head of a tiny white dog, who crouched down again as the lid slowly descended once more. A French Marquis, in dove-coloured and pink silk, actually smoked away a cigarette, which he put to and removed from his lips regularly, humming a tune the while. A model Queen Elizabeth and a large complement of brides and ladies in Court dress were mixed with more ordinary costumes.

Princess Frederica performed her part in the ceremony with much dignity and grace. She is very tall and distinguished-looking, though unpretending in manner. She was quietly but well dressed, in a black cashmere gown with moiré Directoire sides, and a black lace tablier, over which fell a jet girdle from the heavily-jetted fitting undervest or plastron of a black plush mantle, which was further trimmed with skunk. H.R.H.'s bonnet was of red gathered crêpe, with aigrette of black Chantilly and black and red osprey, and red strings fastened with diamond pins. A diamond swallow brooch was also pinned into the back of the bonnet. A little boy patient presented the Princess with a bouquet, and the prize winners were then called up by the Secretary of the hospital to receive their awards, after which H.R.H. inspected the stalls.

It is curious to see how rapidly fashions spread, and how easy it soon becomes to obtain articles demanded by its decrees that a short time before were unprocurable. The Directoire style of dress carries all before it at present. Every noticeably handsome costume seen is made according to it. The beautiful big buttons which it requires are, therefore, now to be obtained readily; cut steel and fancy silver are most popular, but enamel and cloth inlaid with silver are also coming into use, and mother-o'-pearl, like old coachman's buttons, suits light materials. Feather boas are another novelty which has been quickly adopted. They are composed of what is called "clipped ostrich feather," which also constitutes a very fashionable edging for mantles. They look like what they are: undressed ostrich feathers with the tips of the fronds clipped. Bands of this kind of trimming encircle hats, whether beneath or above the brim, and occasionally the boa is allowed to take its rise at the back of the hat, thence being coiled two or three times round the throat. These articles are not expensive—under a guinea each for the best quality. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

CURIOUS INCIDENT OF STAG-HUNTING.

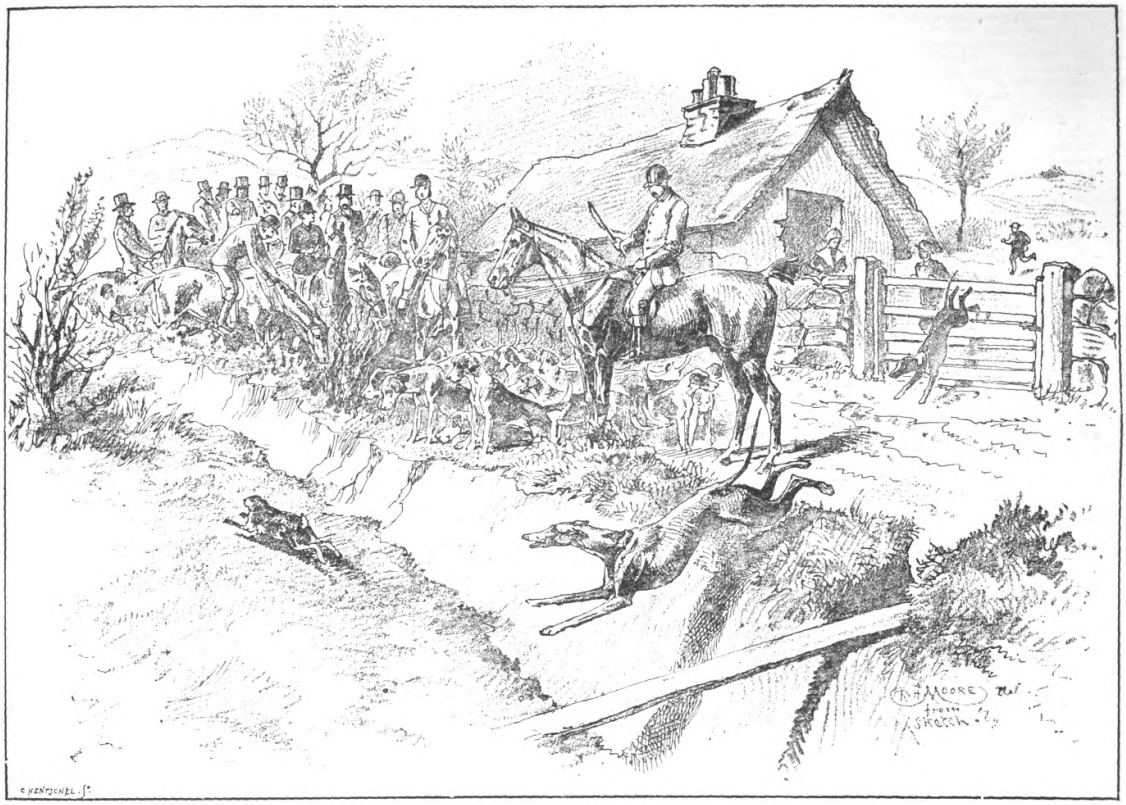
The Sketch by Lieutenant C. M. Gomme, R.H.A., represents an incident which happened last season while the Ward Union Hounds were going to the place where the stag had just been uncarted. A hare crossed the road in front of the pack, followed by a couple of greyhounds in close pursuit. The hounds, astonished at the novelty of the situation, first turned to look at the hare, and then started off in pursuit of the greyhounds; but they were quickly called to order by the huntsman, who at once brought them round, and laid them on the line of the stag in a very masterly manner.

ON THE PLEASURES OF BEING POOR.

In his charming essay on "Old China," Charles Lamb represents his "cousin Bridget" (the *umbra* or *eidolon* which stands for his sister Mary) as lamenting, in their latter days of competence, the good old times when they were not so rich, but, she is sure, considerably happier. "A purchase," she says, "is but a purchase now that we have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and oh, how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon that should be an equivalent." These be words of wisdom. I, for one, am often inclined to think that the poor do not know when they are well off. They are too much given, I fear, to unchristianly feelings of envy, malice, and uncharitableness, because Dives rides in his carriage, and the wife of Dives gets her dresses from Worth; too much given to hanker after riches, though the divine and the moralist are always insisting on their inadequacy to make a man happy. They do not realise the pleasures of being poor—of course I do not mean poor with the poverty that starves in the street and dies in the workhouse, but poor as our wealthy neighbours count those unfortunates whose yearly income lies within a modest three hundred—poor, that is, with the poverty of thousands and tens of thousands in this England of ours, who, nevertheless, are not inscribed on any paupers' list, but pay rates and taxes, and present a decent face to the world.

One may be allowed to doubt whether the rich ever enjoy anything—even their riches. To value a thing sincerely you must first have experienced the want of it, and must have made some sacrifice to get it; when all the good things of life are poured out at your feet without any personal effort of your own, it is surely impossible to feel any pleasure in their ownership. 'Tis when your means are as limited as a Gascon's modesty, when you must prune here and pinch there before you can venture on the smallest purchase beyond your daily regulated expenditure, that you begin to appreciate the joy of possession. Kisses given cheaply are held lightly. The schoolboy who, with the self-denial of a Stoic, saves up a penny a week to buy a fearful pocket-knife—with six blades, a cork-screw, a corn-cutter, a button-hook, and a gimlet—learns to look upon it with a joy as intense as the young mother feels when first handling her new-born babe—with a joy unknown to the man who bids hundreds of pounds for a time-worn Elzevir, and scribbles in payment a cheque upon his banker. Here, then, is one of the pleasures of being poor. Almost everything you acquire brings with it a high satisfaction, because it has been acquired slowly and painfully; and, recalling the efforts you have made of self-denial, patience, and perseverance, you naturally invest the acquisition with the reflected glory of these most admirable virtues.

Let us suppose that you take a saunter down Regent-street, closely examining the shops as you pass along. What a world of speculation immediately opens before you! That diamond parure—how it would become your Kate! That Liberty silk—just the colour for her mother! That edition of Tennyson in morocco—how Alice would revel in it! Well, everything lies at your disposal (in imagination). All the contents of all the glittering windows are yours—for the time being; and you may decide to give away this to one friend and that to another with an entirely liberal hand—you have no occasion to stint your gifts when they cost you nothing; or you may compare them in quality and price with any standard you choose to set up—there is no possible let or hindrance: you are monarch of all you survey. And the best of it is, that you may occupy exactly the same position, and enjoy the same feast of imagination, to-morrow, and the day after, and every day; whereas your rich man can but buy once the thing he covets, and there's an end. Who does not see that the advantage lies with you, my friend? Day after day you enjoy the pleasures of imagination—of anticipation; you renew them as often as you look in the shop-windows; you see everything in a succession of new lights; you can change at will the disposal or distribution of your imaginary gifts, and all this without once putting your hand into your pocket. Lucky man! Even Cræsus could hardly buy up all the wares



THE HUNTING SEASON: AN INCIDENT WITH THE WARD UNION HOUNDS.

in the shops of Regent-street or Bond-street—yet they are yours to do as you like with—to plan imaginary surprises with them for those you love, to expend them in the myriad ways your fertile fancy may suggest.

Meanwhile, you are under no anxiety about their custody. All that responsibility is obligingly taken off your shoulders by the tradesmen who profess to be their proprietors or vendors. According to the old Latin proverb, the penniless traveller (*vacuus viator*) sings before the thief; and you may sing the newest song by Stephen Adams or from the last Savoy opera without fear of burglar, cracksman, magsman or garotter. The "gross inefficiency" of the London police, the defective intelligence of Scotland-yard, the hopeless incapacity of the Home Office—so eloquently demonstrated by the *Morning Jupiter* and the *Evening Juno*—shall not move you even to a momentary spasm. You need no "Griffiths' Safe," no "Chubb's Locks," no electric alarms, no loaded revolvers—you are "vacuus," happy man! and may sleep the sleep of the just. The diamonds and the Liberty silks, the gold plate and the exquisite crystal, the Oriental curtains and the Japanese vases—others are diligently guarding them, and they will all be on show again to-morrow for your behoof. Such, my friend, is the advantage of being poor.

Again; to quote one of those adages which combine "the wisdom of many and the wit of one," you can't eat your cake and have it. When a thing is once your own, the pleasure of anticipating its possession ceases. Cræsus buys the diamond parure, and it no longer interests him. You don't—and have the luxury of daily speculation as to what you will do with it when—yes, *when*—but as the sentence never completes itself you are provided with what is virtually an inexhaustible source of enjoyment! I believe the philosophers have decided that the pleasures of anticipation far surpass those of realisation. When a man is born rich, or—as brewer, contractor, money-lender, company-projector, and the like—has made himself rich, I can't for the life of me see what more he can *be* or *do*. He may grow richer, but the process has no novelty in it; whereas your poor man has always something to wait for and look forward to—has always the diversion that is to be got out of inventing channels for the expenditure of his riches if he ever possess them; and can invariably rely upon the resources of his imagination—for which he cannot be too thankful, since, when it fails us—

> We know not where is that Promethean torch
> That can its light illumine.

It may seem, at first sight, to count against the poor man that he has no stately mansion or fair demesne of his own; but then, you see, he can do what he likes with his neighbour's. He can (in imagination) put in a bow-window where the builder has inserted a square one, or add to the dignity of the elevation by a (supposititious) row of Corinthian pillars or an (ideal) architrave. He may plant an imaginary shrubbery where Lucullus has laid out a lawn, and construct a sunny terrace where Cræsus has built a range of ' bling. He can move Timon's villa (in fancy) to another site, and raise a luxurious summer-palace on the vacated ground. This imaginary kind of architecture costs nothing, and pleases immensely. He is free, moreover, to traverse noble parks—where the trees spread their leafy boughs to protect him from the ardent noon, and the lake shines like a mirror to enchant his gaze, and the deer lift their antlered pride to move his admiration—with the knowledge that he is much better off than their owners; for they cost him neither headache nor heartache—not a tremor of anxiety, not a twinge of conscience. "The misery of those that are born great!" cries Webster's Duchess of Malfi. "The happiness of those that live poor!" say I.

For no hungry relatives hunt you down to wheedle or bully you into giving them of your substance; no expectant heir calculates on the possible result of your next "chill" or latest "fad" in patent nostrums; no philanthropists undermine your happiness with proposals for regenerating humanity (at your expense); obsequious greed fawns not upon you, nor does fulsome servility disgust you with your fellow-men. Scandal leaves you alone; gossip does not trifle with your name and fame; no "interviewer" drags out of you your secret weaknesses. 'Tis true that at church you are shown into the draughtiest seat, that the churchwarden eyes you with apathy and the pew-opener with suspicion; but then, "the plate" passes you by, or if you drop into it a "drachma," there are none to comment upon the smallness of your alms. When you desire the pleasures of reading, there are free libraries at your command. If you wish for an evening with the Dramatic Muse, you can hear in the gallery as well as in the stalls, or some kind friend may send you "an order." Are you athirst for the Freemasonry of Nature? There are green lanes and breezy commons and leafy valleys which will admit you without fees or rites of initiation. The truth is, the world belongs much more to the poor man than to the rich; and the former holds his much larger share of it with a freedom from tribulation which the latter must surely envy. He can say with Horace, "Mea Virtute me involvo, probamque Pauperiem sine dote quæro," and it is good for him to be able to say it. So that if the reader will but consider the subject seriously and comprehensively, balancing advantages (*plus*) against disadvantages (*minus*), I have a conviction that he will acknowledge the wisdom of the American millionaire, who recently expressed his determination "not to die rich"; though, by-the-way, I have not heard that Mr. Carnegie is as sensible as one would wish him to be of "the pleasures of being poor!"

W. H. D.-A.

The Marquis of Salisbury has been elected High Steward of Great Yarmouth, in succession to the late Sir E. H. K. Lacon, Bart.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIDEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.



HUS delivered from the slavery of the fields, I began to work, an unprofitable servant, among those who made and mended the garments of the servants and negroes. On an estate so large as this there is always plenty to be done by the sempstresses and needlewomen. Thus, to every woman is given by the year four smocks, two petticoats, and four coifs, besides shoes which are brought from England by the ships. Those who wait in the house have, in addition, six smocks and three waistcoats. To the men are given six shirts; and to every man and woman a rug or gown of thick stuff to cast about them when they come home hot, so that they may not catch cold—a thing which throws many into a fever. All these things have to be made and mended on the estate.

As for the children, the little blacks, they run about without clothing, their black skin sufficing. The women who are engaged upon the work of sewing are commonly those of the white servants, who are not strong enough for the weeding and hoeing in the fields, or are old and past hard work. Yet the stuff of which the smocks and shirts are made is so coarse that it tore the skin from my fingers, which, when Madam saw, she brought me fine work—namely, for herself. She was also so good as to provide me with a change of clothes, of which I stood sadly in need, and excused my wearing the dress of the other women. I hope that I am not fond of fine apparel, more than becomes a modest woman, but I confess that the thought of wearing this livery of servitude, this course and common dress of smock, petticoat, and coif, all of rough and thick stuff, like canvas, with a pair of shoes and no stockings, filled my very soul with dismay. None of the many acts of kindness shown me by Madam was more gratefully received than her present of clothes—not coarse and rough to the skin, nor ugly and common, befitting prisoners and criminals, but soft and pleasant to wear and fit for the heat of the climate. 'Twas no great hardship, certainly, to rise early and to sit all day with needle and thread in a great room well aired. The company, to be sure, was not what one would have chosen; nor was the language of the poor creatures who sat with me—prison and Bridewell birds, or negro slaves—such as my poor mother would have desired her daughter to hear. The food was coarse; but I was often at the table (when the master was away), and there Madam would constantly give me something from her own table, a dish of chocolata (rightly called the *Indian nectar*) made so thick and strong that a spoon stands upright in it, or a glass of Madeira, if my cheeks looked paler than ordinary. In this country the great heat of the air seems to suck out and devour the heat of the body, so that those of European birth, if they are not nourished on generous diet, presently fall into a decline or wasting away, as is continually seen in the case of white servants, both men and women, who die early, and seldom last more than five or six years.

Briefly, Madam seemed to take great pleasure in my conversation, and would either seek me in the work-room or would have me to the house asking questions as to my former life. For herself, I learned that she was born in Cuba and had been brought up by nuns in a convent; but how or why she came to this place I knew not, nor did I ask. Other gentlewomen of the island I never saw, and I think there were none who visited her. Nor did she show kindness to the women servants (except to myself), treating them all, as is the fashion in that country, as if they were so many black negroes, not condescending to more than a word or a command; and if this were disobeyed, they knew very well what to expect from her. But to me she continued throughout to be kind and gracious, thinking always how she could lighten my lot.

In this employment, therefore, I continued with such contentment as may be imagined, which was rather a forced resignation to the will of the Lord than a cheerful heart. But I confess that I looked upon the lot of the other women with horror, and was thankful indeed that I was spared the miseries of those who go forth to the fields. They begin at six in the morning and work until eleven, when they come home to dinner: at one o'clock they go out again and return at sunset, which, in this country, is nearly always about half-past six. But let no one think that work in the fields at Barbadoes may be compared with work in the fields at home; for in England there are cloudy skies and cold wintry days in plenty, but in Barbadoes, save when the rain falls in prodigious quantities, the skies have no clouds, but are clear blue all the year round: the sun burns with a heat intolerable, so that the eyes are wellnigh blinded, the head aches, the limbs fail, and but for fear of the lash the wretched toiler would lie down in the nearest shade. And a terrible thirst (all this was told me by the girl Deb) seizes the throat, all day long, which nothing can assuage but rest. For the least skulking the whip is laid on; and if there be a word of impatience or murmuring, it is called stark mutiny, for which the miserable convict, man or woman, is tied up and flogged with a barbarity which would be incredible to any were it not for the memory of certain flogging in our own country. Besides the lash they have also the pillory and the stocks, and the overseers carry in addition to their whip a heavy cane, with which they constantly belabour the slaves both white and black. I say "slaves," because the white servants are nothing less, save that the negroes are far better off and receive infinitely better treatment than the poor white creatures. Indeed, the negro being the absolute property of his master, both he and his children, to ill-treat him is like the wanton destruction of cattle on a farm; whereas there is no reason in making the convicts last out more than the ten years of their servitude or even so long, because many of them are such poor creatures when they arrive, and so reduced by the miseries of the voyage, and so exhausted by the hard labour to which they are put that they bring no profit to the master, but quickly fall ill and die like rotten sheep. Like rotten sheep, I say, they die, without a word of Christian exhortation; and like brute creatures who have no world to come are they buried in the ground! Again, the food served out to these poor people is not such as should be given to white people in a hot climate. There is nothing but water to drink and that drawn from ponds, because in Barbadoes there are few springs or rivers. It is true that the old hands, who have learned how to manage, contrive to make plantain wine, and get, by hook or by crook, mobbie (which is a strong drink made from potatoes), or kill-devil, which is the new spirit distilled from sugar. Then, for solid food, the servants are allowed five pounds of salt beef for each person every week, and this so hard and stringy that no boiling will make it soft enough for the teeth. Sometimes, instead of the beef, they have as much salt fish, for the most part stinking; with this a portion of ground Indian corn, which is made into a kind of porridge and called loblollie. This is the staple of the food, and there are no rustics at home who do not live better and have more nourishing food.

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I do not deny that the convicts are for the most part a most horrid crew, who deserve to suffer if any men ever did; but it was sad to see how the faces of the people were pinched with hunger and wasted with the daily fatigues, and how their hollow eyes were full of despair. Whatever their sins may have been, they were at least made in God's own image: no criminal, however wicked, should have been used with such barbarity as was wreaked upon the people of this estate. The overseers were chosen (being themselves also convicts) for their hardness of heart. Nay, did they show the least kindness towards the poor creatures whom they drove they would themselves be forced to lay down the whip of office and to join the gang of those who toiled. And over them was the master, jealous to exact the last ounce of strength from the creatures whom he had bought. Did the good people of Bristol who buy the sugar and molasses and tobacco of the Indies know or understand the tears of despair and the sweat of agony which are forced with every pound of sugar, they would abhor the trade which makes them rich.

The companion of my sleeping-hut, the girl Deb, was a great, strapping wench, who bade fair to outlast her ten years of servitude, even under the treatment to which, with the rest, she was daily subjected. And partly because she was strong and active, partly because she had a certain kind of beauty (the kind which belongs to the rustic, and is accompanied by good-humour and laughter), she would perhaps have done well, as some of the women do, and ended by marrying an overseer, but for events which presently happened. Yet, strong as she was, there was no evening when she did not return worn out with fatigue, her cheeks burning, her limbs weary, yet happy because she had one more day escaped the lash, and had the night before her in which to rest. If it is worth noting, the women were from the outset the most willing workers, and the most eager to satisfy their taskmasters; the men, on the other hand, went sullen and downcast, thinking only how to escape the overseer's whip, and going through the work with angry and revengeful eyes. I think that some great mutiny might have happened upon this estate—some wild revenge—so desperate were these poor creatures and so horrible were the scourgings they endured, and the shrieks and curses which they uttered. Let me not speak of these things.

There are other things which make residence in Barbadoes, even to the wealthy, full of annoyances and irritations. The place is filled with cockroaches, great spiders, horrid scorpions, centipedes, and lizards. There are ants which swarm everywhere and there are clouds of flies, and at night there are moskeetoe and merrywings, which by their bites have been known to drive new-comers into fever, or else into a kind of madness.

In the evenings after supper there reigned a melancholy silence in the village, the people for the most part taking rest with weary limbs. Sometimes there would be a quarrel, with horrid oaths and curses and perhaps some fighting; but these occasions were rare.

From the house there came often the noise of singing, drinking, and loud talking when other planters would ride over for a drinking bout. There was also sometimes to be heard the music of the theorbo, upon which Madam played very sweetly, singing Spanish songs; so that it seemed a pity for music so sweet to be thrown away upon this selfish crew. It made me think of Humphrey, and of the sweet and holy thoughts which he would put into rhymes, and then fit the rhymes with music which seemed to breathe those very thoughts. Alas! In the village of Bradford Orcas there would be now silence and desolation! The good old Squire dead, my father dead, the young men sent to the Plantations, no one left at all but the Rector and Madam his sister-in-law, and I, alas! a slave. Perchance at that moment the Rector might be slowly drawing his bow across the strings of his violoncello thinking of those who formerly played with him; or perhaps he would be sorrowfully taking out his cases and gazing for a little consolation upon the figures of his goddesses and his nymphs. Only to think of the place, and of those who once lived there, tore my poor heart to pieces.

One evening, when there was a great noise and talking at the house, while we were sitting upon our beds with no other light than that of the moon, Madam herself came to the cottage.

"Child," she said, "nothing will do but that the gentlemen must see thy beauty. Nay, no harm shall happen while I am there: so much they know. But he hath so bragged about thy beauty and the great price he will demand for ransom that the rest are mad to see thee. I swear that not the least rudeness shall be offered thee. They are drinking, it is true; but they are not yet drunk. Come!"

So I arose and followed her. First, she took me to her own room, where she took off my hood and threw over me a long white lace mantilla, which covered my head and fell over my shoulders and below the waist.

She sighed as she looked at me.

"Poor innocent!" she said. "If money could buy that face, there is not a man in the room but would give all he hath and count it gain. Canst thou play or sing?"

I told her that I had some knowledge of the theorbo, Therefore she brought me hers, and bade me sing to the gentlemen and then retire quickly. So I followed her into the living or keeping room, where a dozen gentlemen were sitting round the table. A bowl of punch was on the table, and every man had his glass before him, and a pipe of tobacco in his hand. Some of their faces were flushed with wine.

"Gentlemen," said Madam, "our prisoner hath consented to sing one song to you, after which she will ask permission to bid you good-night."

So they all clapped their hands and rapped the table, and I, being indeed terrified, but knowing very well that to show fear would be the worst thing I could do, touched the strings and began my song. I sang the song which Humphrey made, and which he sang to the officers at Taunton when the Duke was there.

When I finished, I gave back the theorbo to Madam, curtseyed to the gentlemen, and quickly stepped back to Madam's room, while they all bellowed and applauded and roared for me to come back again. But I put on my hood and slipped out to the cottage, where I lay down beside Deb, and quickly fell asleep. (It is a great happiness, in these hot latitudes, that, when a new-comer hath once got over the trouble of the merrywings, he falleth asleep the moment he lies down, and so sleeps through the whole night.)

But in the morning Madam came to see me while I was sewing.

"Well, Child," she said, laughing, "thou hast gotten a lover who swears that he will soon have thee out of this hell."

"A lover!" I cried. "Nay!—that may God forbid!"

"'Tis true. Young Mr. Anstiss it is. While thou wast singing he gazed on thy pretty face and listened as one enchanted. I wonder—but no!—thou hast no eyes for such things. And when thou wast gone he offered the master four times the sum he paid for thee—yea, four times—or six times—saying that he meant honourably, and that if any man dared to whisper anything to the contrary he would cut his throat."

"Alas! Madam. I must never marry—either this Mr. Anstiss or any other."

"Tut—tut. This is foolish maid's nonsense. Granted you have lost your old lover, there are plenty more. Suppose he hath lost his old sweetheart, there are plenty more—as I doubt not he hath already proved. Mr. Anstiss is a very pretty young gentleman; but the master would not listen, saying that he waited for the lady's friends."

And so passed six weeks, or thereabouts, for the only count of time I kept was from Sunday to Sunday. On that day we rested; the negroes, who are no better than heathens, danced. The white servants lay about in the shade, and drank what they could; in one cottage only on that godless estate were prayers offered.

And then happened that great event which, in the end, proved to be a change in my whole life, and brought happiness out of misery, and joy out of suffering, though at first it seemed only a dreadful addition to my trouble. Thus is the course of things ordered for us, and thus the greatest blessings follow upon the most threatening juncture. What this was I will tell in a few words.

It was about the third week in September when I embarked, and about the third week in November when the ship made her port. Therefore, I take it that it was one day about the beginning of the year 1686, when Madam came to the work-room and told me that a ship had arrived carrying a cargo of two hundred rebels and more, sent out to work upon the Plantations, like myself, for the term of ten years. She also told me that the master was gone to the Bridge in order to buy some of them. Not, she said, that he wanted more hands; but he expected that there would be among them persons of quality, who would be glad to buy their freedom. He still, she told me, looked to make a great profit out of myself, and was thinking to sell me, unless my friends in England speedily sent proposals for my ransom, to the young planter who was in love with me. This did not displease me. I have not thought it necessary to tell how Mr. Anstiss came often to the estate, and continually devised schemes for looking at me, going to the Ingenio, whence he could see those who sat in the work-room, and even sending me letters, vowing the greatest extravagance of passion—I say I was not displeased, because there was in this young gentleman's face a certain goodness of disposition clearly marked; so that even if I became his property I thought I might persuade him to relinquish thoughts of love, even if I had to trust myself entirely to his honour and tell him all. But, as you shall hear, this project of the master's was brought to naught.

As for the rebels, I was curious to see them. Some I might remember; to some I might perhaps be of a little use at the outset in guarding them against dangers. I did not fear, or think it likely, that there would be any among them whom I might know or who might know me. Yet the thing which I least suspected, and the least feared—a thing which one would have thought so unlikely as to make the event a miracle—nay, call it rather the merciful ordering of all—that thing, I say, actually happened.

The newly-bought servants arrived at about five in the evening.

I looked out of the work-room to see them. Why, I seemed to know their faces—all their faces! They were our brave West Country lads, whom I had last seen marching gallantly out of Taunton town to victory and glory (as they believed). Now—pale with the miseries of the voyage, thin with bad food and disease, hollow-cheeked and hollow-eyed, in rags and dirt, barefooted, covered with dust, grimy for want of washing, their beards grown all over their faces—with hanging heads, stood these poor fellows. There were thirty of them; some had thrown themselves on the ground, as if in the last extremity of fatigue; some stood with the patience that one sees in brute beasts who are waiting to be killed; and in a group together stood three—oh! merciful Heaven! was this misery also added to my cup?—they were Robin, Barnaby, and Humphrey! Robin's face, heavy and pale, betrayed the sorrow of his soul. He stood as one who neither careth for nor regardeth anything. My heart fell like lead to witness the despair which was visible in his attitude, in his eyes, in his brow. But Barnaby showed still a cheerful countenance and looked about him, as if he was arriving a welcome guest instead of a slave.

"You know any of them, Child?" Madam asked.

"Oh! Madam," I cried; "they are my friends—they are my friends. Oh! help them—help them!"

"How can I help them?" she replied coldly. "They are rebels, and they are justly punished. Let them write home for money if they have friends, and so they can be ransomed. To make them write the more movingly, the master hath resolved to send them all to work in the fields. 'The harder they work,' he says, 'the more they will desire to be free again.'"

In the fields! Oh! Robin—my poor Robin!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HUMPHREY'S NARRATIVE.

With these words—"Oh! Robin! Robin!"—the history, as set down in my Mistress's handwriting, suddenly comes to an end. The words are fitting, because her whole heart was full of Robin, and though at this time it seemed to the poor creature a sin still to nourish affection for her old sweetheart, I am sure—nay, I have it on her own confession—that there was never an hour in the waking day when Robin was not in her mind, though between herself and her former lover stood the dreadful figure of her husband. I suppose that, although she began this work with the design to complete it, she had not the courage, even when years had passed away and much earthly happiness had been her reward, to write down the passages which follow. Wherefore (and for another reason—namely, a confession which must be made by myself before I die) I have taken upon myself to finish that part of Alice Eykin's history which relates to the Monmouth rising and its unhappy consequences. You have read how (thanks to my inexperience and ignorance of conspiracies, and belief in men's promises) we were reduced to the lowest point of disgrace and poverty. Alice did not tell, because till afterwards she did not know, that on Sir Christopher's death his estate was declared confiscated, and presently bestowed upon Benjamin by favour



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

I, being indeed terrified, but knowing very well that to show fear would be the worst thing I could do, touched the strings and began my song.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

of Lord Jeffreys; so that he whose ambition it was to become Lord Chancellor was already (which he had not expected) the Lord of the Manor of Bradford Orcas. But of this hereafter.

I have called her my Mistress. Truly, all my life she hath been to me more than was ever Laura to Petrarch, or even Beatrice to the great Florentine. The ancients represented every virtue by a Goddess, a Grace, or a Nymph. Nay, the Arts were also feminine (yet subject to the informing influence of the other sex, as the Muses had Apollo for their director and chief). To my mind every generous sentiment, every worthy thought, all things that are gracious, all things that lift my soul above the common herd, belong not to me, but to my Mistress. In my youth it was she who encouraged me to the practice of those arts by which the soul is borne heavenwards—I mean the arts of poetry and of music: it was she who listened patiently when I would still be grating of myself, and encouraged the ambitions which had already seized my soul. So that if I turned a set of verses smoothly, it was to Alice that I gave them, and for her that I wrote them. When we played heavenly music together, the thoughts inspired by the strain were like the Italian painter's vision of the angels which attend the Virgin—I mean that, sweet and holy as the angels are, they fall far short of the holiness and sweetness of her whom they honour. So, whatever my thoughts or my ambitions, amidst them all I saw continually the face of Alice, always filled with candour and with sweetness. That quality which enables a woman to think always about others, and never about herself, was given to Alice in large and plenteous measure. If she talked with me, her soul was all mine. If she was waiting on Madam, or upon Sir Christopher, or upon the Rector, or on her own mother, she knew their inmost thoughts and divined all their wants. Nay, long afterwards, in the daily exercise of work and study, at the University of Oxford, in the foreign schools of Montpellier, Padua, and Leyden, it was Alice who, though far away, encouraged me. I could no longer hear her voice; but her steadfast eyes remained in my mind like twin stars that dwell in heaven. This is a wondrous power given to a few women, that they should become as it were angels sent from heaven, lent to the earth a while, in order to fill men's minds with worthy thoughts, and to lead them in the heavenly way. The Romish Church holds that the age of miracles hath never passed; which I do also believe, but not in the sense taught by that Church. Saints there are among us still, who daily work miracles, turning earthly clay into the jasper and the precious marble of heaven!

Again, the great poet Milton hath represented his virtuous lady unharmed among the rabble rout of Comus, protected by her virtue alone. Pity that he hath not also shown a young man led by that sweet lady, encouraged, warned, and guarded along that narrow way, beset with quag and pitfall, along which he must walk who would willingly climb to higher place! And all this apart from earthly love, as in the case of those two Italian poets.

More, I confess, I would have had, and presumptuously longed for it—nay, even prayed for it with such yearnings and longings as seemed to tear my very heart asunder. But this was denied to me.

In September, 1685, ten weeks after the fight of Sedgemoor, we, being by that time well tired of Exeter Prison, were tried by Lord Jeffreys. It was no true trial, for we were all advised to plead guilty, upon which the Judge bellowed and roared at us, abusing us in such language as I never thought to hear from the bench, and finally sentenced us all to death. (A great deal has been said of this roaring of the Judge, but I am willing to excuse it in great measure, on the ground of the disease from which he was then suffering. I myself, who had heard that he was thus afflicted, saw the drops of agony upon his forehead, and knew that if he was not bawling at us he must have been roaring on his own account.) So we were marched back to prison and began to prepare for the last ceremony, which is, I think, needlessly horrible and barbarous. To cut a man open while he is still living is a thing not practised even by the savage Turk. At this gloomy time my cousin Robin set a noble example of fortitude which greatly encouraged the rest of us. Nor would he ever suffer me to reproach myself (as I was continually tempted to do) with having been the cause of the ruin which had fallen upon the whole of our unfortunate house. Nay, he went further, and insisted, and would have it, that had I remained in Holland he himself would have joined the Duke, and that I was in no way to blame as an inciter to this unfortunate act. We knew by this time that Sir Christopher had been arrested and conveyed to Ilminster Jail, and that with him were Dr. Eykin, grievously wounded, and Barnaby; and that Alice, with her mother, was also at Ilminster. Mr. Boscorel, for his part, was gone to London in order to exert whatever interest he might possess on behalf of all. With him went Madam, Robin's mother; but she returned before the trial, much dejected, so that we were not encouraged to hope for anything from that quarter. Madam began to build some hopes at this time from Benjamin, because he, who had accompanied the Judges from London, was the boon companion every night of Lord Jeffreys himself. But it is one thing to be permitted to drink and sing with a great man at night, and another thing to procure of him the pardon of rebels (and those not the common sort, but leaders and captains). That Benjamin would attempt to save us, I did not doubt; because in common decency and humanity he must needs try to save his grandfather and his cousins. But that he would effect anything—that, indeed, I doubted. Whether he did make an attempt, I know not. He came not to the prison, nor did he make any sign that he knew we were among the prisoners. What he contrived, the plot which he laid, and the villainy with which he carried it out, you have already read. Well, I shall have much more to say about Benjamin. For the moment, let him pass.

I say, then, that we were lying in Exeter Jail expecting to be called out for execution at any hour. We were sitting in the courtyard on the stone bench with gloomy hearts.

"Robin—Humphrey—lads both!" cried a voice we knew. It was the Rector, Mr. Boscorel himself, who called us. "Courage, lads!" he cried (yet looked himself as mournful as man can look). "I bring you good news—I have this day ridden from Ilminster (there is other news not so good)—good news, I say: for you shall live, and not die! I have so far succeeded that the lives are spared of Robin Challis, Captain in the Rebel Cavalry; Barnaby Eykin, Captain of the Green Regiment; and Humphrey Challis, Chyrurgeon to the Duke. Yet must you go to the Plantations—poor lads!—there to stay for ten long years. Well, we will hope to get your pardon and freedom long before that time is over. Yet you must, perforce, sail across the seas."

"Lad," cried Robin, catching my hand, "cease to tear thy heart with reproaches! See! none of us will die, after all."

"On the scaffold, none," said Mr. Boscorel. "On the scaffold, none," he repeated.

"And what saith my grandfather, Sir?" Robin asked. "He is also enlarged, I hope, at last. And how is the learned Dr. Eykin? and Alice—my Alice—where is she?"

"Young men," said the Rector, "prepare for tidings of the worst—yes; of the very worst. Cruel news I bring to you, boys; and for myself"—he hung his head—"cruel news, shameful news!"

Alas! you know already what he had to tell us. Worse than the death of that good old man, Sir Christopher; worse than the death of the unfortunate Dr. Eykin and his much-tried wife; there was the news of Alice's marriage and of her flight, and at hearing this we looked at each other in dismay, and Robin sprang to his feet and cried aloud for vengeance upon the villain who had done this thing.

"It is my own son," said Mr. Boscorel: "yet spare him not! He deserves all that you can call him, and more. Shameful news I had to tell you. Where the poor child hath found a retreat or how she fares, I know not. Robin, ask me not to curse my own son—what is done will bring its punishment in due time. Doubt it not. But of punishment we need not speak. If there were any way—any way possible—out of it! But there is none. It is a fatal blow. Death itself alone can release her. Consider, Humphrey, consider; you are not so distracted as your cousin. Consider, I say, that unhappy girl is Benjamin's lawful wife. If he can find her, he may compel her to live with him. She is his lawful wife, I say. It is a case in which there is no remedy; it is a wickedness for which there is no help, until one of the twain shall die."

There was indeed no help or remedy possible. I will not tell of the madness which fell upon Robin at this news, nor of the distracted things he said, nor how he wept for Alice at one moment and the next cursed the author of this wickedness. There was no remedy. Yet Mr. Boscorel solemnly promised to seek out the poor innocent girl, forced to break her vows for the one reason which could excuse her—namely, to save the lives of all she loved.

"They were saved already," Mr. Boscorel added. "He knew that they were saved. He had seen me; he had the news that I brought from London; he knew it; and he lied unto her! There is no single particular in which his wickedness can be excused or defended. Yet, I say, curses are of no avail. The Hand of God is heavy upon all sinners, and will presently fall upon my unhappy son—I pray that before that Hand shall fall his heart may be touched with repentance."

But Robin fell into a melancholy from which it was impossible to arouse him. He who, while death upon the scaffold seemed certain, was cheerful and brave, now, when his life was spared, sat heavy and gloomy, speaking to no one; or if he spoke, then in words of rage and impatience.

Mr. Boscorel remained at Exeter, visiting us daily until the time came when we were removed. He brought with him one day a smooth-tongued gentleman in sober attire who was, he told us, a West Indian merchant of Bristol, named George Penne. (You have read, and know already, how great a villain was this man.)

"This gentleman," said Mr. Boscorel, "is able and willing, for certain considerations, to assist you in your exile. You have been given (among many others) by the King to one Mr. Jerome Nipho, who hath sold all his convicts to this gentleman. In his turn, he is under bonds to ship you for the Plantations, where you will be sold again to the planters."

"Sirs," Mr. Penne looked from one to the other of us with compassionate eyes, "I have heard your melancholy case, and it will be to my great happiness if I may be able in any way to soften the rigours of your exile. Be it known to you that I have correspondents in Jamaica, Barbadoes, and Virginia, and that for certain sums of money these—my friends—will readily undertake to make your servitude one merely in name. In other words, as I have already informed his Reverence, I have bought you in the hope of being useful to you (I wish I could thus buy all unhappy prisoners), and I can, on paying my friends what they demand, secure to you freedom from labour, subject only to the condition of remaining abroad until your term is expired, or your friends at home have procured your pardon."

"As for the price, Humphrey," said Mr. Boscorel, "that shall be my care. It is nearly certain that Sir Christopher's estates will be confiscated, seeing that he died in prison under the charge of high treason, though he was never tried. Therefore we must not look to his lands for any help. What this gentleman proposes is, however, so great a thing that we must not hesitate to accept his offer gratefully."

"I must have," said Mr. Penne, "seventy pounds for each prisoner. I hear that there is a third young gentleman of your party now in the same trouble at Ilminster; I shall therefore ask for two hundred guineas—two hundred guineas in all. It is not a large sum in order to secure freedom. Those who cannot obtain this relief have to work in the fields or in the mills under the hot sun of the Spanish Main; they are subject to the whip of the overseer; they have wretched food; they are worse treated than the negroes, because the latter are slaves for life and the former for ten years only. By paying two hundred guineas only you will all be enabled to live at your ease. Meanwhile, your friends at home will be constantly endeavouring to procure your pardon. I myself, though but a simple merchant of Bristol City, can boast some influence, which I will most readily exert to the utmost in your behalf"——

"Say no more, Sir," said Mr. Boscorel, interrupting him; "the bargain is concluded. These young gentlemen shall not be subjected to any servitude; I will pay you two hundred guineas."

"I would, Sir"—Mr. Penne laid his hand, which was large, white, and soft, the hand of a liar and a traitor, upon his treacherous heart—"I would to Heaven, Sir," he said, "that I could undertake this service for less. If my correspondents were men of tender hearts, the business should cost you nothing at all. But they are men of business: they say that they live not abroad for pleasure, but for profit; they cannot forego any advantage that may offer. As for me, this job brings me no profit. Upon my honour, gentlemen, profit from such a source I should despise: every guinea that you give me will be placed to the credit of my correspondents, who will, I am assured, turn a pretty penny by the ransom of the prisoners. But that we cannot help. And as for me—I say it boldly in the presence of this learned and pious clergyman—I am richly rewarded with the satisfaction of doing a generous thing. That is enough, I hope, for any honest man."

The fellow looked so benevolent, and smiled with so much compassion, that it was impossible to doubt his word. Besides, Mr. Boscorel had learned many things during the journey to London; among others that it would be possible to buy immunity from labour for the convicts. Therefore, he hesitated not, but gave him what he demanded, taking in return a paper, which was to be shown to Mr. Penne's correspondents, in which he acknowledged the receipt of the money, and demanded in return a release from actual servitude. This paper I put carefully in my pocket with my note-book, and my case of instruments.

It was, so far as my memory serves me, about six weeks after our pardon was received when we heard that we were to be marched to Bristol, there to be shipped for some port or other across the ocean. At Taunton we were joined by a hundred poor fellows as fortunate as ourselves; and at Bridgwater by twenty more, whose lives had been bought by Colonel Kirke. Fortunate we esteemed ourselves; for everywhere the roads were lined with legs, heads, trunks, and arms, boiled and blackened in pitch, stuck up for the terror of the country. Well; you shall judge how fortunate we were.

When we reached Bristol, we found Mr. Penne upon the Quay, with some other merchants. He changed colour when he saw us; but quickly ran to meet us, and whispered that we were on no account to betray his goodness in the matter of ransom, otherwise it might be the undoing of us all, and perhaps cause his own imprisonment. He also told me that the ship was bound for Barbadoes, and we should have to mess with the other prisoners on the voyage, but that it would all be made up to us when we arrived. He further added that he had requested his correspondents to entertain us until money should arrive from England, and to become our bankers for all that we should want. And with that he clasped my hand tenderly, and with a "God be wi' ye!" he left us, and we saw him no more.

(To be continued.)

Sir John Hardy Thursby, of Ormerod House, Burnley, who was High Sheriff of Lancashire in the Jubilee year, has presented to the town of Burnley twenty-eight acres of land near the centre of the town as the site for a public park. The value of the land is estimated at over £25,000.

A fine picture of "The Ascension," the work of Mr. Cave Thomas, who has been occupied with it two or three years, has been placed above the altar in Christ Church, Stafford-street, Marylebone. The artist, who has treated this religious theme somewhat in the manner of Raffaelle's "Transfiguration," represents the Saviour's figure in the upper part of the picture, rising above a golden cloud, below which are the Apostles, grouped around a rock at Bethany, St. Peter and St. John foremost; Christ is surrounded by angels, with wings of iridescent hues. The picture, which is of large size, 15 ft. high and 8 ft. 6 in. wide, is much admired as a work of art. Mr. Cave Thomas also painted the lunette picture in this church, and the twelve heads of the Apostles at the Russian Church in Welbeck-street.

Her Majesty's surveying-ship Egeria, under the command of Captain P. Aldrich, R.N., has, during a recent sounding cruise and search for reported banks to the south of the Friendly Islands, obtained two very deep soundings of 4295 fathoms and 4430 fathoms, equal to five English miles, respectively, the latter in latitude 24 deg. 37 min. S., longitude 175 deg. 8 min. W., the other about twelve miles to the southward. These depths are more than 1000 fathoms greater than any before obtained in the Southern Hemisphere, and are only surpassed, as far as is yet known, in three spots in the world—one of 4655 fathoms off the north-east coast of Japan, found by the United States steam-ship Tuscarora; one of 4475 fathoms south of the Ladrone Islands, by the Challenger; and one of 4561 fathoms north of Porto Rico, by the United States ship Blake. Captain Aldrich's soundings were obtained with a Lucas sounding machine and galvanised wire. The deeper one occupied three hours, and was obtained in a considerably-confused sea, a specimen of the bottom being successfully recovered. Temperature of the bottom, 33·7 deg. Fahr.

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Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.

NOVELS.

In Far Lochaber. By William Black. Three vols. (Sampson Low and Co.).—Word-painting of romantic landscape, of sea-views and cloud-views, of mountain, moor, and wood, of loch and river, and the varied atmospheric effects of sunlight in the changeful, rainy climate of the West Highland shores, is practised by this author with continued success. He keeps also a fair stock of the different types of Scottish life and character—from the Lowland townsfolk, farmers, and Kirk elders or ministers, to the chivalrous lairds of ancient lineage, usually retired military men from India, who are, perhaps, a survival of the Waverley period, with their gillies and other retainers of the primitive Celtic race, speaking a quaint and scanty dialect of English and plenty of native Gaelic. These materials afford piquant contrasts of social condition and behaviour, which Mr. Black can exhibit with humorous effect; while he is enabled, by the steam-boat and railway travelling of the modern West Highland tourists' route, to shift the scenes with much ease and convenience. It is not, in these days, "a far cry to Lochiel"; and "Far Lochaber," the adjacent district north of Ben Nevis, has been rendered very accessible. Fort William and its neighbourhood, where Alison Blair goes to stay with her aunts and uncle and cousins, suit the purposes of the novelist. A girl may incautiously embark on the loch in a small sailing-skiff with a reckless and stupid boy, and may be saved from capsizing in a squall by the gallant dexterity of Captain Macdonnell. The chief utility of the mountain-path is to lead her into perils, those of being caught in a thunder-storm, or lost in a fog on the verge of a precipice, or even—as in another recent novel—spraining her ankle, so that the desirable young gentleman may help her in distress, and may wrap her up in his own coat. Such adventures, besides admitting of picturesque description, are good narrative business, serving to make the hero and heroine feel that they belong to one another. It is a fine healthy way of bringing about the union of hearts, instead of the mutual exchange of sentimental reflections, or the comparison of drawing-room and ball-room experiences, attending the intimacy of some other young persons. Neither Alison nor Ludovick Macdonnell is much addicted to morbid self-introspection; and their companions, her Cousin Flora and Cousin Hugh, are high-spirited, active, cheerful, and delightful. Their parents, Dr. and Mrs. Munro, are very kind; but the most amusing person in the family is Aunt Gilchrist, a fiery little Scotchwoman with the warmest heart, the sharpest tongue, and the most innocent fits of petulance or rage when suffering from peripheral neuralgia, but who is an angel of goodness to Alison, and endows her with a sufficient fortune. All this is pleasant; and the cruel tricks of the sly and malicious Johnny, the boy-fiend of the village, are somewhat atoned by his devotion to Alison's service; but Far Lochaber is not the home of her birth. She is the daughter of a gloomy and fanatical Free Kirk minister in a dismal, smoky, grimy, manufacturing town of Lanarkshire, where a hideous, brutal elder, Mr. Cowan, and his cunning wife, are scheming to get her married to their son James, an idiotic candidate for the ministry. The worst of Alison's difficulties is that her noble Ludovick, a frank and manly young fellow, heir to his father's modest lairdship at Oyre, is a Roman Catholic like his Highland ancestry, and thereby fearfully obnoxious to all her Free Kirk folk. This situation presents, in a modified form, the same domestic problem as that of "A Daughter of Heth." We are not aware that the dread and dislike of Romanism prevailing among Scotch Presbyterians are more acrimonious in the Free Kirk than among the "U. P.'s" or the adherents to the Establishment in that country. Alison Blair, though at Kirk o' Shields a dutiful assistant to her father, and so demure there in her behaviour that her lively cousin has nicknamed her "Miss Dimity Puritan," does not bore her Highland friends with theological controversy. In fact, she does not object to play cards, to dance and sing and enjoy all innocent fun. She has, indeed, like several eminent literary Agnostics of this day, had her orthodox creed unaccountably sapped by "a patient study" of Paley and Butler, who would be surprised to know, in the present uneasy age, what an amount of scepticism their arguments are said to have produced. Dismissing these questions, which Mr. Black, a novelist of much tact, only touches very lightly, we observe that the stern and cruel opposition of the Free Kirk persuasion to Alison's Lochaber love is the mainspring of his interesting story. It arrives at a forcible situation by the peculiar facilities for love-matches through the Scottish process of legal marriage; Alison being of full age, she and Ludovick go one morning, with two witnesses, to the office of the Sheriff Depute, and sign a declaration, which is duly registered, and they are husband and wife. But a peremptory summons from her father calls her back that very day to Kirk o' Shields, where she is treated in a manner that we can hardly understand. Why should she consent to be handed over to Mrs. Cowan, taken away to Portobello, near Edinburgh, and kept a close prisoner until her lover, who is now her lawful husband, recaptures the helpless victim? Such an outrage might have been supposed impossible in the case of a young woman of independent spirit. Mr. Black seems, indeed, better acquainted with the laws of Scotland than we can pretend to be; and we learn something from his account of the conference with an Edinburgh lawyer. It appears that a husband so married can do no more to vindicate his rights than to sue his wife for a decision whether the contract of marriage is to be adhered to; and, when he could not discover her abode to serve notice of action upon her, the Court might be asked to summon her father, as a party to the concealment of her abode. The Rev. Mr. Blair would go to prison for contempt of Court if he obstinately stuck to the conspiracy; but Ludovick is dissuaded from so harsh a prosecution. Fortunately, by the sharpness of the boy Johnny, and by putting James Cowan, the booby divinity student, in terror for his precious life, the search for Mrs. Ludovick Macdonnell is at length successful, and she is carried off by the man of her choice. The tale hereby comes to a happy ending, saddened only by the early death of her sister Agnes, a consumptive, delicate girl, addicted to fond spiritualistic dreams, whose short life was never cheered by a visit to "Far Lochaber."

The Weaker Vessel. By D. Christie Murray. Three vols. (Macmillan and Co.).—This novel is one of those stories in which the troubles and efforts of the principal personages are related by a confidential friend and helper, writing in his own person. The second-best man, John Denham, living at first in chambers near Gray's Inn, but afterwards the Paris correspondent of a daily newspaper, ultimately the lucky holder of an easy and well-paid Government office, and the happy husband of a bright young lady named Clara, tells us what happened to Walter Pole. That gentleman, before Denham knew him, was rash enough to contract a secret marriage with a certain Adelaide, a half-Frenchwoman, of violent temper and bold manners, profligate in her conduct, and with a taste for drink. He separated from her, after a month or two; but allowed her a part of his income, while he went into society as a supposed bachelor. His introduction to a family named Delamere, keeping up an establishment of fastidious gentility in South Kensington, leads to distressing trials of a mutual affection which cannot be legitimately indulged. Mr. Delamere, an elderly widower, is finely portrayed, with much of the humour of Dickens, as a sort of æsthetic Pecksniff, an eloquent but hollow and empty lecturer on the moral teachings of Art and Beauty, and a collector of pictures, statuary, Japanese ware, and Old Worcester china. His relative and disciple, Sebastian Dolmer Jones, is an arrant coxcomb, whose affectations are still more ridiculous, and Pole, a very manly fellow, regards them both with civil contempt; but Mary Delamere, a sensible, graceful, noble-minded young woman, makes too deep an impression on his heart. Though he, being sternly upright and honourable, never thinks of showing his love, and for some time avoids visiting the house, Mary is in love with him, which is soon detected by her friend Clara Grantley. Pole and Denham are together in a house-boat up the Thames, about the time of the Henley Regatta, when Pole's secret becomes known to his companion by a meeting with the fierce and vindictive Adelaide. A caricature figure is that of her unscrupulous ally, one Goldsmith, a Jewish solicitor and money-lender, who presently concocts a scheme to extort money from Pole. The unexpected deaths of several persons have left Walter Pole next heir to a peerage and estates in Devonshire worth £20,000 a-year. Goldsmith, aware of this and of the declining health of old Lord Wolborough, brings to Pole a certificate of the death of his wife Adelaide, and of her burial in Kensal-green Cemetery. These documents have been obtained by falsely giving her name, "Adelaide Pole," to a woman run over by a cab in the street, who died in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The intention of the conspirators is to allow Walter Pole to contract a bigamous marriage with Miss Delamere; and, when he is rich, as he will soon be, to plunder him by threats of exposure. Their wicked design makes some approach to success; for Walter Pole, believing himself free, and kindly encouraged by old Lord Wolborough, after revealing the fact of his former unhappy marriage, is regularly engaged to Mary Delamere. But John Denham, engaged about the same time to Clara, accidentally sees Adelaide in Paris, recognises the unworthy wife of his friend, the woman supposed to have died three or four months before, and hastens to London with this terrible intelligence. It is borne with great fortitude by Mary and by Walter Pole; there is no scene, but letters are exchanged at the breaking off of the engagement. He compels Goldsmith, by terror of a horsewhipping, as well as by menaces of criminal prosecution, to confess the infamous trick that has been practised on him. Then, having come into the title and fortune expected, he, now Lord Wolborough, offers his wife £5000 a year, on condition of her never molesting him again; he travels abroad, and gambles prodigiously, losing £12,000 at écarté in one sitting. In the meantime, Denham and Clara are happily settled, while Mr. Delamere's pretensions are destroyed by a host of creditors; he sells off his art-treasures, and meanly borrows money of Lord Wolborough, to the indignation of Mary, who quits her father to join a sisterhood of lady nurses. The least probable incident of the story ensues, which is that the abandoned Adelaide, Lady Wolborough, preferring her revenge to the £5000 a year for life that is offered her, after getting a short enjoyment of luxury and pride by using her husband's name, insists on living in his house; which being denied, she refuses to touch his splendid allowance, sinking into the most squalid destitution. This is incredible, but it serves to inflict upon her the dire retribution which she is considered to deserve; being actually knocked down by a street vehicle, like the poor woman who died in the hospital, and suffering extreme misery, in one of the vilest slums of London, with an incurable injury to the spine, till she is rescued by "Sister Constance," Miss Delamere, with the aid of John Denham and a beneficent Dr. Mason. The wretched woman, however, remains for some time ignorant that Sister Constance is Mary Delamere, whom she had never before seen, but for whom she has conceived an intense hatred. When, at length, she is allowed—being not far from a dying condition—to go down to Wolborough Court, and to call herself its mistress, there are several passionate and pathetic scenes, ending with an almost tacit act of forgiveness, described with much power, and without any gushing excess in the language of emotion. It is scarcely needful to add that Mary Delamere, who had once been ironically called by her own father "the weaker vessel," being a woman of far stronger moral nature than any man, finally becomes the wife of Walter, Lord Wolborough, and the story closes with a serene prospect of domestic love and peace.



TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO SIR BACHE CUNARD, BART., BY THE MEMBERS OF HIS HUNT, MARKET HARBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

LA MANDOLINATA.

The title means only a piece of music played on a mandolin the mandolin is an Italian variety of the guitar, as the banjo i an American variety, ascribed to the music-loving negroes o the Southern States, whose characteristic performances wer copied long ago, with a higher degree of artistic refinement by our old popular favourites, the Ethiopian Serenaders and Christy Minstrels. The Southern gift of spontaneous song which Nature has bestowed, with the frequent endowment of a fine voice, on the people of the Neapolitan provinces, though not in every district, obtains a suitable accompanying instrument in the mandolin. This vies with the Welsh or the Irish harp, if not of equal fame as a national symbol, in its association with the lyric strains which are cherished for ages in the memory of an imaginative race—the emotional essence of past experience, more profound than that of any recorded history, in the lives of preceding generations. New songs and new tunes, indeed, may from time to time be invented, or rather inspired, by the unfailing sentiments of love, regret, and pity, the tender wishes, the ardent longings, the youthful desires, the romantic hopes or dreams, the sad incidents of separation, of inconstancy, and of untimely death, which always and everywhere, among mankind, draw forth the utterance of natural feeling. The heart itself is an instrument which manhood and womanhood, at the susceptible period of life, must ever carry about with them, and which is played upon, just in the same way, by striving affections, as it was a thousand years ago—as when Catullus warbled his devotion to Lesbia; as in the isles of Greece, "where burning Sappho loved and sang"; as it was, no doubt, from the days of Adam and Eve, in the ever-renewed mutual relations of the human family. Imaginative emotion will find vent in poetry and music; and some little skill in these arts arises among the savage tribes of Africa or Polynesia, as well as in the ancient cultured civilisation of Europe. It is "the one touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin"; and this Italian lady in the picture, gracefully performing her sweet "Mandolinata," is doing the same that thousands of her sisters are doing, with strings more or less attuned to perfect melody, in different regions of the globe.

FOX-HUNT TESTIMONIAL.

A testimonial was presented to Sir Bache Cunard, Bart., of Nevill Holt, Market Harborough, Leicestershire, on Nov. 1, which is regarded with much interest in fox-hunting circles. The members of Sir Bache Cunard's Hunt subscribed to make him a gift that should testify their appreciation of the manner in which he has hunted the South Leicestershire country during the past ten years. It was decided by the contributors that the testimonial should take the form of a life-size fox, to be produced in the highest style of art, and to be cast in solid silver. The commission was intrusted to Mr. Rowland Ward, F.Z.S., of Piccadilly, who modelled the fox from life, representing the attitude just as reynard is drawing across an opening from covert to covert, and on the alert, as though in recognition of some suspicious sound or incident. The original model has been cast in solid silver, 519 ounces of the valuable metal being used. The figure has the merit of strong truthfulness to nature, and the work has a degree of artistic power which renders it superior to ordinary productions of the silversmith.

INTERNATIONAL TRADES CONGRESS

On Nov 10 the concluding sitting of this congress was held in St. Andrew's Hall—Mr G Shipton presiding, and M. Anseele (Ghent) acting as foreign chairman. Messrs. Broadhurst, Burt, Fenwick, Crawford, and Abraham were present. After a long discussion, taken part in by several English and foreign delegates, the following resolution was carried by four nationalities to two and passed; but the voting of the English delegates was, for the resolution, 11; against it, 31:—"This Congress is of opinion that, owing to the concentration of capital, and the relative weakness of trades' unions in proportion to the number of workers, it is impossible to further reduce the hours of labour without the aid of the State; and that in every case eight hours per day should be the maximum number of hours worked." On the motion of Mr. Burt, M.P., seconded by Mr. J. Wilson (Durham), it was resolved that—"Seeing that the huge armaments maintained by the Governments of Europe constitute a standing menace to the peace of the world, and impose terrible financial burdens on the industrial classes, this Congress recommends the democracy to give a mandate to their representatives to substitute the principle of arbitration for war in the settlements of disputes between Governments." — Miss Simcox (London) moved, and M. Keüfer (Paris) seconded, a resolution, which was carried, "regretting the absence from the Congress of any representatives of German, Austrian, or Russian trade unions"; and desiring to convey to the workers of those countries "the profound sympathy of the delegates with the difficulties against which they had to contend." It was announced that the next International Congress would be held in Paris in 1889, and the Congress closed with a few valedictory words addressed by the president to the foreign delegates.

A concert, with a full programme, is announced to be given at the Holborn Townhall on Nov. 28 in aid of the funds of the Machine Battery Tower Hamlets Rifle Brigade.

A species of bottle-nosed whale, with her calf, was captured on Nov. 10 by the fishermen in Ballycotton Bay. The whale measured 29 ft., its girth being 19 ft.

In opening the new drill-hall of the 2nd City of London Rifles, which has been erected in Farringdon-road, the Duke of Cambridge said no man had a stronger feeling for the Volunteers than he had, and nothing that he could do to support its interests and efficiency should be wanting.—At the Rainham Ranges, Essex, on Nov. 10, the prominent rifle shots of the City of London Volunteer Regiments competed for the Gold Badge of the City of London Rifle Association and the rifle championship. Some excellent scores were made. The competition was decided by an aggregate of two "shoots" at Queen's First Stage distances, one in the spring and the other on Nov. 10. At the close of the contest Sergeant J. J. Kellher, of the London Rifle Brigade, was declared the winner with the fine aggregate of 183 points—90 and 93. The Silver Badge was taken by Sergeant Tayton, London Rifle Brigade, with 180 (90 and 90), and the Bronze Badge by Private Elkington, London Rifle Brigade, 177 (91 and 86).



LA MANDOLI

DRAWN BY C. KIESEL



LINATA.

KIESEL.

HIGHLAND INDUSTRIES.

There can be no doubt that the modern Fair Trade movement owes its origin as much to the fear of centralisation and its effects as it does to the calculations of mere economic profit and loss. Many who have not studied the political merits of Free Trade versus Fair Trade are yet sufficiently satisfied that it is ruinous for a country to allow its rural population to decay for lack of profitable employment. They perceive that the first essential of a nation's welfare is the physical health and strength of its individual units. Such health and strength obviously depend largely upon the preservation of a prosperous peasantry. The fate of other countries in which the population was allowed to become altogether urban rises before thoughtful eyes; hence many are ready to give countenance to any movement which promises to restore prosperity to our rural industries. While it may be true that wheat can be got from America at a cheaper rate than it can be grown in Britain, such thinkers argue that the doubtful gain to the nation's pocket means a certain loss to the national health; and they would prefer to pay a trifle more for their loaf in order to see a larger population thrive in the country districts.

Students of æsthetics, again, do not cease to express their regret at the decay of ancient handicrafts in consequence of the increase of machine manufacture. They point to the pottery of Greece and Etruria and to the brass-work of Hindustan, all hand-made, and all, even the humblest article, bearing the individual grace born of loving artist fingers; and they compare these with the uncouth pots and the tasteless mouldings turned out by the gross by modern machinery. As the slightest sketch by the human hand contains an interest not to be found in the finest photograph, the apostles of culture argue that much of the picturesque charm of life has been lost in substituting for human handwork the monotonous philistinism of machinery products; and they would be glad to welcome any prospect of return to the more individualistic methods of bygone days. To people of taste the grey cathedral, growth of long and patient labour, and bearing in window mullion and in column capital the thoughtful handwork of individual men, naturally appears fairer and better than the spick and span new chapel turned out to pattern by steam machinery. And in the same way the carven platter of ancient use is preferred to the coarse and gaudy crockery which has taken its place.

The social economist, too, is beginning to look askance on the vaunted advantages gained by means of the labour-saving apparatus of modern invention. While relieving multitudes from painful toil, this new force, Steam, he is beginning to perceive, has not relieved these multitudes from the necessity of toiling, but has merely taken from them the means of livelihood. The weaving, for instance, which once afforded employment and daily bread to many a prosperous village throughout the land, is now performed by steam-power in the hands of a very few capitalists. The power of steam, the social economist contends, has been a benefit, not to the working population at large, but to the few individuals who have succeeded in securing its monopoly; and he begins to regard a return to more primitive methods of production as the only effective means of lessening the great and ominous multitudes of our unemployed. It would be better, he considers, to have fewer fortunes made by wholesale manufacturers, if by such means the country could be covered again with small handicraftsmen, each happy in the perfection and the reward of his work.

And there can be no doubt that in many departments the production of the individual craftsman is immensely superior to the work turned out by crank and piston. The keen and true steel blades hammered on the anvil of Andrea Ferrara were something very different from the bayonets which bent double against Arab ribs in the Soudan; and everyone knows by experience how the shaggy tweeds woven in the cottage hand-looms of the island of Harris outwear the steam-made cloths of Yorkshire. For the sake of common honesty and simple economy, therefore, the revival of rural industries is an object greatly to be desired.

A return, however, to the fiscal laws of forty years ago is not within the horizon of practical politics. A tax upon corn would mean an immediate rise in the price of bread, while the consequent general rise in wages would be less perceptible and much slower in arriving—a state of affairs which no Government would be bold enough to face. Encouragement to the strengthening of peasant population by this means must, therefore, for long be laid aside as hopeless. Equally impracticable appears the direct crusade of æstheticism and the higher socialism against the employment of steam. A great institution is not likely to disappear simply because it disagrees with the sentiments of a few theorists. What is desirable, therefore, both for reasons of taste and of economics, is the discovery and encouragement of rural means of livelihood which will not be affected, as agriculture has been, by foreign importation, and which will be able to hold their own against the competing powers of machinery. Some of these means, possible to crofter and cottar, have already been pointed out—such as the keeping of bees, the breeding of fowls and rabbits, and the growing of flowers and fruit. And recently public notice has been drawn to further possibilities in the same direction by the exhibition of home-made goods in the Townhall of Inverness.

The movement of which this is the outcome, inaugurated some four years ago by the Duchess of Sutherland and the Marchioness of Stafford, has already attained conspicuous success, and promises to result in a revival of many of the ancient home-industries of the Highlands. Goods spun, woven, and knitted by crofters' wives and daughters from the fleeces of their own sheep are there to be seen; while spinning-wheels, picture-frames, baskets, fishing-rods, and pieces of rustic furniture indicate possibilities of remunerative employment for more than the mere leisure hours of the crofters themselves. Some idea may be had of the benefit which might accrue from the development of such domestic industries, from the fact that last year, the second of the exhibition, the sum of £150 was earned in this way by one parish alone, containing a population of little over 1200.

Many products, those bordering upon the arts for instance, such as wood-carving, are, it should be remembered, impossible to machinery, and are therefore in no fear of being undersold by that competitor; while other home-made goods, like the Harris tweeds and Shetland shawls, by their intrinsic beauty, durability, and excellence, can well hold their own against all comers. Even were these goods unable to make their way into the open market, it should be kept in mind that, a hundred-and-fifty years ago the Highland communities were all but self-contained, manufacturing, each for itself, nearly the whole of the materials necessary for life; and there are many good reasons to be advanced for a return, in some degree, to these simple methods of provision. By the revival of the old Highland industries much may be done in the near future to render many a forsaken village once more prosperous and populous; and already the happy result of the movement inaugurated among these northern glens affords proof that attention has been successfully directed to the subject.—G. E.-T.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H M Prideaux.—We like the game and have marked it for insertion at earliest opportunity. The demands on our space have so much increased that the delay is unavoidable.

H Risdig (Hatten, Holland).—1. R to Kt 4th, K to R 7th; 2. R to Kt sq, P to Kt 7th; 3. Q mates. The variations you will be able to discover for yourself.

W Parsons.—Problem much better, but still not satisfactory. For instance, if 1. P to R 4th, B takes P; 2. Kt takes B (ch), K moves; 3, either Kt or Q can mate. Generally speaking, the play is not smart enough.

Columba.—Problem does not stand examination. If Black defends by P takes P, 2. P to Q 4th (ch), K to B 4th; 3. Kt or R mates.

J W Pybus.—We cannot decipher your diagrams. If you used plain initials for White and encircled ones for Black, we could then give you our opinion of your problems.

W Biddle.—Your problem contains many neat ideas, and shall be published in due course.

E F F.—Yes; first move is sufficient, if right. The solution you give of No. 2326 is wrong.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2321 received from G B Hewett (Middle Colaba); of No. 2323 from Joseph T Pullen (Launceston); of No. 2321 from Hughes Morris (Cardiff), A G Bagot, and Charles Etherington; of No. 2325 from L A W, Noordwijk (Holland), F W Ensor (Cardiff), W S (Sheffield), P C (The Hague), Cholwell, A G Bagot, Dr Gustav Waltz (Heidelberg), Janet, Paul Von Szeliski (Vienna), Joseph T Pullen, and A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2326 received from Julia Short, L Desanges, Howard A, E Casella (Paris), W S (Sheffield), Jupiter Junior, J Ross (Whitley), D Methoy (Galway), Martin F J Blackie, F C Cook (Earlsfield), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), J Hall, Dawn, A Newman, Dr F St. Peterhouse, J Dixon (Colchester), G V (Brompton), Wilson (Grange-on-Sands), Columba, Mrs Kelly (Lifton), F G Tucker (Pontypool), E L Nisbett, R F N Banks, Dane John, R Worters (Canterbury), J B Tucker (Leeds), J Gistrin (Reims), Thomas Chown, W R Baillie, T Roberts, E Louden, James Sage, C S, Cholwell, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Shadforth, Alpha, A G Bagot, E Phillips, G J Veale, J Coad, and Percy Ewen.

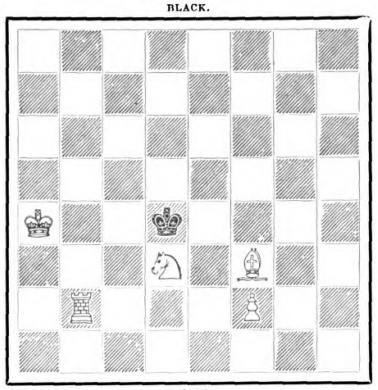
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2324.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to Q 4th	
2. Mates accordingly.	Any move

PROBLEM No. 2328.

By Hereward.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

A well-contested game between Messrs. G. B. Fraser, of Dundee, and Mr. G. F. Barry, of Dublin, played in the correspondence tourney organised by Mr. Fraser.

(Steinitz Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Q Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd
3. P to K B 4th	P takes P
4. P to Q 4th	Q to R 5th (ch)
5. K to K 2nd	P to Q 4th
6. K Kt to B 3rd	

A move introduced by Mr. Prisoe to obviate the common adoption of the later form of the Steinitz attack, which after 6, P takes P, White must submit to by reason of Mr. MacDonnell's suggested reply of Q to K 2nd (ch).

6.	B to K Kt 5th

If Black had now played Q to K 2nd, instead of the text move, White was prepared to leave the beaten track, and continue with P to K 5th, which yields a fairly good game.

7. P takes P	Castles
8. Q B takes P	B takes Kt (ch)

Black might, we think, have given check, here, with Rook with more effect.

9. K takes B	Q to K B 3rd
10. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt tks Q P (ch)
11. K to Kt 2nd	P to K R 4th
12. B to Q 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd
13. R to K B sq	Q to Kt 2nd
14. B to K 3rd	Kt to R 3rd
15. B takes Kt P	P to Q B 4th
16. B takes R P	

Perhaps an imprudent capture, but too tempting to resist. White is exposed thereby to a very sharp and dangerous attack.

16.	B to Q 3rd
17. B takes Q Kt	

A premature exchange, which adds to White's embarrassment.

17.	P takes B
18. Kt to K 4th	B to K 4th
19. P to Q B 4th	P to K B 4th
20. Kt to Q B 5th	Q R to K Kt sq
21. Q to K B 3rd	Q to K R 2nd
22. Q R to K sq	B to Q 3rd
23. P to Q Kt 4th	P to K B 5th

Threatening the deadly move of Kt to K B 4th.

24. Kt to K 4th	B to K 4th
25. P to K R 4th	

A hazardous looking rejoinder; but the only thing left to avert immediate disaster.

25.	Kt to K B 4th
26. B to K Kt 4th	K to Kt sq
27. B takes Kt	Q takes B
28. Kt to Kt 5th	B to Q B 2nd

Had Black replied with 28. R takes Kt, then White's proper answer would be R takes B.

29. K R to B 2nd	Q to Q 2nd
30. K R to K 2nd	P takes P
31. Q to K B 7th	Q to Q B sq
32. R to K 6th	

This Rook is well posted, and contributed in a large measure to the successful issue of the contest.

32.	R to K B sq
33. Q to K Kt 7th	P to Q 6th
34. Kt to K B 3rd	B to B 5th
35. Q to Q 4th	P to Q 7th
36. R to K R sq	

The Pawn cannot, of course, be taken without loss.

36.	K R to R 4th
37. R to K B sq	K R to B 4th
38. Q to K 4th	B to Q B 2nd
39. Kt takes P	R takes R
40. Kt takes R	R to B 7th (ch)
41. K to Kt sq.	R to B 5th
42. Q to Kt 6th	

The only move to maintain the hold.

42.	R to K B sq
43. Kt to K 3rd	R to Kt sq
44. Q to K 4th	Q to K B sq
45. Kt to K B 5th	B to Q sq
46. P to Q 6th	Q to B 2nd
47. R to K 7th	B takes R
48. P takes B	R to K sq
49. Q to K 5th (ch)	K to R sq
50. Q to Q 5th	Q to K B 3rd
51. P to K R 5th	P to Q R 3rd
52. P to K R 6th	Q to Q B 6th
53. K to Kt 2nd	Q to K 8th
54. Q to Q 8th (ch)	K to R 2nd
55. Q to Q 4th (ch)	

All this ending is played on both sides with great precision.

55.	K to R sq
56. P to K R 7th	Q to K 7th (ch)
57. K takes P	Q to K 8th (ch)
58. K to B 4th	Q to B 8th (ch)
59. K to Kt 5th	Q to K Kt 7th (ch)
60. K to B 6th	R to B sq

If instead, 60, R to K R sq, then 61, Q to Q 4th (ch), K to R 2nd; 62, P queens, Q to Kt 7th (ch); 63, Q to Q 4th, Q takes Q; 64, Kt takes Q, R takes Q; 65, K to B 7th, and wins.

61. Q to Q 8th,	and wins.

Efforts, which we hope to see successful, are being made to arrange a match between Lancashire and Yorkshire. The stimulus given to the latter county by the Bradford Congress makes it probable that the breakdown of the negotiations which happened last year will not be repeated on this occasion.

A selection of games played in the Masters' Tournament of the Bradford Congress has just been issued from the office of the *British Chess Magazine*. The value of the book entirely centres in the copious notes by Mr. W. H. Pollock appended to each game, many of them suggestive of the brilliancy so frequent in his play. The work done here raises him into the very front rank of analysts, and a study of it will be of the greatest service to everyone who seeks to improve his own style of play.

A new chess club has been started at Honiton, and meets at the Dolphin Hotel every Friday evening; Mr. Sydney Meymott is hon. sec.

The City of London Club tournament is now steadily progressing at the rate of a round per week. In the leading section Mr. Loman stands first, closely followed by Messrs. Block and Ross. In the second and third sections the leaders are Messrs. Stibel, Serraillier, Hennell, Smith, Coupland, Jones, Nelson, Evans, and Hirschmann.

THE BELLES-LETTRES.

In the volumes of agreeable autobiographical reminiscences which Voltaire is pleased to call his "Commentaire Historique," that admirable wit observes, with respect to his abortive effort to study law, that his inclination for poetry was greatly strengthened by his disgust at the mode in which jurisprudence was taught in the law schools; and he adds: "This alone sufficed to turn me aside to the cultivation of the *belles-lettres*." Recalling this passage to my mind the other day, I could not help lamenting the decay into which the *belles-lettres* have fallen, the disrespect with which they are treated by a restless and impatient generation, and the unhappy prominence given to pursuits which have not the same sterling qualities of distinction and excellence to recommend them. You may see men of undoubted respectability taking to the study of history, and cackling, like a hen over her first egg, if they find in the yellow manuscripts of some spiteful foreign emissary a statement which reflects on the virtue of Queen Bess, or if they unearth the gratifying fact that their pet hero was born, let us say, on a Monday morning, whereas all previous scribes had represented him as coming into the world on Monday evening! And there are others who call themselves scientists, and compile elaborate disquisitions on the æra of the sea-weed, or discourse on cycles and epicycles and the equilibrium of worlds; but none, so far as I can see, get any nearer than their ancesters got to a solution of the two great mysteries of the "Whence" and the "Whither." And there are unhappy wights who make a study of politics, of political economy, of the Sugar Bounties, and the irrepressible Irish Question, and grow red in the face over tithes, rent-charges, ground-rents, perpetual pensions, and similar affairs, going down to their graves before their time, done to death by interminable talk and ponderous bluebooks. There are others—deadly enemies to their species—who concoct sensational or "realistic" novels, and give feeble-minded persons the shivers with lurid pictures of murder and mystery in African deserts or Hansom cabs or railway trains; heaping horror upon horror, as the giants of old heaped Pelion upon Ossa, until the shuddering intellect reels, staggers, and falls beneath the damnable burden that is pressed upon it! Oh, my friends, what a relief to escape from all these conspiracies against one's peace of mind, and to find a pleasant and secure refuge in the blessed haven of the *belles-lettres!*

Wise in their day and place were our ancestors—in the eighteenth century, *par exemple*—when, with abundant leisure at their command, undisturbed by the iniquities of psychological research or the worry of social problems, and free from the incubus of the fiction of the shambles and the dissecting-room, they sought the terrace i' the sunshine, or the oriel that opened on Brown's latest creation in landscape-gardening, crossed one well-shaped leg over the other, smoothed down their ruffles, and abandoned themselves to the fascination of old Montaigne's shrewd gossip or Cowley's scholarly reflections. They had also—lucky men!—their *Tatlers* and their *Spectators;* the urbane humour of Steele, and the refined suavity of Addison. I wonder, by-the-way, whether the author of "Sir Roger de Coverley" is much read now-a-days. Yet what a fascination there is in his easy style and his graceful way of putting things! Your modern essayist cannot affirm that two and two make four without a preliminary flourish of fireworks. Like soda-water, indeed, all the sparkle and effervescence are in his initial paragraphs—the residuum is so flat and savourless as mortally to offend the palate. In the old *belles-lettres* you meet with no such *tours de force*. There are no rockets—but, then, there are no sticks. Look at Addison's delightful paper on the "Uses to which One can turn One's Enemies." A writer of to-day would begin with erudite references to Corsican vendettas or Japanese feuds, and fatigue the ingenuous reader at the outset with his ingenious surprises; but Addison starts with as pleasant an amble as that of a well-trained palfrey:—"I have been very often tempted to write invectives upon those who have detracted from my works or spoken in derogation of my person; but I look upon it as a particular happiness that I have always hindered my resentments from proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone through half, but found so many motions of humanity rising in me towards the persons whom I had severely treated that I threw it into the fire without finishing it." And so he goes on, in the same light and airy fashion, leading you easily up to the moral he wishes to impress upon you, while you feel inexpressibly soothed by the melodious flow of a stream so pellucid and so sweet.

In the same mood, though with more glitter of antithesis and pomp of imagery, wrote Hazlitt and De Quincey; and, in our own time, though with greater incisiveness, Matthew Arnold. I presume to recommend these humane critics to the intelligent person whose gorge rises at "detective" stories, and whose intellectual industry is not equal to the study of the Cyclopædia. For myself, I would rather read the critical essays of a Jeffrey or a Macaulay, with all their alleged "want of insight," than those of Tinto or Verdigris, with their sham raptures, their egotistical rhetoric, and their insufferable air of superiority. Ye Gods! how these men pat Milton on the head, put Dryden through his paces, and sneer at the author of "Childe Harold"! I prefer *les grands seigneurs* of literature, who behaved to each other—and to their readers—with such high-bred courtesy and so much old-world grace, to the swashbucklers who think of nothing but thrust and parry, and count their imaginary victims like so many Bobadils.

The great charm of the *belles-lettres* I take to be their geniality, their sanity, their refinement. They refresh one with their reasonable views of life, their blandly humorous comments on men and things, their polite estimates of authors and their books, their prevailing atmosphere of light and sweetness. James Russell Lowell, in his delightful essays "My Study Windows"; Holmes, in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table"; Helps, in "Friends in Council"; and Henry Taylor, in his "Notes From Life"—these excellent writers perpetuate the best traditions of the *belles-lettres*. Go back to an earlier generation, and you will find much that is happily in accordance with their temper in Conversation Sharpe's "Essays in Prose and Verse." The elder Disraeli is now much derided by the orthodox historical inquirer, whose dreadful mission it is to "reverse the verdicts of history"; but you may pass an hour by the winter fireside over the chatty pages of his "Curiosities of Literature," and be none the worse for it. Go farther back still, and what better companionship can you desire than my Lord Shaftesbury's "Characteristics"! I am speaking here of English writers only: if I crossed the Channel. I should find in the *belles-lettres* an almost inexhaustible field of survey. The sum of it all is that, if you wish for a sound mind and a clear conscience—if you would enjoy the precious possession of tranquillity and contentment—if you would secure the love and confidence of your wife, your children, and your mother-in-law—if you would sleep the sleep of innocence, unvexed by grisly phantoms from the realms of the Sensational—if you would live as blameless a life as Homer's Ethiopians or Sir Thomas Malory's "King Arthur"—you will shun the temptations with which designing publishers surround you, and give yourself up to the pure and wholesome pleasures of the *belles-lettres*.

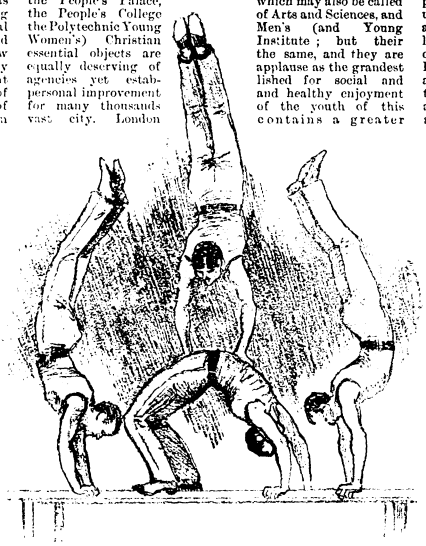
NEW BOOKS.

Reminiscences of J. L. Toole. Related by Himself, and Chronicled by Joseph Hatton. Two vols. (Hurst and Blackett).—The eminent comedian, and generally sympathetic and agreeable actor, whose sayings and doings, public and private, are Boswellised by a knowing personal friend in these two volumes, is an established popular favourite and a gentleman deservedly enjoying high social esteem. There is no anecdote here told of him that will at all diminish the regard in which he has long been held, not only as an ornament to the London stage and an example of the respectability of his profession, but as a worthy and amiable man. Yet we can hardly say that much has been added by this book to the information possessed by ordinary playgoers, and by those accustomed to hear or read of current theatrical affairs during the past thirty years. Mr. Toole's position as a dramatic artist is to a certain degree unique and independent; it has been attained more by the individual impersonation of new comic characters, which owed their original creation as much to him as to the writers of the plays, than by improving on the interpretation of old parts which had gathered a traditional record of former performances. It is different with such an actor as Mr. Irving, whose thoughtful original renderings of Shakspeare cannot escape being implicitly compared with those of an imposing procession of famous actors, and even being judged with reference to old critical standards. The same remark might apply to comedians of the old school, within the memory of this generation, dealing with the still abiding conceptions of authors like Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Colman. Whatever is good in modern dramatic art is no doubt capable of being studied analytically by some commentator with sufficient insight into the essentials, motives, and complex workings of the infinitely diversified play of feelings in human nature. The study of these in comedy, and even in farce, may be as profound, and is certainly as difficult, as in heroic or romantic tragedy: but our critical literature has made little provision for it, and Mr. Hatton's undertaking is not so ambitious. He does not attempt to show why or how Mr. Toole is a great actor in his own line of characters; or in what special qualities Mr. Toole, on the stage, differs from Mr. Buckstone or Mr. Charles Mathews and several other comedians within our remembrance. But he draws the portrait of Mr. Toole, fairly and pleasantly, without excessive gushing eulogy, as a clever, diligent, and successful member of the theatrical profession, who has borne his merited success with discreet modesty, and whose genial temperament, with his relish of harmless fun, makes him a delightful companion. We hope that many successful men in other professions are equally good fellows; and it is possible that many whose business is not funny can amuse their private acquaintance with jokes and droll little stories quite equal to those reported of Mr. Toole. The practical jokes, indeed, though innocent and honest tricks of their kind, were now and then performed at the expense of strangers with a freedom scarcely permitted to merry gentlemen in the ordinary walks of life: but Mr. Sothern was as bad as Mr. Toole in slapping the back of an unknown old man dining at a chop-house and calling him "George." This and several other stories have already been printed in some English and American papers, which Mr. Hatton explains; but not a few of his readers may agree with us in wishing that they had never been printed. It must, however, be allowed that professional actors, who undergo the severe mental strain of artificially sustaining fictitious parts every working night of their lives, are more in need than other men are of permission to give vent to their natural high spirits in sudden outbursts of queer demeanour, or in extemporised mystifications. They are apparently, like sitters in a congregation in sermon-time, or like people listening to a long trial in a court of law, often disposed to laugh, in spite of their sober judgment, at the very smallest hints of the ludicrous; for most of the jokes, outside the theatre, which are stated to have caused such great diversion to Mr. Toole and his comrades, would provoke but a feeble smile in common conversation. Although Mr. Toole, in private life, breathes the air of pleasantry, no comedian that ever enraptured an audience can possibly be such a genuine humourist off the stage, as he is in his artistic performance; nor can any tragedian, at home or at his club, be so grand and sublime. It is, therefore, no wonder if Mr. Hatton's collection of drolleries, which might be called Tooleries, be found to contain much that is of an extremely mild quality, and that would scarcely be presented, apart from Mr. Toole's memoirs, as select specimens of wit and humour. The book is amusing, nevertheless, by its consistent exhibition of a sprightly, kindly, and vivacious character, accompanied by others, his equals or superiors in talent and in public distinction, with whom he has always lived on terms of cordial friendship. Mr. John Lawrence Toole, a person, as every Londoner is aware, of the late City Toastmaster, was born in March, 1832, in St. Mary Axe; he began life as clerk in a wine-merchant's office, but saw plays at the East-End theatres, and joined an amateur dramatic club, where he showed talents that won the notice of Mr. Charles Dillon, and gained him an engagement at Dublin in 1852. He was afterwards at the Edinburgh Theatre, under Mr. Robert Wyndham; but in September, 1856, came to London and played at the Lyceum with Mr. Dillon in "Belphegor." In 1851, he was engaged by Mr. Benjamin Webster for the Adelphi, when Wright retired; and Webster, a great actor and great manager, probably contributed much to perfect Toole as a dramatic artist. Paul Bedford, too, was there, and Toole's frequent association with him must have developed his genius for fun. One of his greatest original successes was in the Caleb Plummer of the dramatised version of Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth," produced at the Adelphi in 1862; it proved that Toole was not merely a comic actor, but a genuine sympathetic humourist, thoroughly in the vein of Dickens at his best. We have often wished that we had more of Dickens adapted for the stage, with Toole for his congenial interpreter. He was afterwards at the Queen's Theatre, with Mr. Alfred Wigan, the company including Mr. Henry Irving; and in 1869 went to the Gaiety, where he played with Phelps and Charles Mathews. In Mr. H. J. Byron's interesting domestic drama, "Dearer than Life," Mr. Toole gave another proof of his real power in the serious, natural, simple representation of human feeling, in the part of Michael Garner. The half-pathetic, half-comic part of the Cheap Jack in "Uncle Dick's Darling," produced in 1869, was also written for him by Mr. Byron; but the inspiration was evidently that of Dickens. Toole was born for this interesting and instructive line of dramatic work, not for mere farcical effects, however clever and successful he may be in them. He now rose to high distinction; and in 1874, on his going to America, received the signal compliment of a public banquet, presided over by Lord Rosebery, followed by another at Birmingham, with Mr. George Dawson in the chair. The account of his later doings is given in a discursive and incidental manner, in detached fragments here and there scattered through the second volume, in reports of talk between himself and Mr. Hatton during an excursion to York and Whitby, intermixed with descriptions of places, with reprints of speeches and newspaper articles, and with various personal and social reminiscences: but the regular playgoer who is attached to Mr. Toole can supply the missing links. In 1879 the Folly Theatre, in King William-street, Charing-cross, became Mr. Toole's house, which has been officially styled "Toole's Theatre" since 1882. Everybody knows it well; no one likes it better than his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who has occasionally had Mr. Toole as his guest at Sandringham. This is a going concern, and we hope it will go on, with Mr. Toole in full force, to the end of the nineteenth century. It is unnecessary here to dwell on the merits of the chief plays, "A Fool and his Money," "Not such a Fool as he Looks," "The Upper Crust," "The Birthplace of Podgers," "Trying a Magistrate," the burlesque of "Claudian," "The Butler," and "The Don," with which Mr. Toole is identified. Mr. Hatton's minute inventory of the furniture and adornments of Mr. Toole's dressing-room at the theatre, and of his house somewhere near Piccadilly, can be yet more easily dispensed with. His book is, nevertheless, rather entertaining; and its contents are so mixed that every reader who has ever cared for any particular actor or actress in our times will find some cherished "reminiscence" awakened by its perusal. Macready, Phelps, Sheridan Knowles, Buckstone, Mathews, Robson, Webster, Keeley, Wright, Paul Bedford, Fechter, G. V. Brooke, Sothern, Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal, and Mrs. Bancroft, with others not forgotten, are brought into these sketches of the theatrical world. Their portraits ornament many pages, and must always be pleasant for those to see to whom their living faces were familiar on the stage, which has lost the great majority of them, years and years ago.

The second part of Mrs. Charles Hetley's *Native Flowers of New Zealand* (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) fully sustains the well-deserved credit obtained by the first part. In this number the most attractive plants depicted are some of the ratas (Metrosideros), the handsomest of the climbing New Zealand plants. The white rata is confined to the northern part of the North Island, where it is often seen clinging to the trunks of the Kauri pine and other large forest trees. The shrubs classified under the name of Senecio form an important family in the New Zealand flora, and the flowers of some of the varieties are extremely beautiful, especially that named after Dr. Hector, and discovered by him in the province of Nelson. The large proportion of white-flowered plants in New Zealand cannot fail to attract attention, but it does not enter into the scope of Mrs. Hetley's catalogue to discuss the cause. The illustrations are in the best style of modern chromo-lithography, and do honour to the printers and publishers.

THE POLYTECHNIC YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE.

It is a long distance across London from east to west—from Mile-End-road to Upper Regent-street—and there are certain obvious differences between that noble popular institution, the People's Palace, which may also be called the People's College and the Polytechnic Young Men's) Christian Institute; but their essential objects are the same, and they are equally deserving of applause as the grandest agencies yet established for social and personal improvement and healthy enjoyment for many thousands of the youth of this vast city. London contains a greater number, and a greater diversity of classes and characters, than any other city in the world ever contained, of young persons above the ordinary school age who are employed in various ways, who have their free hours of leisure, and whose chief want has been that of opportunities for the true education which is combined with recreation of mind and body—the only true education for adults, in general: systematic exercises, both intellectual and physical; the pursuit of knowledge, itself a great delight; the acquirement of skill, which is even more delightful: and the comradeship, in study and in sport, of their fellow-collegians, learning from the same instructors, and playing in the same clubs. These secular benefits, with the means of obtaining a higher culture and more complete than seemed until lately within the range of possibility for those not born to the advantages of fortune, are now provided for adolescence, in the lower middle classes and in the working classes, by perfectly organised institutions on a magnificent scale, which are about to be multiplied in other parts of London.



ON THE PARALLEL BARS.

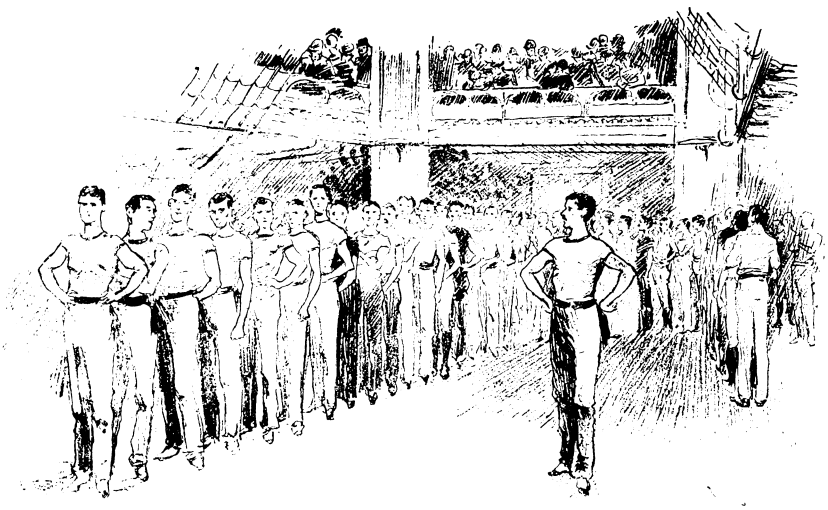
To provide technical and scientific instruction in the useful arts, accompanied with actual workshop teaching and practice, in harmony with ordinary trade customs of apprenticeship and employment, is an object successfully combined with advanced general education.

The Young Men's Christian Institutes, of which there are many in London and its suburbs, have contributed greatly to the general movement, and are, while professedly seeking to associate broad religious principles with full self-culture and innocent diversion, conducted in no spirit of bigotry, and certainly in no ascetic spirit. They prove, in the most practical manner, by actual performance, that Christianity, rightly understood, is consistent with every wholesome form of social pleasure and with every personal predilection for any kind of study or taste or mental exertion, and for any bodily exercise, athletic or graceful, conducive to "a sound mind in a sound body." These objects, without the slightest pretension to impose a test of religious belief on its members, are strenuously maintained by the great institution in Regent-street. It owes its present prosperity to one benefactor, Mr. Quintin Hogg, who has for years past been spending on it not only very large sums of money, out of his own purse, but also continuous labour, thought, and care, inspired solely by zeal for human welfare from the highest Christian motives. This gentleman (we henceforth borrow an article from the *Times* of April 23 in the present year), the youngest son of the late Sir James Weir Hogg, once Chairman of the East India Company, and brother of Lord Magheramorne, is the head of a firm of merchants in Rood-lane, and for twenty-four years—in fact, ever since he left Eton—he has devoted his days to his business and almost every one of his evenings to work among the boys and young men of London. At first he started with a ragged-school in the Drury-lane district, which, after a while, was changed into a working boys' home. In 1873 there was added to this an institute founded "for the purpose of endeavouring to withdraw elder boys from evil surroundings." It was in Endell-street, midway between Drury-lane and Seven Dials, that this institute was first opened, and shortly afterwards it was transferred to Long-acre, occupying part of the building formerly the Queen's Theatre. Six or seven years ago, the old Polytechnic Institution, associated in our memory with recollections of the diving-bell and Professor Pepper, ceased to exist, and the building came into the market. Mr. Quintin Hogg came forward and bought it, paying for it, and for the cost of enlarging it and fitting it up, over £60,000. In its new quarters, it became a great social club for young lads of the artisan class, a great institute of technical education, a day school for middle-class boys; and its advantages were extended this year by the addition of another large house a few doors off for the accommodation of young women. Mr. Hogg not long ago took Merton Hall, Wimbledon, with about twenty-seven acres of land attached, and this ground is now turned into one of the finest playgrounds in England. Every Saturday afternoon in summer hundreds of the lads are employed in playing cricket or lawn tennis, and one of Mr. Hogg's principal lieutenants is Mr. J. E. K. Studd, a cricketer of Cambridge fame. The success of the Polytechnic Christian Institute has been astonishing. More than 10,000 boys and young men have their names on its books, and already the second house has 800 young women upon its list, most of them the sisters or the friends of the members of the institute. The cost of maintenance amounts to between £14,000 and £15,000 a year, the receipts from fees to about £9000, and the deficit, which thus amounts to between £5000 and £6000 a year, has been till now entirely met by Mr. Quintin Hogg. He has, roughly speaking, spent £100,000 upon his scheme, and he cannot continue much longer to meet the large deficit in the same way. His desire is to find help which shall enable the institute to be placed upon a permanent footing. The Commissioners of City Charities have undertaken to give the Polytechnic an endowment of £2500 a year on two conditions:—(1) That he should obtain a long lease of his premises; (2) that he should raise a sum of £35,000 by private subscriptions. The trustees of the Portland estate have given Mr. Hogg a formal promise of a ninety-nine years' lease. Mr. Hogg has already appealed to various friends of his own, and has succeeded in raising about £18,000. Mr. W. M. Campbell—Mr. Hogg's partner, and a Governor of the Bank of England—has given £10,000; Messrs. J. A. Denny and E. M. Denny, £1000 each; Mr. Gurney Shepherd, £1000; and an anonymous friend, £2000. There still remains, however, about £17,000 to be raised. Mr. Hogg feels constrained to appeal to the public to save this flourishing and most useful institution.

The Polytechnic Institute is remarkable for the elaborate system of technical instruction which is open to its members. They are admitted on payment of a subscription of 3s. per quarter, which entitles them to the free use of the library, social rooms, and gymnasiums, and admission to all the entertainments; while for the technical classes small fees have to be paid. The classes are of two kinds, science and art classes, which are held in connexion with the Department at South Kensington; and industrial classes, which are more or less related to the City and Guilds of London Institute of Technical Instruction, and to the London Trades Council. The industrial classes, again, are subdivided into classes of mechanics and into "practical trade classes" for apprentices and young workmen, and it is these last which are the special feature of the institute. Among them we find classes for various branches of engineering, for cabinet-making and carpentry, including such subordinate departments as the making of staircases and hand-railing; we find classes in wood and stone carving, in tailor's cutting, in sign-writing, and in practical watch and clock making; classes in carriage-building, in printing, in land surveying and levelling, in plumbing, and in toolmaking, and many other trades. In all these cases it is a condition that no one is to be admitted who is not already engaged, say as an apprentice, in the trade. In the engineering-room, where there is machinery worked by a central gas-engine, a dozen young men may be seen forming a screw, or adapting some roughly-cast bolt to the required purpose, and the room is full of iron lathes and other small machines, every detail of which has been made and finished on the spot by the boys.

The variety of other classes is very great, including English grammar and literature, geography and history, arithmetic and mathematics, Latin, Greek, French, and German, chemistry and natural philosophy, and drawing. It should be stated that the fees for the classes vary from 2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. per quarter to members of the institute, non-members being allowed to attend on payment of an increased fee. Mr. H. J. Spooner lectures on geometry and machine-drawing, Mr. L. J. Butler on carriage-building, Mr. Andrew Clark, F.R.C.S., on first aid to the injured, Mr. Hasluck on elocution, Mr. Herrmann on watch and clock making, Messrs. Horton and Wilson on shorthand-writing, Mr. H. L. Ramsay on sign-writing, Mr. George Scarman on upholstery, cutting, and draping, Messrs. Charles Mitchell and Young on building construction, Mr. H. W. Richards on brick-cutting; and in the ladies' department, Mrs. Elliot Scrivener on dressmaking and dress-cutting. The results are shown by the success of the Polytechnic pupils in the different technical examinations. The system has been highly commended by the London Trades Council, and by two Royal Commissions of Inquiry.

The visitor to the Polytechnic, any weekday evening, will find every room occupied by numbers of lads and young men, from seventeen years old upwards, either harmlessly amusing themselves or studying in class. There is a refreshment and reading room, where some boys are having tea or supper, some are reading the newspapers, some are playing chess or draughts. One great room in the summer is a swimming-bath; in the other seasons of the year, comfortably carpeted and arranged with chairs and



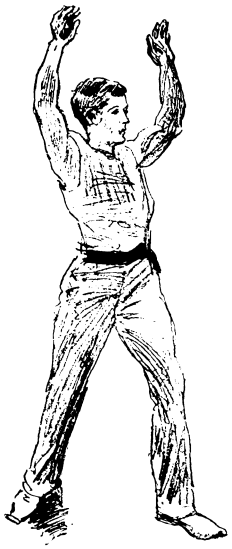
FALLING IN FOR THE MAZE.



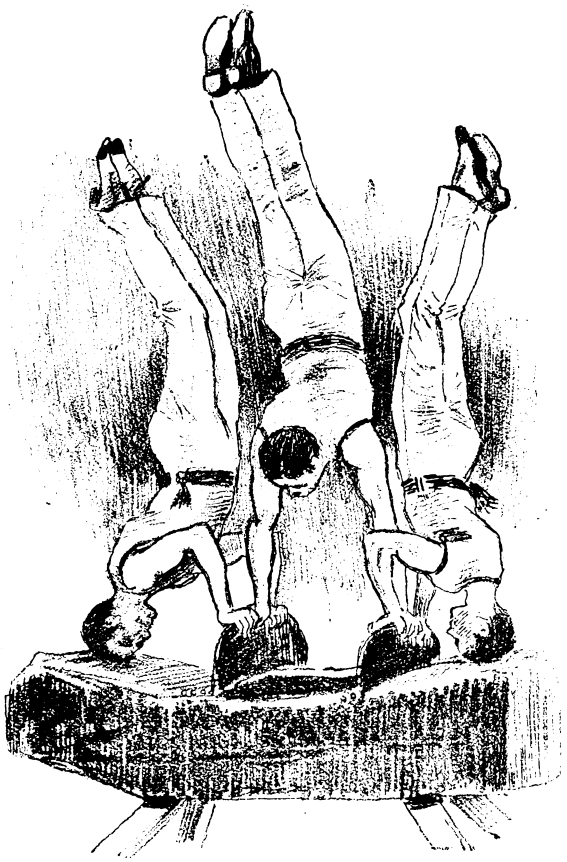
EXERCISE IN MUSICAL DRILL.



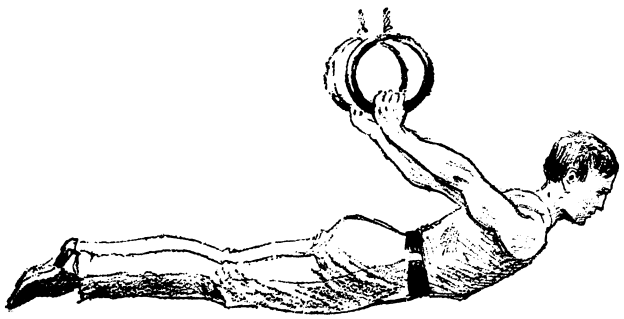
EXERCISE IN MUSICAL DRILL.



EXERCISE IN MUSICAL DRILL.



STANDING ON HEADS AND HANDS.



AT THE RINGS.

THE GYMNASIUM OF THE POLYTECHNIC CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE, REGENT-STREET.

tables, it is the chief reading-room. In another room we find a debating society. In a hall where the chemical lectures used to be delivered, and where now Mr. Hogg holds his Sunday services and classes, a number of youths are going through military drill. In the larger hall, the gymnastic instructor is taking his class through their exercises. Nearly a hundred lads are there, most of them in flannels, and are forgetting the workshop and the counter in the physical delight of exercise. The gymnasium, in which our Artist made his Sketches, is under the direction of Colour-Sergeant Elliott, late of the Scots Guards. There are squad and mass exercises every evening; and instruction is given in single-stick, fencing, handling the dumb-bells and Indian club, and the bar-bell, exercises on the horizontal bar, the parallel bars, with the rings, on the trapeze, and in other ways. The girls' gymnasium is open on Tuesdays and Thursdays to members of the Young Women's Branch of the institute, which is located at 15, Langham-place, and is open every evening, except Sunday. The Polytechnic swimming-bath is also reserved one night in the week for the female members of the institute, who have admission to the lectures, concerts, and entertainments, and the privilege of joining any of the classes at greatly reduced fees, while many suitable classes are held for young women only.

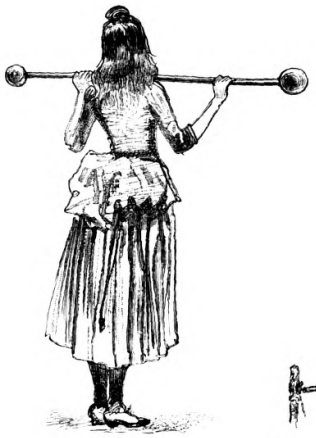
Among the various societies for young men connected with the Polytechnic are the Debating Society or "Parliament," the Athletic Club at Merton, the Cycling Club, the "Ramblers" for pedestrian excursions, the Harriers who meet at Willesden, the Company of Rifle Volunteers (4th Middlesex or West London), the Volunteer Artillery Battery (No. 7 of 1st City of London), the Medical Staff Corps, the Military Band, the Orchestral Society, the Choir and Choral Society, the Chess and Draughts Club, the Sketching Club, the German Society, the French Society, the Engineering Society, and the Electrical Society, besides a Total Abstinence Society, and the "Christian Workers' Union."



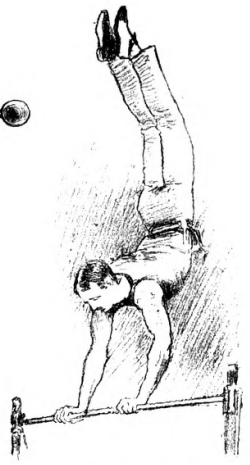
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THE GYMNASIUM OF THE POLYTECHNIC CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE: CLASSES FOR YOUNG WOMEN AND GIRLS.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BUILDERS IN THE SAND.

The near approach of the winter season is heralded this morning by the chill east wind and the thin ice which coats the pools left by the receding tide a few hours gone by. To-day we are strolling along a sandy flat of Scottish sea-coast, not far removed from that engineering triumph, the Forth Bridge itself. Pleasant memories of bygone days revive in the mind when we approach the "Shell-bed"—as the sandy stretch is termed. One constant feature of the beach has won for it the familiar "Ferry" name. The sea-line at high-water mark is always indicated by a clear, glistening line of shells, whole and broken alike, torn from the sandy depths below, and brought up by the play of the waves. I presume the tides and currents of the bay cast up the shells on the beach and favour the formation of this unbroken and uniform line of shell-débris. Beyond this high-water mark you come upon the sand-dunes of the coast. The tough grasses which find a home and habitation in the sand bind the loose wind-blown particles together and thus aid in the work of land-making. The "Shell-bed" on the Firth of Forth reminds me of a pleasant prospect in scenes far removed from this Scottish estuary. Away in Devonshire, and stretching from Dawlish towards Exeter, is such another sandy beach as that which lies before us this winter morning. Only, the Devonshire coast wants that background of pines that stands out so prominently against the light brown of the sand. But for the funereal setting of its firs and pines, and for the hills of Fife in the foreground, the Dawlish prospect might be regarded as being closely imitated on these northern shores.

We descend from the shelly ridge towards the lower confines of the beach. In a moment or two, we find ourselves amid the damp sand which, cut into miniature valleys by the rills from the land, betokens the recent ebb of the sea. As we walk over the yielding sand we see the burrows of the *Solens*, or "razor-shells," whose cast-off products litter the shore at the high-water line. Your "razor-shell" is a skilful burrower, and by means of his fleshy foot contrives to mine swiftly and effectively below the surface of the sand, so that pursuit and capture, save by means of the fisherman's iron hook, is a sheer impossibility. As we traverse the beach nearer still to the sea, we notice the débris thrown out by the worms, which, after airing themselves amid the waves when the tide is in, turn tail and tunnel downwards. They are, in reality, living tunnel-makers, for they pass the sand through their bodies as they work below, and hence you see the internal casts of their digestive systems in the familiar "sand-worms," or coils, which litter the shore. These are the "fairy ropes" of the children. The old legend of Michael Scott, wizard *par excellence*, tells us how, having engaged the Evil One as a servant, he found it a condition of his own safety to keep his diabolical servitor fully employed. The proverbial mischief into which idle hands are said to fall, was therefore averted by Michael the Wizard setting his fiend to weave ropes out of the sea-sand; and the futile labours of his Satanic Majesty, adds the legend, are to be seen after every receding tide.



FIG. 1. TEREBELLA AND ITS TUBE.

There, in the distance, is a fisherman digging in the sand for bait. When you look into his can you see a wriggling mass of green and brown worms, each with a big thickened head and a narrower body. This is the lobworm, dear to the hearts of sea-fishers. Along the sides of its body you see the gills existing in the shape of curious tufts, which are really complex loops of blood-vessels, wherein the impurities of worm-organisation are got rid of, and its blood purified by exposure to the oxygen of the sea. But the "lob" is not an architect in any sense. Scan the sand around you, and notice that, rising from its smooth surface, your eye can detect numberless feathery-like tufts. You borrow the fisherman's spade, and remove at one operation half-a-dozen or more of these tufts. Then when you single them out from among the mass with your fingers you see that each tuft is really the top of a tube, and that inside this tube dwells a worm-tenant which is doing its best to escape into the sand by the lower end of its dwelling-place. This is the *Terebella*, a worm which ranks among the most common of all the architects of the sand. Look at the tube closely (Fig. 1). Its composition is varied enough. It consists of a series of odds and ends in the way of particles, and the heterogeneous materials of the tube account for the rugged appearance of the structure. The bulk of this worm's house is built of grains of sand, but you also note how it has seized upon pieces of broken shells, and even minute pebbles as building-stones. These materials are all duly glued together by means of a natural marine cement, which resists the action of the water, and defies the damp to disintegrate the tenement of the Terebella. The tuft at the top of the tube, which is modelled in sand, is really the outer investment or covering of the gills and feelers which the head of the worm bears. The gills are plume-like, and the feelers, or tentacles, act as purveyors in the commissariat department. They sweep food-particles into the mouth, and possibly filter from the sea or sand around the matters necessary for the nutrition of the worm-frame.

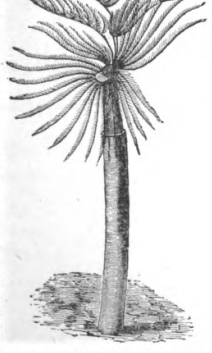


FIG. 2. SABELLA AND ITS TUBE, SHOWING THE PLUME-LIKE GILLS.

But in our shovelful of sand there are worm-tubes of another description. You now disinter a tube of smoother and more regular aspect than those of the Terebella. This second tube is composed of sand particles alone, cemented together to form a symmetrical structure, which impresses us by contrast with the rougher build of the Terebella's dwelling-place. The smooth tube (Fig. 2) is the abode of the *Sabella*, another familiar worm-architect of our sandy shores. I know of nothing more beautiful than the plume-like gills of the Sabella-worm. They spring from its head-extremity, together with its feelers, in curved array and present us with truly feathery sprays, wherein the blood of the animal courses in closely-placed vital streams, to be exposed to the air contained in the native water of the worm. Extremely sensitive are these gills and tentacles, as you may demonstrate in the case of yet another worm-architect. On this stone I have picked up is a hard, dense tube of carbonate of lime, or, in plain language, hard chalk. This is the *Serpula's* habitation. I place the stone and its tube in this rock pool. In a moment you see the beautiful gill-plumes to be protruded from the tube, and to wave backwards and forwards in the water. This is the respiratory or breathing-play of these animals, and the slightest touch sends the gills into the tube. Worm susceptibilities have been offended by the prying curiosity of humanity, and a natural plug (which is merely a thickened tentacle) closes up the mouth of the Serpula-tube until such time as its denizen, recovering from its fright, once more spreads its gill-plumes abroad in the pellucid pool. The worm-architects teach us a lesson in "habit" as applied to living nature. Each species adheres to its own way of life and materials—the Terebella to its shells and particles; the Sabella to its sand alone; and the Serpula to its limy investment. There is "more than meets the eye" in these persistent and regular building-habits—more, perchance, than the mind can explain as things are. But at least we may discover that what we call "habit" in anything, is but a name for the regular repetition of ways, tendencies, and methods, which, at first of chance character, have become stereotyped to form the fixed history of living things.

ANDREW WILSON.

WOODLAND HARVESTS.

When the cultivated produce of the earth has been garnered, and the harvest in the general acceptation of the word is over, man thinks but little, comparatively, of what is left to be scattered to the four winds of heaven. The crops from field and garden, orchard and vineyard, occupy so much of his attention that he is too apt to disregard that aftermath, as it were, of wild beauty and utility which often carries a distinct souvenir of summer far into the autumn and early winter. He is indifferent to the quality and quantity of the provender which may be found by the furred and feathered denizens of the countryside, and stored up so cunningly in their myriad ingenious little homes. Except by the philosopher, the naturalist, the artist, or kindred spirits, the later untended products of hedgerow and coppice, breezy common and forest glade, appear to be of little worth. Nor are they, perhaps, financially speaking; but, happily, we are not all financiers, in the commercial sense, and the woodland harvests possess such infinite charms, not only for the eye but for the heart, that it is no wonder the autumn, be it early or late, always calls up a tender, sympathetic emotion in the human mind. Few are wholly insensible to its influence; but, nevertheless, it claims scarcely more than a passing glance from the majority, and perhaps a sigh for the departed glories of long days and bright skies. Those, however, who know how better to value Nature's meanest gifts and beauties, find interminable pleasure in what *is* set *before them* in the fall. Not, of course, that one underrates the importance of good yields of corn and root crops, for "out of nothing cometh nothing," and if the kindly fruits of the earth fail to appear in due season in fair abundance, the whole nation suffers, from high to low. When disastrous years in this respect occur we feel how dependent life is upon the outcome of man's industry on the soil. Albeit he does not live by bread alone, yet when that is taken from him and, as it were, he has to subsist upon the husks, he may be excused for that deep anxiety in the matter of harvest which now and then blinds him to the attractions of the gorgeous spectacle remaining in the fields and woods when his principal work there for the time being is finished. But, given an easy mind on the vital question, and let his skill and farmcraft but be answered by an average reward, he should then be ready to welcome the woodland harvests in a calm and appreciative mood.

Who, to wit, can behold the wealth of berry beauty decking the coverts and the lanes in October without delight? Prominent among the rest, the rowan-trees are ablaze with colour, and the clusters of the little coral beads mingling with the greenery as it pales and yellows, reddens or purples, make a series of pictures which, in Nature's gallery, claim and receive posts of honour; for, be it remembered, this is the period for the annual exhibition of her artistic treasures. Her show is second to none in merit: skilled alike in the execution of the finest details and breadth of general effect, it dazzles and entrances. Look again, for instance, at that study of the wayward bramble fringing the pathway up the slope! What an example is it of graceful line in its curves and involutions! There can be no fitter herbage for a wild foreground than the tangled complications of the blackberry-bush, either growing alone or mingling with the russet fronds of the common bracken. Its sprays and shoots carry the eye, without an effort, through the intricacies of grass, and across the broken, tufted, gravelly bank. How it wanders, at its own sweet will, hither and thither: and what a rich promise of sweet juices is afforded by its fruit! The tones taken on by these productions from their tiny formation out of the pink and creamy blossom up to their full maturity turn them into very jewels as they sparkle in the sunlight amongst the variegated leafage. It is a sort of casket and depository, a concentration of the riches of the harvest, for assuredly no item in it is gathered with greater zest.

The hips and haws may seem at first equally as worthy of solicitude. Judged by their smooth, ruddy, and shining coats, they might be thought to offer as succulent a flavour as the blackberry; but, save for the birds, we fear they must take a second place, except in point of beauty. The contribution granted by the wild rose to the woodland harvest makes up in show what it lacks in flavour, resembling in this many of *Pomona's* highly cultivated gifts. Autumn is a grand artist, a stupendous colourist, and tinges with her magic brush all growths so cunningly, that experience alone dispels the idea that everything in the shape of a berry must be edible. Then, besides those succulent blackberries aforesaid, there is more fruity produce from the wild orchard, all of which belong legitimately to the woodland harvest-time. There is the wild strawberry asserting itself with the justifiable pride of its garden-sheltered brother; the crab-apple, suggesting in many a sunny spot that we have been put back to the time of the white-heart cherry; the sloe by the same token reminding us of a crippled crop of late damsons; and since it seems impossible altogether to exclude the thought that these good and pretty things are nice to eat, we pass on by a natural sequence to the nuts, from the tiny wild hazel up to the graceful fringed filbert-clusters on to the sumptuous walnut and chestnut. The beauty of every one of these is undeniable, and, at least to youthful palates, unquestionable in the matter of taste. But we are not here considering the grosser side of the feast: it is rather the banquet for the eye and mind to dwell on that is in our thoughts. Nor would we particularise from the botanist's point of view each specimen of the berry tribe, for their number is infinite, and no one much more lovely in aspect than another, though not a few are deadly enough in their loveliness. The commonest and most conspicuous often yield equal, if not greater, attractions, to the appreciative gaze than the curious and rare. As an example, is it possible to conceive a more exquisitely perfect natural untended growth than the acorn? Its design absolutely seems to be without a flaw, and little wonder is there that it should have inspired poets from time immemorial with pretty fancies. Could fairies be provided with a more deftly-chased specimen of sylvan art out of which to quaff their draughts of morning dew than the acorn cup? What chalice better suited to grace the festive gatherings of Oberon and Titania's fairy trains? The delicacy of its colouring, too, will vie with the workmanship of its chiselling and embossments. That faint tinge of bronze, which partially creeping across its sunny-most side, seems to gild the prominent elevations of its repoussé work whilst leaving the silvery-greenish tones in the depths of its intricacies untouched, makes it appear to be constructed of the richest ore. And further, when we remember what mighty strength and utility is symbolised in that smooth and polished egg-shaped kernel, we do not envy the man who can stoop to gather a ripened acorn from the ground among the fallen leaves without some thought of the treasure he is storing, a treasure as beautiful as it is full of meaning. Inferior to this gem of the woodlands as is, of course, the beech-mast, it must not be overlooked, and if not always a very conspicuous feature when hanging on its parent bough, it nevertheless duly plays its part in the harvest of the later autumn.

But it is the leafage after all—the sprays of fern and bramble, the flags and many-hued grasses, the quaintly-shaped red-brown tendrils and twisting climbing plants, ivy, mistletoe, what not—which go to the completion of this eye festival of the woodlands. The pretty fashion, fortunately, has spread of adorning our rooms and tables with vases and flower-stands filled with trailing and clustering examples of wild growths of every description. The æsthetic taste of the time has led to the recognition that, at least for the inhabitants of populous cities, the untended garden of Nature may be drawn upon for decorative purposes with even a larger success than the formal lawn, flower-beds or borders, conservatory or hot-house. Not that meadow, grove, or thicket will compare exactly in their flower-shows with the purely horticultural displays of autumn; they will never, at any season, perhaps, do this. Still, it is not that the stubble-field, hedgerow, brake, and spinney are devoid of floral garniture. Plenty of wild flowers and blossoms here and there remain to spangle and begem the deepening or paling mellow of the dying foliage; but Nature means their place in the galaxy of beauty to be taken by their fruit, the berries; for in the main she has the happy artistic knack of deepening all her tones and shades of colour with the declining year, thus enriching, step by step, her whole aspect, even, as one may say, up to her very death; even until the first keen frost sweeps each bough and twig clean of the last remnants of its summer garb, leaving naught but the—

Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

W. W. F.

Sir Lowthian Bell, F.R.S., has been appointed vice-chairman of the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute in the place of the late Sir John Rose.

The members of the Honourable Artillery Company have decided to place themselves under the Volunteer Act, accepting the assurance of the Prince of Wales that their ancient privileges and precedence would be maintained.

Colonel the Hon. Paul Methuen, C.B., C.M.G., of the Scots Guards, who commanded the Bechuanaland Field-Force in 1885, has been selected for the post of Adjutant-General in South Africa, under Lieutenant-General Smyth, in command of the forces there.

The Queen has approved of the following Colonial appointments:—The Earl of Onslow to be Governor of New Zealand, on the retirement of Lieutenant-General Sir W. Jervois; Sir Henry Arthur Blake, Governor of Newfoundland, to be Governor of Queensland; Sir Terence O'Brien, Governor of Heligoland, to be Governor of Newfoundland; Mr. Arthur Cecil Stuart Barkley, Chief Commissioner of the Seychelles Islands, to be Governor of Heligoland; Mr. William Frederick Haynes Smith, Attorney-General of British Guiana, to be Governor of the Leeward Islands.

At St. John's College, Cambridge, William Nicholas Roseveare, B.A., Edward Hamilton Acton, B.A., Frederick William Hill, B.A., Thomas Darlington, B.A., and Henry Frederick Baker, B.A., have been elected into fellowship. Dr. Glaisher, Professor Thomson, and Dr. Gaskell have been elected representative members of the General Board of Studies for four years, from Jan. 1, 1889.—The Right Rev. William Stubbs, D.D., Bishop Designate of Oxford, has been elected to an honorary fellowship in Oriel College. Mr. William Paton Ker, M.A., of All Souls', has been elected to a fellowship in that college.

At the Brompton Hospital, the first entertainment of the twenty-second annual season took place on Nov. 6, under the direction of Mdlle. Alice Roselli. An excellent programme of music and recitations was provided and well carried out by Mdlle. Alice Roselli, Miss Blanche Renwick, Madame Isabel Fassett, Mr. William Nicholl, Mr. Bavett, Mr. Gilbert Campbell, Mr. Meade, Miss Bessie Byrne, Miss Mary Carmichael, and Mr. Lazarus, with Mr. Henry Bird as accompanist. There were many encores most kindly acceded to, but we have only space to mention the charming duo "When daisies pied," by Mdlle. Alice Roselli and Mr. Lazarus, and "I'm a Roamer," by Mr. Gilbert Campbell.

The French Minister of Marine and the Colonies has issued a statement showing the actual condition of the French colonies. The total area of these colonies (Algeria and Tunis not being included) is given at 2,000,000 square kilomètres, and the population 22,000,000, not including the Congo region. As to the commercial relations of these colonies with the mother country, Martinique and Guadeloupe are those which do the most business. Each of them sends 17,000,000 francs'-worth of merchandise to France. French India comes next with 16,000,000f.; then follow St. Pierre and Miquelon with 15,000,000, mostly cod and cod-liver oil; Senegal, 14,000,000; Réunion, 10,000,000; Guiana, 5,000,000; and all the other colonies about 8,000,000. Algeria and Tunis are not included in this; if their exports to France are added they would bring the total up to 100,000,000f. If, besides, the exports of French colonies to other countries be taken account of, it would bring the total value of French colonial exports up to a sum of 227,000,000f. Another 200,000,000f. represent the total imports of the French colonies, so that the entire trade of the French colonial empire amounts to about 18,000,000 sterling, just about equal to the value of the trade between Great Britain and Canada.

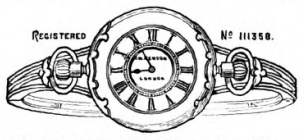
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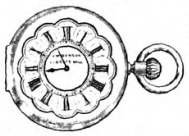
a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

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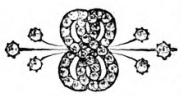
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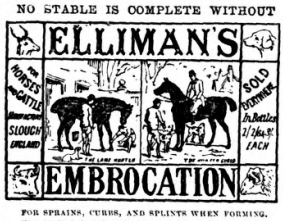
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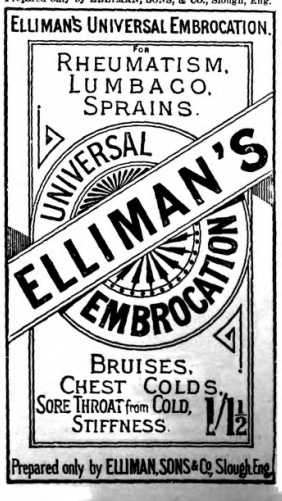
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 5, 1886) of Mr. Alfred Backhouse, J.P., late of Pilmore Hall, Darlington, and Dryderdale, Wolsingham, who died on Sept. 2, was proved on Oct. 24 by Edmund Backhouse, Edward Backhouse Mounsey, and James Edward Backhouse, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £370,000. The testator bequeaths £5000, the use, for life, of his household furniture and effects, and an annuity of £8000 to his wife, Mrs. Rachel Backhouse; £5000 each to Thomas Edward Mounsey, Ada Mounsey, Elizabeth Mounsey, and John Wilfred Mounsey; £1000 to each executor; £1000 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Darlington Hospital and Dispensary; an annuity of £150 to his brother-in-law, William Mounsey; and £20,000 to his nephew Edward Backhouse Mounsey—but this sum is not to be paid till after the death of testator's wife. He gives, devises, and bequeaths all his colliery property, as to one half thereof, to his nephews and nieces, Thomas William Backhouse, John Edward Backhouse, Arthur Backhouse, and Mary Agnes Backhouse; and as to the other half thereof, to his nephews and nieces, Edward Backhouse Mounsey, John Wilfred Mounsey, Lucy Elizabeth Mounsey, Anna P. Mounsey, and Mary Emma Mounsey; certain freehold, leasehold, and copyhold lands and premises in the counties of Durham and York, to his wife, for life, and then to his nephew James Edward Backhouse; and other real estate in the said counties to his nephew Edward Backhouse Mounsey. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one moiety thereof, between Thomas William Backhouse, John Edward Backhouse, Arthur Backhouse, and Mary Agnes Backhouse; and the remaining moiety between Edward Backhouse Mounsey, John Wilfred Mounsey, Lucy Elizabeth Mounsey, Anna P. Mounsey, and Mary Emma Mounsey.

The will (dated March 22, 1888) of the Hon. Mrs. Mary Byron, wife of the Hon. and Rev. William Byron, late of No. 17, Portland-place, who died on Oct. 2, was proved on Nov. 6 by the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Byron, Edward Thornton, and John Watson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £125,000. The testatrix, after reciting sundry indentures of settlement, devises all her lands and premises in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire upon trust for her sister, Anne Adelaide Burnside, for life, and then to her stepson, George Anson Byron; and all premises at Radcliffe-on-Trent, and all property comprised in the second "Realty Settlement" to her sister, absolutely. She bequeaths £47,000, with the option of an annuity of £2000 in the place thereof, to her husband; £3000, upon trust, for her nephew, William Elliott Burnside; £200 per annum during the life of her husband, and at his death £10,000, to the trustees of the settlement of her stepdaughter, Edith Mary Noel; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to her said sister, Anne Adelaide Burnside.

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1887), with a codicil (dated May 3, 1888), of Mr. John Edward Bartlett, D.L., J.P., late of Peverel Court, Stone, Aylesbury, who died on Aug. 1, at Buxton, was proved in the District Registry of Oxford, on Sept. 26, by Mrs. Sarah Emily Bartlett, the widow, Frederick Napier, the Rev. John Llewellyn Roberts, and Henry Hearn, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £102,000. The testator gives the "Kirkland Family Plate" and certain jewels to his daughter, Sybilla Mackenzie Kirkland Bartlett; £600, all his furniture, plate, pictures, &c., and Peverel Court to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Emily Bartlett; £100 to each executor; £10,000 each to his sons Edward Noel Napier Bartlett, John Francis, Charles Frederick, and Alfred James; £9000 each to his daughters Lilian Emily and Florence Mary; £6000 to his daughter Sybilla, and also all the money and securities standing to the account of the "John Edward Bartlett Trust Fund" at the Aylesbury Branch of the Bucks and Oxon Bank; but one half only of these sums is to be paid during the life of his wife. He devises the advowson of Spratton, Northampton, to his son Edward; also certain lands and hereditaments in Buckinghamshire between him and his sons John and Alfred; and all his lands in the county of Salop to his son Charles. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay such a sum as will, with the income of certain property which his wife is entitled to for life, make up £2000 per annum; and the ultimate residue to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 14, 1863), with a codicil (dated April 27, 1868), of Mr. John Newman, D.L., J.P., late of Brand's House, Hughenden, Buckinghamshire, who died on Aug. 17, was proved on Oct. 13, in the District Registry at Oxford, by Henry Williams and Samuel Newman, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £101,000. The testator leaves all his property, both real and personal, unto his five children, Samuel, Frederick, William Henry, Mrs. Mary Anne D'Arcy, and Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, in equal shares, as tenants in common; but any sums advanced to them in his lifetime are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1885) of Mr. Robert Crossley, late of Arden House, Halifax, Yorkshire, who died on Sept. 20, was proved on Nov. 2 by James Nicholl and John Leach, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his grandson, Robert Wallis Crossley; certain shares in coal mines to his daughter-in-law, Mary Alice Crossley, and to Robert Wallis Crossley; £25 to each executor; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the jointure mentioned in his marriage settlement to his wife, and the residue of the income to his three daughters, Sarah Jane Crossley, Mrs. Lois Wainman, and Mrs. Martha Elizabeth Kirkby, or the survivor of them; and upon the death of the survivor of them, as to the capital as well as the income, as the survivor shall appoint, with the exception of certain premises in Waterhouse-street and Crossley-street, Halifax, which he gives to his said grandson, Robert Wallis Crossley.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1876), with three codicils (dated March 10, 1878; Jan. 12 and Sept. 26, 1886), of Ernest Louis Henri Hyacinthe Arrighi De Casanova, Duc de Padoue, an ex-Minister of the late Imperial Government, late of No. 16, Place des Etats-Unis, Paris, and of Corsica, who died on March 28 last, was proved on Nov. 2 by Marie Marguerite Adela Burat, Duchesse de Padoue, the lawful widow, the value of the personal estate in England exceeding £24,000. The testator states that, Providence having refused him a son, he desires expressly that his title should be transmitted to his grandson, Ernest De Caraman, to whom he gives, by way of preciput and extra portion, all his property in Corsica, 30,000f. in the event of the title being revived in his favour, and all his souvenirs of the Imperial family; and he desires him to carry on the traditions of the family, and to remain the protector of his relatives, especially those with the name of Arrighi De Casanova. He bequeaths an annuity of 25,000f. to his wife, for life or widowhood, but in the event of her marrying again she is only to receive the sum secured to her by her marriage settlement; 30,000f. to Captain Ernest Arrighi De Casanova; 10,000f. to Joseph Arrighi De Casanova; 10,000f. to Pierre Ernest Guelfucci; 10,000f. each to his grandson and granddaughter, Charles and Elizabeth De Caraman, and legacies to his servants. The testator does not name any executor or residuary legatee.

The will (dated Sept. 11, 1885) of Mr. Arthur Ditchfield, late of No. 12, Taviton-street, Gordon-square, who died on Sept. 14, was proved on Nov. 5 by John Lewis Roget, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testator bequeaths his etchings after Charles Jacque and his lithographs by French artists to the trustees of the British Museum, for the benefit of the nation; and certain of his oil and water-colour paintings by celebrated artists to the trustees of the National Collection at the South Kensington Museum. He gives £1000 each to the Artists' Orphan Fund and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, and specific gifts and annuities to relatives. The residue of his property he leaves to his sister, Mrs. Frances Roget.

The will (dated May 1, 1886) of Mrs. Emily Cuno, formerly of No. 25, East Cliff, Dover, but late of No. 6, Dalberg-road, Brixton, who died on Sept. 27, was proved on Nov. 1 by the Hon. John William Mansfield and Charles Thomas Arnold, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £17,000. Subject to a gift of £100 to the Hon. Mr. Mansfield, the testatrix leaves all her property to Henry Mansfield Cuno, her adopted son.

The will (dated June 24, 1886) of General Morden Carthew, C.B., late of Denton Lodge, Harleston, Norfolk, who died on Sept. 4, was proved on Oct. 23, at the District Registry, Norwich, by Mrs. Mary Carthew, the widow, and Morden Carthew-Yorstoun, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £9000. The testator gives £200 and all his household furniture to his wife; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and on her decease as to £1000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Emily Jane Dashwood; the income of £2000 to his daughter Mary till she marries, and then she is to receive £1000; £2000 to his son Ewart; and the ultimate residue between his daughters, Mrs. Jemima Fanny Ruton and Mrs. Rigg, and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Matilda Carthew.

Mr. Thomas Lewis, Principal Clerk of the Pay Office, Supreme Court, has been appointed Deputy-Assistant Paymaster-General for Supreme Court business, in place of the late Mr. G. E. Skinner.

At a meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, held on Thursday, Nov. 8, its silver medal and a copy of the vote, inscribed on vellum, were voted to Mr. J. O. Williams, honorary secretary of the Holyhead branch, in acknowledgement of his valuable services for many years in the New Brighton, Milford, and Fishguard life-boats, in addition to assisting in other ways to save life from shipwreck. Rewards amounting to £240 were granted to the crews of life-boats belonging to the institution, and those of shore-boats for saving life from shipwrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £4404 were made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £4 17s. 9d., proceeds of the sale of a newspaper on board the R.M.S. Coptic, per Mr. W. J. Rae; £2 10s. 6d., offertory after Harvest Festival at West London School, Ashford, per the Rev. Hugh J. Flynn, D.D., Chaplain; and 15s., proceeds of a concert given by the boys and girls of the National School, Leigh, Reigate, per Mr. J. R. Goodchild, head-master. Reports were read from the district inspectors of life-boats on their recent visits to life-boat stations.

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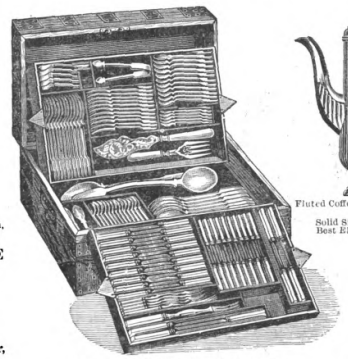


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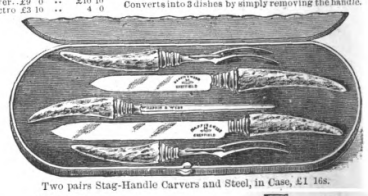
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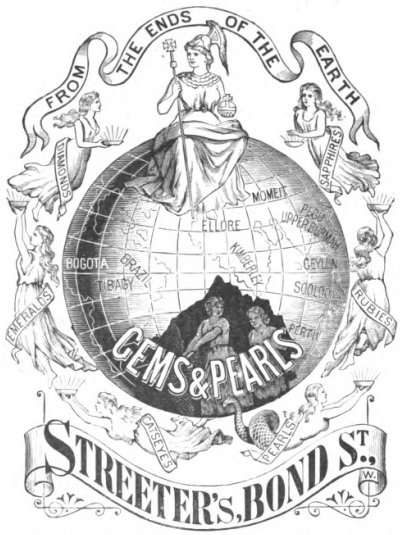
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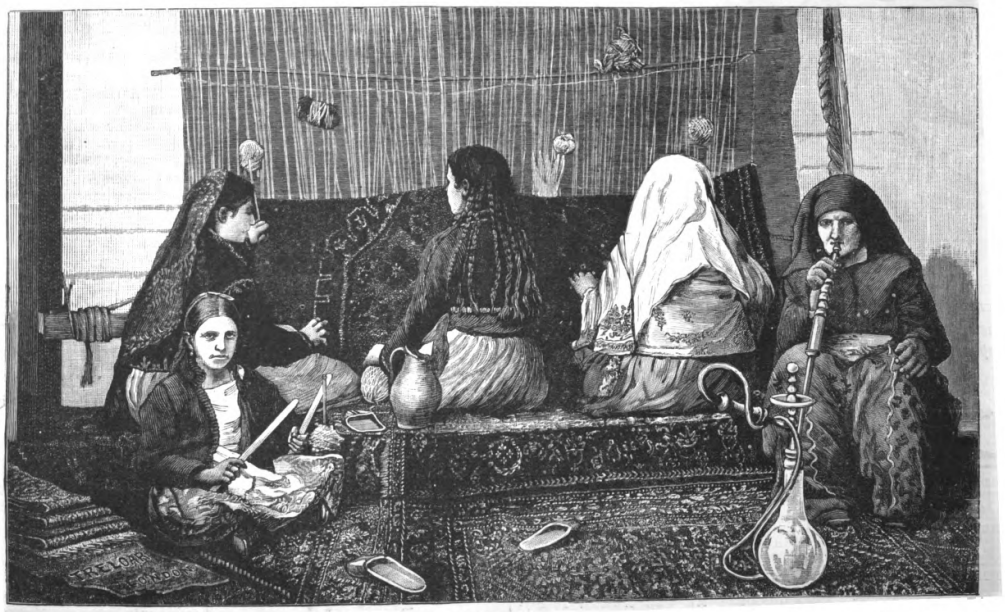
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For "The Silent Member," see page 598, Institute of Painters in Oils, page 600.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The eloquent Home Rule advocacy of Mr. Gladstone at Birmingham has made no impression upon the Prime Minister or the Marquis of Hartington, whose firm alliance in support of Liberal Unionist principles and the present Unionist Government has been cemented by frequent interviews and by their appearance together at the noteworthy Nonconformist banquet given in their honour as joint Leaders of the Conservative and Liberal Unionist party. Lord Salisbury has meantime found legislative business slack in the House of Lords. A Tuesday's sitting has sufficed the Lords each week. As an instance of the ease with which ticklish questions may be dealt with when a Conservative Ministry is in power, it may be mentioned that the Oaths Bill, fostered by Earl Spencer on the Thirteenth of November, was read a second time without opposition from the Government bench.

The Home Secretary was the chief Ministerial actor in the House of Commons on the Twelfth of November. There is in the Parliamentary manner of Mr. Henry Matthews, as he approaches the table with the studied grace of a *jeune premier* not in his first youth, and employs action and gestures which might have been taught by the late Mr. John Ryder, of histrionic fame, something that suggests experience in amateur theatricals. The right hon. gentleman certainly had a dramatic point to make at the sitting in question. He announced the resignation by Sir Charles Warren of the arduous post of Chief Commissioner of Police; the resignation of the gallant officer being directly due, as the Home Secretary stated the following day, to the official remonstrance addressed to him on the publication of the article on police administration in *Murray's Magazine*. A duly qualified civilian would be the fittest successor of Sir Charles Warren.

Mr. Gladstone's reappearance as Leader of the Opposition on the Thirteenth of November was the signal for the customary salvo of cheers from the Home Rulers. There was a lively discussion on Mr. Jennings's motion for a reduction of £500 in the vote of £153,315 for the Supreme Court of Judicature. The complaint is at the Royal Courts of Justice that the staff is undermanned. But, in his zeal for economy in national expenditure, Mr. Jennings laboured to show that the utmost extravagance existed and that sinecures abounded. Lord Randolph Churchill (who thinks "lawyers are paid five or six times as much for their services as laymen") vigorously supported his benchman. With good reason did the noble Lord animadvert on the absence of the great majority of members whilst important votes were under consideration, and he warmly inveighed against what he alleged to be the extravagant expenditure described by the hon. member for Stockport. Mr. Labouchere spoke to the same effect. Sir Richard Webster and Mr. W. H. Smith lifted their voices in favour of the existing state of things, as is the invariable custom of Ministers on such occasions, whichever Party happens to be in power. But the vote was only saved by a majority of nineteen—148 against 129 votes—Mr. Gladstone and most of the Opposition voting with Mr. Jennings. The Tory-Democratic group of members (of whom Lord Randolph Churchill is chief) will undoubtedly strengthen their position in the country by this resolute advocacy of public economy.

BIRTH.

On Nov. 5, the wife of Patrick Henderson, her Majesty's Consul at Cadiz, of a daughter.

DEATH.

On Oct. 31, at her residence, 6, Barkham-terrace, Ann Hewett, aged 86, widow of the late Captain William Hewett, R.N.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.*

THE COURT.

Divine service was performed at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, Nov. 11, in the presence of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Royal household. Her Majesty, who is in good health, has taken walks and drives nearly every day. It has been officially announced that the Court is to arrive at Windsor on the morning of Friday, Nov. 16.

Nov. 9 was the forty-seventh anniversary of the Prince of Wales's birthday, and the event was commemorated at Sandringham by a dinner to the labourers and artisans and by a ball in the evening. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and the three Princesses, were present at Divine service on Sunday morning, Nov. 11, at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, in the park, the ladies and gentlemen of the household being in attendance. The Prince left Sandringham on the 12th by special train for Derby. He has been the guest of Lord and Lady Hindlip, and during the Derby races was present at them each day. The Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, left Charing-cross Station for Dover in the evening en route for Copenhagen, to be present at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession to the throne of her father, the King of Denmark.

Madrid has been much agitated by large bodies of students and workmen making hostile demonstrations against Señor Canovas.

The new Canadian Ecclesiastical College, in Rome, was inaugurated on Nov. 11 by a splendid *fête* and a banquet, at which the Cardinal-Vicar presided.

At the Hotel Mont Doré, Bournemouth, a new wing, a winter garden, and an extensive covered lawn-tennis court, have been opened in connection with the hotel. The cost of these elaborate additions is from £20,000 to £30,000.

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FREDERICK SPENCER'S
GUIDE for SPECULATORS GRATIS.
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I give a few of the marvellous successes which have attended my last selections, which were:—

	Since Each Dividend was been Profit of:	
Brighton A	12¾ .. 133	£78 15
North Eastern	156 .. 161	£50 0
Great Western	145 .. 152¾	£73 15
Caledonians	107¼ .. 117	£103 15
De Beers	27 .. 31⅜	£43 5
Callao Bis	£10 .. Same	
Canadian Pacifics	99 .. 99⅝	£17 10
		£367 10

FREDERICK SPENCER,
STOCK and SHARE DEALER,
NO. 155, FENCHURCH-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

I HAVE HAD some large dealings in the Stocks I advised in my last Circular, and many of my clients have done remarkably well by following my tips.
The American Market has been exceedingly firm, and some very important advances have taken place since I wrote. I must confess that my tips in Sheffs and Milwaukees have been almost more than verified.

MANY operators ask "how it is my tips are always so correct?" and "how is it that I so seldom make mistakes?" It is simply this: I never advise operations in any Stock until I have myself carefully and calmly studied its movements for some considerable time previously, and when I consider I am thoroughly an fait, then I give my opinion to the public as to its future movements, and it is by so doing that many of my clients are able to make such grand profits.

I AT this very moment have a client on my books who bought Lake Shores several months ago at 92¾. They are now over 105. This alone shows a profit of £132 10s. for a temporary deposit of £10.
To those of my clients who visit the City I shall be pleased to show my books to prove this assertion.
It has been truly said: "The Stock Exchange is the place to make a fortune," providing the speculator quietly studies the markets before dealing.
I ask, How is it that so many of our country squires, with but small, limited incomes, are keep ng up such large establishments, &c.? Why, because most of them speculate on the Stock Exchange; and, although most of them deny it, it is, moreover, a fact.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES of DEALING WITH ME.
1. Being a dealer, not a broker, clients by transacting their business with me save the brokers' commissions—a very great consideration.
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4. I give clients advice gratuitously, either by letter, telegram, or personally.
5. I deal at close market prices, and immediately wire full particulars.
6. I open speculative accounts from 1 per cent. cover.

I HAVE issued a very carefully compiled book, entitled "Guide to Speculators," which will be found of very great service to operators. I shall be pleased to forward a copy post-free.

£10	Commands	£1000 stock.
£20	"	£2000 "
£30	"	£3000 "
£50	"	£5000 "
£75	"	£7500 "
£100	"	£10,000 "

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THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OILS.

SECOND NOTICE.

The West Gallery contains some of the most distinctive works in the exhibition, although the distinction aimed at does not always soar very high. Mr. J. J. Shannon's star has risen very rapidly, but not in any way out of comparison with his deserts. He has an appreciative eye, a ready hand, and a sense of beauty both of form and colour; but his admirers will do well to rest content with the display of those qualities. His two works, Mrs. White (10) and "Rose Pink" (53), display his powers and his shortcomings in a very marked way. The former, which is only a portrait *en buste*, is brilliant and full of life; but it has a suggestion of vulgarity, which, by-the-way, is not now-a-days considered a very serious drawback to a pretty woman. "Rose Pink" is a more ambitious work—a seated full-length figure of a lady prepared for a walk, but so arranged that the artist evidently considers her dress more interesting than her face. If we are to have portraits which force themselves upon the attention, and which would never be the quiet, unobtrusive companions of our solitude, we honestly confess our preference for such works as Mr. T. B. Kennington's portrait of Madame G. (98) and Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's Mrs. Ernest Löwy (116) in their black dresses, which serve as a foil to bring out the brilliancy of the flesh-tones and to give vivacity to the face. There are two other portraits also in this gallery which are well deserving of attention: those of Baron Gevers (147) and of the Comte de Saint-Genys (156), both by Mr. Hubert Vos, who betrays, perhaps involuntarily, his Dutch origin in his direct treatment and subdued colour. Amongst the figure-subjects Mr. John Reid's "Our Fisher-Folk" (154), a group of Cornish fishermen and their belongings, is an instance of strong drawing and bright colour; but, whilst admitting its cleverness, one cannot but feel that it aims at something almost too dramatic than such a group would naturally suggest, whilst it is too essentially prosaic to move one's inner feelings. On the other hand, M. Fantin-Latour's renderings of scenes from two of Wagner's operas, the "Rheingold" (121) and "Siegfried" (175), are amongst the best attempts at imaginative painting in this room. The figure of Brunhilda, in the former, is most delicately conceived, and the poet's idea of the maiden's doom is depicted with full appreciation of the main idea. M. Fantin's mastery of colour is becoming more noticeable, and he now treats himself and his admirers to a somewhat more extended palette. Mr. Horace Fisher's "Pigeons' Breakfast" (1) is a bright scene which may be assigned to an Italian village where the costumes are bright, the streets narrow, and the sun dazzling. These ingredients are well mixed by Mr. Fisher, who produces them with a pleasant result; but, in spite of costume and sunshine, the figures of the girls are not so bright and piquant as that of Miss Alba Stefani (18) as depicted by Mr. Melton Fisher. Into his "Between Whiles" (159)—illustrating the duties of the serving brothers in a monastery—Mr. Dendy Sadler manages to throw a good deal of humour and character by means of strong painting; whilst Mr. Edgar Giberne, in his "Little Bo-peep" (31), has a similar aim in view, but relies upon far slighter materials. In landscapes the Institute is generally fairly well provided, and, although we miss one or two well-known names, their places are supplied by new-comers eager to attract public notice. Mr. George Wetherbee's "Autumn" (43) is a simple treatment of a woman carrying faggots, conceived in the French spirit of Jules Breton. The colour and sentiment of this poor toiler, whose summer seems to have been so short, are alike admirable, although somewhat sad. Very different thoughts are suggested by Mr. Ernest Parton's "Dreary Day" (29), full of light and rest among the trees, of which the leaves do not obscure the brightness. This is quite Mr. Parton's best work, less complicated in arrangement and colour, and more definite in conception than his "Home Amongst the Trees" (427), or his tangled study of "Lilies and Rushes" (576), which, nevertheless, have the charm of recalling sunny days spent amid the backwaters of the Thames. Mr. Helcke's "Evening" (91) goes back to a somewhat sadder view of the field and sedgeland across which the "swinked" toilers are slowly wending their homeward way. Almost as much praise is due to Mr. David Murray's "Eventide" (102), which shows a very distinct effort to get free of the mannerism of much of his recent work. These evening shades have also inspired Mr. Fred. Cotman with an excellent treatment of "St. Ives" (158)—that of Huntingdonshire, not Cornwall—and is especially interesting as affording comparison with Mr. Robert W. Allan's very fine rendering of the Dutch town of "Middelburg" (148), as well as with that of another town amid the flats—"Sandwich" (167), as depicted by Mr. T. Pyne. To these should be added Mr. Aumonier's "Sussex Lane" (189), with its horses going to the pound; Mr. Adrian Stokes' "On the Cornish Towans" (86); and Mr. Sidney Moore's exceedingly delicate work, both in figure and landscape, "In dewy morn she came this way" (72).

East Gallery will not detain us long, although some of the pictures are quite above the ordinary average of these exhibitions. No two artists are more distinct in method and purpose than are Mr. John Burr and the Hon. John Collier; and it is, therefore, curious to see what each sends as a typical study. "An Artist's Model" (474) by the first named is a clever, but somewhat laborious, handling of an old woman in a poke-bonnet, whose age-worn face makes for her a fortune amongst artists of Mr. Faed's following. Mr. Collier's study (487) is that of a young girl with a profusion of fair hair falling over her bare shoulders, which should have afforded the artist the opportunity of practically applying the theory of painting of which he is one of the recent professors. But in this face, as in the portrait of Mrs. Alfred Eckersley (443), he seems to have fallen away from that brilliancy and transparency which marked some of his earlier works. We are not sure if we do not prefer Mr. Herman Herkomer's portrait of Miss Margaret Jex-Blake (577) as a work; but it must be taken into account that the latter has aimed rather at showing strength of character than mere facial beauty and elegance in his picture. Miss B. M. Latham's study (568), although obviously only a beginner's work, shows no little promise in the arrangement of drapery and case of attitude. The colour is a trifle cold, and we are left in doubt as to what the artist's capacities are in rendering the face, which in this case is only suggested in the gloom. Whilst willing to hope that in his "Salome" (587) Mr. E. A. Storey has given play to his imagination, it is rather too realistic in its treatment to take a place beside such ideals as Mr. Henry Stock's "Sin Piercing the Heart of Love" (590), which hangs close by. The figure of the thorn-crowned youth in an uneasy chair conveys very obscurely the artist's meaning as explained in the text; but even more difficult is it to understand by what circuitous route the dart of the cruel monster is to reach the heart of the sufferer. Mr. Stock in his other imaginative work, "A Soul Contemplating the Grass of the Field" (462), represents a young child picking ox-eyed daisies. There is more pathos and direct appeal to sentiment in such a work as Mrs. Arthur Hacker's "Children's Prayer" (537) at the side of their peasant mother; but Mr. Phil Morris's "Rose on the Thorn" (550), whilst displaying a certain technical ability, reminds one too forcibly of an unnatural union of Tissot and Mason. A young girl swinging under a may-tree, surrounded by "dappled hinds," such as we have seen before, is Mr. Morris's work. The landscape-painters in this room, as in the other, seem to have found the evening effects this year more attractive than any other. Mr. Alfred East's "Evening after a Storm" (426), with its purple tints upon the sea, is a somewhat artificial study, and hardly so attractive as his "Moonrise" (540)—a subject which, in spite of the difficulties it presents to the colourist, also tempts Mr. Alexander Harrison (567), and is even more powerfully handled by Mr. Arthur Severn (468) in his study of "Ilex-trees." There is plenty of atmosphere and movement in Mr. Edwin Hayes' "Fishing Fleet off Granton" (477), which is quite the best sea-piece in the exhibition; though for richness of colour and fanciful resource Mr. Stuart Lloyd's "Lobster-Fishers" (469) will obtain perhaps more admiration. We should also mention Mr. C. E. Johnson's "Wintry Wind" (422), Mr. James Webb's "Sunshine and Showers" (521), Mr. Alexander Harrison's "Purple and Gold" (504), Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Autumn Tints" (531), and Mr. Frank Walton's "Padstow Point" (582), as works of no little merit, and showing some effort to break away from the ordinary style of their respective artists.

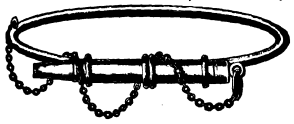
Mr. Daniel O'Connell French, Q.C., of the Northern Circuit, has been elected a Bencher of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, in succession to the late Mr. James Anderson, Q.C., one of the Official Referees. Mr. French was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1872, and was created a Queen's Counsel in 1885.

The Company of Clothworkers have resolved to contribute £2500 towards the North London Technical Institutes, to be apportioned thus:—£2000 towards an institute in Islington, where the Company have a considerable estate as trustees of the Packington Charity as well as in their own corporate right; and £500 towards one in Hackney, where they also possess property, limited, however, to specific charitable trusts.

Persons desirous of seeing chrysanthemums in their prime should hasten to see the excellent show in the Inner Temple Gardens, now open to the public.—The November show of chrysanthemums, primulas, fruit, and vegetables in connection with the National Chrysanthemum Society recently held at the Aquarium, was the largest and most attractive exhibition ever held under the auspices of the society.—The annual chrysanthemum shows hold a prominent place among the regular attractions of the Crystal Palace, and a fine display was recently exhibited there.

Dr. Frithjof Nansen's daring attempt to cross Greenland from east to west on snow-shoes has proved successful. A letter from Mr. Sverdrup, who accompanied Dr. Nansen, has been received. The writer says:—"The journey from the east coast to Godthaab took forty-six days. Landing on the east coast was difficult, owing to the ice-packing and the strong current. Worked twelve days before reaching land. Landed sixty miles further south than calculated. Travelling on the inland ice in the direction of Christiansbaab commenced on Aug. 15. Having arrived at a height of 7500 ft., a snowstorm from the north forced us to make for Godthaab. Greatest height reached, 10,000 ft.; thermometer, 40.50 deg. Arriving at a fjord, a boat was built partly of the tent-canvas, in which Nansen and the writer rowed to Godthaab, where we arrived after four days' rowing."

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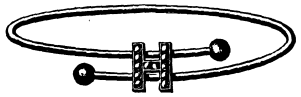
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"No nauseous eructations follow after it is swallowed."—Medical Press.
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HEADING THE POLL BY 212 VOTES.

(From "Modern Truth.")

The great success and popularity of an article has now been confirmed by a Post-Card Competition inaugurated by that old, well-known, popular, and influential paper, "The Chemist and Druggist," a copy of which reaches each week nearly, if not quite, every dealer in medicine in the United Kingdom and the Colonies, besides having a large circulation on the Continent and in the United States. The publishers of this paper recently conceived the idea of ascertaining from the Trade the most popular preparation for outward application now being manufactured and sold. With this object in view, they invited a Post-Card Competition, each dealer to name on said post-card the preparation for outward application which was most popular with his customers.

The publishers received 635 post-cards, with the following results:—

St. Jacobs Oil	384	Bow's Liniment	7
Elliman's Embrocation...	172	Perry Davis's Pain Killer	7
Holloway's Ointment	32	Vaseline	4
Allcock's Porous Plaisters	19	Cuticura	2

while eight other outward applications had one vote each.

It will thus be seen that St. Jacobs Oil was named by 384 different dealers as being the most popular remedy sold for outward application, leaving 251 (less than half) to be divided among fifteen other remedies; showing conclusively, if further evidence were wanted, that St. Jacobs Oil to-day stands pre-eminent among all other proprietary medicines for outward application. In fact, the sales of St. Jacobs Oil are more than double those of any other proprietary medicine in the world, and ten times greater than those of all other liniments and embrocations.

This wonderful success rests on the solid foundation of merit (acknowledged everywhere) which St. Jacobs Oil possesses, combined with systematic, original, and dignified advertising, which has always characterised the announcements of the proprietors. It is advertised only for such ailments as it will cure, and hence it possesses the confidence of all classes of people, and has become a household word in every civilised country.

The popularity of St. Jacobs Oil has become the subject of comment by almost the entire press of the country; in many instances the leading articles of large and influential papers have been devoted to the details of what seem to be almost magical cures effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil in local cases, coming under the immediate attention of the publishers. St. Jacobs Oil is endorsed by Statesmen, Judges, the Clergy, the Medical Profession, as well as by people in every walk of life.

The publishers of one of the leading society papers of London have taken to analysing some of the leading patent medicines, also to investigating their published testimonials, with the result of creating quite a commotion among certain proprietors. Injurious effects likely to follow the use of patent medicines, published testimonials given from addresses which only exist in the mind of a clever writer in the company's employ, are fully exposed. Suits for heavy damages have been threatened by the proprietors of the remedies thus exposed. Injured innocence puts on a bold front, but the publishers of the paper in question do not frighten easily; they have taken up a question of vital interest to the public, and they propose to turn on the full light of intelligent investigation. One most excellent feature of this exposure is, that the public are enabled to discriminate between worthless nostrums and those really good remedies. The publishers evidently take this view of the question, for their last investigation is a most flattering one for the proprietors of that noted remedy St. Jacobs Oil. The following is the report, headed:—"The Verdict of the People of London on St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. William Howes, civil engineer, 66, Red Lion-street, High Holborn, W.C., was afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years. Sometimes his hands swelled to twice their natural size; his joints were so stiff that he could not walk, and his feet so sore that he could not bear any weight on them. Nothing relieved him till he applied St. Jacobs Oil. The result was marvellous. Before using the contents of two bottles all pain left him, and he is now in perfect health.

Mr. C. H. Palmer, Secretary of the Conservative Defence Association, and Overseer of the District of Islington, said:—"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in my face and head, and rheumatism in my limbs. After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the use of which completely removed every trace of pain."

Mr. Edward Peterson, electric light engineer, of 36, Whetstone-park, W.C., said:—"There can be no two opinions respecting the value of St. Jacobs Oil. I was completely used up with rheumatism in my arms and shoulders; a few good rubbings with that famous Oil drove all pain away."

Mr. Henry John Barlow, of 4, Staple's Inn Buildings, Holborn Bars, W.C., said:—"I had rheumatism in my feet and legs, which became so bad that I was hardly able to walk. St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain, and completely cured me."

Mrs. Wolfsberger, Matron of Moore-Street Home for Poor Crippled and Orphan Boys, 17, Queen-street, Edgware-road, said:—"That St. Jacobs Oil has been used in the Home, and that it is powerful in relieving neuralgia and general rheumatism."

Mr. Charles Cartwright, of 7, Alfred-place, Bedford-square, W.C., said:—"Having for years been a great sufferer from rheumatism in my limbs, I used St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me directly, after other remedies had signally failed."

Henry and Ann Bright, Hon. Superintendents of the North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women, say:—"That St. Jacobs Oil has proved unfailing; that rheumatism and neuralgia have in every case been removed by using the Oil, and many old ladies, some of them ninety years old, instead of tossing about in agony, now enjoy good nights' rest through its influence."

Mr. N. Price, of 14, Tabernacle-square, Finsbury, E.C., said:—"My wrist, that I had strained two years before, and which had given me pain without intermission, yielded like magic to the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. J. Clark, of 21, South Island-place, Brixton-road, said:—"Although I was not able to rise from a sitting position without the aid of a chair, I was able to stand and walk after the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. J. Wilkinson, 88, Pentham-road, South Hackney, suffered from rheumatism in his feet and legs for twenty years. The contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil drove away all pain, and brought about an effectual cure."

Robert George Watts, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., of Albion House, Quadrant-road, Canonbury, N., said:—"I cannot refrain from testifying to the very great efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in all cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgia."

Rev. Edward Singleton, M.A., 30, Bournevue-road, Streatham, said:—"St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain directly."

Rev. W. J. Caulfield Browne, M.A., Rector, Kittsford Rectory, said:—"My parishioners, under my recommendation, use St. Jacobs Oil."

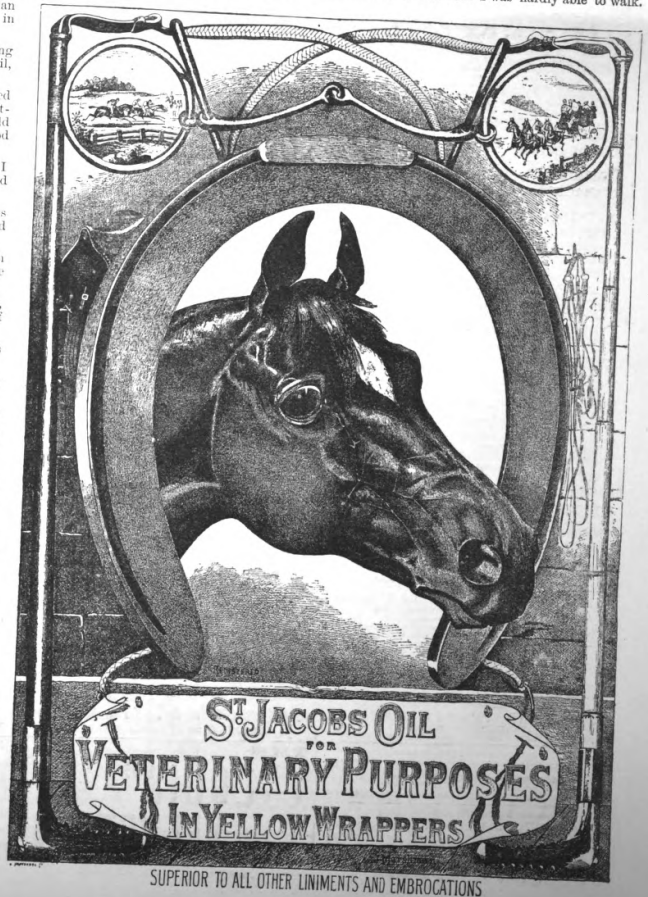
Mr. E. J. Feusey, Brixton Rise, London, was treated for sciatica by eminent medical gentlemen in private practice, and in the Convalescents' Home, Bexhill-on-the-Sea, near London. He obtained no relief, but the contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil practically cured him.

Mr. Thomas Charles Pullinger, the well-known bicycle-rider, of 16, High-street, Lewisham, says:—"I have found St. Jacobs Oil has done my leg a power of good. I shall continue to recommend your valuable embrocation to my fellow cyclists, as I consider it a splendid article for rubbing down with while training."

Mr. G. Smith (of Handsworth Friary Football Club, 18, Carlyle-road, Handsworth, Birmingham), says:—"Not long ago I received a severe sprain in my ankle, which wholly disabled me from walking. I used St. Jacobs Oil regularly for one week to the ankle, by which time the swelling and pain had wholly disappeared, and I was able to walk. I have, therefore, no hesitation in recommending your Oil to football-players, as well as all persons suffering from pain."

This journal concludes its article as follows:—"It is a source of the greatest satisfaction to us, in conducting these investigations, to be able to report a medicine which is so highly endorsed as the above-mentioned."

The curative powers of St. Jacobs Oil are simply marvellous. It is wholly an outward application. It conquers pain quickly and surely. It acts like magic. It penetrates to the seat of the disease. It cures even when everything else has failed. It has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism and neuralgia which had resisted treatment for the greater part of a lifetime. It has cured people who have been crippled with pain for more than twenty years. After the most thorough and practical test, St. Jacobs Oil has received Six Gold Medals at different International Exhibitions for its marvellous power to conquer pain. It is used extensively in the leading Hospitals and Dispensaries of the metropolis and provincial cities, and also on board her Majesty's Troop-ships and the Cunard Steam-ship Company's Fleet. Put up in white wrappers for human use, price 2s. 6d. per bottle, of all dealers in medicine throughout the world, or sent post-free by the proprietors, The Charles A. Vogeler Company, 45, Farringdon-road, London, E.C. The Oil is also sold in yellow wrappers with such ingredients added as are particularly adapted for use on horses, cattle, and dogs. If there should be any of our readers who have never used St. Jacobs Oil, we most strongly advise them to procure a supply in case it should be required. We believe that it is the most valued and possesses the greatest merit of any preparation for outward application ever offered to the public.



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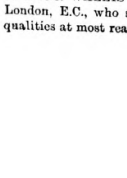
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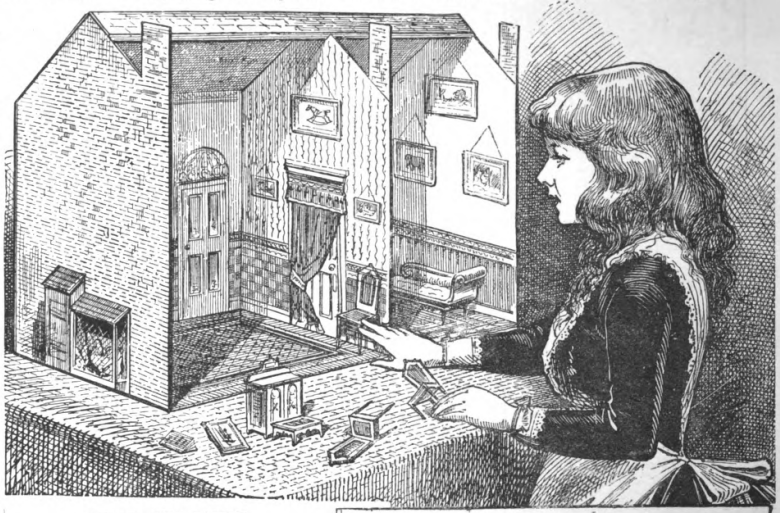
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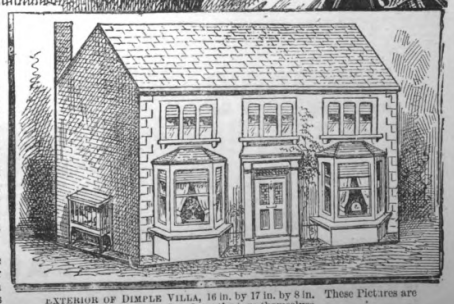
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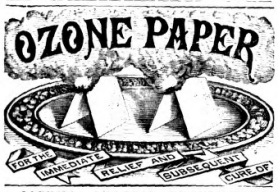


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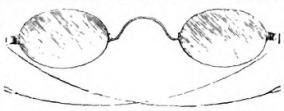
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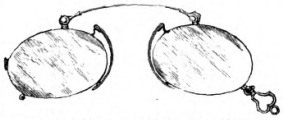
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THERE'S MANY A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP.

By B. Riviere, R.A.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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No. 2588.—VOL. XCIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1888. TWO WHOLE SHEETS } SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.



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A Fenian Witness.



Galway Witnesses.

Lady Mountmorres.

THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION: SKETCHES IN COURT.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In the New York Supreme Court the question of "What's in a name?" has been settled—and quite rightly—in a contrary sense to that of Shakspeare's reply to it. A rose by any other name may smell as sweet, but a literary work does not sell so well signed by an ordinary name as one which has that of a popular author below it. Such a fortunate person, it seems, in America, is one Mr. Halsey, who adopted for his pseudonym the title of "Old Sleuth," accompanied by a woodcut of an ancient countryman intended to represent a detective in disguise. This addition is a novelty in letters. If I had to begin my own time again I should dearly like to be pictorially represented. Nothing characteristic of my present appearance would, I fear, prove very attractive. It would be (almost) ridiculous to adopt Phœbus Apollo, or even Hyacinth "with nymphs"—as the picture catalogues have it—for my literary trade-mark. The very best I can think of would be an ancient citizen (certainly not countryman) "with gout flying about him," and even that has a touch of Kensal-green, or, at all events, of the New-road, in it. However, Mr. Halsey was very well satisfied with his "Old Sleuth," and, moreover, so pleased his readers that an enterprising publisher thought it worth while to issue a whole volume of "Old Sleuth" stories (written by somebody else) without his leave or license. It is good to read the remarks of the Chief Justice upon this "high-handed outrage" (not in Utica but in the Empire City itself), and satisfactory to find that acts of literary piracy committed by one citizen upon another are not looked on in the United States in the same light as when committed on aliens. There are, it seems, the germs of justice there, though it cannot be said to grow with the celerity of mustard seed, so as to overshadow the earth.

The times in which we are told our young men shall see visions, and our old men dream dreams, have (as might naturally be expected) been anticipated by a female scientist of renown, hailing from the Great Republic. Anna Bonus Kingsford, M.D., of Paris, President of the Hermetic Society—an unknown institution to me, but presumably one that objects to too much ventilation; in which case it has my sympathy—and author of "The Perfect Way in Diet," has been publishing her dreams. In her rôle of "Medical Man" (or whatever may be its female synonym) she is, of course, free to dream as much as she likes; but in the character of story-teller, in which she also appears, I think it a grievance which affects the whole literary profession. Our work is hard enough as it is, without our having to contend with a rival who has only to go to sleep to produce romances. It is an attribute that turns the whole question of literary production topsy-turvy. "A little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep," used to be destruction to it: but the longer Dr. Anna Bonus Kingsford sleeps, the more work she produces. The old injury to labour caused by the introduction of machinery sinks into insignificance compared with this *amazing gift of hers*. She considers that her "*abstinence from flesh meats during the last fifteen years*" has *something to do with it*. *I hope she will remain under that conviction*; for, considering what she dreams under the influence of "butter, cheese, eggs, and milk" only, I tremble to think what tremendous stories—throwing Messrs. Stevenson and Haggard altogether into the shade—she would turn out if she took to pork chops for supper. Even now she can dream pretty much as she likes by altering her habitat. In her own residence (thank Heaven!) she confesses that she does not possess this power in its highest perfection, the situation being "too flat and humid"; but when she goes to Paris or Switzerland "the necessary magnetic or psychic tension" never fails to exert itself; before many weeks have elapsed her "diary is once more rich with the record of her nightly visions," and then she begins to send them to the magazines. As to verse, like Coleridge, she has never been able to write a complete poem out of dreamland; her memory always fails her after a certain amount of rhymes, "however luminous and recent was the impression on her mind." This I exceedingly regret. I wish she could produce whole epics which would occupy her entire slumbers, and leave no time for the stories which she dreams with such fatal facility, and which handicap to such cruel disadvantage her fellow-labourers in the field of fiction. In her recently published "Dreams and Dream Stories" there are no less than thirty-two of them. I trust this gifted lady is now at home, and will remain there.

A good deal of dreaming has been done by scientific persons, but always when they have been awake. The only example I can call to mind of a real dream coming to anything practical, in either art or science, was that which happened to Dr. Chladin, the inventor of the euphon. The harmonica was the popular instrument in his time, by which sounds were produced by rubbing glass tubes in a straight line with a wet finger; and he felt confident that a better music could be obtained by rubbing them circularly. For years he cogitated how to make this improvement, but without success. "On June 2," however, "1789, being tired with walking, he went to sleep in his arm-chair, and scarcely had he closed his eyes when the image of just such an instrument as he wished for seemed to present itself before him, and he awoke as if he had been struck by an electric shock." He made at once a series of experiments on the lines thus suggested to him, which resulted in the production of the euphon, which cut out the harmonica altogether.

"The Weather-Plant and the Earthquake" has now become a frequent newspaper heading, and reminds one of the titles of the old fables, or those to be found in Mr. Burnand's charming version of "Sandford and Merton." It is not a fable, of course; but I notice that the weather-plant has got into the second stage of scientific repute. In the first, a novelty of this kind is always described as one of the greatest discoveries of the age; in the second, it is decidedly less extraordinary; and in the third, it is no discovery at all, but was very well known (under another name) to our grandmothers. It is now asserted that the prescience of this interesting plant is uninfluenced by the atmosphere at any distance of time or place, and merely arises from "the immediate habitat in which it may be at the moment." It might, in fact—after all the crowing about it—be almost called a weather-cock. Still—to be just—how similar is the conduct of this depreciated vegetable to that of the animal Man! *He* is affected by what is near to him, but not at all by things remote—not even by earthquakes; and *his* "behaviour varies"—(if he dwells in a glass-house, like the weather-plant, for instance, he dares not throw stones)—"according to the special conditions in which he lives."

The case of Michael Brannagan and Peter Murphy, aged respectively forty-four and twenty-one *at the time of their trial*, but imprisoned for the last nine years (as it would seem) unjustly, promises to be a *cause célèbre*. No one who has had the misfortune to be in the jury-box—a situation only less deplorable than that of being in the dock—at any criminal trial will probably have failed to hear the Judge remark that "circumstantial evidence is really more to be depended upon than direct, because all suspicion of malice is excluded, &c." The observation is certainly not new, but it is quite true. The proverb "Murder will out" is almost universally accepted; but there are a hundred murders undiscovered for two wrongful convictions upon circumstantial evidence. They are very rare indeed, and when it is attempted to give instances—just as people exclaim "Pitt" or "Kean" to illustrate the fable of hereditary genius—everyone cries "Jonathan Bradford," and generally stops there.

The gentleman who lay drunk in the street with his sword beside him, which another, quarrelling with a friend, snatched up, and passing it through his body left it there and took to his heels, is another favourite illustration. The famous case before Lord Justice Dwyer, where the foreman of the jury saves the prisoner from the gallows by starving out the other eleven because he happens to be the man who committed the murder (a justifiable homicide, though it didn't look like it) himself, is another. The details are most dramatic. The Judge's warning to the jury that unless they found the prisoner guilty "the blood of the murdered man would lie at their doors"; the prisoner's averment that he had no witnesses, and his observation, on acquittal, "You see, my Lord, that God and a good conscience are the best witnesses"; and the subsequent statement of the true state of the case, by the foreman to the Judge, in confidence, are most interesting reading. Again, the son who was hanged, for the murder of his father with a hammer, chiefly on the evidence of his footprints, which were really those of his sister, who had worn his shoes for that very purpose, and was the homicide herself. And, finally, the terrible miscarriage of justice in the case of William Shaw, over whose felon's grave in Edinburgh "a pair of colours" was ordered to be waved by a repentant Magistracy in token of his innocence, and "to make reparation to his memory and his surviving relations."

When one has called to mind these incidents—all of long ago—there only remain a few more to add to them from the whole annals of crime. But when a mistake *has* been made, and supposing it can be remedied—and in these days, so far as I can gather, only one case has been irremediable—it certainly seems monstrous if nothing but "the Queen's pardon" (as if it were the Victoria Cross!) is given to the unhappy victim of judicial error. Would that recompense you, most innocent reader, or me, for nine years of wrongful punishment and exclusion from all human joys—down to tobacco? I trow not. The public pay for a good many legal mistakes with marvellously little grumbling, and they ought to pay for a mistake of this kind handsomely, and without grumbling at all.

A Lord Mayor's feast is a great spectacle, and should not be missed by anyone who has the opportunity of partaking of it, and to whom the varieties of human life are interesting; but as a dinner—well, some of us have had better ones. It is, indeed, impossible that a really good dinner can be provided for 800 persons—which I read was the number of guests entertained at the Guildhall on the last Lord Mayor's day—or for 400, or perhaps even for 100. "The more the merrier, the fewer the better cheer," is a proverb, the former part of which is very questionable, but the latter undeniably true. For good cheer and good talk eight is, in fact, the greatest number of our fellow-creatures that should be set down to any dinner-table. But the bill-of-fare at the Mansion House is interesting in itself from the mere magnitude of it: "700 quarts of turtle soup, 100 turkeys, 250 fowls, 200 dishes of game," and so on. Also the exceptional paucity of some things (doubtless for culinary reasons), such as "two turbot," which, as a provision for 800 guests, seems to trench upon the miraculous. Funniest of all, though there are "50 pine-apples and 250 lb. of grapes," there are no nuts. Can no one guess why? Well, then, I will tell you. The cracking of nuts disturbs the after-dinner oratory.

The accusations of the wholesome literature societies against "highwayman stories" are, no doubt, well founded, though I think they are exaggerated. The natures that are attracted by the violent delights of robbery and manslaughter are not imaginative, nor given to literature of any kind. Stories which treat of actual vice, though disgusting to cultured minds, are very attractive (however well-meaning folk may maunder to the contrary) to coarse ones; but crime, in my opinion, is under very small obligations to letters. It ought, of course, to be under none at all; but the steps taken by the societies in question to prevent it are, to say the truth, not calculated to effect their object. The "pure literature" they furnish is of such a very milk-and-watery character that, so far from winning readers from their pabulum of lawless peril, it attracts no one. One is almost tempted to say of it what the poet sang of the **æsthetic lover of sunflowers, that "if he's content with a** vegetable love, it will certainly not do for *me!*" It is surely possible to be moral, and yet not so deadly dull. The same difficulty seems to obstruct the success of the teetotallers. They exclaim, "No alcohol!" but the drinks they offer in place of it are all of them more or less sickly and distasteful, and too much like "the excellent substitutes for butter at breakfast." If a drink could be concocted with no spirit in it, but which was really attractive to the palate, half the temperance battle would be won. Why is not a reward offered for its discovery? Similarly, why do not the pure literature societies, instead of producing stories which remind one of the immortal parody upon Hans Christian Andersen ("And lo, in the morning, the foot of the peasant had trodden on the flower that the child had planted upon his mother's uncle's grave"), get Mr. Stevenson, or somebody (No, my cynical friend: "Terms will *not* be sent on application"), to supply them with stories for the masses that shall be pure as snow, but not so soft and cold, and with a fine flavour of adventure in them?

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice with Prince Alexander Albert and the infant Princess of Battenberg, and Princess Alice and the young Duke of Albany, arrived at Windsor Castle on Nov. 16 from Balmoral. The Queen held a Council on the 17th at Windsor Castle. The Ministers attending included Lord Cranbrook and Lord Lathom, with Mr. Lennox Peel, the Clerk of the Council. The Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out in the afternoon, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, and honoured the Dowager Lady Churchill with a visit, at Coppins, near Iver. The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury arrived at Windsor Castle, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty. The Hon. Lady Biddulph had the honour of being invited. Lord Salisbury had an audience of the Queen after dinner. On Sunday morning, the 18th, her Majesty and the Royal family, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated.

The Queen left Windsor Castle on the morning of the 19th, accompanied by Princess Louise and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and proceeded by train to Port Victoria, where her Majesty went on board the Victoria and Albert yacht to receive the Empress Frederick and the Imperial Princesses. The Queen and Prince of Wales, with the Empress Frederick and the Imperial Princesses, then proceeded by train to Windsor and drove to the castle. The Empress Frederick and her three youngest daughters left Berlin early on the previous day for Flushing. The Emperor William accompanied his mother to the station, where he took a very cordial and affectionate leave of her. The *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent says:—"The parting between mother and son was of the warmest description. Kaiser William kissed his Imperial mother's hand as he received her on the platform, and then her cheeks no less than five times. Their Majesties repeatedly embraced one another before the train started." The Empress and her three daughters reached Flushing shortly after ten at night, and immediately embarked on board the British Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, which had arrived, with the Prince of Wales on board, in the morning. The vessel left at twenty minutes past eleven for Port Victoria. We give on another page a Portrait of the Empress Frederick and an Illustration of the landing of her Imperial Majesty at Port Victoria.

The Prince of Wales concluded his visit to Derbyshire on Nov. 15. In the morning his Royal Highness, accompanied by Lord Hindlip, left Doveridge Hall for Burton-on-Trent for the purpose of inspecting Messrs. Allsopp's brewery. The Prince was loyally received in Burton. He then proceeded to Derby, and joined the 2.50 train for London. The Prince, accompanied by Prince George (who had arrived from Athens in the morning), left Marlborough House on Saturday evening, the 17th, and embarked at Port Victoria for Flushing, to meet the Empress Frederick.—The Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Princess Victoria of Wales arrived at Copenhagen on the 14th, to take part in the Jubilee festivities. They were received at the railway-station by the Queen of Denmark, the Crown Princess, Princess Marie, and the Czarewitch. The members of the British Legation and Baron Mohrenheim were also present. The festivities at Copenhagen were brought to a close by a ball held in the Casino on Tuesday evening, the 19th. The guests numbered about 1000, and included the Ministers, the members of the Diplomatic Body, all the principal officials, and the élite of Copenhagen society. At ten o'clock the Royal family and their illustrious guests entered the ball-room, the Princess of Wales being conducted by the Czarewitch, and Princess Victoria of Wales by the Crown Prince of Denmark. After an overture by the orchestra the King opened the ball with the Princess of Wales.

The annual return of the London Scottish Volunteers for 1888 shows that under the altered conditions of the capitation grant the corps possesses 776 officers and men earning the full allowance of 35s. a year. The Queen's Westminster have 852, the London Rifle Brigade 672, the Artists 756, the Post-Office 799, the London Irish 816, and the Inns of Court 219. All the returns, with the exception of the Irish, are below those of last year, when the easier musketry terms were in force.

The latest wonder of Regent-street is the sign of the "Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society," which hangs from a splendid pole over the rather obscure entrance to the New Gallery. It will be recognised at once as the work of the president, Walter Crane. A winged figure, upon one side, the Society's Evangel, heralds the union of Art and Craft. On the other, the Artist and Craftsman (the two being so slightly distinguished as to avoid all possibility of offence to the latter) strike hands upon a vow of friendship. The Exhibition closes on Dec. 1.

The author of "Hartas Maturin," a novel reviewed by us on Nov. 10, asks us to correct an "error"—we should rather say, a misapprehension of his purpose—which could only have arisen from the obscure and equivocal construction of the story. Our summary description of the central point of the imaginary situation was this:—"Dr. Maturin has murdered his first wife; and immediately on her death, the soul of this woman has become the soul of a new-born female infant, belonging to another family." The novelist, Mr. H. F. Lester, tells us now that he did not speak of this transmigration of souls "as a fact." Nor did he speak of the murder of the doctor's wife "as a fact"; it is all imagination, of course, alike the natural and the supernatural incidents. But the vision by which the young lady, eighteen years afterwards, experiences what happened to her predecessor, is related in the manner of ordinary narrative; and the reader is supplied, by an eloquent Spiritualist prophet, with a theory of "re-incarnation," to explain how and why she had such a vision or second-sight. Mr. Lester says, "A scientific explanation of the events in the book is also given"; but we have failed to find it, and do not understand how any supposed incidents which are not facts, but mere fancies, can ever be scientifically explained.

THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

The Court of Inquiry held by Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice Smith, the Judges under the Special Commission appointed to examine the charges of the *Times* against Mr. Parnell and other members of the House of Commons, associated with the Irish Land League and the Irish National League, has continued its sittings at the Royal Courts of Justice. The Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, and Sir Henry James have called more witnesses, and they have been cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Lockwood, and other Counsel, and by Mr. T. Harrington, Mr. Davitt, and Mr. Biggar, who appear in person. At the sitting on Friday, Nov. 16, the proofs of murders and other crimes and outrages in Galway being exhausted for the present, the Court proceeded to investigate those which were perpetrated in Kerry. One of the witnesses from Galway was Lady Mountmorres, widow of the unfortunate nobleman who was cruelly murdered on Sept. 25, 1880, in the neighbourhood of his residence, Ebor Hall, near Cong, owing to the machinations, as is alleged, of the Clonbur branch of the Land League. Her Ladyship's Portrait is given among our Artist's Sketches in Court, which present also those of some other Galway witnesses, average types of the farmers and peasantry, and of the process-servers and Irish Constabulary. The circumstantial narratives of cruel murders by shooting, and of midnight visits to lonely farm-houses, where the tenants were dragged from their beds, savagely kicked and beaten, and usually shot in the legs, for disobeying the orders of the Land League, have a horrible sameness, these outrages being apparently regulated by a set of rules, or "Plan of Campaign," which prevailed over wide districts of the country. Those who were shot in the legs had, in some instances, to have a limb amputated, and were maimed for life. On Tuesday, Nov. 20, in the Kerry examinations, one witness was Miss Lizzie Curtin, daughter of the unfortunate tenant of Castle Farm, near Tralee, who was killed on the night of Nov. 13, 1885; she described also the inhuman persecution since endured by herself and her sisters. In addition to Galway and Kerry, five other counties of Ireland, where crimes and outrages have prevailed, are to be made the subject of inquiry.

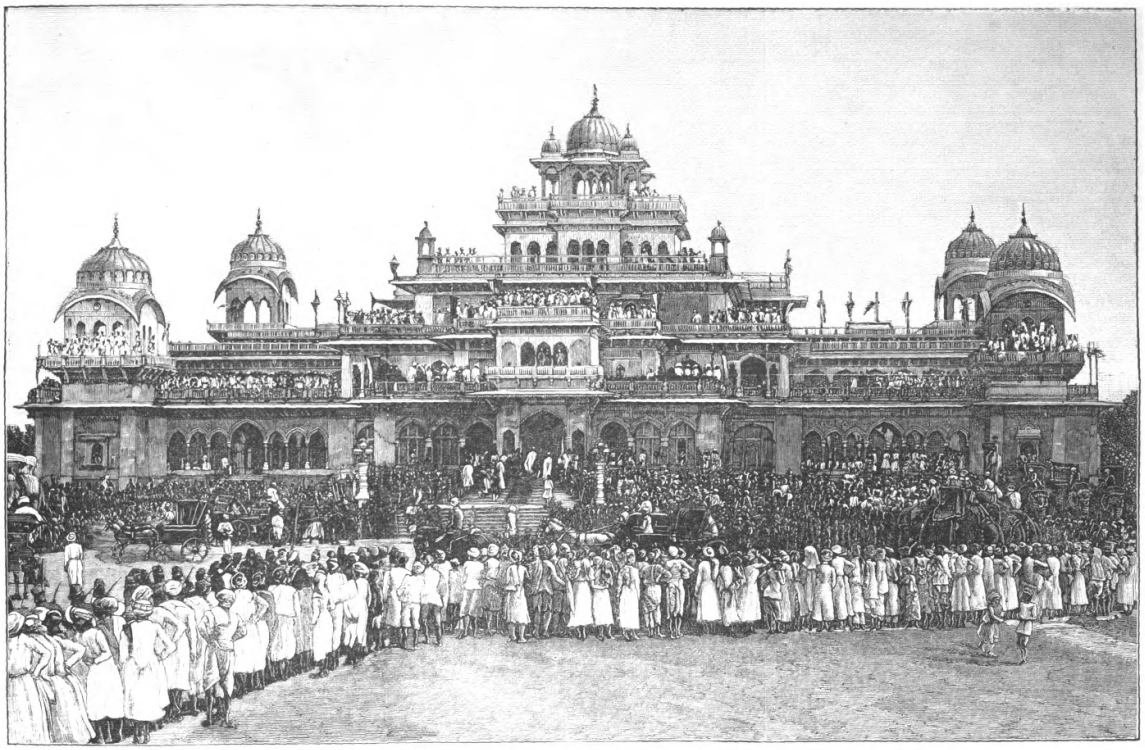
THE ALBERT HALL, JEYPORE, INDIA.

This noble edifice has been built for the Maharajah of Jeypore, entirely under the superintendence and from the designs of Colonel Swinton Jacob, R.A., having been the work of many years. It is of white marble, and the exterior and interior pillars, walls, and screens are enriched with carvings of marvellous beauty. It is worthy of note that every piece of carving is different and unique, and that for each carving a number of various designs were modelled of full size, so as to judge of the effect when completed, and the most beautiful of them were then selected to be sculptured in the pure white marble by the intelligent native workmen. For years past a band of draughtsmen have been employed in making designs for this purpose from the carvings of most exquisite art which adorn the famous architectural monuments of India, those of Delhi having yielded by far the richest store of examples. Many recent travellers in Rajpootana have admired these designs, which, now that the scaffoldings are down, stand revealed in all their beauty; also the white marble domes which crown the hall, giving it a peculiarly Oriental effect. The opening ceremonial took place when the Political Agent, Colonel Walton, went down in State from Mount Abu to invest the Maharajah with the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Star of India, and all the city of Jeypore was en fête. A grand Durbar was held in the new Albert Hall; and next day there was a State dinner in the principal hall of the building, followed by an elaborate nautch, with the electric light, and by a grand display of fireworks in the pretty gardens in front of the building. The road from the Residency to the city, for a mile and a half, was illuminated by yellow Chinese lanterns, hanging from the trees, looking just like pendant golden fruits; while all the terraces and prominent parts of the Albert Hall were gaily ornamented with tulip-shaped illuminated paper lanterns. The whole was like a scene out of fairyland; and a lady visitor has sent us a photograph of the building.

THE NEW DEAN OF CHICHESTER.

The Very Rev. Francis Pigou, D.D., who has succeeded Dr. J. W. Burgon in the deanery of Chichester, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was ordained in 1856. He has been Vicar of Halifax, Yorkshire, and Rural Dean, since 1875, and held an honorary canonry in the Chapter of Ripon Cathedral; he was also one of the Queen's Chaplains, and Chaplain to the 2nd West York Yeomanry Cavalry and to the Rifle Volunteers. He is the author of several volumes of sermons and theological treatises, the most recent being "A Manual of Confirmation."

Mr. Beecham, the well-known proprietor of Beecham's Pills, has issued this year a Christmas annual, one of the most extraordinary penny publications ever issued. Tales by first-class authors like "Ouida," Jessie Fothergill, George R. Sims, R. E. Francillon, R. M. Ballantyne, G. Manville Fenn, and others, appear; and a new quadrille is given.



OPENING OF THE NEW ALBERT HALL, AT JEYPORE, INDIA.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The joint action of England and Germany in a strong endeavour to suppress the Slave-trade in East African waters did not escape comment when the House of Lords met on Tuesday, the Twentieth of November. There was no absolute necessity to refer to it. The Prime Minister so clearly and amply explained this international arrangement, in reply to Lord Harrowby's thoughtful interpellation, at the reopening of the Session, that there was really nothing to add. But Earl Granville felt it due to his position as Leader of the Opposition in the Lords to hint that all was not smooth sailing with regard to the negotiations with France as to the right of search—a point on which Lord Salisbury returned a satisfactory answer. Then, again, the Earl of Dunraven, his zeal unexhausted in the "Sweating" Commission, deemed it incumbent on him to practically repeat the warning note to Lord Harrowby respecting the possible danger of military operations in East Africa. In his admirably lucid and cogent style, Lord Salisbury convinced their Lordships that this country would confine itself to naval operations in East African waters.

Beneath the apparently placid demeanour of cherubic Baron Halsbury there lurks a pugilistic force of character which induced the Lord Chancellor, on this same Twentieth of November, to rise and lustily defend himself from the accusations of nepotism brought against him in the Commons by Lord Randolph Churchill, in the debate on the Court of Judicature vote. With respect to the general question of the administration of the Royal Courts of Justice, it may here be said that, though some sinecures may exist, the undoubted services rendered to the public by the efficient staff, and rendered, too, with a readiness and politeness that might well be emulated in other Civil Service offices, have not received their due meed of recognition in Parliament. Lord Halsbury had no difficulty in furnishing a common-sense reason for his appointments; and Lord Esher and Lord Coleridge loyally supported the Lord Chancellor.

The illness of Mr. Bright and Mr. Arthur Balfour has occasioned anxiety and regret; but, happily, good reports as to the progress of both right hon. gentlemen were forthcoming when we went to press. The death of Colonel Duncan, one of the most estimable of Conservative members, has been generally deplored.

The absence of Mr. Balfour during the debate on the five millions vote (regrettable though the cause was) undeniably denuded the discussion of some of its anticipated vivacity, for it deprived Mr. Gladstone of the excitement and baiting requisite for a thoroughly lively retort. But it was soon evident that Mr. Gladstone retained all his old power of drawing a full House. For the first time this autumn the House of Commons was full on Monday, the Nineteenth of November. Peers and strangers crowded their respective galleries. The gallery facing the Opposition side was lined with hon. members, whose gaze was fixed upon the pale, deeply-lined resolute face of the veteran Leader, who, within a twelvemonth of his eightieth year, is still in the possession of the best of health, mental and physical, and whose eloquent voice was never clearer than it was that afternoon. Fresh from his Paddington panegyric of the Ministry and all its works, and not discomfited in the least by Mr. Smith's response that the Public Prosecutor would not commence criminal action against the unmasked offenders of the Metropolitan Board of Works, Lord Randolph Churchill snugly curled himself up and industriously curled his moustache in his corner seat behind the Treasury bench. The Marquis of Hartington, hat drawn down over his head, as usual, was driven by Sir George Trevelyan to the very verge of the front Opposition bench. Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Bradlaugh, and a strong gathering of Irish members were among the most expectant of Mr. Gladstone's large audience. It devolved upon the Solicitor-General for Ireland to introduce the Bill to facilitate the purchase of land in Ireland by increasing the grant applicable for that purpose by five millions sterling. Mr. Gladstone, who expressed his regret at Mr. Balfour's absence and ab its cause, was in his best vein. The gist of his amendment was that, in lieu of granting the £5,000,000, the Land Courts should be empowered to "reduce or cancel the arrears of rent found to be excessive, after the example of the legislation recently and beneficially applied to crofters' holdings in Scotland." Mr. Gladstone's energy was extraordinary, his delivery exceptionally forcible. In the course of a long speech (to which Mr. Goschen had no difficulty in replying in a cogent and logical argument), Mr. Gladstone ironically twitted Lord Hartington with his alliance with Lord Salisbury, and roused the enthusiasm of the Home Rulers by his earnest appeal to the Government to avert "the lamentable sufferings caused by recent evictions." The most notable feature of the second and concluding night's discussion was the smart triangular duel between the Marquis of Hartington, on the one side, and Mr. Dillon and Mr. John Morley on the other. In the division, with the aid of its Liberal Unionist wing, the Government scored a majority of 84—330 against 246 votes.

The Christmas Number of our illustrated contemporaries have made their appearance. The *Lady's Pictorial* contains a story by Mr. Oscar Wilde, "The Young King," with designs by Mr. J. Bernard Partridge; "Glenlogie," by Helen Mathers; "For Whose Sake?" by John Strange Winter; and other tales, by Mrs. Edward Kennard and Ella Hepworth Dixon; with verses by Mr. Clement Scott. The coloured picture, "Ladylove," is a copy of a beautiful painting by V. Carcos; and Louis Wain supplies a party of cats on a merry-go-round. "Holly Leaves," the Christmas publication of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, presents much literary entertainment, and is accompanied by a coloured picture after Sir J. E. Millais' "Panchinella." Messrs. Cassell's Christmas annual, called "Yuletide," carries with it a large oil-colour print of the well-known picture, "At Last," by Mr. Arthur Stocks, with two smaller pictures, by Thomas Boys, and a school-room of cats, "Miss Tabby's Academy," by Louis Wain. The *Pictorial World* Christmas Number has a large supplement printed in oil-colours, entitled "Shall I carry you?"



THE VERY REV. FRANCIS PIGOU, D.D.,
THE NEW DEAN OF CHICHESTER.



THE RIGHT REV. ALFRED EARLE, D.D.,
THE NEW BISHOP OF GUILDFORD (COADJUTOR, LONDON).



THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ONSLOW, K.C.M.G.,
THE NEW GOVERNOR OF NEW ZEALAND.

THE EARL OF ONSLOW.

The Colony of New Zealand has certainly no cause, and probably no disposition, to object, like the Australian province of Queensland, to the recent nomination of a Governor on behalf of her Majesty the Queen. Lord Onslow has occupied, since February, 1887, the useful post of Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies in the Administration of Lord Salisbury; and that department has been conducted by his chief, Lord Knutsford, and by himself, in a manner very satisfactory to our Colonial fellow-subjects. The Right Hon. Sir William Hillier Onslow, Bart., Knight of St. Michael and St. George, fourth Earl of Onslow, was born March 7, 1853, son of George Augustus Cranley, who was grandson of the Hon. Thomas Cranley, second son of Thomas, Viscount Cranley and Earl of Onslow; he is thus grand-nephew to his immediate predecessor, Arthur George, third Earl of Onslow, who died without surviving male issue in 1870. The earldom was created in 1801, but the barony of Onslow in 1716; the first Baronet was Lord Mayor of London in 1649, and the baronetcy was conferred upon him at the restoration of Charles II. Several of this family, in the eighteenth century, were distinguished in Parliamentary life and Ministerial offices, and one was Speaker of the House of Commons from 1727 to 1761. The present Lord Onslow was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, succeeded to the Peerage in 1870, and was twice appointed a Lord-in-Waiting of the Queen's household. He is married to a daughter of the late Lord Gardner, and has three children, the eldest, Lord Cranley, being twelve years of age.

The annual Christmas sale at the Royal School of Art Needlework—of which Princess Christian is president—has been held at the School in the Exhibition-road, South Kensington. The excellent work for which this school is renowned has been especially well represented on this occasion.

THE NEW BISHOP OF GUILDFORD.

The Right Rev. Alfred Earle, D.D., who has been appointed a Coadjutor to the Bishop of London (with the title of Bishop of Guildford), and also Rector of St. Michael's, Cornhill, was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he obtained a Lusby scholarship; he was ordained in 1858 by the Bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Hamilton). His first curacy was that of St. Edmund's, Salisbury; in 1863 he was instituted to the rectory of Monckton Farleigh, Wilts, and in 1865 to the vicarage of West Alvington, Devonshire. He was appointed a Prebendary of Exeter and Archdeacon of Totnes in 1872, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Exeter in 1879. In 1885 he was promoted to a canonry in Exeter Cathedral.

Lord Dufferin is making a farewell tour through parts of the Punjaub, the North-West Provinces, and Bengal, prior to his departure from Calcutta.



Jack Dudley and his Wife
(Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Mary Rorke).

Count de Renal
(Mr. Bucklaw).

Robert Stillwood
(Mr. W. L. Abingdon).

SCENE FROM "HANDS ACROSS THE SEA" AT THE PRINCESS'S: "SAFE IN A HUSBAND'S KEEPING!"

SEE PAGE 630.

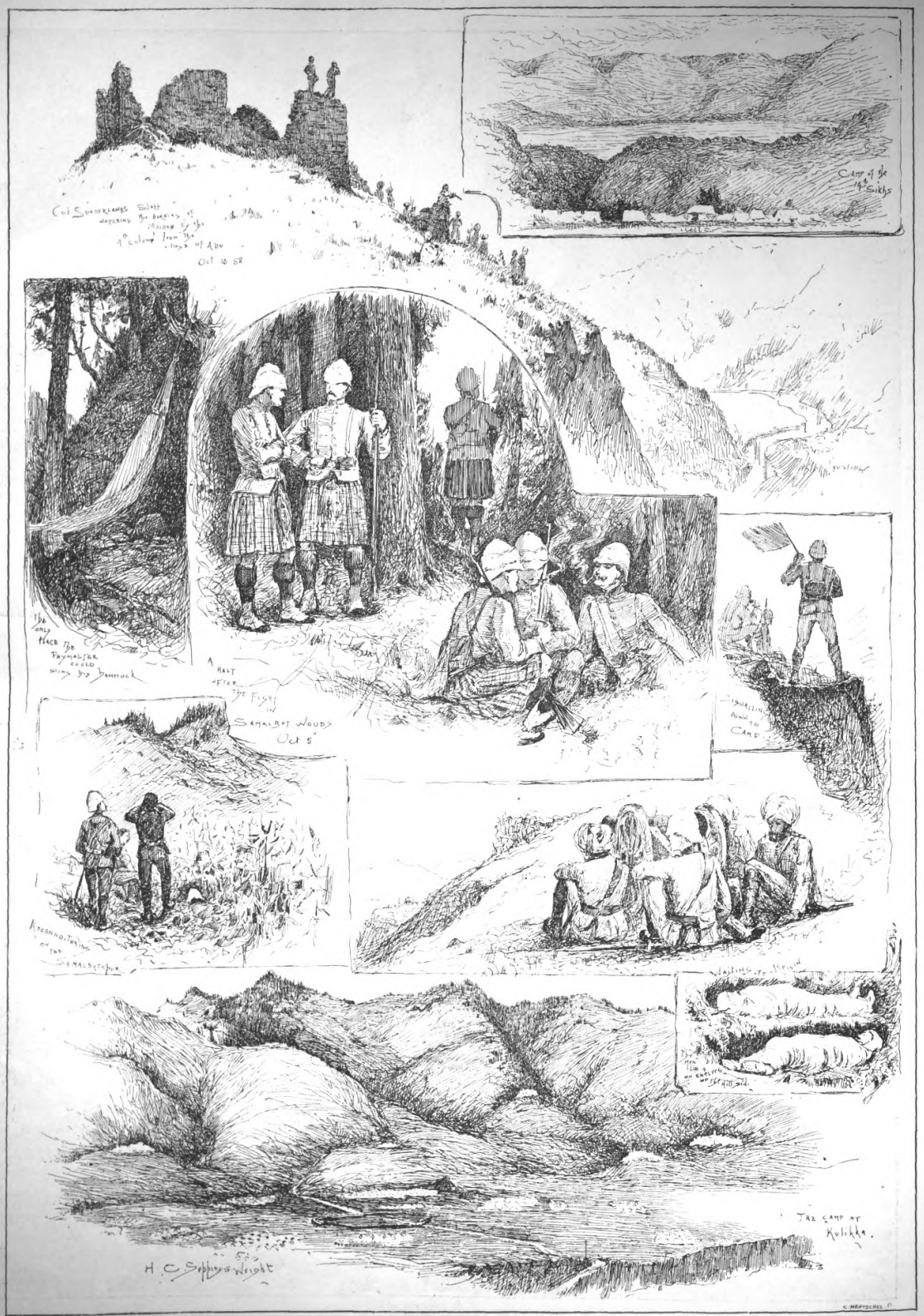


THE VILLAGE OF KOTKAI, CAPTURED BY THE 29TH PUNJAUB INFANTRY.



MAIDAN, THE STRONGHOLD OF THE HOSTILE TRIBES, DESTROYED BY THE FOURTH COLUMN, OCT. 13.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN R. S. MACLEOD, FOURTH COLUMN HAZARA FIELD-FORCE.



THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT W. J. L. BEYNON, ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT (THIRD COLUMN HAZARA FIELD-FORCE).

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. George Manville Fenn, indefatigable and industrious man, who has been steadily working these twenty-five years past on journals and novels and plays, and who, so far as we know, has never written one line or sentiment that he or anyone else would regret, finds in Mr. J. H. Darnley a pleasant partner. They succeeded well enough with "The Barrister": they have succeeded even better with "The Balloon," a wild specimen of hearty, wholesome, and good-humoured extravagance that happily will bring the authors of it fame, credit, and capital. The new farcical play has been tried at a matinée at Terry's Theatre, and it made the audience laugh so heartily one dull November afternoon that it is pretty sure to be put up at some good theatre and with a capital cast. It would suit Mr. Charles Wyndham or Mr. Charles Hawtrey; for the leading character, a young doctor who thinks he has accidentally poisoned his prospective mother-in-law, is a rattling part, containing some admirably-written speeches. At the matinée Mr. Charles Glenney, Mr. Charles Groves, Miss Gabrielle Goldney, Miss Susie Vaughan, and Miss Florence Wood all did well, and the play only wants a little expansion to fit it into an evening programme. The best of it is that honest fun is here associated with innocent intention. Playgoers must get sick of the married man who goes on the spree, becomes an amateur rake, and returns repentant to the bosom of his family. Farcical comedies require a new motive and fresh treatment, and both Mr. Fenn and Mr. Darnley have proved that they can be bright and amusing without having recourse to rank stupidity or low vulgarity.

Whilst on this subject it may be well to revert to a senseless farce called "That Telegram," recently produced at the Globe, which illustrates the want of respect for the stage and its mission shown by some irresponsible authors. Mr. Sapte, junior, thinks it funny to show us a self-indulgent, conceited prig, who deceives the wife who loves him, and chuckles at the idea of carrying on a clandestine correspondence with an abandoned woman. That a thorough-paced scoundrel can hoodwink the woman who trusts him and not be found out is the humorous idea of Mr. Sapte's farce. In point of fact there is no fun in it whatever. He takes the vulgar exceptions of accepted morality and placards them as the truth. He does *not* hold the mirror up to Nature, but a cracked looking-glass up to viciousness. His moral is: "Go it, you boys; deceive, cheat, and break hearts, but do not be found out! Tell a lie and stick to it." Now, in the opinion of many people all this is not funny but exactly the reverse. To chaff at sin on the stage is to condone cruelty. No one objects to strayings from the path of virtue on the stage as illustrations of modern life; it would be ridiculous to write farces or any plays whatever if nobody erred: but it is inconceivably vicious when the gay dogs do not repent, or when the deceived women do not forgive. To quote Shakspeare as a precedent for the new school of dramatists who paint life, not as it is, but as they distort it, is a piece of impertinence. It is *not* nature to be gratuitously offensive and cruel to good women; and to make it out funny to deceive and not to be found out, is to distort nature. It is argued that no serious moral exists in farce. Rubbish! Whatever we put before the public, farce or tragedy, travels to the mind and leaves there an impression, good or evil. Is it, after all, a clever thing to tell young rakes how they may easily deceive their wives and go scatheless—in fact, how funny it is to trick a confiding woman? But, in this case, the farce is as ill-written as it is low-toned.

Surely it is not taking too high a ground to protect the stage as far as possible from the corruption of vulgarity that is creeping into its very soul? We do not want all the thoughtful people to leave the theatre and hand it over to unprincipled smartness or unadulterated rowdiness. At the Strand, for instance, has been produced a burlesque wholly indefensible in tone and idea. It is considered funny there to caricature existing turf characters on the stage, and to turn Mr. C. H. Fox, M. Alias, and Mr. Clarkson, the wig-makers and costumiers, into the Gilrays and Rowlandsons and "H. B.'s" of our time. There is such a fever of personality abroad that society is asked to go to the play in order to see the members of the Jockey Club and various celebrities on the turf "taken off" behind the footlights. Once start this idea, and there will be no end to it. The stage will become an illustrated daily newspaper. Is this what the dramatic reformers demand when they clamour for actuality and realism? The theatre is bear-garden enough already without introducing there political animosity and social strife. We go to the play to be amused, not to abuse our neighbours; to get out of the world, not into it again. Imagination is the gift that the theatre should stimulate; not reality. Caricatures we can see enough of in the comic and personal papers without turning public men into stage puppets. Luckily for the dignity of the stage the burlesque called "Atalanta" was a pronounced failure, and the indignation of the audience has caused a thorough change of policy. In justice to Mr. Lewis Wingfield it should be said that he was not responsible for the hideous combination of modern sportsman and Greek swell, the racing attire and the petticoat. He was overruled, and now that he has his way the characters in the last act will be sensibly altered. But after all, is taste really so low as the authors of "Atalanta" would have us believe? Do we go to the play to have our ears tortured with such barbarous Cockney rhymes as "Atalanta" and "can*t*er," "Atalanta" and "instan*t*er," "Atalanta" and "ban*t*er," and such like atrocities, at which the Byrons and Talfourds and Broughs and Reeces would have shuddered and rebelled. What "r" sound can be found in the Greek "Atalanta," except in the ears of a Cockney writer? We may just as well have "yaas" for yes, or any other barbarism. Or do we go to the play to hear music murdered and an old Greek legend misapplied? Poor Miss Marie Linden, miserable Mr. F. Wyatt, unhappy Miss Alma Stanley, to be connected with such deplorable childishness! Of all sad sights, perhaps the saddest is to see clever artists paid to perpetrate inconceivable folly.

As a relief, we have had a very respectable, and in many respects creditable, version of "The Lady of Lyons" at the new Shaftesbury Theatre, where, on the first night, the iron curtain refused to budge an inch, and necessitated the prompt dismissal of the audience. Mr. Forbes Robertson gave a highly intelligent rendering of Claude Melnotte; and Miss Wallis was refreshing, after a series of milk-and-water, powerless Paulines. The audience woke up, as if from a lethargic dose, when Miss Wallis began to act. For the last few years we have been whispering and dawdling on the stage, not acting. What would the modern playgoer say if he could suddenly see an Adelaide Neilson? How he would open his eyes and stare with astonishment!

A notice of "Hands Across the Sea," and an Illustration of a scene in it, are given in another part of this Paper.

Our Portrait of the late Sir Richard Baggallay is from a photograph by Mr. G. Jerrard, of Claudet's Studio. That of Lord Onslow is from one by Messrs. James Russell and Sons, of 17, Baker-street, who furnished also those of the new Bishop of Guildford and the new Dean of Chichester.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF DEVON.

The Right Hon. William Reginald Courtenay, twelfth Earl of Devon, and a Baronet, P.C., D.C.L., died on Nov. 18, at Powderham Castle. He was born April 15, 1807, and succeeded at his father's decease, in 1859, to the representation of one of the most illustrious families in Europe. His Lordship sat in the House of Commons as M.P. for South Devon from 1841 to 1849, was Secretary to the Poor Law Board from 1852 to 1858, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster from 1866 to 1867, and President of the Poor Law Board from 1867 to 1868. He married, Dec. 27, 1830, Lady Elizabeth Fortescue, daughter of Hugh, first Earl Fortescue, K.G., and by her (who died Jan. 27, 1867) had issue, three sons and one daughter, Viscountess Halifax. The only survivor, Edward Baldwin, Lord Courtenay, formerly M.P. for Exeter and East Devon, now thirteenth Earl of Devon, was born May 7, 1836, and is unmarried. The late Lord was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, and was a Chairman of Quarter Sessions for Devonshire.



RIGHT HON. SIR RICHARD BAGGALLAY.

The Right Hon Sir Richard Baggallay, Knight, P.C., M.A., Lord Justice of Appeal, died on Nov. 13, aged seventy-two. He was the eldest son of Mr. Richard Baggallay, of Kingthorpe House, Upper Tooting, and was educated at Caius College, Cambridge. He commenced his forensic career in 1843, when he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and soon obtained extensive practice. In 1861 he became Q.C., was



THE LATE SIR RICHARD BAGGALLAY.

Solicitor-General in 1868 to 1874, Attorney-General in 1874-5, and Lord Justice of Appeal from 1868 to 1885. The honour of knighthood was conferred on him on his appointment as Solicitor-General in 1868. Sir Richard married, Feb. 25, 1847, Marianne, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Henry Charles Lacy, M.P., of Withdean Hall, Sussex, and leaves a large family.

BARONESS WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY.

The Right Hon. Clementina Elizabeth, Baroness Willoughby D'Eresby (in her own right), who died at Grimsthorpe Castle, in the county of Lincoln, on Nov. 13, was born Sept. 2, 1809, the eldest daughter of Peter Robert, nineteenth Baron Willoughby D'Eresby (which title was created by writ, July 26, 1313), by Clementina Sarah, his wife, daughter and sole heiress of James Drummond, first Lord Perth, and succeeded to the barony of Willoughby D'Eresby, the abeyance of which was terminated in her favour by Royal letters patent in 1871. Her Ladyship married, Oct. 8, 1827, Sir Gilbert John Heathcote, Bart., afterward Lord Aveland, and leaves by him (who died Sept. 6, 1867) one son and two daughters (the eldest, Clementina, was married, in 1869, to Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B.). The only son, Gilbert Henry, Lord Aveland, now twenty-second Baron Willoughby D'Eresby, married, in 1863, Lady Evelyn Elizabeth Gordon, second daughter of the tenth Marquis of Huntly, and has four sons and six daughters.



VISCOUNT PORTMAN.

The Right Hon. Edward Berkeley Portman, M.A., first Viscount, and Baron Portman, of Orchard Portman, Somerset, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, died at his seat, Bryanston House, near Blandford, Dorset, on Nov. 19, after a short illness, in his ninetieth year. He was born, July 9, 1799, the eldest son of Mr. Edward Berkeley Portman, of Bryanston and of Orchard Portman, by Lucy, his first wife, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Whitby, of Creswell Hall, Staffordshire, and was created Baron Portman, by patent, Jan. 27, 1837, and advanced to a viscountcy March 28, 1873. The deceased nobleman was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford (B.A., 1821; M.A., 1826), and represented Dorsetshire in Parliament in the Liberal interest, 1823 to 1832; and Marylebone, 1833. He was Lord Warden of the Stannaries in Cornwall and Devon; a Justice of the Peace for Middlesex, Somerset, and Dorset; and Lord Lieutenant of Somerset, 1840 to 1864. His Lordship married, June 16, 1827, Emma, third daughter of Henry, second Earl of Harewood, and leaves by her (who died Feb. 8, 1865) three sons and one daughter. His eldest son, William Henry, now second Viscount Portman, M.P. for Dorset 1857 to 1885, married, in 1855, Mary Selina Charlotte, daughter of William Charles, Viscount Milton, and has a large family.



THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

Two officers with the Hazara Field-Force employed during the month of October in subduing the hostile league of highland tribes among the mountains above the left bank of the Upper Indus, on the northern frontier of the Punjaub, have sent home Sketches which are this week published in our Journal. The whole force, under the chief command of General M'Queen, was divided into four separate columns, which advanced into the hill country by different routes, as we have already explained with reference to our former Illustrations.

The Fourth Column marched up the banks of the Indus; and Captain R. S. Macleod, of the 29th Punjaub Infantry, contributes the Sketches of part of their operations. The first scene is that of the action near Kotkai, on Oct. 4, at the very beginning of the campaign; when that village, perched on the rock shown in his Sketch, was captured by the men of his own regiment, who had ascended the high ground seen to the right hand, forcing the pound and the loopholed walls held by the enemy, till they reached the terraced fields, surrounded by rocks and bushes, on the summit of the ridge commanding Kotkai. They were supported, below, by the fire of Gatling guns, and of the 34th Bengal Pioneers and the Royal Irish Regiment. On the opposite side, to the left hand in this view, beyond the rocky ravine through which the river here flows in deep rapids, some of the enemy appear firing from the high river-bank. Captain Macleod's second Sketch represents the fortified village of Maidan, the stronghold of the hostile fanatics, blown up on Oct. 13 by the Fourth Column of troops, the place having been abandoned by the enemy on the approach of the British force. After blowing up the front bastions and gate, the village was entered and set on fire; the mine threw up an immense shower of stones, with a huge cloud of dust. The troops lying down amidst the stones in the foreground are the Royal Irish, the 4th Punjaub Infantry, the Royal Artillery and 34th Pioneers, and the 29th Punjaub Infantry. The ground in front of the village was intersected with low stone walls, crossing each other to form small enclosures, like the squares on a chessboard, and scattered over with large round stones.

The operations of the Third Column are illustrated, on another page, by the Sketches of Lieutenant W. J. L. Beynon, of the Royal Sussex Regiment, which have been forwarded to us by his father, General Beynon. The following is an extract from Lieutenant Beynon's letter, dated Oct. 10:—

"We have been making roads and raids in all directions. Having made a road through the woods to a certain point, we leave a picquet there, and descend on to some village, which we promptly burn, and then retire to the camp. It is during these retirements that we generally lose most men, as the natives are awfully good at following up, and can take advantage of every cover. One sees no one, but the bullets go over one's head, and you hear the report within, perhaps, fifty yards of you. I got fired at from about twenty yards off, the sparks from the discharge falling within a few feet of me. I found that the top of my head was showing above the skyline, in a space made by two mules having moved apart. How the fellow did not hit me I cannot make out. I managed at night to get shelter in a sort of cow-shed. There are no side walls, and there is great danger of sliding down the 'khud'; but we are better off than other fellows, who have had to make shelves for themselves on the side of the hill. The whole side of the hill is cut up into shelves by the men, who lie in rows; and so they go to bed."

It seems that these two columns of troops were not very far apart on Oct. 13; for, in the first of Lieutenant Beynon's Sketches, we observe Colonel Sunderland's staff-officers, among the ruins of a tower, burnt the day before, above the village of Abu, watching the conflagration at Maidan, in the valley below. There are two or three Illustrations of the affair of Oct. 5 on the Samalbut spur of the Black Mountain; in one of them, hard to the fight, appear several men of the 78th Highlanders, forming General M'Queen's escort; in another, men on the rocks are signalling with flags to announce the news to the camp near Oghi. The position of General Channer's entrenched camp and surrounding regimental encampments at the foot of the mountains, with the village of Kulikka, is shown in another Sketch; half-way up the mountain-side within view is the spot where Major Battye and Captain H. B. Urmston were killed in the skirmish of last May or June. In the remaining Sketches, Lieutenant Beynon drolly illustrates the peculiar sleeping accommodation of his party, as mentioned in his letters, the men lying on shelves of earth cut by themselves in the steep hillside.

We shall give Illustrations next week of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Messrs. Allsopp's Brewery at Burton-on-Trent.

At St. George's Hall, Langham-place, on Monday, Nov. 26, Messrs. Reed and Grain will produce a new piece, entitled "The Bo'sun's Mate," written by Walter Browne, the music by Alfred J. Caldicott.

Entertainments are given weekly at the Brompton Hospital, greatly to the delight of the inmates. The one provided on Tuesday, Nov. 13, was by Miss May Woolgar Mellon (the clever daughter of a gifted mother), assisted by several friends; and consisted of scenes from "My Sweetheart," and the comedietta of "My Milliner's Bill," in both of which Miss Mellon acted and sang with charming effect, her companion in each piece being Mr. Sidney Paget, who proved himself a worthy partner. In the first piece a very little girl, Ivy Glassby, made a pretty little "boy," and efforts of the trio called forth repeated rounds of applause. Some excellent singing and recitations were given by Mr. Sidney Herberte-Basing and Mr. E. V. Wright; and the Misses Gray added to the enjoyment of the audience by their finished pianoforte playing.—The entertainment on Tuesday evening, the 20th, was given by Madame Dukas, and consisted of an excellent selection of music by that talented lady, and various members of her "Ladies' Choir," assisted by Mr. Richard Hope, with Mr. Walter Van Noorden as conductor. The programme included—"I'm but a simple Peasant Maid," brilliantly sung by Madame Dukas; "Sing, Sweet Bird" was given by Miss Julia Dunhall; as was "A Wee Wifie" by Miss Emily Farmer. There were several encores.



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY.



LANDING OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK AT PORT VICTORIA, ON MONDAY, NOV. 19.



THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY HOTEL AT BANFF.



MOUNT STEPHEN, THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: BANFF AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Our series of Illustrations of the magnificent work completed under the auspices of the Dominion of Canada, by which a continuous line of railway traffic is established from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean ports, was brought on last week to Banff, on the banks of the Bow River, close to the Rocky Mountains and to the frontier of the province of British Columbia, 2342 miles west of Montreal. Banff is situated in a district of romantic and picturesque mountain, river, and lake scenery, of great extent, reserved for the "Canadian National Park"; and it is the site of medicinal hot springs, charged with sulphur and iron and salts of great healing efficacy for many bodily ailments. These springs arise in the Sulphur Mountain, which is 4500 ft. in height; the flow of water is about 1,200,000 gallons a day, and its temperature at the source is 115 deg. Fahrenheit.

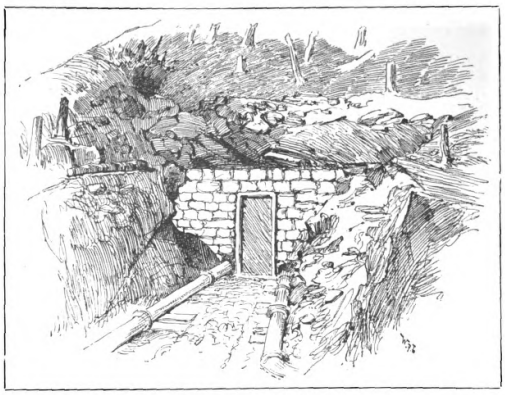
The Banff Sanitarium, under the charge of Dr. R. G. Brett, M.D., Medical Director, is a large building of three storeys, beautifully situated, which has comfortable rooms, attentive servants, well-furnished tables, and broad piazzas, with agreeable walks in the grounds, provision for cricket, lawn-tennis, and other games, and delightful rides and drives in the neighbourhood. Its site being 5400 ft. above the sea-level, the air is pure and bracing, while the mountains afford shelter from cold or rough winds, and there is almost an entire absence of clouds or mists.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Hotel at Banff contains more than two hundred rooms, with ice-cold mountain-spring water throughout the house and bath-houses supplied from the upper hot spring brought down 800 ft. in iron pipes. Several hundred feet below this spring are two others, within a hundred feet of each other. One is in a cave, or grotto, about 25 ft. in diameter, with a vaulted dome. It is entered by a tunnel a hundred feet long, and lighted by a natural opening at the apex, about two feet by three. In the grotto is a swimming-bath, surrounded by pretty stalactites, with water about 5 ft. deep boiling up from the sandy bottom; temperature, 95 deg. Cold water pours from one of the shell-shaped stalactites in sufficient quantity to make a cold shower. A hundred feet from this is another large pool, 20 ft. across, about the same size, and, being in the open air, the warm water can be seen boiling up through the sands. Both this and the cave springs have streams flowing from them as large as a first-class fire-engine could pump. The cave spring discharges at its outlet without colouring the soil along the rivulet; while the other makes a deposit as white as lime. This deposit is a magnesiate of lime, impregnated with iron and sulphur.

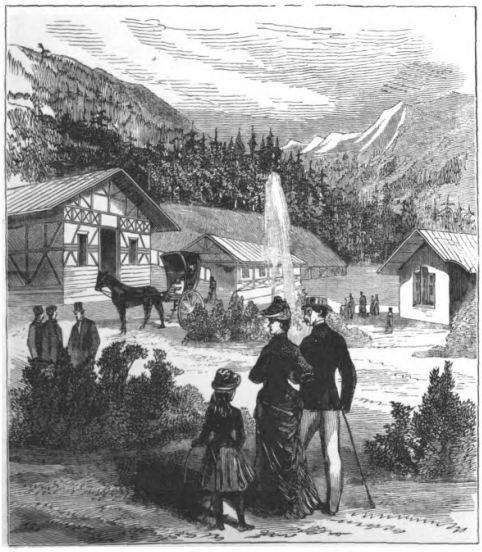
The mineral waters differ from each other, not only in the temperature of the waters, but also in their chemical composition. The temperature of the different springs varies from 85 deg. to 125 deg. Fahrenheit. They have proved of the most striking benefit to those suffering from various forms of rheumatic affections, scrofulous tumours and skin diseases, malarial poisoning of long standing, anæmia, and the troubles which have their seat in weakness of constitution or general debility. By allaying muscular and nervous irritability through their soothing influences on the peripheral nerves, sciatica and other neuralgias are greatly benefited. Owing to the saline qualities of some of the springs, certain complaints of the kidneys and liver, renal and biliary calculi, and catarrhal affections of various mucous membranes, are successfully treated.

The railway passes up the valley of the Bow River, from Banff, ascending the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains range, and entering the province of British Columbia, which is part of the Dominion of Canada. Passing the Summit Station, just a mile above the level of the sea, with three small green lakes in rocky recesses, it proceeds through the Kicking Horse Pass; here the streams begin to flow westward to the Pacific Ocean. "Ten miles beyond the summit of the pass," says a descriptive writer, "we round the base of Mount Stephen, a stupendous mountain rising directly from the railway to a height of more than 8000 ft., holding on one of its shoulders, almost over our heads, a glacier whose shining green ice, 500 ft. thick, is slowly crawling over the edge of a sheer precipice of dizzy height, from which falling fragments of ice are dashed to atoms below. We look down from the railway, clinging to the mountain-side, upon the river valley, which here, suddenly widening, holds between the dark pine-clad mountains a mirror-like sheet of water, reflecting each peak and cliff with the most startling effect." Some distance beyond is the wide, forest-covered valley of the Columbia River, with the mountains of the Selkirk Range, to be illustrated in the next Sketches by our Special Artist.

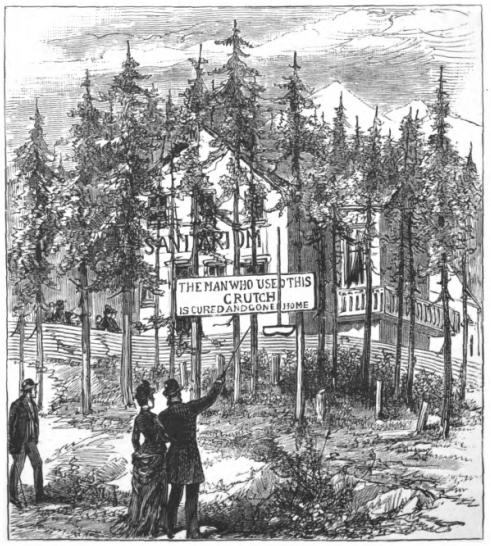
British Columbia (including Vancouver, Queen Charlotte, and other islands along the coast) is that portion of Canada which looks out on the Pacific Ocean. It is the only British territory on the western or Pacific Ocean side of the North American continent. There is abundant proof of the existence of great mineral wealth in British Columbia. Gold, coal, silver, iron, copper, galena, mercury, platinum, antimony, bismuth, molybdenum, plumbago, mica, and other minerals have been discovered in different parts of the province; copper being very widely distributed. The rich valley of the Lower Fraser, or New Westminster district, is the largest compact agricultural district. It is on the mainland shore, opposite the south-eastern portion of Vancouver Island. The surface of the lower part of the valley is little above the sea-level. This is the only large tract of choice agricultural land, on the mainland of the North Pacific slope, that lies actually upon the ocean, with a shipping port in its midst. A navigable river cuts it through, which is sheltered at its mouth. The Canadian Pacific Railway, as already said, runs through the district. The river is full of salmon and other food-fish, and the district abounds with game. The delta lands and the clay loams can hardly be equalled for strength and richness, yielding great yields with comparatively careless cultivation. Much also of the interior is good farming land, and some highland districts afford very fine pasturage. The climate of British Columbia, in general, is much more temperate than the climate of any part of Canada lying east of the Rocky Mountains. Behring's Straits, between America and Asia, are so narrow and shallow that not much of the icy Arctic current flows along the British Columbia coast. The Rocky Mountains, in British Columbia, trending north-westerly, keep off the cold north winds. Other causes of the temperate climate are the existence of a warm ocean current in the Pacific Ocean, which flows towards the coast; the prevalent warm south-westerly winds from that ocean, which blow over the country; and also the north and south direction of the principal valleys, up which warm air from the south is drawn. The forests yield a vast supply of timber, and the fisheries are of great value. The population of British Columbia is now about eighty thousand; its capital is Victoria, in Vancouver Island.



SOURCE OF HOT SPRINGS AT BANFF.
Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



LOWER HOT SPRINGS AND BATHS, BANFF.



SANITARIUM, UPPER HOT SPRINGS, BANFF.

Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

SKETCHES IN MOROCCO.

The military expedition performed this year by the Sultan of Morocco for the subjugation of the rebellious tribes in the mountain country of the interior has been repeatedly noticed. A French artist, M. Gabriel Nicolet, who accompanied the expedition some days, and who saw the reception of the Sultan at Mequinez after his return, and when he visited certain famous Mussulman shrines to give thanks for his success, has furnished several drawings illustrative of those remarkable scenes. The one now presented is that of a portion of the Sultan's army marching up the rocky pass of the Oued (Wady) Mlouïa, beneath the high mountain called the Djebel Tsougt, near which a fierce battle was fought with the warriors of the Aïtchoukmans tribe, and the troops of his Highness were in some peril of defeat.

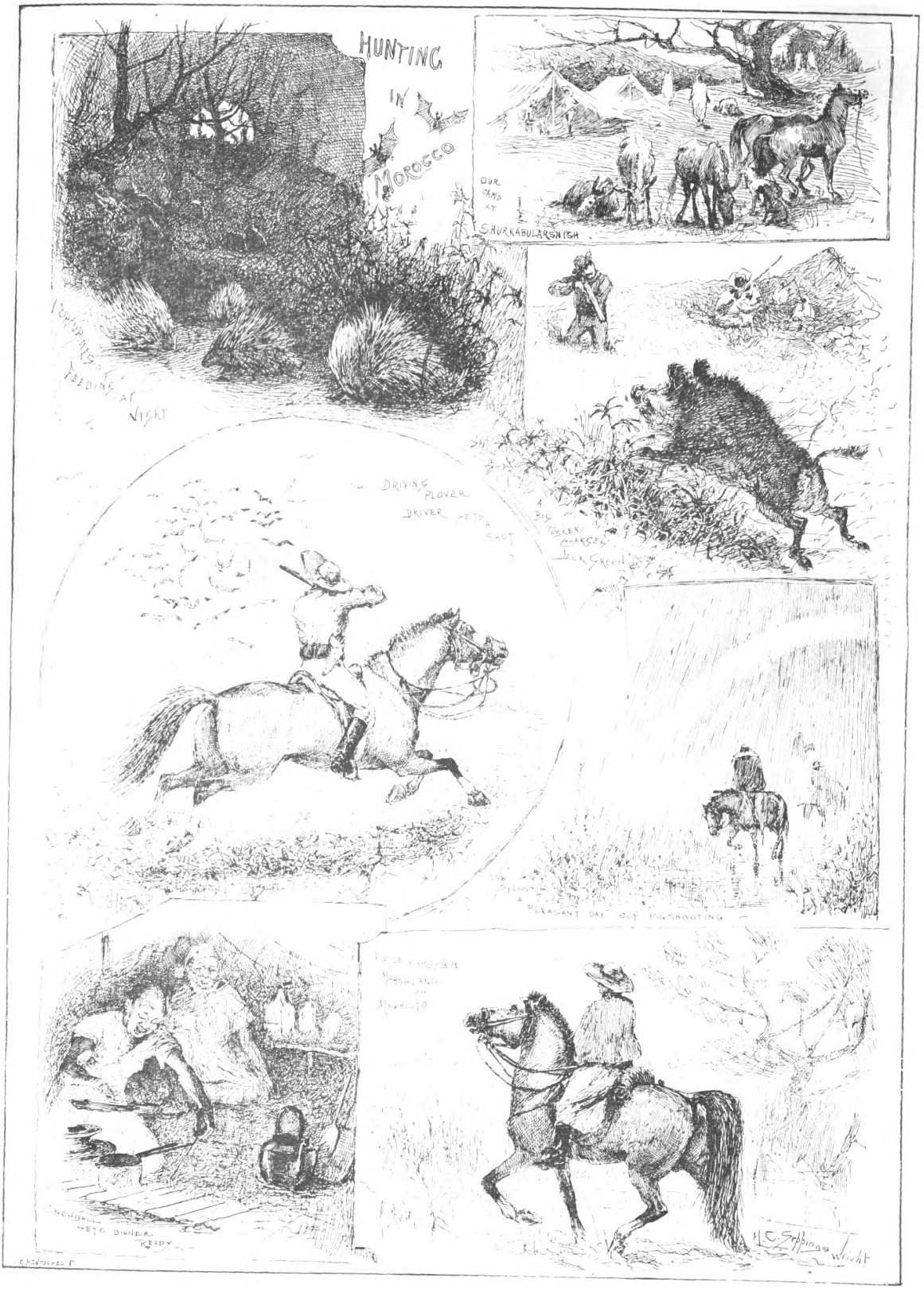
In the provinces of Morocco nearer to the sea-coast, and usually accessible with entire safety to European visitors from Tangiers, the sports of wild-boar hunting, and of shooting quail, plover, and wild ducks, are enjoyed without interruption. We have received from an English artist and tourist, Mr. A. H. Berens, of London, the Sketches that appear on another page. He started from Tangiers, with three friends, on a hunting and shooting excursion. They encamped first at Shurfa Bulaishish, where the horses and mules were tethered, the tents were pitched, and the party made themselves comfortable, while their Arab servants duly engaged in evening prayer. Dinner was prepared by their skilful cook, a black man, and they dined and rested well. On the morrow they went to look for the wild boar. An enraged beast of that kind, when found and approached by the sportsmen, made a furious charge, but was effectually stopped by a shot from the Artist's rifle. On their return to the encampment, our friends were much inconvenienced by a tropical downpour of rain. Another day was employed in the pursuit of feathered game. Our correspondent rode a long way through the marsh-land, intent on making a good bag; he found plenty of duck and teal, but getting over such bad ground was a tedious experience. Plover were abundant on the plain; and he managed, by driving them up the wind, to bag several dozen of these birds. After the day's sport, and resting an hour or two in camp, he took a quiet nocturnal stroll, and got a sight of a family of porcupines feeding together, which he was careful not to alarm or disturb.

The Lord Mayor has become President of the Thames Church Mission.—The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress have consented to their names being added to the list of the general committee of the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund, and contributions on behalf of the fund will be received at the Mansion House.

The fourth great terrier show (in conjunction with the Fox Terrier Club) has been held in St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster, adjacent to the Royal Aquarium, and there were upwards of 1000 entries, embracing terriers of all classes or denominations, the whole exhibition being arranged and conducted by Mr. Charles Cruft. The Grand Challenge Cup has been gained by Mr. A. H. Clarke, of Nottingham.

Mr. W. Crookes, F.R.S. has presented to the Department of Science and Art a collection of sixty-eight radiometers and similar instruments for permanent exhibition in the science galleries at the South Kensington Museum. They illustrate the steps by which Mr. Crookes was led to the construction of the radiometer, and to the production of motion and of phosphorescence by streams of electrified molecules in high vacua. Many of the instruments are of great historical interest.

Inanimate pigeon shooting when introduced into this country was rather pooh-poohed, then tolerated, and now bids fair to become quite a popular amusement. Messrs. Cogswell and Harrison, of New Bond-street and the Strand, London, have lately brought out a new trap, the "Swiftsure," which throws a composition pigeon or saucer in a variety of ways—in fact, it may be considered as the finest thing of the kind yet introduced. The "Swiftsure" was pitted against the American at the Royal Artillery Club, Woolwich, the hon. secretary reporting thus:—"The 'Swiftsure' was excellent and superior to the American; the former trap threw the pigeons much farther and better."

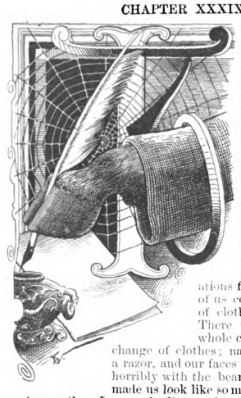

HUNTING IN MOROCCO
OUR CAMP AT SHURKABULARSHISH
FEEDING AT NIGHT
DRIVING PLOVER
DRIVER GETS A SHOT
A BIG TUSKER CHARGED JACK GREEN
A PLEASANT DAY OUT PIGSHOOTING
NOW BALL FOR DINNER READY
H.C. Griffings Wright

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.



was a numerous company gathered together on the deck of the ship. By their dress they were country lads; by their pale cheeks they were prison birds, like ourselves; by their dismal faces they were, also, like ourselves, rebels condemned to the Plantations. Alas! how many of these poor fellows have returned to their homes, and how many lie in the graves of Jamaica, Virginia, and Barbadoes? As for preparations for a voyage, not one of us could make any, either of clothes or of provisions. There was not among the whole company so much as a change of clothes; nay, there was not even a razor, and our faces were already bristling horribly with the beards which before long made us look like so many Heydues.

Among them I presently discerned, to my great surprise and joy, none other than Barnaby. His coat of scarlet was now so ragged and stained that neither colour nor original shape could be discerned, his ruffles and cravat of lace were gone, and the scarlet sash which had formerly carried his hanger was gone also. In a word, he was in rags and covered with the dust of the road. Yet his jolly countenance showed a satisfaction which contrasted greatly with the dejection of his companions. He sniffed the scent of tar and ropes with a joy which was visible to all, and he contemplated the ship and her rigging with the air of one who is at home.

Then he saw us and shouted to us while he made his way roughly through the rest.

"What cheer, ho! Humphrey, brave lad of boluses?" never did any man grasp the hand of friend with greater vigour. "This is better, I say, than the accursed prison, where one got never a breath of fresh air. Here one begins to smell salt water and tarred rope, which is a downright wholesome smell. Already I feel hearty again. I would willingly drink a tankard or two of black beer. What, Robin, what? We are not going to be hanged after all. Lift up thy head, therefore: is this a time for looking glum? We shall live to hang Judge Jeffreys yet!—what? Thy looks are but poorly, lad. Is it the prison or is it thy disappointment? That villain, Benjamin! Hark ye, Robin,"—some men's faces look black when they threaten but Barnaby's grew broader, as if the contemplation of revenge made him the happier—"Hark ye, this is my business. No one shall interfere with me in this. Benjamin is my affair. No one but I myself must kill Benjamin; not you, Humphrey, because he is your cousin; nor you, Robin, because you must not kill Alice's husband even to get back your own sweetheart." Barnaby spoke wisdom here: in spite of Robin's vows he could not get Alice for himself by killing her husband, unworthy though he was. "Benjamin," he went on, "may call her wife, but if he seek to make her his wife, if I know Sis aright, he will meet his match. As for her safety, I am certain that she is safe. For why? Wherever there are folks of her religious kidney, there will she find friends. Cheer up, Robin! Soon or late I will kill this fine husband of hers."

But Robin shook his head.

Barnaby then asked if I knew whither we were bound. I told him Barbadoes, according to the information given me by Mr. Penne.

"Why," said Barnaby rubbing his hands, "this is brave news, indeed. There is no place I would sooner choose. 'Tis a small island, to begin with: give me a small island, so that the sea runneth all round about and is everywhere within easy reach. Where there is the sea there are boats; where there are boats there are the means of escape. Cheer up, my lads! I know the Spanish Main right well. Give me a tight boat, I care not how small, and a keg of water, and I will sail her anywhere. Ha! we are bound to Barbadoes, are we? This is truly brave news!"

I asked him, next, what kind of place it was?

"It is a hot place," he replied. "A man is always thirsty, and there is plenty to drink except water, which is said to be scarce. But the merchants and the planters want none. They have wine of the best, of Spain and of France and of Madeira. Cider and strong ale they import from England. And drinks they make in the country—perino and mobbie—I remember—grippo and plantain wine and kill-devil. 'Tis a rare country for drink, and many there be who die of too much. Hold up thy head, Robin; we will drink damnation to Benjamin yet. But 'tis I who shall kill him. Courage, I say. What? Our turn will come!"

I told him, then, what had been done with Mr. George Penne—namely, the ransom bought by the Rector for us all, and the letter which I carried to Mr. Penne's correspondent.

"Why," he said, with some discontent, "we shall not be long upon the island after all, and perhaps the money might have been better bestowed. But 't was kindly done of the Rector. As for the banishment, I value it not one farthing. One place is as good as another; and, for my own part, I love the West Indies. We shall have our choice among them all, because, where there are boats and the open sea, a man can go whithersoever pleaseth him best. The voyage out"—he glanced round him—"will, I fear, be choking work—the rations will be short, there will be neither drink nor tobacco, and at nights we shall lie close. A more melancholy company I never saw. Patience, my lads; our turn will come."

Well, 't was a special mercy that we had with us one man, at least, who preserved his cheerfulness, for the rest of the company were as melancholy as King James himself could have desired. Indeed, to look back upon the voyage is to recall the most miserable time that can be imagined. First of all, as I have said, we were wholly unprepared for a voyage, having nothing at all with us. Then we had bad weather at the outset, which not only made our people ill, but caused the biscuit to be mostly spoiled, so that before the end of the voyage a few peas with the sweepings of the biscuit-room, and sometimes a little tough beef, was all our diet, and for drink nothing, not so much as a pannikin of beer, but water, and that turbid, and not too much of it.

As for me, I kept my health chiefly by the method common among physicians—namely, by watching the symptoms of others. But mostly was I concerned with the condition of Robin. For the poor lad, taking so much to heart the dreadful villainy which had been practised upon Alice, never once held up his head, and would talk and think of nothing else but of that poor maid.

"Where is she?" he asked a hundred times. "Where hath she found a shelter and a hiding-place? How shall she escape the villain who will now do what he pleases since we are out of his way? And no help for her—not any until she die, or until he dies! And we cannot even send her a letter to console her poor heart! Humphrey, it drives me mad to think that every day carries us further from her. If I could but be with her to protect her against her husband! Humphrey, Barnaby said well: I could not get her back to me over the dead body of her husband. But to protect her—to stand between her and the man she hath sworn to obey!"

There is no more dangerous condition of the mind than that which we call despair. It is, I take it, a disease, and that of the most dangerous kind. I have observed many men in that condition. With some, the devil enters into them, finding all the doors open and unguarded; nay, he even receives a warm welcome. With others it is as if the body itself was left without its armour—a cheerful and hopeful mind being certainly an armour against disease, capable of warding off many of those invisible arrows which are always flying about the air and striking us down with fevers, agues, calentures, and other pains and grievous diseases.

I marvel that more of the men on board were not sick; for, to begin with, the water soon became thick and swarmed with wriggling creatures difficult to avoid in drinking; and then, though during the day we were allowed to be on deck (where the air was fresh even if the sun was hot), at night we were terribly crowded below, and lay too close for health or for comfort. However, we finally made Carlisle Bay and the port of St. Michael's or the Bridge. And I must say this for Barnaby, that he maintained throughout the whole voyage his cheerfulness, and that he never ceased to make his plans for escape, drawing on a paper, which he procured, a rough chart of the Spanish Main, with as many islands as he could remember. Of these there are hundreds, some desolate and safe for fugitives, some with neither water nor green trees, and some with springs and woods, wild fruit, land turtles on the shore, fish in the sea, and everything that man can desire.

We made the land, after I know not how many weeks, one day in the forenoon.

"Barbadoes," said Barnaby, pointing to a little cloud far away on the horizon. "Well; of this job I am wellnigh sick. To-morrow, if the wind holds, we shall have sailed round the island, and shall beat up for Carlisle Bay. Well, it is lucky for us that we have this letter of Mr. Penne's. We will go—I know the place well—to the sign of the Rock and Turtle, kept by old Mother Rosemary, if she lives still, or, if she be dead, by one of her daughters—she had fifty daughters, at least, all buxom mulatto girls. There will we put off these filthy rags, have a wash in a tub of fresh water, get shaven, and then with smooth chins and clean shirts we will sit down to a dinner such as the old woman knows how to make, a potato-pudding and Scots collops with Rhenish wine, and afterwards a cool cup of beveridge, which is nothing in the world but squeezed limes, with sugar and water, fit for such a womanly stomach as yours, Doctor. With this, and a pipe of tobacco, and perhaps a song and (when your Worship hath gone to bed) a dance from one of the girls—I say, my lad, with this I shall be ready to forget Sedgemoor and to forgive Judge Jeffreys. When we are tired of Barbadoes, we will take boat and sail away. I know one island, at least, where they care nothing for King James. Thither will we go, my lad."

Well; we found us at our port, and how we fared, was not quite as Barnaby expected and hoped, as you shall hear. But I must admire the cunning of the man Penne, who not only took from Alice—poor child!—all her brother's money, amounting to two hundred and fifty pounds or thereabouts (which you have read), on the pretext of bestowing it for the advantage of all, but also received two hundred guineas from Mr. Boscorel on the same pretence. This made in all four hundred and fifty pounds. And not one penny—not a single penny—of this great sum did the man spend upon the purpose for which it was given him.

You have heard how the merchants and planters came aboard the ships which put in with servants and slaves, and how these are put for sale, one at a time. As was the sale described by Alice, just such was ours: though, I take it, our lads were not so miserable a company as were those on board her ship. Pale of cheek they looked, and dejected, and some were sick with various disorders, caused by the confinement of the prison or the sufferings of the voyage. They put us up one after the other, and we were sold. I forget what I myself fetched, and indeed it matters not, save that many jests were passed at our expense, and that when one was put up—as Robin, for instance—who had been a Captain in the rebel army, the salesman was eloquent in praise of his rich and illustrious family who would never endure that this unfortunate man should continue in servitude. But Barnaby put his tongue in his cheek and laughed.

When the sale was concluded, we were bundled into boats and taken ashore to the barracoon, of which you have heard from Alice. Here the same officer as read to her party the laws concerning servants and their duties, and the punishments which await transgressors, read them also to ourselves.

"Faith," Barnaby whispered, "there will be great scoring of backs before many days are done, unless their bark is worse than their bite."

This business dispatched, I thought it was time to present my letter. Therefore I stepped forward, and informed the officer who, by reason of his gown and wig and the beadles who were with him, I judged to be some lawyer, that, with my cousin and another, I held a letter which should hold us free from servitude.

"Ay, ay," he said. "Where is that letter?"

So I gave it to him. 'Twas addressed to one Jonathan Polwhele, and enjoined him to receive the three prisoners, named Humphrey Challis, Robin Challis, and Barnaby Eykin, to pay for them such sums as would reasonably be required to redeem them from servitude, and to advance them such moneys as they would want at the outset for maintenance, the whole to be accounted for in Mr. Jonathan Polwhele's next despatches to his obedient, much obliged servant, G. P.

"Sir," said the officer, when he had read the letter through, "this epistle is addressed to one Jonathan Polwhele. There is no merchant or planter of that name on the whole island."

He gave me back the letter. "If this," he said, "is all you have to show, there is no reason why you and your friends should not march with the rest."

Truly, we had nothing else to show. Not only was there no one named Polwhele on the island, but there never had been anyone of that name. Therefore it was plain that we had been tricked, and that the man George Penne was a villain. Alas! poor Barnaby! Where now were his cool cups and his pipe of tobacco? Then the officer beckoned to a gentleman—a sober and grave person—standing near, and spoke to him.

"Gentlemen," said the merchant, "permit me to read this letter. So, it is the handwriting of Mr. George Penne, which I know well. There is here some strange mistake. The letter is addressed to Mr. Jonathan Polwhele; but there is no one of that name in the place. I am myself Mr. Penne's correspondent in this island. My name, gentlemen, is Sefton, not Polwhele."

"Sir," I said, "do you know Mr. Penne?"

"I have never seen him. He consigns to my care, once or twice a year, a cargo of transported servants, being rogues and thieves sent here, instead of to the gallows. He ships them to my care, I say, as he hath shipped the company arrived this morning; and I sell them for him, taking for my share a percentage, as agreed upon, and remitting to him the balance in sugar and tobacco."

"Is there no letter from him?"

"There is a letter in which he advises me of so many rebels consigned to me, in order to be sold. Some among them, he says, were Captains and officers in Monmouth's army, and some are of good family, among whom he especially names Robin and Humphrey Challis. But there is not a word about ransom."

"Sir," I said, knowing nothing as yet of Alice and her money, "two hundred guineas have been paid to Mr. Penne by the Rev. Philip Boscorel, Rector of Bradford Orcas, in the county of Somerset, for our ransom."

"Nothing is said of this," he replied gravely. "Plainly, gentlemen, without despatches from Mr. Penne I cannot act for you. You have a letter. It is written by that gentleman; it is addressed to Mr. Polwhele; it says nothing about Barbadoes, and would serve for Jamaica or for Virginia. So great a sum as two hundred guineas cannot have been forgotten. I exhort you, therefore, to patience until other letters arrive. Why, two hundred guineas would have gone far to redeem you all three, and to maintain you for a great while. Gentlemen, I am grieved for you, because there is, for the present, no help for it, but that you must go with the planter who hath bought you, and obey his orders. I will, however, send to Mr. Penne an account of this charge, and I would advise that you lose no time in writing to your friends at home."

"Heart up, lad!" cried Barnaby, for I turned faint upon this terrible discovery and would have fallen but he held me up. "Patience! our turn will come."

"Write that letter," said the merchant again. "Write that letter quickly, so that it may go with the next vessel. Otherwise, the work is hard, and the heat is great." So he turned and left us.

"Courage, man!" said Barnaby. "To every dog his day. If now, for five minutes only I could have my thumb on Mr. Penne's windpipe and my fingers round his neck! And I thought to spend the evening joyfully at Mother Rosemary's! Courage, lad! I have seen already," he whispered, "a dozen boats in the bay, any one of which will serve our turn."

But Robin paid no heed, whatever happened. He stood up when his name was called, and was sold without showing any emotion. When we found that we had been tricked he seemed as if he neither heard nor regarded.

When all was ready we were marched, twenty in number, along a white and dusty road, to our estate. By great good fortune—rather by Providence—we were all bought by the same master. He was, it is true, a bad man; but to be bought all together was a happiness which we could not expect. He bought us all because he understood that we belonged to the same family (and that one of position), in the hope of receiving substantial ransom. This man rode with us, accompanied by two overseers (these were themselves under the same sentence) who cracked their whips continually, and cursed us if we lagged. Their bark was worse, we afterwards found, than their bite; it was only in the master's presence that they behaved thus brutishly, and in order to curry favour with him and to prevent being reduced again to the rank of those who served in the field. There was no doubt, from the very outset, that we were afflicted with a master whose like, I would hope, is not to be found upon the island of Barbadoes. Briefly, he was one whose appearance, voice, and manner, all alike proclaimed him openly to all the world as a drunkard, a profligate, and a blasphemer. A drunkard he was of that kind who are seldom wholly drunk and yet are never sober; who begin the day with a glass and go on taking more glasses all day long, with small ale for breakfast, strong ale and Madeira for dinner, a tankard in the afternoon, and for supper more strong ale and Madeira; and before bed another tankard. As for compassion, or tenderness, or any of the virtues which a man who holds other men in slavery ought to possess, he had none of them.

Let me speak of him with no more bitterness than is necessary. We have, I think, all forgiven him, and he hath long since gone to a place where he can do no more harm to any, but awaiteth judgment—perhaps, in the sure and certain hope of which the funeral service speaks—but this is open to doubt.

When we were arrived at the estate, the Master dismounted, gave his horse to a negro, and ordered us to be drawn up in line.

He then made a short speech. He said that he had bought us, rebels and villains as we were, and that he meant to get his money's worth out of us or he would cut us all to pieces: other things he told us, which I pass over because they were but repetitions of this assurance. He then proceeded to examine us in detail. When he came to me he cursed and swore because he said he had been made to pay for a sound, proper man, and had got a crookback for his bargain. I told him that, with submission, he might find the crookback, who was a physician, a more profitable bargain than many a stronger man.

"What?" he roared. "Thou art a physician, eh? Wouldst slink out of the field-work and sit idle among bottles and boluses? John"—he turned to one of the overseers—"pay particular attention, I command thee, to this learned physician. If he so much as turn round in his work make his shoulders smart."

"Ay, ay, Sir," said the overseer.

"And what art thou, Sirrah?" He turned next to Barnaby. "Another learned physician, no doubt—or a Divine, a Bishop likely, or a Dean at the least?"

"As for what I was," said Barnaby, "that is neither here nor there. For what I am? I suppose I am your servant for ten years, or until our pardons are sent us."

"Thou art an impudent dog, I dare swear," returned the master. "I remember, now. Thou wast a Captain in the rebel army, once a sailor. Well, take care, lest thou taste the cat."

"Gentlemen who are made to taste the cat," said Barnaby, "are apt to remember the taste of it when their time is up."

"What?" he cried. "You dare to threaten? Take that—and that!" and so began to belabour him about the head. I trembled lest Barnaby should return the blows. But he did not. He only held up his arm to protect his head, and presently, when the master desisted, he shook himself like a dog.

"I promise you I shall remember the taste of that wood," he said quietly.

The master looked as if he would renew the cudgelling, but thought better of it.

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

"Sixty pounds a-piece, Gentlemen, will purchase your freedom. Till then, the fields. And no difference between white and black; but one whip for both." We made no reply, but took the hoes which were given out to us.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

Then, without more violence, we were assigned our quarters. A cottage or hut was given to us. We were served with a hammock and a rug each; a panikin, basin, spoon and platter for each; a Monmouth cap; two shirts, common and coarse; two pairs of canvas breeches, and a pair of shoes for each so that we looked for all the world like the fellows who live by loading and unloading the ships in the port of Bristol. Yet the change after the long voyage was grateful. They served us next with some of the stuff they call loblollie, and then the night fell and we lay down in our hammocks, which were certainly softer than the planks of the ship, and then fell fast asleep in spite of the humming and the biting of the merrywings, and so slept till the break of day.

CHAPTER XI.

WITH THE HOE.

Before it was daylight we were aroused by the discordant clang of a bell: work was about to begin.

In these latitudes there is little twilight; the day begins as it ends, with a kind of suddenness. I arose, being thus summoned, and looked out. Long rays of light were shooting up the sky from the east, and, though the stars were still visible, the day was fast breaking. In a few moments it became already so light that I could see across the yard—or what the Italians would call the piazza—with its ragged bonannow-leaves, the figures of our fellow slaves moving about the huts, and hear their voices. Alas! sad and melancholy are the voices of those who work upon his Majesty's Plantations. Two old negresses went about among the newcomers carrying a bucketfull of their yellow mess, which they distributed among us, and giving us to understand that this bowl of yellow porridge, or loblollie, made out of Indian corn, was all we should have before dinner. They also gave us to understand in their broken English, which is far worse than the jargon talked by some of our country people, that we should have to prepare our own meals for the future, and that they would show us how to make this delectable mess.

"Eat it," said Barnaby; "a pig is better fed at home. Eat it, Robin, lest thou faint in the sun. Perhaps there will be something better for dinner. Heigho! only to think of Mother Rosemary's, where I thought to lie last night! Patience, lads!"

One would not seem to dwell too long on the simple fare of convicts, therefore I will say, once for all, that our rations consisted of nothing at all but the Indian meal and of salt beef or salt fish. The old hands and the negro slaves know how to improve their fare in many ways, and humane masters will give their servants quantities of the fruits such as grow here in great abundance—as plantains, lemons, lymes, bonannows, guavas, and the like. And many of the black slaves have small gardens behind their huts, where they grow onions, yams, potatoes, and other things which they cultivate on Sundays. They are all great thieves also, stealing, whenever they can, poultry, eggs, and fruit, so that they grow fat and sleek, while the white servants daily grow more meagre, and fall into diseases by reason of the poorness of their food. Then, as to drink, there are many kinds of drink (apart from the wines of Spain, Portugal, Canary, Madeira, and France) made in the country itself, such as mobbie, which is a fermented liquor of potatoes; and perino, from the liquor of chewed cassavy root; punch, which is water and sugar left to work for ten days; rum, which is distilled in every Ingenio, and is a spirit as strong as brandy, and said to be more wholesome. Those who have been long in the island, even the servants, though without a penny, know how and where to get these drinks; and since there is no conseoler, to the common sort, so good as strong drink, those who are able to drink every day of these things become somewhat reconciled to their lot.

"Come out, ye dogs of rebels and traitors!" It was the loud and harsh voice of the master himself, who thus disturbed us at our breakfast. 'T was his custom thus to rise early, and to witness the beginning of the day's work. And 't was his kindly nature which impelled him thus to welcome and encourage his newly-bought slaves. "Come out, I say! Ye shall now show of what stuff ye are made. Instead of pulling down your lawful King, ye shall pull up your lawful master and make him rich. If ye never did a day's work in your lives, ye shall now learn the how by the must. Come forth, I say, ye lazy, guzzling skulkers!"

"Ay, ay," said Barnaby, leisurely scraping his bowl, "we are like, indeed, to be overfed here." He rolled sailor fashion out of the hut.

"Barnaby," I said, "for God's sake say nothing to anger the master! There is no help but in patience and in hope."

So we, too, went forth. The master, redfaced as he was, looked as if he had been drinking already.

"So," he cried, "here is the learned physician. Your health, Doctor. And here is the gallant Captain, who was once a sailor. The air of the fields, Captain, will remind you, perchance, of the quarter-deck. This young gentleman looks so gallant and gay that I warrant he will ply the hoe with a light and frolick heart. Your healths, gentlemen. Hark ye now. You are come of a good stock, I hear. Therefore have I bought you at a great price, looking to get my money back and more. Some planters would suffer you to lie at your ease cockered up with bonavist and Madeira till the money comes. As for me, I shall now show you what you will continue to do, unless the money comes. Therefore you will at once, I doubt not, ask for paper and pen and presently write. Sixty pounds a-piece, gentlemen—not one penny less—will purchase your freedom. Till then, the fields. And no difference between white and black; but one whip for both."

We made no reply, but took the hoes which were given out to us and marched with the rest of the melancholy troop.

There were as many blacks as whites. We were divided into gangs; with every gang a driver armed with a whip; and over all the overseers, who, by their severity, showed their zeal for the master. The condition of slavery hath in it something devilish, both for those who are slaves and those who are masters. The former it drives into despair, and fills with cunning, dishonesty, treachery, and revenge. Why, the black slaves have been known to rise in rebellion, and while they had the power have inflicted tortures unheard-of upon their masters. The latter it makes cruel and unfeeling; it tempts them continually to sins of all kinds: it puts into their power the lives, the bodies—nay, the very souls—of the poor folk whom they buy. I do maintain, and conceal not my opinion, that no man ought, in a Christian country, to be a slave except for a term of years, and then for punishment. I have been myself a slave, and I know the misery and the injustice of the condition. But it is idle to hope that the planters will abandon this means of cultivating their estates, and it is certain that in hot countries no man will work except by compulsion.

The whip carried by the driver is a dreadful instrument, long, thick, and strongly plaited, with a short handle. It is coiled and slung round the shoulders when it is not being used to terrify or to punish, and I know well that its loud crack produces upon the mind a sensation of fear and of horror such as the thunder of artillery or the sight of the enemy charging could never cause even to a coward. The fellows are also extremely dextrous in the use of it: they can inflict a punishment not worse than the flogging of a schoolboy; or, with no greater outward show of strength, they will cut and gash the flesh like a Russian executioner with the cruel instrument which they call the knout.

For slight offences, such as laziness or carelessness in the field, the former is administered; but for serious offences, the latter. One sad execution (I cannot call it less) I myself witnessed. What the poor wretch had done I know not, but I can never forget his piercing shrieks as the whip cut into the bleeding flesh. This is not punishment: it is savage and revengeful cruelty. Yet the master and the overseers looked on with callous eyes.

They marched us to a field about half a mile from our village or camp, and there, drawing us up in line, set us to work. Our task was with the hoe, to dig out square holes, each of the same depth and size, in which the sugar canes are planted, a small piece of old cane being laid in each. These holes are cut with regularity and exactness, in long lines and equally distant from each other. It is the driver's business to keep all at work at the same rate of progress, so that no one should lag behind, no one should stop to rest or breathe, no one should do less than his neighbours. The poor wretches with bent bodies streaming with their exertions, speedily become afflicted with a burning thirst: their legs tremble; their backs grow stiff and ache; their whole bodies become full of pain; and yet they may not rest nor stand upright to breathe a while, nor stop to drink, until the driver calls a halt. From time to time the negroes—men and women alike—were dragged out of the ranks and laid on the ground, three or four at a time, to receive lashes for not making the holes deep enough or fast enough. At home, one can daily see the poor creatures flogged in Bridewell; every day there are rogues tied to the cart-wheel and flogged wellnigh to death; but a ploughman is not flogged for the badness of his furrow, nor is a cobbler flogged because he maketh his shoon ill. And our men do not shrick and scream so wildly as the negroes, who are an ignorant people and have never learned the lord self-restraint. It was horrid also to see how their bodies were scarred with the marks of old floggings and branded with letters to show by whom they had been bought. As for our poor fellows, who had been brave recruits in Monmouth's army, they trembled at the sight and worked all the harder; yet some of them with the tears in their eyes, to think that they should be brought to such a dismal fate and to herd with these poor, ignorant, black people.

'T was the design of the master to set us to the very hardest work from the beginning, so that we should be the more anxious to get remission of our pains. For it must not be supposed that all the work on the estate was so hard and irksome as that with the hoe—which is generally kept for the strongest and hardest of the negroes, men and women. There are many other employments: some are put to weed the canes, some to fell wood, some to cleave it, some to attend the Ingenio, the boiling-house, the still-house, the curing-house; some to cut the maize, some to gather provisions, of bonavist, maize, yams, potatoes, cassavy, and the like. Some for the smith's forge; some to attend to the oxen and sheep; some to the camels and assinegoes, and the like: so that had the master pleased he might have set us to work better fitted to English gentlemen. Well, his greediness and cruelty were defeated, as you shall presently see. As for the domestic economy of the estate, there were on it 500 acres of land, of which 200 were planted with sugar, 80 for pasturage, 120 for wood, 30 for tobacco, 5 for ginger, and as many for cotton wool, and 70 for provisions—viz. corn, potatoes, plantains, cassavy, and bonavist—with a few for fruit. There were ninety-six negroes, two or three Indian women with their children, and twenty-eight Christian servants, of whom we were three.

At eleven o'clock we were marched back to dinner. At one we went out again, the sun being at this time of the day very fierce, though January is the coldest month in the year. We worked till six o'clock in the evening, when we returned.

"This," said Robin, with a groan, "is what we have now to do every day for ten years."

"Heart up, lads!" said Barnaby; "our time will come. Give me time to turn round, as a body may say. Why, the harbour is full of boats. Let me get to the port and look round a bit. If we had any money now—but that is past praying for. Courage and patience! Doctor, you hoe too fast: no one looks for zeal. Follow the example of the black fellows, who think all day long how they shall get off with as little work as possible. As for their lash, I doubt whether they dare to lay it about us, though they may talk. Because you see, even if we do not escape, we shall some time or other, through the Rector's efforts, get a pardon, and then we are gentlemen again; and when that moment arrives, I will make this master of ours fight, willy-nilly, and I will kill him, d'ye see, before I go home to kill Benjamin."

He then went on to discourse (chiefly with the hope of raising our spirits or because it cheered his mind just to set them forth) upon his plans for the means of escape.

"A boat," he said, "I can seize. There are many which would serve our purpose. But a boat without victuals would be of little use. One would not be accused of stealing, yet we may have to break into the store and take therefrom some beef or biscuit. But where to store our victuals? We may have a voyage of three or four hundred knots before us. That is nothing for a tight little boat when the hurricane season is over. We have no compass either—I must lay hands upon a compass. The first Saturday night I will make for the port and cast about. Lift up your head, Robin. Why, man, all bad times pass if only one hath patience."

It was this very working in the field by which the master thought to drive us into despair, which caused in the long run our deliverance, and that in the most unexpected manner.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Richard Arthur Bosanquet, youngest son of the late Mr. Samuel Richard Bosanquet, of Dingestow Court, Monmouth, and Ruth Rivers Thompson, eldest daughter of Sir A. Rivers Thompson, K.C.S.I., late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, were married on Nov. 15 at St. Jude's, South Kensington. Mr. W. F. Courthope accompanied the bridegroom as best man. The bride was given away by her father. There were seven bridesmaids—Misses Dora, Rachel, and Bertha Rivers Thompson, sisters of the bride; and Miss Bosanquet, Miss Lloyd, and Misses Ethel and Lilian Bosanquet, nieces of the bridegroom.

Science teaches us that salt meat has considerably less nutritive power than fresh meat. The same principle applies in a higher degree to liquid extracts of meat, or so-called beef-tea, or bonillons. According to analysis by Dr. Rudolf Sendtner, published by the Royal Analytical Institute of Munich, most of these liquid extracts contain only a very small proportion of real extract of meat, but an enormous quantity of salt; and Dr. Sendtner obtained as a result that the Liebig Company's extract of meat contains no added salt, and, consequently, that beef-tea made from this company's extract is of great nutritive value.

"HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE FLOCK."

The sweet little stranger, the most innocent of human lambs, whom the sheep are looking at with natural surprise, has been carried to the field by the shepherd's wife, bringing perhaps her husband's dinner. Laid on the grass and carefully wrapped up in shawls, guarded by the faithful dog who is the trusty and familiar friend of the flock, this tender babe will slumber in safety, and the fresh air will do him good. We are told, by the title of the picture, that it is "his first visit," and he is scarcely yet old enough to notice the difference between sheep and dog. Happy is the child whose infant experiences are those of pastoral life, not of street gutters, rattling wheels, a chimney-smoke sky, a din of coarse, brawling voices, and the sordid strife of town! This picture, by Mr. S. G. Carter, was much admired at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours' last exhibition.

The official returns of the Queen's Edinburgh Rifle Brigade for the year which closed on Oct. 31, show that the corps has the large number of 2404 officers and men on the roll, of whom 2380 are efficients. The total of officers and sergeants earning the extra capitation grant is 212, and 32 officers have passed in tactics.

The three-days' military fête at the Royal Aquarium—the proceeds of which go towards the erection of a drill-hall for the 2nd London Rifle Volunteers—was brought to a conclusion on Saturday evening, Nov. 17, in the presence of a large audience. In the various competitions, such as boxing, fencing, tugs-of-war, both volunteers and regulars took part; and the concluding item in a long programme was a display of mimic warfare. This gave great satisfaction.

Miss Grace Hawthorne has kindly given permission for a ticket benefit at the Royal Princess's Theatre for all morning and evening performances from Monday, Nov. 19, to Friday, Nov. 30, on behalf of the Christ Church East London Half-penny Dinners. All tickets bought direct of Mrs. Priscilla Jay, Christ Church Vicarage, Watney-street, E., will benefit the charity. Last year over 40,000 dinners were provided for £131 12s. 5d., including all working expenses and a new cooker.

The Copley medal of the Royal Society has this year been awarded to Professor Huxley, in recognition of his investigations into the morphology and histology of vertebrate and invertebrate animals, and for his services to biological science in general during many past years; the Rumford medal is to be given to Professor Tacchini, renowned for his researches in solar physics; and the Davy medal to Mr. Crookes, for his researches on the electric discharge in high vacua.

Mr. Arnold Morley, M.P., presided over a large gathering at the Lambeth Baths on Nov. 17, when the twenty-seventh series of winter meetings was opened. He expressed his sympathy with a movement the object of which was the recreation and social amelioration of the people. He was glad to observe in South London a general desire to establish free libraries, polytechnic institutions, people's parks, and picture galleries. Mr. Causton, M.P., Mr. W. A. M'Arthur, Mr. J. H. Raper, and Mr. G. Howlett also addressed the meeting.

Ready December 3,

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER

CONSISTING OF A

COMPLETE STORY by D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Entitled "PAUL JONES'S ALIAS;"

Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

"TWO CHRISTMAS EVES." By MASON JACKSON.

ILLUSTRATIONS by G. D. LESLIE, R.A., A. FORESTIER, STANLEY BERKELEY, LUCIEN DAVIS, E. HOPKINS, A. QUINTON, W. WEEKES, G. P. JACOMB-HOOD, LOUIS WAIN, and others.

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Monthly Calendars—Tables of Duration of Sunlight—Diagrams of Duration of Moonlight—High-water Tables—Festivals, Seasons, Terms, Symbols, &c.—Astronomical Occurrences for 1889—Eclipses, &c.
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Ready November 26,

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FATHER CHRISTMAS,

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POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

NOVEMBER 24, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (viâ United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (viâ Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WINTER LIFE.

Now that the "sere and yellow" season is almost on the wane, life in the fields appears to be settling down into its winter moods and tenses. Bare fields and naked branches will soon be the normal state of things out-of-doors, and only the evergreens will remain to remind us of the rosy time of year. The puzzle of life includes among its many details the consideration of the manner in which plants which do not die down after a single season's life, contrive to husband their vital resources, and to survive through winter's cold until the next spring calls forth their energies anew. From a thought such as this, one's mind careers forth to make further inquiries about animals that seem to repose during the cold season in that state of life to which learned folk apply the term "hibernation." The cold season is the zero-time of vitality. When we think of the results which winter naturally brings to Life's children, we may gain some idea of the effects upon this "fine old world of ours" of glacial epochs and ice ages, which, after all, were but winters on a big, if somewhat erratic, scale. Seasonal variations, to use an apt term of science, mean much, or everything, to animals and plants. Cold and heat are Nature's chief conditions, under which all her children live and flourish, or, contrariwise, succumb and perish. Life in one phase may be extinguished by cold; the advent of winter is the death-warrant for many animals and plants. Others, again, have learned to tide over the cold and the snow. They have acquired a more determined vitality than their less robust and more transient neighbours, and they contrive to husband resources and to eke out subsistence until the warmer days bring them once again into their safe havens. The difference between living things which are annuals, to use the gardener's term, and those which are perennial, to my mind, merely expresses the result of some fortunate habit or other on the part of the temporary and persistent organisms respectively. Once upon a time, they contrived to tide over the cold season, in twos and threes, and by virtue of transmitted vigour, have come to number their days in years, in place of months.

What is true of plants holds good of animals also. A juvenile friend of mine, who, like most children, is a most pertinent questioner about Nature's ways and works, asked me lately, as a person likely to know, "Where do the flies go to in winter?" I am afraid my somewhat evasive reply disappointed my interrogator, and invested him with a certain amount of disrespect for the universality and completeness of scientific knowledge, which I trust he will amend and correct as the days pass over his head. In truth, he might as well have asked me "Where all the pins go to?" in so far as the possibility of an accurate reply is concerned. That flies must hibernate somewhere and somehow is evident. Knowing that *Omne vivum ex vivo*, as old Redi put it three hundred years ago, is a rule of Nature which seems to want even the proverbial exception, one must presume, logically, that the flies of each year transmit their likeness onwards to the next. You cannot, on the clear principle of *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, get a fresh crop of flies out of nothing. Therefore, either parent insects or preserved eggs (in a zoological sense) must see each winter and spring out and over, and must wake up into active life in the summer, when the social nuisances buzz about our ears, tickle our noses, scratch our furniture with their tongues, and drown themselves in the cream by way of adding insult to injury. I read the other day of some prying human being who, in the course of an investigation in his housetops, came upon crowds of lethargic flies clustered on the rafters of his domicile. Doubtless, these were the survivors of the fly-paper, spider, and towel-crusades of summer. There is more in such a discovery than meets the eye. Instinct, blind, it may be, but all the more unerring on that account, led these belated flies to hide themselves in a place where their winter slumbers were unlikely to be disturbed. Save when a cistern has to be cleaned out (a duty which, unfortunately, Paterfamilias is not given to regard at all as a necessity for health) humanity, unlike the cats, rarely ventures towards the tiles. The winter sleep of the flies is undisturbed. Comatose as a drugged man, the fly adheres to the rafters, and snores all through the cold. Life dies down, but is not extinguished. Then, when the warm weather arrives, fly-anatomy receives a physiological fillip. The heart begins to beat more quickly, and fly-nature awakes to the notion that "things are getting lively," as the boys say. Then hunger asserts its universal sway. Cautiously, one by one, we can imagine the half-frozen flies thawing themselves in the sunshine. We know how they do appear at first, by twos and threes, and how they gradually increase in numerical strength by leaps and starts. And so, in a week or two, the rafters will be deserted, and the beginnings of a fresh summer-population will make their advent from the crop of eggs that has been deposited and developed with all the industry inherent in the reviving colony.

Science may lead us, by aid of parallels, a little nearer still towards this problem of habit as influencing the successful tiding over of life's hard times and seasons. For one thing, we know of many instances and examples of living things surviving the extremes of heat and cold. There are germs you may boil for lengthened periods, but which revive and multiply when they cool down. There are plants which flourish in dreary Arctic wastes amid perpetual ice and snow. All we seem to require for recovery from untoward conditions, as the fashionable physician puts it to his gouty patient, is "Elasticity of constitution"; and it is not to be denied that some animals and plants fully illustrate this desirable constitutional quality. There is a group of animalcules, for example, known as the *Rotifera*, or "wheel-animalcules." They were first made known to science by old Leeuwenhoek, a Dutchman, who was among the first to take to grinding microscope-lenses. He found them in the débris of the gutters on his house-roof, and figured their "wheels," from which the animalcules derive their name. These "wheels" do not revolve, however, but are simply discs fringed with vibrating threads or cilia, and by their aid the animalcules swim freely in their native waters. Experiment has shown us that these wheel-bearers possess an "elasticity of constitution" to be admired and envied. You can dry them up from the microscope-slide on which they are careering in all their activity. You may keep them for weeks, months, or even years in this desiccated state, dried and parched as mummies: yet, upon the application of a little moisture, they resume all the functions of life with renewed vigour. Now, a wheel-animalcule is much more than a speck of protoplasm. It is a highly-organised animal, with nerves, digestive apparatus, and so forth, all complete. In what state or condition it exists as the dried atom, I know not. Science calls this state one of "dormant vitality"; but that, of course, is a mere name, and explains nothing. Yet the case of the "wheel-bearers" teaches us a lesson regarding life at large. Somehow or other they have succeeded in resisting heat and cold, dryness, and other conditions injurious to life at large. Their higher and lower neighbours, who live on through winters to succeeding springs and summers, have only imitated the "wheel-bearers" afar off, in that they resist the chill which sends countless numbers of their fellows to their graves.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W HERTZMAN (Aberdare).—Your problem is neat, but very elementary in idea. It is a position of a type as old as the hills.

MRS W J BAIRD.—Further examination of your problem leads us to think it scarcely does you justice. We should like that in three moves in exchange.

W PARSONS.—In both problems White's play is what we would call "brutal." Black has no resources le ding to other interesting mating positions, and White just carries out what he threatens.

DR LAW (Sheffield).—Thanks for problem, which shall receive due attention.

DR HOULSWORTH (Birmingham).—No; Black replies by 1. P to K 3rd.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LORAINE.—J. Wade, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

B W LA MOTHE (New York).—Many thanks for corrected diagram. The other was under grave suspicion, but we had not exhaustively examined it.

BLAIR H COCHRANE.—1. Q to R 8th.

E B SCHWANN.—Apply to D. Nutt, Strand, W.C.

J DE H LARPENT.—1. There is no customary remuneration. 2. It *is* not approved of. 3. The solution is quite unnecessary.

BERNARD REYNOLDS.—A casual inspection of your problem favourably impresses us, and it is marked for further examination with a view to publication.

G J SLATER.—They are very acceptable, and shall have early publicity.

C E, DR D, AND OTHERS.—The chess matter goes to press so early that questions requiring a reply one week should reach the office not later than eight days before.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2324 received from W Von Beverhoudt and J W Shaw (Montreal); of No. 2325 from Charles Etherington, J G Hankin, R Elliott (Wellington), and Joseph T Pullen (Launceston); of No. 2326 from Lieutenant-Colonel Loraine (Newcastle-on-Tyne), J G Hankin, W H Reed (Liverpool), John G Grant, T G (Ware), W R Hamblin, Bernard Reynolds, W Von Beverhoudt, and Joseph T Pullen.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2327 received from E B Schwann, Jupiter Junior, E Casella (Paris), L Desanges, E Phillips, Howard A, J Ross (Whitley), T G (Ware), Chelwell, A Newman, Martin F, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), John S Mouret (Boulogne-sur-Mer), James Saze, C S, Paketis, Shadforth, R Worters (Canterbury), Mrs Kelly, W E Cartwright, J Gastrin (Reims), Carsiake W Wood (Plymouth), J W Wasich, W R Hamblin, F C Cook (Kerley), E Louden, T Roberts, J Cood, D McCoy (Galway), Rev Winfield Cooper, W Von Beverhoudt, E Gardner (Corgarff), F G Tucker (Pontypool), J D Tucker (Leeds), E Field (Surbiton), H E K (Brighton), J Hartley Smith, F W Emson (Cardiff), Bernard Reynolds, C E P, Rev Leonard Matson (Bedford), D T (Bushey), Peterhouse, C F Pattison, R Elliott, John G Grant, W H Reed (Liverpool), J J B (Hallingbury), J Hall, W R Baillem, Julia Short, W J (Victoria), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), R F N Banks, Dane John, J Blackie, Dawn, G Harris, Lieut.-Col. Loraine, Percy Ewen, H S B (Bushey), R H Brooks, Columbus, J Thomas (Grimsby-on-Sands), J Hepworth Shaw, Thomas Chown, E S Sisbett, Joseph T Pullen, J G Hankin, Mary Cogens Hardy, Maurice E Fitzmaurice, A W Newitt, T H Wilson, Hereward, G J Veale, J Dixon (Colchester), E Lucas, Dr. Law (Sheffield), Blair H Cochrane, and Bontcher (Bourne End).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2325.

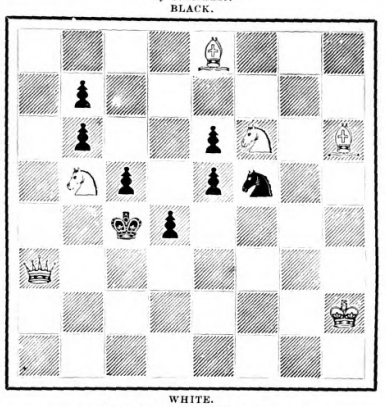
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to B 6th	K to B 3rd
2. Kt to K 4th (ch)	K to K 4th
3. Q to Q 5th. Mate.	

If Black play 1. P takes Kt, then 2. Q to Q 8th (ch); if 1, Kt takes Q, then 2. Kt to B 7th (ch); if 1. K to Q 2nd, then 2. Q to Q 4th; and if 1. P to K 3rd, then 2. Q takes P (ch), &c.

PROBLEM NO. 2329.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS AT CLIFTON.

The following skirmish was played between MR. PRIDEAUX and MR. BOORNE.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. Q to B 3rd	
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	White has now a good attack, and he maintains it to the end.	
3. P to B 4th	P takes P	12.	Q takes R (ch)
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	13. K to Q 2nd	Q takes R
5. P to Q 4th		14. R takes Q	Kt to Q B 3rd
B to Q B 4th is the usual move.		15. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to K 3rd
5.	P to Kt 5th	16. B to Q B 4th	Castles
6. P to Q 5th	P takes Kt	17. Kt takes B (ch)	K to Q sq
7. B takes P	P takes P	18. Q to B 8th (ch)	K to B 2nd
8. B takes Kt P	Q Kt to K 2nd	19. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
A bad square for the Kt, shutting both Q and B out of play.		20. Q to Q 6th	P to Q R 4th
9. P to Q 6th	P takes P	Black might still have made some fight by R to Q sq. If, then, Q takes K Kt, P to Q 4th, P takes P, B to K 3rd, &c.	
10. B takes Q P	Q to Kt 3rd	21. Q takes Kt	P to Q 3rd
Another useless move. Kt to Kt 3rd is the natural and correct play.		White mates in three moves.	
11. K R to B sq	Q takes Kt P		

CHESS IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Game played at Ware, between MR. F. N. BRAUND and another AMATEUR.

(Muzio Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Amateur.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Amateur.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. P to K 5th	
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	White's Pawns are more than a match for Black's piece.	
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	22.	Kt to Q sq
4. B to B 4th	P to Kt 5th	23. R takes R	Kt takes R
5. Castles	P takes Kt	24. Kt to K 4th	Q Kt to K 3rd
6. Q takes P	Q to B 3rd	25. P to B 3rd	P to R 3rd
7. P to Q 3rd		26. K to B 2nd	Kt to Kt 4th
The Russian attack.		Very weak; White has it all his own way now.	
7.	P to Q 4th	27. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
8. B takes Q P	P to B 3rd	28. K to B 3rd	Kt to K 3rd
9. B to Kt 3rd	B to Q 3rd	29. K to Kt 4th	K to Q 2nd
B to K 3rd is the correct move.		30. P to R 4th	P takes P
10. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 3rd	31. P takes P	K to K 2nd
11. B takes P	B takes Q B	32. P to R 5th	P to Kt 3rd
12. Q takes B	Q takes Q	33. K to B 5th	Kt to Q sq
13. R takes Q	Kt to Q 2nd	34. P to B 4th	Kt to B 2nd
B takes B is preferable, followed by Kt to K 2nd, Castles, and Kt to Q 2nd.		35. P to Q 5th	P takes P
14. P to Q 4th	B takes B	36. P takes P	P to R 4th
15. B P takes B	P to Q R 3rd	37. P takes P	P takes P
16. Q R to K B sq	Castles	38. K to B 4th	Kt to R 3rd
Giving up a P to no purpose.		39. K to K 4th	Kt to B 2nd
17. R takes P	Kt to R 3rd	40. K to Q 4th	Kt to R 3rd
18. K R to B 4th	Q R to B sq	41. K to B 4th	Kt to Kt 5th
19. P to Q Kt 4th	R takes R	42. P to K 6th	K to Q 3rd
20. R takes R	R to B sq	43. K to Kt 5th,	and wins.
21. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to B 2nd		

On Saturday, Nov. 17, Mr. Blackburne gave a blindfold performance at the British Chess Club, engaging simultaneously eight of its members. Mr. Blackburne was in good form, and succeeded in winning five games and drawing three.

An extensive show of foreign and British cage-birds has been held at the People's Palace in Mile End-road.

In reply to the request of Lord Knutsford, the Acting-Governor of Queensland, Sir Arthur H. Palmer, has telegraphed an explanation of the grounds of the objection entertained by the Colonial Government to the appointment of Sir H. A. Blake.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Very touching and yet dignified are the words with which the Empress Frederick prefaces the newly-published record of her husband's career, which has been prepared, at her request, by Mr. Rennell Rodd. At the moment of the landing on our shores, probably for a protracted stay, of that Royal daughter of the Queen who, thirty years ago, left England as a bride, there appears this touching record, in which, without one word of complaint for her lot, the widowed lady all unconsciously calls upon the sympathies of her own people:—"Those in humbler walks of life who are denied many of the blessings enjoyed by the rich, to whose lot fall the so-called good things of this world, are often apt to imagine that their burden is the hardest to bear, that struggles, and pains, and tears are only for them. These, perhaps, will think differently when they read. . . . They will be able to enter in some degree into the depths of regret and disappointment felt by a Ruler who loved his people at being unable to carry out the long-cherished plans for their welfare that he had so much at heart. . . . Grief and pain come alike to all; broken hearts are to be found in palaces as well as in cottages, and the bond of brotherhood seems strongest when love and pity unite all hearts." Alas! that in the mysterious arrangements of this world of trial it is precisely that "depth of regret and disappointment" which has befallen the noble writer of these touching words! The Empress refers to her husband, for whom all disappointment and sense of loss are over now. Must we not, in that bond of sisterhood which she claims, feel sorrow for the disappointment of her whose generous ideals and hopes have ever been apparent, and to whom the larger opportunities of the highest station in a realm are closed for ever? Because of her sex, Empress Victoria has doubly missed that power—her younger brother taking her place on one throne, her son on another; and a rare character and high moral and intellectual culture seem to be brought to naught. So in the palace as in the humbler home, opportunities evade a woman's hand; and, from Royal ladies downwards, many of us must feel with Madame De Staël when she uttered that mournful saying—"Of all the faculties born in me, the only one that has been exercised to the full is that of sorrow!"

The time is now here when women ratepayers will be called on to exercise their most important franchise in London and in various other large towns in which School Boards were elected immediately after the passing of the Education Act. The School Boards, whether from the point of view of the functions they discharge or the money they expend, are very important representative bodies, and every woman who has a vote should regard it as a duty to give some attention to returning suitable persons to be members of those Boards. Of course, where there is a lady candidate, the voters of her own sex will give special attention to her qualifications, and vote for her if they find no reason against doing so in her personality or opinions.

It is a curious circumstance that while the *Lady's Pictorial* can always be relied upon to consider justly the wider interests of the sex which it represents, another sixpenny "ladies' paper" appears to think that it commends itself to its readers by frequently assuring them of their stupidity, incompetence, and inconsiderable value. Last week an article in that journal declared that the exercise of the school suffrage by women in America proved that the female voters cared for nothing but theological disputes, and tried to destroy religious liberty. At home, however, we have had sufficient experience of women's voting for School Boards to know the falsity of such a suggestion; for though, when religious questions are uppermost, women as well as men naturally vote in accordance with their individual convictions, there has been no ground whatever for the supposition that the women voters have, as a class, used their power under clerical dictation. This week, that same journal declares that "a very considerable proportion of the women who have been elected on previous Boards have been wordy spouters"—a statement as untrue to fact as it is vulgar in phraseology. The Duke of Argyle mentioned the other day that the late Lord Lawrence told him that one of the good points of the ladies on the Board over which he presided was that "they did not talk as much as the men"; and, as a fact, it so happens that the irrepressible and incessant talkers of that Board have throughout been of what is supposed to be the more taciturn sex! A reference to the fairly full reports of the Board meetings which appear week by week in the *School Board Chronicle* would indubitably prove this fact to demonstration; but, of course, I speak from personal knowledge. A record was once kept of the speaking of perhaps the most verbose member of the Board at a committee, and it was found that he joined in the debates four times as often as all the four ladies present put together—a sixteen-woman power of speech! At the same time, nearly all the ladies who have been members have been capable of speaking very well, and, when occasion demanded, of producing great effect by their speeches, which, of course, is a very desirable power, inasmuch as members meet in the board and in the committees in order to discuss questions and so influence each other's votes.

Now is the time when nimble fingers may be set to work to make dainty little gifts for Christmas and New-Year's offerings. The dolls' dresses described in this column last week would afford hints to mammas and aunties for novelties for the little ones. The modern tendency to scatter decorative trifles about our rooms affords opportunity for gifts to housewives, while little nick-nacks for personal use can be made for gentlemen. For instance, either a cushion for the study easy-chair, a boot cupboard for the dressing-room, made of plain deal enamelled and then painted, a hanging case to hold the shaving materials, or an embroidered loose cover for a book would be a nice gift for a young lady to present as the work of her own hands to her husband or father.

A very comfortable cushion for a weary head to rest upon while the evening paper or an interesting book beguiles the busy brain from thoughts of the day's work, is shaped like a melon. It is made by cutting out half-a-dozen pieces of silk, satin, or cretonne into a long oval shape, and running them together with a piping of some contrasting colour or a flat piece of ribbon covering the join between each section; at the end the pieces narrow enough to all meet and join, beneath a large full "cabbage" bow of ribbon or cord matching the trimming. The stuffing can be feathers, "mill-puff" (bought at the upholsterer's), or paper torn up very small. Such head-cushions should not be too fully stuffed; it is a good plan to try them under your own head, and fill as much as is comfortable. (By-the-way, if the intended user pomades his hair, a loose pinafore-cover of artistic muslin that will wash is advisable.) The hanging case for shaving materials is a single shelf about a foot long, procured from the carpenter, and neatly covered in plush, with a strip of plush strengthened by American leather forming a back to nail on the wall. A loose plush pocket at either end hangs down from the shelf, one end taking brush and comb, the other a folding mirror; while the soap-dish and razor-case incidental to the interesting toilet operation in view stand on the shelf.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



SKETCHES IN MOROCCO: MARCH OF THE SULTAN'S ARMY THROUGH THE PASS OF THE MLOUÏA.



"HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE FLOCK."

PICTURE BY S. J. CARTER, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

RAMSGATE AND THE ISLE OF THANET AS A WINTER RESORT.

For the last two or three years I have been going to write this article; but I have put it off, from time to time, in order to be quite certain that I was not yielding to a sudden impulse, the result of which might be to mislead those whom I particularly hoped to benefit. I had long considered Ramsgate as one of the finest winter seaside resorts, for a certain class of persons, to be found within a measurable distance of London. It is not everyone who can afford to spend their time and money in wintering abroad; yet there are many "whom Providence has not blessed with affluence" (as an old form of advertisement used to put it), but for whose happiness—that is, for whose health (which is very nearly the same thing)—the purest air is essential; while for their business, which must be attended to "first," in order that they may take their pleasure "afterwards," proximity to, or residence in, London for the greater part of the week is absolutely necessary. For those who like to take London with them wherever they go, there is Brighton always handy; but neither Brighton air nor Brighton life agrees with everybody, though for a number of busy people the advantages it has to offer are considerable.

Residence at Brighton means a repetition of town life, more or less, only with better air to enable you to continue the round of gaiety and festivity. *Chacun à son goût*, and this, according to the schoolboy's translation with which we are all familiar, reminds me that even for a certain variety of gouty persons Ramsgate is an excellent place in the winter.

Some folk like to talk about "going out of England for the winter." These can be accommodated at Ramsgate, which, being in the Isle of Thanet, may be spoken of as not in England any more than are the Isle of Wight, the Isle of Man, or the Scilly Islands. And it has one great advantage over these islands, that you can get to it from London without any chance of an unpleasant sea-passage. The River Stour kindly makes Ramsgate an island, and the new Local Government Bill has given Thanet as much Home Rule as it wants for the present, though the people of Ramsgate are still a down-trodden and oppressed race, who only wait their opportunity to rebel against the tyranny of sleepy old Sandwich and throw off the yoke of the Sandwich-men for ever. Not a license can be granted, scarcely a wrong can be remedied, little, in fact, can be effected for the benefit of Ramsgate, without the express sanction of Sandwich! And what is Sandwich?—a dear old Anglo-Dutch place, quiet as an oyster in its bed, where two men in a street make a crowd, and where ancient mansions with ancient gardens and old fruit-trees can be obtained for that very equivocal price known as "an old song." Anyone who "cannot sing the old song" will not find himself welcomed as a purchaser at Sandwich. But it is a Cinque Port, it is a curiosity, its Townhall is remarkable for its genuine Elizabethan decorations, and among the many attractions which the Isle of Thanet has to offer to its visitors is the novelty of one of the best golf-grounds in England, which is to be found on the three or four miles' stretch of sandy flats between Sandwich and Deal. Already golf is bringing enthusiastic players from all quarters to wake up Sleepy Sandwich.

Real Ramsgate weather—which means a glorious morning with a west wind or a south-west, or even a mild east wind with a little north in it—from which shelter is easily attainable—or a south wind with a delicate touch of east, just to remind us that we are only mortal, commences in September, and, with an interval of uncertainty about February and March, lasts right up to the middle of May; and of all the months, October, November, December, January, and April, are the best.

Rain is not frequent at Ramsgate: this corner of Thanet escapes it, to a great extent. When it does rain, it makes up for former parsimony, and comes down handsomely. Directly the rain is over the promenades are dry, and, if still "spitting," you can put on any old waterproof and walk dry shod on East or West Cliff. The air is so pure that, in the rain, you will get your "whet" for your appetite before dinner. Now and again there is a very heavy fall of snow, when the aspect of the piers and harbour is most picturesque, and the air is crisp and bracing. In the town the snow-clearers are at work within an hour of the cessation of the snowfall, and the traffic in the streets is never inconveniently impeded. The drainage is most satisfactory, water is abundant, and its quality excellent.

Every day in "typical Ramsgate weather" the residents might join in the opening chorus of "Masaniello":—"Behold! Behold! how brightly breaks the morning!" with perfect truth. So they can at Westgate, only they'll have to dance and clap their hands as well. On these mornings, the colour of the sea is as bright a blue as that of the Mediterranean, and the rippling waves glitter in the golden sunlight. I have frequently been disappointed with the colour of the Mediterranean; but, not expecting so much from the Channel, I have never been disappointed with the sea at Ramsgate. And then, what variety! What changes in the scene are effected by the cloud-shifters! For the invalid there are the promenades of the West and East Cliff, the Marina, the East and West Pier, and round about the harbour, always amusing, with its shipping in the outer and inner basin, the different yachts, the foreign fishing-boats, the picturesque costumes of sailors of many nationalities; on the quay there is the bustling life of a seaport town in miniature, and the view of Ramsgate from the end of either pier is of a quaint irregularly built town, which for the most part has preferred to remain old-fashioned and comfortable, and has very little to show on its sea-front, at all events, of the work of the cheap and vulgar villa builder. There are plenty of comfortable old-fashioned hostelries, which like to call themselves hotels, but are "inns;" and on the East Cliff is the now well-known Granville Hotel, "all of the modern type," with every luxury and comfort, its billiard-rooms, reading-rooms, lawn-tennis courts, and baths of every description. Excellent residences, too, with and without stabling, which, as Ramsgate, thank Heaven! is never likely to become fashionable, can be obtained for the winter months at very reasonable prices. It is a bit of a sporting place, is Ramsgate, and provides its due contingent to the Thanet Harriers, a well-hunted pack that gives the youthful sportsman plenty of amusement, and provides for the middle-aged heavy-weight a good excuse for pounding about over the fields, and getting a good two hours and a half gallop in the morning between early breakfast and lunch-time. And what a country to ride over, when, late in October and through November and December, so many of the fields are bare and, by the kind permission of the farmers, you can ride more or less straight for two or three miles, and this without blowing your horse up-hill or bringing him on his nose down-hill, and where there is no more formidable obstruction that an occasional sheep-hurdle, which you needn't take unless you like, as there is generally a longer and a safer route—you have to beware of "roots"—which skirts the hurdles and still keeps you within touch of the hounds. For health few things are better than a gallop with Ambrose Collard and the Thanet Harriers between eleven and two on a fine winter morning in typical Ramsgate weather.

The harriers offer the resident or the visitor a grand chance of seeing the island. Among their meets are Sea Mark, Sarre, and Birchington, which is next door to Westgate; yet, oddly enough, the name of Westgate is not on any sign-post that I've ever come across, and they are well off for sign-posts in the island. Why ignore Westgate? Is it that Westgate is just a bit too modern and fashionable for Thanet, and Thanet hasn't quite accustomed itself to the novelty? At all events, the name of Westgate is not written up on any indicating arm, but, instead, you will read "Garlinge," which is the name of the old village hidden away behind Westgate, of which the latter is only in reality a department; and the traveller unacquainted with the locality may despairingly relinquish his search for Westgate, under the impression that it may have disappeared into the sea. The harriers meet at Acol, Hengrove, Minster, Cliff's End and Manston, the two last-mentioned places being within easy walking distance of Ramsgate. Sometimes they go so far afield as what is called the Herne country, which is towards Herne Bay. Here, of course, the visitor may expect to meet Herne the Hunter, but I have never heard of his being out with the pack.

The pedestrian can have a good time, and the cyclist a famous turn of it, as there are few better roads for wheels than those which take you around by Sarre and Canterbury and back by Wingham and the picturesque little villages through which you can pass between Sarre and Ash, after crossing the River Stour at Grove Ferry, and, after Ash, to Sandwich, and so along the Sandwich flats back to Ramsgate. And all so interesting! Whether you are anxious to discover the exact spot where Julius Cæsar waded in the sea like an early shrimper, or where a Roman contingent put in at Whitstable and astonished the natives, or if you wish to dispute with the Pegwellians as to whether the handsome cross they have erected in a field belonging to Lord Granville actually marks the exact place where St. Augustine—having recovered from his voyage and safely landed with his missionary clergy from Rome—advanced to meet the heathen Saxon King and his Christian Queen; or if, as an archæologist, you are interested in Richborough Castle, in the old Roman camp, or in the old churches—and those of Ash and Minster are, I believe, among the oldest in England—or whether you be a geologist, or naturalist, you will find plenty to occupy your attention in the course of any walk in and about the Isle of Thanet. There is, perhaps, a dearth of trees in the island, but you enjoy them more when you do see them for this very reason; and yet at Quex, at Cleeve Court, at West Cliff (Mr. Warre's property), Manston, and notably at Minster, where the lanes are shady avenues under big trees, at Stone, at East Cliff (the late Sir Moses Montefiore's, now in the possession of Mr. Montefiore Sebag), at Cliff's End (now taken by Dr. Cottle, I believe, who has prescribed this for himself), and many other places, there is a large variety of very fine trees, and when out riding you will come on clumps of firs in most unlikely places; while for fruit and vegetables, both in quality and quantity, few places are better supplied than Ramsgate. Apropos of Pegwell, let no one boast of a knowledge of shrimps until he has had them fresh, and freshly potted, from Pegwell. Then, as to excursions, "the rover is free" to choose; and the union of the London, Chatham, and Dover and South-Eastern systems on the west affords plenty of opportunities for exploring Deal, Sandwich, and St. Margaret's Bay, en route to Dover. The line, after leaving St. Lawrence, runs through this *pays Hollandais* between Minster and Sandwich, quite a Dutch picture of meadow, plain, sea, wind-mills, with the onion-crowned tower of a Sandwich church in the distance. Then after Deal the scenery changes, gradually undulating and here and there wooded, finishing with a triumphal curve of the railway-line which skirts Dover and affords a picturesque view of the town, castle, and sea. From Dover to Shorncliffe the railway passes under Shakspeare's Cliff—here take breath, and get a little inspiration from the *genius loci*—and along by the sea for the greater part of the way, a delightful little run. From Shorncliffe to Hythe is about twenty minutes' drive, and Hythe well repays a visit. By one train in the day, *aller et retour*, you can go to Shorncliffe and back, from Ramsgate, without changing carriages, and this allows you four hours at Shorncliffe, which will include the above-mentioned visit to Hythe. "If I were not Alexander I would be Diogenes." If I were not at Ramsgate I should choose Hythe. Of course, even Ramsgate is not Paradise for everyone. Consult your physician—several of them, if you like—only, if you do so, out of a spirit of fairness, include Dr. Hicks, the *doyen*, I believe, of the Ramsgate doctors—the "Dean of the Faculty"—and don't forget the eminent practitioner whose sensible article in the *Fortnightly*, on "The wear and tear of London life," attracted considerable attention, and who, rather fancy, will have a few words to say in favour of Ramsgate, in certain cases, as a winter resort. Much may be said on behalf of Westgate, Birchington, and Margate, and generally of the Isle of Thanet, at various seasons. Mr. Norman Lockyer informs me that, away from "The Rockies," there is no such clear atmosphere at night as at Westgate, where he has built his observatory. He tells me also that during the most severe winter, the temperature at Westgate was always sixteen degrees above that of London. Westgate faces the north: therefore, as he himself put it to me, Ramsgate must be still warmer. Ramsgate suits some; Margate others; Westgate another set; and Broadstairs, betwixt and between, suits a lot of people in what is called "the season." Those who are unable to visit the seacoast of Thanet in the winter will do so in the summer, when Westgate is the aristocratic resort, being entirely free from cheap "trippers." If I were a moderately-endowed Cræsus, I would rather possess an estate at Ramsgate on the West Cliff, with wood, lawn, garden, and a beautiful view of the sea (the exact spot was picked out years ago by Welby Pugin, and is still vacant—O the lucky chance!) than be fixed to any other part of England; and, failing this, I would be somewhere in the island—say, in the neighbourhood of Quex, which sounds rather like Central Africa—thorough country, with plenty of fine old timber, open fields, winter galloping to your heart's content, and within an easy walk, or easier drive, of Westgate Station and of most of the principal places in the island.

How about sea-fogs? Well, our sea-fogs are better than any other sea-fogs, and at Ramsgate, I'll answer for it, there's no coal smoke in them. Sometimes the sea-fogs confine themselves to the sea and draw the line, very clearly defined, at the coast. At other times, sea-fog comes ashore. Then beware! Light the fires, close the windows, and prepare to receive sea-fog, *voilà l'ennemi!* Yet he is generally an early visitor, and will have come and gone before you are up even for an early breakfast; and the late breakfaster, at half-past nine or ten, will hardly know that the sea-fog has been there, unless he walks out on to the lawn. Be ready to meet sea-fog, respect your enemy, don't underrate him, and you will conquer.

As a rule, after an early morning sea-fog in October, which will occur when there has not been any rain for some time, the sun comes out, illumines the scene, the "gauzes" are cleared off, and, after the mysterious prologue, the beautiful day drama begins, and probably the second act, about midday, will be a scorcher. Venetian blinds down, windows open, sun-shades necessary, exercise delightful; the flies, suddenly revived, as buzzy as ever, insects humming and all alive O! until just on four o'clock, when, as the sun goes to bed, so you must take the hint and retire to your fireside, to read, write, study, and with a little after-dinner sociability, spend some of the pleasantest evenings of the whole year. Dense white mists in the island are rare, but twice within ten years I have lost my way in one, four miles away from Ramsgate.

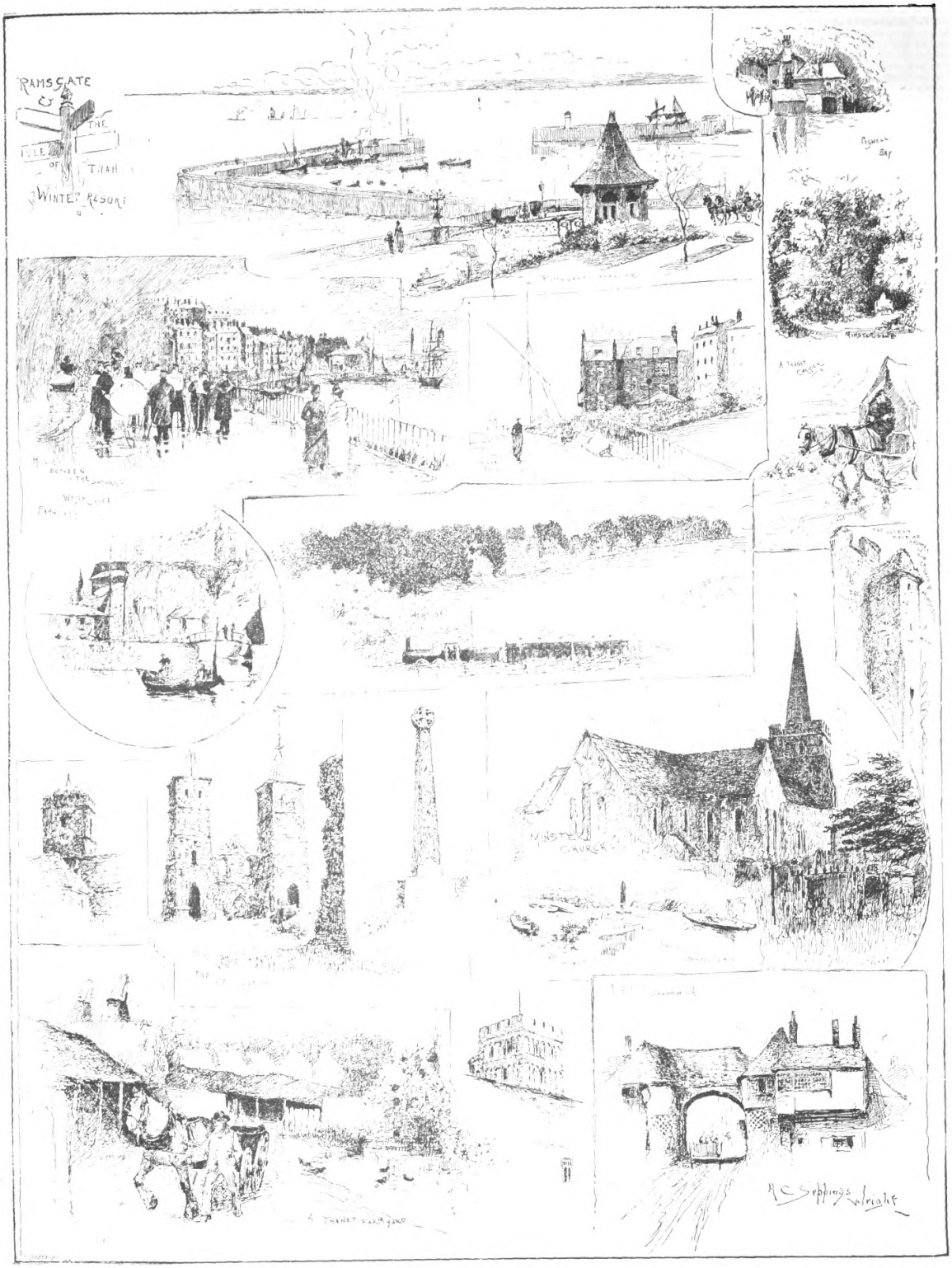
Ramsgate does not offer you a town-life, but rest and refreshment. There is no fashionable parade; you can dress as you like and do as you like; it is a country life and a seaside life, and those who are fortunate enough to possess a house with a garden such as the unique Gothic "Grange," built and laid out by the celebrated Welby Pugin, to whose master hand is also due the adjacent Catholic Church of St. Augustine, a perfect model of pure Gothic, or West Cliff Lodge, the residence of Captain Hammond, are, to my mind, especially if their work as well as their pleasure keeps them at Ramsgate, of all mortals most enviable.

Birchington-on-Sea, to judge by its name, ought to be entirely devoted to schools; but it isn't, it is all Bungalows. Westgate is chiefly a summer resort—a charming place, a fashionable place, but in winter somewhat bleak, for it faces north, as also does Margate. But Ramsgate faces south, and there are parts fronting the sea, sheltered from the north, and partially from the east wind (I speak from personal experience), which, in certain cases, and uncertain ones, too, are, during the winter months, an excellent substitute for the Riviera or St. Moritz. And to some persons, to be sent to St. Moritz, or any other winter resort abroad, would be simply banishment, as "home-sickness" would neutralise the effect of the driest and purest air and most equable climate. I have no interest in cracking up Ramsgate; on the contrary, there is nothing to be gained by overcrowding, but I like to write in praise of a place which has done me and mine so much good; and then, I feel perfectly sure that, unless Ramsgate totally changes its character in every way, it never can become a merely fashionable seaside lounge.

It is seventy-five miles from town, so it can't be reached in an hour; but it can be reached in exactly two hours by the "Granville Express," on the London, Chatham, and Dover line, which has the advantage over the South-Eastern in running to Ramsgate as its terminus (the South Eastern only looking in and turning back again to go on to Margate,—poor taste, in my humble opinion) and also in having its station right on the sands, so that the jaded visitor from London can be refreshed immediately on his arrival with a full view of the sea, instead of being landed at the back of the town, unable to tell what the place is like until he has gone right through the main thoroughfare to get at what he longs for—"The sea, the sea, the open sea!" The business man whose family is residing here can get down in two hours on Saturday afternoon all the year round, and if he doesn't mind rising early on Monday morning—should stern necessity require his presence in London—he can leave at eight o'clock a.m. by the L. C. & D. line, and be in his office by half-past ten. If he can take from Saturday till Tuesday, or better, from Friday till Tuesday, he will have two days for riding or walking, and on every other Monday, from October to February, there is a meet of the Thanet Harriers, which will shake him up, and give him health and strength to bear the fog and fuss of London life. In the summer there is a capital Sunday morning train at half-past ten, which, after setting down at Herne Bay, Westgate, Margate, and Broadstairs, arrives at half-past twelve, and in the winter the eleven a.m. "boat express" from Victoria drops passengers for Ramsgate at Faversham, where there is a train in waiting that picks them up and lands them in Ramsgate at one sharp—sharp as one's appetite for lunch—and you've all the afternoon before you, which, in winter, means a good walk from two till four, and inhaling pure air all day and night too. The nights are usually lovely, and often comparatively warm. There are excellent schools, Church of England and Dissenting, Roman Catholic College for Boys and Convent School for Girls, which information will be of use to families contemplating residence and to those who want an excuse to run down and see their boys and girls at school; and from what I see of them all out walking, I should say the pupils are the very embodiment of health. I must add that there are first-rate boys' schools at Margate.

Of course, those in feeble health must be careful how they parcel out their day, for the duration of the sun-warmth in winter is limited to the time between eleven and three; and after three, unless in very exceptional weather, it is better to remain indoors. When patients go to a foreign watering-place they take with them an introduction to a doctor who knows the climate and who will prescribe certain treatment. London physicians are just beginning to find out Ramsgate as a winter resort. It is the old story of Naaman the Syrian. The waters of far, far away are to work miracles; but what is well within reach is a "well" to be let alone, and, being within reasonable means, it is despised. "If the Prophet had told thee to do some great thing"—— Yes, the old story. But when he says, "try Ramsgate; only be circumspect and take advice from those who know the place thoroughly," then the patient, who looks forward to the excitements of change of living, of language, and society, foresees only dullness at so old-fashioned a place as Ramsgate, with which, it may be, he is totally unacquainted, confounding it with the August season of cheap-trippers, donkey-boys, and the humours of Frith's picture "On the Sands," turns up his nose at the idea, and makes for the Riviera, where he catches a chill, or for St. Moritz, in reaching which place he takes cold on the road, and afterwards regrets most heartily that he did not for once and ever give up foreign cooking, excitement, and novelty for wholesome living, quiet, good air, exercise, and the golden rule of early to bed and fairly early (according to health and strength) to rise, and so get double the benefit for half the money, at this old-fashioned, homely wintering place called Ramsgate. By-the-way, there is a good club and plenty of "Society," especially County society, for residents or visitors who cannot live without that sort of thing. But for those who have had enough of "Society" in London and elsewhere, a good library like Fuller's, a club which provides all the papers and where there is a quiet game of whist or billiards every afternoon and evening, are distractions quite sufficient to make life pass pleasantly enough, even for those whose forced visits to London are angelic—i.e., few and far between. Think, too, how much reading may be done down here during the winter! How valuable is the daylight to an artist! As regards visits to London, to go there and back with six hours for business in town is easy enough; but what Ramsgate is not provided with is a train at half-past four, to land one in London at half-past six, in time for dressing and dinner. The absence of this may, from one point of view, be a blessing; but, as a great convenience, it would be a boon to those who have not absolutely forsworn London life. So much for bachelors and family men; the ladies will soon discover amusement. I have incidentally mentioned Ash as being well worth a visit. Before going there read J. R. Planché's "A Corner of Kent," which pretty well exhausts the subject. To those who, like myself, have to be up in London half the week for work, three days out of the seven at Ramsgate are simply the elixir vitæ. Eureka! "Is life worth living in the winter in England?" "Yes," I reply, "at Ramsgate."

F. C. BURNAND.


RAMSGATE
THE
ISLE
OF
THANET
WINTER RESORT
H. C. Seppings Wright

A PALATIAL OFFICE.

NEW BUILDINGS OF MESSRS. A. AND F. PEARS, IN NEW OXFORD-STREET.

Having passed through many phases of publicity, largely assisted by pictorial art, the limitless enterprise of Messrs. A. and F. Pears—which entered a perpetually extending renaissance when a fresh access of energy was directed, some years ago, to the enlargement of the Isleworth factory—has now reached the highest grade of artistic advertising in one of the grandest architectural works that signalised in London the Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria. In the completion of the sumptuous premises which now add a welcome adornment to New Oxford-street, the proprietors of Pears' soap may also be said to anticipate the centenary of their own useful and, in a commensurate degree, successful establishment, which dates, as we are reminded by an inscription on the facia of the new edifice, from 1789. The colossal proportions of this modern manufactural enterprise have been attained, no doubt, by a persistent course of advertising, in which art to be an adept a man requires genius; and that the tact shown in the conduct of this immense business, being as energetic as it is refined, is capable of taking infinite pains, and is therefore, according to the best definition of the word that ever was given, *genius* in its most practical manifestation, no one who has observed the system of publicity pursued in advertising Pears' soap will venture to deny. That excellence of some kind is primarily requisite in the thing to be successfully advertised, all experience has shown to be an incontrovertible proposition. Before any system of advertising was adopted, Pears' soap had, by pre-eminence of detergent and cosmetic qualities, gained an extensive notoriety for itself; and its earliest advertisements, properly so-called, were unsought and gratuitous. Physicians versed in the pathology of cutaneous disorders, among the first of these voluntary witnesses being Erasmus Wilson, tendered such evidence as would have almost sufficiently advertised as well as certified the medical virtues of Pears' soap for all time. This, indeed, would have ensured a wide celebrity among heads of families, officers of hospitals, and the whole medical profession. Moreover, it is now near upon half a century since one of the genial authors of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads" hit upon the humorous fancy of ascribing, in one of the prettiest and wittiest of those emanations of delicate fun, the softness of Helen's rounded arms of snow to Pears' transparent soap, a secret casket filled with the fragrant tablets being discovered by the searching eyes of Paris in the bower of the faithless fair, who accounts for her possession of the treasure by declaring it to have been a gift from Venus. Poetical liveliness and a sportive fancy having thus aided the advancement which the real merit of this dainty merchandise had so far made for itself, it remained for the art of the painter, encouraged by the acumen of the connoisseur, to do the rest, with such help as capital, enterprise, and mechanical skill can afford. And this, let the sneerers say, if they will, is advertising. Art is advertising, Messrs. Pears will doubtless allow; for it would be vain to deny that Signor Foccardi's comical piece of pictorial sculpture, "You Dirty Boy," one of the gems of the Paris Exhibition of 1878, is an advertisement. Truly it is one of an illustrious processional galaxy, wherein Sir John Millais' lovely child-picture, "Bubbles," holds a bright, conspicuous place. Acquired at a princely price, this last-named masterpiece has lately been reproduced by the agency of consummate skill in colour-printing, and the result splendidly justifies the lead taken by Messrs. Pears in artistic advertising, which many have followed, though none have succeeded in passing or even in catching them up. So, then, it may and will be said, that the palatial building in New Oxford-street is an advertisement—the most magnificent within the scope of legitimacy—but an advertisement nevertheless, in spirit and effect.

The new edifice has been raised under the superintendence and in accordance with the design of Mr. William B. Catherwood, 87, Gower-street, the architect to Messrs. A. and F. Pears, the builders being Messrs. Holland and Hannen, of Duke-street, Bloomsbury. The front presents a noble elevation of Italian character, in which the main structural materials strike the view with a pleasing effect of well-harmonised solidity. They are, in fact, Portland stone and small Dutch red bricks, beautifully laid in five courses to the foot. Each of the massive lower stone piers is based on grey Aberdeen granite. The tint is varied where Aberdeen granite is elsewhere employed. For instance, the pillars of the portico, a finely carried feature of the building, are pink, as are some of the supports and details in the superstructure. This blending of hues throughout aids the fulfilment of a manifestly dignified intention. So much for the exterior of the new building, which being at once an office, a warehouse, and a trophy, is equally utilitarian and ornamental, as being designed to please both the eye of business and the eye of taste, not disdaining even the policy of spectacular additions *ad captandum vulgus;* but so dainty, so refined, and so original, that the *vulgus* may feel flattered at being captured with so delicate a skill. We may now pass in at the portico, observing first that this handsome entrance is a walnut lobby with double doors folding back on either side, decorated with carved panels of bronze and ebony. In front of these doors, which when not put to their use of closing the portal, fold on the exquisitely neat brickwork—as close and fine as if it were of the Holbein period, and reminding one of the famous specimens at Hampton Court—are wrought-iron gates of dwarf height, as serving to guard the doors when thrown back for a clear passage. Above the low gates, and matching them in the praiseworthy workmanship which endows with artistic validity all the adornments of the building, is a wrought-iron grill or ornamental grating; and this method of filling an open space is used for each unglazed light, flanked by red granite pillars with grey bases on either side the portico. We have now entered a sumptuous atrium, that wants but a sprinkling of rose-leaves to suggest a picture of Roman magnificence worthy the eye and hand of an Alma Tadema. This hall or vestibule, Pompeian in general character, though of necessity modified to meet the practical requirements of its modern purpose, is the work of Mr. C. E. Birch, painter, of 19, Bloomsbury-street, who has successfully sought models of classic authority for all his bronzes, marbles, mosaics, and other accessories; and has, moreover, applied to the realisation of a subsidiary structure, effectively worked into his design, the prevalent form and features of a hemicycle which is in a suburb of Herculaneum, just outside the city, and in a street leading thereto. The street is known as the Street of Tombs. Messrs. Pears' idea of decorating the vestibule, which is a remarkable feature of these new premises, is the appropriate distribution of antique statuary, mingled with such modern works of sculpture as follow in expression the forms or mythic ideas of antiquity. That the hall should in a manner symbolise the happy union of soap and water was a contingency to be looked for as a thing of course. Hence it occurs that the salient object on which Mr. C. E. Birch has exercised great consideration and elaborate skill of inventive design is a sunken bath placed with reference to the Pompeian character of the atrium—that is to say, so little removed from the centre as to come within the site where the impluvium would be if, instead of being a covered chamber, the hall or vestibule were the interior court of a dwelling in the buried city, where Roman luxury invoked the arts of Greece and other lands. In such case, the sunken bath or tank, instead of being covered by a ceiling, would be open to catch the rain-water from the compluvium above, as illustrated in the Pompeian Court at the Crystal Palace. This sunken bath is so effectively floored with a lustrous aqua-tinted mosaic, by Messrs. Rust and Co., of 290, Wandsworth-road, in accordance with the design, and under the direction of Mr. Birch, that it communicates the desired tinge of pure, translucent blue to the water with which this ornamental bath or fountain is supplied, and in which, in true antique fashion, gold-fish disport themselves. Hollowed in the marble wall at the head of this bath is the hemicycle, a coved niche, likewise lined with mosaic, and occupied with a marble replica of Thorwaldssen's Venus, holding the apple awarded her by King Priam's shepherd-son. To a fanciful view, the small sphere poised in the tapering fingers of the goddess might be a ball of Pears' soap. Another type of Venus, the Medicean, stands opposite the hemicycle or rather on one side a door which immediately faces that exquisite restoration of ancient grandeur, and corresponds in form and character therewith, as likewise with three other doors, making, with the hemicycle, a symmetrical four-sided arrangement, east, west, north, and south.

The restoration of the hemicycle very faithfully and usefully illustrates, in the precision of its elegance, down to the minutest details, the changed conditions of the Greek architecture when subordinated to the luxurious requirements of Imperial Rome. Metal-work of a rich and elaborate character largely assists in the decoration of the vestibule, the ceiling and walls of which are adapted from the house of Lucretius and other houses. The bronzes chiefly noticeable are the standards supporting incandescent lights, the hanging boats likewise bearing *lucernæ* which, though copied from the ancient lamps fed with oil, are lit by electricity, in obedience to the exacting demands of a scientific civilisation. These and the bronze ornaments of the doors, as also the marble-topped open-work pedestals which, serving in addition, as warmers, form the bases of tripodal standards or candlesticks for electric lighting, are taken from objects that, having been dug up from sites of ancient buildings, are deposited in the public museums of London and Naples. They have been executed to the design of Mr. Birch, by Mr. W. Shrivell, of Castle-street, Endell-street, who has also furnished the wrought-iron balconies, window-grills, bronze fanlight grill, and column-caps, and bases in the front elevation. The pavement is partly of figured marble, and partly of mosaic, the patterns being those usually remarked in that class of mosaic work termed by the Romans "opus musivum," being composed of small cubes of coloured glass or enamel, the same as noticeable in the floor of the bath. This beautiful method of mosaic-paving was, anciently, distinguished by name from the "opus lithostrotum," or ordinary pavement of a Roman causeway.

From its surroundings and peculiar contour, the hemicycle runs some risk of being designated a temple, though this it certainly is not, but rather a sheltered seat, which, in its original situation, though here adapted as a niche for the accommodation of a statue, would have been an alcoved bench by the wayside, much frequented by lovers. Beyond the bath, which is a little towards the right as we enter, springs a staircase of the beautiful Fiore di Pesco marble, of which material, now very rare, the pedestals to the columns and pilasters of Grande Antique Cipollino, which are exceedingly handsome, are also made. The marble used for the carved face of the hemicycle, for the balustrading of the staircase, and for the

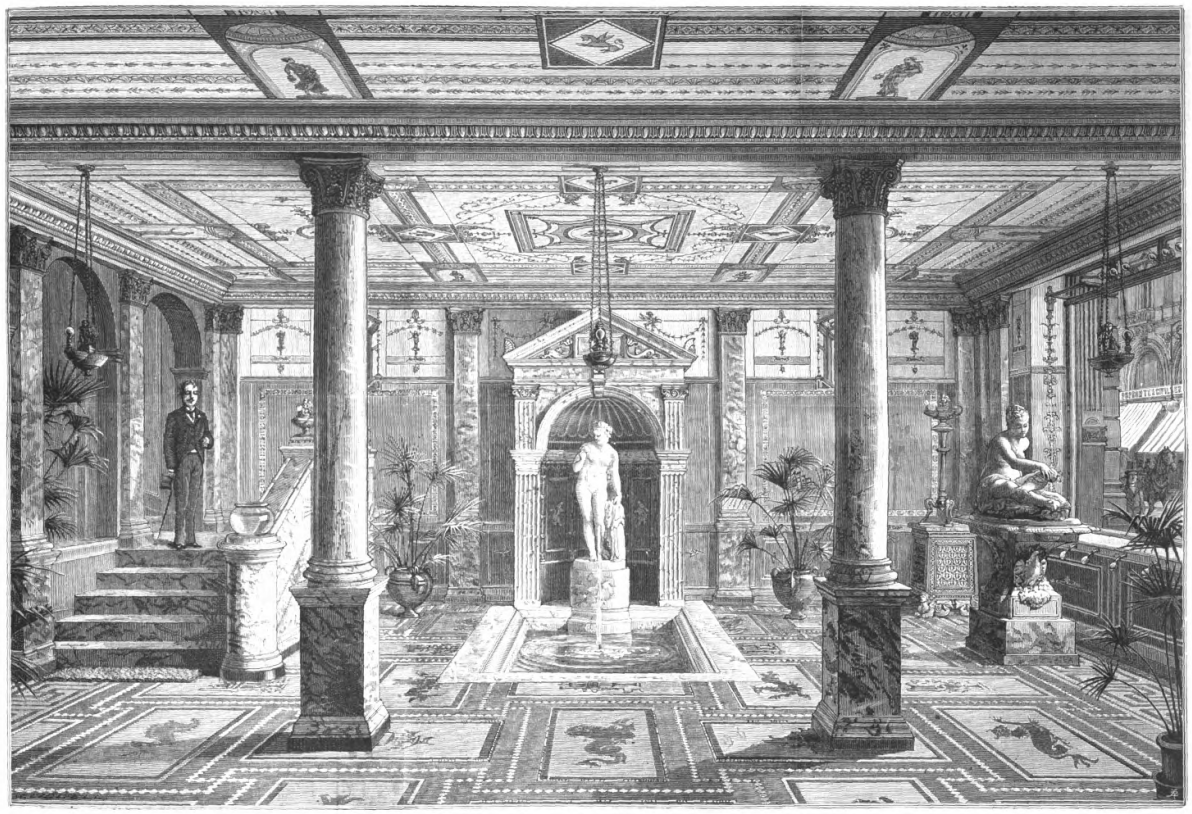


MESSRS. PEARS' BUSINESS OFFICES, NEW OXFORD-STREET.

doorways, three in number, is Italian onyx, which has an ivory-tinted ground, and pink veins deepening to purple. All the marble-work in the vestibule is carved to the drawings of Mr. Birch, by Mr. James Houghton, of Great Portland-street.

An inspection of the vestibule thus elaborately designed and fitted will be but preliminary to an examination of the entire building, adapted to the many requirements of a vast place of business. Having ascended the lower flight of marble steps, the visitor proceeds up the staircase leading to the first floor, on which are situate the counting-house and rooms adjoining. But, while yet below stairs, we shall have observed that a ware-room at the back of the vestibule is partitioned from it by a screen of glazed mahogany. The counting-house, or office, on the first-floor, of large capacity, resembles that of a bank or insurance office, and is arranged for the accommodation of forty-two clerks, besides the heads of departments, who have their desks in open compartments in the several angles of the room. The employment of typewriters, mechanically perfect, supersedes in great measure the use of "Gillott and Goosequill," manual calligraphy being reserved for signatures alone. A system of intercommunication is here organised which employs various modern resources. Each chief, that is to say, can draw the attention of another by touching one of the ivory buttons ranged beside him. Having thus placed himself in communication with whomsoever he desires to confer, he has but to select the proper speaking-tube from a row at his right hand. From the counting-house, and from the lobby by which it is approached, admission is found to the handsome suite of rooms occupied by a member of the firm, who by an elaboration of the same appliances as those provided to his office-staff, can, without quitting his chair, place himself in communication with any of their number. His sanctum sanctorum lies beyond a waiting-room, in which latter the visitor may have leisure to admire several original works of art, composing a gallery familiarised to the public by reproductions employed in mural advertising. Examples of these are arrayed in the advertising department, which lies beyond the counting-house at the rear. The several apartments in communication with the large office on the first floor, but of a more private character, have the aspect of rooms in a modern mansion, combining the most recent and most ingenious devices for the insurance of comfort and the economy of time, with the chaste elegance of decoration indicative of the pure domestic architecture introduced by the brothers Robert and James Adam, whose noble efforts helped so prominently in dragging the art of the eighteenth century out of the mire. Though these brothers—whose relationship gave significance to the name of their fine work, the terrace overlooking the Thames, called the Adelphi—preceded by more than half a century the revival which we see in its advanced development on the ground floor of Messrs. Pears' new building, that is to say in the marble entrance hall, it may be urged that both the styles which really met in the accommodation of Greek and Roman architecture were in the ornamental design of modern periods combined by the Flaxman and Wedgwood school with the classicism of the Brothers Adam. There is consequently no anomaly in the blending of domestic decoration, such as we find in the upper rooms at Messrs. Pears', with the severely learned antiquity exemplified with so splendid and accurate a reference to Roman pomp in the vestibule. On our way up to the first floor, opportunity will be found of observing that the Pompeian decoration of the vestibule is continued in the painting of the walls. Once reached, the office or counting-house affords much to admire in the perfection of its electrical and other appointments, which, as regards the communications between heads of departments, are the work of Mr. Julius Sax, 108, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury. The arrangement of the upper floors affords convincing evidence that the personal comfort of everyone employed on the establishment has been carefully considered. The installation of the electric light upon the Thomson-Houston and incandescent systems throughout the premises is by Messrs. Laing, Wharton, and Down, of New Bond-street; and the hydrants throughout the building are by Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, Long-acre. These offices may well be designated one of the great sights of London as well as one of its adornments.

All have, in truth, brought their highest faculties of knowledge, tact, and skill to bear with united energy and unremitting patience on the design and completion of this truly palatial structure—a monument of commercial enterprise unrivalled in any part of the world. An architectural staff and an army corps of artificers have followed the commands of a competent general, whose triumph they are well entitled to share. The magnificent building we now see, in the place of a capacious but plain structure which was appropriated to the business of co-operative stores, is the sun or centre of a system apparently planned with a view to demonstrate the policy of advertising without stint or bound, in all cases where the merit of the thing to be advertised is transcendant of its kind. Of what use to the world, it may be asked, would be the greatest boons



MESSRS. PEARS' BUSINESS OFFICES, NEW OXFORD-STREET: THE ENTRANCE HALL.

ever extended to its universal, everyday services if to the world they should remain unknown? It has been said, and truly said, that the excellence of Pears' soap, its salubrity, its pure and beneficial cosmetic qualities were perceived by a discerning minority in the early days of its manufacture. Of this there can be no doubt; but if to the majority — to the world at large — the thing was comparatively unknown, all its acknowledged superiority, certified and emphasised by the few, availed it little. To the multiplicity of "men and cities" far exceeding the number of those known to Ulysses—to the capitals of friendly countries and of rising colonies in every quarter of the globe—the value of this often imitated but nevertheless inimitable product required to be made fully known. Had not this been done, had not the worth of Pears' soap been extensively and continually proclaimed, there might never have been justification for any such edifice as that which has arisen to beautify one of the leading thoroughfares in the Metropolis of the world. To Messrs. A. and F. Pears the credit of having elevated advertising to a high level of pictorial art has long been due. To this they will now have added the crowning honour of having raised it to a foremost rank of architecture.

ART NOTES.

The Dudley Gallery Art Society, which holds its exhibitions at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, does not make that rapid advance in favour amongst artists which one might have anticipated. Mr. Walter Severn is a capable President, and the Council includes a certain number of good men and true, who may be trusted to act fairly towards exhibitors. Under these circumstances, the wonder is that the average of the paintings exhibited is not higher. Mr. Carlile Macartney sends half-a-dozen landscapes and views, in which his sympathy with sea and sky is to be seen in such works as "The Sunset over the Sea" (127) and "The Incoming Tide" (106); whilst another artist of the same name, Mr. S. P. Macartney, contributes some clever, though rather cold, specimens of Swiss (80) and Cornish (123) scenery. Mr. A. Helcké has two fine bits of colouring, "A Midsummer Evening" (115) and "An Autumn Morning" (142). Mr. Audley Mackworth sends a bold, but somewhat crude, attempt to represent "Steel Forging" (131). Mr. Edgar Giberne shows greater versatility and scope than usual; his portrait of Mrs. Giberne (16) is very refined and delicate in tone, whilst his "Kelp Gatherers" (25) are broadly painted, and with a fine sense of colour. The animal painters at the Dudley are fairly well represented by Miss Moody's "Love's Young Dream and Love's Awaking" (71), the story of a kitten and puppy; and by Miss Dora Carpenter's "Dress Rehearsal" (46), in which an almost aristocratic Toby is being got ready for the performance of Punch, and seems to be fully cognisant of his fall in the world. Miss Carpenter's other picture, "Give Me a Penny, Please" (5), also shows a sympathy with dog-life as well as some skill in representing it on canvas.

At the Gainsborough Gallery (25, Old Bond-street) there is on view what the Berlin people may fitly describe as a "colossal" picture. It represents the late Emperor Frederick III. lying in state, surrounded by a group chosen from among the best known of those who were admitted to the sad ceremony. The interest of a picture of this description lies rather in its subject than its execution, the painter's art being limited to making the scene as little ghastly and the grouping as effective as possible. The dead Emperor, lying in his uncovered coffin, looks peaceful after his long struggle for life. By the side the widowed Empress kneels, dressed in deep mourning, and, immediately behind stands her son on whom the cares of the great Empire have fallen. Behind him are ranged Prince Bismarck, Count von Moltke, General von Blumenthal, and General von Pape, in their various uniforms; Moltke's face alone showing any sign of deep feeling. On the other side of the coffin are the Court Chaplains, reciting the prayers of the Church, but forming a by no means impressive group. The picture will doubtless attract a considerable number of persons, for whom such lugubrious sights have a sort of fascination; but the subject as treated seems to us to invade too much the sanctity of sorrow at such a moment. The artists who have co-operated in the work are Herren Hirsch, Aglita, Vieweg, and Schmidt. All of whom occupy a recognised position in contemporary German art.

Six numbers have now appeared of Mr. M. B. Huish's English edition of *Japanese Art* (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.), and we are therefore in a better position to judge of the scope and aim of this publication. The promise of the earlier numbers has been well sustained; in fact, the October part contains, under the title of a "Travelling Writing Set," by M. Edmond de Goncourt, the story of the forty-seven Ronins, Japanese heroes who sacrificed their lives for their lord. But it is not so much for tales of Old Japan that we commend this publication to our readers as for the remarkable and liberal supply of plates illustrative of Japanese art in all its branches. We should be glad to think that "Japanese Art" was to be found in every Mechanics' Institute, public library, or reading-room where workmen meet together, for its effects upon our industrial arts might be most advantageous. We are not blind admirers of everything Japanese, simply because it comes from Japan, but because we recognise in Japanese art, combined with sense of proportion and a love of Nature, that quality of imagination and inventiveness which are too often absent from the products of English manufactures. In these illustrations the workers in metal and wood, the designers of textile and decorative goods, will find an inexhaustible store-house of suggestions and fancies which might with advantage be allowed to leaven our often too prosaic and solid work.

JAMESTOWN, ST. HELENA.

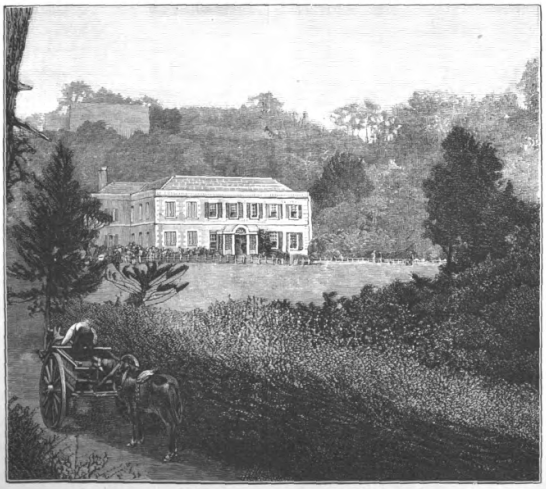
The island of St. Helena, in the South Atlantic Ocean, nearly sixteen degrees south of the Equator, and distant some 1200 miles from the African coast, has an historical renown from being the abode of Napoleon in his captivity until his death, in 1821. It was discovered by the Portuguese navigators in 1501, and was afterwards held by that nation and next by the Dutch; but has belonged to England since 1763. For a long time its administration was intrusted to the East India Company. The present Governor is Mr. W. Grey-Wilson, who has permitted us to publish a View of the Government House, from a photograph by Mr. Benjamin Grant. This fine mansion is usually called Plantation House, as in the East India Company's days the grounds were cultivated for the Company by a large gang of slaves. Chinese labourers were afterwards employed in the grounds and gardens, which contain a great variety of trees, plants, and shrubs belonging to the semi-tropical or to the temperate zone, with English flowers blooming in perfection. The situation is very healthy and pleasant, 1960 ft. above the sea-level, and commanding views, inland, of the main ridge of hills running east and west across the island, which is only ten miles long and five or six miles broad. Diana's Peak rises to the height of 2700 ft. The fertile valleys and wooded hills of the interior present more agreeable scenery than the wall of lofty cliffs surrounding the island. We give a View also of Jamestown, taken from an elevation of 600 ft. on the road leading to Napoleon's tomb; and the Cathedral Church, rebuilt in 1852, is shown behind the Governor's house. St. Helena has lately been appointed a coaling-station for steam-ships, instead of Ascension; and the construction of four new batteries of heavy guns, in addition to the defences of Jamestown, has been nearly completed.



JAMESTOWN, ST. HELENA.

NEW BOOKS.

The Unknown Horn of Africa: an Exploration from Berbera to the Leopard River. By F. L. James, M.A., F.R.G.S. (G. Philip and Son).—The map of Africa, which often comes before the mind's eye without the trouble of opening an Atlas, shows an eastward projection of triangular shape, between the Indian Ocean and the Gulf of Aden, outside the entrance to the Red Sea, below the 11th and 12th degree of latitude, and extending southward nearly to the equator. This region, which is called Somali Land, bordering westward on the country of the Gallas, beyond Abyssinia and Shoa, approaches farther down the sea-coast towards the lands of the various Wasuahili nations, heretofore connected with the dominion of Zanzibar, and recently comprised in the schemes of the British and German East African Companies. The Somali port of Berbera, just opposite Aden, has become a British dependency; but many European travellers have failed to get into the interior, or rather, we lament to say, have not been able to get out of it alive. The Italian expeditions of Sacconi and Porro, in 1883 and 1885, ended in the massacre of their leaders and followers, while Haggenmacher and others met with obstacles that prevented their adding much to our knowledge of the country. The author of this volume, and of another book, "The Wild Tribes of the Soudan," which we noticed on its publication, was one of a party of gentlemen, consisting of himself and his brother, Mr. W. D. James, Mr. D. Percy Aylmer, and Mr. E. Lort Phillips, who had previously travelled in the southern part of the Soudan beyond Kassala, and were joined this time by Mr. J. Godfrey Thrupp, a surgeon of South African experience. Mr. F. L. James was at Berbera in March, 1884, and then made inquiries with a view to his project of a journey inland almost due south, at least as far as the large river called the Webbe Shebeyli, or the Leopard River, the outlet of which is known to Zanzibar traders. In November of that year, the whole party having assembled at Aden, where they were received with much kindness by the Resident, General Blair, V.C., and by Mrs. Blair, they began to make arrangements for the expedition. In this design, at that time, they were encouraged by Major Hunter, C.B., the British Consul for the Somali coast, while Mr. Walsh, then newly-appointed British Agent at Berbera, expressed his hearty good wishes for their success, though he disapproved of their buying or hiring camels from certain local tribes. Mr. James and his companions, however, relying on the advice of an intelligent and trustworthy Somali headsman from Aden, named Dualla Idrees, who spoke English and had been with Stanley on the Congo, engaged from among those tribes, at Berbera, in December, a train of sixty camels, with a sufficient number of men, and five women to serve as cooks, tent-keepers, or "lady-helps." They were led by their chief, Mohammed Addah, with a lieutenant named Abdeelah. It is evident, throughout the narrative, that the intrigues of other Somali chiefs and tribes, not far from Berbera, who were jealous of the lucrative employment given to those preferred by Dualla and by Mr. James, caused all the annoyance and hostility which were encountered in this expedition. The actual position of the travellers, and the probability of their being attacked and slaughtered by the natives of the interior, were so falsely represented by those men at Berbera to the official agents of the British Government, that Lord Granville, on Dec. 30, telegraphed orders to stop Mr. James's party. But Mr. James's party were already on their way, far beyond the Berbera jurisdiction, and chose to go on at their own risk, having incurred much trouble and expense, and feeling sure that Major Hunter had either been deceived by some misrepresentations or had changed his mind without due cause. The expedition must be pronounced successful, as they were not greatly delayed anywhere; reaching the Webbe Shebeyli, near Barri, on Feb. 18, after a toilsome journey of fifty-nine days from Berbera, crossing the dreadful desert of the Haud, where the camels had no water for thirteen days. The Englishmen rode ponies or mules. But there seems to have been real danger of a sanguinary conflict with a large army of the Dollol and Ougass Elmi tribes at Gerloguby, in the Ogadayn country; and it was averted rather by the terror of fire-arms, with which those people were utterly unacquainted, than by the actual superiority of the Englishmen and their followers in defensive fighting-force. We can hardly believe that so small a party, with their rifles, carbines, shot-guns, and revolvers, which only a few of them had been trained to use effectively, would have long been able to hold a "zereeba" of mimosa fence against several thousand spearmen like the Zulus or the warriors of the Soudan. Mr. James and his comrades, while they met threatening demonstrations with unflinching courage, did nothing to provoke hostility even in Ogadayn; and in other parts of Somali Land, with Sultan Owd at Burao, on the river called the Tug Dayr, and with the Hawiyah Sultan at Barri, where the people on the banks of the Webbe Shebeyli appear to be of a settled and pacific disposition, their intercourse was friendly and agreeable. It is probable that the best way of approaching that district, in the heart and centre of Somali Land, would not be from the Berbera coast, but from Madisha or Magadoxo, carrying portable boats to ascend the great river. The climate there, indeed, is pestilential at some times of the year, after the floods; but there must be plenty of big game, which was scarce on the desert route, elephant, lion, hippopotamus, crocodile, and rhinoceros; and one would rather avoid running the gauntlet of the treacherous northern tribes. These travellers came back safely by a different route, through Harradiggit, arriving at Berbera on April 15, and all is well that ends well. The volume contains many beautiful illustrations, from drawings and photographs, and fine coloured plates representing birds, of which, and other matters of natural history, there is a scientific account.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. HELENA.

The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies. By Walter Besant (Chatto and Windus).—Among the most deservedly popular authors we have at the present day, one of the wholesomest, brightest, and most engaging of the band of living English novelists, Mr. Besant is further distinguished by his chivalrous loyalty to the literary profession, and his discernment of its true interests. In various personal efforts and discussions, rejecting the appeals to a vague sentiment of ideal claims on public indulgence which might become as disparaging to real merit as the ancient customs of private patronage, he has endeavoured to show the way towards conciliating the individual welfare of competent and diligent writers for the general book-market with the strictly commercial principles of the publishers' business. At the same time, he is not less zealous in his desire that literary talent, which is of different kinds, should be guided and trained and encouraged in the special direction, for each writer, most suitable to particular capacities and opportunities, so as better to serve the reading world, and so as to save the waste of time and labour that results in necessary disappointment. All whose duty it is, for the purpose of recording or noticing the vast multitude of new publications, to examine them in a spirit of honest criticism, will certainly agree in considering that many worthless books, especially of fiction, are the mistaken work of persons likely to be well able to produce good and useful books of some other kind. We could mention several of the worst novels, romances, narrative and dramatic poems, and attempts at fancy or humour, that have appeared in our times, written by men of high intellectual eminence, scholars and professors of great academical or philosophical accomplishments, statesmen, diplomatists, orators, lawyers, and military commanders, whose mental powers, applied to their own proper studies, raised them to positions of influence and just renown. And so it is among those who make writing their sole occupation. The mere faculty of correct and graceful expression is a very common acquirement, and the improvement of general education should hereafter bring it within the reach of everybody who will take pains to learn it. Style is mainly the natural outcome of clear and forcible and harmonious thought; but such thought, whether it be imaginative or logical, or confined to the historical or descriptive statement of facts, must be the fruit of well-digested information, accurate observation, or personal experience: and Mr. Besant constantly tells us, very truly, that this is the case with novelists and humourists—we would add, with poets—as it is with every writer of a scientific treatise or a work of history. In the volume now before us, which is a generous and sympathetic, a wise and truthful, account of the short life and unequal performances of a man of rare, almost unique genius, the late Richard Jefferies, the finest of English prose authors on the aspects of rural nature, Mr. Besant abundantly illustrates the above remark. Jefferies was one whose native talents of observation, meditation, and description, applied to all things he saw, animated, or vegetating, or mere physical effects, in the fields, the hills, and the woods, the air and clouds, or the sea, were never surpassed by any writer—not by Wordsworth, not by Ruskin, not by the American. Thoreau—and were unapproached by the German Jean Paul, or by Rousseau, in their eloquent panegyrics of Nature. He attempted to compose novels. If those crude and feeble tales, which his sincere admirers have perused with regret, had ever contained the slightest evidence of dramatic power to make the imaginary persons feel, speak, and act like real human beings, or any mastery over plot and incidents, or any movements of life-like tempers and humours in mutual action, or acquaintance with the habits of society, Mr. Besant would gladly claim Jefferies as a brother novelist, and would render ample justice to faculties so like his own. But it is no such thing; and we must confess the utter failure of Jefferies' attempts in that line; of the forgotten "Scarlet Shawl," "Restless Human Hearts," and "World's End," with the weakness of the narrative parts of several of his later works—after extracting the descriptions of nature from "Bevis," "Wood Magic," "After London," and "Amaryllis at the Fair." When some judicious editor shall have extracted all these wonderful and truthful passages, rejecting all the inadequate efforts of fiction, a volume will be compiled worthy to accompany those better writings of Jefferies which we already possess. These are destined, we believe, to a literary immortality, so long as readers of our language care for the scenes most characteristic of the South of England, for the meadows, hedge-rows, and copses, the downs, the pieces of old forests, the streams and pools, the pastures and cornfields, the farm-houses and cottages, the village churches, and for every plant, tree, or weed, or blade of grass, every wild animal, bird, or insect that inhabits our native land. They who have emigrated to America or Australia do care for these English country sights; and their children will care for them, if Londoners and other townsfolk in Great Britain should become indifferent to them. We, therefore, doubt not that "The Gamekeeper at Home," "The Amateur Poacher," "Wild Life in a Southern County," "Round about a Great Estate," "Nature near London," "Life of the Fields," and "The Open Air," will delight many readers of future generations, as well in the United States and in the British Colonies as here, along with "White's Selborne," which lacks the vein of idyllic poetry and the profoundly meditative sentiment of Jefferies. The biographical portion of Mr. Besant's volume might be condensed into a short paragraph, but is sufficiently detailed, and is inspired by the kindest feelings of personal regard for one whom he never met, but whose writings he had long admired. Richard Jefferies, born in November, 1848, the son of a farmer at Coate, near Swindon, was a local newspaper reporter, with fair literary ambition, whose early publications, as we have seen, were not of the kind in which he was qualified to attain success. In 1877, he removed to near London, and began to write, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Standard*, and the *St. James's Gazette*, his incomparable descriptions of rural scenes, and produced volumes which were published till 1880 by Messrs. Smith and Elder, but latterly by Messrs. Cassell, Sampson Low, Chatto and Windus, Longman, and other firms. He also wrote in Longman's and other magazines; he wrote "The Pageant of Summer;" and Mr. Besant, giving a large portion of that noble prose-poem, rightly declares, "I know nothing in the English language finer, whether for the sustained style, or for the elevation of thought which fills it." The author lived in his last years at several places in Surrey and Sussex, being never much of a traveller, and worked industriously to support a wife and two children; but was, during five years or more, tormented and exhausted by a painful disease, which finally, in August, 1887, put an end to his life. In a village churchyard near Worthing, "in the gentlest, sweet, soft, sunny rain, he was borne along the path to his grave in the grass." We feel sure that his works, or the better part of them, will long survive his career of severe toil and struggle, which Mr. Besant has related in a manner to be highly approved and to be received with sympathy by the lovers of Nature, and of Literature as the interpreter of Nature.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon has resolved to grant from the rents for 1888 the same abatements to his tenants generally as were given from the rents of last year—namely, 25 per cent in the Huntly and Glenlivet districts, and 20 per cent in the Fochabers district.

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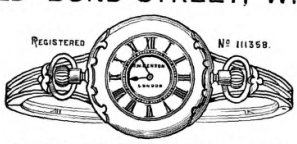

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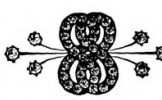
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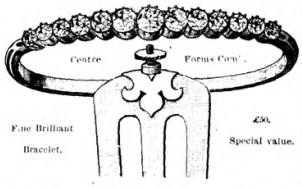

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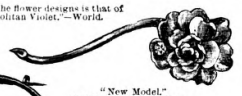
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ART EXHIBITIONS.

At the Burlington Fine Arts Club (17, Savile-row) there is to be seen, by the kind courtesy of the committee, an exceedingly interesting collection of works by John Sell Cotman, perhaps the last survivor of the once famous Norwich School. It was not, however, as an oil-painter like the two Cromes, Starke, and others, that Cotman has earned distinction. He remained throughout his career almost wholly a water-colour artist, and his occasional excursions into oil-painting will add nothing to his fame. At the same time, Cotman was not only a painter by profession but an architect by instinct; and if in his later years he turned more to imaginative work, it can scarcely be held that his reputation is due to that period of his career, although, strangely enough, in his earliest work here exhibited, "A Backwater in Park" (1), attributed to the year 1798, he at that time was attracted chiefly by water and foliage. If this date be correct it coincides with the year in which, at the age of sixteen, Cotman left his father's house at Norwich and came to London; and it may thus be regarded as the one specimen still recognisable of his own untutored pencil. His earlier works show how quickly he fell under the influence of Girtin, and in such works as the noble "View of Durham" (4), with the castle and cathedral hanging over the then bright and rushing river, we find that all his efforts were directed towards composition and drawing. The colour is in every sense subordinate to the rest of the work; and this is also the case in the view "On the Greta" (7), which, unless we are mistaken, shows almost as it now stands the well-known posting house, "The Morritt Arms," little changed to-day externally from what it was seventy years ago. In the busy scene of "Norwich Market-place" (13), in 1805, we can trace Cotman's greater confidence in himself, not only in arrangement but in the use of colour; but even here the long nave of St. Peter's Church and the row of picturesque houses in bright sunlight have evidently more attractions for him than the groups of stalls and market-people with which the foreground is crowded. We should not omit to notice in this picture—one of the most striking in the exhibition—the care and knowledge with which Cotman treats his horses and cattle. In spite of his London life and training, he could still take interest in things pertaining to the country; and now and again similar touches of Nature appear in what would otherwise be little more than architectural studies. Passing by "St. Luke's Chapel" (20) at the north-east corner of Norwich Cathedral, and "Ely Cathedral" (22), as seen from what is now known as the Park, we pass on to a very simple study of a "Draining Mill" (25) in the Lincolnshire Fens, which seems to mark a turning-point in Cotman's career. It gives almost the first suggestion of pure landscape painting, of which two more complete instances are to be found in "Bishopgate Bridge, Norwich" (26), from the river bank, and "Mousehold Heath" (31), which, although painted as early as 1810, shows that he was already beginning to feel Turner's influence in the use of colour. Possibly it was the same influence which induced him to try his hand at sea-painting, of which the "Boats off Yarmouth" (37) and a schuyt in full sail "Off the Dutch Coast" (41) are conspicuous examples of Cotman's power to render water in motion. His visit to Normandy stimulated his love of architecture still more, and with it a love of details, always subordinated to the general effect. The view of "Mont St. Michel" (43) as approached from Pontorson is a very remarkable study of aerial effect, and must rank very high among the artist's works. In such works as "The Hôtel de Ville, Ghent" (51), "Malines" (57), and others, the love for Gothic buildings and architectural effect is again prominent; but when he comes back to England we find—as in the "Framlingham Castle" (56) and, in a less degree, in the "Rochester Castle" (50)—his love of Nature once more dominant. In the latter, moreover, we trace the tendency, which increases in later years, to employ bright and positive colours to depict effects which were only strong by comparison, and of which the importance would by any other artist of equal eminence have been reduced in works of so small dimensions. This tendency, which can only be attributed to Turner's influence, became more and more marked as time went on, until it reaches a climax in such works as "The Blue Afternoon" (63), painted in 1831.

One of the most attractive works in the whole series is the scene on the Avon, near Bristol, described as "Blasting St. Vincent's Rock" (76), and it throws a curious light on Cotman's habits, as well as on his powers, to find that this picture was made, not from Nature, but from a sketch by the late Rev. J. Balwer, of which the original is here exhibited. Another interesting picture is that of "Charing-cross with Charles I.'s Statue" (83), which, however, suggests that the artist was sadly cramped, and endeavoured to get too much on to his paper by narrowing the distances between old Northumberland House and the Golden-cross Hotel.

In addition to the water-colours, there is a fine collection of Cotman's drawings in black and white—in pencil, sepia, chalk, &c. Among those especially noteworthy are "A Wreck off Yarmouth" (102), "A View of Norwich" (109) from the river near St. Anne's Staithe, and "A Moonlight Scene" (114) representing a storm at sea, with a fishing-boat on the crest of a wave. Altogether, the exhibition is very illustrative of the artistic career of one who will always hold high rank among English water-colour painters, and the committee of the Burlington Fine-Arts Club are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts to bring a painter's life, as shown in his works, before the public.

Mr. Mendoza's Exhibition of "Black and White" at the St. James's Gallery (King-street, St. James's), is now the only display of the kind, unless exception be made in favour of the *remote* room at Burlington House, so seldom entered by those who throng to see the pictures. The St. James's Gallery, on the present occasion, shows very fairly the wide range of method and medium admissible under the term "black and white"—from Mr. James Webb's sea-pieces in oils to Mr. Lamotte's specimen of a pure line engraving, "A Daughter of Eve" (90), and even Miss E. A. Cooper's very careful and finely-finished drawing, in *sanguin*, entitled "Friends" (28). Of children's portraits, however, the palm is borne away by Mrs. Alice Bach's portrait-study (49), a face in which childish moulding of feature is preserved with a very considerable touch of character. Miss Cohen also sends a delicately-painted, somewhat pensive face (81), and Mr. Alma-Tadema a finely-drawn profile-study (99). Animal drawing is represented by Mr. S. T. Dadd's "Our Noble Ancestor" (179), a litter of terrier puppies viewing their stuffed progenitor with mingled awe and contempt; and Mr. Caldwell's "Distinguished Foreigner" (103), an aristocratic black poodle being received by his English friends, and the same artist's "Litigation" (11), kittens and puppies struggling for a bone with considerable vigour. In landscape work the exhibition is particularly well furnished. Mr. Nelson Drummond would, perhaps, achieve more marked effect if he were less versatile; but, in any case, his "Incense-Breathing Morn" (194), in every sense an imaginative work, deserves high praise, as does his "Misty Morn" (10) on one of the reaches of the Thames. Miss J. R. Thomas's "Canal at Bruges" (188) is an even more striking instance of how a spot can be poetised without loss to its reality. There is in such a work far more of the hazy atmosphere of the Low Countries than in Mr. Barraud's "Belfry of Ghent" (111), or even Mr. A. Webb's "Dordrecht" (6)—finely drawn as is this last-named. Among the other attractions of this little exhibition may be mentioned Mr. R. F. Hensman's "Alone" (17) and Miss Wyman's "Gaslight Study" (31)—the former a seated and the latter a standing female figure having much in common; Mr. C. Whymper's "Grouse-driving" (18); Mr. Appleton's mezzo-tint of Fanny Kemble (58) from Sir T. Lawrence's sketch; Mrs. Tadema's two studies from her picture (98); Sir F. Leighton's pencil sketches (110 and 138), both studies of old men's heads; a head (116) in India ink by Mr. James Hayllar; Miss Anna Alma-Tadema's minutely-accurate "Harebells" (150); Mr. G. S. Walter's spirited sea-piece "On the Edge of the Goodwins" (175); Mr. Clough Bromley's etchings, of which that of "Goring on the Thames" (203) is the brighter and more successful; Miss M. Gemmell's portrait of Mrs. W. Cunard (195) and Mr. C. J. Fox's study of South Coast scenery (212), in which the trees and foliage of the foreground are especially well executed.

Messrs. Alexander Baird and Son, of Kelvinbridge, Glasgow, send a few samples of their new Christmas and New-Year greeting cards of chaste design.

The Board of Trade have received through the Foreign Office the undermentioned rewards, which have been made by the United States Government to certain of the officers and crew of the British steam-ship Bavarian, in recognition of services rendered by them to the shipwrecked crew of the American schooner Eddie Pierce on Sept. 26 last:—A gold watch and chain to the master, Archibald W. Ball; a gold medal and 50 dols. to the chief officer, George W. Muir; and a sum of 10 dols. to each of the seven seamen, John Oliver Johnstone, James Byrne, James Henry Spencer, Arthur M'Guire, James Burns, John Hurley, and Thomas Jones.

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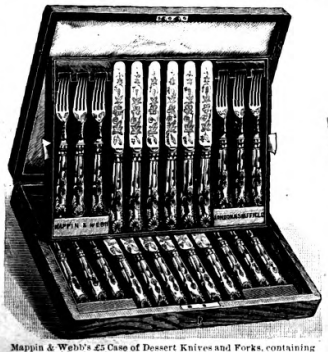

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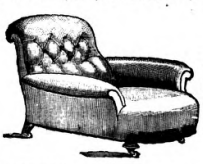
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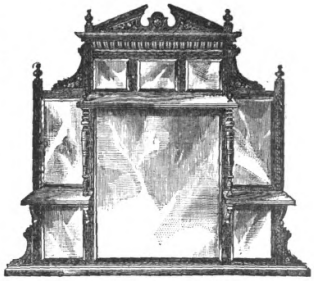
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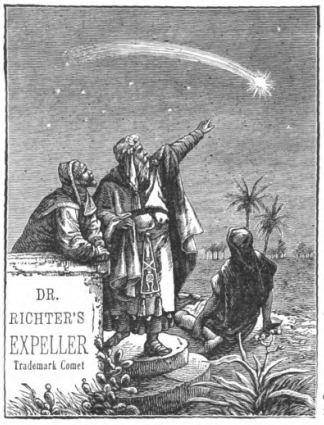
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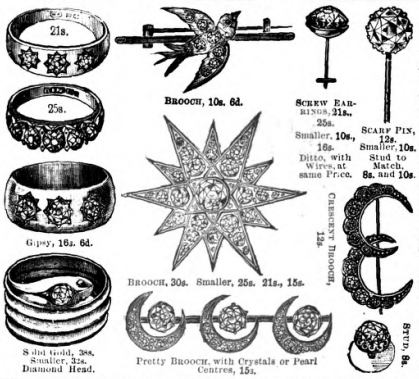
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"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA."

We sometimes laugh at French dramatists for their ludicrous ignorance of English life, manners, and customs. Although we are only separated from Paris by a short journey, the Englishman on the stage is still invariably represented with weeping whiskers and a Scotch plaid suit. Englishwomen are represented as coarse, vulgar, and badly dressed; and it is not too much to say that, so far as our domestic life is concerned, the Japanese know more about us than the average educated Frenchman. But, on the other hand, how foreigners must laugh at us, if ever they trouble to study our stage or look at our modern plays! Clever and observant men like Mr. Sidney Grundy, Mr. Henry Pettitt, and many more seem to be under the impression that the foreigner—be he Russian or French-man—possesses a deadly influence with women. Granted a woman of unimpeachable character and blameless life—a virtuous wife, a good mother—she has only to be left alone with a man with a foreign accent in order to be insulted with vulgar protestations of affection and treated to scenes of violence. The stage foreigner, as presented to the gaze of admiring Englishmen, is an individual who is always in dress clothes, and is perpetually bribing ladies'-maids to admit him into my lady's chamber after dark, when he is not expected, and is certainly not wanted. Many years ago, in two plays, Sardou made use of this scene of violence towards an innocent woman. He used it in "Nos Intimes" ("Peril"), and he used it in the "Maison Neuve." But in both cases the wife, though innocent, had been extremely imprudent, and at least suggested to a very vain man that his attentions, if offered, would not be wholly displeasing. This, in fact, is the very essence of the situation, which has wholly escaped the attention of the English dramatists who annex it. It is enough for them that the wife is innocent, and that she is within an approachable distance of some convenient French windows. Put any average Englishwoman in Paris, and whether introduced or not to her aggressor, she is sure, sooner or later, to be attacked by a foreigner in evening dress, who considers that, if she is the rabbit he is the snake, and that he can assuredly fix her with his glassy eye and fascinate her in five minutes. One would have thought that such situations would have been reserved for the cheap literature devoured by emancipated school-girls and hysterical waiting-maids; but they occur so often on the modern stage that it is worth while calling attention to them, in the hope that in the future some motive may be dis-covered for these nocturnal acts of violence. Scarcely, how-ever, have we recovered from the shock of Mr. Sidney Grundy's Russian, in "The Dean's Daughter," when we find his partner, Mr. Pettitt, giving us another foreigner of the same pattern—this time a Frenchman—in "Hands Across the Sea." A young English lady, happily married, who has a positive detestation for flirtation, and who seldom leaves her husband's side, is "marked down," as it were, by one of these determined creatures. Unless the man is a born fool, he must know that his efforts to captivate would in this instance be absolutely useless; but it is enough for him that his victim is within reach. "Once on board the lugger!" used to be the cry of the old transpontine villain. "Once within the French windows!" is the echo of the modern stage villain. Of course, improbable or not, it leads up to the well-worn catastrophe. "You shall love me!" "I won't! Leave the house!" "I sha'n't! You don't know what devotion means!" "I don't want to!" Then over go the tables and chairs, down goes the bell-rope and enter the infuriated husband, who saves his fainting darling when her strength is almost spent! From that instant the rest of the play is all plain-sailing. The husband assaults the villain, and they snarl at one another. A few minutes after, the French villain is found murdered, and the crime is at once fastened on the innocent husband, who is known to have a deadly hatred of the murdered man. Will it be believed that Mr. Pettitt has actually used this motive again, and successfully? It has been done at the Adelphi scores of times; it has been done at Drury-Lane; it has been done by innumerable authors at the Princess's: but up it comes again, smiling, in the new Australian drama that is a very bright, well-arranged and successful one, but when examined will be found to have very little colonial flavour about it, unless local colour is given by an old settler who continually—in the warmth of his heart—shouts out: "Ad-vance, Australia!" Mr. Pettitt knows more about the building up of a play than most of his companions. He has in him, very strongly, the dramatic faculty. The pity of it is that he does not take a little more trouble, and write a play that would be really worthy of his unquestionable talent. One scene in the new drama is as well arranged and dramat-ically effective as anything that Mr. Pettitt has ever done; but it is comparatively wasted here. We allude to the meeting of husband and wife on board ship—the husband a rescued convict, the wife a passenger—both dying to speak to one another, but both compelled to silence. An author who could suddenly stumble on a scene like that ought to write a better play than "Hands Across the Sea." But the answer will be—What does it matter? As much money is made by bad plays as by good plays; the stalest effects are the safest; rubbish, as some call it, has a mercantile value; and cheap melodramatic audiences are not so mighty particular. With such reasoning the critic has, naturally, no sympathy whatever. It may be true or it may be false; all he desires is that a clever man should show his muscle and not shirk any encounter. Scores of dramatists could not write a play of real artistic value if they were paid for it. They can botch and patch and re-arrange, but they cannot create. We believe Mr. Pettitt can, if he only tries, do much better work than is found in these hurriedly prepared dramas for an ill-stocked market. But he turns back contentedly to the farmer's daughter pursued by the graceless villain, to the ridiculous foreigner who thinks that every innocent woman will fall at his feet, and to the innocent man discovered on his enemy's corpse. With these he rings the changes, and the public applaud him. There is no better melodramatic actor even now after these long years of service than Mr. Henry Neville. Old Time has passed him by. He is still young, active, interesting, and enthusiastic, and the author is lucky who has such a willing worker to aid him. Mr. Neville never sulks with his part, or puts obstacles in the way, or hinders the dramatic scheme in which he is concerned. Invariably he gives his best work, and his influence is both wholesome and inspiriting. Conscientious also, very pleasant, and ever earnest is Miss Mary Rorke, who is one of our popular actresses who is constantly improving. She does not go back: she advances. Mr. E. W. Garden and Miss Webster are excellent in a couple of not very well written or conceived comedy characters; and good service was done in minor characters by Mr. Julian Cross, Mr. Abingdon, Mr. Bucklaw, and Mr. Edmund Gurney. The best and most ambitious acting, however, was shown by Mr. R. Pateman, whose death-scene, though pain-fully realistic, was extremely clever. It has been urged, on behalf of Mr. Pettitt, that the most extravagant incidents in this drama were derived from actual life and a story in itself so extraordinary that it was not believed, even in Paris. That may be so. But the extravagant accidents in life do not always make the best dramas. Things on the stage need not always be probable, but they must be possible to the intelligence and understanding of the ordinary spectator. Mr. Grundy's Dean may have existed somewhere or other; but he is not typical of the ordinary sober dignitary of the Established Church. There was once a Bishop who was a thorough-paced scoundrel; but to represent a Bishop as a blackguard would be a dramatic absurdity.

Mr. G. W. Taylor has offered the sum of £50,000 to found a Congregational college affiliated to the Melbourne University, the offer being dependent on a similar amount being subscribed by the colony.

The Countess of Meath, at a drawingroom held by Mrs. Goodhart at Canterbury on Nov. 17, gave an address which resulted in the formation of another branch of the Children's Ministering League. Mainly through the exertions of Lady Meath, there are now established in various parts of the world 500 branches of the league, with a membership of 15,000.

Application has been made to Mr. Justice Chitty, in the Chancery Division, for the distribution of the late Rev. William Wight's estate among the next-of-kin. By his will, which has been declared void, Mr. Wight provided for the establish-ment of a "College of Social and Domestic Science for Ladies" on novel and eccentric lines. His Lordship made a decree as requested.

The Lord Mayor presided on Nov. 19 at the annual meeting of the Working Lads' Institute, Whitechapel, and, in moving the adoption of the report, said he felt that it was an admir-able institution, and he was glad to see that the educational process going on included shorthand and French. Prizes for progress at the evening classes were afterwards distributed, and a swimming-cup, presented by the Lord Mayor, was awarded. The building is now complete, it having been com-menced five years ago. The second wing consists of a large swimming-bath, a gymnasium, and a lecture hall.

The twelfth annual distribution of prizes to pupil-teachers connected with the Westminster Teachers' Association took place on Nov. 17, at the Westminster Townhall, under the presidency of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P. There were also present on the platform the Duchess of Teck and Princess Victoria of Teck, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and the Rev. J. Diggle (the chairman of the School Board). The prizes, about forty in number, were distributed by the Duchess of Teck. They consisted of handsomely-bound books and various valuable articles, and were awarded for religious knowledge, needlework, French, drawing, and general knowledge.

A concert in aid of the funds of Princess Frederica's Con-valescent Home was given on Nov. 16 at Prince's Hall, under the patronage of Princess Christian and Princess Frederica. The report of the committee states the object of the home to be the providing of fresh air, rest, and good food for poor married women, with their infants, who, after the birth of their children, are in want of care and comfort. Patients of all nationalities and religious denominations are admitted; and during the period of three weeks, which they stay in the Home, clothing of every description is found for both mother and child. The committee earnestly request donations and subscriptions to enable them to carry on the good work. The concert was well attended.

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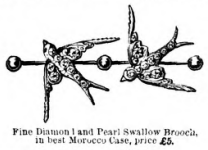
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Jem	..	..	Clifford Dick.

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Book 5. Popular Songs worth Singing.

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Only Then	..	..	Theo. Bonheur.
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(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

MONTE CARLO.
The Administration of the Society of the
BATHS OF MONACO
have the honour to announce the following arrangements made by them for the
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATIONS, 1888-9:

JANUARY.
Tuesday, 8th—Saturday, 12th.
MIREILLE.
Madame Vaillant-Couturier;
Messieurs Delaquerriere, Soulacroix, Degrave.
Tuesday, 15th—Saturday, 19th.
PHILEMON ET BAUCIS.
Madame Vaillant-Couturier;
Messieurs Delaquerriere, Soulacroix, Degrave.
Tuesday, 22nd—Saturday, 26th.
LE CAID.
Mesdames Sanz, Vaillant-Couturier;
Messieurs Bertin, Degrave, Bouland.
Tuesday, 29th.
MIGNON.
Mesdames Sanz, Vaillant-Couturier;
Messieurs Delaquerriere, Soulacroix, Degrave.

FEBRUARY.
Saturday, 2nd.
MIGNON.
Mesdames Sanz, Vaillant-Couturier;
Messieurs Delaquerriere, Soulacroix, Degrave.
Tuesday, 5th—Saturday, 9th.
FAUST.
Mesdames Fidès-Devriès, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerriere, Soulacroix, Degrave.
Tuesday, 12th—Saturday, 16th.
LES PECHEURS DE PERLES.
Madame Fidès-Devriès;
Messieurs Dupuy, Soulacroix, Degrave;
Tuesday, 19th—Saturday, 23rd.
RIGOLETTO.
Mesdames Fidès-Devriès, Bouland;
Messieurs Dupuy, Soulacroix, Degrave.
Tuesday, 26th.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerriere, Soulacroix, Bouland.

MARCH.
Saturday, 2nd.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerriere, Soulacroix, Bouland.
Thursday, 7th—Saturday, 9th.
CARMEN.
Mesdames Deschamps, Vaillant-Couturier, Soulacroix;
Messieurs Delaquerriere, Soulacroix.
Tuesday, 12th—Saturday, 16th.
MANON.
Madame Vaillant-Couturier;
Messieurs Talazac, Soulacroix, Degrave.
Tuesday, 19th—Saturday, 23rd.
ROMEO ET JULIETTE.
Mademoiselle Simonnet;
Messieurs Talazac, Soulacroix, Degrave.
Tuesday, 26th—Saturday, 30th.
LE ROI DYS.
Mesdames Deschamps, Simonnet;
Messieurs Talazac, Soulacroix, Degrave.
There will be a divertissement by the CORPS DE BALLET at each representation.
TWENTY GRAND CONCERTS of ANCIENT and MODERN MUSIC, every Thursday at 2 p.m., commencing Jan. 31, and ORDINARY CONCERTS on other days, morning and evening, by the renowned Orchestra of Sixty Performers.

THE "TIR AUX PIGEONS"
MATCHES will OPEN on TUESDAY, DEC. 11, 1888,
Prix d'Ouverture. An object of art, added to a poule of 50 francs.
Saturday, Dec. 15, Prix de Robiano. An object of art, added to a poule of 50 francs.
Tuesday, Dec. 18, Prix Blake. An object of art, added to a poule of 50 francs.
Saturday, Dec. 22, Prix de Montais. An object of art, with poule of 50 francs.
Monday, Dec. 24, Prix Van Patroon. An object of art, with poule of 50 francs.
Saturday, Dec. 29, Prix Halford. An object of art, with poule of 50 francs.
Monday, Dec. 31, Prix Moncorgé. An object of art, with poule of 50 francs.
Saturday, Jan. 5, 1889, Prix Gayoli. 500 francs added to a poule of 50 francs.
Tuesday, Jan. 8, Prix Crosfield. 500 francs added to a poule of 50 francs.
Thursday, Jan. 10, Prix Seaton. 500 francs added to a poule of 50 francs.
Saturday, Jan. 12, Prix Saint-Trivier. 500 francs added to a poule of 50 francs.
GRAND INTERNATIONAL CONCOURSE.
Jan. 14, 16, 18, 19, 21, 23, 25, and 26.
Monday, Jan. 14, Grande Poule d'Essai. 2000 francs added to a poule of 100 francs.
Wednesday, Jan. 16, Prix d'Ouverture. An object of art and 2000 francs added to 10 francs entrance.
Friday, Jan. 18, and Saturday, Jan. 19, Grand Prix du Casino. An object of art and 20,000 francs added to 200 francs entrance.
Monday, Jan. 21, Prix de Monte Carlo. An object of art and 2000 francs added to 10 francs entrance.
Wednesday, Jan. 23, Prix du Conseil. An object of art and 1000 francs.
Friday, Jan. 25; Saturday, Jan. 26; and Monday, Jan. 28,
THE THIRD TRIENNIAL CHAMPIONSHIP.
An object of art and 5000 francs added to 200 francs entrance.
Engagements to be addressed to Mr. Blondin.
The Second Series of Fifteen Matches begins on Jan. 31, and extends to March 5. Particulars of Mr. Blondin.
GRAND PRIX DE CLOTURE.
Thursday, March 7, and Friday, 8. An object of art and 2000 francs added to 100 francs entrance.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1882) of Mr. Thomas Harrison, J.P., late of West Hill, Stalybridge, Lancashire, who died on Aug. 12, at Llandudno, was proved on Oct. 16 at the Manchester District Registry by Tom Harrop Sidebottam, James Sidebottam, William Sidebottam, Adam Dugdale, and William Harrison, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £110,000. The testator bequeaths £15,000 to his daughter, Mrs. Amy Agnes Dugdale; and £10,000 to his daughter, Mary Emily Harrison, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to them, for life, and at their death, as to the capital as well as the income, to their respective children as they shall appoint. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, William Harrison, absolutely.

The will (dated May 28, 1888) of Mr. Thomas Best, late of Liverpool and Highlee, Druids'-cross-road, Wavertree, near Liverpool, merchant, who died on July 13 last, was proved on Nov. 7 by William Rodger, Henry Rushton, and John Graham Rodger, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £94,000. The testator bequeaths all his furniture, plate, carriages, horses, wines, &c., and the income of £50,000 to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Augusta Best, for life, and at her death the sum of £50,000 to be equally divided between his three sisters, Baroness Jessie Wallace Von Podewils, Mrs. Agnes Elizabeth Fair, and Mrs. Annie Kirby; £4000, upon trust, for each of his said sisters, for life, and then to their children; and annuities of £200 each to his brother, James Rodger Best, and his wife, Henrietta Best. The residue of his real and personal estate is to follow the same trusts as the sum of £50,000 before mentioned.

The will (dated March 31, 1886) of Mr. William Eschauzier, late of Gibraltar, who died on Aug. 27 last, at Barcelona, Spain, was proved on Nov. 10, by Anthony John Terry and William Eschauzier, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £62,000. The testator gives 5000 dollars each to the Superioress of the Hermanos de la Cruz and the Hermanitas de los Pobres, in Seville; 30,000 dollars, his house in Seville, and all his furniture and effects, to his nephew William Eschauzier; 20,000 dollars each to his nephews, Edward, Francis, Ambrose, and Louis; 25,000 dollars each to his nieces, Mary and Rosary; 10,000 dollars for distribution among the poor of Seville and Havannah; 10,000 dollars to Anthony John Terry; and numerous other legacies and annuities. The residue of his property he leaves, as to five one-hundredths, to the Vicar Apostolic of Gibraltar, for building and maintaining Roman Catholic churches in Gibraltar; sixty-five one-hundredths to the trustees of the will of John Gavino, for Gavino's Asylum; and thirty one-hundredths among certain Roman Catholic charities in Gibraltar.

The will (dated Oct. 20, 1881) of Mrs. Frances Jane Bond, late of No. 24, Devonshire-place, W., widow, who died on Oct. 11 last, was proved on Nov. 8 by Edward Bourchier Savile and Charles Cornelius Savile, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £44,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 to her brother, Charles George Martin O'Callaghan; £3000 to her nephew, Henry Tyrone Savile; and £2000 each to the six other children of her late sister, Mrs. Mary Savile; £10,000 to her niece, Frances Eleanor Savile, and all her jewels and trinkets; £200 each to her brothers-in-law, Edward Bourchier Savile and Henry Bourchier Osborne Savile; £50 to the Welbeck-street Infirmary, and £300 to her maid. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves between her nephews and nieces, the children of her late sister Mrs. Mary Savile.

The will (dated July 21, 1888) of Colonel Arthur Swann Howard Lowe, late of Gosfield Hall, Essex, who died on Aug. 12 last, was proved on Oct. 5 by Arthur Courtauld Willoughby Lowe, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator leaves his old family diamond ring to his wife, Mrs. Louisa Ruth Lowe, for life, then to his son Arthur, with remainder as an heirloom to the tenant for life of Gosfield Hall. All the rest and remainder of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, she allowing his two sons £1000 per annum each, and on her death or remarriage the residue is to go to his two sons, as she shall by deed or will appoint, and in default thereof he gives £60,000 to his son Edward Aubrey Courtauld Lowe, and the ultimate residue to his son Arthur Courtauld Willoughby Lowe.

The will (dated Oct. 19, 1886) of Mr. Thomas Parr Perry, late of Lympston, Devon, who died on Sept. 30 last, was proved on Nov. 10 by George Knox Whitehead, the nephew, and Mrs. Sophia Whitehead, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator bequeaths to the Clergy Orphan Corporation, whose schools are at Canterbury and St. John's Wood, all the money standing in his name in the Three per Cent Consolidated Annuities; £200 to Mrs. Clementina Dent; £100 each to Flora Pierce and her sisters, Mary and Annette; and his house called Brook Cottage, with the furniture and contents thereof, to his nephew, George Knox Whitehead. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his said nephew and Sophia, his wife, and, on their deaths, to their children.

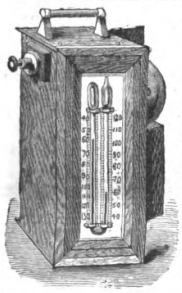
The will (dated May 16, 1888) of Lady Alexandrina Charlotte Mabella Cecil, wife of Lord Brownlow Thomas Montague Cecil, late of Marine Parade, Dover, who died on Oct. 17, was proved on Nov. 13 by Lord Brownlow Cecil, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £7000. The testatrix bequeaths certain stocks and shares, upon trust, for her husband, for life, and at his death she gives £300 each to Margaret Boult, Margaret Bainbrigge, Grace May, Maria Evans, Laura Gillespie, and Nathalie Cumont; £350 each to her god-daughters Lady Laura Cecil, Edith Bainbrigge, and Cecil Cassels; £50 to the Church Missionary Society; £25 each to the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, the National Life-Boat Institution, and the Girls' Orphanage, Northampton; £50 to the Sailors' Orphan Girls' Home, Hampstead; £19 each to the Cripples' Home, Regent's Park, and the Colonial and Continental Church Society; £10 each to the Dover Hospital, the Christ Church Mission Church, Dover, and the Soldiers' Home, Dover; and £5 to the East Cliff Mission, Dover, and other legacies; and the remainder of such stocks and shares between Lady Laura Cecil, Edith Bainbrigge, and Cecil Cassels. The residue of her property she leaves to her husband.

His Excellency the Viceroy of India and the Marchioness of Lansdowne left London on Nov. 16 for Brindisi, where they joined the mail-steamer for Bombay.

During Thursday night, Nov. 15, and the following morning, a severe gale prevailed over Scotland, the north of England, and Ireland, causing great damage to shipping and loss of life amongst seamen. Inland, considerable damage to property was caused at Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other places.

Cardinal Lavigerie has written to Cardinal Manning, a member of the committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, expressing high regard for the society, and enclosing for it, out of the Pope's bounty, an order on Paris for 50,000 f. (£1975).

The Countess of Aberdeen presided on Saturday, Nov. 17, at a meeting consisting chiefly of ladies, held at Mr. P. W. Bunting's, 11, Endsleigh-gardens, to discuss the election of women to county councils. Lady Aberdeen urged that women had been of much use on boards of guardians and that they ought to sit on the councils. Resolutions in support of the candidature of Lady Sandhurst and Miss Cobden were passed and for the appointment of a committee.



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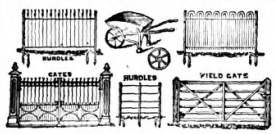
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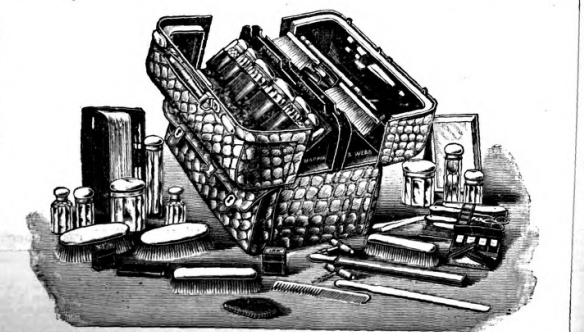
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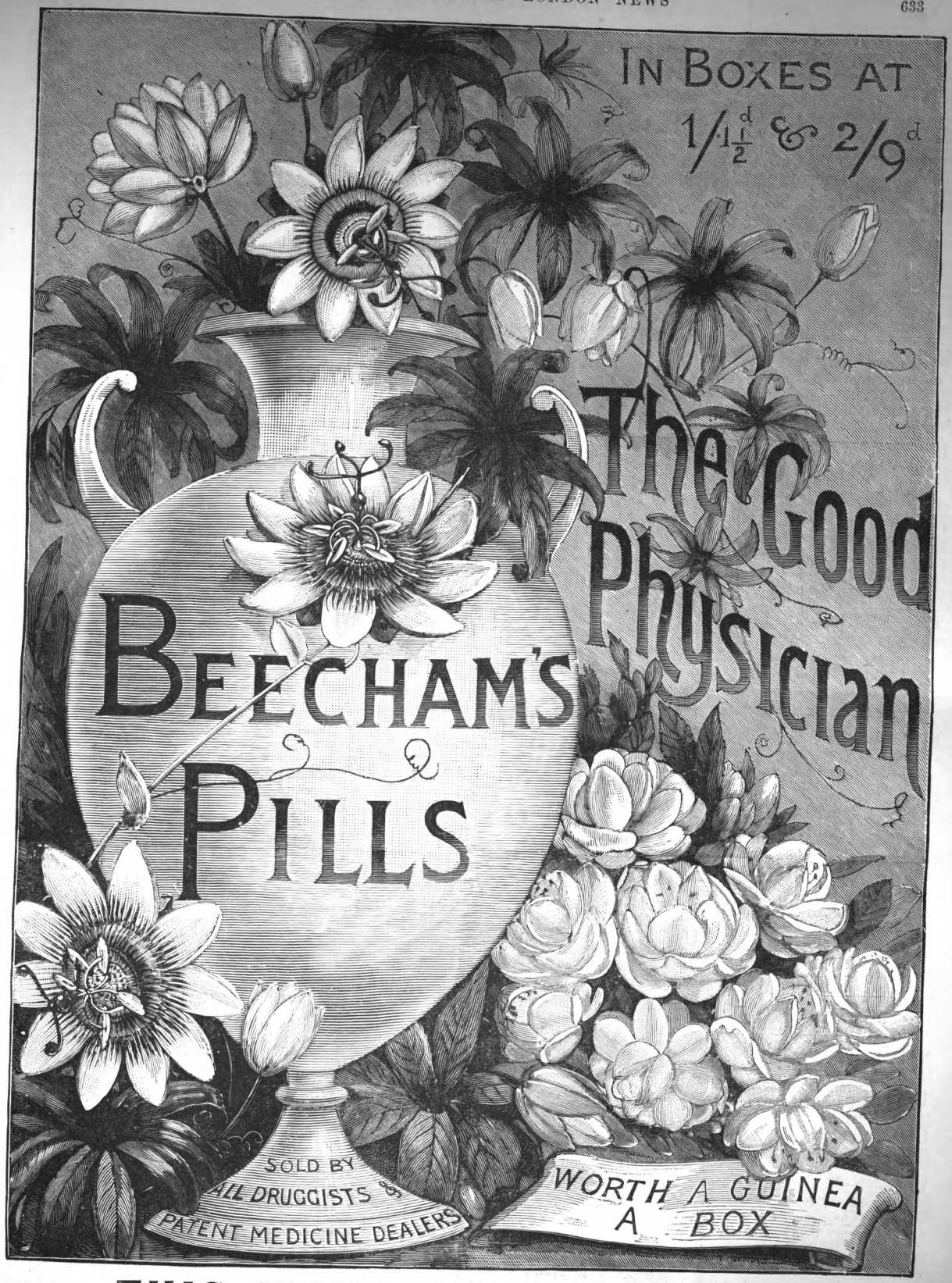
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MUSIC.

Mr. Henschel inaugurated, on Nov. 20, a new series (the third) of his excellent "London Symphony Concerts" at St. James's Hall. These performances give a special musical importance to our London winter season, particularly in the absence of any opera, and the discontinuance (as usual at this period) of the Promenade Concerts. Mr. Henschel's first programme was of strong and varied interest, and consisted entirely of instrumental music, the widespread taste for which is now sufficient to gain acceptance for selections limited to that class of compositions. The chief feature of the opening concert was Beethoven's seventh symphony (in A), the only novelty announced having been a "Suite" by Grieg, from the music to Ibsen's dramatic poem, "Peer Gynt." The several movements of this work are, respectively, entitled: "In the Morning," "The Death of Ases," "Anitra's Dance," and "In the Hall of the Mountain King." Of the merits of the music there will, we believe, be another opportunity before long of speaking, when the work may be more favourably placed than at the end of a sufficiently-long programme.

The first of the two concerts at which Madame Patti was announced to appear before her departure for a tour in South America was given at the Albert Hall on Nov. 20. Nearly every seat in the spacious building was occupied, and there was an excellent entertainment, Madame Patti having for coadjutors Madame Patey (who replaced Madame Trebelli), Mr. Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli, Miss Nettie Carpenter (violin), with Mr. Ganz conducting a full orchestra. The extremely familiar programmes offer nothing calling for detailed comment. It will, therefore, suffice to say that the prima donna was, as usual, in excellent voice. Messrs. Lloyd and Foli, Miss Carpenter, and an orchestra under Mr. Ganz, likewise took part in the proceedings. On such an occasion, the interest, of course, was almost entirely centred in Madame Patti herself, who was accorded a most enthusiastic leave-taking.

Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall were resumed on Wednesday evening, Nov. 21, when a varied and attractive programme was prepared.

We have already recorded the opening of the thirty-first series of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall on the evening of Nov. 12. The first of the Saturday afternoon performances took place on Nov. 17, when Sir Charles Hallé appeared as pianist, his solo performances having been in Chopin's "Nocturne" in E major from Op. 62 and his "Barcarolle" in F sharp major, which were rendered with that refinement of style for which the pianist has long been eminent. He and Lady Hallé (Madame Néruda) were worthily associated in an appreciative performance of Brahms's duet sonata in A (Op. 100); the lady violinist and MM. Ries, Straus, Gibson and Piatti having rendered Mendelssohn's string quintet in B flat (Op. 87) with fine effect. Sir Charles and Lady Hallé and Signor Piatti contributed to the performance of the closing piece of the day, Beethoven's pianoforte trio in D major (from Op. 70). More or less familiar vocal pieces were well sung by Miss L. Lehmann, accompanied by Mr. Frantzen. At the second evening concert of the series, on Nov. 19, Lady Hallé (Madame Néruda) was again the leading violinist, the occasion having brought back Mdlle. Janotha as solo pianist. Miss Elsa was the vocalist, and Dr. Engel the accompanist.

The sixth of the present series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace took place on Nov. 17, when Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata, "The Golden Legend," was performed; its many repetitions since its first production at the Leeds Festival of 1886 proving the strong and sustained attraction which it possesses, alike for metropolitan and provincial audiences. The solo vocalists on the recent occasion now referred to were Miss Emily Spada, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. B. Foote, and Mr. A. Black, all of whom were efficient in their respective degrees. The lady first named appeared in sudden replacement of Madame Nordica, who was to have sung, but was unavoidably detained by her American engagement.

DEATHS.

On Nov. 8, 1888, at Woolwich, Lieut.-Col. Ernest Henry Manningham-Buller, commanding 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, youngest son of the late Sir Edward Manningl a n-Buller, Bart., of Dilhorne, Staffordshire, aged 49.

On Oct. 18, at 32, St. Petersburg-place, Bayswater, of pluro-pneumonia, Jane Christiana (Janet), second daughter of the late Alexander Thom, Esq., formerly Acting Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals, Bombay, and P.M.O., Mauritius.—Indian and New Zealand papers please copy.

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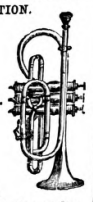
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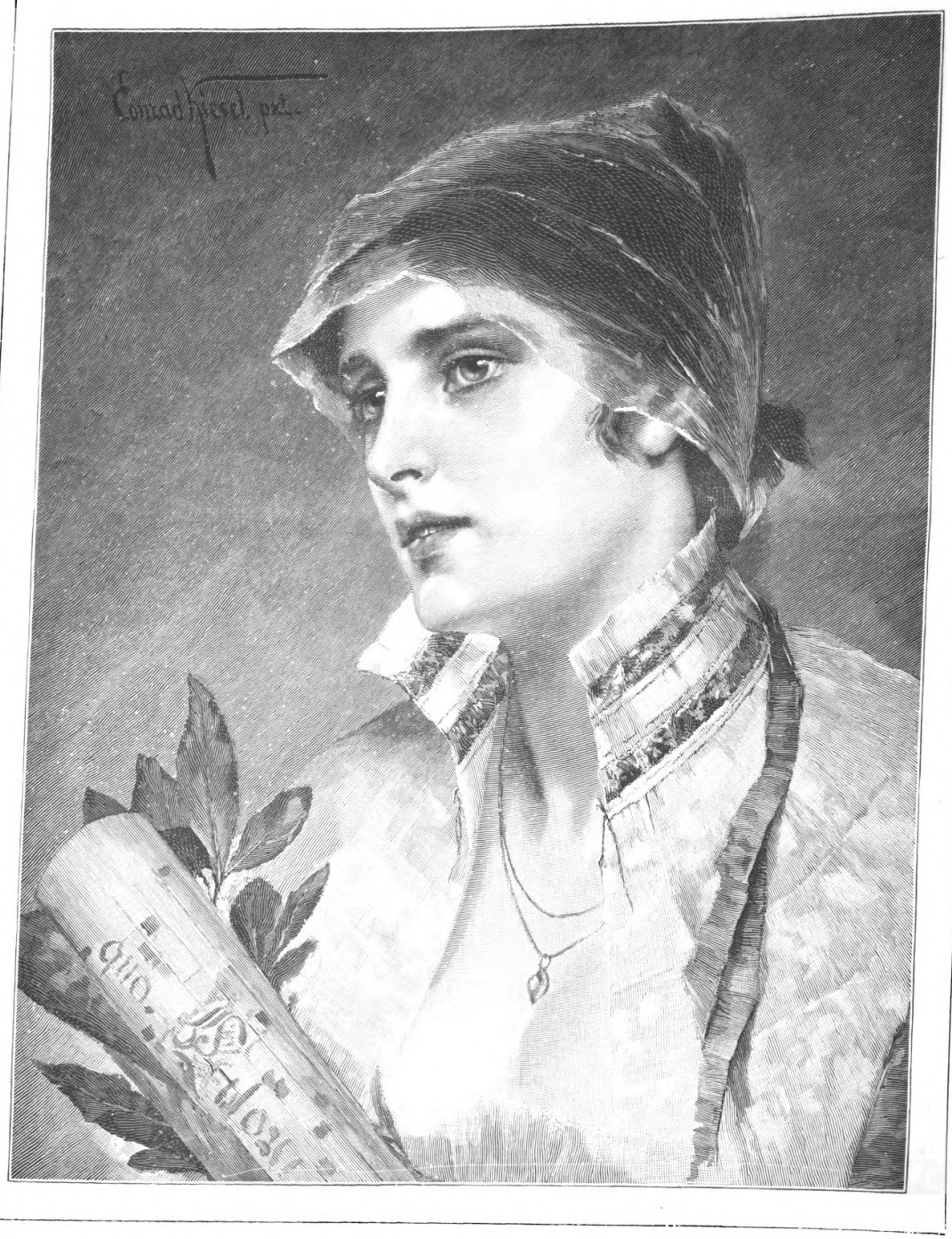
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"CLARISSE."—BY CONRAD KIESEL.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES FAYN.

I confess that Russian novels generally fail to interest me. The characters in them appear to be less of flesh and blood than of wood—and of a very hard kind of wood; and even the initial difficulty of mastering their names I find considerable. I am sure I should have felt the inconvenience of associating with a young person whose name was in fourteen syllables. How could one have whispered it, when circumstances demanded secrecy? And how much time it would have wasted that might have been better spent! That sesquipedalian patronymic, her surname, she could, of course, have exchanged for my brief one; but her Christian name would have been alien to the tongue of love. I feel the same obstacle in the endeavour to interest myself in the heroine of a Russian novel. I dislike all foreign names—if we had a really "strong Government" they would not be permitted anywhere—but in the country of the Czar they are intolerable. Even Count Tolstoi's genius as a story-teller has, on this account (and some others), failed to greatly attract me; and now it seems, if we are to believe one who has recently "interviewed" him, he is going to still further test the fidelity of his admirers by writing a novel "exposing the illusion of romantic love." The heroine, while retaining for us English readers her polysyllabic disadvantages, will not be allowed to adore her beloved object, but only to feel for him the attraction which is "born of identity of sentiment, similarity of ideal, and the friendship of the soul." This is what vulgar people, when wishing to describe something very delicate but rather insipid, call "veal without bacon." But the Count means to go much farther than the exposing an illusion. His object, he says, will be "to fill the reader with horror at the results of entertaining romantic love at all." I do not think he will succeed; but he is not the first who has attempted the same sort of thing. Jean Pierre Camus, Bishop of Bellay, wrote stories "to inspire horror and disgust of love." "I should like to see them," says Southey, rather drily (in his "Commonplace Book"); but though, perhaps, the greediest reader in the world, he could never get hold of the interesting volume.

A gentleman is in trouble with respect to a charge of conspiring with another gentleman to obtain a little money under false pretences. The matter is *sub judice*, and, of course, I have not a word to say against one who may be as innocent as the driven snow. But the evidence for the prosecution is most noteworthy. The accused is alleged to have represented himself, by advertisement, as an agent for the stage. He had a company on hand ("Jones and Co., of Wales") and places in it to fill, for which (as was natural enough) he expected premiums. Theatrical aspirants, male and female, apply to him in shoals. They make appointments with him, and rehearse their parts. One applicant is a Roderigo, another is a Jessica. He is nothing if he is not critical, and is so good as to underscore the lines they ought to emphasise. Some of them are as "promising" as the agent himself—sucking Irvings and budding Miss Terrys. They exert themselves in these private performances to the uttermost in a little parlour in Sussex-street, S.W. But as it is now, alas! alleged, solely for the delectation of the accused. Their artistic host is declared not to have been a theatrical agent at all, but only a collector of premiums. There never was—in the form, at least, of a dramatic company—a "Jones and Co., of Wales." Science assures us that force is never lost, and though I often fail to understand her I am the last person to contradict her. Supposing, therefore, the story of the prosecution is a correct one, what has become of all those histrionic exhibitions—the fury of Othello, the wit of Falstaff, the pathos of Desdemona? To act to empty boxes must be bad enough, but to simulate the noblest emotions of the human heart, for the sole benefit of a gentleman who is simulating a theatrical agent, must be distressing, indeed.

I am not as a rule enamoured of sea-stories; there is a monotony about the ocean which seems to affect not only those who make their business in great waters, but those who write about it afterwards. Whoever has taken a long voyage with the same companions gets uncommonly tired of nine-tenths of them; and the same thing happens to me with the characters of a nautical novel. When a master of the craft (I am not, of course, alluding to the ship's captain) takes the matter in hand, the result, however, is different, and Captain Marryat and Mr. Clark Russell can make even sea-stories attractive. It is not wonderful that both should have taken in hand so tempting a subject as "The Phantom Ship." With Marryat's novel of that name we have most of us made acquaintance; it is not written upon his usual lines, nor can it be called a great success; but it is a powerful story. Mr. Clark Russell's recent book, "The Death Ship," with which it is interesting to compare it, is something much more than this. If the proverbial jealousy of persons in the same way of business would permit me I should describe it as a work of genius. "If it is not genius" (to pilfer a saying from a dying man), "it is its cousin german!" But why the Vanderdecken should the author have killed Imogene? Had I known of his murderous intention when he first introduced her to me he would have lost a reader, and I an enthralling story.

A native of Honolulu having been condemned to death for murder, has chosen to accept the alternative, offered him by science, of being inoculated for leprosy, and has caught it. The Government will, probably, "catch it" too, for having permitted the experiment; but surely not upon good grounds? The question does not go on all fours at all with that of vivisection. In this case there is no compulsion in the matter. It was desirable that it should be proved whether leprosy was contagious or not, and the criminal gladly ran his chance. So far as I know, there has been no instance of a similar alternative being offered to a man sentenced to death since the two criminals in Edinburgh were put into what they were told were beds in which men had died of cholera—but where, in fact, nothing of the kind had occurred—to prove the effect of fancy in producing disease. One of them—presumably the one that had the most imagination—developed the cholera, and the other was not "a penny the worse." I suppose most people in Honolulu, or elsewhere, would rather be vaccinated for anything than be hanged, not excepting even one of our own anti-vaccination agitators. If the operation did not "take" he would be all right, and if it did and he perished, as he had always said he should, he would prove his theory.

If there is nothing new under the sun, it was at least made certain, the other day, that the "Complete Letter-Writer" is not quite so complete as it was supposed to be. The best editions, I believe, contain samples appropriate to every circumstance of human life, inclusive of how to express oneself on breaking off our engagement with the young person we had promised to marry. But this, though performed with the greatest delicacy, was not accomplished on such lofty grounds as it has been of late in real life. A very religious young man, indeed, has composed the following appeal (for his own use):—"Dear Susan and Christian Sister,—I feel with regards marrying you, Susan, which is a very great responsibility on your part, and also on mine, which I find was too hasty; but the Lord will forgive me, and I trust you will—won't you, Susan? . . . I have been putting your love with mine from time to time, and find yours has been a great deal stronger than mine." He also offers his Christian Sister the sum of eight pounds not to proceed with the action for breach of promise. I wonder whether this is the sort of affection which Count Tolstoi proposes to substitute for "romantic love"? There is a great deal of the piety about it which he so desiderates, though it is hardly what one would call "natural piety."

Another action at law illustrative of the same subject occurred almost simultaneously at Westminster. In this case, however, the young gentleman was the injured person, and sought to recover of the lady who had jilted him certain marriage gifts, mostly in the ironmongery line, though she spoke of them generally as "sticks." "I will see you," said she to the once beloved object—well, we will not use her words, but she went "the whole length of the expression," as the phrase goes (though, indeed, it is a very brief one), "before I will part with a stick." With that inconsistency which belongs to her charming sex, while clinging to these objects of personal property with a pertinacity that would seem to prove their value, she nevertheless maintained that her swain had bought them all in "job lots" at sixpence each. The whole affair as a love-match may be said to have "gone off," and with a very unpleasant odour. And yet, though there was decidedly less of the religious element than in the former case, there was quite as little of that romance about it which the Court finds so objectionable, and to be the real cause of all the failures in matrimony.

I read that one of the evil results of the cold summer is that oysters have not grown fat. To judge by the price put upon them, however, I should think the fishmongers have. For my part, I don't care one threepenny-bit (which is what the best "natives" now cost apiece) whether these bivalves are fat or lean: they are beyond my means. "If they be not food for me, What care I how fat they be?" to alter a little what Sir John Suckling wrote of another kind of dainty. There is (or, alas! was) a sort of exhilaration derived from many oysters similar to that given by champagne, which, however, I have known to be taken with them. The last great oyster-feast I remember, I partook of at a public supper-room in the company of an old gourmand well known at the clubs, but whom nobody suspected of wearing a wig. After six dozen of them—feeling, I suppose, the need of taking something or another off before renewed exertions—he took off his head-covering and hung it, to my "hushed amaze," on the peg at the end of the partition that separated us from the next box. He never spoke of this imprudence to me, then or afterwards, but tacitly trusted to my honour not to reveal it during his lifetime; and I did not abuse his confidence. The whole expense—of the oysters—on that occasion was not more than a sovereign. The author of the "Physiologie du Goût" tells us he once attempted to give his friend Lapeste, who was passionately fond of these esculents, what he protested he had never had—"enough of them"; but when his guest had eaten thirty-two dozen the host grew impatient and ordered dinner. Those *hors d'œuvres*, at present prices, would have cost him £4 16s.

A talented young friend sends me a sonnet from the French—not generally a very acceptable sort of goods; but this particular sample is not only meritorious in itself, but very significant of the friendliness and charity with which "our lively neighbours" regard any annexation of territory made by perfidious Albion. The author of the poem is, I understand, a certain Count Borelli, formerly Colonel of the Légion Etrangère which served in Tonquin, so that he ought to understand the subject:—

ON DUTY IN BURMAH.

They bade me go. I went, alert and gay,
Past lotus fields and river banks new dress'd
And fishers fishing a calm lake—all rest.
My soldiers marched until the close of day,
Then near, from out the bamboos where it lay,
Peeped a high-reeded pagoda's gilded crest;
Bright parrots perched, where each had built its nest,
On mat-thatched huts that smiled along the way.
Great fan-leaved palms swayed lilly in the breeze;
While, darting from the medlar's shade profound,
A brilliant pigeon mounted, circling round;
The litchi fruit gleamed gold among the trees.
Below the cactus flamed, and still amidst these
The village slept. I burnt it to the ground.

The last sentence has certainly all the charm attributed to the Unexpected.

In my last "Notes" I wrote somewhat playfully of the late volume published by Dr. Anna Kingsford, under the mistaken impression that its authoress was still living. I ought, of course, to have known better; but in the book itself I found no hint of its being a posthumous work, and thereby fell into an error which I regret no less because it was a natural one.

THE COURT.

The Empress Frederick and her daughters remain the guests of the Queen at Windsor Castle, whence they occasionally make excursions in the Great Park and country around the palace. On Nov. 21 the Empress received an address from the Mayor and Corporation of Windsor. The deputation was introduced to her Imperial Majesty's presence by Count Seckendorff. The Marquis of Lorne arrived at the castle. Mdlle. Faber du Faur and Mdlle. De Perpigna dined with her Majesty and the Royal family; and the ladies and gentlemen of the household joined the Royal circle in the evening. The Queen went out with the Empress Frederick and Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and Princesses Sophie and Margaret of Prussia. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne left the castle. The German Ambassador also left. Admiral Sir Alexander Milne and Major Edye were received by the Queen on the 22nd. They presented her Majesty with the Jubilee offering of the Navy and Royal Marines, consisting of models of the Britannia and the Victoria—the former a typical line-of-battle-ship when the Queen ascended the throne, and the latter the most recently constructed armour-clad battle-ship at the time of the Jubilee. Her Majesty expressed her admiration of these beautiful gifts, and of the workmanship they displayed. Other gifts were subsequently accepted. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by the Empress Frederick and Princesses Sophie and Margaret of Prussia. The Duchess of Teck and Princess Frederica of Hanover (Baroness Von Pawel Rammingen) visited her Majesty. Sir Robert Collins arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Baron Reischach had the honour of being invited. The Queen drove out in the afternoon of the 23rd, accompanied by the Empress Frederick and Princess Beatrice and Princess Margaret; and her Majesty went out with the Empress Frederick on the morning of the 24th. The Queen received, as a gift from Field-Marshal the Duke of Cambridge, a marble bust of himself, sculptured by Mr. George G. Adams, F.S.A., who had the honour of submitting it to her Majesty's inspection. In the afternoon the Queen drove out, accompanied by the Empress Frederick. Mr. and Mrs. Goschen arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with their Majesties and the Royal family. Baron Reischach had the honour of being invited. Her Majesty and the Empress Frederick, with the Royal family and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor on Sunday morning, the 25th. The Dean of Windsor officiated, assisted by the Very Rev. C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple, who afterwards preached the sermon. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Prussia. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, visited her Majesty. The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen and Mrs. Goschen and Count Seckendorff had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On the 26th the Queen drove in her pony-carriage, accompanied by the Empress Frederick, and proceeded to the drive in the vicinity of George IV.'s Gateway, whence, sheltered by the ornamental shrubbery, the party witnessed some interesting feats of military dexterity performed by the Queen's Indian Equerry. Her Majesty received intelligence of the safe arrival of her grandchildren, Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, at Bombay, where they were met by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The new Austrian Ambassador (Count Deym), the Chilian Minister, the Nicaraguan Minister, and the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., arrived at the castle. The Marquis of Salisbury had an audience of her Majesty. The Austrian Ambassador was introduced to the Queen, and presented his credentials, as Ambassador, to her Majesty. The Chilian Minister (Don Carlos Antunez) and the Nicaraguan Minister (Dr. Adan Cardenas) were respectively introduced, by the Marquis of Salisbury, to her Majesty, upon appointment as Ministers to the Queen's Court. On the 27th the Queen, accompanied by the Empress Frederick, travelled to town from Windsor Castle, in order to pay a visit of condolence to the family of the late Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford House. Accompanied by her daughters, and attended by the suite, the Empress Frederick left the castle in the afternoon and walked through the principal streets of Windsor to Eton College, whence her Imperial Majesty and party subsequently returned to the palace.

The Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor and her daughters, left Copenhagen on the evening of Nov. 22 by special train for Korsör, en route to England, viâ Fyen, Jutland, and Germany. King Christian, the Queen, and the Danish Princes and Princesses, accompanied their visitors to the Copenhagen railway terminus, where the Danish Ministers, the Corps Diplomatique, the Court dignitaries, and local authorities were assembled. After taking a cordial farewell of her parents and relatives, the Princess, with her family, entered the train, and left amidst the cheers of the assemblage. The streets leading from the palace to the terminus, the public buildings and squares, and the railway terminus were splendidly illuminated. The Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princess Victoria, arrived at Marlborough House on the 24th from Denmark. Their Royal Highnesses proceeded to Sandringham in the afternoon. On Sunday, the 25th, the Prince and Princess, Prince Albert Victor, and Prince George, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service in the morning at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Sandringham Park. The Rev. F. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince and Princess, officiated, assisted by the Rev. J. N. Dalton, Canon of Windsor, who preached the sermon. On the 26th the Comte and Comtesse de Paris and Princess Hélène arrived at Sandringham on a visit to the Prince and Princess. The Duke of Cambridge also arrived at Sandringham. The Prince of Wales, Princes Albert Victor and George, the Comte de Paris, the Duke of Cambridge, and other guests have commenced shooting.

Prince and Princess Christian have returned to Cumberland Lodge from Germany.

Lord Brassey has presented a beautiful service of communion plate for use in the Savoy Chapel in memory of Lady Brassey, who was for many years a member of the congregation.

By the accidental mistake of one photograph for another we last week described the portrait of the Rev. G. H. Sumner, D.D., late Archdeacon and Canon of Winchester, the new Bishop of Guildford, as that of the Rev. Alfred Earle, late Archdeacon of Totnes and Canon of Exeter, whose appointment to a suffragan bishopric in the diocese of London was at first announced in connection with the title of "Bishop of Guildford," but who is to bear the new title of "Bishop of Marlborough."

THE LATE EARL OF DEVON.

The death of this nobleman, who was personally held in much esteem and had filled offices of public usefulness, was recorded in the "Obituary" last week. The Right Hon. William Reginald Courtenay, of Powderham Castle, near Exeter, was born in 1807, eldest son of the tenth Earl of Devon, and of one of the most ancient noble families in England. An ancestor of this family, among the Crusaders, was elevated to the throne of the Eastern empire at Constantinople. They long exercised great hereditary influence in the county of Devon, but this has from various causes declined. The late Earl was educated at Christ Church College, Oxford, where he gained a fellowship; he served as one of the inspectors of the Poor Law Board, and in 1852 was appointed by Lord Aberdeen's Government to the secretaryship of that department. He was, as Lord Courtenay, M.P. for South Devon from 1841 to 1849, acting with the Peelite party as a Liberal-Conservative. In 1859, he succeeded to the peerage; in 1866, joining Lord Derby's Government, he became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and afterwards President of the Poor Law Board. He long performed, with much care and diligence, the functions of Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for Devonshire, and a statue was erected to his honour in the city of Exeter. His Lordship married a daughter of the late Earl Fortescue, and has left a son to succeed to the earldom. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young.



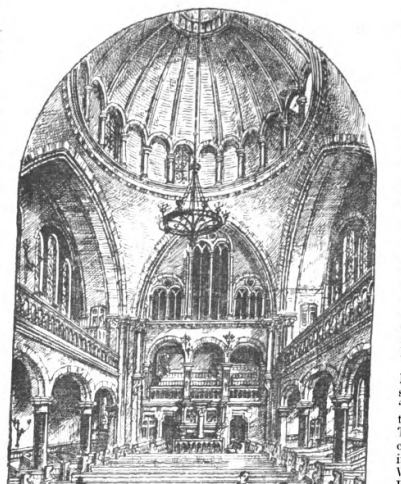
THE LATE EARL OF DEVON.

NEW WELSH PRESBYTERIAN CHAPEL.

The Welsh Presbyterian congregation, whose pastor is the Rev. R. E. Morris, formerly worshipping in Nassau-street, Soho, whither they emigrated from Jewin-crescent, City of London, some thirty-five years ago, have erected a new chapel in Charing-cross-road, Shaftesbury-avenue, on a site of about 4400 superficial feet. The greater part is occupied by the chapel, the front of which is towards Charing-cross-road. In plan this building is cruciform, the central space being covered by a dome, and the arms by pointed vaults. Beneath the dome, and in the crown of it, are ornamental arcades pierced with numerous windows, casting a flood of light down into the middle of the chapel. This arrangement naturally results, on the exterior, in an octagonal lantern-tower, about 30 ft. in diameter. In the centre of the tower a ventilating shaft is carried up, with an arrangement for exhausting the air from the building, while fresh air is supplied by a number of Tobin ventilators in different parts of the building. The chapel seats about 500; and there is a provision for a future gallery behind the pulpit, which will give space for a good organ and thirty additional sittings.

Under the chapel is a school-room or lecture-hall which will seat from 350 to 400 persons. Communicating with this are various class-rooms and offices, and a kitchen, with the necessary appliances for tea-meetings. These last occupy the basement storey of that part of the building which has a frontage towards Shaftesbury-avenue. This, which only joins the chapel by a passage on each floor, is treated as a distinct feature in the design. The ground floor is taken up with the minister's and deacons' vestries, the main entrance from the avenue, two staircases, and a ladies' room with lavatory adjoining. The first-floor contains a reading-room and library, and the floor above has a large and well-lighted room, divisible into two, to be used for such purposes as may be decided upon hereafter by the church. The upper floor and the attic form a house for the caretaker.

The chapel is faced externally with hammer-dressed Yorkshire stone; the architectural details are in Ancaster stone. The interior is lined with light-red Fareham bricks, with dressings of Ruabon bricks and of Corsham stone. The style of the building is the later Romanesque, such as prevailed towards the end of the twelfth century; and the work is carried out everywhere in a thoroughly substantial and permanent manner. The architect is Mr. James Cubitt; Messrs. Peto Brothers are the builders.



WELSH PRESBYTERIAN CHAPEL IN SHAFTESBURY-AVENUE.

CRYSTAL PALACE PIGEON, POULTRY, AND RABBIT SHOW.

The twentieth yearly National Show of these fancy birds and beasts, including cavies or guinea-pigs, was held at the Crystal Palace from Monday, Nov. 19, to the following Thursday. The aggregate number of living creatures exhibited was 6815, or nearly 500 more than the show of last year, while the varieties and sub-varieties of breeds and curiosities of crossings have so increased that the classes have risen from 437 in 1887 to 480 in 1888. This shows how subtle are the differences between the many families and groups of pigeons, cocks and hens, and rabbits. Some of them are natural groups, others are the artificial result of close, scientific, and experimental breeding study of minute peculiarities of structure, size, colour, and habits. Of poultry, there are the Spanish, the Cochins, the Brahmas, the Houdans, the Hamburghs, the Polish, the Dorkings, the French, the Bantams, the Game, the Minorcas, the Malays, the Andalusians, the Leghorns, the Black Javas and Orpingtons, the Wyandottes, and several others; besides ducks, geese, and turkeys. The pigeons comprise pouters, carriers, tumblers, fantails, turbits, barbs, dragons, Norwich croppers, Antwerps, Jacobins, trumpeters, nuns, runts, ruffs, frills, blondinettes and satinettes, and sundry toy varieties; to which magpies were added. Among the rabbits, only mentioning the "Belgian hares," were lop-ears, Dutch, Angoras, Himalayans, Flemish giants, fawn-coloured, silver, silver-grey, silver-brown, and silver-cream; while the cavies included Peruvian guinea-pigs, Abyssinian, tortoise-shell, black and white, short-haired and long-haired; some of which, and some of the fantail pigeons, are represented in our Artist's Sketches. About thirty judges were employed to decide the merits of candidates for prizes in the many classes of poultry, pigeons, rabbits, and cavies; and the mere lists of their awards and commendations would fill several columns. Mr. J. Jennings and Mr. J. E. Aldred were the judges of rabbits, which were exhibited to the number of 427; Mr. Kempster Knight was the judge of guinea-pigs. Some of the finest poultry was sold at high prices.

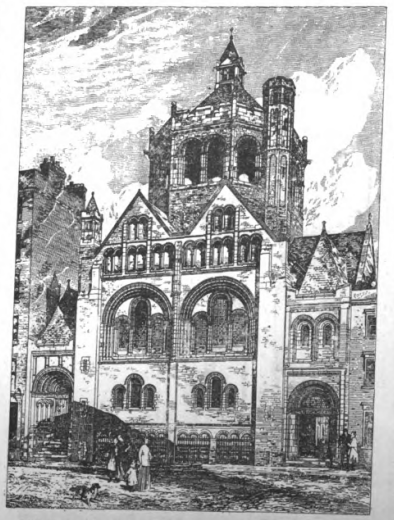
We append lists of the pigeons, and of the rabbits and guinea-pigs, which appear in the Sketches on another page. They are here numbered in the order in which they stand from the left to the right-hand side of the page, not including those in the upper Engraving, of which we give no special list:—

PIGEONS.

1. Mr. W. Stevenson's White Fantail, cock.
2. Mrs. J. F. Loversidge's White Fantail, hen.
3. Mrs. H. Chapman's Fantail hen (3rd prize).
4. Mr. A. M. Sutcliffe's Silver Blue Turbit (1st prize).
5. Mr. W. Law's Blue Pied Pouter (1st prize and Cup).
6. Mr. W. Stevenson's white and black hen Fantails (1st and 2nd prizes).
7. Mr. J. Moore's White Fantail hen (2nd prize).

RABBITS AND GUINEA-PIGS.

1. Mr. F. Graveley's female Peruvian Guinea-pig (1st prize, Medal).
2. Mr. W. Read's Peruvian Guinea-pig, female.
3. Mr. J. G. Ravenor's Peruvian Guinea-pig.
4. Mr. M. Humphrey's Flemish Giant Buck Rabbit (1st prize, Cup).
5. Mr. C. A. House's Abyssinian Tortoise-shell Cavy (2nd prize).
6. Mr. W. C. O. Ellis's Peruvian Guinea-pig.



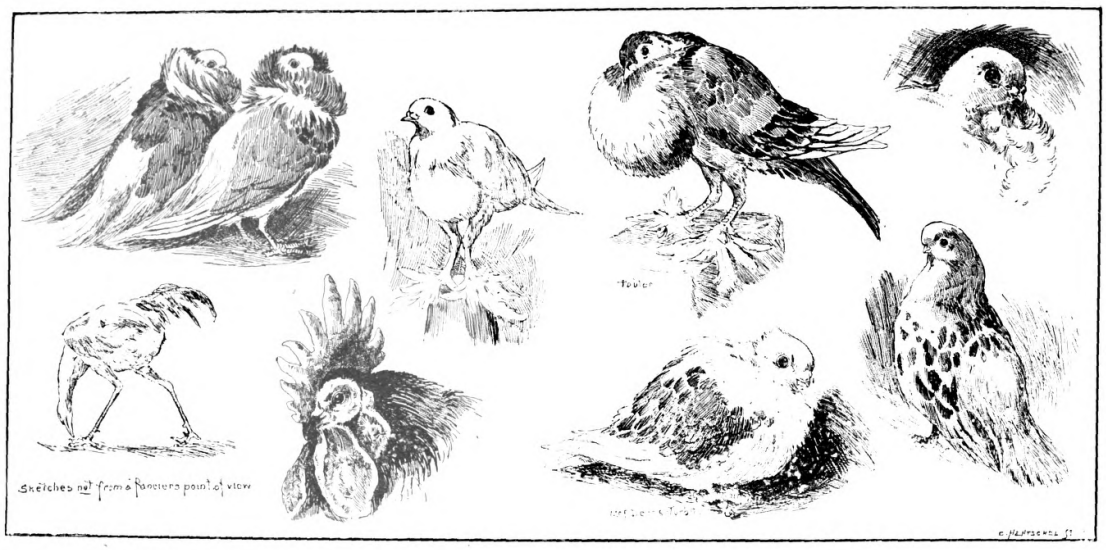
WELSH PRESBYTERIAN CHAPEL IN SHAFTESBURY-AVENUE.

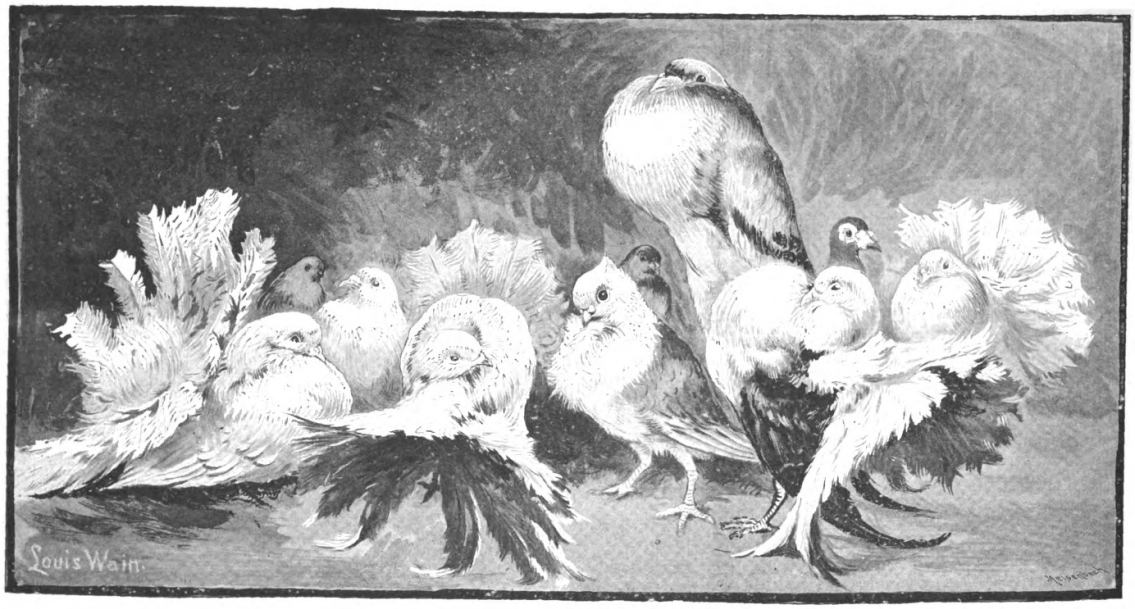
THE PLAYHOUSES.

It is the fashion with modern audiences, in these impatient times, to visit the sins of the players entirely on the unfortunate author. If a scene drags purely by bad playing, if a character is assumed by someone who thoroughly misunderstands it, if actors and actresses are found hopelessly floundering about and casting appealing glances at the prompter; when the inexperienced eye can at once detect bad casting, insufficient rehearsals, and the absence of a head-piece in the direction of the stage, there is but one scapegoat—the author. People in the stalls shudder, and murmur "What rubbish!"; the stern censors in the pit catcall and cry "Get on!"; boys in the gallery "Boo-hoo!" and chuckle at the thought that there will be some "author-baiting" by-and-by—that is to say, that some miserable gentleman will be called out to be execrated because the players do not know their words or understand their parts. A very good example of this want of discrimination was shown in the case of a play called "The Alderman," adapted by Mr. James Mortimer from "L'Héritage de M. Plumet," a once famous French comedy of the lighter kind—not exactly a farcical comedy, as we understand the term now-a-days—but a bright piece with an occasional touch of serious interest. Originally Mr. Mortimer produced "The Alderman" at a Criterion matinée. On the whole, it was exceedingly well played. Mr. George Barrett made a study of the good-natured old gentleman who firmly believes that he has a will of his own, but is, in reality, swayed by the last voice. A scene between Mr. Brandon Thomas and Mr. Julian Cross—who appeared as two old soldiers, pathetically fond of their niece and ward—was so well acted that it touched the house, and displayed considerable emotional faculty on the part of the players. In fact, the comedy was so promising that it might well have been selected for an actor like Mr. Toole, and his clever little company; but submitted to an unfortunate cast the little play goes all to pieces. Mr. Ashley—otherwise an excellent actor—is wholly unsuited to the Alderman: he plays it as light comedy instead of strong character. The two old soldiers who made one audience cry make another audience laugh when the characters are taken by Mr. Frank Kinghorne and Mr. W. H. Pennington. A bright ingénue, who could be played to perfection by an actress like Miss Fanny Brough, is turned into a smart Yankee "gal" who interlards her conversation with American facetiæ that sound as if they were borrowed from the amusement corner of a family paper. With the exception of Mr. Royce Carleton, who has a head on his shoulders, and Miss Gabrielle Goldney, who bids fair to be an excellent comedy actress, there is scarcely one in the cast who even approximately approaches the author's idea. The consequence is that the play falls to pieces, and the author's work is condemned instead of his, or the manager's, want of judgment in collecting people to play characters for which they are ill suited, either physically or mentally. According to our present system, actors and actresses are taught to go on the stage, and play themselves, whilst they recite words written by other people. They seldom dream of disguising their own personality for the purpose of the play, which is one of the provinces of the actor. Why are they called actors? They certainly do not act anything or become anybody. They are simply Mr. So-and-So in another wig or Miss So-and-So in another gown. It is quite right to condemn "The Alderman," and "A White Lie" also, for the matter of that, as played at the Jodrell Theatre, but not because they are bad plays, or could not be made good ones. They should be condemned because the acting displayed in them is quite beneath what the public has a right to expect at a high-priced theatre. It is a perfect farce to charge West-End prices for common provincial goods. If theatres like the Jodrell are ever to succeed the prices should be reduced 50 per cent. It is difficult to believe that the company at the Jodrell can cost so much as to necessitate the same charges as are made at the Lyceum, the Haymarket, or the Court.

Another instance of conspicuous bad playing is found in Mr. Jocelyn Brandon's English version of Daudet's "L'Arlésienne." It is so easy to shrug the shoulders and talk of "rubbish," and say that "the public will not stand this sort of thing," when the play has had no chance given it of success. This delightful play, thanks to good acting and Bizet's enchanting music, has more than once been brilliantly successful in Paris. But there it was finely acted and beautifully done. We do not say this simply because it is a French play, for many French plays are execrably performed. But we do maintain that if the passionate mother had been played by Mrs. Kendal, and if the romance had been realised by such a stage-manager as Mr. Hare, if the acting had been forcible and the direction capable, a very different tale might have been told. But because "The Love that Kills" is badly cast, badly acted, badly directed, and clumsily misunderstood by almost everyone concerned, the whole weight of the failure is put on the wrong shoulders. Mr. Jocelyn Brandon has done his work well enough; it is not his fault. We do not believe at all in the introduction of the fatal Arlesian woman. The whole dramatic idea, the whole beauty of the play, vanishes when she appears. But young authors have to yield to vulgar prejudice. The people who influence them show that they know about as much of poetry as of Greek roots. There is little use in pointing out the individual instances of bad playing in this pretty play. The poetic key was never once touched. The whole thing was out of tune, and no patching or piecing could make it better.

Mr. Alfred Calmour's "Widow Winsome," produced and excellently played at a Criterion matinée, is a graceful and pretty fancy enough, but is, we fear, too delicate in structure and scarcely original enough in idea to bear the tossing of a modern tide of criticism. The angry father, who protects his daughter's honour, and, at the same time, induces her to marry for money; the young spark, who is reformed to virtuous ways and a decent life by the sight of an angel face; the innocent maiden, who feels that by means of her purity she can have influence over a handsome gallant who is recklessly going to the dogs; the proud lady of fashion, who makes open advances to a handsome youth, and who proves the truth of the old adage, "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned;"—all these have figured before in many a well-known and well-worn comedy, so that Mr. Calmour's play sounds more like an echo of what has been than a promise of something new and startling—some fresh thought, some original idea. We discard old comedy, not because it is uninteresting, but because it is ineffective; and, truth to tell, Mr. Calmour's play leaves us exactly where we were before he wrote the "Widow Winsome." He had the advantage of a strong cast, and some excellent players—the ripe old comedy manner of Mr. William Farren, the picturesque and gallant appearance of Mr. Conway, the merry touches of Mr. Fred Thorne, the flashing eyes and aristocratic manner of Miss Gertrude Kingston, the neat playing of Mr. George Giddens. Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Laura Linden were of the greatest advantage to the author, whose plays have never suffered from insufficient representation. But the play owed its greatest charm to the acting of Miss Kate Rorke, who brought the first act to a close with an outburst of passionate acting, as good as anything she has ever done. There was nothing flimsy or artificial about it.



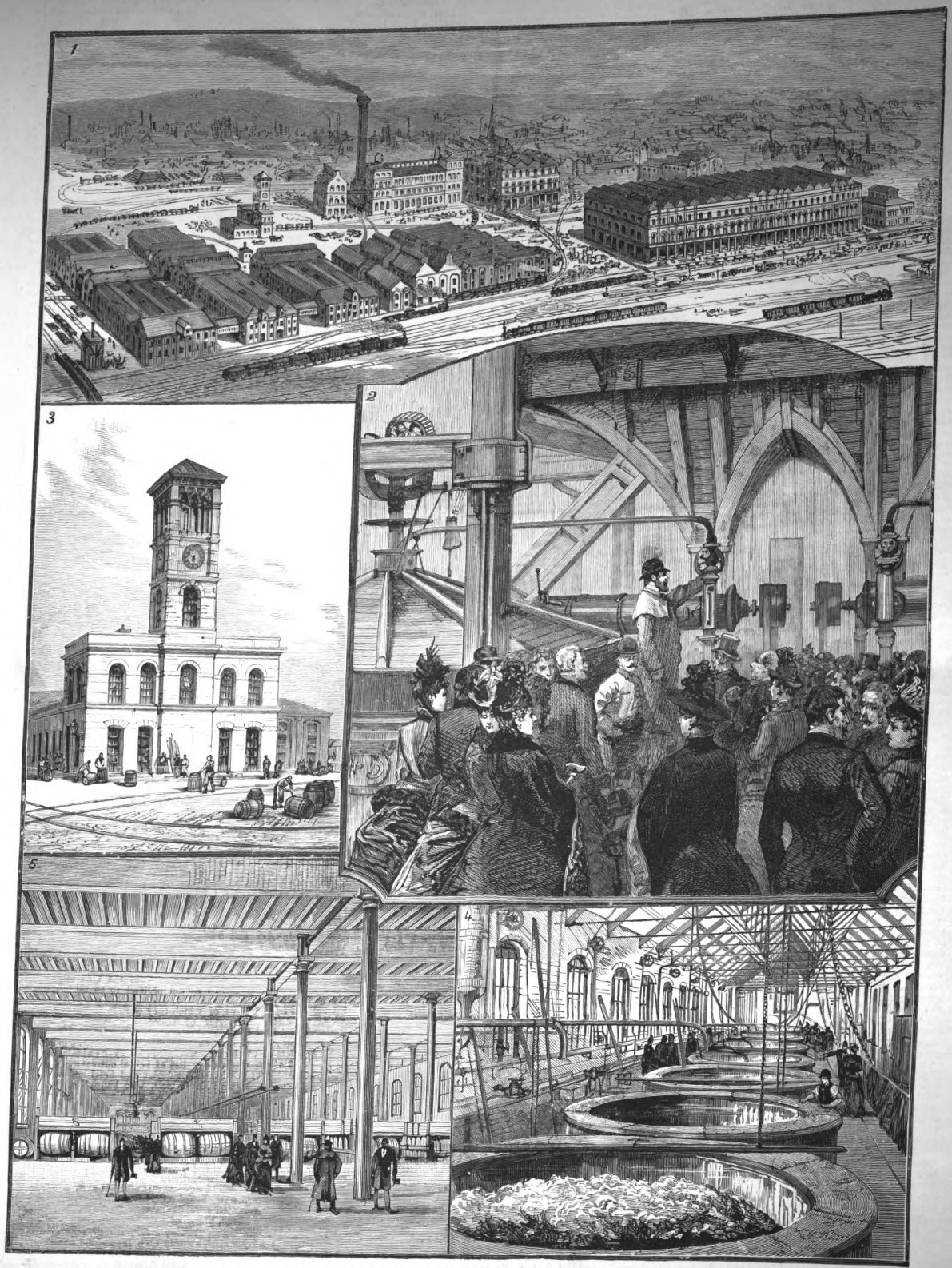






"*What a Duck!*"

POULTRY AND PIGEON SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



1. General View of the Brewery. 2. Prince of Wales turning on the water and malt for a special brew. 3. Clock Tower. 4. The Wort-Copper Stage. 5. The Tunning-Room.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ALLSOPP'S BREWERY, BURTON-ON-TRENT.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ALLSOPP'S BREWERY.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, from Monday, Nov. 12, to Thursday, the 15th, was the guest of Lord and Lady Hindlip, at Doveridge Hall, near Uttoxeter. Lord Hindlip, formerly Mr. S. C. Allsopp, M.P. for Taunton, is the head of the great firm of Messrs. Samuel Allsopp and Sons, brewers, of Burton-on-Trent. The Prince of Wales ended his visit to Doveridge Hall by going to Burton, with his host and hostess and several friends—the Duchess of Manchester, Earl Dudley, Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Florence Dunconbe, Count Kinsky, and Mr. Sassoon being of the party—to see the famous brewery. General Teesdale attended his Royal Highness. At the Uttoxeter railway station, from which they travelled to Burton by a special train, six hundred school-children were assembled on the platform to sing "God bless the Prince of Wales!" At Burton, where the train arrived at noon, the Mayor of that town, Councillor Harrison, with the Mayoress, met his Royal Highness; but no address from the Municipality was presented. The Chief Constable of Staffordshire, the Hon. Captain G. A. Anson, was also present. Several directors of the great brewing firm (which is a Limited Liability Company)—namely, the Hon. George Allsopp, M.P., Captain H. Townshend, Mr. J. T. Poyser, and Mr. J. C. Grinling—received their visitors at the railway station, and they all walked to the brewery, a few hundred yards distant. Flags were displayed over the principal buildings in the town, and the church bells were set ringing; the people in the street, and on the railway bridge, greeted his Royal Highness with cheers; but it was not a formal public visit to the borough of Burton-on-Trent.

The privileged visitors and others in the brewery offices were made aware of the Prince's arrival by vigorous cheering from without, and the explosion of a hundred and one fog signals, given as a "brewery salute," in the adjoining yard. Almost immediately afterwards, his Royal Highness was received at the entrance to the offices by the officials of the company—Mr. J. Ogden, the secretary, and Councillor Auty, who were presented to the Prince by the Hon. George Allsopp. The tour of inspection was at once entered upon, those in attendance upon his Royal Highness including the directors and the officials of the company already referred to, Councillor Stirk (head-brewer), Mr. T. C. Martin, Mr. Wood (cashier), Mr. E. Grinling, Mr. Starey (malting department), Mr. Strachan (engineer), Mr. H. G. Anderson, and Captain the Hon. G. Anson. The Hon. Percy Allsopp, M.P., another of the directors, was prevented from joining the party through, we regret to say, ill-health, and it is feared that his illness is of such a nature that his absence from England for a month or two will be rendered necessary. Leaving the offices by the rear, and passing through the racking-room, the party proceeded along the yard to No. 13 malting-room, where Mr. Poyser explained to his Royal Highness the details of the withering process which the grain was then undergoing, and after an examination of the room in which the barley is screened, a move was made, under the guidance of the head-brewer, Councillor Stirk—who from this part took over the duties of guide—to the mash-room, in which were located eight tuns, each containing something like 160 quarters. Here a brief but exceedingly interesting ceremony took place. His Royal Highness, approaching the mash-tun, commenced a brew of pale ale by turning on the water and the malt. After the mashing apparatus had been duly inspected, a move was made to the wort-coppers—the warm atmosphere of which department induced his Royal Highness to divest himself of his ulster. In this department there are ten receptacles, each of which is capable of containing a hundred barrels. Returning through the mash-room, the grinding mills, of which in the particular room visited there are two, each of which grinds 25 quarters per hour, next received attention, and his Royal Highness compared the ground malt with that which was about to undergo the grinding process. Retracing their steps, the party crossed the bridge, passed through the fermenting-room, and gained the "round" room (where, it was pointed out, the "rounds," about 200 in number, hold each 120 barrels), and then, taking a glance at the coolers and refrigerators, descended into union-room "A." His Royal Highness had meantime, with the assistance of the Hon. George Allsopp, made some additional investigations into the operation of brewing. The Prince, together with the other members of the party, having satisfied his curiosity over the barm-tub, traversed the bridge again, and arrived at union-room "B," which contains more than 1400 casks. Proceeding by way of the centre stairs, the hop-room was reached, and here some time was spent in an examination of something like 2000 bales and pockets of magnificent hops, his Royal Highness especially making a minute inspection of the valuable growth. At length the racking-room was regained, and by means of an iron staircase the company ascended to the stores, with their contents of 30,000 barrels. The hydraulic hoists, by which the barrels are conveyed to the loading stage above, and vice-versâ, demanded a little attention, and the party were then escorted to the western end of the stores. Here a table had been deposited, and on it dainty morsels of cheese, crisp celery, and small loaves and biscuits were displayed, while sample glasses of various kinds of ale were handed round, these being drawn by Mr. Booth, ale storekeeper. The Prince partook of a glass of bitter eight months old, sampled a portion of the ale which was brewed specially for Captain Sir George Nares for use in the Arctic expedition fifteen years ago, and tasted some double stout three months old. With the bitter ale his Royal Highness appeared particularly pleased, and his approbation found expression in the remark, addressed to the Duchess of Manchester, "This is delicious!" while the ale of a greater age also came in for a share of the Royal favour. The distinguished visitors enjoyed with evident relish this novel interval in the morning's proceedings, sampling the various brews with the keen sense of connoisseurs; and it is matter for congratulation, not less for Messrs. Samuel Allsopp and Sons, Limited, than for the town at large, that the ales were in the condition which is best described as "the pink of perfection." The Royal inspection of the brewery was now at an end. It occupied fully an hour and a half, but notwithstanding the fatigue which "doing" an enormous brewery like that of Messrs. Samuel Allsopp and Sons must necessarily involve, his Royal Highness did not experience the slightest inconvenience. His interest in the brewery never for a moment waned, and as each department was entered he manifested a keen desire to be made acquainted with its every detail. Between three and four thousand of the general public were admitted by ticket to the brewery premises, and during his progress from room to room the Prince was cheered again and again, while from the workpeople and staff similar demonstrations of loyalty proceeded all along the route, as it were; his Royal Highness's reception inside the brewery was, in fact, as cordial and enthusiastic as it was outside, and he repeatedly returned the salutations. The public were distributed in sections throughout the buildings, and thus every facility was afforded for a glimpse of the Heir Apparent. Upon leaving the stores the Prince was conducted up the spiral staircase to the board-room, and, with the other visitors, entertained at luncheon by Lord Hindlip. The table, of a horseshoe form, was adorned with valuable plate and beautiful floral decorations. The inside edges were bordered with miniature ferns, and from the floor in the centre rose a group of graceful palms, whose sombre hues were here and there relieved by the delicate bloom of the arum lily. Immediately opposite his Royal Highness reposed, on a piece of prettily-designed electro-plate, a charming bouquet composed largely of Roman hyacinths intertwined with ferns, and down the table on each side beautifully-arranged bouquets, palms, ferns, and orange-trees were judiciously disposed. The fireplace was for the occasion turned into a miniature conservatory—palms and maidenhair ferns, primulas and begonias, being freely distributed thereabout; while over the mantelpiece hung a splendid painting of his Royal Highness, represented as the Grand Master of Masons in England. Immediately over the entrance to the board-room, on the inner side, was an artistically-arranged crescent of flags, and the doors were hung with rich tapestry. Mr. J. T. Poyser's office, which closely adjoins the board-room, had been fitted up in an elegant manner as a ladies' boudoir. The furniture was of the Queen Anne pattern, and was upholstered in rich crimson velvet. It was also furnished with arras hangings, a beautiful Indian screen, and a choice overmantel, while a magnificent bouquet rested on an occasional-table. The corridor by which the boudoir is approached was made gay with a number of small shrubs. The Hon. George Allsopp placed his private room at the disposal of the Prince.

Perhaps one of the most pleasant incidents in the scene within the brewery occurred just as his Royal Highness was preparing to leave. A number of the staff and employés had gathered in the offices near the principal entrance, and sang "God bless the Prince of Wales," Mr. J. Tomlinson taking the solo, and the chorus being rendered in the heartiest manner possible by all present. The Prince passed out during this interesting manifestation of loyalty, and appeared much impressed by it. The arrangements for the inspection of the brewery were made by Councillor Stirk, while the plants for the Prince's room were supplied by Mr. H. Barker, Horninglow-cross.

There was again a large crowd of people on the railway bridge as the Prince returned to the station, and when the train started for Derby, with the saloon carriage to be transferred there to a Midland Railway train for London, "brewery salutes" of fog signals were fired, in Messrs. Allsopp's brewery. His Royal Highness, in taking leave of Lord and Lady Hindlip, and of the Hon. George Allsopp, again expressed his satisfaction at having inspected the great establishment which is renowned all over the world.

There has been an excited sitting in the French Chamber, owing to M. Wilson, the son-in-law of M. Grévy, resuming a seat he had not occupied for nearly a year. The members generally manifested their objection to M. Wilson's presence, and the excitement was increased when the adjournment of the Chamber was moved. The sitting was subsequently suspended, and the President left the chair; but on his resuming it, three-quarters of an hour afterwards, M Wilson was still in his seat, and the discussion of the Budget was proceeded with.

The Emperor William opened the German Reichstag on Nov. 22. His tone was confident as to the preservation of peace, and he alluded with satisfaction to the English union with him to suppress the African slave trade. The Reichstag have elected the Conservative Deputy Herr von Levetzow its President, the National Liberal Dr. Buhl First Vice-President, and the Imperialist Baron von Unruhe-Bomst Second Vice-President. The Emperor, on the 24th, entertained his princely guests at supper in the Old Palace, Berlin; and on Sunday, the 25th, their Majesties attended a memorial service in the Garrison Church in this city. Archduke Ferdinand d'Este has taken his departure for Vienna. On the 26th the Emperor received the President and Vice-Presidents of the Reichstag. His Majesty is suffering from a slight cold.

M. Hertenstein, President of the Swiss Confederation, died on Nov. 27 from the effects of a surgical operation.

St. Petersburg was splendidly decorated on Nov. 26 in honour of the Czarina's birthday. A family breakfast was given at the Anitchkoff Palace; but only the Danish Minister and his family were invited.—On the same day the King and Queen of the Hellenes, accompanied by the Duke of Sparta, Princess Alexandra, and the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, were present at a celebration of the "Te Deum" in the Russian church, at Athens, in commemoration of the birthday of the Empress of Russia. Their Majesties subsequently lunched with the Russian Minister.

A banquet was given by the Sultan in the Yildiz Palace on Nov. 26 in honour of Sir William White, British Ambassador.

The Hon. Michael Herbert, British Chargé d'Affaires at Washington, married, on Nov. 27, Miss Belle Wilson, daughter of Mr. Richard Wilson, at St. Bartholomew's Church, New York. There were a thousand invitations, and a brilliant gathering. Mr. Arthur Herbert was the bridegroom's best man.—The sculling-race between Teemer and O'Connor for £1000 took place on the Potomac River, over a course of a mile and a half and return, on Nov. 24, O'Connor winning by ten lengths.

Mr. Russell Lowell, ex-American Plenipotentiary for England, left Liverpool for New York on Nov. 22, in the Cunard steamer Pavonia.

Colonel R. N. F. Kingscote represented the Prince of Wales at the funeral, on Nov. 24, of Viscount Portman.

The Bishop of London has opened a building erected in Old Nichol-street, Shoreditch, to serve as church, mission-room, and club for that densely-populated district.

Sentence of five years' penal servitude has been passed at the Newcastle Assizes upon Charles Richardson and George Egdell, who pleaded guilty to a burglary at Edlingham Vicarage in 1879, for which two men—Brannigan and Murphy—have wrongly suffered nearly ten years' penal servitude.

The Lord Chancellor on Nov. 28 unveiled the marble bust to the memory of the late Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls, erected on a pedestal close to one of the columns outside the Lord Chief Justice of England's Court in the Royal Courts of Justice.

Mr. Walter Browne's little play called, "The Bo'sun's Mate," at St. George's Hall, is not quite up to the level of what is usually expected at the German Reed entertainment. Thin, invertebrate, and amateurish, it is, no doubt, a creditable effort for a first attempt; the old-fashioned dresses pleased the eye, and Mr. Caldicott's music is pretty enough; but the capital little company has to labour to get a laugh, and the love-story dramatically illustrated is not very new or amusing. However, Mr. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Kate Tully, Mr. Ernest Laws, and Mr. Walter Browne, the author, work with a will, sing brightly, dance cheerfully, and Mr. Corney Grain comes on at the right minute to make the people roar with laughter with his sketch of "John Bull Abroad."

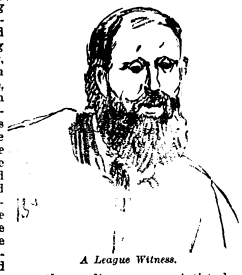
THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

The Judicial Commission appointed to investigate the "charges and allegations" set forth in the *Times* against Mr. Parnell and other Irish members of the Land League and the National League held further sittings at the Royal Courts of Justice on Wednesday, Nov. 21, on Thursday and Friday, and several days in the following week. The Judges are Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith. The first business on the Wednesday was to pass sentence on Mr. Edward Harrington, M.P., who is proprietor of a local newspaper, the *Kerry Sentinel*, for an act of contempt of Court brought under the notice of the Judges by the Attorney-General on the day before. This was the publication, on Nov. 14, of an article in which the Judges were said to be "showing the measles now," and were accused of "manifest prejudice," "evident bias," unfairness, browbeating of witnesses, and permitting the police to swear falsely without reproof; and it was added, "The Commission is the creature of the Government and the *Times*' conspirators." It was stated next day by Mr. R. T. Reid, the Counsel for Mr. Edward Harrington, that his client had refused to follow his advice or to offer any apology; and Mr. Edward Harrington, when called on by the Court, replied that he had nothing to say, and that he would accept the responsibility. The Judges then retired for ten minutes' consultation; and, on their return into court, the President, Sir James Hannen, said that, although personally they would have been inclined to pass over mere insults addressed to themselves, it was their painful duty to impose a punishment for such a serious contempt of their authority, and he therefore sentenced Mr. Edward Harrington to pay a fine of £500 to the Queen.



Sullivan, a Process-Server.

The examination of witnesses in support of the allegations made by the *Times* against the Land League and the National League, in "Parnellism and Crime," was continued by the Attorney-General, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Atkinson; and they were cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Lockwood, Mr. Reid, Mr. T. Harrington, and sometimes by Mr. Davitt and Mr. Biggar. One of the witnesses on the Tuesday and Wednesday was Miss Lizzie Curtin, now post-mistress at Wicklow, but who was living with her father and mother at Castle Farm, in Kerry, in November, 1885, when her father was killed in fighting with a gang of Moonlighters who attacked his house. This young lady and her sister, Miss Nora Curtin, with their brother George, bravely struggled with the dastardly assailants, and afterwards gave evidence at the trial, for which the whole family were boycotted and exposed to cruel insult and persecution. The appearance of Lizzie Curtin and George Curtin before the Commissioners of Inquiry therefore excited no little interest among the audience; our Artist has sketched their portraits, and likewise that of Miss Nora Fitzmaurice, of Ahabeg, Lixnaw, in Kerry, who described the murder of her father, on Jan. 27, 1887, when she was with him going on a car to Listowell fair. Her father was murdered because he had taken a portion of land from which her uncle had been evicted, and he had been denounced by a resolution of the Lixnaw branch of the Land League published in the *Kerry Sentinel*. After her father's death, when Miss Fitzmaurice went to church, fifty or sixty of the congregation walked out, and she was afraid to go to church any more—the same treatment that Miss Curtin and her sister had endured. The evidence of Mr. Maurice Leonard, a Justice of the Peace, agent for Lord Kenmare's estates in Kerry, and formerly assistant to Mr. S. M. Hussey, the most extensive land-agent in that part of Ireland, occupied considerable time on Wednesday and Thursday. It was of some importance as proving the intimidation exercised by the Land League over tenants who were not only quite able, but very willing and anxious, to pay their rents, and who frequently wrote letters to the agent begging that the rent might be paid secretly, and that he should pretend to be taking legal proceedings against them, as if they had not paid, so as to deceive the Land League, of which they were in terror for their lives. A district inspector of police, Mr. Huggins, produced a number of ferocious threatening letters and placards, in which notice was given that particular persons, who disobeyed the orders of the League, would be shot by "Captain Moonlight," and there was a long list of actual outrages in Kerry. Mr. Teahan, of Tralee, cattle-dealer and hotel-keeper, a shrewd, hard-headed, indomitable man, who had made money at the mines in South Africa, gave an amusing account of his own conflict with the Land League. The inquiry was resumed on Tuesday, Nov. 27, which was the twentieth sitting, and it will probably not be finished by the end of the year.



A League Witness.

Mr. Monro, C.B., has been appointed Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.

Mr. Frank Whittaker Bush, Q.C., has been elected a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, in place of the late Mr. E. Bazalgette, Q.C.

Lord Brassey opened a Mid-London Exhibition of Art and Manufactures on Nov. 27 in the lecture-hall of the Congregational Church, City-road.

The bulletin on Tuesday night, Nov. 27, regarding the condition of Mr. Bright was of a favourable character. The doctors reported an improvement in the state of the lung, and an accession to the general strength, while the constitutional complaint was somewhat better.

An Exhibition of Women's Art Industries and Inventions was opened on Nov. 26 at Hastings by Mrs. Lucas Shadwell, in the absence of Viscountess Hampden, who was prevented from undertaking the ceremony by a domestic bereavement. Viscount Hampden, who is Lord Lieutenant of the county, gave an address



A Hard Witness.



Sir R. Blennerhasset's Steward.



Sergeant Hennessy, Royal Irish Constabulary.



Mr. Atkinson, Q.C.



Matt. Harris, M.P.



"Silence!"



An Objecting Witness.



Witnesses—Galway Women.

THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION: SKETCHES IN COURT.



Miss Lizzie Curtin



Miss Nora Fitzmaurice.



George Curtin.



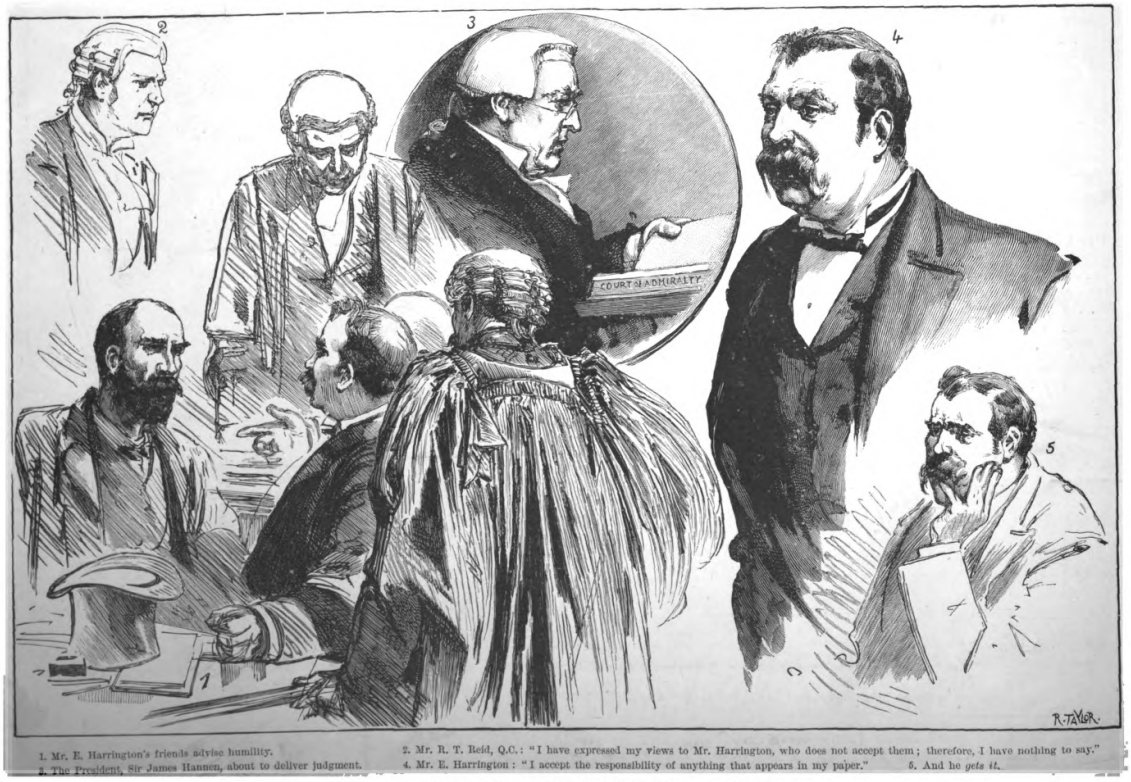
"I know nothing about the Ligue."



Pat Heming.



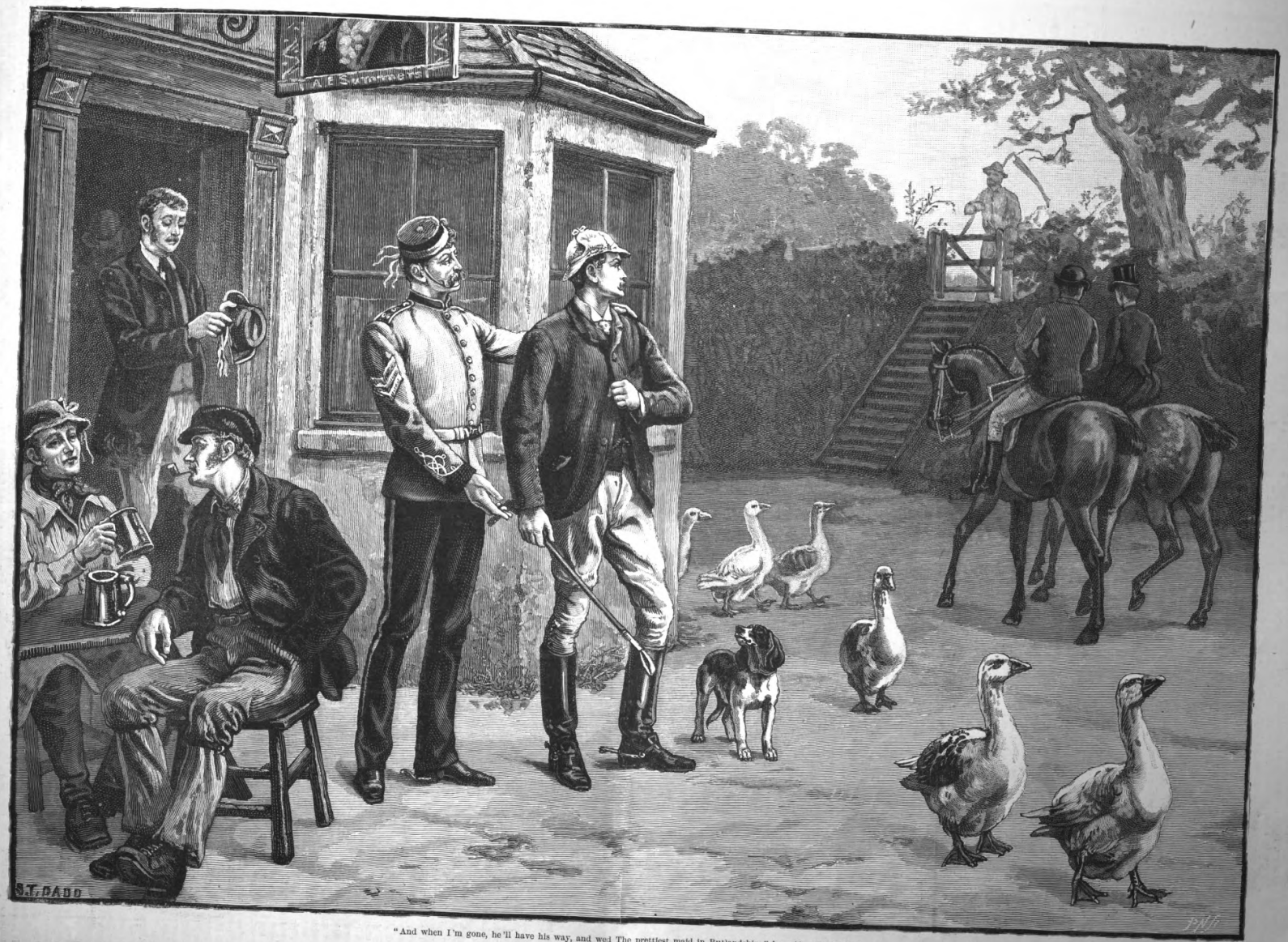
One of the Royal Irish Constabulary.



1. Mr. E. Harrington's friends advise humility. 2. Mr. R. T. Reid, Q.C.: "I have expressed my views to Mr. Harrington, who does not accept them; therefore, I have nothing to say."
3. The President, Sir James Hannen, about to deliver judgment. 4. Mr. E. Harrington: "I accept the responsibility of anything that appears in my paper." 5. And he *gets it.*

CONTEMPT OF COURT: MR. EDWARD HARRINGTON, M.P., FINED £500.

THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION: SKETCHES IN COURT.



"And when I'm gone, he'll have his way, and wed The prettiest maid in Rutlandshire," he said.—*Old Ballad.*

"LOVE AND GLORY."—DRAWN BY S. T. DADD.

JAPAN, COREA, AND RUSSIAN TARTARY.

The political rumour of a Russian Protectorate being about to be established over the Kingdom of Corea, which was formerly under nominal dependence on the Chinese Empire, but has long resisted foreign intrusion, adds somewhat to the interest of our Sketches of the coasts of that peninsula and of Russian Tartary, and of Yesso, the most northerly large island belonging to Japan. These Sketches were made by Lieutenant G. A. Cox, R.M.L.I., on board H.M.S. Cordelia, a ship of the British naval squadron on the China station, during its northern cruise this year. The squadron, consisting of the Impérieuse, Leander, Cordelia, Sapphire, Constance, Heroine, Mutine, Swift, Linnet, Wanderer, Alacrity, and Porpoise, is seen in one Sketch lying in the harbour of Hakodadi, or Hakodate, which is one of the Treaty Ports of Japan, on the south coast of the island of Yesso, but is of diminished commercial importance. A few miles distant from Hakodadi, across the Tsugaru Strait, on the shore of Niphon or Hondo, the largest Japanese island, is the little port and town of Awomon, noted for the manufacture and sale of a peculiar sort of rough lacquer-ware, something of a curiosity. The chief town of Yesso, on the west coast fronting the Russian maritime provinces of Asia, is Sapporo, or Satzuporo, up a river that flows into the Ishikari Bay; and the seaport for this town is Otérrauni, sometimes written Otaru, which is now connected with the city by a short single line of railway. A view of the head of the bay at Otérrauni, with a grotesque signalling apparatus of wooden posts and beams, on which some words of the Japanese language are inscribed, is given in one of the Sketches. The Russian Asiatic mainland coast is about 250 miles distant; it is geographically a portion of Eastern Tartary, and contains, besides the fortified naval port of Vladivostock and the Amur River, the nearer harbours of Castries Bay, Port Lazareff, Olga Bay, Peter the Great's Bay, and Possiet Harbour. The large island of Saghalien, to the north of Japan, has been annexed to the Russian Empire, whose dominions southward border also on Corea, including nearly all the mainland opposite to the Japanese islands.

NEW BOOKS.

Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell. Edited by W. J. Fitzpatrick. Two vols. (Murray).—In the present situation of Irish politics, those who have felt called upon to form some opinion with regard to the manner in which the Home Rule agitation has been conducted, during the past eight or nine years, should find the contents of these volumes interesting and instructive. The elders among us can personally remember the efforts of that great Irishman, unquestionably an earnest patriot and a champion of civil and religious liberty, who first raised the banner of Repeal of the Union, and whose prosecution and imprisonment, in 1844, excited much popular sympathy. The feeling then entertained concerning Daniel O'Connell by many English Liberals who did not think his main object either desirable or practicable, and who may not, if still living, have altered their view of that question, was not entirely derived from admiration of his energy and commanding genius. It was, in a great measure, from their approbation of the humane, the peaceable and law-abiding spirit in which he had carried on a purely political struggle of enormous force, and his resolute avoidance of everything likely to occasion the perpetration of outrages and acts of violence, or to incite the peasantry to a social war of classes. Daniel O'Connell, in this sense, consistently displayed a loyalty to the permanent interests of civilised and Christian society, which was perhaps due as much to the natural benevolence of his heart, and to his sincere religious sentiments as a devout member of the Catholic Church, as it was to his sagacious perception of the best way to serve his cause. With reference to agrarian outrages, committed in 1833 by the gangs of "Whitefeet," who resembled the "Moonlighters" and followers of "Rory of the Hills" lately infesting some parts of Ireland, we find him writing to a Dublin journalist: "Give a caution to the atrocious Whitefeet. They have played the game which the enemies of Ireland wished them to play. The execration of every good or honest man is upon their crimes; the vengeance of God will sooner or later be executed upon their wickedness—the last and worst of those villainous miscreants who have given strength to the enemies, and weakened the friends, of Ireland. But still I do not despair of my country." Again, towards the height of the contest, he wrote: "There can be only one way of stopping Repeal—namely, by involving it in any breach of the peace or violation of the law;" and his latest public act, in December, 1846, was to insist on excluding from the Repeal Association men who would not disclaim the idea of resorting to physical force. This example is deserving of remembrance; and the present collection of his private letters will, on the whole, not only enhance the esteem for O'Connell's personal character, which was admirable in the private relations of family and friendship, but also confirm a high estimate of his rare ability as a politician, notably of his tact and discernment of fitting means. His integrity cannot be doubted except on the supposition that he did not believe Repeal to be an attainable end, and that he wilfully practised a delusion to extract money from his misguided countrymen. But he evidently did believe in the success of his endeavours, and hoped to fulfil his promises. He might be excused for so large an expectation, because he had succeeded marvellously in the tasks of obtaining Catholic Emancipation, some reduction of the Irish Church Establishment, a Reform of the Irish Corporations, and the relief of Irish tenants from the burden of tithes, against the most vehement opposition from parties in Ireland, but with the assistance of the English Liberal Party. These were just and reasonable demands; and it was for the sake of the two last-mentioned practical reforms that O'Connell, from 1834 to 1841, lent his support to Lord Melbourne's Ministry, putting so long in abeyance, but never disavowing, his original and ultimate purpose, the Repeal of the Union. In the collection of his private letters, mostly addressed to the late Mr. Patrick Vincent Fitzpatrick, his confidential friend in Dublin and treasurer of the funds subscribed to maintain those political efforts, we find nothing to justify the imputation of mercenary motives. O'Connell, born in 1775, was in middle life when he gave up a professional practice worth nearly £4000 a year to devote himself to politics; he was put to enormous expense in contested elections, and in the trial of election petitions; he refused offices of dignity and emolument, such as the Mastership of the Rolls; and though he received personal assistance from the offerings of the people, as Grattan did from the Irish Parliament, and Cobden from the Anti-Corn-law League, it is certain that his pecuniary sacrifices were larger than any such compensation. The perusal of these letters, especially of his frank and unstudied communications to private friends, allows the reader to believe in his substantial integrity, and in the sincerity of his public action; and though, in dealing with the Whigs of the Melbourne period—for he was in direct hostility to Lord Grey—there was an admixture of diplomatic craftiness, he cannot be said to have behaved treacherously or deceitfully towards them. Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, the editor of this correspondence, and the author of a biography of Bishop Doyle and a book on the state of Ireland before the Union, does not pretend here to narrate the history of O'Connell's life and times, but merely inserts brief notices of important events, and provides, in the foot-notes of the pages, sufficient particulars concerning the many Irishmen, hardly known by name to us in England, who are incidentally mentioned in the letters. We presume that the editor is not a relative of Mr. P. V. Fitzpatrick, as there are several different families of that name; but he has performed his task with much care and diligence, having had the materials entrusted to him by the families of those to whom O'Connell was in the habit of writing, some of whom were persons of high rank and character. The collection is a valuable addition to our knowledge of those times, and to our acquaintance with a great man, whom one is even inclined to regard as a good man, allowing for the conditions of stormy struggle in which he lived and laboured, and for the ideas by which he was prompted to unsuccessful action.

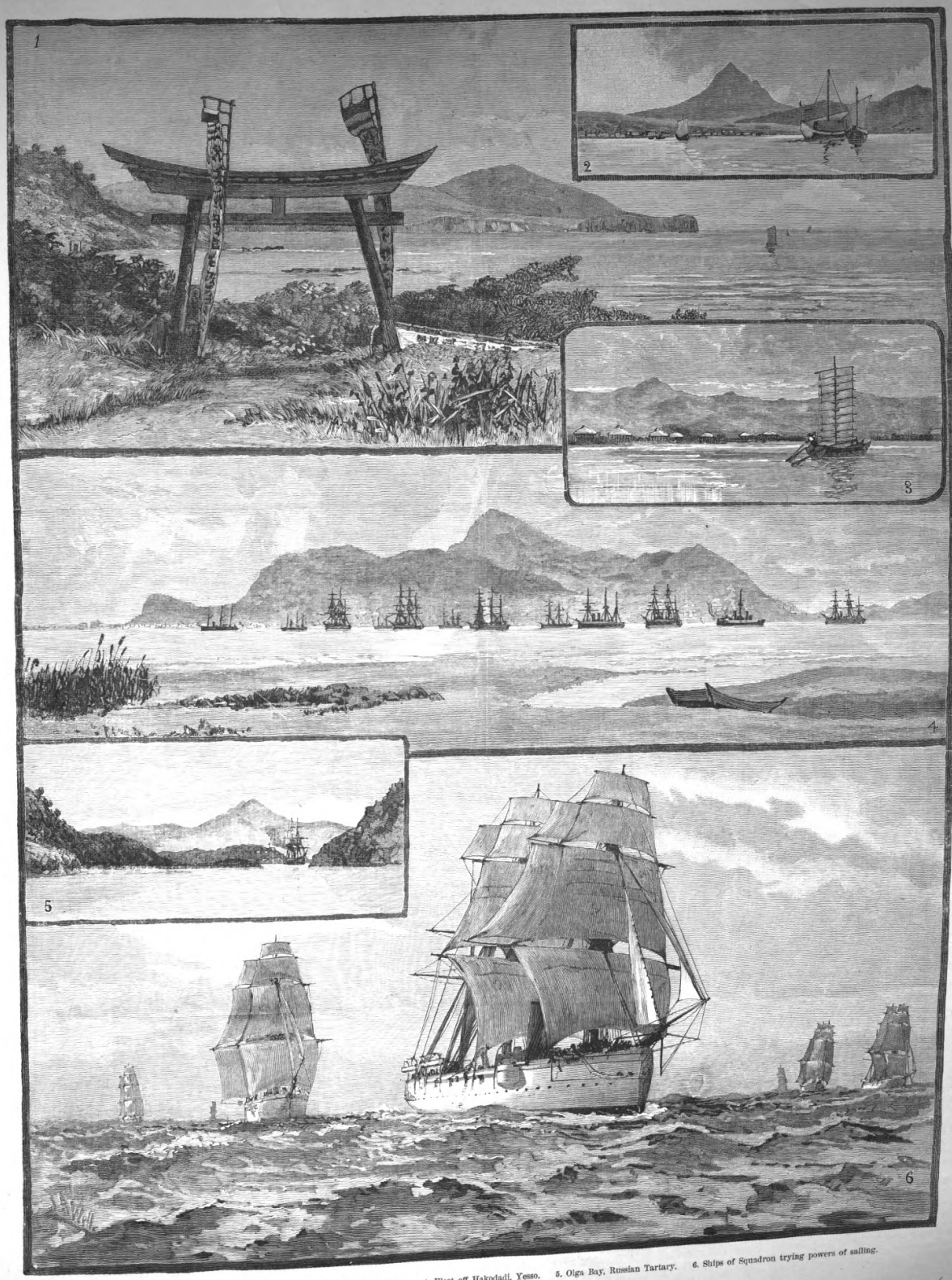
The Holy Places of Jerusalem. By Professor Hayter Lewis (Murray).—The author is Emeritus Professor of Architecture in University College, and one of the executive committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. He has made repeated visits to Jerusalem, and may be considered one of the first "experts" on all questions relating to the archæology of the Holy City. The subjects principally treated upon are the Dome of the Rock, the Aksa, the Golden Gate, the Holy Sepulchre, Siloam, and Jeremiah's Grotto. A special interest has lately been felt with regard to Jeremiah's Grotto, which is just outside of the Damascus Gate. Those who are doubtful about the authenticity of the present Holy Sepulchre are inclined to believe that the real place of the crucifixion was on the knoll over the Grotto of Jeremiah. General Gordon believed in this as the true site, and Major Condor is an advocate for the same view. Professor Hayter Lewis thinks that there is as yet no reason for renouncing the old site. The greater part of his book is devoted to the Dome of the Rock, and the various theories connected with it. On this, as well as on all the subjects dealt with, the very latest information and discoveries are brought forward. It is not only a work of learned research by a competent authority, but is, at the same time, from the collection of data, a most useful treatise on the archæology of Jerusalem. It is beautifully illustrated, principally with subjects which bear on the questions of architecture.

Plymouth Armada Heroes: The Hawkins Family. By Mary W. S. Hawkins (W. Brendon and Son, Plymouth).—Last July or August, in our comments on the tercentenary celebration, at Plymouth, of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, we suggested that the people of that town, who have erected a statue of Sir Francis Drake on the Hoe, should do equal honour to the memory of their worthy fellow-townsman, Sir John Hawkins, a sailor and sea-warrior of merit scarcely less than Drake, and one whose part in that great historical victory was quite as important. Miss Mary Wise Savery Hawkins, of Hayford Hall, Buckfastleigh, Devon, a lineal descendant, as shown by the pedigree annexed to this volume, from Sir John Hawkins and his son, Sir Richard Hawkins, who also fought against the Armada, and who was subsequently captured by the Spaniards, on the South American coast, and kept nine years a prisoner, has compiled a book that we wanted. Englishmen at this day can have no better reading than the biographical memoirs of a family, not merely a single person, though he was most eminent on that signal occasion, whose services during the sixteenth century, and for some years later, contributed to the strength and independence of this country, and laid the foundations of its maritime power and its commercial prosperity. It was, all that time, a Plymouth family, holding the most considerable local position. William Hawkins, merchant and shipowner, who sent out probably the earliest English expedition to the Southern Seas, and who personally made three voyages to Brazil, was twice Mayor of Plymouth in the reign of Henry VIII., and represented the borough in Parliament. His two sons—the eldest, Captain William Hawkins, "Governor" of Plymouth, builder of the fortifications of that port, and one of the most active naval commanders—the second, Admiral Sir John Hawkins, Treasurer and Comptroller of Queen Elizabeth's Navy—also held the office of Mayor, and Sir John sat for Plymouth in the House of Commons; and Sir Richard Hawkins, after his return from the Spanish captivity, was M.P. for the borough two years, and Mayor in 1604. These claims on local remembrance appear sufficient to entitle the worthies of the Hawkins family to some peculiar token of regard at Plymouth, though we are not aware that any of their descendants are now residing in the town. Their claim on national regard is undeniable, and imparts to the handsome volume before us, though not issued by a London publisher, a degree of wide public interest that must be promptly acknowledged; but in doing justice to Sir John Hawkins, his brother William, and his son Richard, who were all in the great Channel fight of 1588, we would not disparage the performances of Drake. It is, however, to be observed that, from 1573 until after the defeat of the Armada, Sir John Hawkins was charged with administrative duties similar to those of our Lords of the Admiralty; and that the construction and equipment of her Majesty's fleet, composing the most powerful part of the force commanded by Lord Howard of Effingham, had been the work of Sir John Hawkins, who also held, as well as Drake and Frobisher, a Vice-Admiral's command of one squadron in the actual engagements. After a week spent in manœuvring and fighting from near the Eddystone up to Calais, the reserve force, under Lord Henry Seymour and Sir William Winter as Admirals, joined Howard of Effingham, the Lord High Admiral, and brought indispensable assistance. No one commander is entitled to the main credit of the achievement, but Hawkins deserves as much credit as any other. The exploits of Drake, however, at other times and on other seas and coasts, may be reputed more brilliant than those of his contemporaries, striking as these manifold feats of skilful seamanship and warlike prowess were, and unsurpassed in the naval glories of any other nation. We should like, if there were space, to repeat in detail all that is related in this book of the brave deeds of John and Richard Hawkins, before and after the mighty conflict with the Armada; to review also the diligent labours and prudent official management of John Hawkins at the Queen's dockyards, and at the naval ports of England; to notice their constant efforts of local usefulness at Plymouth, and the incidents of their domestic life. These interesting particulars will be found in the work compiled by the lady who has the honour to bear their name; and she further tells us of a third William Hawkins, nephew to Sir John and cousin to Sir Richard, an indefatigable sailor and traveller in the time of James I., regarded by her as the true founder of our Indian Empire. He landed at Surat, in August, 1608, with a commission to establish an English factory, the Portuguese being already there; he visited the Court of the Great Mogul, the Emperor Jehanghir, at Agra, married a Christian Armenian young lady there, and stayed about three years. Dying on the voyage home, this William Hawkins left a brief account of the Mogul Court, which is curious reading; but we peruse with still greater interest that given by Richard Hawkins of his adventures on the coasts of Peru and Chili in 1594. The greatest of the family, Sir John Hawkins, died in 1595, at sea, off Porto Rico, having served his country forty-three years. Of him, in this volume, we have three portraits; the frontispiece, a photographic reproduction of an oil-painting, which is in the possession of Mr. Christopher Stuart Hawkins, father of the author; secondly, that of a beautiful bust, in basso relievo on ivory, belonging to the Rev. B. D. Hawkins, and thirdly, that of a miniature painted by Peter Oliver, to which is attached the jewel given to the Admiral by Queen Elizabeth, with a lock of her hair; this miniature and jewel are now the property of Lady Rosebery. The volume contains other illustrations, and is bound in white, with a broad red cross, the Royal Arms, and the initial letters "E.R." for the Queen whom these valiant Plymouth gentlemen served in her time of need so well. The late Rear-Admiral Abraham Mills Hawkins, who died in 1857, had done good service in the French war, and he was grandfather of the lady to whom we are indebted for this acceptable book.

B.C. 1887: A Ramble in British Columbia. By J. A. Lees and W. J. Clutterbuck (Longmans).—It is a mild chronological joke, but it suggests a startling promise of very remote archæological information, to play with two initial letters and last year's A.D. number, as the lively authors of this volume do in its title-page, which presents, however, a more acceptable recommendation—namely, that Messrs. Lees and Clutterbuck are the identical "Two of Them," who narrated, once upon a time, the entertaining travels of "Three in Norway." British Columbia, the most westerly province of the vast Dominion of Canada, beyond the prairies and the Rocky Mountain range, some 3500 miles from the Atlantic seaports, has of late been rendered accessible by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is a country of interest unsurpassed in North America for its grand and romantic highland scenery. The part of it which last year was traversed, as we read, by three English gentlemen here calling each other "Jim," "Cardie," and "The Skipper," is quite off the railway line, being situated to the south of the Kicking Horse Pass, where the railway, from the east, makes its entrance into British Columbia. It is the great valley between the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirk Mountains, containing the sources and upper streams of the Columbia River, which begins here by flowing in a north-west direction, and of the Kootenay River, which begins, not less remarkably, with a southward course; for, when these rivers get past the Selkirk range, it is curious to observe, each river has changed its direction to the reverse; and the Kootenay is there flowing towards the north, into the lake which it forms, while the Columbia is there flowing due south. The southerly bend of the Kootenay enters the United States' territory at the 49th degree of latitude, and even approaches near to the line of the Northern Pacific Railway on the shore of Pend d'Oreille Lake; but the better portion of the places described in this book are within the Canadian Dominion. They comprise, besides the Upper Kootenay, two of its highland tributaries, the Elk River, namely, and the Mooyie, which joins it above the Kootenay Lake; also, in the opposite quarter, to the north, the upper course of the Columbia River is followed to where it meets the view of railway passengers on the Canadian Pacific line. These topographical details, aided by reference to the map, are sufficient for the reader to understand what is the subject of "B.C. 1887."

Round about New Zealand. By E. W. Payton (Chapman and Hall).—The unique peculiarity of New Zealand in geographical position, and in physical conditions and natural history, not to speak of the Maori race, must always make it a separate subject of study, entirely apart from our Australian Colonies. In those conditions, which are eminently agreeable and favourable to English settlers, New Zealand is, of course, what it was ten or twenty years ago; but colonial progress is rapidly effecting great changes in social and economic statistics, in railways, harbours, and towns, in farming and trade, and in many affairs of public and private life. Hence it is really useful that a new book should be published, at tolerably frequent intervals, describing the more recent aspects of each of the principal British Colonies; and Mr. Payton, who passed three or four years in wandering about New Zealand, from his arrival in 1883, should give us serviceable information. A large part of his volume, indeed, is occupied by descriptions of the aqueous volcanic region; the hot sulphuretted springs of Ohinemutu, and the famous cascades and silica terraces of Rotomahana, since destroyed by the Tarawera eruption; also the wild shores of Lake Taupo, and the interior of "the King Country." All this has been repeatedly put before us by other visitors and writers—for example, by Mr. Kerry Nicholls, whose account of such matters is extremely precise; but Mr. Payton adds the report of an inspection of Tarawera and Rotomahana after the eruption. We look more eagerly, however, for something new and important concerning the cities of Dunedin Christchurch, Wellington, and Auckland, with the social and commercial life of which they are the centres, and the agricultural, pastoral, and mineral resources of the colony. It is with disappointment that we lay down the book, having failed to obtain from it any considerable addition to our previous knowledge; yet there are doubtless many readers to whom it will be interesting, and the illustrations have some merit.

By-Ways in Book-Land. By W. Davenport Adams (Elliot Stock).—One of our contributors lately commented with genial humour, and with some truth of observation, on the decline of the ancient taste for the "Belles-Lettres," both prose and verse. It cannot be denied that many readers now seem to value books for what can be got out of them, whether knowledge of events, of people and things, or trains of argument and fresh views, or objects of imaginative interest; but not so much for the graceful manner and style of expression. This difference is the same with that between the man who eats his dinner that he may not starve or be hungry, but may keep up and increase his strength, and the epicure who relishes fine meat and cookery. We are more hungry, and less dainty. But there still remain among us not a few amateurs of exquisite literature for its own sake; and this little volume is one of the most recent, one of the neatest and aptest, manifestations of that turn of mind. It contains nearly thirty short essays on literary subjects, beginning with the pleasure of using the paper-knife in cutting open the pages of a new volume; and there is one, too, on "the outsides of books." The insides, however, and the inmost characteristic qualities, of some old favourites, especially the poets, the dramatists, the idyllists, the wits and humourists, and the dealers in sportive fancies, are handled with delicate critical appreciation. There is even something yet to be said about Shakspeare—namely, about his patriotic love of England; and something also of "Don Quixote"—the English reception of that book, and certain parodies or imitations of it in English. "Elections in Literature," "The Praise of Thames," "The Season in Song," "The Recess in Rhyme," "Peers and Poetry," and "Parson Poets" are titles of much promise, which is fulfilled by the brief chapters so designated in this pleasant collection.



1. Oterraunai Bay, Yesso, Japan. 2. Awomon, Japan. 3. Port Lazareff, Corea. 4. Fleet off Hakodadi, Yesso. 5. Olga Bay, Russian Tartary. 6. Ships of Squadron trying powers of sailing.

COASTS OF JAPAN, COREA, AND RUSSIAN TARTARY.

SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER OF THE CHINA SQUADRON.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

ON CONDITIONS.



This servitude endured for a week, during which we were driven forth daily with the negroes to the hardest and most intolerable toil, the master's intention being so to disgust us with the life as to make us write the most urgent letters to our friends at home; since, as we told him, two hundred guineas had been already paid on our account (though none of the money was used for the purpose), he supposed that another two hundred could easily be raised. Wherefore, while those of the new servants who were common country lads were placed in the Ingenio, or the curing-house, where the work is sheltered from the scorching sun, we were made to endure every hard-ship that the place permitted. In the event, however, as you shall hear, the man's greed was disappointed and his cruelty made of none avail.

In fact, the thing I had foreseen quickly came to pass. When a man's mind lies in a lethargy of despair, his body, no longer fortified by a cheerful disposition, presently falls into any disease which is lurking in the air. Diseases of all kinds may be likened unto wild beasts: invisible, always on the prowl, seeking whom they may devour. The young fall victims to some, the weak to others; drunkards and gluttons to others: the old to others; and the lethargic, again, to others. It was not surprising to me, therefore, when Robin, coming home one evening, fell to shivering and shaking, chattering with his teeth, and showing every external sign of cold, though the evening was still warm, and the sun had that day been more than commonly hot. Also, he turned away from his food, and would eat nothing. Therefore, as there was nothing we could give him, we covered him with our rugs; and he presently fell asleep. But in the morning, when we awoke, behold! Robin was in a high fever: his hands and head burning hot, his cheek flushed red, his eyes rolling and his brain wandering. I went forth and called the overseer to come and look at him. At first he cursed and swore, saying that the man was malingering (that is to say, pretending to be sick, in order to avoid work); that, if he was a negro instead of a gentleman, a few cuts with his lash should shortly bring him to his senses; that, for his part, he liked not this mixing of gentlemen with negroes; and that, finally, I must go and bring forth my sick man or take it upon myself to face the master, who would probably drive him afield with the stick.

"Sir," I said, "what the master may do I know not. Murder may be done by any who are wicked enough. For my part, I am a physician, and I tell you that to make this man go forth to work will be murder. But indeed he is light-headed, and with a thousand lashes you could not make him understand or obey."

Well, he grumbled, but he followed me into the hut.

"The man hath had a sunstroke," he said. "I wonder that any of you have escaped. Well, we can carry him to the sick-house, where he will die. When a new hand is taken this way he always dies."

"Perhaps he will not die," I said, "if he is properly treated. If he is given nothing but this diet of loblollie and salt beef, and nothing to drink but the foul water of the pond, and no other doctor than an ignorant old negress, he will surely die."

"Good Lord, man!" said the fellow, staring. "What the devil dost expect in this country? It is the master's loss, not mine. Carry him between you to the sick-house."

So we carried Robin to the sick-house.

At home we should account it a barn, being a great place with a thatched roof, the windows open without shutter or lattice, the door breaking away from its hinges. Within there was a black lying on a pallet, groaning most piteously. The poor wretch, for something that he had done, I know not what, had his flesh cut to pieces with the whip. With him was an old negress mumbling and mouthing.

We laid Robin on another pallet, and covered him with a rug.

"Now, man," said the overseer, "leave him there, and come forth to your work."

"Nay," I said, "he must not be left. I am a physician, and I must stay beside him."

"If he were your son I would not suffer you to stay with him."

"Man!" I cried. "Hast thou no pity?"

"Pity!" The fellow grinned. "Pity! quotha. Pity! Is this a place for pity! Why, if I showed any pity I should be working beside you in the fields. It is because I have no pity that I am overseer. Look here"—he showed me his left hand, which had been branded with a red-hot iron. "This was done in Newgate seven years ago and more. Three years more I have to serve. That done, I may begin to show some pity. Not before. Pity is scarce among the drivers of Barbadoes. As well ask the beadle for pity when he flogs a prentice."

"Let me go to the master, then."

"Best not; best not. Let this man die and keep thyself alive. The morning is the worst time for the master, because last night's drink is still in his head. Likely as not you will but make the sick man's case and your own worse. Leave him in the sick-house, and come back to him in the evening."

The man spoke with some compassion in his eyes. Just then, however, a negro boy came running from the house and spoke to the overseer.

"Why," he said, "nothing could be more pat. You can speak to the master, if you please. He is in pain, and Madam sends for Dr Humphrey Challis. Go, Doctor. If you cure him, you will be a lucky man. If you cannot cure him, the Lord have mercy upon you! Whereas, if you suffer him to die," he added, with a grin and a whisper, "every man on the estate will fall down and worship you. Let him die! Damn him! Let him die!"

I followed the boy, who took me to that part of the house which fronts the west and north. It was a mean house of wood, low and small, considering how wealthy a man was the master of it, on three sides, however, there was built out a kind of *loggia*, as the Italians call it, but of wood instead of marble, forming a cloister or open chamber, outside the house. They call it a verandah, and part of it they hang with mats made of grass, so as to keep it shaded in the afternoon and evening, when the sun is in the west. The boy brought me to this place, pointed to a chair where the master sat, and then ran away as quickly as he could.

It was easy to understand why he ran away, because the master at this moment sprang out of his chair and began to stamp up and down the verandah roaring and cursing. He was clad in a white linen dressing-gown and a great linen nightcap tied round his head. On a small table beside him stood a bottle of beer, newly opened, and a silver tankard.

When he saw me he began to swear at me for my delay in coming, though I had not lost a moment.

"Sir," I said, "if you will cease railing and blaspheming I will examine into your malady. Otherwise I will do nothing for you."

"What?" he cried. "You dare to make conditions with me, you dog, you!"

"Fair words," I said. "Fair words. I am your servant, to work on your plantation as you may command. I am not your physician, and I promise you, Sir, upon the honour of a gentleman, and without using the Sacred Name which is so often on your lips, that if you continue to rail at me I will suffer you to die rather than stir a little finger in your help."

"Suffer the physician to examine the place," said a woman's voice. "What helps it to curse and to swear?"

The voice came from a hammock swinging at the end of the verandah. It was made, I observed, of a kind of coarse grass loosely woven.

The man sat down and sulkily bade me find a remedy for the pain which he was enduring. So I consented, and examined his upper jaw, where I soon found out the cause of his pain in a good-sized tumour formed over the fangs of a grinder. Such a thing causes agony even to a person of cool blood, but to a man whose veins are inflamed with strong drink, the pain of it is maddening.

"You have got a tumour," I told him. "It has been forming for some days. It has now nearly, or quite, reached its head. It began about the time when you were cursing and insulting certain unfortunate gentlemen, who are, for the time, under your power. Take it, therefore, as a Divine judgment upon you for your cruelty and insolence."

He glared at me but said nothing, the hope of relief causing him to receive this admonition with patience, if not in good part. Besides, my finger was still upon the spot, and if I so much as pressed gently I could cause him agony unspeakable. Truly, the power of the physician is great.

"The pain," I told him, "is already grown almost intolerable. But it will be much greater in a few hours unless something is done. It is now like unto a little ball of red-hot fire in your jaw, in an hour or two it will seem as if the whole of your face was a burning fiery furnace, your cheek will swell out until your left eye is closed, your tortures, which now make you bawl, will then make you *scream*, you now walk about and stamp; you will then lie down on your back and kick. No negro slave ever suffered half so much under your accursed lash as you will suffer under this tumour—unless something is done."

"Doctor," it was again the woman's voice from the hammock, "you have frightened him enough."

"Strong drink," I went on, pointing to the tankard, "will only make you worse. It inflames your blood and adds fuel to the raging fire. Unless something is done the pain will be followed by delirium: that by fever, and the fever by death. Sir, are you prepared for death?"

He turned horribly pale and gasped.

"Do something for me!" he said. "Do something for me, and that without more words!"

"Nay, but I will first make a bargain with you. There is in the sick-house a gentleman, my cousin—Robin Challis by name—one of the newly-arrived rebels, and your servant. He is lying sick unto death of a sunstroke and fever caused by your hellish cruelty in sending him out to work on the fields with the negroes instead of putting him to light labour in the Ingenio or elsewhere. I say, his sickness is caused by your own devilish barbarity. Wherefore I will do nothing for you at all—do you hear? Nothing! nothing!—unless I am set free to do all I can for him. Yea; and I must have for him such cordials and generous diet as the place can afford, otherwise I will not stir a finger to help you. Otherwise—endure the torments of the damned, rave in madness and in fever. Die and go to your own place. I will not help you. So—that is my last word."

Upon this I really thought that the man had gone stark, staring mad. For, at the impudence of a mere servant (though a gentleman of far better family than his own) daring to make conditions with him, he became purple in the cheeks, and seizing his great stick which lay on the table, he began belaboring me with all his might about the head and shoulders. But I caught up a chair and used it for a shield while he capered about, striking wildly and swearing most horribly.

At this moment the lady who was in the hammock stepped out of it and walked towards us slowly, like a Queen. She was without any doubt the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She was dressed in a kind of dressing-gown of flowered silk, which covered her from head to foot; her head was adorned with the most lovely glossy black ringlets; a heavy gold chain lay round her neck, and a chain of gold with pearls was twined in her hair, so that it looked like a coronet; her fingers were covered with rings, and gold bracelets hung upon her bare white arms: but she wore man's shoes to protect her feet from the chigoes. Her figure was tall and full, her face inclined to the Spanish, being full and yet regular, with large black eyes. Though I was fighting with a madman, I could not resist the wish that I could paint her, and I plainly perceived that she was one of that race which is called quadroon, being most likely the daughter of a mulatto woman and a white father. This was evident by the character of her skin, which had in it what the Italians call the *morbidezza*, and by a certain dark hue under the eyes.

"Why," she said, speaking to the master as if he had been a petulant school-boy, "you only make yourself worse by all this fire and fury. Sit down, and lay aside your stick. And you, Sir"—she addressed herself to me—"you may be a great physician, and at home a gentleman; but here you are a servant, and therefore you are bound to help your master in all you can without first making conditions."

"I know *too* well," I replied. "He bought me as his servant, but not as his physician. I will not heal him without my fee; and my fee is that my sick cousin be attended to with humanity."

"Take him away!" cried the master, beside himself with rage. "Clap him in the stocks! Let him sit there all day long in the sun! He shall have nothing to eat or to drink! In the evening he shall be flogged! If it was the Duke of Monmouth himself, he should be tied up and flogged! Where the devil are the servants?"

A great hulking negro came running.

"You have now," I told him quietly, "permitted yourself to be inflamed with violent rage. The pain will therefore more rapidly increase. When it becomes intolerable, you will be glad to send for me."

The negro dragged me away (but I made no resistance), and led me to the courtyard, where stood the stocks and a whipping-post. He pointed to the latter with a horrid grin, and then laid me fast in the former. Fortunately, he left me my hat, otherwise the hot sun would have made an end of me. I was, however, quite easy in my mind. I knew that this poor wretch, who already suffered so horribly, would before long feel in that jaw of his, as it were, a ball of fire. He would drink, in order to deaden the pain, but the wine would only make the agony more horrible. Then he would be forced to send for me.

This, in fact, was exactly what he did.

I sat in those abominable stocks for no more than an hour. Then Madam herself came to me, followed by the negro fellow who had locked my heels in those two holes.

"He is now much worse," she said. "He is now in pain that cannot be endured. Canst thou truly relieve his suffering?"

"Certainly I can. But on conditions. My cousin will die if he is neglected. Suffer me to minister to his needs. Give him what I want for him and I will cure your"—I did not know whether I might say "your husband," so I changed the words into—"my master. After that I will cheerfully endure again his accursed cruelty of the fields."

She bade the negro unlock the bar.

"Come," she said. "Let us hear no more about any bargains. I will see to it that you are able to attend to your cousin. Nay, there is an unfortunate young gentlewoman here, a rebel, and a servant like yourself—for the last week she doth nothing but weep for the misfortunes of her friends—meaning you and your company. I will ask her to nurse the sick man. She will desire nothing better, being a most tender-hearted woman. And as for you, it will be easy for you to look after your cousin and your master at the same time."

"Then, Madam," I replied, "take me to him, and I will speedily do all I can to relieve him."

I found my patient in a condition of mind and body most dangerous. I wondered that he had not already fallen into a fit, so great was his wrath and so dreadful his pain. He rolled his eyes; his cheeks were purple; he clenched his fists; he would have gnashed his teeth but for the pain in his jaws.

"Make yourself easy," said Madam. "This learned physician will cause your pain to cease. I have talked with him and put him into a better mind."

The master shook his head as much as to say that a better mind would hardly be arrived at without the assistance of the whipping-post; but the emergency of the case prevented that indulgence. Briefly, therefore, I took out my lancet and pierced the place, which instantly relieved the pain. Then I placed him in bed, bled him copiously, and forbade his taking anything stronger than small-beer. Freedom from pain and exhaustion presently caused him to fall into a deep and tranquil sleep. After all this was done I was anxious to see Robin.

"Madam," I said, "I have now done all I can. He will awake at noon, I dare say. Give him a little broth, but not much. There is danger of fever. You had better call me again when he awakes. Warn him solemnly that rage, revenge, cursing, and beating must be all postponed until such time as he is stronger. I go to visit my cousin in the sick-house, where I await your commands."

"Sir," she said courteously, "I cannot sufficiently thank your skill and zeal. You will find the nurse of whom I spoke in the sick-house with your cousin. She took with her some cordial, and will tell me what else you order for your patient. I hope your cousin may recover. But, indeed"——she stopped and sighed.

"You would say, Madam, that it would be better for him and for us all to die. Perhaps so. But we must not choose to die, but rather strive to live as more in accordance with the Word of God."

"The white servants have been hitherto the common rogues and thieves and sweepings of your English streets," she said. "Sturdy rogues are they all, who fear naught but the lash, and have nothing of tenderness left but tender skins. They rob and steal; they will not work, save by compulsion; they are far worse than the negroes for laziness and drunkenness. I know not why they are sent out, or why the planters buy them, when the blacks do so much better serve their turn, and they can without reproach beat and flog the negroes, while to flog and beat the whites is by some accounted cruel."

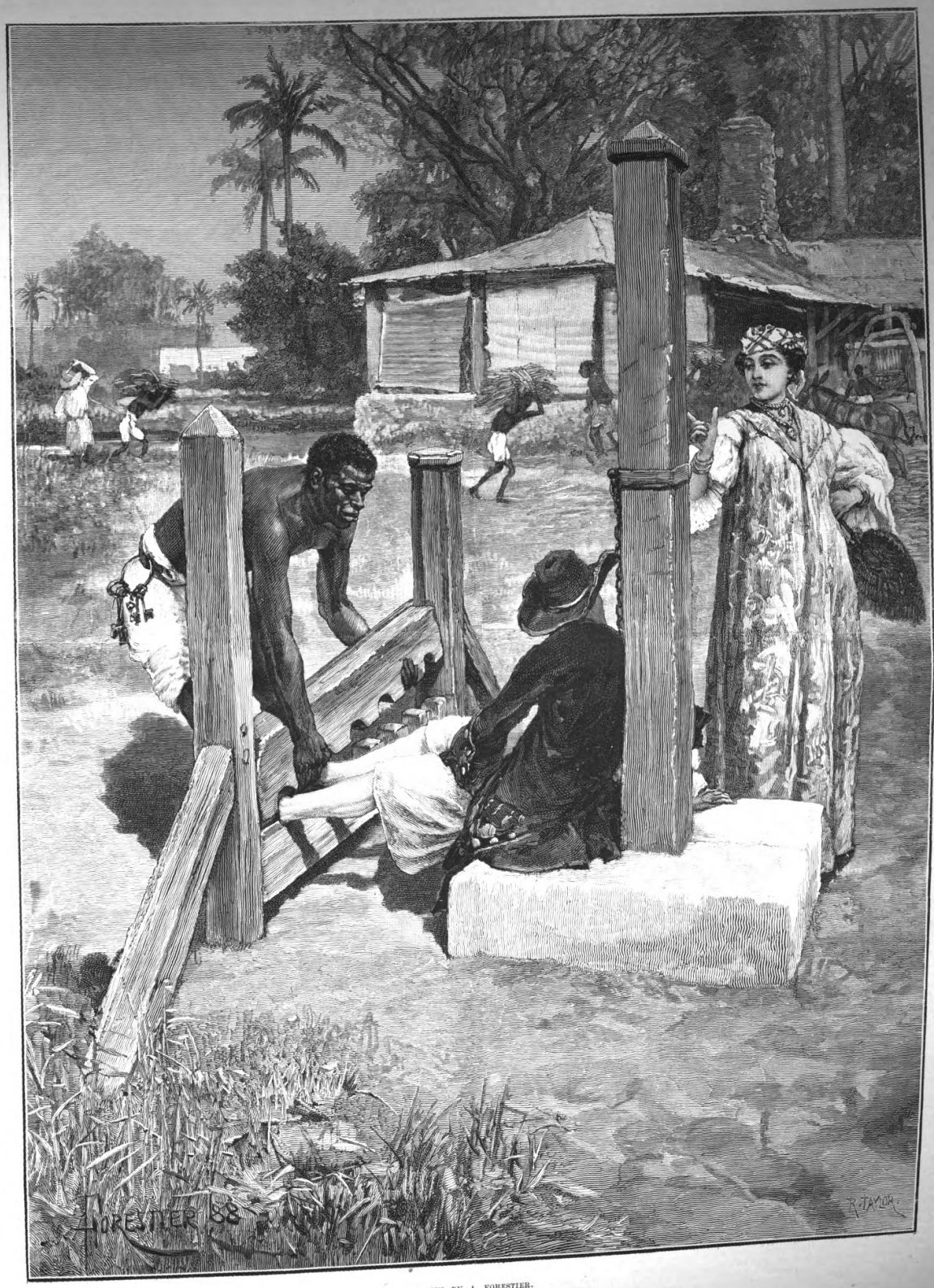
"All this, Madam, is doubtless true; but my friends are not the sweepings of the street."

"No, but you are treated as if you were. It is a new thing having gentlemen among the servants, and the planters are not yet accustomed to them. They are a masterful and a wilful folk, these planters of Barbados; from childhood upwards they have their own way, and brook not opposition. You have seen into what a madness of wrath you threw the master by your opposition. Believe me, Sir, the place is not wholesome for you and for your friends. The master looks to get a profit not from your labour, but by your ransom. Sir"—she looked me very earnestly in the face—"if you have friends at home—if you have any friends at all—entreat them—command them—immediately to send money for your ransom. It will not cost them much. If you do not get the money you will most assuredly die, with the hard work and the fierce sun. All the white servants die except the very strongest and lustiest. Whether they work in the fields, or in the garden, or in the Ingenio, or in the stables, they die. They cannot endure the hot sun and the hard fare. They presently catch a fever, or a calenture, or a cramp, and so they die. This young gentlewoman who is now with your cousin will presently fall into melancholy and die. There is no help for her, or for you—believe me, Sir—there is no hope for any of you but to get your freedom." She broke off here, and never at any other time spoke to me again upon this subject.

In three weeks' time, indeed, we were to regain our freedom, but not in the way Madam imagined.

Before I go on to tell of the wonderful surprise which awaited me I must say that there was, after this day, no more question about field-work for me. In this island, there was, at the moment when we arrived, a great scarcity of physicians; nay, there were none properly qualified to call themselves physicians, though a few quacks: the sick servants on the estates were attended by the negresses, some of whom have, I confess, a wonderful knowledge of herbs—in which respect they may be likened to our countrywomen, who, for fevers, agues, toothache, and the like, are as good as any physicians in the world. It was, therefore, speedily rumoured abroad that there was a physician upon my master's estate, whereupon there was immediately a great demand for his services, and henceforth I went daily, with the master's consent, to visit the sick people on the neighbouring estates—nay, I was even called upon by his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor himself, Mr. Steed, to treat him for a complaint from which he suffered. And I not only gave advice and medicines, but I also received my fee just as if I had been practising in London. But the fees went to my

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

She bade the negro unlock the bar. "Come," she said, "let us hear no more about any bargains."

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

master, who took them all, and offered me no better diet than before. That, however, mattered little, because wherever I went I asked for, and always received, food of a more generous kind and a glass or two of wine, so that I fared well and kept my health during the short time that we remained upon the island. I had also to thank Madam for many a glass of Madeira, dish of chocolata, plate of fruit, and other things not only for my patient Robin, but also for myself, and for another, of whom I have now to speak.

When, therefore, the master was at length free from pain and in a comfortable sleep, I left him, with Madam's permission, and sought the sick-house in a most melancholy mood, because I believed that Robin would surely die whatever I should do. And I confess that, having had but little experience of sunstroke and the kind of fever which followeth upon it, and having no books to consult and no medicine at hand, I knew not well what I could do for him. And the boasted skill of the physician, one must confess, availeth little against a disease which hath once laid hold upon a man. 'Tis better for him so to order the lives of his patients while they are well as to prevent disease, just as those who dwell beside an unruly river (as I have seen upon the great river Rhone) build up a high levée, or bank, over which the flood cannot pass.

In the sick-house the floor was of earth without boards; there was no other furniture but two or three wooden pallets, on each a coarse mattress with a rug; and all was horribly filthy, unwashed, and foul. Beside the pallet where Robin lay there knelt, praying, a woman with her head in her hands. Heavens! there was, then, in this dark and heathenish place one woman who still remembered her Maker!

Robin was awake. His restless eyes rolled about; his hands clutched uneasily at his blanket; and he was talking. Alas! the poor brain, disordered and wandering, carried him back to the old village. He was at home again in imagination, though we were so far away. Yea; he had crossed the broad Atlantic, and was back in fair Somerset, among the orchards and the hills. And only to hear him talk, the tears rolled down my cheeks.

"Alice," he said. Alas! he thought that he was again with the sweet companion of his youth. "Alice; the nuts are ripe in the woods. We will to-morrow take a basket and go gather them. Benjamin shall not come to spoil sport. Besides, he would want to eat them all himself. Humphrey shall come, and you, and I. That will be enough."

Then his thoughts changed again. "Oh! my dear," he said—in a moment he had passed over ten years, and was now with his mistress, a child no longer. "My dear, thou hast so sweet a face. Nowhere in the whole world is there so sweet a face. I have always loved thy face; not a day but it has been in my mind—always my love, my sweetheart, my soul, my life. My dear, we will never leave the country; we want no grandeur of rank, and state, and town; we will always continue here. Old age shall find us lovers still. Death cannot part us, oh! my dear, save for a little while—and then sweet heaven will unite us again to love each other for ever, and for ever"——

"Oh! Robin! Robin! Robin!"

I knew that voice. Oh! Heavens! was I dreaming? Was I, too, wandering? Were we all back in Somerset?

For the voice was none other than the voice of Alice herself!

CHAPTER XLII.

ALICE.

"Alice!" I cried.

She rose from her knees and turned to meet me. Her face was pale; her eyes were heavy and they were full of tears.

"Alice!"

"I saw you when you came here, a week ago," she said. "Oh! Humphrey, I saw you, and I was ashamed to let you know that I was here."

"Ashamed? My dear, ashamed? But how—why—what dost thou here?"

"How could I meet Robin's eyes after what I had done!"

"It was done for him, and for his mother, and for all of us. Poor child, there is no reason, indeed, to be ashamed."

"And now I meet him and he is in a fever, and his mind wanders; he knows me not."

"He is sorely stricken, Alice; I know not how the disease may end; mind and body are sick alike. For the mind I can do nothing; for the body I can do but little: yet with cleanliness and good food we may help him to mend. But tell me, Child, in the name of Heaven, how camest thou in this place?"

But before anything she would attend to the sick man. And presently she brought half-a-dozen negresses, who cleaned and swept the place, and sheets were fetched and a linen shirt, in which we dressed our patient, with such other things as we could devise for his comfort. Then I bathed his head with cold water, continually changing his bandages so as to keep him cool: and I took some blood from him, but not much, because he was greatly reduced by bad food and hard work.

When he was a little easier we talked. But Heavens! to think of the villainy which had worked its will upon this poor child! As if it was not enough that she should be forced to fly from a man who had so strangely betrayed her, and as if it was not enough that she should be robbed of all her money—but she must also be put on board, falsely and treacherously, as one, like ourselves, sentenced to ten years' servitude on the Plantations! For, indeed, I knew and was quite certain that none of the Maids of Taunton were thus sent abroad. It was notorious, before we were sent away, that, with the exception of Susan Blake, who died of jail-fever at Dorchester, all the Maids were given to the Queen's ladies, and by them suffered to go free on the payment by their parents of thirty or forty pounds apiece. And as for Alice, she was a stranger in the place, and it was not known that she had joined that unfortunate procession. So that if ever a man was kidnapper and villain, that man was George Penne.

It behoves a physician to keep his mind under all circumstances calm and composed. He must not suffer himself to be carried away by passion, by rage, hatred, or even anxiety. Yet, I confess that my mind was clean distracted by the discovery that Alice herself was with us, a prisoner like ourselves; I was, I say, distracted, nor could I tell what to think of this event and its consequences. For, to begin with, the poor child was near those who would protect her. But what kind of protection could be given by such helpless slaves? Then was she beyond her husband's reach; he would not, it was quite certain, get possession of her at this vast distance. So far she was safe. But then the master, who looked to make a profit by her, as he looked to make a profit by us—through the ransom of her friends! She had no friends to ransom her. There was but one, the Rector, and he was her husband's father. The time would come when the avarice of the master would make him do or threaten something barous towards her. Then she had found favour with Madam, this beautiful mulatto woman, whom Alice innocently supposed to be the master's wife. And there was the young planter, who wished to buy her with the honourable intention of marrying her. In short, I knew not what to think or to say, because at one moment it seemed as if it was the most Providential thing in the world that Alice should have been brought here, and the next moment it seemed as if her presence only magnified our evils.

"Nay," she said, when I opened my mind to her, "seeing that the world is so large, what but a special ruling of Providence could have brought us all to this same island, out of the whole multitude of isles—and then again to this same estate out of so many? Humphrey, your faith was wont to be stronger. I believe—nay, I am quite sure—that it was for the strengthening and help of all alike that this hath been ordained. First, it enables me to nurse my poor Robin—mine, alas! no longer! Yet must I still love him as long as I have a heart to beat."

"Love him always, Child," I said. "This is no sin to love the companion of thy childhood, thy sweetheart, from whom thou wast torn by the most wicked treachery"—but could say no more, because the contemplation of that sweet face, now so mournful, yet so patient, made my voice to choke and my eyes to fill with tears. Said I not that a physician must still keep his mind free from all emotion?

All that day I conversed with her. We agreed that for the present she should neither acknowledge nor conceal the truth from Madam, upon whose good-will was now placed all our hopes. That is to say, if Madam questioned her she was to acknowledge that we were her former friends; but if Madam neither suspected anything, nor asked her anything, she should keep the matter to herself. She told me during this day all that had happened unto her since I saw her last, when we marched out of Taunton. Among other things I heard of the woman called Deb, who was now working in the canefields (she was one of a company whose duty it was to weed the canes). In the evening this woman, when the people returned, came to the sick-house. She was a great strapping woman, stronger than most men. She was dressed, like all the women on the estate, in a smock and petticoat, with a thick coif to keep off the sun, and a pair of strong shoes.

She came to help her mistress, as she fondly called Alice. She wanted to sit up and watch the sick man, so that her mistress might go to sleep. But Alice refused. Then this faithful creature rolled herself up in her rug and laid herself at the door, so that no one should go in or out without stepping over her. And so she fell asleep.

Then we began our night-watch, and talked in whispers sitting by the bedside of the fevered man. Presently, I forgot the wretchedness of our condition, the place where we were, our hopeless, helpless lot, our anxieties and our fears, in the joy and happiness of once more conversing with my mistress. She spoke to me after the manner of the old days, but with more seriousness, about the marvellous workings of the Lord among His people; and presently we began to talk of the music which we loved to play, and how the sweet concord and harmony of the notes lifted up the soul; and of pictures and painting, and Mr. Boscorel's drawings and my own poor attempts, and my studies in the schools of medicine, and so forth, as if my life was, indeed, but just beginning, and, instead of the Monmouth cap, and the canvas breeches, and common shirt, I was once more arrayed in velvet with a physician's wig and a goldheaded cane.

Lastly she prayed, entreating merciful Heaven to bestow health of mind and enlargement of body to the sick man upon the bed, and her brother, and her dear friend (meaning myself), and to all poor sufferers for religion; and she asked that, as it had been permitted that she should be taken from her earthly lover by treachery, so it might now be granted to her to lay down her life for his, so that he might go free and she die in his place.

Through the open window I saw the four stars which make the constellation they call the "Cruseroes," being like a cross fixed in the heavens. The night was still, and there was no sound save the shrill noise of the cigala, which is here as shrill as in Padua. Slave and master, bondman and free, were all asleep save in this house, where Robin rolled his heavy head, and murmured without ceasing, and Alice communed with her God. Surely, surely, I thought, here was no room for doubt? This my mistress had been brought here by the Hand of God Himself, to be as an angel or messenger of His own, for our help and succour—haply for our spiritual help alone, seeing that no longer was there any help from man.

(To be continued.)

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CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

D. of M.	D. of W.	ANNIVERSARIES, FESTIVALS, OCCURRENCES, HISTORICAL NOTES, ETC.	SUN. Rises.	SUN. Souths before Noon.	SUN. Sets.	MOON. Rises. Morn.	MOON. Sets. Aftern.	DURATION OF MOONLIGHT. Before Sunrise. O'Clock. 0 2 4 6 8	Moon's Age.	DURATION OF MOONLIGHT. After Sunset. O'Clock. 4 6 8 10 12	HIGH WATER AT London Bridge. Morn.	HIGH WATER AT London Bridge. Aftern.	HIGH WATER AT Liverpool Dock. Morn.	HIGH WATER AT Liverpool Dock. Aftern.	Day of Year.
			H. M.	M. S.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.				H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	
1	S	Princess of Wales born, 1844	7 45	10 34	3 52	4 37	3 7		27		11 55	—	8 53	9 20	326
2	M	1ST SUNDAY IN ADVENT	7 47	10 11	3 52	6 3	3 39		28		0 19	0 43	9 44	10 8	337
3	M	Samuel Crompton born, 1753	7 48	9 47	3 51	7 28	4 19		●		1 8	1 31	10 33	10 56	338
4	Tu	Pretender at Derby, 1742	7 50	9 22	3 50	8 49	5 8		1		1 56	2 19	11 21	11 44	339
5	W	Mozart died, 1792	7 52	8 57	3 50	9 58	6 9		2		2 44	3 7	—	0 9	340
6	Th	*St. Nicholas*	7 53	8 31	3 50	10 53	7 18		3		3 32	3 56	0 32	0 57	341
7	F	Marshal Ney shot, 1815	7 54	8 5	3 50	11 36	8 31		4		4 22	4 46	1 21	1 47	342
8	S	*Conception of Virgin Mary*	7 55	7 38	3 49	Aftern.	9 47		5		5 10	5 35	2 11	2 35	343
9	M	2ND SUNDAY IN ADVENT	7 56	7 11	3 49	0 38	10 59		6		6 1	6 28	3 0	3 26	344
10	M	Royal Academy founded, 1768	7 57	6 44	3 49	0 59	Morn.		☽		6 57	7 26	3 53	4 22	345
11	Tu	*St. Martin*	7 58	6 16	3 49	1 18	0 10		8		7 57	8 29	4 51	5 22	346
12	W	Fall of Plevna, 1877	7 59	5 48	3 50	1 37	1 19		9		9 4	9 42	5 54	6 29	347
13	Th	Thomas Wright, F.S.A., died, 1877	8 0	5 19	3 50	1 56	2 26		10		10 16	10 47	7 7	7 41	348
14	F	Prince Albert died, 1861	8 1	4 50	3 50	2 15	3 30		11		11 17	11 44	8 12	8 42	349
15	S	Izaak Walton died, 1683	8 2	4 21	3 50	2 37	4 35		12		—	0 8	9 9	9 33	350
16	S	3RD SUNDAY IN ADVENT	8 2	3 52	3 51	3 4	5 41		13		0 31	0 51	9 56	10 16	351
17	M	Oxford Michaelmas Term ends	8 3	3 23	3 51	3 35	6 44		14		1 12	1 30	10 37	10 55	352
18	Tu	Wesley born, 1708	8 4	2 53	3 51	4 13	7 44		○		1 49	2 7	11 14	11 32	353
19	W	Cambridge Michaelmas Term ends	8 5	2 23	3 51	4 58	8 39		16		2 23	2 41	11 48	—	354
20	Th	Napoleon III. elected President, 1848	8 5	1 54	3 52	5 53	9 28		17		2 58	3 14	0 6	0 23	355
21	F	*St. Thomas.* Michaelmas Law sittings end	8 6	1 24	3 52	6 54	10 9		18		3 31	3 48	0 39	0 56	356
22	S	Perceval shot, 1788	8 6	0 54	3 53	7 59	10 44		19		4 7	4 26	1 13	1 32	357
23	S	4TH SUNDAY IN ADVENT	8 7	Before Noon	3 53	9 10	11 14		20		4 43	5 1	1 51	2 8	358
24	M	Hugh Miller died, 1856	8 7	0 6	3 54	10 22	11 38		21		5 21	5 43	2 26	2 46	359
25	Tu	*Christmas Day*	8 7	0 36	3 55	11 36	Aftern.		22		6 6	6 31	3 8	3 31	360
26	W	Bank Holiday. Boxing Day	8 7	1 6	3 56	Morn.	0 23		☾		6 58	7 26	3 56	4 23	361
27	Th	*St. John, Evangelist*	8 8	1 35	3 57	0 52	0 43		24		7 56	8 27	4 51	5 21	362
28	F	*Innocents' Day*	8 8	2 5	3 58	2 11	1 7		25		9 2	9 39	5 52	6 27	363
29	S	W. E. Gladstone born, 1809	8 8	2 34	3 58	3 33	1 34		26		10 12	10 45	7 4	7 37	364
30	S	1ST SUND. AFT. CHRISTMAS	8 8	3 3	3 58	4 56	2 8		27		11 19	11 51	8 10	8 44	365
31	M	*Silvester*	8 8	3 32	3 59	6 17	2 52		28		—	0 20	9 16	9 45	366

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES FOR DECEMBER.

The MOON is near Mercury on the morning of the 2nd. She is near Jupiter on the 3rd; she is near Venus on the evening of the 5th; and very near Mars on the evening of the 6th. She is near Saturn during the night hours of the 22nd, and morning hours of the 23rd, being to the left of the planet the whole night. The planet will be on the meridian or due south 22 minutes after 3h on the morning of the 23rd, and the Moon 21 minutes later, and she is near Jupiter on the 31st. Her phases or times of change are:—

New Moon on the	3rd at	6 minutes after	1h in the morning.
First Quarter	„ 10th „	46 „	6 „ „
Full Moon	„ 18th „	41 „	10 „ „
Last Quarter	„ 26th „	0 „	6 „ „

She is nearest the Earth on the 3rd, the most distant from it on the 16th, and nearest again on the 31st.

MERCURY rises on the 5th at 6h 41m a.m., or 1h 11m before sunrise; on the 10th at 7h 5m a.m., or 50 minutes before the Sun rises; on the 15th at 7h 29 a.m., or 35 minutes before sunrise; on the 20th at 7h 50m a.m., or 15 minutes before the Sun rises; on the 22nd at 7h 58m a.m., or 8 minutes before sunrise. He sets on the 26th at 3h 34m p.m., or 21 minutes before sunset; and on the 31st at 3h 53m p.m., or 6 minutes before the Sun sets. He is near the Moon on the 2nd; in descending node on the 10th; is near Jupiter on the 17th; at greatest distance from the Sun on the 20th, and in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 28th.

VENUS sets on the 1st at 6h 12m p.m., on the 8th at 6h 29m p.m., on the 18th at 6h 58m p.m., on the 28th at 7h 30m p.m., and on the 31st at 7h 38m p.m. She is near the Moon on the 5th.

MARS sets on the 1st at 7h 29m p.m., on the 9th at 7h 33m p.m., on the 29th at 7h 45m p.m., and on the 31st at 7h 47m p.m. He is at the least distance from the Sun on the 3rd, and near the Moon on the 6th.

JUPITER sets on the 1st at 4h 16m p.m., or 24 minutes after sunset; on the 8th at 3h 54m p.m., or five minutes after sunset. He rises on the 8th at 7h 54m a.m., or 1 minute before sunrise; on the 18th at 7h 27m a.m., or 37 minutes before the sun rises; on the 28th at 6h 58m a.m., or 1h 10m before the Sun rises, and on the 31st at 6h 49m a.m., or 1h 19m before sunrise. He is near the Moon on the 3rd; in conjunction with the Sun on the 8th, and near the Moon again on the last day.

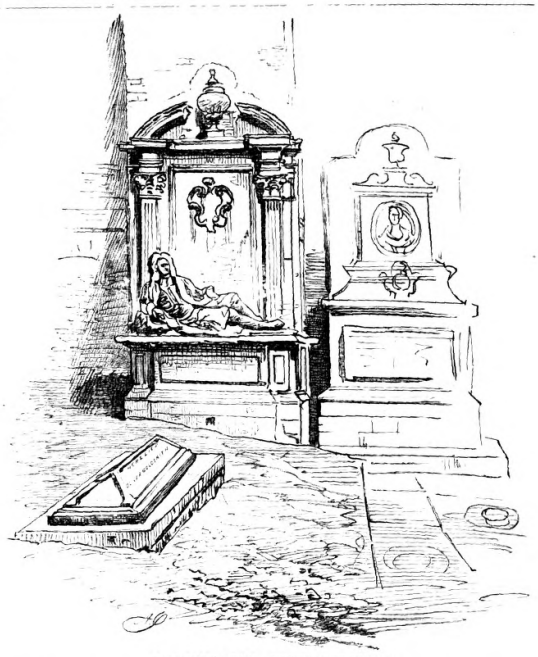
SATURN rises on the 1st at 9h 19m p.m., on the 7th at 8h 56m p.m., on the 17th at 8h 15m p.m., on the 27th at 7h 34m p.m., and on the 31st at 7h 17m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 22nd.

SKETCHES IN THE TEMPLE.

Will not the time soon arrive for the Council of Legal Education, or some newly constituted authority, to assume the title, dignity, and powers of an English University of Law, in which the Honourable Societies of the Inner Temple and the Middle Temple, of Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn, shall be Colleges, possessing as they do large endowments, Governing Benchers, ample means of professional teaching, valuable scholarships in trust, noble precincts and buildings, with claims of historical antiquity and of past service equal to those of the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge? In effect, but not in title and dignity, this University may be considered to exist and to exercise some of its functions, though the organisation of its teaching department is actually less complete than it was three or four centuries ago, when the students residing in the Inns received systematic instruction, and were exercised in "moots," or debates of nice legal problems, while they could obtain authorised tutors, instead of becoming, as now, the private pupils of counsel in chamber practice. We do not know but that it may hereafter seem good to revive part of the ancient methods, and to entrust the "Inns of Court" with more direct superintendence of the studies, in addition to their faculty of admitting members at the customary "calls to the Bar." Leaving the propriety and expediency of such measures to the wisest heads of that useful profession, and to the Legislature which will at any time be inclined to give effect to their recommendations, we present a few Sketches of "the Temple," or rather the two Temples, as we have done with Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn, looking at them only from a lay visitor's point of view, as picturesque features of London scenery, and as places full of interesting literary and personal associations, connected with the lives and the works of many illustrious Englishmen who dwelt in their chambers, and paced their quiet courts and pleasant gardens, or sallied forth into Fleet-street or the Strand, on their way to Court or to City, amidst the bustle of former generations.



MIDDLE TEMPLE LANE.



GOLDSMITH'S TOMB, TEMPLE CHURCHYARD.

It was in the reign of King Edward I., the religious Order of Knights Templars having been abolished by the Pope, that their former abode was leased to the students and professors of the common law, who then removed from several of the "hospitia curia," or hostels, previously occupied by them in Holborn. The Temple precinct, extending from Fleet-street to the Thames, and from Whitefriars to Essex House in the Strand, had been bestowed on the Templars by Henry II., having been part of the grounds of the ancient Royal Palace of Bridewell. The monastery of the Knights Templars, renowned for their valour in the Crusades, the heroes of Jaffa and Jerusalem, of Gaza and Ascalon, of Tiberias, of Acre and Mount Carmel, of Syria and Egypt, and the Lords of Cyprus, was a splendid residence, for the Order was immensely rich. They built the Temple Church in 1185, that is to say, the existing Round Church, through which the quadrangular Gothic edifice, built in 1240, is now entered. It is one of four Round Churches in England, the others being



THE CLOISTERS, INNER TEMPLE.



NO. 1, MIDDLE TEMPLE LANE.

at Cambridge, Northampton, and Maplestead in Essex, imitating the form of that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The interior is surrounded by an arcade of Early English arches, with a series of heads, which have been restored. On the paved floor are the mail-clad effigies, not of Knights Templars, but of "Associates" of the Order, who were buried underneath these tombs; one is Geoffrey De Magnaville, Earl of Essex, who died in 1144, and who took an active part in the



THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

civil war against King Stephen; another is supposed to be William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, Protector of the Kingdom in the minority of Henry III., with two of his sons, one of whom defeated the Welsh Prince Llewellyn, and married the King's sister; there is also the monument of Gilbert, Lord De Ros, who died in 1245. Many of the monuments of eminent lawyers have been removed from the lower part of the church to the triforium; and there are some outside the church, among which is that of Oliver Goldsmith, who died April 9, 1774, at No. 2, Brick Court, Middle Temple, where he lived in



MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL.

rooms over those of Blackstone, author of the "Commentaries," and was often visited there by Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The Middle Temple, to the west of the Inner Temple, is entered, from near Temple Bar, by the Middle Temple-lane, at the bottom of which, formerly, were the Temple Water-stairs, to take a wherry for conveyance on the river, which was then done as readily as you now take a cab in the street. Brick Court is passed to the right, and some quaint old houses to the left, with the entrance to the courts of the Inner Temple. The Hall of the Middle Temple, built in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, from 1562 to 1574, under the superintendence of Mr. Edward Plowden, the Treasurer, is one of the finest edifices of its kind. The interior, nobly proportioned, 100 ft. long, 40 ft. wide, and 47 ft. high, has a roof of dark oak, richly carved, and windows emblazoned with the arms of distinguished members of this Society; it is adorned with a beautiful screen of carved oak, erected in 1575, at the lower end, and with Vandyke's fine portrait of Charles I. on horseback, with other portraits of seventeenth-century Kings and Queens, and with a collection of armour. It is interesting to remember that Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night" was acted in this hall before Queen Elizabeth on Feb. 2, 1601, when Shakspeare was, no doubt, present, if he was not one of the performers.

Beyond the Hall, to the west, are Fountain Court and Garden Court, and the Middle Temple Library, opened in 1861 by the Prince of Wales. The fountain has of late been somewhat altered, but has existed nearly two hundred years, and is a favourite with many persons of literary taste, not only for its pleasantness and gracefulness, but also for the frequent mention of it by esteemed authors. Dickens, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," makes it the place where Tom Pinch was accustomed to meet his sister Ruth, "the brightest and purest-hearted little woman in the world," and where that good fellow John Westlock had the good fortune to find her lingering in a happy hour. "Softly the whispering water broke and fell, and roguishly the dimples twinkled and sparkled on its sunny face, as he stole upon her footsteps. O foolish, panting, timid little heart!—why did she feign to be unconscious of his coming? Merrily the fountain leaped and danced, and the smiling dimples expanded more and more, until they broke into a laugh against the basin's rim and vanished." So we have a charming idyll even among "the smoky shrubs," as Dickens calls them, "the slow vegetation of Fountain Court," the chirping sparrows bred in Temple chinks and crannies, the grimy old houses and the worn flagstones, the dry and dusty channels of the law. "Old love-letters," he says, "shut up in iron boxes, among heaps of family papers, in the neighbouring offices, might have stirred and fluttered with a moment's recollection of their ancient tenderness," as Ruth met her lover there. Chaucer was a student of the Temple; Cowper, Charles Lamb, Thackeray, Tennyson dwelt in its chambers; but here is a fairer presence. Will the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple allow the readers of Dickens to set a white marble statue of sweet Ruth Pinch at the brink of the fountain? We do not think they will,

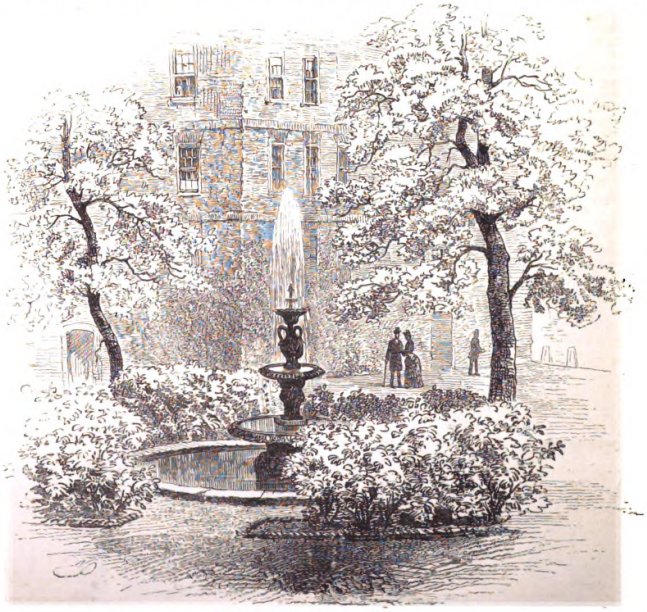


No. 2, BRICK-COURT, MIDDLE TEMPLE, WHERE OLIVER GOLDSMITH DIED.

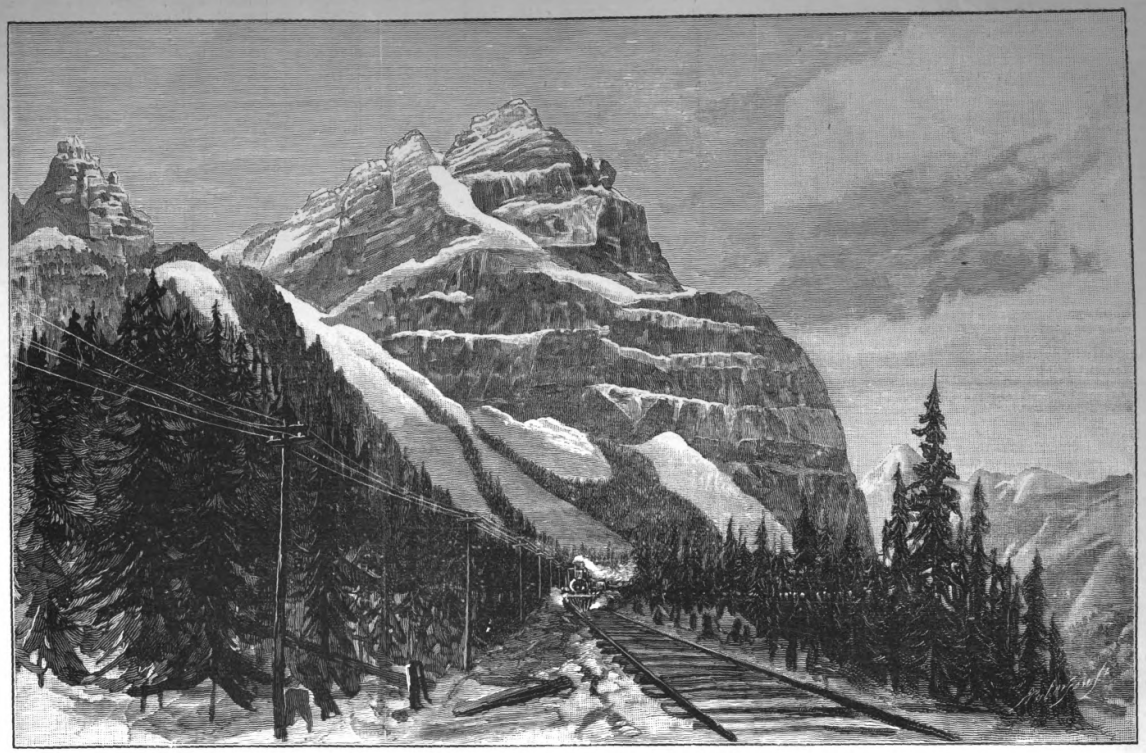
though Shakspeare has been in their Hall, where the representative of his Viola has spoken the maidenly words:—

> By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
> I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth.

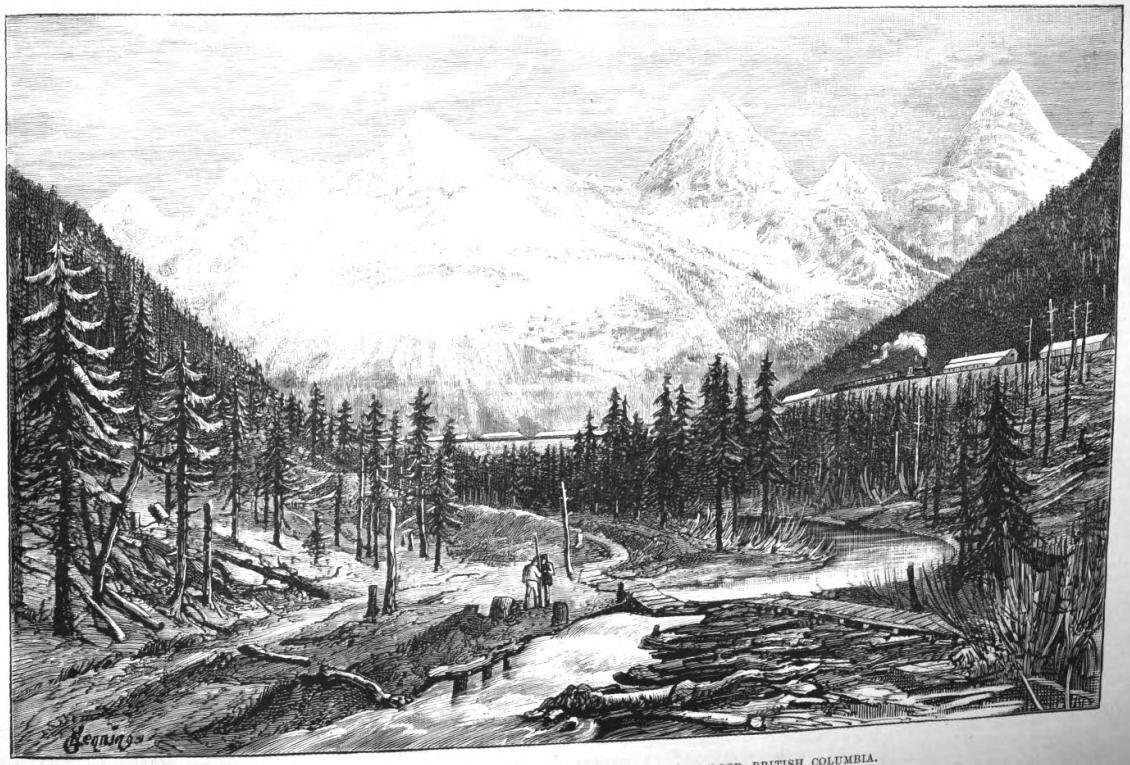
Of the Inner Temple, which is more extensive and which boasts grander new buildings for chambers, with a much larger garden, and a new Hall of good architectural style, much could be said if we had space to print it here. The old Hall, used until the present century, was the Refectory of the Knights Templars' Monastery; King John and King Henry III. had dined in that hall. The cloisters, destroyed by a fire in 1678, were rebuilt from a design by Sir Christopher Wren; upon which occasion, says Roger North, in his "Life of Lord Keeper Guildford," the students were reproved for neglect of the good old custom of "walking in evenings there, and putting cases." We occasionally see one or two of those young gentlemen passing through the cloisters, but have not overheard them discussing abstract questions of law, as they were expected to do in former times; and the "Moots" are now kept up only at Gray's Inn.



THE FOUNTAIN, MIDDLE TEMPLE.



MOUNT STEPHEN, EAST SIDE; ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANGE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



THE SELKIRK MOUNTAIN RANGE, NEAR THE GLACIER HOUSE AND THE LOOP, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, in choosing subjects for his Sketches of the long railway line from Montreal to Vancouver, nearly three thousand miles, has preferred the wild and romantic highland scenery of British Columbia to the vast plains that extend from Winnipeg to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. One view of Mount Stephen, the highest summit of this range in Canadian latitudes, named from Sir George Stephen, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, was presented in our last publication. Another view, from the eastern side, is now put before our readers. The railway station called Stephen is 5290 ft. above the sea-level, and here the waters begin to flow in two opposite directions: the streams running eastward having to join either the Athabasca or the Saskatchewan, and the latter finally to be discharged into Lake Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay; while those of the westward slope meet with the Columbia River, the Fraser River, or the Thompson River, whose issue is in the Pacific Ocean. Mount Stephen rises 8240 ft. above the railway.

Passing from Stephen down the tremendous ravine of the Kicking Horse, with a gradient of 220 ft. to the mile, the Columbia River is reached and crossed, and behind its valley rises another jagged and formidable range, the Selkirks, which are the second of the four mountain ranges that separate the plains from the Pacific Ocean. The ascent of the Selkirks is begun by a gradually-rising line along the sides of the high embankments which inclose the beautiful valley of the Beaver River. The engineering to bring the line from the vale to the heights is admirable. A bridge 1200 ft. in length is crossed in one place; in another, a trestle 295 ft. above a mighty torrent sweeps for 750 ft. in a graceful curve; at every minute the train passes over some splendid structure which resists or overleaps the force of mountain floods and avalanches. For miles one sees new bridges, and, in the gulch far below them the wrecks of splintered wood and twisted iron which show where slides of rock and ice destroyed the line in the winter before the points of danger had been learned. Now, huge bulwarks of rock and timber, sheds and tunnels insure the prevention of another such mischief. The summit reached, we see prodigious mountains rising a mile in sheer ascent beside the track, and at Rogers we pass two lines of snow-clad peaks, of which that on the right incloses a vast amphitheatre whose walls rise 9000 feet above the valley, and inclose a glacier of shining green, blue, and white, with which none in Switzerland is to be compared in size and beauty. Down the western slope the train runs by an imposing system of loops, which, coiling the track about as if it were a pile of rope, stretches nearly seven miles to gain two miles in distance and a few hundred feet in elevation. "The scenery now," says a writer, "is grand beyond the power of language to paint. One glacier forms upon another. To our right we pass the summit, and two miles on reach Glacier House, a beautiful Swiss châlet, in front of which are beautiful fountains throwing up icy streams. Here, apparently a few hundred yards away to our left, is a monster glacier with its foot not far above the level of the road. With a glass, we see mighty fissures cracking its surface. It bends over the mountain like a falling curtain. We are told it is a mile and a half wide, nine miles long, and 500 feet deep. Mount Sir Donald is watching its slow descent. Far above the snow, his peak, shaped like a diamond drill, pierces the blue sky over 6000 feet above us. We have to bend our heads back to look upon his pinnacle. They give us a half-hour to look, and eat a first-rate lunch."

The Duchess of Albany has become patroness of the Sanitary Institute.

The sale by auction of the steamer Great Eastern was concluded at New Ferry, Liverpool, on Nov. 24. The auction occupied five days, and, generally speaking, fair prices were obtained, the total receipts being £58,000. The vessel was purchased by the venders for £16,000.

The north transept of Salisbury Cathedral has received the addition to its stained glass of a window from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, the gift of Mrs. Middleton, in memory of her husband.—A stained window of five lights, surmounted by a rose, has been recently placed in the parish church of Long Crendon, Bucks. The window is the gift of Mr. Herbert Dodwell, and has been erected in memory of his mother, at a cost of £350.

A statue of the Queen-Empress in marble, intended to be placed in Government House, Singapore, has just been completed by Edward Geflowski, the well-known Polish sculptor. The figure is above lifesize, and is the result of a commission intrusted to him by the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The money was subscribed by the Chinese residents in Singapore, to commemorate the Jubilee of her Majesty. The statue has attracted many admiring visitors to the Colonial Office, where it is now being exhibited. The Queen wears her State robes, with the usual insignia of Royalty; and the likeness is at once pleasing and dignified. As she stands with the orb in one hand and the sceptre in the other, she conveys fully to the spectator the idea of the Queen-Empress. Medallion portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales occupy the sides of the pedestal.

The trustees of the People's Palace, with the view of spreading an interest in the question of technical education, organised two conversaziones, the first of which was held on Nov. 24. The programme included, besides gymnastic displays in the gymnasium and a concert in the Queen's Hall, an exhibition in the new technical schools, which were recently built by the Drapers' Company. All the different departments of the schools were open for inspection, and the boys of the technical day school were to be seen by visitors at work at the bench, vice, lathe, &c. Experiments were also performed by the boys in the chemical and electrical laboratories, and boys were to be seen at work on various kinds of drawing, wood-carving, and modelling. Many hundreds visited the Palace on Saturday evening, and great interest was displayed in the various departments.

General Franklin and Mr. Somerville P. Tuck, the American Commissioners to the Paris Exposition of 1889, have issued a special circular to American artists at home and abroad. Applicants for space are desired to fill out the blanks accompanying the circulars, and to return them at once to the Commission at 1, Broadway, New York city. Only works of art executed since 1878 can be admitted: and copies, even in a different medium, will not be received. Artists residing in the United States must have their exhibits in New York by Feb. 15, 1889. Exhibitors residing in Europe must have their exhibits at Paris by March 20, 1889. A jury of artists will be chosen to examine and pass upon the works submitted. This jury will include, so far as possible, representatives of the four classes of exhibitors, painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers. One section of this jury will sit in New York, and the other in Paris; their decisions will be subject to revision by the Commission. The names and addresses of the agents appointed to receive exhibits in New York and Paris will be made known hereafter.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R D F (St. Andrews).—Your question shall be answered next week. We have not had time for necessary reference.

COLUMBUS.—We intended to point out that the double mate in main play was a fatal flaw. If it is never knowingly admitted into any problem meant for publication.

DELTA.—There seems some error in your game with "Indian Amateur" (Muzio Gambit). As near, after Black's seventh move, White can continue—8, Q takes K B P (ch), K moves; 9, Q takes B, mate. Have you not omitted something?

A NEWMAN.—No. 1 can be solved in two moves by 1. Q to R 5th (ch). No. 2 is much too simple.

CHESS EDITOR, "EVENING NEWS" (Manchester).—Thanks for the regularity with which your interesting column is forwarded.

J DIXON.—(1) The sacrifice is unsound, and is never attempted except against young players. (2) Consult some treatise on the game, which will explain the points you ask about.

W GLEAVE.—Very neat, but rather too easy. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

SIGNOR ASPA.—Next week.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from J Pierce, J Amygdalis, and W Parsons.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2326 received from H S B (Burley), John S Moorat (Boulogne), J Bryden (Wimbledon), H S B (Shooter's-hill), P C (The Hague), R H Brooks, Charles Etherington, and C E P (of No. 227, from E J Winter Wood, W J Cross, A Starrin (Chiswick), A Quidnunc (Burley), A S (The Hague), Herbert Taylor, Dr F St, W F Payne, Mark Taylor (Gravesend), W P Welch, W H Hayward, Coxwell-road Chess Club, J Bryden, H E Maxted (Bow Minster), J Osmond, A H Mole, W H D (Woburn), W R, P C, A N Tongue (Pinchley), and James Marquis.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2328 received from R Worters (Canterbury), E Phillips, W H Reed (Liverpool), W Von Beverhoudt, E Casella (Paris), Jupiter Junior, Howard A, T H Wilson (Grange-over-Sands), Charles Wormall, B Bretto (Galway), John S Moorat (Boulogne), Julia Short (Exeter), G J Veale, W H Hallett, Dr Gustav Waltz (Heidelberg), W F Payne, E J Winter Wood, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Lieutenant-Colonel Loraine (Newcastle), W H Hayton, John A, A Newman, Dawn, J Bryden J Dixon, Bernard Reynolds, R F N Banks, Mariner F Plymouth, Pakela, J F Moon, E Louden, E B Schwann, T G (Ware), Alquin (Burton), T Roberts, Dr F St, E Lucas, Shadforth, J D Tucker (Leeds), C E P, James Pigg, C S, R H Brooks, W E Cartwright, W Heitzmann, L Desanges, Martin F, J Coad, and Mrs. Kelly.

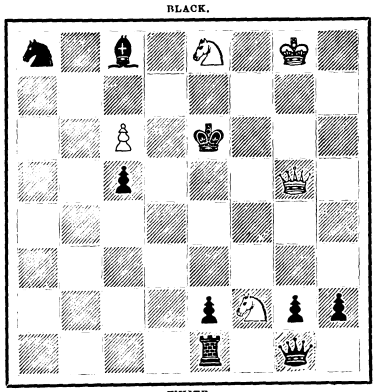
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2326.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to B 4th	Any move
2. B to Kt 8th	Any move
3. Mates.	

PROBLEM No. 2330.

By W. T. PIERCE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Offhand skirmish at the Dundee Chess Club between Messrs. G. B. FRASER and JOHN KENNEDY.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12.	Q to R 5th (ch)
2. Q Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	13. K to R 2nd	Castles
3. P to K B 4th	P takes P	14. P to Q 4th	Q B takes Kt (ch)
4. Kt to Q 5th		15. P takes Q B	B to Q 3rd
A novelty, the invention of Mr. Fraser. Its soundness, however, looks questionable.		16. Q B takes P	B takes B
4.	Q to R 5th (ch)	17. Q takes B	Kt to K B 3rd
5. K to K 2nd	B to Q B 4th	18. Q to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd
Black, apparently, would get a safer game by Kt to Q 5th (ch); 6, K to Q 3rd, Kt to K 3rd; 7, Kt to K B 3rd, Q to R 4th; 8, P to Q B 4th, P to Q B 3rd, &c.		19. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q to R 4th
		20. P to Q R 4th	P to Q R 3rd
		21. P to Q Kt 4th	
6. Kt to K B 3rd	Q to B 7th (ch)	The winning move.	
7. K to Q 3rd	Kt to K 4th (ch)	21.	Q to Kt 3rd
8. K to B 3rd	K takes Kt	22. P takes P	P takes P
9. Q takes Kt	Q to Q 5th (ch)	23. K to Kt 3rd	Q to Kt 2nd
10. K to Kt 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th	24. Q to B 5th (ch)	K to Kt sq
11. P to Q R 3rd	B to Q Kt 2nd	More chances are afforded by interposing the Rook.	
12. P to Q B 3rd		25. R to R 5th	Q takes P (ch)
A brief examination will demonstrate that the capture of Q B P would be imprudent.		26. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q
		27. B takes P	K to Kt 2nd
		28. K R to Q R sq, and wins.	

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

One of eight games played simultaneously at the British Chess Club on Nov. 17.

(Centre Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Michael).	WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Michael).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. Q takes R	B takes Q
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	17. R takes Q	B takes Kt
3. Q takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. R to Q 7th	B to Kt 5th
4. Q to K 3rd	B to Kt 5th (ch)	19. R takes P	K to B sq
5. B to Q 2nd	Q to K 2nd	We think the Pawn might have been maintained by R to Kt sq.	
6. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	20. R takes P	R to K sq
7. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	21. R takes R	K takes R
8. B takes B	Q takes B (ch)	22. P to B 3rd	B to B sq
9. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles	23. R to B 7th	B to Q 2nd
10. P to Q B 3rd	Q to Q 3rd	24. P to Q Kt 4th	K to Q sq
Q takes Kt P looks tempting, but would give a player like Mr. Blackburne the very beauty of a very strong attack.		25. R to Kt 7th	K to B sq
		26. R to Kt 5th	K to B 2nd
11. Castles	R to K sq	27. R to B 5th	K to Kt 3rd
12. K R to K sq	P takes P	28. K to B 2nd	P to Q R 4th
13. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt	29. P to Q R 3rd	P takes P
14. B takes Kt	B to K B 4th	30. B P takes P	P to K Kt 3rd
15. Q R to Q sq	R takes B	31. K to K 3rd	P to R 4th
There seems to be nothing better. Q to Kt 3rd or B 3rd would yield no advantage.		32. P to R 4th, and the game was drawn.	

"Vademecum der Kombinations—Praxis." Leipzig, Von Adolf Roegner.—This is a collection of 120 endings from actual play, comprising examples from nearly all the great masters. Most of them are familiar brilliancies, but they are here usefully brought together, and the volume should take a place in every chess library. Some deficiencies, of course, are inevitable; but we think Mr. Mason might have been better represented, and Mr. Pollock's ending against Mr. Lee in Simpson's Handicap ought certainly to have had a place.

A new chess club has been started at Salisbury under the presidency of Dr. Coates, which it is hoped may prove attractive to players in the city and neighbourhood. Though the club is a small one it reckons among its members two ex-Presidents of the Oxford University Chess Club. The secretary is Mr. Woodrow.

Another chess column has commenced in the pages of a new contemporary, called *Information*.

Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., presented the prizes of the West London Rifles at the head-quarters at Kensington, on Nov. 24.

Mr. Samuel Pope, Q.C., Recorder of Bolton, has been elected Treasurer of the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple, in succession to Sir Henry James, Q.C., M.P.

ASPIRATIONS.

In the early years of life the most joyous moments, perhaps, are those spent in day-dreams of the future. A young man is full of hopes stimulating to action. Difficulties only serve to strengthen his resolution. He does not mean to be daunted, scorns the word "impossible," and not even what Beattie calls the "unconquerable bar" of poverty checks his generous enthusiasm. "What man has done man may do" is his motto, and there are even moments when he is not without a secret hope that he may do more. He will build up the fortunes of his family, paint like Turner, write poetry like Tennyson, lead an army to victory with the swift certainty of Marlborough, or move the world by his persuasive oratory. On the drudges who are content to earn their daily bread, to live and love, to die and be forgotten, the ambitious youth looks with something like contempt. He at least is resolved not to form one of the common herd, whose names never appear in print, save in the list of bankrupts or, finally, among the deaths in the *Times*:

Mrs. Browning, in her "Rhapsody of Life's Progress," has powerfully described the youthful enthusiasm which overrides all obstacles, and accounts no action impossible:—

> And we run with the stag, and we leap with the horse,
> And we swim with the fish through the broad water-course;
> And we strike with the falcon and hunt with the hound,
> And the joy that is in us flies out with a wound.
> * * * * * * *
> Then we act to a purpose—we spring up erect:
> We will tame the wild mouths of the wilderness steeds;
> We will plough up the seas in the ships double-decked,
> We will build the great cities and do the great deeds.

Aspirations such as these are frequently lost when a young man has to face the dull realities of life. What room is left for them when from morning until night he has to toil at a profession, or sit upon a high stool in a city office? By degrees the bright vision fades, he learns how to run in an official rut, and—

> Custom lies upon him with a weight,
> Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.

But there are men—have we not all known them?—whom circumstances cannot conquer; they seem urged onwards by an irresistible force, and such men the world gazes at with wonder, and calls "heroes." It is possible, of course, that this intense vitality, which moves on to its mark with a magnificent disregard of obstructions, may be far from praiseworthy. It may override morality; it may, as in the case of the First Napoleon, prove a frightful and desolating scourge; it may give birth to fatal counsels, as in the case of Strafford and of "poor, grey, old, little Laud." With its direction for good or evil I have nothing to do just now: what I want to point out is, how the aspirations of a man possessed with a great purpose will sweep him along with the strength of a strong current. He cannot linger on his course: he must conquer or die. We see this as strongly in men like Luther and Columbus, like Livingstone and Gordon, as in Julius Cæsar or in Oliver Cromwell. To this spirit we owe all our great discoveries. It was this that sent Sir John Franklin to the "White North." It is this which has caused Stanley to disappear—let us hope not for ever!—in the heart of Africa. To aspirations after some far-off good, and the results they may not live to realise, we owe the self-sacrifice of the missionary and of the philanthropist. These men are resolved that something shall be gained from life before life ends—some good deeds done, some fruitful seed sown: and they feel as Hamlet felt when he exclaimed—

> What is a man,
> If his chief good and market of his time
> Be but to sleep and feed? A beast—no more.
> Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and godlike reason
> To fust in us unused?

There are, it is to be feared, thousands of people who know nothing of that capability; who never exercise that godlike reason. They do the day's work with the regularity of a machine: they eat, they sleep, they marry, they die; and, if thinking is a proof of life, cannot be said to have lived at all. There is no one so greatly to be pitied as the man or woman who is without aspirations. Better to strive and fail—yes! to strive fifty times and to fail as often—than to live without an aim. Then, at least, you are conscious of having done your utmost; and if the victory is denied to you, the wholesome strength that comes from effort will save you from fainting in the field. But if success should come, who, in this overpayment of delight, will grudge the toil that has won it? And defeat itself sometimes means victory. That is what it meant when Sir John Moore died at Corunna; when Nelson died at Trafalgar; when Milton, in blindness and poverty, was left alone with his high imaginings; when Scott, in old age, with the loss of wealth, the death of his wife, and a deadly disease to fight against, showed, as he could never show before, the nobility of his nature; when Lincoln fell by the hand of an assassin; when Gordon, to the discredit of his country, died at the post of duty.

There are vocations in life in which success can be secured by sheer plodding, and without the high ambition I have attempted to describe. Fortunes may be won without it, but what man ever prospered in love, in the acquisition of knowledge, in statesmanship, or in literature who was not goaded onwards by his aspirations? It is easy to descant upon the evils of ambition, and to say with Wolsey that "by that sin fell the angels"; easy, too, is it to describe the blessings of content—which are neither few nor small; but ambition may be in the highest degree honourable, and content may, in some cases, indicate stupidity.

Probably no man is daily conscious of the aspirations which, in reality, mould his conduct. He is the creature of habit, and often goes on his way without knowing it. His feet move still towards the goal, though his eye may not see it, and I suppose there are few moments in life more delightful than the moments in which a long-cherished object is realised. It was at Rome, in 1764, that the idea of writing his great work entered the mind of Gibbon. "It was," he writes, "on the day, or, rather, the night of June 27, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene; the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all Nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotion of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

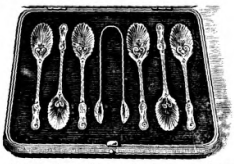
How natural was Gibbon's joy on this fulfilment of a great aspiration! how natural, too, his sadness on feeling that his vocation was gone, and that life was swiftly going! Alas! our noblest aspirations often fail to satisfy when they are attained, and in the very moment of victory we feel that the best prizes earth has to bestow are not free from vanity and vexation of spirit!

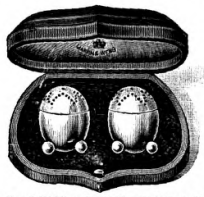
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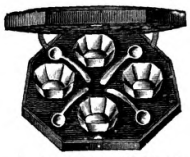

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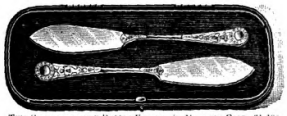

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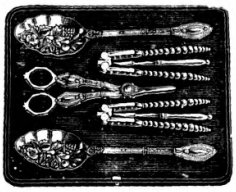

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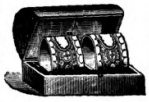

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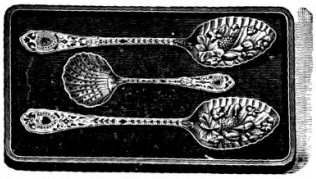

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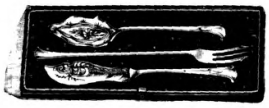

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OBITUARY.

GENERAL SIR CHARLES ELLICE.

General Sir Charles Henry Ellice, G.C.B., late Adjutant-General to the Forces, died suddenly, at Brook House, Bury St. Edmunds, on Nov. 12. He was born in 1823, the second son of General Robert Ellice, and nephew of the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, of Invergarry, in the county of Inverness, M.P. for Coventry. He was educated at Sandhurst, and he entered the Army in 1839, became Captain in 1845, Major in 1849, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1851, Colonel in 1854, Major-General in 1855, Lieutenant-General in 1873, and General in 1877. He was Colonel 1st Battalion Berkshire Regiment, 1874 to 1884; and of the 1st and 2nd Battalions South Wales Borderers, 1884 to 1888. The distinguished General served with the Coldstream Guards in Canada, 1840 to 1842; on the North-West Frontier of India, 1855 to 1856; and in the Indian Mutiny, 1857 to 1858. He commanded the troops at the defeat of the Jhelum mutineers in 1857, when he was dangerously wounded, having had his horse killed under him. For his services he received two medals with clasps, and the decoration of C.B. He was made K.C.B. in 1873, and G.C.B. in 1882. He commanded the South-Eastern District, 1863 to 1868; was Quarter-master-General at head-quarters, 1871 to 1876; and Adjutant-General of the Forces, 1876 to 1882. Sir Charles married, in 1862, Louisa Caroline, elder daughter of Mr. William Henry Lambton, of Biddick-hill, Durham, brother of John George, first Earl of Durham.

SIR RONALD F. THOMSON.

Sir Ronald Ferguson Thomson, G.C.M.G., C.I.E., lately Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Persia, died at The Hall, Dulwich, on Nov. 15, aged fifty-eight. He entered the Diplomatic service as Attaché at Teheran in 1848; was acting Consul and in charge of mission there in 1859, attended the Persian Ambassador to England in 1860. Appointed Oriental Secretary at Teheran in 1862, and Secretary of Legation in 1863; was in attendance upon the Shah during his Majesty's visit to England in 1873, and was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Persia and Consul-General at Teheran from 1879 to 1888. He was made a K.C.M.G. in 1884, G.C.M.G. in 1888, and C.I.E. in 1880. Sir Ronald was the only son of the late Mr. David Thomson, of Orkie, Fifeshire.

COLONEL DUNCAN, M.P.

Colonel Francis Duncan, C.B., D.C.L., LL.D., M.P. for Finsbury (Holborn Division), died at his residence, The Common, Woolwich, on Nov. 16. He was born in 1836, the son of the late Mr. John Duncan, was educated at Aberdeen University (M.A. in honours, 1855; Hon. D.C.L., King's College, Canada, 1861; Hon. LL.D., Aberdeen, 1874; Hon. D.C.L., Durham, 1882), entered the Royal Artillery in 1855, became Captain 1864, Major 1874, Lieutenant-Colonel 1881, and Colonel 1885, and was Instructor in the School of Gunnery 1877 to 1882. He served with distinction with the Egyptian Army 1883 to 1885 (third class Osmanieh), and in the Nile Expedition (mentioned in despatches, medal, and bronze star). He represented the Holborn Division in Parliament since 1885 as a Conservative. Colonel Duncan was made a C.B. in 1885.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir David William Barclay, Bart., on Nov. 23, in his 85th year. His memoir will appear in our next issue.

Miss Fanny Macaulay, after a few days' illness, at Brighton, on Nov. 10, aged eighty. She was the only surviving sister of Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay, the distinguished statesman, orator, historian, and poet.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Aston, late 10th Bombay Native Infantry, on Nov. 13, aged eighty-four.

The Rev. William Lyster Cartwright, M.A., Vicar of Brockenhurst, suddenly, on Nov. 4, aged fifty-two.

Major-General Claude Malet Ducat, late Bombay Staff Corps, at Charmont, near Dorset, on Nov. 11, aged fifty-five.

The Ven. John Hodgson Iles, M.A., Archdeacon of Stafford, and Canon Residentiary of Lichfield, on Nov. 13, aged sixty-one.

Captain George Bayly, Elder Brother of Trinity House, at 8, Kempsholt-road, S.W., on Nov. 13, in his eighty-third year.

Lieutenant-Colonel Granville William Puget, late of the 34th (the Border) Regiment, on Nov. 17, at 46, Redcliffe-square.

Lieutenant-Colonel Trevor Goff, on Nov. 17, at Everton Grange, Lymington.

The Rev. George Frederick Fessey, M.A., at his residence, 5, Glenfall-terrace, Cheltenham, on Nov. 11, aged eighty-one. He was formerly Vicar of Redditch and Rural Dean.

Mrs. Ireland, suddenly, at her residence, Sandford-place, Cheltenham, on Nov. 18. She was the daughter of the late Sir William Earle Welby, Bart., and widow of the late Mr. Thomas James Ireland.

The Rev. Richard Okes, D.D., Provost of King's College, Cambridge, at the Provost's Lodge, on Nov. 25, in his ninety-first year. The deceased gentleman, who graduated in Classics in 1822, was appointed Provost of King's in 1850. A year later he served the office of Vice-Chancellor.

Maria Lady Mansel, on Nov. 18, at her residence, Wrotham Heath House, Kent, aged eighty-one. She was the widow of Sir John Bell William Mansel, Bart., of Wrotham Heath, Kent, and Masteilo, Carmarthenshire, and sister of the late Sir Henry Dymoke, of Scrivelsby, Hereditary Champion of England.

Major-General John Mitchell, late Royal Marines, at The Mount, Totnes, near Devon, on Nov. 9, in his eightieth year. He entered the Army in 1827, and attained the rank of Major-General in 1864. He served with his regiment in the Crimean War of 1855, and also at the surrender of Kinbourn (medal with clasp and Turkish medal).

Mr. John William Jameson, at his residence, Ardmore, Booterstown, in the county of Dublin, on Nov. 7, aged forty-two. He was the eldest son of Mr. James Jameson, of Delvin Lodge, Balbriggan, in the county of Dublin, and Glencormack, in the county of Wicklow, by Lucy, his wife, daughter of Mr. William Cairnes, of Stameen, in the county of Meath.

Mr. David Souter-Robertson, of Lawhead, in the county of Lanark, of Whitehill, in the county of Linlithgow, and of Cookstone, in the county of Forfar, on Nov. 10, aged eighty-six. He was educated at Edinburgh, and was a Justice of the Peace for Lanarkshire, Buteshire, Forfarshire, and Linlithgowshire, and a Deputy-Lieutenant for the two former counties.

Mr. William Maccall, who died Nov. 19, at Bexley Heath, aged seventy-six, was author of "The Elements of Individualism," and other treatises of religious philosophy, and of many works, especially in modern literary biography and criticism, treating of eminent French, German, and Italian writers. He was a personal friend of Carlyle.

The Rev. Peter Edward Boissier, M.A., recently, at Clifton, near Bristol, in the ninety-eighth year of his age. He took his Bachelor's degree at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1812, when he obtained a third class in the then newly-founded Classical Honour Schools, his name appearing side by side with those of the late Lords Bathurst, De La Warr, and Ellenborough, and the late Mr. Justice Coleridge. From 1835 down to 1859 Mr. Boissier held the incumbency of St. Peter's, Malvern Wells, of which he was also the founder at a time when the establishment of new district churches was neither common nor easy.

Captain John Ward, R.N., on Nov. 12, at Round Oak, Greenham, Newbury. He served in the Baltic in command of H.M.S. gun-boat Hind, and in the Pembroke on the Haiwich station. He married, in 1853, Annie Huskisson, daughter of Sir Roger Therry, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Sydney, New South Wales.

Major Purcell O'Gorman, who represented Waterford city in Parliament up to 1879, at his residence, Springfield, in the county of Kilkenny, on Nov. 24, after a short illness. The gallant Major, whose gigantic figure and marked individuality made him a notable person in the House of Commons, was in his seventieth year. He previously served in the 90th Light Infantry, and gained distinction during the Crimean Campaign.

Major-General Charles Elphinstone Rennie, late Essex Regiment (44th), at The Barons, Twickenham, suddenly, on Nov. 11, in his forty-ninth year. He entered the Army in 1858, and became Major-General (honorary) in 1885. He served in the campaign of 1860 in the north of China, including the action of Sinho, and the storm and capture of the Taku Forts (medal with clasp).

Lady Vere Catherina Louisa Cameron, at 22, Eccleston-square, on Nov. 15, aged eighty-five. She was the third daughter of the Hon. George Vere Hobart, by Janet, his second wife, daughter of Colonel Alexander Maclean, and was half-sister of the fifth and sixth Earls of Buckinghamshire. Her Ladyship married, in 1832, Mr. Donald Cameron of Lochiel, but was left a widow in 1859.

Colonel William Henry Charles Wellesley, eldest surviving son of the Hon. and Rev. Gerald Valerian Wellesley, D.D., by Emily Mary, his wife, eldest daughter of Charles, first Earl Cadogan, and nephew of Arthur, the first and great Duke of Wellington, K.G., recently, aged seventy-five. His services in the Army extended over fifty years, of which twenty-seven years were spent in active service in the Crimea and in India.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ernest Henry Manningham Buller, commanding second battalion Rifle Brigade at Woolwich, on Nov. 9, aged forty-nine. He was the youngest son of Sir Edward Manningham Buller, first Baronet of Dilhorne, Staffordshire (brother of John, first Lord Churston), by Mary Anne his wife, daughter and heiress of Major-General Coote Manningham, entered the Army in 1855, and became Lieutenant-Colonel in 1885. He served in the Zulu War of 1879, and also served under Sir Evelyn Wood in the Boer War of 1881. He was three times mentioned in despatches and received a medal with clasp.

The Lord Mayor presided on Nov. 22 at the annual distribution of prizes at the Birkbeck Institute. The Earl of Northbrook, president of the institution, presented the prizes.

"Benson's Bond-street Novelties" is the title of a unique little book just issued by Mr. Benson, of Old Bond-street. All wishing to have a souvenir of the season should write for a copy of this little book, which is issued gratis.

Mr. A. Goring Thomas will publish before Christmas, through Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co., an album of twelve new English songs—ten solos and two duets—each separately dedicated to a well-known singer. The words throughout are by Mr. Harold Boulton, co-editor of "Songs of the North."

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For Ladies' Column, see page 662; Wills and Bequests, page 664; Silent Member, page 666.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Fashions in hair-dressing are changing. The fringe is no longer the great feature of the coiffure. Indeed, it has to a considerable extent departed altogether, only a few stray curly rings of tresses falling along the top of the forehead, just to soften the effect. Even this is frequently dispensed with; women with intellectual foreheads, and who do not mind risking looking a little severe, turn the hair straight up, not straining it off the forehead, but prettily rolling it over a pad just above the roots. Many faces are best suited by a style, whether of hair-dressing or of head-covering, which goes nearly straight up above the face; a slope rising by degrees, like a small hillock, from the brow to the middle of the head, is rarely becoming. In trying that style of turning up the hair, therefore, it should be borne in mind that the front roll should not be set too far back on the head. After drawing the front hair back over the pad, the end of that hair and the back hair twisted together can be arranged in a few coils, or turned over pads to make rolls, on the top of the head; or for a young woman with plenty of hair it can be combed backwards and dressed *à la Catogan*. For this, all the hair is plaited in one thick loose coil, the end of which is turned up once against the top part of the plait, so that it reaches the nape of the neck, where the two portions of the plait are secured together, either by a proper slide of tortoiseshell or of jet or of steel, or else by a tie of narrow ribbon, or a bow of velvet. The latter must be black for outdoor wear, but may be white or coloured for evening dress.

For an "Empire" evening gown, there is a distinctive sort of coiffure: a few curls fall on the forehead, the hair is thence drawn flat to the extreme top point or back of the crown, and there is formed into a large double bow, or close, high cluster of loops. A flat bandeau of gold, or of velvet with a diamond star on it, can then be laid across the head; or a tiara may be worn; or a string of pearls may be twisted along the base of the bow of hair, or a small half-wreath of flowers can be placed in the same situation.

Hair-dressing and head-gear have always a natural relation. These new fashions in coiffures are all particularly suited to the new styles of chapeaux. Hats and bonnets both have flat crowns, so that there is small room within them for the top twists and frizzles of the style of doing the hair that is departing. But while the crowns of the newest bonnets rest almost flat on the head, the brims are high and open, and the front roll of hair looks well beneath them. The *Catogan* is particularly suitable for the broad-brimmed hats with the crowns covered with feathers that are now most fashionable.

The Empire evening gowns are specially fitted for the display of fine brocades, and accordingly there is a good supply of those beautiful fabrics in the market. The short bodice, with the broad sash, placing the waist only a few inches below the arm-pits, and the perfectly straight petticoat descending thence to the ground, demands an exceptionally rich and handsome material, without which the style looks "skimpy." There is an interesting exhibition of brocades now open at 3, Bruton-street, from which it appears that English manufacturers are making a most commendable effort to meet the demand in this direction. The gallery contains specimens of antique brocades, some being actually in the form of dresses. One has a white ground dotted over with baskets of many-coloured flowers, and this is made up as a sacque, and trimmed round the bottom with a narrow ruche of pink silk, all faded and frayed and ancient-looking, while the rich brocade itself looks quite fresh still. Side by side with these old fabrics there are specimens of modern productions, a large proportion of which are made in Spitalfields. One of these is an exquisite silver brocade, very much like that worn by the Princess of Wales at the Jubilee service; and there are others so full of colour without glare that Burne-Jones might paint from them. The texture is firm and solid—what one might call *important*—and yet soft; and altogether, the Spitalfields firm which has manufactured these fine fabrics deserves to succeed.

There is a peculiar beauty, a softness and harmony, in the old specimens, produced partly by mere efflux of time, toning and mellowing tints, but partly also by the costly character of the material. This is an age when cheapness is glorified. But fine silks can never be low-priced; and cheap ones can, therefore, never be fine. It is to be hoped that the revival of the beautiful brocade patterns and styles of a hundred years ago will not be checked by the springing into existence of vulgar printed imitations. Certainly, anyone who wants an Empire gown should be prepared to pay a proper price for a fabric suitable for the style. The Empress Josephine, it is recorded, was most extravagant in dress: no wonder, when there were such temptations as old brocades in her day!

For ball dresses there are many new thin materials. Plain nets are superseded by striped ones, some of the stripes being lacelike, and others with a rather coarse-barred pattern. Net, black or white, dotted all over with coloured chenille, makes an effective dress with a satin bodice of the same tint as the spots. The fashion of having a silk or satin bodice with a thin and airy confection in the way of skirt is still in full vogue, and I learn that at the recent county ball at Sandringham this style was almost universally adopted by the younger women. Flowers are very much used on ball skirts, trails being carried across the fronts, and epaulettes or shoulder-straps are formed of the same kind of blossoms.

Charity is women's special province, and, according to their means, most of them strive to occupy it. The pupils of the Scientific Dress-Cutting Association have formed a Dorcas Society amongst themselves for the benefit of the Children's Hospital, and from fifty to a hundred young ladies give two hours of an evening once a week, after taking their dress-making lessons, to manufacturing simple and useful little garments with that end in view. Miss Grace Hawthorne's matinées of "The Love that Kills" all this week have been for the benefit of Mrs. Jay's halfpenny dinners in the East-End; and a portion of the profits of the highly-successful evening production "Hands Across the Sea" have been given by the generous manageress to the same object. Mrs. Jay has been a model of economy in her dinner scheme, as she has provided over 40,000 dinners at a cost of considerably less than a penny each, though it exceeded the halfpenny charged to the diners, who were mostly very poor children.

The Local Government Board should call in Mrs. Jay's assistance, as it appears that the gentlemen of that body have come signally to grief over a cooking recipe for which they have made themselves responsible. According to the *Shields Daily News*, that masterful central bureau has issued to the guardians the following recipe for workhouse soup:—Quantity of each ingredient for a gallon: beef, 16 oz.; bones, 24 oz.; barley, 8 oz.; split peas, 8 oz.; oatmeal, 8 oz.; onions, 8 oz.; carrots, 16 oz. The guardians are under the impression that they are bound to follow this recipe without alteration, but the result of doing so is to produce "a mass of a consistence as dense as the department. It is a conglomerate the only aim of which appears to be that, if another 'work us boy' falls into the copper, he may stick on the surface." Such errors are sure occasionally to occur with an exclusively masculine management of what are really domestic affairs. Paid female officials should help in the administration of State charity, as unpaid workers of that sex do in so much private charity.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The Mercers' Company have given a donation of 100 guineas to the Vauxhall Park committee.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs and a distinguished company were entertained on Nov. 26 at dinner in the Saddlers' Hall, Cheapside, by the Company of Plumbers.

A terrible storm visited the whole of the Atlantic seaboard on Nov. 25, blocking railway and telegraphic communications, and causing great damage by land and sea.

Mr. Joseph Bowles, stationer, of George-street, Mansion House, has been unanimously elected as the new representative in the Court of Common Council of the ward of Walbrook, in the place of Mr. Samuel Ward, who has become disqualified.

The Duchess of Sutherland died on Nov. 26 at Stafford House. The deceased lady, Anne, Countess of Cromartie in her own right, and only child of the late Mr. John Hay Mackenzie, was married to the Duke of Sutherland in 1849. A memoir of her Grace will appear in our next issue.

At the meeting of the Royal Botanic Society on Nov. 24, it was stated by the Secretary that, owing to the unusual warmth during the month (nearly five degrees above the mean for the last seven years), several of our early spring flowers, such as primroses and cowslips, were in bloom in the gardens.

The first ordinary general meeting of the Sanitary Institute was held on Nov. 22, Sir Douglas Galton, K.C.B., F.R.S., in the chair. The council reported the successful commencement of the institute, nearly 500 members and associates had been enrolled, and the institute had before it a large field of useful work. The Duke of Northumberland was elected as president of the institute, and Inspector-General R. Lawson, LL.D., was chosen treasurer.

The Birmingham Cattle and Poultry Show, which holds its fortieth annual show on Dec. 1, 3, 4, 5, and 6, has received the largest entry of cattle on record. The Herefords particularly furnish a grand display, and in this section will be found the strongest class, numerically, in the whole show. Shorthorns and Devons are well up to the average, and the classes for Scots and crosses, owing to the improved classification, are well patronised by feeders from the North. With the exception of Shropshires, there is not a strong display of sheep; but some extraordinary pens of lambs are entered, both for the butchers' prizes and the society's. A large and excellent entry of pigs of all sorts is secured. The show of poultry is again on a very large scale, there being 250 game cocks and over one hundred pens of turkeys. There is an excellent entry from the Royal farms at Windsor and Sandringham, and also excellent competition for the butchers' prizes, which in the cattle are almost the strongest class.

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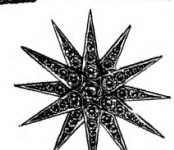
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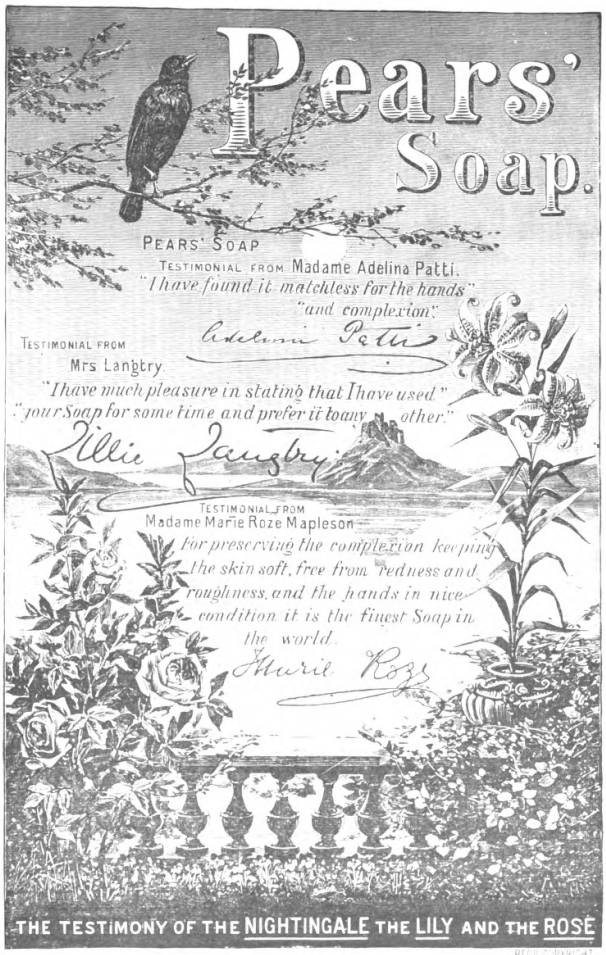
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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1853.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 11, 1886) of John Joseph Jones, J.P., D.L., late of Abberley Hall, Stourport, Worcester, who died on Aug. 5, at Carlsbad, was proved on Nov. 21 by William Jones and James Jones, the brothers and executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £247,000. The testator devises his estates at Oldham, Lancashire, to his eldest son, with remainder to his other sons, in seniority, with remainder to his brother William. He bequeaths £2000 and his household furniture, carriages and horses, to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Amelia Jones, and, during her life or widowhood, the use of his plate, jewels, paintings, and articles of virth, and an annuity of £5000; on her remarriage the said annuity is to be reduced to £1000, and on her death the jewels, plate, &c., are to be sold, and the proceeds given to his nieces, the daughters of his brothers William and James; and £10,000 to his brother James. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his children; but in default of children to his brothers William and James, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1887) of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Singer Keating, P.C., LL.D., formerly M.P. for Reading, and a Judge of the Queen's Bench, late of No. 11, Prince's-gardens, Kensington, who died on Oct. 1 at St. Leonards, was proved on Nov. 9 by Henry Sheehy Keating, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £84,000. The testator bequeaths £1500 to his niece Agnes Keating; £1000 to his niece Geraldine Keating; £500 to his cousin, Rear-Admiral Morgan Singer; £100 each to his godson Egerton Phillimore, the Hon. Hugh Gough, and his cousins William Keating, Henry Keating, and Kathleen Thornhill; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, Henry Sheehy, absolutely.

The will (dated March 13, 1876), with three codicils (dated Nov. 5, 1881; March 12, 1884; and Sept. 6, 1886), of Mr. Charles Octavius Swinnerton Morgan, J.P., D.L., F.R.S., and M.P. for Monmouthshire from 1840 to 1874, late of The Friars, Newport, Monmouthshire, who died on Aug. 5 last, was proved on Nov. 14 by Henry Salusbury Milman, the nephew, and Sir George Ferdinand Radzivil Walker, Bart., the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £68,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to Radzivil Walker; £1500 to Ivor Walker; £1000 each to Clarence, Devereux, Charles, Roland, and Charles Evelyn Walker; £1000 to General Gustavus Milman; £500 each to Henry Salusbury Milman, Colonel Everard Milman, Colonel George Milman, and Angela and Jemima Milman; £200 each to Hugh Owen, Colonel John Owen, William Owen, and Angelina Owen; £300 to his niece, the Countess of Hereford; £750 to Sir George Walker; £200 to the Newport Corporation for the support of a Free Library or a School of Arts and Science; £100 each to the Newport Infirmary and the Llandaff Church Extension Fund; and all his shares and interest in the Monmouth Railway and Canal Company, upon trust, for his niece, Lady Walker, for life, and then to her son, Radzivil Walker. He charges all his interest in the Tredegar Wharf Company with the payment of annuities of £250 each to Henry Salusbury Milman, General Gustavus Milman, Colonel Everard Milman, and Angela and Jemima Milman; and £150 each to Hugh Owen, Colonel John Owen, William Owen, Angelina Owen, and Sir George Walker, for life, then to his wife, Lady Walker, and on her death to their son, Ferdinand Walker. He gives all his wonderful collection of watches, clocks, dials, Papal and other large rings, Chamberlain's keys, and china to the British Museum; and legacies and specific gifts to his relatives. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew, Henry Salusbury Milman.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the seal of the Commissariot of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated April 12, 1884) of John Millar, Lord Craighill, J.P., one of the Senators of the College of Justice, late of No. 3, Ainslie-place, Edinburgh, who died on Sept. 22, granted to Robert Lee, James Arthur Crichton, John Hepburn Millar (the son), and Elizabeth Constance Millar (the daughter), the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Nov. 19, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £55,000.

The will (dated July 5, 1878), with a codicil (dated July 20, 1882), of Mr. John Moss Lawrence, late of No. 37, Belsize-avenue, who died on Oct. 19, was proved on Nov. 20 by Mrs. Emily Lawrence, the widow, and Laurie Asher Lawrence and Arthur Moss Lawrence, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £51,000. The testator bequeaths £900, his house, with the furniture and contents, and an annuity of £1800 to his wife; £50 each to the Board of Guardians for the Relief of Jewish Poor and the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum (Norwood); and nineteen guineas each to the Metropolitan Free Hospital, the Jews' Blind Asylum, the London Hospital, King's College Hospital, the Jews' Aged Needy Society, the Association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, the Jews' Deaf and Dumb Home, the New Hospital for Women (Marylebone-road), and to the Synagogue at which he is a seatholder at the time of his death. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his children.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1880), with two codicils (dated Nov. 4, 1884, and May 5, 1885), of Mrs. Elizabeth Moulton, late of Kingston House, Bradford, Wilts, who died on June 11, was proved on Nov. 17 by Horatio Moulton and John Moulton, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £43,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for her daughter, Mrs. Catherine Denham, for life, and then to her children; £1000 each to her granddaughters, Susan and Clara Moulton, Kate Elizabeth Rule, and Henrietta Kuhhandt; specific gifts of jewels to relatives; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves between her sons, Horatio and John Moulton.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1879) of Miss Emma Carpue, late of No. 8A, Manchester-square, who died on Aug. 3, was proved on Nov. 14 by Sharon Grote Turner, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £40,000. The testatrix leaves all her property to her sisters Anna Augusta and Sophia, or to the survivor of them; but in the event of both of them predeceasing her, which appears to have happened, then she bequeaths £6500 to St. George's Hospital, at which her father, Joseph Constantine Carpue, was a pupil; certain stocks and shares to the Rev. Thomas Barge and Miss Barge; £1000 each to Mary and Emily Turner, and her house, No. 8A, Manchester-square, with the furniture and contents; and £500 to her executor, Mr. Turner. The residue of her property she leaves in equal shares between the following charities—viz., the Margate Sea-Bathing Infirmary, the Royal Free Hospital (Gray's-inn-road), the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Benevolent Society, the Society for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Medical Men, the Church Missionary Society, the London City Mission, and the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The will (dated June 1, 1885) of Miss Caroline Webber, late of Sparrow Herne, Bushey, Herts, who died on Sept. 8, was proved on Nov. 15 by Robert Webber Monro, Robert Bryan Webber, and Reginald Herbert Blyth, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testatrix bequeaths certain stocks, upon trust, for the children of her brother Henry and Lucy, his wife; and, subject thereto, she leaves all her property, upon trust, for her sister, Laura Webber, for life, and, on her decease, the residue is to follow the same trusts as are contained in the will of her late brother, George.

A JOURNEY TO THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS.

In the absence of General R. Strachey, president of the Royal Geographical Society, General Sir C. P. Beauchamp Walker occupied the chair on Nov. 26 at a well-attended meeting held in the theatre of the London University, Burlington-gardens.

The paper read was by Mr. Joseph Thomson, and was descriptive of a journey made to the Atlas Mountains in Southern Morocco in the early part of the present year. Except for the explorations of Sir Joseph Hooker and his companion, Mr. Ball, little was known of the geographical features and geological structure of the Atlas, all attempts made hitherto to break down the barrier of Moorish fanaticism, suspicion, and official obstruction having met with very slight success. It was with a wide field for his exploring instincts that Mr. Thomson, accompanied by Mr. Harold Crichton-Browne, started from England last March on his voyage of discovery. Almost from the outset the travellers experienced the same difficulties and discouragements that had befallen their predecessors in the way of official obstruction and suspicion, their progress being continually barred. Other troubles, from treacherous servants and guides, were severely felt, and it was not until May 7 that the little party of five men left Mogador and plunged straight into the interior. Demnat was reached after an arduous journey, and their first explorations of the mountains took place there, without the knowledge of the Kaid. At Demnat Mr. Thomson had the good fortune to find a reliable Jewish interpreter, with whose assistance the party succeeded in reaching the district of the Tetula, in the very heart of the Atlas range. Here the explorers reached the summit of the Tizi-n-Teluet, a height of nearly 9000 ft., commanding a magnificent view. They looked in vain, however, for the Anti-Atlas. After further explorations in this district, Mr. Thomson and his companions were placed in confinement by the Kaid of Glauwa. Escaping after some days, the little party met even worse dangers in the shape of a body of armed mountaineers, who came very near to terminating the expedition by shooting Mr. Thomson and his followers. Obliged to retrace their steps, the explorers went towards Amsmiz, and succeeded in getting away to the mountains without further opposition. In this neighbourhood many valuable explorations were made, but again an unfriendly Kaid prevented full success from crowning the travellers' efforts. Many exciting adventures befel him in his further explorations, but in the end Mr. Thomson succeeded in reaching his destination and climbing the highest peak of the range, 12,500 ft. above the sea. Ultimately Mr. Thomson managed to penetrate as far as the most westerly extension of the Atlas range, and returned to England, having, in the face of enormous difficulties, succeeded in still further elucidating the geographical features of a range of mountains second to none in Europe or Africa in length and average elevation.—A cordial vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Thomson for his valuable paper.

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I HAVE HAD some large dealings in the Stocks I advised in my last Circular, and many of my clients have done remarkably well by following my tips.
The American Market has been exceedingly firm, and since very important advances have taken place since I wrote. I must confess that my last tips in Denvers and Milwaukees have been almost more than verified.

MANY operators ask "how it is my tips are always so correct?" and "how is it that I so seldom make mistakes?" It is simply this: I never advise operations in any Stock until I have myself carefully studied its movements for some considerable time previously, and when I do advise I am thoroughly an fait, then I save my reputation as well as those of my clients, and I am proud to say in doing that many of my clients are able to make such grand profits.

I AT this very moment have a client on my books who bought Lake Shore several months ago at 92½. They are now over 105. This alone has shown a profit of £132 5s. for a temporary deposit of £10. To those of my clients who visit the City I shall be pleased to show my books to prove this assertion.
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THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Marquis of Salisbury's campaign in the heart of Midlothian — carrying war into the enemy's quarters with a vengeance—was preceded by quite a busy and businesslike sitting in the House of Lords. As possible candidate some day for the Colonial Secretaryship (and an admirable nobleman for the post in every respect), the Earl of Harrowby on the Twenty-eighth of November questioned the present courteous occupant of that office as to the Queensland difficulty. Lord Knutsford, in replying, admitted that, owing to objections on the part of Queensland, Sir Henry Blake would not proceed now to the colony as Governor. But the Secretary for the Colonies compensatcd Sir Henry Blake to the best of his ability by passing a warm eulogium on his high character, and upon his services as Governor of Newfoundland—a cordial tribute which the Earl of Derby emphatically indorsed. Their Lordships then gave themselves up to legislation, and passed through committee the Irish Municipal Funds Bill and the Parliamentary Oaths Bill, which was accepted by the Primate in an admirable speech, in the course of which he parenthetically alluded to the deep anxiety generally felt as to the condition of Mr. John Bright.

Mr. W. H. Smith, in the Lower House, has had to fight the Home-Rule party step by step over the Irish Land Purchase Bill. Mr. Parnell, cool and incisive as ever, opened fire on the Twenty-second of November against the measure. The wan-faced and fair-bearded Home-Rule Leader, it is true, agreed with the principle of the Bill, but reiterated the claim that arrears should be dealt with. Lord Randolph Churchill, in a manner of speaking, ran with the hare and hunted with the hounds, for the noble Lord gained the cheers of the Irish members whilst condemning the Bill with faint praise, and saved his Party-consistency by voting for it on the plea that it was "only a little one." Mr. Goschen half promised that arrears would be grappled with by the Ministry. In the division, the Government majority was reduced to 75.

Mr. Balfour had sufficiently recovered from his cold to resume his seat on the Treasury bench, on Monday, the Twenty-sixth of November, when a regrettable circumstance happened in the lobby. An over-zealous member of the Irish constabulary, Jeremiah Sullivan, appears to have had the audacity to penetrate to this sanctum to serve Mr. David Sheehy, the member for South Galway, with a writ. The breach of decorum was at once resented by Mr. Sheehy, who re-entered the House, and rose from the Home-Rule benches to protest against the strange proceeding. Not only Mr. Bradlaugh, but also Lord Randolph Churchill's stalwart henchman, Mr. Hanbury, energetically supported the hon. member in his remonstrance. Mr. Balfour deplored the occurrence, but his explanations did not allay the excitement. Mr. Courtney left the chair in Committee on the Irish Land-Purchase Bill; and the Speaker was recalled, at the suggestion of Mr. John Morley. And the ruffled feelings of the House were eventually calmed by the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry into the case, at the instigation of Mr. Smith. "Surtout, point de zèle!" is not unlikely to be Mr. Balfour's admonition to those responsible for the contretemps.

The Marquis of Hartington will welcome the return of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to his side—if the happy bridegroom be so unwise as to forsake honeymoon delights for the turmoil of politics. Lord Hartington's steadfast clinging to his corner seat on the front Opposition bench when he is in full sympathy with the Government still subjects him to reproaches from the Home Rulers. Ere he returned to Hawarden Mr. Gladstone himself indulged in a jibe at the expense of his former distinguished colleague; and during the Sheehy controversy Mr. Labouchere followed his leader's example with characteristic readiness and sangfroid. Happily, that "hard-headedness" which Mr. Bright commended in him steels the noble Lord in the performance of his uncongenial part.

MARRIAGE.

On Nov. 21, at the Cathedral, Lincoln, by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, assisted by the Very Rev. the Dean and the Rev. C. C. Ellison, uncle of the bride, Michael Stocks, only son of Major Stocks, of Woodhall, Norfolk, Upper Shibden Hall, Yorkshire, and 26, Rutland-gate, to Charlotte Amelia, elder daughter of Colonel Ellison, of Boultham Hall, Lincoln, and 23, Queen's-gate.

DEATH.

On Nov. 18, at Marseilles, Alice, wife of Patrick Henderson, her Majesty's Consul at Cadiz.

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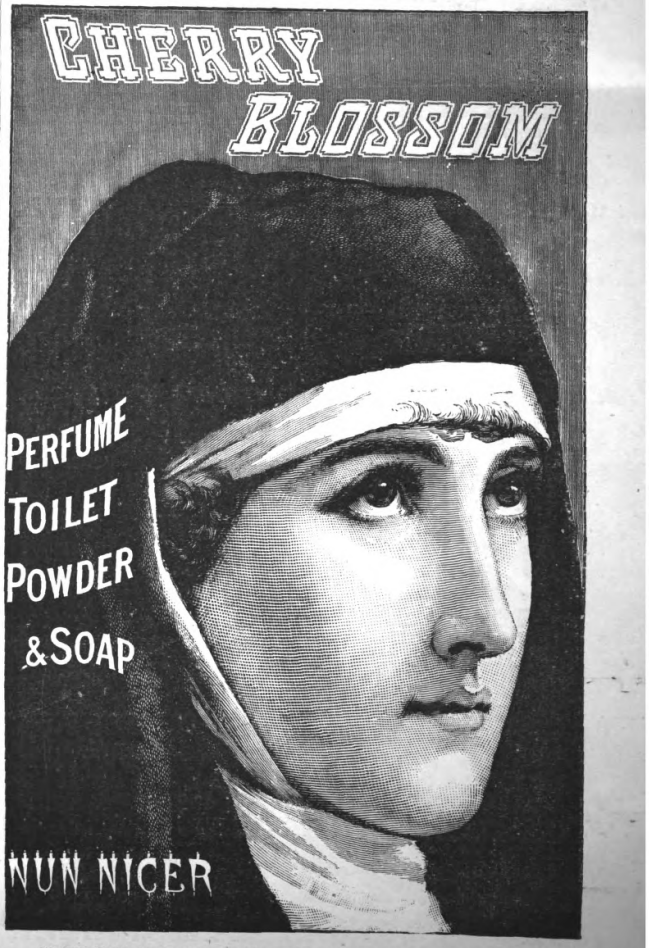
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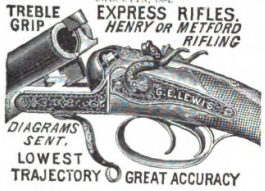
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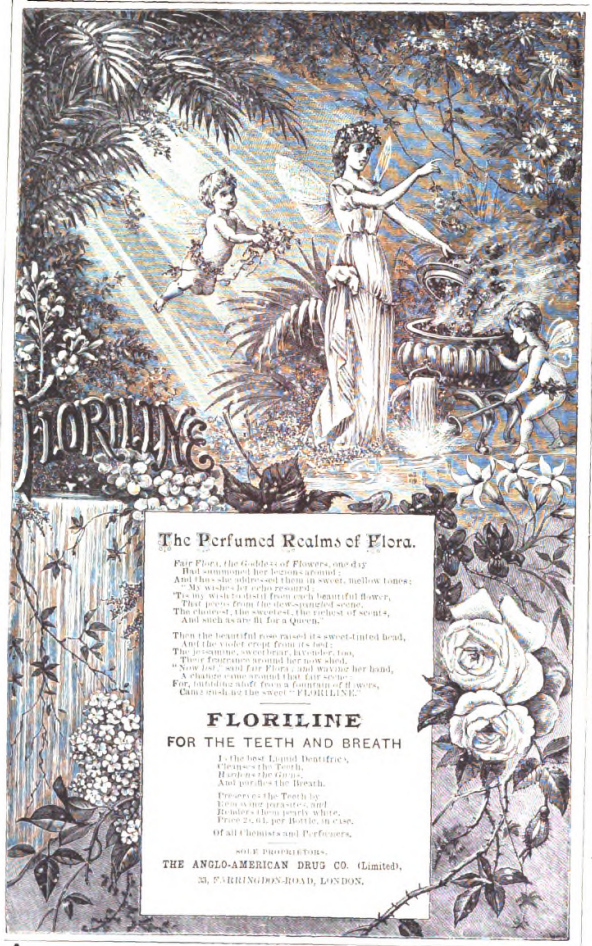
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

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No. 2590.—VOL. XCIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1888. TWO WHOLE SHEETS SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.



SIR SPENCER WELLS LECTURING AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A very interesting speculation has been raised by a writer in *Lippincott's Magazine* as to whether, upon the whole, Criticism has been of advantage to Literature, and even (I write it with fear and trembling, and a sense of blasphemy) whether it is really of any value at all. Indeed, it is at the latter conclusion that this audacious being has apparently arrived, though he was once a critic himself. The spectacle can only be paralleled by that of a divine divesting himself of his "orders," and becoming not only a layman but an antagonist of Holy Writ. The collection he has made of the judgments (sentences of death in fact) passed by the "hebdomadal (and other) conferrers of immortality" upon Carlyle, Wordsworth, Shelley, Dickens, Tennyson, and many more great names in literature, sounds to modern ears, it must be confessed, exceedingly ludicrous. The confidence with which they were uttered—as though no Court of Appeal existed—and the pompousness of their style immensely heighten their humour. Instead of killing Keats as the *Quarterly* was fabled to do, it ought, as it now strikes us, to have tickled his sense of fun; but then we are regarding the matter from a different standpoint and at a greater distance off than he was, and he was not, as now, standing on a pinnacle. He was certainly annoyed by it, as Byron was by the barbs of the *Edinburgh*. Even in the last generation we find Thackeray irritated by the bolts of the "Thunderer," and even writing to the editor of a magazine to know why the deuce he didn't take that notice of his works which their merits demanded. To us it seems amazing that the "We's" should have had such power. The question put by the writer in *Lippincott* is, "Did they exercise it for good?" and he answers it, as I have said, in the negative.

A light and graceful hand in the *Daily News* has controverted this opinion, or, at all events, has very happily instanced the advantages which have flowed to authors—notably, to Tennyson, from what that poet terms "the indolent reviewer." It would be hard if the flail of criticism has not occasionally thrashed out the corn to some purpose and a triumph for homœopathy, indeed, if its "chaff" only evoked chaff. But the matter must be looked at all round, and especially with regard to the motives of criticism. Has its object, on the whole, been to improve, or merely to exalt itself at the expense of the author, or even to give him pain? The fond mother, the poet tells us, "only to be kind," takes her offspring on her knee and "gives him several slaps behind." It hurts her (as the schoolmasters falsely aver of *their* punishments) more than it hurts him. Does anybody believe it hurts the critic? The vast majority of reviews of books, I am afraid, have been written to make an attractive—i.e., slashing—article; the writers have practised vivisection, not in the interests of science, but in their own; the public has discovered it, and that is why much of their power has departed from them. It is also a great deal easier to detect blemishes than beauties; a critic at once kindly and acute is one of the noblest works of Providence—but rather rare; his praise is termed by his fellow-labourers in the vineyard, "log-rolling"; they mistake the grape for the walnut tree, and think it is the better for beating. For myself, it would be ingratitude indeed did I not acknowledge the generosity of critics; I have been treated by the whole fraternity (with one or two base exceptions) as well (almost) as I deserve; but, speaking generally, I think they are less inclined to look for the rising sun of genius than for the spots in it.

This was certainly the case in old times. A friend of mine, who is probably the best authority on such subjects in England, had, for a certain reason (besides his sins, which are insignificant), to read through the whole quarterly literature of the century. He found it very dry and very bitter. Moreover, what should please the modern reviewer (and I love to please him), he told me that, with the exception of certain writers, such as most of us are acquainted with, the authors of these lucubrations wrote such stuff as would not be accepted now by any periodical which has a reputation to lose. I have no doubt of the truth of his statement; but it seems odd enough that these dead-and-gone critics should be pronounced so worthless, whereas, as we are so constantly told by their descendants of to-day, our dead-and-gone authors should be the only ones worth reading.

"The sort of critic I most detest," wrote one who is now beyond the reach of criticism, "is not the malignant one, who, as a natural child of Satan, does his father's behests in a dutiful and hereditary way; but the one who calls himself my friend, and is compelled by high principle and his professional duty to write of my work ('with great personal unwillingness') something unpleasant. Why on earth (save that he wants his blood-money) should it be necessary for him, since he cannot speak of it civilly, to speak of it at all? It is possible, of course, that an individual may be so built up of wisdom and justice that it is impossible for him to keep silence even to oblige a friend; but this presupposes an angel, and I have generally found that the only association with principle and duty that this sort of person ever had in his life is the pretext they thus afford him for writing an offensive review of his friend."

What a host of friends, if he followed the advice of Dr. Johnson—"to make friends of young men when we ourselves grow old"—must the venerable Provost of King's College have left behind him! To die at ninety-one is to have had two lives; though one indeed far better worth the living than the other. When I knew him, I was a small boy at Eton, and he the master of the Lower School. He was a very kindly man, though with an appearance of great dignity, and had a great reputation for epigram. When the King of Bavaria had to vacate his throne, partly in consequence of his tender regard for Lola Montez, Dr. Okes was credited with these appropriate lines—

> Thus spoke Bavaria's classic King,
> When forced to cut and run—
> "Pack up my trunks, and take my place,
> O Lola! I am done."

The Doctor's admiration for Greek was such that he was reported to express himself in that language on occasions that did not seem to demand it, and to deprecate the custom of throwing stones as "lithoballizing." My brother had been his pupil, and on my first arrival at Eton, though he was not my tutor, he was so good as to ask me to breakfast. Burns's feelings on being invited to "dinner with a lord" were nothing to mine on the reception of this invitation. I would have given all my pocket-money for the term to have evaded so great an honour. I went, of course, nevertheless; and though very much suppressed, did justice to a very excellent entertainment. If a boy can't eat he must be in a bad way indeed. Even of a love-sick one it is recorded—

> Seared is, of course, my heart; but unsubdued
> s and shall be my appetite for food.

When the repast was over, however, I felt the necessity of relaxing the mind, and it being a fine sunshiny morning, took my seat at my window, and with mirror in hand, proceeded to dazzle the various passengers that crossed the bridge from Windsor, immediately opposite. One very portly one gave me great amusement, and not until, shading his eyes with his hand, I perceived him coming straight to my "dame's" house, did I dream of danger. I was always very near-sighted, and only when he came quite close did I recognise my host of the morning, Dr. Okes. Was ever modest youth placed in so undesirable a position? I draw a veil over what ensued, simply because I don't remember it; I was so desperately frightened. "O lola!" I said to myself, and knew no more. Perhaps the good Doctor saw that I had received punishment enough, but at all events I was not punished except by that terrible interview. What was also very kind of him, I thought: he never asked me to breakfast again. This escapade happened nearly half a century ago, since which I have never dazzled anybody (doubtless on account of it), but I shall always entertain a tender feeling for Dr. Richard Okes.

I always thought that one of the great advantages of the chessboard as compared with the card-table was that in the former case money was never staked upon the result of the contest. The interest of the game was such, I was told, that there was no necessity to increase it by the prospect of pecuniary aggrandisement; and, indeed, there was a sort of divinity supposed to hedge the game—as it does the King himself at it, who can't be held in check—which puts such vulgar and debasing considerations out of the question. But, if the *Pall Mall Gazette* is to be believed, we shall have to get rid of this illusion. In Russia, it says, there is a lady whose father having lost his fortune by gambling at chess has devoted herself to getting it back again by the same means, and succeeded. She did not play for a shilling a game, like the gentlemen of old at "Simpson's," but for stakes that were worth winning. Moreover, she has found "a mate" with similar proclivities, and husband and wife are ready to play anybody for what they like. What is very satisfactory, there can be no possibility of unfairness, for chess can be only played "on the square."

The Conversations of the Great Duke with Lord Stanhope, to which the world has been so tardily permitted to listen, are admirable reading. Without quite endorsing the Laureate's view of our national hero—that no record that has leapt to light has been to his disadvantage—he has stood the shocks of time far better than is customary with our departed great ones; much better, for instance, than his rival Nelson. His opinions may have been what are now called "narrow," but there was nothing small about himself. Brief and curt as he was by speech and letter, there was invariably matter in what he said or wrote; and, above all, he was always natural and himself. He detested humbug, and expressed himself with a frankness that, compared with the diplomatic utterances of those with whom he mingled, must have been most refreshing. What a trial it must have been to him when his contemptible Monarch, half out of "what he called his mind," used to ask his corroboration of his sacred person having been actually in danger at Waterloo. ("Was it not so, Arthur?" "I have often heard your Majesty say so.") The late Lord Clarendon used to relate a charming story of his first interview with the Duke, which I do not remember to have seen in print. It was when the Liberals were in power and Clarendon in office. As the youngest member of the Ministry, he was selected to inform his Grace of the determination they had come to of giving up the body of Napoleon to the French, and he wrote to request an interview. "F. M. the Duke, &c.," wrote in his usual style, and named an hour at which he would receive him at Apsley House. He was ushered into a little room with nothing but two chairs in it, and as the clock struck the Duke entered, nodded, and took one of them. Clarendon explained to him that, considering the association of his Grace with Napoleon, the Ministry had thought it only right to inform him of what they proposed to do, and expressed his hope that the French would appreciate the courtesy of the act. "They won't," said the Duke; "they will only think you are afraid of them; and, in the words of my late honoured friend the Duke of Richmond, I don't care 'two twopenny damns' if they do. Good morning!" If he had spoken for an hour he could not have expressed himself more clearly; but what to my mind is most noteworthy—supposing his opinion of the French of that date to be correct—was his contempt for a policy of conciliation when nothing could come of it. Our modern system is to attempt to conciliate everybody, but more especially those who bully and bluster, under the mistaken idea that we are thereby making friends.

What a rage there is for "good short stories"! The prices that are given for them (chiefly by the Trans-Atlantic press, however) is just now unexampled. I see it generally stated that our storytellers must be "coining money" even at a greater rate than usual (which is almost one-fifth of the speed of any other profession). The coin is, indeed, made quickly enough, but, from the nature of things, the gain is transitory. It is only reasonable that the commodity required should fetch a high price, for—unless in the chance instance of a writer having a "plot" in his mind which will suit a short narrative, and not a long one—he has generally to sacrifice to its composition material which, with proper treatment, would make a novel. This is the chief objection, from the novelist's point of view, to a short story. Moreover, it requires characters—with no space to spread themselves in—and emotions, and "situations," and catastrophes, all in a nutshell. The labour is that of miniature painting, which, whatever is paid for it, can hardly be remunerative. And when it is done it is done for. After appearing in the magazine, or newspaper, there is no publication for the short story in volume form, save in the company of a score of similar productions, and when it is so produced the book is not remunerative. The libraries do not look with favour upon such collections of short stories. This is curious, when we hear so many people expressing their preference for short stories over long ones; but so it is, and this is "the long and short" of the whole question.

THE MORTON LECTURE AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF ENGLAND.

Two years ago, a gentleman well known in connection with the philanthropic work of this metropolis, Mr. J. T. Morton, offered to provide funds for the institution of a Lectureship on cancer and cancerous diseases in the Royal College of Surgeons. The offer was accepted and Sir James Paget was requested to deliver the first lecture last year. This he published and dedicated to Mr. Morton "with sincere respect for his benevolence and generosity; and expressed the hope which he believed the founder entertained, that this lectureship might lead to some practical utility, perhaps even to the finding of a method for the prevention or the cure of these diseases." The second annual lecture on this important subject was delivered on Thursday, Nov. 29, in the theatre of the college, by Sir Spencer Wells, who commenced his lecture by remarking that no body of men could be more anxious to assist in the attainment of the philanthropic desire of Mr. Morton than the members of the Royal College of Surgeons, and no one of those whom he had the honour of addressing needed to be reminded of the almost overwhelming importance of the subject, cancerous diseases being as heartrending to the surgeon as they were mysterious and terrible to the public. An additional reason for urging the importance of the study at the present moment is found in the fact that, notwithstanding the great advance of sanitary science, and the prolongation of the average length of human life—in spite of the shortening of the duration and the lowering of the mortality of some diseases, the prevention (almost the stamping out) of others—cancerous diseases, so far from being less prevalent or less fatal, are increasing among us. The increase in the number of deaths from cancer at the present time, and has been for many years past, is far greater than the proportional increase of population. The Registrar-General's report bears out this statement in every particular. Carefully recorded statistics show that the number of deaths from cancer in England increased from 7245 in 1861 to 17,113 in 1887. In Scotland and Ireland the proportional increase was almost equally great; in the former, with a smaller population than the latter, there were some 200 more deaths from cancer, the mortality reaching the highest percentage in Edinburgh. Singularly enough, and contrary to a widespread belief, there was seen to be a higher death-rate among males than among females. The fact that these diseases destroy their victims during the most active and useful periods of life surely adds to the greater importance of studying their causes. When we learn more of the history of cancer, more of its invasion into the human frame, &c., then we may hope to be able to avoid or prevent, perhaps, even cure the disease. It is, then, observed Sir Spencer, "for surgeons to consider their duty as surgeons in relation to cancerous diseases in general, whether they could be checked, their surgical or medical treatment improved, and so forth." He concluded his very practical discourse by pointing out the danger of inadequate, unnecessary, and heroic measures, and compared the results obtained by so-called remedies of a secret character with the more solid work achieved by scientific surgeons. The President of the College, Mr. Savory, occupied the chair, and he was well supported by Sir James Paget, Sir W. MacCormac, Sir Joseph Fayrer, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Hulke, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Willett, Mr. Sibley, Mr. Jabez Hogg, Mr. Heath, Mr. Sidney Jones, Mr. Doran, and a very appreciating and numerous body of the members of the college.

The Mercers' Company have given one hundred guineas to the Augmentation Fund of the Clergy Pensions Institution, Mowbray House.

The Marquis of Huntly opened an exhibition of painting and statuary in Aberdeen on Dec. 3, and, in an address on Scotch painters and their patrons, referred to the origin and progress of pictorial art in Scotland. His Lordship claimed that a meeting in Edinburgh in 1729 of some seventeen artists and amateurs laid the foundation-stone of a Scotch school of painting, that meeting being the first systematic effort for the furtherance of art, and as such was entitled to be considered the precursor of the Royal Scottish Academy.

The inaugural meeting of the Arts Congress, which has been held in Liverpool, took place on Monday, Dec. 3—Sir James Picton presiding over a brilliant assemblage. Sir Frederick Leighton, the president, gave an eloquent address on the needs and aims of the congress, speaking of the necessity of art for the national greatness and of the want of cultivation among the English people as a rule, pointing out how much could be effected by such a congress in the interchange of ideas to remedy existing deficiencies. The various sections of the congress began their sittings next morning.

Accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs and Under-Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and many other distinguished visitors, the Lord Mayor presided on Dec. 1 at the annual distribution of prizes to the City of London Rifle Volunteer Brigade held at the Crystal Palace. The proceedings were opened by Colonel Lord E. Pelham-Clinton, in command of the brigade, who referred to the patriotic intention of the Lord Mayor to raise, if possible, a fund of £100,000 to thoroughly equip the metropolitan Volunteers. The prizes were presented by the Lady Mayoress, the principal recipients being Private Griggs (best shot in the brigade) and Major Earl Waldegrave.—A conference of commanding Volunteer officers took place at the Mansion House on the 3rd for the purpose of discussing means to perfect the equipment of Volunteers, so that they may be ready for service at the briefest notice.

THE COURT.

The Queen and the Empress Frederick and several members of the Royal family travelled from Windsor to town on Nov. 29, and paid a series of visits. The Empress Frederick, Princesses Sophie and Margaret of Prussia, and Prince Christian visited Mr. Boehm's studio at Fulham, in order to inspect the model for the bust of the Emperor Frederick, which is to be sent to Windsor Castle. The bust represents the late Emperor as he appeared at the Jubilee last year. On arriving at Paddington the Queen proceeded to Kensington Palace, and visited Princess Louise, where her Majesty was joined by the Empress Frederick. The Queen, the Empress, and Princess Beatrice likewise visited Mrs. Thurston, who had been head nurse to the Royal family for many years. Their Majesties afterwards visited the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace, and returned to Windsor Castle at half-past seven o'clock. Her Imperial Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, visited the Royal Tapestry Works on the 30th. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, accompanied by Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, were present at a special service, held in the evening, at Westminster Abbey, at which "The Messiah" was performed. Count and Countess Karolyi arrived at the castle, and had the honour of being received by the Queen and the Empress Frederick. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, visited her Majesty and the Empress Frederick. Baron Reischach had the honour of dining with the Queen, the Empress, and the Royal family. The Queen drove out on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 1, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princesses Sophie and Margaret of Prussia. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., arrived at Windsor Castle. Earl and Countess Sydney and the Bishop of Ripon also arrived, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Duke and Duchess de Sermoneta arrived at Windsor Castle in the afternoon, and had the honour of being received by the Empress Frederick. The Duchess of Manchester was also received by the Empress Frederick, and afterwards by the Queen. The Queen and the Empress, with the Royal family and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor on Sunday morning, the 2nd. The Bishop of Ripon, assisted by the Dean of Windsor, officiated; and the Bishop of Ripon preached. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne). Earl and Countess Sydney, the Bishop of Ripon, and Count Seckendorff had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Earl and Countess Sydney, and the Bishop of Ripon, who have been on a visit to the Queen, left Windsor for London on the 3rd. The Queen went out with the Empress Frederick and Princess Beatrice. The Duc de Némours and the Duc d'Aumale visited her Majesty and remained to luncheon. The Queen drove out in the afternoon accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Margaret of Prussia. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, dined with her Majesty. The Queen went out on the 4th with Princess Beatrice and Princesses Sophie and Margaret of Prussia. Her Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood upon Mr. Peter Henry Edlin, Q.C., Assistant Judge, Middlesex Sessions, and Mr. Polydore De Keyser, late Lord Mayor of London.

The Princess of Wales's birthday was kept on Saturday, Dec. 1, at Sandringham with the usual rejoicings. The annual tenants' ball was given the previous evening, the whole of the guests at Sandringham as well as the Royal family being present. On Saturday afternoon, in the large room at the Royal mews, all the children of the Sandringham, West Newton, and Wolferton Schools had their annual tea as usual on the birthday. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and the Duke of Cambridge, accompanied by the guests at Sandringham, were present at Divine service at the church of St. Mary Magdalene on Sunday morning, the 2nd. The Rev. F. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, officiated, and the Rev. Canon Duckworth preached. The Duke of Cambridge left Sandringham. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris and Princess Hélène left Sandringham on the 3rd, having terminated their visit to the Prince and Princess. The Prince left Sandringham for London in order to preside next day at a meeting of the Duchy of Cornwall. In the evening he went to the Comedy Theatre. On the 5th the Prince went on a visit to Mr. Tyssen Amherst, M.P., and Mrs. Amherst, at Didlington Hall, Norfolk. The Princess and her three daughters remain during the week at Sandringham.

Princess Louise attended a conversazione on Dec. 1 at the Athenæum, Highbury-park, to inaugurate the North London branch of the Recreative Evening Schools Association.

On the same day the annual distribution of the late Lady Peek's prizes at the National Orphan Home, Ham-common, was made by Princess Mary Adelaide, who was accompanied by Princess Victoria of Teck. The Earl of Wemyss (chairman of the committee), the Countess of Wemyss, Lady Elcho, and Lady Whittaker Ellis were among those present.

Mr. Justice Wills has been appointed as the Judge for England under the Railway and Canal Traffic Act of the present year; Lord Trayner, one of the Judges of the Court of Session, has been appointed for Scotland; and Mr. Justice Murphy for Ireland.

The new School Board for London held their first meeting on Dec. 4. The only business transacted was the election of a chairman and vice-chairman. The Rev. J. Diggle was re-elected by a majority of eight; and Dr. Gladstone was chosen vice-chairman in place of Sir Richard Temple, M.P.

A great disappointment awaited the audience who visited St. James's Hall on Dec. 3, to hear the Monday Popular Concert, from Madame Néruda (Lady Hallé) being a sufferer from severe cold, and unable to take part in the concert. A competent substitute was, however, found in M. Straus, and Mozart's famous clarionet quintett in A major was ably led by that experienced musician.

A rich Masonic window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, has been placed in the church of Hinton-Martell, Dorsetshire, in memory of Mr. Henry Charles Burt, the gift of his brother Freemasons. The subject is "The Good Samaritan," with the emblems of the craft in the ornamental surroundings.—In St. Mark's Church, Coburg-road, Old Kent-road, on Dec. 1, a new stained-glass window, the gift of Miss Thrupp, was publicly unveiled.

The marriage of Mr. John O. Thursby, son of Sir John Thursby, of Omerod, to Miss Ella Crosse, younger daughter of Colonel Thomas and Lady Mary Crosse, was solemnised on Nov. 28 at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, before a large and fashionable congregation. The bride was conducted to the altar by her father. The bridesmaids were Miss Crosse (sister of the bride), the Misses Garnett (cousins), Miss Sybil Hooper, Miss Thursby and Miss Mary Thursby (sisters of the bridegroom). Miss Margorie Garnett acted as train-bearer. Mr. Powney, of the Guards, attended the bridegroom as best man.

MIRAGE ON THE STEPPES OF ASIA.

A Russian Artist, who has contributed to our Journal several other Views of the peculiar landscape scenery of the Steppes of Central Asia, here represents the curious phenomenon of mirage which has often been observed on extensive dry plains in other parts of the world. It takes place only when the atmosphere is perfectly still, and when the surface of the ground has been long heated by the direct rays of the sun. The lower strata of air become so rarefied by the heat, parting with all moisture, as to form waves or masses with outer curved lines, bending upwards to the sky; and the rays of light from any distant object, around or above, are refracted by these curves—sometimes casting on the ground an image of the clouds, which looks like pools of water; sometimes throwing laterally, as in this instance, very distinct images of neighbouring rocks, or even of moving figures, which seem to hover just above the ground. An army has occasionally been startled by the apparent nearness of another body of troops; or a caravan marching across the desert is met by the reflection of itself crossing the horizon in an opposite direction. A town or fort, with all its buildings, may be discerned seemingly in a position ten or twelve miles from its real situation; and it is said that people on the cliffs at Hastings once saw, in a calm sea, the coast of France, with all its bays and inlets, brought very near to the English shore. These varied effects on sea and land, due to an inversion of the more or less dense layers of the atmosphere, and to the consequent distortion of the rays of light, are not unfrequent on the Steppes during the great heats of summer.

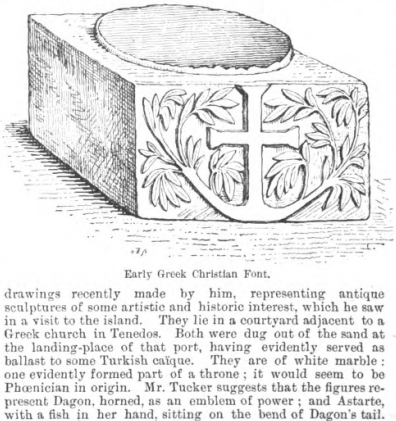
ANTIQUITIES OF TENEDOS.

The small island of Tenedos, off the coast of Asia Minor, just opposite the shore of the famous plain of Troy, is mentioned by Virgil, in the "Æneid," as the gathering-place of the



Part of a Marble Throne (Phœnician) with Figures probably of the Horned Dagon and Astarte.

Grecian fleet preparing for the return home; and it has more than once, in our own times, witnessed the British fleet anchoring in Besika Bay, and there waiting orders to enter the Strait of the Dardanelles. We are favoured by the Rev. B. S. Tucker, R.N., Naval Chaplain to H.M.S. Sultan, with two



Early Greek Christian Font.

drawings recently made by him, representing antique sculptures of some artistic and historic interest, which he saw in a visit to the island. They lie in a courtyard adjacent to a Greek church in Tenedos. Both were dug out of the sand at the landing-place of that port, having evidently served as ballast to some Turkish caïque. They are of white marble: one evidently formed part of a throne; it would seem to be Phœnician in origin. Mr. Tucker suggests that the figures represent Dagon, horned, as an emblem of power; and Astarte, with a fish in her hand, sitting on the bend of Dagon's tail. The other is an early Christian font on which a device in laurel encircles the cross, emblematic of the triumph of Christianity. Both these objects are well worthy of a niche in the British Museum.

The annual presentation of prizes to the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Royal Fusiliers, by Mrs. Robert W. Routledge, will be made on Dec. 13, at St. James's Hall. Viscount Wolseley, the Hon. Colonel; Lord Abinger, commanding the West London Volunteer Brigade, and Generals Sir R. Gipps and Lyon Fremantle will be amongst those present.

At Birmingham, on Dec. 1, the fortieth annual fat cattle show commenced, the show of cattle being the largest held there, and the quality remarkably fine. The Queen has taken four first prizes, four second prizes, and one high commendation. The President's prize and the Elkington Challenge Cup were awarded to Mr. George Wilkin for a two-year-old steer, as the best animal in the cattle classes.—The National Dog Show opened on Dec. 3 in Curzon Hall, with an unprecedented entry of 1245 animals, many of them of high quality.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Monday, Dec. 3.

If the Parisians could only read the foreign newspapers, especially the London dailies, with those wonderful headlines due to the perspicacity of sub-editors, they would be astounded at the events that are taking place amongst them, and to which they pay no heed. The present times are doubtless confused and tumultuous; some people drink openly to the fall of the present régime; Communist Generals, like Cluseret, are candidates for the deputation; a man whose disgrace was thought to be complete, like Wilson, returns calmly to the scene of action and begins to play a rôle that terrifies his less cynical colleagues; Floquet dreams vaguely of a coup-d'état, but instead of taking the thing tragically everybody laughs at the comicality of such a scheme. Meanwhile the anniversary of Dec. 2 comes round. There is talk of transferring Baudin's remains to the Panthéon; and the Municipal Council, in order to affirm its existence as the chief pillar of the Republic, decides to manifest. Very good, says the Government; manifest—under our patronage and protection. And so it was. (illegible) forts and great preparations were made. Vast forces (illegible) put on foot. The garrison of Paris were confin(illegible)racks. The timid were warned to keep their (illegible) of street-fighting. Committees, groups, societi(illegible) banners and flags prepared, and a cortége (illegible) on Sunday, when the great day rose, t(illegible) did not trouble their heads about (illegible)ion, but went to the races in swarms (illegible)d procession that was to have number(illegible)ts did not exceed 15,000 to 20,000. (illegible) that was to have lined the route ap(illegible)s nor enthusiastic, and the cortége (illegible)nd lugubrious as a funeral procession(illegible)ne (illegible)assed without disorder—so much the (illegible)etter—but instead of a protestation of Republicanism it was rather a manifestation of indifference and ennui. Now-a-days, even the politicians themselves are getting sick of politics. All this is, of course, only the prologue; the real play will begin in 1889, when the peasants intervene in the elections and either confirm the Republic, or go over to Monarchism or to Boulangism.



The great event of the week at the theatres has been the appearance of Madame Patti at the Opéra in Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette." The audience was, perhaps, a little prejudiced against Patti at the beginning on account of her neglect of Paris during the prime of her talent. However, they did not sulk long over their pleasure, and warmly applauded the *diva*, though it must be confessed that the real hero of the evening was rather the tenor, Jean de Reszké, than Adelina Patti. These Patti performances are the occasion of a considerable scandal, owing to an understanding arrived at between the managers of the Opéra and the ticket speculators. The box-office has hitherto not been opened at all.

The Institute of France has filled up two vacancies by the election of the Vicomte Eugène Melchior De Vogüé to the French Academy, and of M. Gustave Moreau to the Academy of Fine Arts. M. De Vogüé has been the apostle of the modern Russian novelists in France, introducing us by essays, studies, and translations to the spirit of Tolstoi, Dostoievsky, and the Slav novelists of human suffering. M. Gustave Moreau is the visionary and unique painter of "Hélène," "Galathée," "Hérodiade," "King David," "Œdipus"; the painter of myths, of hieratic figures animated by the human dream. M. Moreau is truly a unique painter, and destined to remain such, for his art is too complex, too literary, too intellectual, too symbolic to ever influence widely either artists or general public.

A Polish lady, Mdlle. Andzia De Wolska, supported by a committee of ladies, amongst whom are Maréchale Canrobert and Lady Caithness, is founding in Paris a permanent international library of women's works—that is to say, of books in all classes of literature written by women. Mdlle. De Wolska asks aid from the public, and especially from authoresses of all nations. Those who wish to learn further details about her interesting project may address her directly at 59, Rue Jacob, Paris.

The cause of physical education is rapidly gaining ground in Paris. The latest move is a project elaborated by the architect Charles Garnier for converting the now deserted site of the Tuileries Palace into a sort of athletic arena, with tracks for foot-races, tennis-courts, cricket-pitches, ball-lawns, &c. The great difficulty that the promoters of athletics seem to find is the want of initiative of the French boy: he does not know how to play at anything.

Louis XV. and Louis XVI. fashions are now quite out of fashion; no more paniers and tabliers, no more Pompadourism. The Directory even scarcely survives at all. The grand *chic* is the stiffness and pseudo-classical simplicity of the Empire; truth pure and unadorned; high waists, plain corsages, plain skirts, the simplest trimmings confined to the hems. For evening costumes, *décolletage* in a point, very small natural coiffure without any *postiches*. Velvet is a fashionable material for all sorts of toilettes. The head-dress is to be a small capote without strings; round the neck a long boa; the outer garment a short velvet jacket or a long tight-fitting redingote of velvet, very plain. In order to wear these Empire garments with grace it is desirable to be thin, very thin. The ideal of an Empire toilette is pure lines.

T. C.

The session of the Spanish Cortes was opened on Nov. 30 by Señor Sagasta, the Premier, who read the Decree of Convocation in both Houses. There was no Speech from the Throne. The Chamber of Deputies subsequently re-elected Señor Martos as President by a majority of 160 votes.

The Federal Council of Berlin has assented to the new Commercial treaty between Switzerland and the German Empire.

The German Emperor and Empress gave a State dinner on Nov. 30 in honour of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir. The Dowager Grand Duchess Maria and Duke John of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and Counts Muravieff and Bismarck were among the invited guests.

The fortieth anniversary of the accession of the Emperor-King Francis Joseph was on Dec. 2 celebrated throughout Austria and Hungary. Special services were held in most of the churches. His Majesty, who passed the day with the Empress at the Castle of Miramare, having requested that no public demonstration should take place, the money which would otherwise have been spent in festivities has been devoted to charitable objects. Their Majesties returned to Vienna on the 3rd. Congratulatory telegrams have been received from all the European Sovereigns.

The Session of the United States Congress was opened at Washington on Dec. 3. President Cleveland's Message strongly reiterates his former views about reducing surplus taxation and reforming the tariff. He says there is no existing subject of dispute with any foreign Power not susceptible of satisfactory adjustment by frank diplomatic treatment.



MR. MONRO, C.B.,
THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF METROPOLITAN POLICE.



THE LATE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.
SEE "OBITUARY."



THE LATE SIR RONALD THOMSON, G.C.M.G.,
BRITISH MINISTER IN PERSIA.

THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF POLICE.

Mr. James Monro, C.B., has been appointed to succeed Sir Charles Warren as Commissioner of Metropolitan Police. He is a son of the late Mr. George Monro, solicitor, of Edinburgh, and is just fifty years of age. He entered the Indian Civil Service in 1857, and held both judicial and executive appointments, filling the posts of magistrate and collector, secretary to the Board of Revenue, District and Sessions Judge. Subsequently he became Inspector-General of Police in Bengal, that force numbering upwards of 20,000 men, under European officers, until, five years afterwards, he was appointed Commissioner of the Presidency Division. On several occasions Mr. Monro received the thanks of the Bengal Government for his services. When Mr. Howard Vincent retired from his position at the head of the Criminal Investigation Department, Mr. Monro, under the new name of Assistant-Commissioner (Mr. Vincent was Director) was appointed to take his place. His recent resignation of this position was much regretted, as he had been especially consulted by the Home Office with regard to the proposed improvement in the organisation of the Metropolitan Detective Police staff.

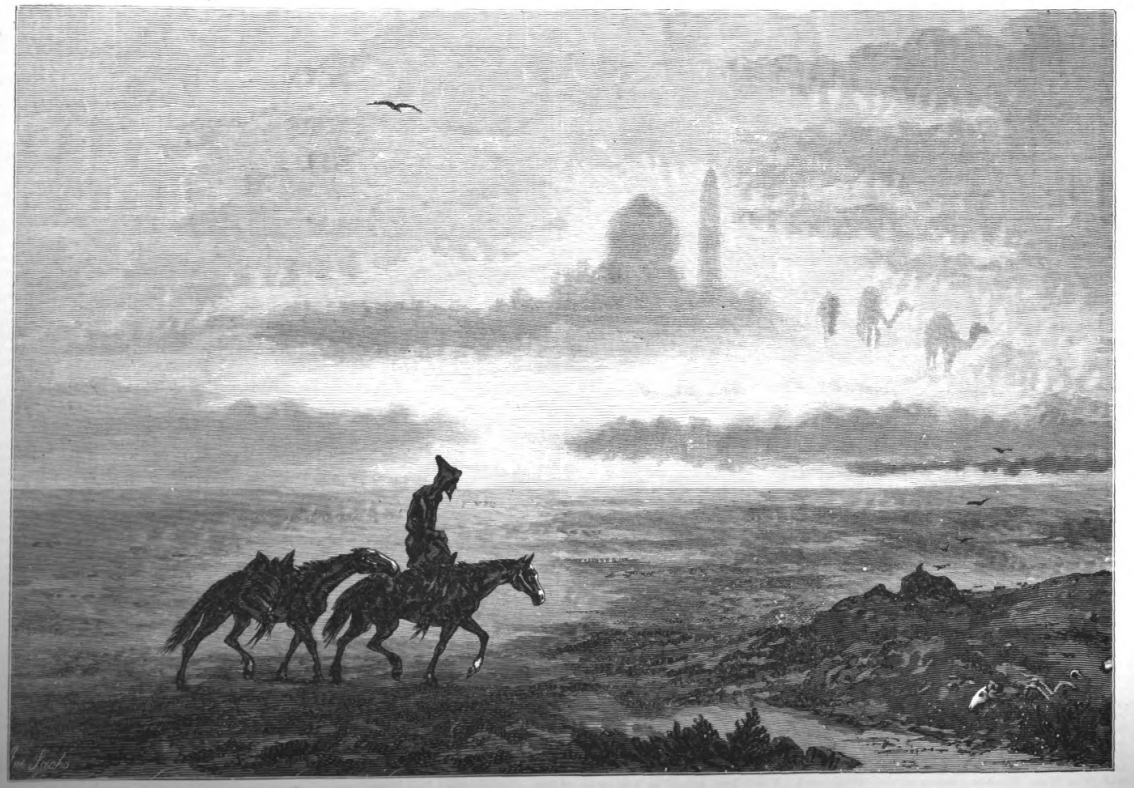
The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

A farewell meeting to a band of workers for the Chinese Inland Mission took place in Exeter Hall on Dec. 3. Mr. T. A. Denny presided, and said that this was the last party of missionaries, and would make fifty-five sent out this year (1888). Death had lately been busy amongst them, and they had lost three missionaries in one month. The Rev. Samuel Clark said that the Chinese people were willing to hear the Gospel preached to them; and he gave his hearers an idea of the vast mission-field that lay before them. Mrs. Clark, the Rev. E. O. Williams, Mrs. Williams, and the other eight ladies who form the party which leaves, having spoken, the proceedings terminated.

THE LATE SIR RONALD THOMSON.

The late Sir Ronald Ferguson Thomson, G.C.M.G., her Majesty's Minister in Persia until a year ago, was one of the best diplomatic servants of this country, but was less known as his career was passed entirely in such an out-of-the-way State as the Shah's dominions. He joined the staff of her Majesty's Legation at the Court of Teheran in 1848, and by the usual slow progress of advancement became Minister in 1879. He was unrivalled in his acquaintance with the Persian language, was most acceptable to the Shah, and had a thorough and intimate knowledge of all our political and commercial interests relating to Persia, and of its affairs in connection with Afghanistan and India. Sir Ronald Thomson was born in 1830, son of the late Mr. David Thomson, of Orkie, Fifeshire; he never married, and lived nearly forty years of his life at Teheran.

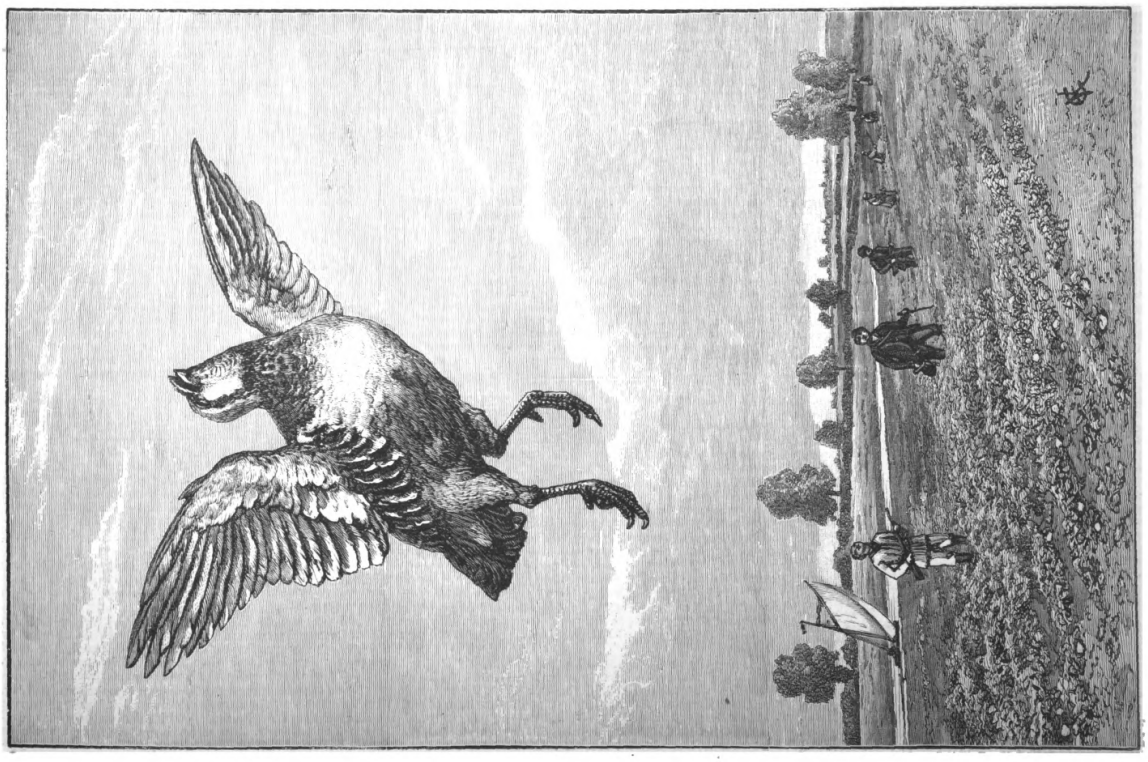
The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Vandyk, of Gloucester-road.



A MIRAGE ON THE STEPPES OF CENTRAL ASIA.



PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING IN NORFOLK: GOOD AT DRIVEN BIRDS.



PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING IN NORFOLK: A TOWERING FRENCHMAN.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert tells a story in his new and original four-act drama called "Brantinghame Hall" that probably reads better on paper than it looks on the stage. There was certainly considerable disappointment when the curtain fell on the last act; although long before that time all interest had been exhausted and all hope of a brilliant success was gone. The fault of the play is one almost inscparable from Mr. Gilbert's system of work and view of human nature. He seems determined not to see men and women as they really are, but as they might be under certain given conditions. He takes the exceptional circumstances of life, and thinks they are dramatic because they form an abnormal growth on our civilisation. It is little use to argue with Mr. Gilbert, because on certain points he suffers from colour blindness. He insists upon the actual converse of what is generally accepted; he glories in contradiction and a perverse treatment of the simplest circumstances of life. Take, for instance, his new heroine, Ruth Redmayne. Now, here is a girl brought up and reared in the Australian bush, with a father who is a convict, with companions who are rude stockmen, a girl educated in an atmosphere of freedom, not to say coarseness, and yet Mr. Gilbert would seriously ask us to believe that such a girl frames her phraseology not on what she hears about her, but on what she reads in her family bible! The dramatist does not prepare us for such an astounding surprise; nay, he spoils his own idea of it, and hinders our faith in our guide and instructor. Had he at once wanted to show the simplicity of Ruth's life and her guilelessness, to impress upon us the fact that she dwelt in the "forest primeval," and was to be an Australian Evangeline, he would not surely have started his drama on row, riot, the fighting of bullies, and the quarrelling of rough, uncouth fellows. The very keynote that the author desires to str[illegible]adened by his own contradictoriness. Mr. Gil[illegible] girl brought up in such surroundings—th[illegible] of a convict, whose ears are daily soiled with the conversation of swearing stockmen—would talk like a perambulating Old Testament, and frame every thought on her best book—"Holy Writ"; common-sense says that the girl would do nothing of the kind, for she does not happen to pass her days with Quakers, Puritans, or Plymouth Brethren, but with semi-savages. There is a further objection. If Mr. Gilbert elected to make his heroine talk in this quaint and curious fashion, should he not at least have explained his reason to his audience in order to have warned them what to expect? But it is positively startling after Mr. Dick Somers and his rowdy companions have had a "set to," and Ruth's lovers have quarrelled and almost come to blows in the most ordinary "you're another" fashion, and when everyone is modern to a fault, to hear Ruth adopting the *lingo* of the Pilgrim Fathers and preaching out her platitudes as if she were another Hester Prynne or Dorothy Bruce. At the close of the first act the majority of the audience were completely befogged over this peculiar phraseology. "Why does Ruth Redmayne talk in that fashion?" anxiously asked the curious. "Oh, don't you know?" was the answer. "Gilbert has explained it all to an interviewer on the *Pall Mall Gazette!*" Well, that is all very well; but a dramatist, as a rule, makes his explanations to his audience.

There is another point, of more serious moment. The great effect of the play, on which so much is built and all depends, is a surprise so exaggerated that it does not commend itself as feasible to an audience. Ruth Redmayne, from the outset, is a very estimable young person. There is not a shadow or taint of suspicion about her character. Butter would not melt in her mouth—and she looks it. No sane person with the slightest study of physiognomy could put her down as a vulgar adventuress. She is the incarnation of all the virtues. Before leaving Australia Ruth marries a Peer's son, in the presence of credible witnesses, the ceremony being performed by a reputable clergyman. Her husband makes a handsome will in her favour, and is then drowned at sea. Hearing of her husband's death, Ruth starts for England with the laudable ambition of becoming reconciled to her husband's father and of redeeming a mortgage on the old Peer's property with the money that her husband has left to her—a most desirable and natural proceeding. A scoundrel who once loved Ruth has a mortgage on the property; so when the honourable woman desires that her inherited money shall be of some value, she finds herself met with extraordinary objections all round. Lord Saxmundham refuses Ruth's offer because he is as obstinate as he is proud. Ralph Crampton refuses to allow the mortgage to be redeemed with Ruth's money—which he could not do. There is only one loophole for escape, and that is for Ruth to marry the detested Ralph. This she positively refuses to do; but, driven into a corner, she resolves to tell a false story of her own shame and infamy merely to transfer her money to her father-in-law. The thing is wholly improbable and unnatural, and Mr. Gilbert sees it as clearly as anybody, for he makes a common-sense spectator very fairly observe that Ruth is doing no one any very particular favour by lending her own money on mortgage. She has money to invest, and here she has a very good investment. There was no need for her to deny her truth, fame, and good name in order to open the eyes of an obstinate old nobleman, and to crush an enemy who quotes bad law in order to frighten an antagonist. Now, this is a very weak foundation on which to build a play. No one is deceived by Ruth Redmayne's act of self-sacrifice. Not a human being believes in it. The audience quickly sees that the characters surrounding her do not believe her transparent renunciation of self. Even if there were no marriage certificate or will in existence to prove conclusively that the girl was uttering a pious falsehood her very looks would belie her. Saints do not suddenly and impetuously become sinners in this fashion. With this surprise the author has let off his only important firework. It faints, fizzles, and it goes out. There is no more to be done; and when it is found in the last act that the drowned hero and husband comes to life again in a very ordinary and common-place fashion it cannot be surprising that the play, from which so much had been expected, was found to be unreasonable and unattractive. It is not at all impossible that Ruth Redmayne should act as she does in this play; but it is in the highest degree improbable without a far stronger motive than is here shown. An author who desires to catch us in the toils of a surprise should carefully, and with artistic subtlety, lead up to it.

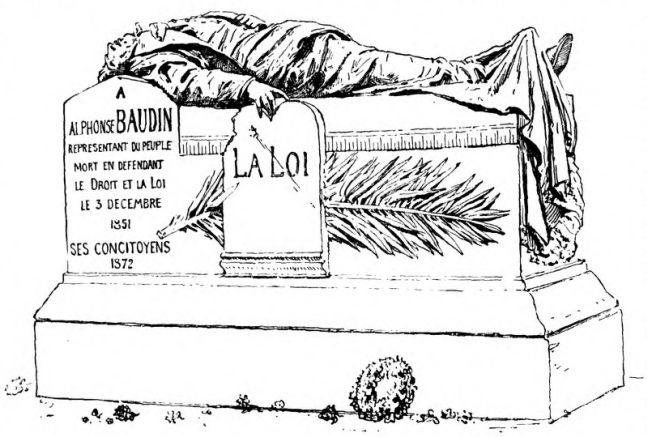
PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING IN NORFOLK.

There has been much controversy of late among the critics of sport on the relative merits of "driving," as against shooting over dogs. In former days, when long stubble formed covert for the crouching partridges, the services of pointers and setters were necessary to find the birds; but now, a well-directed "drive" affords many more shots than were to be got by the old-fashioned method. Another innovation is that of ladies wielding the smooth-bore. We leave our readers to form their own conclusions as to the propriety of this practice, as well as to consult their own predilection in the matter of driving or finding their game. In either case, with regard to the general principle, if we remember the authentic accounts of Royal and noble hunting-parties in English deer-parks in the Tudor and Plantagenet reigns, there is some precedent for applying similar customs to the killing of partridges or pheasants. For the deer were usually driven by a host of beaters; while the Queen, the Princesses, and the ladies of the Court did not disdain to exercise their skill in archery at the expense of those gentle beasts; as we see the Princess, in Shakspeare's play of "Love's Labour's Lost," taking her stand for this ladylike pastime:—

> Thou forester, my friend, where is the bush
> That we must stand and play the murderer in?
>
> FORESTER—Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
> A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
>
> PRINCESS—I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
> And thereupon, thou speak'st, the fairest shot.
> But come, the bow! Now, mercy would not kill,
> So shooting well may be accounted ill.
> Thus will I save my credit in the shoot;
> Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
> If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
> That more for praise, than purpose, sought to kill.

THE BAUDIN MONUMENT IN PARIS.

In the perpetration of that act of treachery and ruthless violence by which Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, sworn President of the French Republic, on Dec. 2, 1851, usurped despotic power, the soldiery under the command of General St. Arnaud met with some unavailing resistance. Barricades were thrown up against them in the streets of Paris; there was a little fighting, and a great deal of massacre. Several members of the Legislative Assembly joined personally in the combat. One of these, M. Baudin, was killed fighting in the Faubourg St. Antoine; and a monument to his honour, which has now been erected over his tomb in the Cemetery of Montmartre, was unveiled on Sunday, Dec. 2, the thirty-seventh anniversary of his death. Our Paris Correspondent's letter gives some account of the proceedings. It is a recumbent statue of the slain political martyr, laid on drapery which falls in heavy folds over the pedestal. There is an inscription on a shield as follows:—"To Alphonse Baudin, Representative of the people, killed while defending justice and law, Dec. 2, 1851. His fellow-citizens, 1872." The last-mentioned date is that of the resolution to provide this monument, which was adopted a year or two after the restoration of the French Republic. M. Aimé Millet is the sculptor by whom this monument was designed; there is also to be a monument in the Panthéon.



TOMB OF BAUDIN.

In our description of Messrs. Pears' new buildings in Oxford-street, it should have been stated that the mosaic was laid by Messrs. Diespeker and Co., of 40, Holborn Viaduct.

Last year 15,300 lb. of smuggled tobacco were seized and burned in what is known as "The Queen's Pipe," the value being £4206, exclusive of duty.

Mr. H. Graves, the captain of Derby School, who had the honour of presenting a Latin address to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of the late Royal visit, has been elected to a Classical Open Exhibition at Balliol College, Oxford.

Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., took the chair on Dec. 5 at the annual dinner of the Peterboro' Benevolent Society. The sum of £115 was collected in the room, and the proceedings were of a most successful character.

The Duke of Devonshire has issued a circular to his Irish tenantry, informing them that he has decided to grant an abatement of 20 per cent in their rents now payable. He gave a reduction of 25½ per cent last year, and 27½ per cent the year previous.

A special entertainment, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Davies, is announced for Monday, Dec. 10, at St. Andrew's Hall, Newman-street, to provide the poor of St. Pancras with Christmas dinners. Many ladies and gentlemen have offered their services, and there is a good programme.

Owing to ill-health, Sir Thomas M'Ilwraith, the Queensland Premier, has resigned the offices of Chief Secretary and Colonial Treasurer, retaining, however, the position of Vice-President of the Executive Council. He has left Brisbane on a trip to China and Japan, which will probably extend over four months. The party leadership will now be assumed by the Hon. B. D. Morehead, the Colonial Secretary, who will also discharge the duties of Premier and Chief Secretary. The Hon. W. Pattison, who has previously been a member of the Cabinet without portfolio, will be Colonial Treasurer.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

London has in December rarely been so lively, from a social point of view, as it is now. Honourable members may, not unnaturally, sigh for a sunny in lieu of an inky sky, the badgered Leader of the House being particularly deserving of commiseration. But, whilst Parliament sits, West-End tradesmen rub their hands with glee, and theatrical managers running ephemeral pieces fairly rejoice, and, in some cases, "ride the high horse," unapprehensive of the "killing frost" that will possibly arrive for some when Parliament prorogues.

The week that opened in the Commons with the cool attempt of Jeremiah Sullivan to serve a writ in the Lobby on coy Mr. Sheehy ended, not inappropriately, in a farcical scene or two. On the penultimate night of November, the debate on the third reading of the Irish Land Purchase Bill was interrupted by an unusually exciting episode. A baseless rumour spread from bench to bench among the Liberals and Irish Home Rulers that Lord Compton had won the Holborn Election; and loud cheers burst forth, and were renewed again and again. The halloo was premature, to say the least of it. The late Colonel Duncan's seat was gained by a majority of 965 by the Conservative and Unionist candidate, Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., and when the true report reached the Treasury bench, Mr. Smith and the Ministerialists made the glass roof vibrate with their cheers. A Saturday sitting was necessary on the First of December, and that dramatic demagogue, Mr. Robert Gallnigad Bontine Cunninghame Graham, was ordered by the Speaker to withdraw from the House for the use of a decidedly un-Parliamentary expression.

The House of Lords—lucky in having to meet only on Tuesdays during this extra Session—quickly passed the Parliamentary Oaths Bill on the Fourth of December; that measure being in the capable hands of Earl Spencer, who has, by-the-way, the credit or otherwise of having converted Earl Granville to Home Rule, and whose platform oratory is unquestionably increasing his influence as a Liberal leader.

In the hushed chamber of the Peers, Lord Ashbourne, the vigorous father of the Irish Land Purchase Bill, experienced but a faint subdued measure of the stern opposition offered to the conditions of the Five Millions loan in the Commons. The noble and learned Lord, whose grey hair offers a singular contrast to his hale and hearty appearance, has a breezy style of speaking that is very prepossessing. Lord Ashbourne's recommendations of this measure of amelioration, really only an extension of the Ashbourne Act, were met by the Earl of Aberdeen and Earl Spencer with the earnest pleas for Irish tenants in arrears strenuously urged by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell in the Lower House. The Bill was read the second time, however, by the Lords without division.

The Earl of Onslow (whose urbanity, tact, and deep interest in our Colonial Empire should make him a most acceptable Governor of New Zealand) has an efficient successor as Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade in Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who is said to have declined the Governorship of Queensland for family reasons. Not the least of the Marquis of Salisbury's high qualifications for the Premiership is his happy knack of selecting able Ministers from the increasing circle of rising young statesmen.

The Soudan difficulty inherited by the present Government from their predecessors in office threatens to be as perilous to this Ministry as it was to the Gladstone Administration. That extremely zealous and energetic Liberal debater and Home-Rule advocate, Mr. John Morley, approaches this complicated Egyptian problem with a clear conscience. He joined Mr. John Bright in deploring and condemning British intervention in Egypt. Mr. Morley had, accordingly, a moral right to rise from the midst of his Gladstonian colleagues, on the First of December, to warmly deprecate the projected new expedition to Souakim, with its probable result of a fresh series of massacres in the vicinity of that beleaguered seaport. Sir James Fergusson, Mr. Edward Stanhope, and Mr. W. H. Smith answered that it was necessary to send the military reinforcements for the protection of the population of Souakim; but the Government had to endure rear and flank attacks from Lord Charles Beresford and Lord Randolph Churchill. As it was, there was but the small Ministerial majority of 35 against Mr. John Morley. Encouraged presumably by the smallness of this majority, and strengthened by his strong aversion to all Soudan expeditions and Egyptian entanglements, Lord Randolph Churchill on the Fourth of December took the unusual step of moving the adjournment as a practical protest against the inadequacy of sending a single British battalion to Souakim, especially against the advice of the Home military authorities. Mr. Stanhope replied that our military authorities in Egypt had sanctioned the course adopted. But Lord Randolph Churchill was supported by Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Gladstone (who had returned to town the previous day to strongly attack the Irish administration of Mr. Balfour); and, although Lord Hartington stanchly defended the Government, Ministers could only count a majority of 42—sign of breakers ahead for the Ministry.

The Borough of Birmingham and the Burgh of Dundee have been raised to the rank of cities.

The Research, a surveying vessel, was launched at Chatham Dockyard on Dec. 4, with engines and boilers on board. She is to be employed first in making a new survey of the English Channel and the Scilly Islands.

Punch's Almanack, garnished with the lively wit of Mr. F. C. Burnand, presents a dainty dish of artistic humour by the deservedly popular comic artists of *Punch*, the chief cartoon, "New London," being an admirable example of Mr. John Tenniel's refined, finished, and characterfull style.

The entertainment at the Brompton Hospital on Tuesday, Dec. 4, consisted of Sullivan's "Cox and Box," well performed by Messrs. Charleton, Freeman, and Lendon, to the great enjoyment of the patients. The entertainment on the 11th will be under the direction of Mrs. Fraser, with an excellent programme.

On Dec. 4, the first Tuesday in Advent, the annual performance of Spohr's oratorio "The Last Judgment" was given in St. Paul's Cathedral, at a special evening service. The solos and choruses were sung by the ordinary choir, accompanied by a small band, without the organ, which was only used for the other portions of the service. Dr. Martin, the organist of the cathedral, conducted. There was an enormous congregation.

THE VOLCANIC REGION OF HAWAII.

We have again to speak of that interesting group of islands, half-way across the Pacific Ocean from the western coast of Mexico to the Chinese Archipelago, in the 20th degree of latitude north of the Equator, which forms the native Kingdom of Hawaii. The name belongs to the whole of the small nation, now dwindled to 70,000, inhabiting the larger island, Hawaii proper, the island of Oahu, which contains the capital and well-known commercial port of Honolulu, and the islands of Maui, Molokai, Lanai, Kauai, and Nihau, with many smaller isles of no account. These were formerly called the Sandwich Islands—after their discovery by Captain Cook, who met his death by the spear of a savage at Hawaii, the name being spelt "Owhyhee" in old books of geography and travel. Since 1819, the ruling class of natives have professed Christianity, and some progress has been made in civilisation. King Kalakaua, and Queen Kapiolani, and the ex-Queen Emma, who are educated persons and have travelled in Europe, are no strangers to good English society. The Anglo-American colony at Honolulu, including missionaries and teachers of every Protestant religious denomination, enjoys the Royal favour and exercises a beneficial influence. But our purpose just now is especially to present a few Illustrations of the amazing natural phenomena of volcanic action in the mountain region of the island of Hawaii, which is not usually visited by those who sojourn for a few days at Honolulu. For these Illustrations we are indebted to Mr. Scott B. Wilson, a scientific and practical botanist and naturalist, well known to the Zoological Society of London, we believe, and to the Natural History Museum; who, in September and October, 1887, explored the great volcano of Kilauea, and took a series of photographic views. He sent us also views of the neighbourhood of Honolulu, with several specimens of the peculiar vegetation, the algaroba, the bread-fruit-tree, and the "Dianella ensifolia," belonging to these islands, and portraits of the Hawaiian native people.

The best description of the volcanic region of Hawaii is to be found in Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming's book, "Fire-Fountains," published in two volumes by Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons in 1883—a work of great interest, written in a vigorous and agreeable style, and containing valuable information concerning the principal islands, the kingdom and its inhabitants, and their manners and customs, as well as these wonders of nature. The mountains, of which the highest summit, Mauna Loa, has an elevation of 14,000 ft., are approached by a very gradual ascent from the seashore at Hilo, a journey of thirty miles. Passing through a belt of tropical forest, and a tract of coarse grassy downs, with occasional swamps, one comes upon a great rocky plain intersected by hardened streams of black lava, the huge blocks of which are strewn about the country for many miles. At an elevation of 4000 ft. lies the immense active crater of Kilauea, the largest in the world. It is a huge sunken pit, nine miles in circumference, the walls of which, 600 ft. deep, are precipitous, and the bottom, of a bluish grey colour, is a floor of hot lava; in its centre is the Lake of Fire, called Halemauman, enclosed by a circle of high crags, ever and again changing their shapes as fresh masses of molten lava are thrown up from beneath. This, however, is often concealed by the dense clouds of steam continually arising: it is only by the aid of a favourable wind that, from some point or other, a distinct view of the crater may be obtained. The abyss, of unknown depth, is filled with flames or waves of fire, which at night cast an awful reflection on the clouds of vapour; but this is only at the time of an active eruption. There are times when the fire recedes into the earth, and Miss Gordon-Cumming, with her guides and companions, was then able to descend into the pit, and to walk over the ridges and billows of lava-crust, to climb the inner circle of crags, and to look down into the crater, where she saw only steam and smoke, with frequent jets and flashes of bluish fire, and a sort of fire-spray—now white, now glowing red, now yellow—licking the sides of the rocks. The continual alternations in the internal condition and in the aspect of Halemauman, and likewise of Mauna Hua-lei-lei, which has twenty craters — one a mile in circumference, the others much smaller — are to be remembered in comparing the accounts of different travellers. A crater usually finishes by forming a perforated cone of lava which rises from the bottom of its pit, and which may be 500 ft. high. Miss Gordon-Cumming, on a second visit to Halemauman, saw the new formation of many such cones and domes, a new lake and new rivers of liquid lava, where she had been able to walk in safety not many days before. The other celebrated volcano, Mauna Loa, with its crater, which is called Mokua-weo-weo, near the summit, differs considerably from Kilauea, and is not always in action; but its notable eruptions from 1789 to 1877, of which an historical account has been compiled by the Rev. Titus Coan, especially the great eruption of 1868, and the later tremendous outburst in 1880 and 1881, are famous enough.



FIXING TELEGRAPHIC WIRES ON TREES IN THE FOREST OF LÜBLIN, RUSSIA.

RUSSIAN MILITARY TELEGRAPHS.

The Vienna newspapers continue their reports of considerable movements of Russian troops from the Charkow military district to those of Kiev and Moscow, and thence to the western frontiers. Our correspondent, the Artist who furnishes a Sketch of Russian field-telegraph operations, recently travelled from Lüblin, in Russian Poland, to Bobrowinski and Schelekov, on the borders of Galicia, and found the woods near the last-mentioned place occupied by eleven reserve battalions, extending to Kaluschin. It was here that he saw a section company of one of the "parks" of field-telegraph laying the line through the forest. They made use of the trees growing along the line, to fix the wires to them, and only erected poles on the open ground where no trees were growing. The space included in the triangle between Konstantinov, Kazatin, and Nemerinka, confronting Lemberg, would constitute the most likely strategic base for an advance on Austria, as the base of an advance into Roumania would be the position between Kishineff and Bender. The Russian Army possesses seventeen parks of field-telegraph, each in two sections, with sixty-nine kilomètres of wire. Three are kept at Akerman, near Odessa; three at Shitomir, in the province of Kiev, and others at Warsaw, at Lüblin, and at Bobrowinski. The present concentration of troops in the military districts of Wilna, Warsaw, and Kiev, provides a large force ready for operations in case of war with Germany and Austria; but we hope that the peace of Europe will not be disturbed.

The Board of Trade have received, through the Foreign Office, a silver medal and diploma which have been awarded to Captain Vincent James, of the schooner Myvamvy, of Port Natal, for his services in rescuing the crew of the Italian brig **Papa Rissetto**, in the Atlantic Ocean, on May 23 last.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

The following are the lecture arrangements before Easter:—Professor Dewar, six lectures (adapted to a juvenile auditory) on "Clouds and Cloudland"; Professor G. J. Romanes, twelve lectures, constituting the second part of a course, on "Before and After Darwin (The Evidences of Organic Evolution and the Theory of Natural Selection)"; Professor J. W. Judd, four lectures on "The Metamorphoses of Minerals"; Dr. Sidney Martin, four lectures on "The Poisonous Action of Albuminoid Bodies, including those formed in Digestion"; Professor J. H. Middleton, four lectures on "Houses and their Decoration from the Classical to the Mediæval Period"; Professor Ernst Pauer, four lectures on "The Characters of the Great Composers and the Characteristics of their Works" (with illustrations on the pianoforte); and eight lectures by the Right Hon. Lord Rayleigh, on "Experimental Optics" (Polarization; the Wave Theory). The Friday evening meetings will begin on Jan. 25, when a discourse will be given by Professor G. H. Darwin; succeeding discourses will probably be given by Professor W. C. McIntosh, Sir William Thomson, Professor A. W. Rücker, Mr. Harold Crichton Browne, Professor Oliver Lodge, Professor Archibald Geikie, the Rev. Alfred Ainger, the Right Hon. Lord Rayleigh, and other gentlemen.

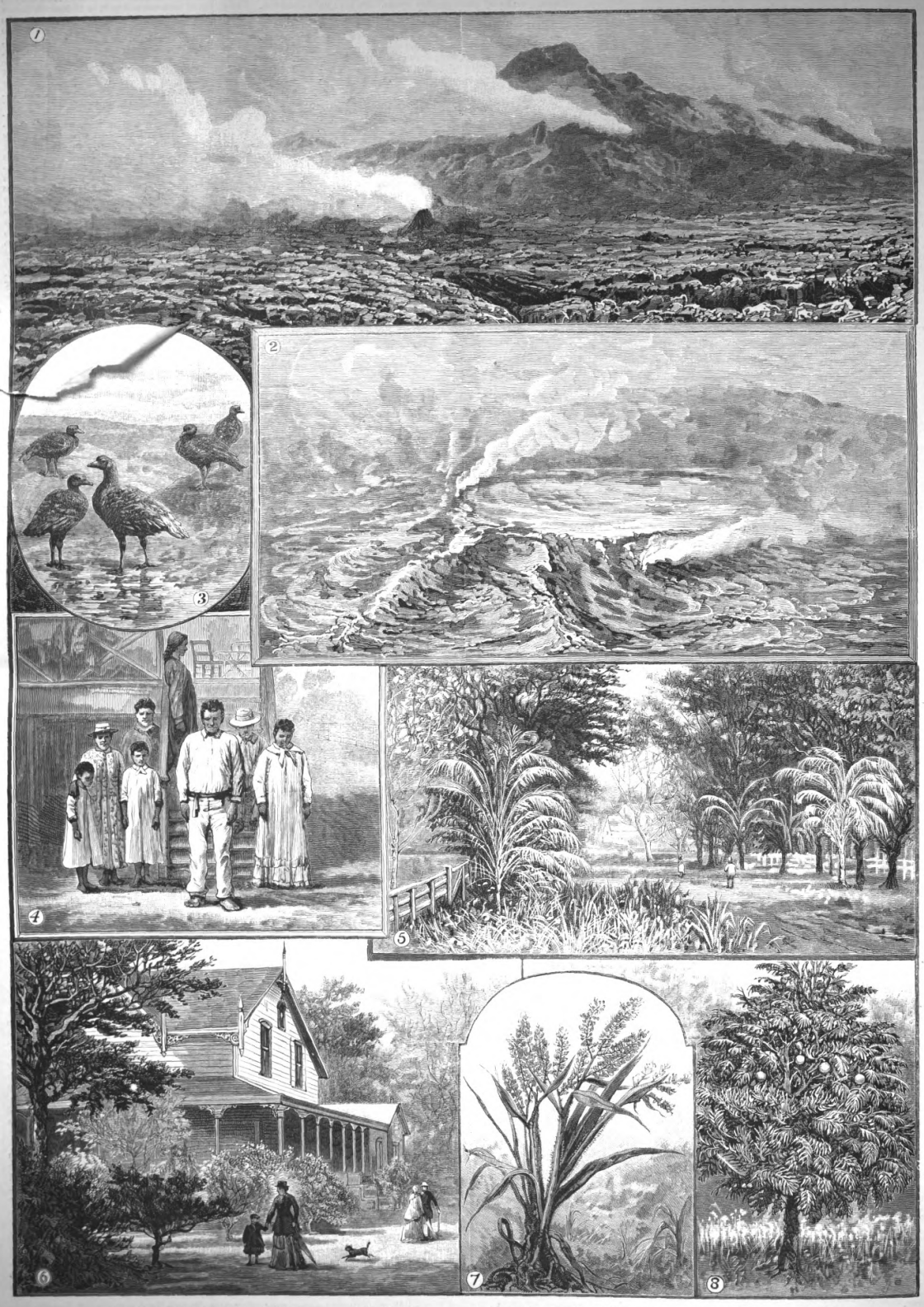
The authorities of Milan Cathedral, on the recommendation of an international jury, have selected the design of Signor Brentano, of Milan, for the rebuilding of the west façade. Thirteen other competitors have been awarded prizes from 4000 fr. to 2000 fr. Of these, Mr. D. Brade, of Kendal, is the only English competitor.

Santa Claus has taken up his abode for the Christmas Holidays at Olympia, the vast arena of which is completely filled with an enormous bazaar. The receptions of fair little Dollie Daisie Dimple in the centre of Hinde's English toy exhibits, and the gaily-costumed girls who preside at the stalls; the Irish Village for the sale of the tasteful woollen and other work by Irish peasants, organised for the Countess of Aberdeen by Mr. J. S. Wood; and the Oriental café and lounge are among the most attractive features of the bazaar proper. A band enlivens the proceedings, and in the evening promenade concerts take place; whilst the entertainments are diversified by marionette and minstrelsy performances.

Messrs. De la Rue's publications are happy combinations of beauty and use. Their pocket-books and diaries for 1889 are as tasteful as ever and are brimful of useful every-day information.

The Craven Fellowship at Oxford for the present year has been awarded to Mr. Henry Arthur Tubbs, B.A., of Pembroke College. The fellowship is tenable for two years, with an annual stipend of £200. Mr. William Henry Hadow, M.A., assistant tutor and lecturer at Worcester College, has been elected to an official (tutorial) fellowship.

Among the Christmas and New-Year cards and dainty books just issued may be noted, for their special excellence, the art-novelties of Messrs. Prang and Co., of Boston, U.S.A., published by Mr. Arthur Ackermann, of Regent-street; those of Messrs. Castell Brothers, of Warwick-lane and Paternoster-square; of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, of Coleman-street and Paris and New York; of Mr. Harding, of Piccadilly, whose productions are chiefly devoted to British sports and pastimes; of Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., of London, Belfast, and New York; and of Messrs. John Walker and Co., of Farringdon House, Warwick-lane—the latter firm publishing also "The Goodchild Family at Home," an amusing game for children. Mr. Tom Smith and Co., famed for their Christmas crackers, have produced some striking novelties, specially prepared for the ensuing festive season.



1. Basin of Volcanic Craters and Crags, Halemaumau.
2. Lake of Fire, with Lava Overflowing.
3. Hawaiian Geese.
4. Natives of Hawaii.
5. Avenue of Algaroba Trees at Honolulu.
6. Judge Bickerton's Residence, Honolulu.
7. Dianella Ensifolia, at Volcano House.
8. Breadfruit Tree.

SKETCHES IN HAWAII (SANDWICH ISLANDS).



"OLIVIA."—PICTURE BY F. SEIFERT.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

It is only by courtesy that the winter exhibition at this gallery can be regarded as one of "sketches and studies." The majority of the works are finished pictures; and the most important "studies" are those of Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Burne-Jones, and Mr. Poynter, in which water-colours play no part. With this reservation, we must admit that the exhibition is a very good one, and that the general level of the works is above, rather than below, the usual average. It may or may not be regarded as a reproach to the members of the "Old Society" that they continue to abound in the vein in which they made their reputation. We must remember, too, that water-colour painting is subjected to narrower limitations than oil-painting, and that a master of his art is to be tested rather by the powers which he exhibits in his treatment than by attempts to invade the domain of others. Thus we know instinctively that in an exhibition of the "Old Society" we shall meet with Mr. Alfred Hunt's poetic rendering of Nature, by Mr. Stacey Marks's humorous drawing of character, or Mr. Charles Robertson's realistic treatment of Oriental life. Of each and all these we have abundant instances on the present occasion, and find no reason to complain either of the "cooks or the viands." It is, however, another matter whether the "Old Society" does not show too much jealousy of younger men, and whether there is not some fear of its perishing from inanition in the future because the managers of the present will not attract more brilliant recruits. The danger which awaits a "Head-Quarter Society" is that, being closed against external influences, and being helpless in its efforts to direct contemporary art, it taste, it will awake some day to find it too late to renew relations or to act in sympathy with the outer world.

Foremost among the pictures in point of size as well as importance is Mr. Burne-Jones's "Caritas" (30), a striking application of water colours, and by the help of body-colour and other expedients producing a surface which obliges one to ask in what it differs from the results of oil-painting. The subject, that of a young and beautiful mother nursing two children, whilst four others find refuge in the folds of her ample dress, is admirably suited to Mr. Burne-Jones's art. He has caught with no slight success the touch of those early painters who, delighting in symbolism, yet remained "humanists"; and it is the essentially true type of womanhood here portrayed which constitutes the picture's chief charm. Its colour is subdued throughout, with a suggestion of warmth in the red dress, and of comfort in the ample folds of the dark cloak. The children are charming modern renderings of Raffaelle's cherubs; and, although the lines are here and there hard, in the case of the most prominent of the children clinging to the woman's skirt, the left leg is not only distorted but disproportioned to its companion; whilst in one of the nursed children the leg is stiff and lifeless. The various studies, chiefly in black and white, by Mr. Burne-Jones and Sir F. Leighton, which occupy nearly the whole of the end of the room, are especially useful as throwing light upon the different ways in which the President of the Royal Academy and the chief of the eclectics compose their works. In almost every figure from the former's pencil the idea is conveyed that he has kept before his eyes the solid figure—whether in life or model; whilst Mr. Burne-Jones has sought his types through mere surface studies on paper, and that having once caught the expression he desired he worked from his drawing to his picture. In fact, we see in Sir F. Leighton the full appreciation of the artist for the sculptor's work, and the belief that it is through sculpture that painting becomes real. Mr. Poynter suggests a third method—that of the advanced drawing-book style—which, doubtless, produces great accuracy of measurement, but seldom excites admiration.

In a series of ten works Mr. Alfred Hunt shows his striking power of translating Nature in her many moods. In the little study of "Mont St. Michel" (6) we have only the winding steps which lead down to a cottage door painted with a daintiness and delicacy which Mrs. Allingham might envy; in "Whitby Smoke" (76) we have one of those studies of atmosphere of which Mr. Hunt has long shown himself the master, of which a still finer example with larger effects is to be found in his "Whitby from the Sands" (92) under the pale moonlight; whilst "Robin Hood's Bay" (172) affords him a wide expanse of sea with the jutting headland rising cold and bleak out of the silver sea. In his "Schloss Elz" (188), nestling under the lea of a high hill, we have a delicate study of foliage; and in the "Way to the Maëlström" (196) and from "The East Pier" (203) the wash of the angry waters is rendered with more energy and movement than we are accustomed to find in Mr. Hunt's work. Mr. Albert Goodall is scarcely less numerously represented, and in nearly all we see his wonderful resources in dealing with clouds and sunlight. His three most distinctive works are "Pilatus" (38), from its base, near Stanstadt; a richly-coloured view of "Lucca" (158), and a grand study of storm-clouds over the picturesque "City of Durham" (187). Mr. Thorne Waite is still as much at home as ever on the Sussex Downs, producing aerial effects which few can rival; but in "Dividing the Flock" (22) and the "Hampshire Cornfield" (239) there is too marked a tendency to see all Nature in one yellow tone. Miss Clara Montalba marks a new departure in her views of Sweden, and finds in its pale skies subjects well suited to her style. The first of the series, "A Swedish Fishing-Village" (78), is a somewhat daring attempt, and must only be regarded as a sort of introductory vignette to her views of "The Royal Palace at Stockholm" (108), "Marstrand" (267) on an autumn day, and "The Distant View of Stockholm" (181)—as seen from the sea. The weak point of Miss Montalba's work is a certain monotony in composition—each scene being built up, as it were, on the same scaffolding. It is, therefore, with sincere pleasure that we see her breaking away, now and then, in such works as the study of "The Autumn Woods near Näas" (105) and in the "Rough Weather off Marstrand" (112), where the waves are beating on the granite headland. Mr. Stacey Marks, although always painstaking and generally humorous, is scarcely up to his usual level; even "The Casket" (321)—a man in a buff jerkin and red cap, intent upon the contents of the box he is rifling—shows more industry than imagination. Mr. Glindoni, a far inferior artist, in a technical sense, is more likely to hit popular taste by his "Solo" (19)—a man laboriously blowing a bassoon—and by his "Height of Fashion" (44), a lady of the last century evidently enjoying her clothes. Mr. Charles Robertson, who is one of the latest and most promising recruits of the Old Society, is strongly represented; but, in spite of his well-intended English landscapes, one turns with greater satisfaction to such highly-finished, brilliantly-coloured studies of Eastern life as "The Bazaar at Cairo" (119), and the still more beautiful "Harem Door" (209), half hidden amongst the bright poppies. Amongst the old favourites who show no falling off in their powers must be mentioned Mr. William Collingwood, Mrs. Allingham, Mr. William Callow, Mr. Walter Field, Mr. S. P. Jackson, Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury, Mr. Cuthbert Rigby, Mr. Eyre Walker, and Mr. J. D. Watson; but their work calls for no special notice, although it bears witness to the high standard water-colour painting sustained by the Old Society. Amongst those who are less numerously represented, but whose works deserve, for that reason perhaps, greater attention, should be mentioned Mr. Matthew Hale, Mr. Tom Lloyd, Mr. David Murray, Miss Constance Phillott, and Miss Edith Martineau. Many well-known names—those of Mr. George Boyce, Mr. Carl Haag, Mr. J. W. North, and others—are absent, but those who are represented well sustain the reputation of the society; and the public, at all events, will have no reason to complain that finished works form the bulk of the exhibition instead of "sketches and studies."

At Messrs. Tooth's galleries (5 and 6, Haymarket) a collection of pictures and studies by Mr. Richard Beavis now fills the outer room. These works are the results of three years' wanderings in Spain and Portugal, and it must be admitted that the artist has turned his time to good account. From Belem Castle, at the mouth of the Tagus, to Barcelona, on the far-distant east coast, Mr. Beavis has jogged pleasantly along, picking up bits of quaint customs, of bold scenery, and of picturesque antiquities. He has caught with great skill the bright skies, the graceful inhabitants, and the arid soil of the Peninsula; and his views of Cordova, Valencia, Cadiz, and Malaga will revive pleasant recollections in the minds of those who have had the good fortune to visit these spots, and may serve to give a more accurate idea of what Spain really appears to travellers than the descriptions of the most painstaking writers from Beckford to Mr. O'Shea.

The Committee of the Reform Club have consented to lend to the approaching exhibition at Burlington House Mr. Frank Holl's full-length portrait of Mr. John Bright, which adorns the Club-house. This portrait, which was painted about half-a-dozen years ago, belongs to what is known as the artist's later style; and Mr. Holl was accustomed to rank it as one of the most important and successful of his works. Mr. Bright is represented seated beside a table, on which are books and papers, resting his head upon his hand.

The picture of Wagner in his home at Wahnfried, painted by Professor Beckmann, is now on view for a short time at Messrs. Ibach's Gallery (113, Oxford-street), and will probably have considerable interest for many of the master's admirers. In this family group—which includes Madame Wagner, Abbé Liszt, and Hans Von Wolzogen—the incident chosen for the picture is the moment of the completion of the opera "Parsifal," of which Liszt holds the manuscript, and congratulates the composer, who has just risen from the piano. Wagner is not represented in any of those wonderful garments of which we have recently heard so much tittle-tattle, but in simple velvet coat and white waistcoat; and altogether the simple scene gives an idea of Wagner's domestic life which well deserves a lasting memorial.

Fräulein von Hörschelmann, who comes to this country from Berlin with the recommendations and good wishes of the Empress Frederick and the Court circle, has been giving an exhibition of her varied powers. A lecture (in French) on the spirit of the Renaissance was followed by recitations in German, Italian, and English, all of which, though in different degrees, seemed to be appreciated by the audience. Our own impression is that Fräulein von Hörschelmann will do well to recognise the fact that London lies nearer to Paris than does Berlin; and that this proximity, as well as other causes, brings before English audiences French men and women who deal with similar subjects. The English ear, moreover, accustomed to listen to M. Renan, M. Andrieux, and M. Coquelin, and having at this moment the *conférences* of Mdlle. Blanche de Bury at their disposition, will be scarcely disposed to go in search of French declamations from one not to the manner born. Fräulein von Hörschelmann's knowledge of the history of art might, we think, be advantageously combined with her fluency in German to give lectures in that language; but to be successful in this country she must resolutely turn away from that diluted word-painting which has invaded contemporary German criticism. The specimen she herself gave—from Madame von Puttkamer's essay, "Chopin and his Art"—scarcely said more in four pages than the Frenchman who tersely described the exile's music and despondency in a foreign land as "Les larmes de la Pologne sur l'asphalte de Paris."

Mr. Francis Fleming, C.M.G., at present administering the Government of Mauritius, has been appointed Colonial Secretary of that colony; and Mr. Edward Rawle Drayton, a member of the Executive Council of the island of Grenada.

The Board of Trade have received through the Consul-General for Sweden and Norway, three silver medals of the third class, which have been awarded by the Norwegian Government to J. Z. Guttesen, master, Alfred King, mate, and Frank Russling, seaman, of the fishing-smack Volunteer, of Grimsby, in recognition of their services in rescuing in the North Sea, in March, 1887, two men of the crew of the wrecked Norwegian vessel Fri, of Fredrikstad.

Miss Lyons, daughter of Major-General Lyons, commanding the Western District, on Nov. 30 performed the christening ceremony of the launch, at Devonport, of the Sharpshooter, a new gun-vessel for the Royal Navy. The Sharpshooter is similar to the Sandfly and Spider, but of improved construction. Her length is 230 ft.; breadth, 27 ft.; displacement, 730 tons. She is built of steel throughout, and will carry two 36-pounders and four 3-pounder quick-firing guns; and has on the bow a torpedo-tube, as well as a pair of torpedo-tubes on each broadside. The vessel is expected to develop a speed of twenty-one knots per hour with forced draught.

The following appointments have been gazetted:—Mr. James Joseph Enslie, Consul at Hiogo and Osaka; Mr. John James Quin, Consul at Nagasaki; Mr. John Carey Hall, Consul at Hakodate and Neegata; Mr. Thomas Watters, Consul at Newchwang; Mr. Alexander Frater, Consul at Ningpo; Mr. Edward Lavington Oxenham, Consul at Kiungchow; Mr. Benjamin Charles George Scott, Consul at Chefoo; Mr. Colin Mackenzie Ford, Consul at Wuhu; Mr. Henry Barnes Bristow, Consul at Chinkiang; and Mr. Charles Walter Everard, Vice-Consul at Pagoda Island.

A handsome brass tablet has been placed in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral in memory of the late Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn. It was designed and carried out by Messrs. Frank Smith and Co., of Southampton-street, Strand, and bears a simple inscription, surrounded by a bordering of laurel-leaves, and headed by the helmet and banneret of the Royal Horse Guards, of which regiment the deceased Field-Marshal was Colonel. It reminds us, with commendable brevity, that in the course of a career of sixty-five years Lord Strathnairn (better known as Sir Hugh Rose) took a leading part in some of the most important events of recent times. The late Field-Marshal died suddenly, at Paris, on Oct. 16, 1885, at the advanced age of eighty-four years. Handsome monuments of granite mark the spot where he and his brother, Sir William Rose, lie, close together, in the Priory Churchyard at Christchurch, Hants, with which town their family had been long connected.

MAYMYO, THE HILL STATION OF MANDALAY.

Three thousand five hundred feet above the city of Mandalay, the capital of Upper Burmah, is the pleasant little hill-station of Maymyo, nestling among the Shan hills. Not long ago an unpretentious village, it is now an important military post, with a garrison of European and native troops, to which has also been added a detachment of Punjabi police. The trade of the place has increased since the British occupation, and the Bazaar, held every five days, is a scene of busy commercial activity. To Maymyo come the traders of distant Shan states, bringing their rice and pickled tea; Panthays from the further confines of Burmah, and the almond-eyed merchant from far Cathay; while Shan caravans, with their interminable trains of neatly-laden pack-bullocks, pass through weekly on their way to Mandalay.

On bazaar day, Maymyo is seen at its best. Everyone is in holiday attire, and the market-place is thronged with a heterogeneous crowd, in colours of gorgeous hues, and with head-dresses of quaint and curious design. Of the latter, a large, flexible, betasselled straw hat, convertible by the aid of string into a "Dolly Varden," is much affected by male dandies as a sort of finishing touch to their silk fur-lined jackets, and silver-mounted "dahs" or dirks, which are frequently of costly and excellent workmanship. The headgear of the women is somewhat less pretentious. Use, rather than ornament, appears to be consulted; and their sugar-loafed hats of bark, of varied pattern, and consisting almost entirely of brim, amply fulfil this requirement.

As a hill-station and sanatorium, Maymyo may be said to be in its infancy; in fact, its future as such is as yet undecided. It has a possible rival in Koni, a green and salubrious spot, where pine-trees flourish, away to the south. But the hard-worked and perspiring toilers of the Golden City are not loth to ride the forty miles and to climb the steep ascent which lie between them and Maymyo, whenever an opportunity is offered.

Even two European ladies have ventured so far, and have braved the discomforts of a long and tedious journey, for the sake of a change to a cool climate, and to feast the eye on vegetation other than tropical. For up here the scenery is more English than Burman. The first arrival of that rarest apparition in the Shan country, an English lady, created the keenest interest and excitement in the breasts of the natives. She was followed everywhere by a gaping and astonished crowd; and on a market day they all jostled one another to obtain a good view of this remarkable figure; while on horseback she filled them still further with awe and wonderment.

In this wild region the lover of orchids will find plenty to occupy and amuse him. Within easy distance of the Fort are procurable numerous specimens of those interesting plants, some quaint and uncommon, others merely of local interest, rich in blossoms, but of no great rarity or value. For a few annas a coolie will journey to the hills and distant gorges amidst the mountains, and bring back enough plants to adorn a bungalow; and for a few rupees sufficient to stock a conservatory.

It is to be hoped that this station, possessing such a good climate, and other advantages, will eventually become to Mandalay what Ootacamund and Darjeeling are to Madras and Calcutta. The Sketches, and this description of Maymyo, are by Lieutenant A. E. Congdon, 2nd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Mr. Sydney Courtauld has presented extensive pleasure-gardens to the parishes of Braintree and Bocking, Essex, and has also provided for their maintenance by an endowment.

Mr. John L. Child gave a dramatic and miscellaneous recital at Steinway Hall, on Dec. 3, and will give another, at the same place, on Monday evening, the 17th.

Mr. A. A. Hopkins has been appointed Counsel to the Mint authorities at the Birmingham Sessions, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Arthur Denman.

The annual cross-country competition between Oxford and Cambridge Universities was decided on Nov. 30, at Oxford, in a heavy downpour of rain. The dark Blues won easily, gaining the first three places. W. Pollock-Hill, Keble, covered the eight miles in 47 min. 52 sec.; A. J. Fowler, Corpus Christi, was second; and R. S. Vavasour, Worcester, was third.

The late Mr. O'Reilly Dease, of St. James's-square, London, and of Dee Farm, in the county of Louth, who died in the month of August, 1887, bequeathed the whole of his estate, amounting to upwards of £50,000 (subject to legacies to his solicitor and steward), to the Treasury, to be applied towards the reduction of the National Debt.

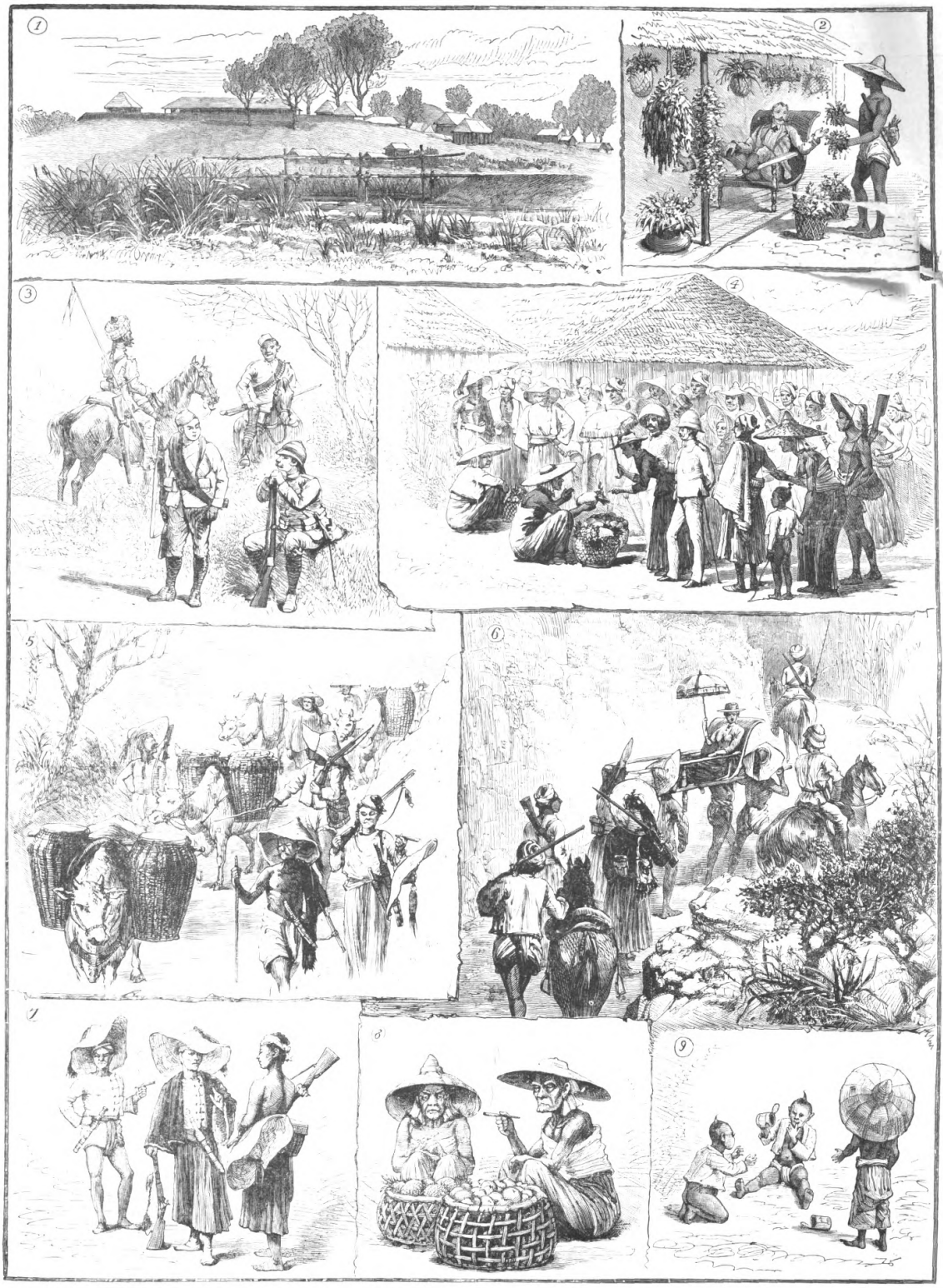
A supper to the "criminal classes," attended by some two hundred discharged prisoners, was given recently in the Mission Hall, Little Wild-street, Drury-lane; and a meeting was afterwards held, which was attended by the Lord Mayor (accompanied by the Lady Mayoress), the new Chief Commissioner of Police, and a number of other gentlemen.

Archdeacon George Henry Sumner, Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation of Canterbury, and Archdeacon Denet were consecrated on Nov. 30 at Westminster Abbey, the first as the Bishop of Guildford, Suffragan of Winchester, and the second as Assistant-Bishop of Jamaica. Among those present were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Winchester, Rochester, Marlborough, and several American prelates. The Rev. C. Grant preached the sermon.

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have drawn up regulations for the promotion of home reading and study in connection with their University extension schemes. The University extension work in London is carried on by the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, in conjunction with the Universities' joint board. The Universities' board are preparing a similar scheme of home reading and study for London.

General Sir Henry W. Norman, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.I.E., now Governor of Jamaica, has been appointed Governor of Queensland. General Norman served in the Army at the siege of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow, and, after being for eight years Military Secretary to the Government of India, was appointed a member of the Council of the Viceroy. Seven years later he became a member of the India Council, and resigned that position in the following year, on being appointed Governor of Jamaica.

The fifth annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society (Kensington Rural Deanery Association) was held in the Kensington Townhall on Nov. 30. The Bishop of Marlborough presided, and, referring to the progress which had been made in missionary work, said that one hundred years ago there was not a single missionary in any part of the world, and now missionary societies and male and female agencies of different kinds are at work. Missionary work was not a failure, for they had eighty colonial bishops and eighty bishops in America, and the system was perfect in organisation. The Bishop of Moosonee gave a detailed account of the diocese over which he was placed in the Hudson Bay territory, where they had about 200 natives who attended services. The Rev. Mr. Dyson appealed for more funds to carry on their work.



1. The Port of Maymyo. 2. Coolie with Orchids. 3. Types of the Maymyo Garrison. 4. The first English Lady in a Shan Bazaar. 5. Shan Caravan on the March.
6. Travelling in the Shan Hills. 7. Shan Swells on Bazaar Day. 8. Shan Market-Women. 9. Young Shans with a Weakness for Sweets.

SKETCHES IN BURMAH: MAYMYO, THE HILL-STATION OF MANDALAY.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

BARNABY HEARS THE NEWS.



Master, my patient, got up from his bed in a few days, somewhat pale and weak after his copious blood-letting and the drastic medicines with which I purged the grossness of his habit and expelled the noxious humours caused by his many intemperances. These had greatly injured what we call—because we know not what it is—nor what else to call it—the pure volatile spirit of the body, and, so to speak, turned sour the *humor radicalis*—the sweet oil and the balsamical virtues of the brain. I gave him such counsel as was fitting for his case, admonishing him urgently to abstain from strong liquors, except in their moderate use; to drink only with his meals; to keep his head cool and sober, and above all things to repress and govern his raging temper, which would otherwise most certainly catch him by the throat, like some fierce and invisible devil, and throw him into a fit, and so kill him. I told him also what might be meant by the Wise Man (who certainly, being inspired, considered all the meanings which his words could have) when he said that one who is slow to wrath is of great understanding—meaning, among other things, that many men do throw away their lives by falling into excessive fits of rage. But I found that the words of Holy Scripture had little authority over him, for he lived without prayer or praise, trampled on the laws of God, and gave no heed at all to the flight of time or to the coming of the next world.

For a day or two he followed my injunctions, taking only a bottle of ale to his breakfast, the same quantity with his dinner, a pint of Madeira for his supper, and a sober glass or two before going to bed. But when he grew well, his brother planters came round him again, the drinking was renewed, and in the morning I would find him once more with parched throat, tongue dry, and shaking hand, ready to belabour, to curse, and to rail at everybody. If one wanted an example for the young, to show how strong drink biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder, here was a case the sight of which might have caused all young men to for ever forswear drunkenness. Alas! there are plenty of such examples to be seen in every part of England; yet the younger men still continue to drink, and that, I think, worse than their fathers. This man, however, who was not yet five-and-thirty, in the very prime of strong and healthy manhood, already had his finger joints swollen and stony from taking much wine; he commonly *ate but little meat*, craving continually for more drink; and his understanding, which was by nature, I doubt not, clear and strong, was now brutish and stupid. Thinking over this man and of the power, even unto death, which he possessed over his servants and slaves, the words came into my mind: "It *is* not for Kings, O Lemuel; it *is* not for Kings to drink wine, nor for Princes strong drink."

Nay, more (and this I say knowing that many godly men will not agree with me): I am fully persuaded that there is no man in the whole world so good and so strong in virtue and religion that he should be suffered to become the master or despot over any other man, even over a company of poor and ignorant blacks, or a gang of transported thieves. When I think of our unhappy people, how they were driven forth in the morning, heavy eyed and downcast, to the hard day's work; and when I remember how they crept home at night, after being driven, cursed, and beaten all day long; and when I think upon their drivers, overseers, and masters, and of their hard and callous hearts, I am moved to cry aloud (if any would hear me) that to be a slave is wretched, indeed; but that to own and to drive slaves is certainly a thing most dangerous for any who would continue a member of Christ's Church.

When I told Barnaby the surprising news that his sister was not only safe, but was a servant like ourselves upon the same estate, I looked that he would rejoice. On the contrary, he fell into a strange mood, swearing loudly at this ill stroke, as he called it. He said that he never had the least doubt as to her safety, seeing there were so many in the West Country who knew and respected her father, and would willingly shelter her. Then he dwelt upon certain evils—of which, I confess, I had thought little—which might befall her. And, lastly, he set forth with great plainness the increased dangers in escaping when one has to carry a woman or a wounded man—a thing, he pointed out, which had caused his own capture after Sedgemoor.

Then he opened up to me the whole business of our escape which he had been secretly planning.

"Last Saturday night," he said, "while you were sleeping, I made my way to the port, and, having already put into the place before, I sought out a tavern that I knew. It is hard by the Bridge, a house-of-call for sailors, where I had the good fortune to find a fellow who can do for us all we want—if his money hold out, which I doubt. He is a carver by trade and a convict, like ourselves; but is permitted by his master to work at his trade in the town. He hath been, it is true, branded in the hand; but, Lord! what signifies that? He was once a thief—well—he is now an honest lad again, who asks for nothing but to get home again. John Nuthall is his name."

"Go on, Barnaby. We are already in such good company that another rogue or two matters little."

"This man came here secretly last night, while you were in the sick-house. He is very hot upon getting away. And because I am a sailor and can navigate a craft (which he cannot do), he will take with him not only myself but also all my party. Now listen, Humphrey. He hath bought a boat of a Guinea man in the harbour; and because, to prevent the escape of servants, every boat is licensed and her owner has to give security to the Governor's officers, he hath taken this boat secretly up a little creek nigh unto his own cottage, and hath there sunk her three feet deep. The masts, the sails, the oars, and the other gear he hath also safely bestowed in a secret place. So we have a boat; but we cannot sail without water and provisions, nor without a compass at least. If our party is to consist of sister, Robin, you, John Nuthall, and myself—five in all—we shall have to load up the boat with provisions, which will cost much money. I looked for a boatfull with only ourselves and John Nuthall. Now we shall have Sis as well; and the boat is but small. Where shall we get provisions? and where shall we lay our hands upon the money to buy what we want?"

He could talk of nothing else, because his mind was full of his plan. Yet it seemed to me a most desperate enterprise, thus to launch a small boat upon the wide ocean, and in this cockle-shell to brave the waves which are often fatal to the tallest ships.

"Tut, man," said Barnaby. "We are not now in the season of the tornadoes, and there is no other danger upon these seas. I would as lief be in an open boat as in a brigantine. Sharks may follow us, but they will not attack a boat; calamaries they talk of, big enough to lay their arms round the boat and so to drag it under; but such monsters have I never seen, any more than I have seen the great whale of Norway or the monstrous birds of the Southern Seas. There is only one danger, Humphrey, my lad." Here he laid his hand upon mine and became mighty serious. "If we are taken we shall be flogged—all of us. Thirty-nine lashes they will lay on and then they will brand us. For myself I value not their thirty-nine lashes a brass farthing, nor their branding with a hot iron, which can but make a man jump for a day or two. To me this risk against the chance of escape matters nothing. Why, when I was cabin-boy I got daily more than thirty-nine lashes, with kicks, cuffs, and rope's-ending in addition. Nay, I remember, when we sat over the Latin syntax together my daily ration must have been at least thirty-nine, more or less, and Dad's arm was stronger than you would judge to look at him. If they catch me, let them lay on their thirty-nine and be damned to them! But you and Robin, I doubt, think otherwise."

"I would not willingly be flogged, Barnaby, if there were any way of escape—even by death."

"So I thought! So I thought!"

"And as for Robin, if he recovers, which I doubt, he too, if I know him, would rather be killed than be flogged."

"That comes of going to Oxford!" said Barnaby. "And then there is Sis. Humphrey, my lad, *it goes to my heart to think of that poor girl*, stripped to be lashed like a black slave or a Bristol drab."

"Barnaby, she must never run that dreadful risk."

"Then she must remain behind, and here she runs that risk every day. What prevents you drunken sot—the taste of that cudgel still sticks in my gizzard!—I say, what prevents him from tying her up to-day or to-morrow, or every day?"

"Barnaby, she must never run that risk, for if we are caught"—— I stopped.

"Before we are caught, you would say, Humphrey. We are of the same mind, then. But who is to kill her? Not Robin, for he loves her; not you, because you have too great a kindness for her. Not I, because I am her brother. What should I say to my mother when I meet her after we are dead, and she asks me who killed Alice?"

"Barnaby, if she is to die, let us all die together."

"Why," he replied, "though I have, I confess, no great stomach for dying; yet, since we have got her with us, it must so be done. 'Tis easy to let the water into the boat, and in three minutes, with no suspicion at all, and my mother never to know anything about it, Alice will have said her last prayers and we shall be all sinking to the bottom together with never a gasp left."

I took him after this talk to the sick-house, where Alice was beginning her second night of nursing the sick man. Barnaby saluted his sister as briefly as if her presence was the thing he most expected.

The room was lit by a horn lanthorn containing a great candle, which gave enough light to see Robin on the bed and Alice standing beside him. The woman called Deb was sitting on the floor wrapped in her rug.

"Sis," said Barnaby, "I have heard from Humphrey how thou wast cozened out of thy money and enticed on board ship. Well, this world is full of villains, and I doubt whether I shall live to kill them all. Two I must kill: that is certain. Patience, therefore, and no more upon this head. Well, Sis, dost love to be a servant?"

"Surely not, Barnaby."

"Wouldst like to get thy freedom again?"

"I know not the meaning of thy words, Brother. Madam says that those who have interest at home may procure pardons for their friends in the Plantations. Also that those whose friends have money may buy their freedom from servitude. I am sure that Mr. Boscorel would willingly do this for Robin and for Humphrey; but for myself—how can I ask him? How can I ever let him know where I am and in what condition?"

"Ay, ay, but I meant not that way. Child, wilt thou trust thyself to us?"

She looked at Robin. "I cannot leave him," she said.

"No, no; we shall wait until he is dead—or, perhaps, till he hath recovered." But he only added this to please his sister. "When he is well again, Sis, thou wilt not be afraid to trust thyself with us?"

"I am not afraid of any danger, even of death, with you, if that is the danger in your mind, Barnaby."

"Good! Then we understand each other. There are other dangers for a young and handsome woman—and, may be, dangers worse than death. Hast any money at all, by chance?"

"Nay; the man Penne took all my money!"

Barnaby for five or six minutes without stopping spoke upon this topic after the manner of a sailor. "My turn will come," he added. "No money, Child? 'Tis a great pity. Had we a few gold pieces now! Some women have rings and chains. But, of course"——

"I know, I know," said Barnaby. "Patience—patience. Oh! I shall get such a chance some day!"

"The other I threw away when I fled, from my husband at the church door."

"Ay, ay. If we only had a little money! 'Tis pity that we should fail for want of a little money."

"Why," said Alice, "I had quite forgotten. I have something—I have a third ring—that may bring money." She pulled from her neck a black ribbon on which was a little leathern bag. "'Tis the ring the Duke gave me at Ilchester long ago. I have never parted with it. 'God grant,' he said, when he gave it to me, 'that it may bring thee luck.' Will the ring help, Barnaby?"

I took it first from her hand.

"Why," I said, "it is truly a sweet and costly ring. Jewels I know and have studied. If I mistake not, these emeralds must be worth a great sum. But how shall we dispose of so valuable a ring in this place, and without causing suspicion?"

"Give it to me." Barnaby took it, looked at it, and laid it, bag and all, in his pocket. "There are at the port merchants of all kinds, who will buy a ship's cargo of sugar one minute and the next will sell you a red herring. They will readily advance money upon a ring. As for suspicion, there are hundreds of convicts and servants here. 'Tis but to call the ring the property of such a one and no questions will be asked. My friend John Nuthall, the carver, shall do this for us. And now, Sis, I think that our business is as good as done. Have no fear; we shall get away. First get Robin well and then"—— Here Barnaby gazed upon her face with affection and with pity. "But, Sister, understand rightly: 'tis no child's play of hide and seek. 'Tis life or death!—life or death! If we fly we must never come back! understand that well."

"Since we are in the Lord's hands, Brother, why should we fear? Take me with you; let me die, if you must die; and if you live I am content to live with you, so that my husband may never find me out."

CHAPTER XLIV.

A SCARE.

There is between the condition of the mind and that of the body an interdependence which cannot but be recognised by every physician. So greatly has this connection affected some of the modern physicians as to cause doubts in their minds whether there be any life at all hereafter, or if, when the pulse ceases to beat, the whole man doth not become a dead and senseless lump of clay. In this they confuse the immortal soul with the perishable instruments of brain and body, through which in life it manifests its being and betrays its true nature, whether of good or ill.

Thus, the condition in which Robin now lay clearly corresponded, as I now understand, with the state of his mind induced by the news that Alice, to save his life, had been betrayed into marrying his cousin. For, at the hearing of that dreadful news he was seized, as I have already said, with such a transport of rage (not against that poor innocent victim, but against his cousin) as threatened to throw him into madness; and, on recovering from this access, he presently fell into a kind of despair, in which he languished during the whole voyage. So also in a corresponding manner, after a fever the violence of which was like to have torn him to pieces, he fell into a lethargy in which, though his fever left him, he continued to wander in his mind, and grew, as I could not fail to mark, daily weaker in his body, refusing to eat, though Alice brought him dainty broth of chicken, delicate panadas of bread and butter, fruit boiled with sugar, and other things fit to tempt a sick man's appetite, provided by the goodness of Madam. This lady was in religion a Romanist; by birth she was a Spanish Quadroon. To escape the slavery to which the colour of her grandmother doomed her, she escaped from Cuba and found her way to this island of Barbados, where she met with our master. And whether she was lawfully married unto him or no I will not, after her kindness to Alice and her faithfulness to myself as regards Robin, so much as ask.

Robin, therefore, though the fever left him, did not mend. On the contrary, as I have said, he grew daily weaker; so that I marvelled at his lasting so long, and looked to see him die, as so many die, in the early morning, when there is a sharpness or eagerness in the air, and the body is exhausted by long sleep. Yet he died not.

And now you shall hear how, through the Duke of Monmouth's ring, we escaped from our servitude. "God grant," said the Duke, "that it bring thee good luck." This was a light and unconsidered prayer, forgotten as soon as uttered, meant only to please the ear of a child. And yet, in a manner most marvellous to consider, it proved the salvation of us all. What better luck could that ring cause than that of small escape from the land of Egypt—the House of Bondage?

"I have disposed of the ring," Barnaby told me a few days later. "That is to say, John Nuthall hath secretly pledged it with a merchant for twenty guineas. He said that the ring belonged to a convict, but many of them have brought such precious things with them in order to buy their freedom. The merchant owned that the stones are fine, and very willingly gave the money on their security."

"Then nothing remains," I said, "but to get away."

"John Nuthall has bought provisions and all we want little by little, so as to excite no suspicion. They are secretly and safely bestowed in his cottage, and half the money still remains in his hands. How goes Robin?"

"He draws daily nearer to his grave. We cannot depart until either he mends or dies. 'Tis another disaster, Barnaby."

"Ay; but of disaster we must not think. Robin will die. Yet our own case may be as bad if it comes to scuttling the ship. Cheer up, lad; many men die, yet the world goes round. Poor Robin! Every man for himself, and the Lord for us all. Sis will cry; but even if Robin recovers he cannot marry her, a consideration which ought to comfort her. And for him—since nothing else will serve him—it is best that he should die. Better make an end at once than go all his life with hanging head for the sake of a woman, as if there are not plenty women in the world to serve his turn."

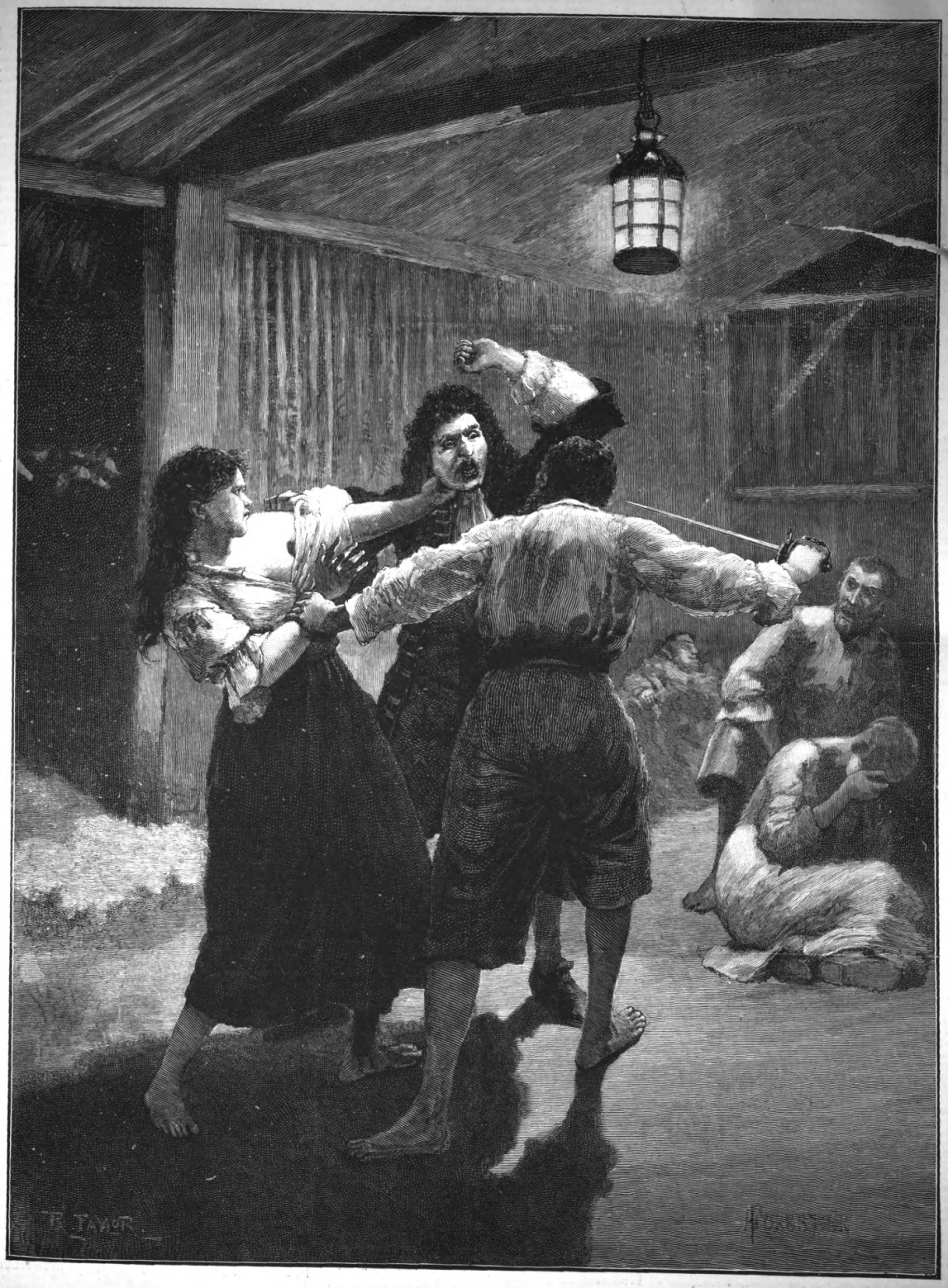
"I know not what ails him that he doth not get better. The air is too hot for him; he hath lost his appetite. Barnaby," I cried, moved to a sudden passion of pity such as would often seize me at that time, "saw one ever ruin more complete than ours? Had we been fighting for Spain and the accursed Inquisition we could not have been more heavily punished. And we were fighting on the Lord's side!"

"We were—Dad was with us, too. And see how he was served! The Lord, it seems, doth not provide His servants with arms, or with ammunition, or with commanders. Otherwise, the Duke this day would be in St. James's Palace wearing his father's crown, and you would be a Court Physician with a great wig and a velvet coat, instead of a Monmouth cap and a canvas shirt. And I should be an Admiral. But what doth it profit to ask why and wherefore? Let us first get clear of the wreck. Well; I wish we were to take Robin with us. 'Twill be but a poor business going back to Bradford Orcas without him."

We waited, therefore, day after day, for Robin either to get better or to die, and still he lingered, seemingly in a waste or decline; but such as I had never before seen, and I know not what would have happened to him, whether he would have lived or died, but then there happened a thing which caused us to wait no longer. Thus it began.

The master, having, according to his daily custom, gone the round of his estate—that is to say, having seen his servants all at work under their drivers; some planting with the hoe, some weeding, some cutting the maize, some gathering yams, potatoes, cassavic, or bonavist for provisions, some attending the Ingenio or the still-house—did unluckily take into his head to visit the sick-house. What was more unfortunate, this desire came upon him after he had taken a morning dram, and that of the stiffest; not, indeed, enough to make him drunk, but enough to make him obstinate and wilful. When I saw him standing at the open door, I perceived by the glassiness of his eyes and the unsteadiness of his shoulders that he had already begun the day's debauch. He was now in a most dangerous condition of

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

"Stand back!" cried Barnaby, pushing me aside. "Leave thy hold of him, woman. Let me deal with him."

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

mind. Later in the day, when he was more advanced in drink, he might be violent but he would be much less dangerous, because he would afterwards forget what he had said or done in his cups.

"So, Sir Doctor," he said, "I have truly a profitable pair of servants!—one who pretends to cure everybody and so escapes work, and your cousin, who pretends to be sick and so will do none! A mighty bargain I made, truly, when I bought you both!"

"With submission, Sir," I said, "I have within the last week earned for your Honour ten guineas'-worth of fees."

"Well, that is as it may be. How do I know what hath gone into your own pocket? Where is this malingering fellow? Make him sit up! Sit up, I say, ye skulking dog! sit up!"

"Sir," I said, still speaking with the greatest humility, "nobody but the Lord can make this man sit up." And, indeed, Robin did not comprehend one word that was said.

"I gave fifty pounds for him only a month ago. Am I to lose all that money, I ask? Fifty pounds! because I was told that he was a gentleman and would be ransomed by his family. Hark ye, Master Physician, you must either cure this man for me—or else, by the Lord! you shall have his ransom added to your own. If he dies, I will double your price! Mark that!"

I said nothing, hoping that he would depart. As for Alice, she had turned her back upon him at his first appearance (as Madam had ordered her to do), so that he might not notice her.

Unfortunately he did not depart, but came into the room looking about him. Certainly he was not one who would suffer his servants to be negligent, even in the smallest things.

"Here is truly fine work!" he said. "Sheets of the best—a pillow; what hath a servant to do with such luxuries?"

"My cousin is a gentleman," I told him, "and accustomed to lie in linen. The rug which is enough for him in health must have a sheet to it as well, now that he is sick."

"Humph! And whom have we here? Who art thou, Ma'am, I wish to know?"

Alice turned.

"I am your honour's servant," she said. "I am employed in this sick-house when I am not in the sewing-room."

"A servant? Oh! Madam, I humbly crave your pardon. I took you for some fine lady. I am honoured by having such a servant. All the rest of my women servants go in plain smock and petticoat. But," here he smiled, "to so lovely a woman as Mistress Alice Eykin—fair Alice, sweet Alice—we must give the bravest and daintiest. To thee, my dear, nothing can be denied. Those dainty cheeks, those white hands, were never made to adorn a common coif. Mistress Alice, we must be better acquainted. This is no fit place for thee. Not the sick-house, but the best room in my house shall be at thy service."

"Sir, I ask for nothing but to sit retired, and to render such service as is in my power."

"To sit retired? Why, that cannot be longer suffered. 'Twould be a sin to keep hidden any longer this treasure—this marvel, I say, of beauty and grace. My servant! Nay; 'tis I—'tis the whole island—who are thy servants. Thou to render service! 'Tis for me, Madam, to render service to thy beauty." He took off his hat and flourished it, making a leg.

"Then, Sir," said Alice, "suffer me, I pray, to go about my business, which is with this sick man, and not to hear compliments."

He caught her hand and would have kissed it, but she drew it back.

"Nay, coy damsel," he said; "I swear I will not go without a kiss from thy lips! Kiss me, my dear."

She started back, and I rushed between them. At that moment Madam herself appeared.

"What do you here?" she cried, catching the Master's arm. "What has this girl to do with you? Come away! Come away and leave her in peace!"

"Go back to the house, woman!" he roared, breaking from her and flourishing his stick, so that I thought he was actually going to cudgel her. "Go back, or it will be the worse for thee. What? Am I master here or art thou? Go back, I say."

Then a strange thing happened. She made no reply, but she turned upon him eyes so full of authority that she looked like a Queen. He shifted his feet, made as if he would speak, and finally went out of the place to his own house with the greatest meekness, soberness, and quietness.

Presently Madam came back.

"I blame thee not, Child," she said. "It is with him as I have told thee. When he begins to drink the Devil enters into him. Dost think he came here to see the sick man? No, but for thy fair eyes, being inflamed with love as well as with drink. At such times no one can rule him but myself, and even I may fail. Keep snug, therefore. Perhaps he may forget thee again. But, indeed, I know not."

She sighed, and left us.

CHAPTER XLV.

BARNABY THE AVENGER.

The man did not come back. During the whole day I remained with Alice in fear. But he molested us not.

When the sun set, and the field hands returned, I was in two minds whether to tell Barnaby what had happened, or not. But when I saw his honest face, streaked with the dust of the day's work, and watched him eating his lump of salt beef and basin of yellow porridge with as much satisfaction as if it had been a banquet of all the dainties, I could not bear, without greater cause, to disturb his mind.

"To-night," he told me, when there was no more beef and the porridge was all eaten, "there is a great feast at the Bridge. I would we had some of their Sherris and Madeira. The Governor of Nevis landed yesterday, and is entertained to-day by our Governor. All the militia are feasting, officers and men; nobody will be on the look-out anywhere; and it is a dark night, with no moon. What a chance for us, could we make our escape to-night! There may never again happen such a chance for us! How goes Robin?"

And so, after a little more talk, we lay down, and I, for one, fell instantly asleep, having now no fear at all for Alice; first, because the Master would be gone, I thought, to the Bridge, feasting, and would come home too drunk for anything but to sleep; and next, because she had with her the woman Deb, as stout and lusty as any man.

But the Master was not at the Bridge with the rest of the planters and gentlemen. Perhaps the drink which he took in the morning caused him to forget the great banquet. However that may be, he was, most unluckily for himself, drinking at home and alone, yet dressed in his best coat and wig and with his sword, all of which he had put on for the Governor's banquet.

After a while, the Devil entered into him, finding easy admission, so to speak, all doors thrown wide open, and even a welcome in that deboshed and profligate soul. About eight o'clock, therefore, prompted by the Evil One, the Master rose and stealthily crept out of the house.

It was a dark night, but he needed no light to guide his footsteps. He crossed the court and made straight for the sick-house.

He gently pushed the door open and stood for a little looking within. By the light of the horn lanthorn he saw the girl whose image was in his mind. The sight might have caused him to return, repentant and ashamed. For she was on her knees, praying aloud beside the bedside of the sick man.

As he stood in the door the woman named Deb, who lay upon the floor asleep, woke up and raised her head. But he saw her not. Then she sat up, watching him with suspicion. But his eyes were fixed on the figure of Alice. Then she sprang to her feet, for now she knew that mischief was meant, and she stood in readiness, but in the dark, unseen, prepared with her great strong arms to defend her mistress. But he thought nobody was in the house but Alice and the sick man. He saw nothing but the girl at the bedside.

I say that I was sleeping. I was awakened at the sound of a shriek—I knew the voice—I sprang to my feet.

"God of mercy!" I cried, "it is Alice! Barnaby, awake!—awake, I say! It is the cry of Alice!"

Then I rushed to the sick-house.

There I saw Alice—shrieking and crying for help. And before her the Master struggling and wrestling with the woman Deb. She had her arms round his neck and made as if she was trying to throttle him. Nay, I think that she would have throttled him, so strong she was and possessed of such a spirit, and by the light of the lanthorn gleaming upon the blade I saw that his sword had either fallen from his hand or from the scabbard, and now lay upon the floor.

"Stand back!" cried Barnaby, pushing me aside. "Leave thy hold of him, woman. Let me deal with him."

The thing was done in a moment. Merciful Heavens! To think that thus suddenly should the soul of man be called to its account! I had seen the poor fellows shot down and cut to pieces on Sedgemoor, but then they knew that they were going forth to fight and so might be killed. There was time before the battle for preparation and a prayer. But this man had no preparation—and he was more than half drunk, as well.

He lay at our feet, seemingly lifeless, Barnaby standing over him with the broken sword in his hand.

For a while, no one spoke or moved. But the woman called Deb gasped and panted and even laughed, as one who is well pleased because she hath had her revenge.

Then Madam herself, clad in a long white night-dress and with bare feet, suddenly pushed us aside and fell upon her knees beside the wounded man.

She lifted his head. The face was pale and the eyes closed. She laid it gently down and looked round.

"You have killed him," she said, speaking not in any rage or passion, but quietly. "You have killed him. To-morrow, you shall hang! you shall all hang!"

We said nothing. To me, indeed, it seemed pretty certain that we should all hang.

"Doctor," she turned to me, "tell me if he is dead or living."

She took down the lanthorn and held it while I made such examination as was possible. I opened the wounded man's waistcoat and laid back his shirt. The sword had run straight through him and had been broken off short, perhaps by contact with his ribs. The broken point remained in the wound and the flesh had closed around it so that, save for a drop or two oozing out, there was no flow of blood.

It needs not great knowledge of surgery to understand that when a man hath six inches of steel in his body which cannot be pulled out, and when he is bleeding inwardly, he must die.

Still, as physicians use, I did not tell her so.

"Madam," I said, "he is not dead. He is living. While there is life there is hope."

"Oh!" she cried; "why did he buy you when he could have had the common sort? But you shall hang—you shall hang, everyone!"

"That will we presently discover," said Barnaby. "Humphrey, we have now no choice left—what did I tell thee about the chances of the night? We must go this night. As for this villain, let him bleed to death."

"Go?" said Madam. "Whither, unhappy men, will you go? There is no place in the island where you can hide, but with bloodhounds they will have you out. You can go nowhere in this island but you will be found and hanged, unless you are shot like rats in a hole."

"Come, Humphrey," said Barnaby, "we will carry Robin. This poor woman must go too; she will else be hanged for trying to throttle him. Come, Deb. Well, thou canst lend a hand to carry Robin. Madam, by your leave we will not hang, nor will be shot. In the—in the—the cave—cave" (he nodded his head with a cunning look), "the cave," he repeated, "that I know of your bloodhounds will never find us."

"Madam," I said, "it is true that we shall attempt to escape. For what hath happened I am truly sorry; yet we may not suffer such a thing as was this night attempted without resistance, else should we be worse than the ignorant blacks. The Master will perhaps live, and not die. Listen, and take heed therefore."

"Doctor," she cried, "do not leave me. Stay with me, or he will die. Doctor, stay with me, and I will save your life. I will swear that you came at my call. Stay with me—I will save Alice as well. I will save you both, I swear it. You shall be neither flogged nor hanged. I swear it. I will say that I called you for help when it was too late. Only this man and this woman shall hang. Who are they? A rogue and"——

Barnaby laughed aloud.

"Doctor," she entreated, falling at my feet, "if you stay he will perhaps recover. Then he will forgive you all."

Barnaby laughed again.

"Madam," I told her, "better death upon the gallows than any further term of life with such a man."

"Oh!" she cried. "He will die where he is lying!"

"That may be, I know not." I gave her, therefore, directions, bidding her, above all, watch the man, and cause him to lie perfectly quiet and not to speak a word, even in a whisper, and to give him a few drops of cordial from time to time.

"Come," said Barnaby, "we lose time, which is precious. Madam, if your husband recover—and for my part I care nothing whether he recover or whether he die—but if he should recover, tell him from me, Captain Barnaby Eykin, that I shall very likely, in a year or two, return to this island, and that I will then, the Lord helping, kill him in fair duello, to wipe out the taste of the cudgel which he was good enough once to lay about my head. If he dies of this thrust with his own sword, he must lay that to the account of my Sister. Enough," said Barnaby, "we will now make our way to the—to the woods and to the cave."

This said, Barnaby went to the head of Robin's bed and ordered Deb to take the foot, and so between them they carried him forth with them, while Alice followed and I went last.

We heard, long afterwards, through one Mr. Anstiss, the same young gentleman who loved Alice and would have married her, what happened when we were gone. An hour or thereabouts afterwards, Madam woke up one of the overseers, telling him what had befallen the Master, and bidding him be ready at daybreak, with the bloodhounds, horses, and loaded guns, to follow in pursuit and bring us back.

There would be, they thought, no difficulty at all in catching us, because we were encumbered by a sick man and two women.

There was, however, more difficulty than they expected. For the footsteps led the bloodhounds to the seashore; and here the trace was lost, nor could it ever be afterwards recovered. And though the hue and cry was speedily out over all the island, and the woods and the ravines and caves where runaway negroes hide were searched, we were never found. Therefore, since no boat at all was missing (the Guinea man had sailed away), it was certain that we could not have escaped by sea. It was fortunate, indeed, that Barnaby dropped no hint about the sea; otherwise there would have been dispatched some of the boats of the port in search of us, and in that case the scuttling of the ship might have been necessary. For, had we been caught, we should certainly have been hanged for murder, after being flogged for attempted escape. Because the Master died. He lay speechless until the day broke. Then he became conscious and presently breathed his last in great anguish of body and terror of mind. What hath since become of Madam and of that miserable family of overseers, drivers, servants, and slaves, I know not. Certain it is that they could not find a more barbarous or a more savage master in place of him whom Barnaby slew if they were to search the whole of the Spanish Main and the islands upon it.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Ralli, a Liverpool merchant residing at St. Asaph's, has offered to contribute £300 towards the expenses incidental to the establishment of a dairy school in Flintshire.

The Birmingham and Midland Eye Hospital has received £5000 from an anonymous donor, £4000 to be devoted to paying off the existing debt on the hospital, and £1000 towards current expenditure.

The sixth annual exhibition of the Royal Cambrian Academy of Art, held at Plas Mawr, Conway, closed on Nov. 26 after a highly satisfactory season, over 8000 visitors, excluding season-ticket holders, having passed the turnstile. The chief attraction of the exhibition, apart from the interesting mediæval mansion of Plas Mawr, were the works of Sir J. Millais, Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. H. Stacey Marks, and other honorary members. The sales amounted to £1715.

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Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.

MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

Nineteenth Century.—No fresh subject of urgent interest obtains discussion this month, unless it be the Presidential election in America, treated by Sir Lyon Playfair; while Mr. Frederick Greenwood, on the recent change in European affairs, has little new to say, but that he knows the young Emperor of Germany to be no friend of England, and regrets that England has declined to join the German-Austrian-Italian alliance. Mr. J. Theodore Bent has viewed from Patmos the scene of many volcanic eruptions in the isles of Thera and Santorin, which he suggests may have furnished some of the imagery in the reputed Apocalyptic vision of St. John the Apostle. Soldiers' food-rations and their cooking are discussed by Mr. Archibald Forbes. Dr. C. Lloyd Tuckey describes the curative or alleviating treatment of some diseases by the aid of mental influence applied in the hypnotic condition, as practised at Nancy by the French physician, Dr. Liébault, which is the scientific method of "faith-healing." The observations of Lord Enstace Cecil, in a visit to Japan, and Lady Blake's notes on the Beothuks, an aboriginal natives of Newfoundland, are papers of an attractive kind.

Contemporary Review.—Mr. Frederic Harrison, in an "Appeal to Liberal Unionists," recites the manifold iniquities of past rule in Ireland, and denounces the present administration as if it were equally oppressive. The ethnological and geographical aspects of Indian government are the theme of an effective essay by Sir W. W. Hunter. The Bishop of Wakefield, from his experience as Suffragan of the London diocese, supplies valuable information concerning the social condition of the East-End. The controversy with Professor Max Müller on the identity of thought and language is resumed by the Duke of Argyll. The unique position and character of Westminster Abbey, as a treasury of English historical monuments and associations, inspire Archdeacon Farrar to an earnest pleading for its preservation, and for the projected additional cloister or chapel. Mr. R. W. Dale continues the record of his impressions of the Australian colonies. The future prospects and resources of our food-supply are examined by Mr. J. W. Cross.

Fortnightly Review.—Lord Wolseley's testimony and commentary on the quality of negroes as soldiers, when strictly trained under severe discipline, should be of military importance. M. Jules Simon, an esteemed French writer on social morality, defends the female sex in his nation against wholesale censures of their domestic life, and asserts the existence of "eighteen millions of virtuous Frenchwomen." Mr. A. W. Stirling's opportune explanation of the political situation of Queensland shows the significance of the recent dispute with our Government on the appointment of Sir Henry Blake without consulting the Queensland constitutional authorities, while it exhibits the present division of parties in that colony, and reveals the growth in Australia of a decided spirit of independence; and this article may be commended to the attention of theorists who indulge the fancy of a more binding "Imperial Federation." It is followed by Mr. Walter Pater's critical disquisition on the artistic qualities of literary style; a concise account, by Mr. Stephen Wheeler, of the Black Mountain campaign; Sir Henry Pottinger's experiences of wild shooting sport in Norway; further controversy between Canon Isaac Taylor and the Church Missionary Society about the financial details of its management; an article on Roumanian politics, by Mr. J. D. Bourchier; and Professor Tyndall's narrative of the measures adopted, on his advice, for the lighthouse service of the Irish coasts, which have been the subject of much debate.

National Review.—The problem of destitution, and that of idleness and vice, which are not precisely identical or coincident, are treated by three writers: Mrs. S. A. Barnett, on "East London and Crime"; Bishop Bromby, on "The Sinking and the Sunken," prescribing industrial schools, Government action to relieve trade of locally congested labour, and assisted systematic emigration; and Mr. H. G. Tregarthen, on the organisation of unpaid agencies of visitation and out-door relief, long established at Elberfeld, in Prussia. "The Black Art," which is the subject of a learned work by Mr. J. Chaloner-Smith, here reviewed by Canon W. Lewery Blackley, is that of mezzotint engraving, a process declared to have been practised in England more skilfully and successfully than in any other country, and especially suitable for the reproduction of portraits. Mr. W. Earl Hodgson prognosticates good results to the Conservative Party in Scotland from Lord Salisbury's visit to Edinburgh. Professor Lewis Campbell, who has studied Shakspeare as deeply as Sophocles, examines "King Lear" for indications of dramatic motive and purpose hitherto overlooked. Lay agency to help the ministry of the Church is recommended by the Rev. G. Huntington; Mr. H. G. Keene upholds the social benefit of the institution of marriage; the working of the great London hospitals is investigated by Mr. A. O'Donnell Bartholeyns; Mr. E. Strachan Morgan gives an account of the Monte di Pietà, or State pawnbroking office, in Papal Rome; and there is an article on farming prospects, on low prices, and foreign imports.

Macmillan's Magazine.—Mr. Bret Harte's story of "Cressy" is concluded. A military contributor describes the manner in which the German soldier is drilled and taught. An accomplished scholar, poet, and gentleman of the seventeenth century, Sir Richard Fanshawe, is the subject of an agreeable notice by Mr. J. W. Mackail. "Names in Fiction," by Mr. George Saintsbury, is a pleasant literary essay. There is an Italian idyll, in verse, call "Sandro Gallotti"; a political article on Russia and England; one treating of bi-metallic monetary standards; a critical estimate of Mrs. Browning's poetry; an attempt, by Mr. Hallam Tennyson, to render "Persicos odi" in English sapphics, which are very faulty in metre; and some chapters of "Marooned," the latest sea romance of Mr. Clark Russell.

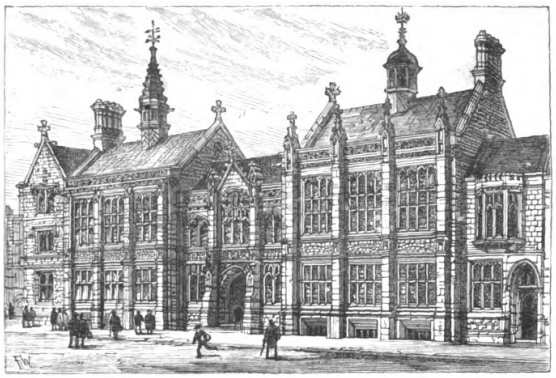
Murray's Magazine.—The excessive multiplication of new books, many of them worth reading, but which no one has time to read, and which cannot pay the authors or the publishers, is justly lamented by Mr. Alexander Innes Shand. "Character in Children" is thoughtfully considered with a view to education. Mr. Alfred Pollard pleads for fair salaries to lady teachers. The Rev. H. W. Rawnsley, the poet of "Sonnets Round the Coast," describes in prose a great flood in the Vale of Keswick. The historical notices of old English music, by A. M. Wakefield, deal now with the Carols. Mr. H. H. Romilly reports curious instances of sorcery and other superstitions in New Guinea. The tales of "A Good Old Family," and "The Reproach of Annesley," are continued.

Harper's Magazine (Christmas).—Mr. Walter Besant supplies to this excellent American magazine a short story written in the old-fashioned English style, entitled "The Last Mass," which is concerned with a crisis in domestic life contemporary with the Spanish Armada. "A Christmas Mystery in the Fifteenth Century," by Mr. Theodore Child, of Paris, is a minute description of one of the ancient miracle-plays, performed in 1473 at Rouen. Among the American contributions are one of Mr. W. D. Howells' lively little comedies in dialogue form; an article on F. S. Church, an eminent American artist; and tales, poems, and essays by several popular authors, with many fine engravings.

Scribner's Magazine.—Mr. R. L. Stevenson continues his Scottish story, "The Master of Ballantrae," and also preaches a kindly and sensible "Christmas Sermon." The picturesque in American scenery is honoured by an account of "Winter in the Adirondacks," with good illustrations; the beautiful or interesting in art, by a notice of Sandro Botticelli, and by a treatise on stained-glass windows, both illustrated by many engravings. Mr. Lester Wallack's theatrical and personal reminiscences are going on; and there is sufficient provision of poetry and of prose fiction.

The Century.—We naturally turn to an article on "The Reorganisation of the British Empire," published at New York; and are pleased to recognise in the writer, Mr. G. R. Parkin, a frank and cordial spirit of friendly goodwill towards the continuance of the political connection between Great Britain and Canada and our other great colonies beyond the ocean. Mr. George Kennan's narrative of his long and devious journey through Siberia, and his investigations into the condition of Russian prisoners and exiles, is continued; and so is the authentic political history of President Lincoln's Administration, which draws near the period of his resolve to emancipate the slaves. The description of London, by Mr. Henry James, a novelist as popular in England as in the United States, has, of course, an immediate claim on our readers' attention. We confess the truth of his impressions; we cannot pretend that London is a bright or elegant city; but we are glad that he likes Piccadilly and the Strand, that he admires the parks, approves of the Thames Embankment, respects our metropolis as the headquarters of the English-speaking world, and thinks us a huge, active, good-natured, unceremonious, rather clumsy, multitudinous community, with which a sensible American, or any other sensible man, soon feels himself at home.

English Illustrated Magazine.—An account of the progress of stage representation of "Macbeth," by Messrs. W. Archer and R. W. Lowe, treats of Garrick, Macklin, Mrs. Siddons, Edmund Kean, Macready, Phelps, and Ristori, as performers in that tragedy, and is accompanied by authentic portraits of actors and actresses in character, and views of scenes at Covent-Garden Theatre. The "Angler's Song" of Izaak Walton is given with ten illustrations designed by Mr. Hugh Thomson; "The Ferry Girl," by W. Padgett; "Beatrice and Hero," by H. Ryland; "A Study in Chalk," by Mrs. C. E. Perugini, and "Idle Moments," by G. Morton, are drawings of some merit. "Surrey Farmhouses," and "A Ramble through Normandy," afford good subjects for pen and pencil. Mr. F. Marion Crawford's Roman story is continued.



THE NEW CITY OF LONDON COURT.

Cornhill.—There is a pleasant and instructive discourse on sheep, by one who has kept them in Australia and Texas as well as in this country. "French Janet," and "A Life's Morning," proceed with several chapters, the latter to its conclusion. "The Other Englishman" is an interesting short story, and "A Piratical F.S.A.," is an entertaining cruise of an antiquary among the isles of Greece.

Longman's Magazine.—Mr. William Black narrates the dismal experience of an untrained man of sedentary habits in Scotch deerstalking. "A Dangerous Catspaw" is continued by Mr. D. Christie Murray and Mr. Henry Murray. Dr. Andrew Wilson treats of growing too fat, and the professed cures for that inconvenience. A short tale of West Coast Africa is contributed by Miss Werner.

Gentleman's Magazine.—The anecdotes of various ways of dying, collected by Mr. W. H. Davenport-Adams, are curious but sad, yet "Moriendum est omnibus" is a title which cannot be denied. Still more grim and dreadful are the Rev. S. Baring Gould's historical notices of "The Wheel and the Gallows." The tale of "A Stage Undine" is pathetic; the account of marionette performances is quaintly amusing; and "Shakspeare's Trees" afford a pleasant theme of citation and comment.

The following magazines can here only be received with general commendations: "Time," "Temple Bar," "Belgravia," "Monthly Packet" Christmas Number, "Argosy," "Tinsley's Annual," "Atlantic Monthly," "Lippincott's," "Woman's World," "Atalanta," "Naval and Military," "Colburn's United Service Magazine," "Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine," "Illustrations," "Outing," "Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion," "Good Words," "Leisure Hour," and "Cassell's Family Magazine."

A set of twelve exquisite sepia drawings by the late Thomas Stothard, R.A., have been added to the permanent art collection at Nottingham Castle Museum, the gift of Mr. Felix Joseph. Stothard was famous for the illustrations of novels of his epoch. The Nottingham Museum now contains a large number of Stothard drawings presented by Mr. Joseph.

In pursuance of the powers vested in the Queen by the Trinidad and Tobago Act, 1887, her Majesty has been pleased, by the advice of her Privy Council, to declare by an order, bearing date Nov. 17, that from and after Jan. 1, 1889, the colony of Trinidad and its dependencies, and the colony of Tobago, shall be united into and constituted one colony, which shall be called the Colony of Trinidad and Tobago.

THE NEW CITY OF LONDON COURT.

The new City of London Court, opened on Thursday, Dec. 6, by the Lord Mayor, is situated on the south side of Guildhall-buildings and on the west side of Basinghall-street, and occupies the site of the old court buildings, the old Land-Tax offices, and the "Tap" of the Guildhall Tavern. The ground floor consists of the offices for clerks and bailiffs; on the upper floor, to the west, is the Judges' Court, about 45 ft. by 26 ft.; to the east the Registrar's Court, 36 ft. by 26 ft., each with a private room attached, and approached by a separate stair and entrance. The principal and public entrance is in the middle of the façade to Guildhall-buildings. The building has been designed in the late Gothic style of architecture, which was also adopted for the Guildhall Library and the New Council Chamber, in order to harmonise with the ancient Guildhall. The south window contains the arms bearings of the Lord Mayor; of Mr. B. S. Foster Ma... chairman of the Law and City Courts Committee; and ... H. H. Bridgman, the late chairman. In the north win... the arms of the City, and of Alderman and Sheriff Gr... Mr. Sheriff Newton.

Mr. Andrew Murray, the architect, deserves much ... for such a suitable building. T... building and fittings was Mr. J. Morter, of Stratfor...

A TRIP ROUND THE WORLD.

A Trip Round the World in 1887 and 1888. By W. S. Caine, M.P. (G. Routledge and Sons).—In the early part of the last century, when a gentleman travelled with a hired carriage and post-horses through France or Flanders and Germany to Italy, as far as Rome and Naples, it was called "the grand tour." In less time, and at less expense, one may now go round the globe, visiting Canada or the United States, Japan or China, Australia or India, and returning by the Suez Canal, seeing a little of Egypt, perhaps of Syria and Greece, and running home through Italy and Germany or France. This is the "grand tour" of these days, which by the aid of steam-ships and railways can be performed very easily, indeed in a leisurely manner, with first-class accommodation, at the cost of about £350, occupying six months, and stopping to view the most notable sights. The hon. M.P. for Barrow-in-Furness is not only a well-known politician, but is also well informed concerning social, industrial, and commercial affairs, in relation to which he could gather knowledge of more utility than the mere descriptions of scenery, and the conjectures or secondhand opinions, which are too often repeated in books of this kind. Accompanied by his daughter, he crossed the Atlantic to Canada in August, 1887; traversed the breadth of the North American Continent by the Canadian Pacific Railway, embarked at Vancouver, Oct. 8, for Yokohama, spent a fortnight in Japan, visited Hong-Kong and Singapore, passed ten days in Ceylon, was at Calcutta on the day before Christmas, saw Benares, Agra, Delhi, and Jeypore, stayed a week in Bombay, and got home in February to his Parliamentary duties, having been away from England five months, two weeks, and three days. His letters written during this course of travelling to a local newspaper in the town which he represents are collected in the volume before us. They are good useful reading; and the conciseness and directness of his style, with the freshness of his observations, render them more acceptable than the tedious personal narratives of some other "globe-trotters." If any of our own readers have felt that the recent Sketches of our Special Artist excite a wish to know a good deal more about such places as Calgary and Banff, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and the Selkirk Range and other grand features of nature in British Columbia, we would refer them to Mr. Caine. But he never loses sight of questions of social welfare; and being a strong advocate of total abstinence from intoxicating drink, and of laws prohibiting its sale, his remarks on the Canadian Local Option Act of 1878, which has already been adopted in sixty-three counties and cities, may be encouraging to those who share his opinions. In British Columbia, it seems, the consumption of liquor, per head of the population, is nine times greater than it is in Prince Edward's Island; but Calgary is a tectotal town, and the people of Manitoba, on the average throughout that province, drink only at half the rate of the people of Ontario. There is certainly much statistical interest in the results of any such legislative experiments within the limits of one colonial dominion; but the western provinces have as yet a scanty population, and nobody can predict what they will choose to do at a future time. The line of steam-ships from Vancouver to Japan seems to be uncomfortably managed; and, until there shall be some improvement, travellers will do wisely to prefer the San Francisco line for their voyage across the Pacific. Mr. Caine visited the capital city of Tokio (Yeddo), the temples of Nikko, the port of Kobe, and Kioto, the old capital; but his sojourn in Japan was too brief for him to add anything to our acquaintance with that attractive country and agreeable nation. He shows an instructed taste for Japanese decorative art, and commends the system of popular education. In the island of Ceylon, to which two chapters are devoted, and among the splendid temples, palaces, and tombs of the ancient cities of India, he found other objects of interest which have frequently been written about. His views of the condition and prospects of India are fair and candid, with a disposition to favour the demand of high-class natives that they may have a larger share in the administration. The book is adorned with a great variety of illustrations.

The Goldsmiths' Company have given £50 towards the funds of the Deaconesses' Institution and Hospital, Tottenham, which is in need of further help.

Mr. Vernon Lushington, Q.C., Judge of County Courts (Circuit No. 45), has been elected Treasurer of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple for the ensuing year in succession to Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Q.C.

The Exhibition of Decorative Handiwork, which has been opened in the Galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy at Edinburgh, is of considerable interest. It comprises various kinds of professional and amateur work, for which prizes are awarded; wood-carving, plaster modelling, carving in stone or marble, gold and silver work, wrought iron, repoussé metal work, inlaying of wood, turning, picture frames, painted decoration, mosaic, embroidery, and book-ornament. There is also an attractive loan collection of selected examples of fine old and modern work of these kinds. The executive committee is formed of ten or twelve gentlemen of known taste and skill, among whom are Mr. J. M. Dick Peddie, architect, Professor Baldwin Brown, Mr. James Gordon, architect, and others well known in the Scottish capital, where many visitors have been drawn to the Exhibition.



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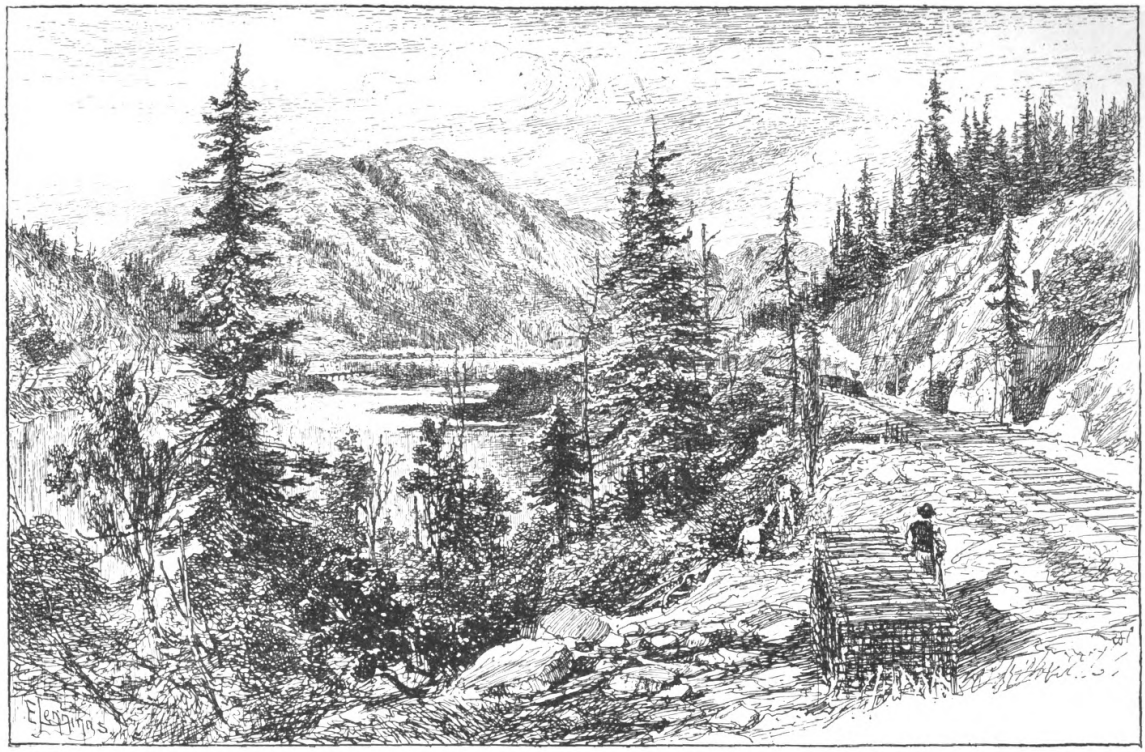
THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

British Columbia, a "Land of the mountain and the flood"—to which the Scottish Highlands are of tame and petty aspect, and which abounds more than Switzerland and Norway in wild and romantic scenery—furnishes the subjects of our Special Artist's Sketches. This most westerly province of the Dominion of Canada, extending about eight hundred miles from north to south, and three hundred miles from east to west, from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific seacoast, is intersected by several great mountain ranges: the Selkirk, the Gold Range, and the Cascade Range being the main interior groups, running generally from north-west to south-east, with frequent intervening spurs and offshoots. The Selkirk Range has quite an Alpine character, and forms the backbone of the country, rising often higher than the Rocky Mountains in this part of North America. The principal rivers, some of which at the beginning of their course flow northwards, and turn afterwards to the south, while others — the Kootenay, for instance—begin with a southward course and subsequently change to the northerly direction, form numerous lakes resembling the inland "lochs" of Scotland; but their channels are usually rock-bound, and their banks, except in the more open straths and valleys, where the land is very fertile, are overlooked by grand pine-covered mountains or precipitous cliffs and craggy peaks. The Columbia River passes southward into the United States' territory of Washington, and issues between that territory and Oregon, discharging itself into the Pacific Ocean. The Fraser River, which has its source in the Rocky Mountains, flows 650 miles, entirely within British Columbia, receiving the Thompson River at Lytton, and many other large streams, by which it is connected with the Kamloops, the Harrison, the Lillooet, and the Seton Lakes; the lower portion of the Fraser River from its mouth in the Gulf of Georgia, below New Westminster, is navigable by steamer for ninety miles up to the town of Yale.

Returning now to the Selkirk mountain range, which is crossed by the Canadian Pacific Railway, we must notice its highest summit, 11,000 ft. above the sea-level, named after Sir Donald Smith, one of the chief promoters of this line. The passenger cannot fail to be struck by the view of Mount Sir Donald. It rises high above the southern verge of the Rogers Pass, close to a great glacier which, joining with another further south, forms the head-waters of the Illecillewaet river. This stream runs out from under the icy mass and over the boulders and débris at the bottom of a deep gorge that crosses at right angles, though much below, the Rogers Pass. The glacier is a vast mass of ice fully a mile wide at the top, with the waters flowing out from underneath in several currents, uniting to form the river. In this gorge the company have built another pretty Swiss chalet for a stopping-place, which they call the "Glacier Hotel," with magnificent mountain views. The railway avails itself of this ravine, and of another that comes into it at right angles a short distance below, to get down out of the pass. The line, by repeated double loops, runs for six miles, descends 600 ft., and accomplishes just two miles of actual distance. Here is an achievement of engineering that took a railway genius to conceive and execute. First the line runs southward, along the side of the gorge towards the glacier, then it crosses a high bridge and curves back on the other side, coming out near where it started, but at a much lower level. Next, it curves round into the second ravine, swings across it, and comes back again at 120 ft. lower level, yet only 130 ft. further down the pass. Then it doubles upon itself, and crosses the river, immediately recrossing again. Here are six almost parallel lines of railway in full view, each at a lower stage, and each made up largely of huge trestle bridges. These are the "loops" of the Canadian Pacific.

It is not less remarkable to observe the manner in which the Canadian Pacific Company builds its snow-sheds to protect the railroad. There are two between the summit and the hotel which are being united, altogether over a mile long. On the side next the mountain the shed is of strong crib work, built of cedar timber, 10 by 12 in. laid two inches apart, with cross timbers dovetailed into the two sides of the crib and spiked together with seven-eighth spikes 16 in. long. This crib is 35 ft. high, and filled with stone. On the other side timber of the same size and about five feet apart are spiked upon the massive mudsills and cross-sills. Upon the cross-sills heavy lean-to supports are mortised into the upright timbers and into the sills, all spiked together. Across the top is a floor of two-inch planks, braced from the centre, and another sloping roof of the same thickness slanting down nearly to the ground on the lower side of the track, completes the shed. The whole roof is as strong as a bridge. In some parts of the line there are double tracks—one within the shed for winter use, the other outside, to be used during the summer months. Every kind of work on the road seems to be done without regard to cost, but with the determination to make it as perfect as a single-track road can be. The station-houses are, or are to be, all ornamental.

Startling as is the passage through the Rocky Mountain and Selkirk ranges, the carving out of the line upon the steep banks of the deep and winding canyons of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers has also called for great engineering skill, and gives for hundreds of miles a succession of magnificent scenes. The hotel at North Bend is a good stopping-place for tourists who wish to see more of the Fraser Canyon than is possible

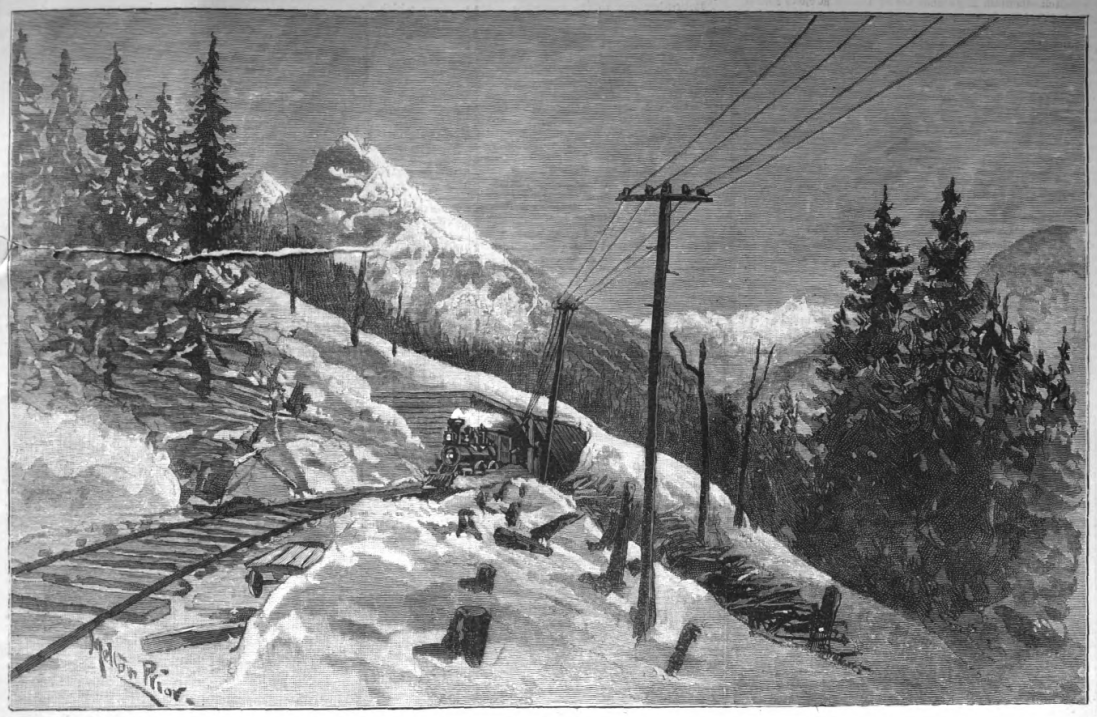


BOSTON BAR, ON THE FRASER RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.
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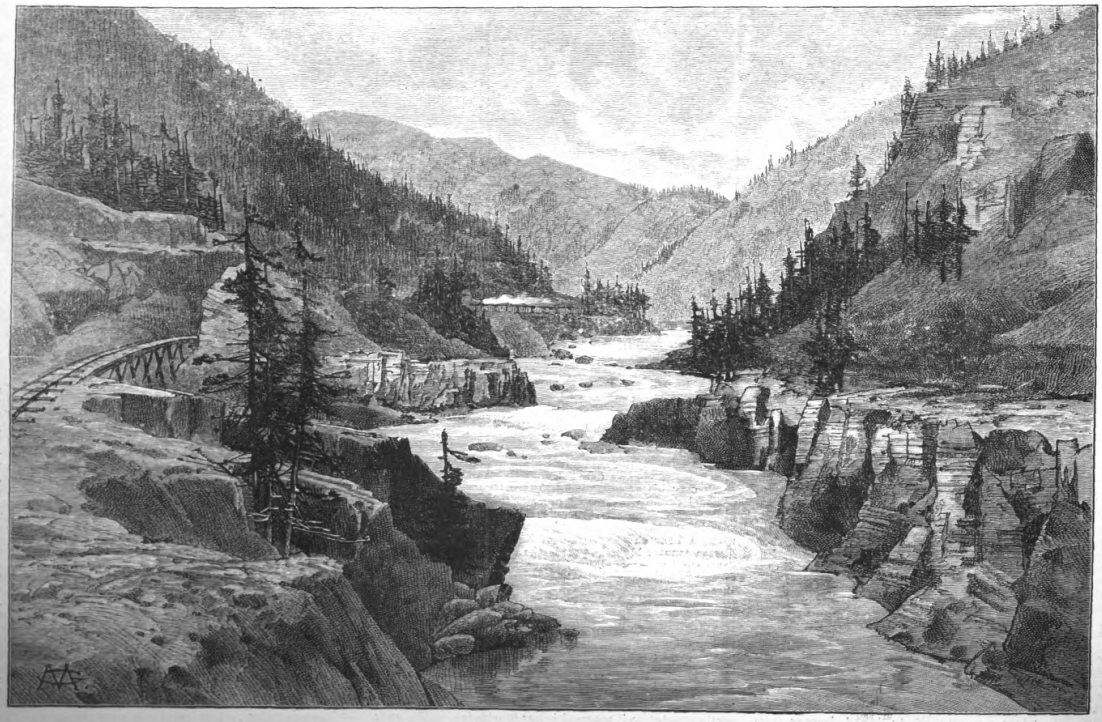
from the trains. At Boston Bar, a few miles below North Bend, the principal canyon of the Fraser commences, and from here to Yale, twenty-three miles, the scenery is intensely interesting. It has been described as "ferocious." The great river is forced between vertical walls of black rocks where, repeatedly thrown back upon itself by opposing cliffs, or broken by ponderous masses of fallen rock, it madly foams and roars. The railway is cut into the cliffs 200 ft. above, and the jutting spurs of rock are pierced by tunnels in close succession. At Spuzzum the Government road, as if seeking company in this awful place, crosses the chasm by a suspension bridge to the side of the railway, and keeps with it, above or below, to Yale. Ten miles below Spuzzum the enormous cliffs apparently shut together and seem to bar the way. The river makes an abrupt turn to the left, and the railway, turning to the right, disappears into a long tunnel, emerging into daylight and rejoining the river at Yale.

A RIDE TO SHESHOUAN.

Our readers will remember, in *The Illustrated London News* of Sept. 22, a Sketch by Mr. Walter B. Harris, giving a view of the singular Moorish town of Sheshouan, in the Berber mountain country of Northern Morocco, between the habitations of the Beni-Hassan tribes and the Riff. Sheshouan, though distant not more than forty hours' journey from Tangier, is not accessible to European visitors without some danger, as it is reputed a very sacred Mussulman shrine, and unbelievers in the Prophet Mohammed are strictly forbidden to approach it. We understand that only once, before the adventurous expedition of our recent correspondent, has this sequestered and jealously guarded place been seen by any Christian. Mr. Walter Harris contributes to the new December Number of *Blackwood's Magazine* an interesting narrative of his "Ride to Sheshouan," which was performed last July. He put on the dress of a respectable Moor, consisting of a long white shirt and baggy white trousers, a small sleeveless jacket of crimson silk, the "fez" or "tarboosh" on his head, and a "jelaba" or hooded cloak, also white, covering him from head to ankles. He engaged at Tangier a boy named Selim, a native of Sheshouan, and set forth with two mules, carrying only a blanket and a small red leather bag slung over his shoulder, but not forgetting his revolver for personal defence in case of need. Having passed the first night at Tetuan, forty-five miles from Tangier, he next day, with his guide, to whom only he intended to speak in Arabic, rode on through the village of Zenat, and the wild Beni-Hassan country beyond, towards the conspicuous peaks of the great Sheshouan mountains. Being waylaid by the suspicious tribesmen on the road, he tried to hide himself amidst the shrubs, while Selim told the questioners that the stranger who had been seen with him was a Moor, "the son of Abdul Malek from Fez, going to Sheshouan to see his mother's people." But the Beni-Hassan men presently caught Mr. Harris, who boldly told them what he was, and where he meant to go; he gave them cigarettes, and they behaved civilly, resolving not to stop him by force, though warning him that he would be killed, if discovered to be a Christian, by the Sheshouan people. He and Selim were allowed to ride on, and in the evening got to the mysterious town, which is magnificently situated, as it appeared in our illustration, on the lower slope of a lofty mountain; the precipitous cliff, with rocky crags at its summit, rising close behind, and the valley below, well wooded and cultivated, with the winding course of a rapidly flowing river. It is a large town, with five gates and seven mosques; and its aspect is the more picturesque as the house-roofs, instead of being flat, are gabled and covered with red tiles. Three waterfalls, pouring out of caves in the mountain, fill aqueducts supplying water to the many fruit-gardens and to the mills. Mr. Harris was taken by Selim to his parents' house in the town, where he had food and lodging for the night, after walking about for two hours, late in the evening, with Selim's father. The family were much alarmed, however, when they knew he was an infidel, for the son's life would probably have been forfeited in the event of detection. He could not venture next morning out in the streets by daylight; in fact, he lay in the house all day, sleeping off his fatigue; he was told that the news of his coming had been spread by the reports of the Beni-Hassan, and that all the town was alert to catch him. It was proposed that after dark he should escape, wrapped up in the voluminous dress of a Moorish woman, but he chose rather the torn and ragged brown cloak of a mountaineer. A friendly peasant named Mohammed, whose dwelling was in a village four miles distant, undertook to accompany Mr. Harris, on foot, out of Sheshouan by the chief town gate. They went out, that evening, as quietly as possible, crossed the "soko" or market-place outside the walls, and waited among the ferns and rocks till Selim came to them. A long and toilsome walk over rough ground, and through sharp thorny bushes, which lacerated his naked legs and feet, brought Mr. Harris and his companions to the cottage of Mohammed, where he was kindly taken care of. His mules were sent after him next morning; but the villagers, as well as the Sheshouan townsfolk, were angrily looking out for the Christian intruder, and he could not leave the cottage till night, after the moon went down. Mohammed, "a stalwart, handsome mountaineer," refusing all payment for his services, walked on for eight hours with the English stranger whom he had rescued from great peril and had most hospitably entertained. It was very difficult to persuade him even to accept the price of the food eaten by his visitors, as he left Mr. Harris and Selim at the ruined "fondak," or caravanserai, on the road to Zenat.

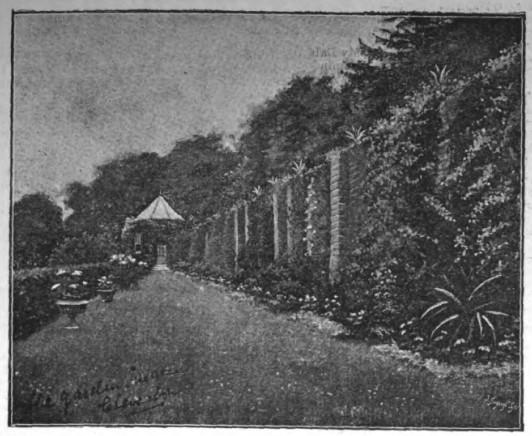


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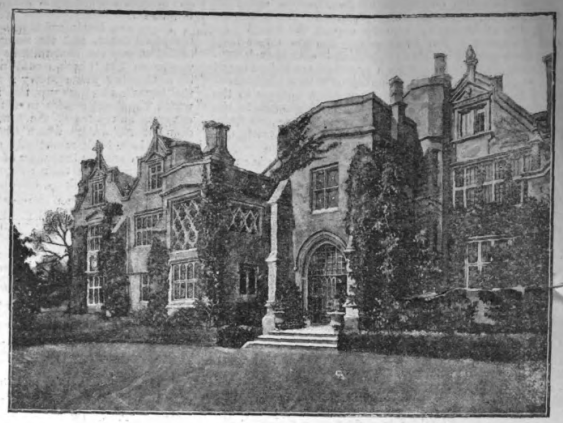


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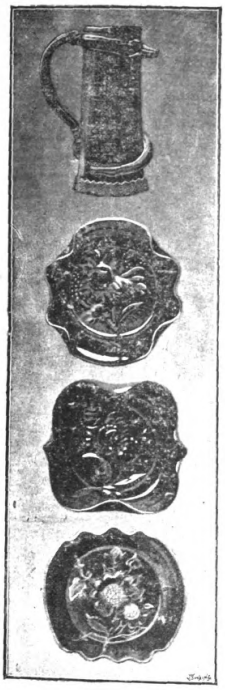
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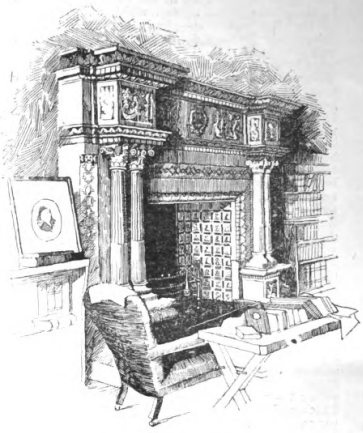
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THE GREAT HALL.

CLEVEDON COURT, SOMERSETSHIRE.

Although it is within a stone's-throw of the great high road to Bristol, Clevedon Court is essentially as much out of the world and self-contained as if it lay miles from the busy haunts of men, with which, indeed, it has little or nothing in common.

Perhaps the spirit of the great novelist who loved Clevedon, and reproduced it as Castlewood, in the pages of his noblest romance, guards it and shields it from the rush and hurry of the world of to-day; perhaps the ghosts of Beatrix and Henry Esmond yet wander on the upper garden terrace or meet below the trees that stand on the seaward side of the beautiful house; or perhaps, once more, the stern presence of Rachel Lady Castlewood is still to be felt in the wide oak hall, where she watched Beatrix descending the stairs in her red shoes, holding the candle up over her head to throw the light down on her stately head and beautiful shoulders, as she came to greet those who had just entered in the small inner passage that now leads straight into the great hall, where, whatever the weather is outside, coolness seems to linger strangely, as if even the changes in the temperature could not affect a place which had remained much as it was left by the builder's hands some time during the fourteenth century until the great fire of a few years ago, which destroyed almost the complete half of the house, disclosing at the same time some curious fourteenth-century arches in the second hall, and another window in the small chapel, that is, perhaps, one of the most interesting spots in a most interesting and beautiful house.

But, whatever the cause of the strange quiet that seems to keep the house separate and distinct from all other houses that we have even seen, the effect remains the same; and as we stay for a while looking up at the house, on the old half of which an enormous pomegranate climbs, laden with fruit, which ripens, year by year, in the soft and marvellous Clevedon air, we cannot help being struck by the peace that seems to enwrap it, although round the square chimneys the jackdaws are croaking dismally, and, far away, we can hear the sheep calling to each other; while every now and then a heavily-laden waggon passes on the road below, the driver shouting

to his horses or whistling merrily to himself as he goes on his way to the big, noisy Bristol city. The old part of the house is on the right hand as we stand on the drive and gaze up at the lovely place, on the left front of which the architect has proudly carved the words "An honour to Somerset." But so cunningly has The Court been rebuilt, and so quickly is Nature reclothing it with luxuriantly-growing creepers, that it requires a practised eye indeed to tell where the old leaves off and the new begins to form the house—a task rendered less difficult, however, when we pass to the high terraces which lead up from the level ground to the beautiful woods behind the house, whence we can see quite easily where the fire did its deadly work, and as easily discriminate between the new and the old.

And perhaps the best place to see the house from is one of these same terraces, for from them we look down to and over the house, and begin to recognise some likeness between it and the Queen Anne sketch of it that hangs in the inner hall. But the lines of fish-ponds shown therein are missing, and the high-road now cuts straight through what was then a wide green stretch of meadow-land, belonging to and attached to The Court; but which has, we believe, passed entirely into other hands than those of the family who now hold The Court, and have held it since it passed from the possession of John Digby, Earl of Bristol, into that of Sir Abraham Elton, the first Baronet and founder of the family. Sir Abraham appears to have been a prominent figure in Bristol in the early part of the eighteenth century, when he bought this and two other properties in different parts of England about the same time—one of which, White Staunton, still remains in the family, and is superior to Clevedon inasmuch as it possesses a "curse" all its own, and a ghost; neither of which hall-marks of antiquity is vouchsafed to The Court—if we except the ghosts that we cannot help raising for ourselves. For whoever comes to Clevedon must raise ghosts for himself from "Esmond," and from the "Memoirs of Arthur Hallam," whose monument hangs on the walls of Clevedon old church, and who, in company with many another great and well-known man, must have often walked in the Clevedon gardens or rested in the silence of the library, which unfortunately perished in the fire which completely destroyed the marvellous Elizabethan fireplace shown in one of our illustrations, as well as most of the valuable library, collected carefully for years by the Elton family, and more especially by Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, who had the misfortune to live to see these books burn before his eyes, and half the house, of which he had taken such fond and reverent care, reduced to ashes. The fireplace has been restored almost line for line, as, indeed, the whole house has been restored in the same loving way; but it cannot be the same, naturally, and suggests nothing beyond the faithfulness of the architect and a sorrowful feeling that so much was destroyed that was really as old as it looks. And we do not lose this feeling when we enter the best bed-room, with its old oak bedstead, and hear of all the glories that once were its own—glories now concentrated in a tiny chapel, just off the bed-room, exactly as are modern dressing-rooms arranged now, but complete and beautiful with its miniature altar, its piscina, and its stained-glass window—a recent addition, but framed in the old window-frame discovered by the fire, and which was unknown of before by the family, who used this chapel every now and then, on more specially solemn occasions.

The drawings familiar now to readers of *Scribner's* are in the library at Clevedon, and are becoming faint with age. But the nursery shown in one of the Sketches perished in the fire, though the school-room remains, and looks just the same as it was when Thackeray sat there and drew the present Lady Elton as a small curly-headed child of about two, who, now grown up and with children of her own, just remembers Thackeray's visits—but only just—the while she joins in our regrets that the date of the year is never put to either letters or sketches, Thackeray having generally, if not always, contented himself with the month and day of the month; sometimes putting simply "Monday," "Tuesday," or whatever the day of the week might be, utterly regardless of posterity in a most trying manner.

But proud as the present owner is of his lovely home and the numerous interests that are inseparable therefrom, his heart is not in The Court itself, but just outside it, where in a small shell-like erection, or rather in a series of shell-like erections, is produced under his own eye, and his own directions, that curious pottery, well known to connoisseurs as Elton ware, which has an unlikeness to any other pottery, and an originality of design that attracts attention to itself no matter where it is placed, or among what other ware it may for the moment find itself.

"The offspring of an ill-regulated mind," says Sir Edmund himself, as he girds himself with the orthodox potter's apron, and gets himself into a regulation blouse; but, ill-regulated or not, it is a mind that is never idle, and that has produced under its auspices some of the most exquisite combinations of colouring that we, personally, have ever seen. While we are assured that this combination of colour is due in a great measure to chance, and that no one can tell how a piece is coming out of the kiln, or whether it will issue therefrom as a complete wreck or not, we look on with immense interest at the wheel, at which Sir Edmund seats himself in the orthodox potter's fashion, and while we watch his workmanlike way of setting to work, see just a little more than chance in the manner in which the vase of the future is "thrown," and, finally, left to dry. One ready to be embellished is placed on the circular table shown in the Illustration, and promptly receives certain most mysterious indentations and sketchings with a sharp-pointed pencil that develop afterwards into flowers and birds, serpents, or conventional designs, just as it has pleased the artist at the moment to draw out his ideas on the soft clay, which, after being coloured by being washed in coloured clay about as thick as an egg-shell, receives its first "baptism of fire" in the kiln, and is then plunged into the glaze, which gives it a mysterious white and ghost-like appearance. After this it returns once more to the kiln, whence the "saggers" which contain this and many another specimen of the famous ware are once more withdrawn and become either causes of "blessing" or "banning," according to the manner in which they have taken the glaze and acquired colour in the furnace. Colour—exquisite clear scarlet or a peculiar greeny blue, like the breast of a peacock—is the great feature in the Elton ware, and is, therefore, the one thing about which the potter has to be quite sure. But he also aspires after wondrous designs in tiles, and has produced, among other curious devices, the one of St. Stephen which is illustrated here, and which is, we believe, in the church at White Staunton.

The whole history of the Elton ware manufacture would require columns to describe. To tell of the failures, the heart-breaking rush of poisonous sulphur fumes which spoiled hundreds of pounds'-worth of ware over and over again, would take volumes; but to the student the story would be valuable if as a mere study of patience conquering almost insuperable difficulties. And if Sir Edmund still mourns over the lovely Elton red which for the nonce had escaped him, he yet can point complacently to rows of beautiful vases and jugs in marvellous colourings, which, unique in themselves—no two specimens being precisely alike—would rejoice the heart of any connoisseur simply to contemplate and handle—let alone to possess.

There are few more interesting places in England than Clevedon Court, and its Sunflower pottery, cunningly concealed among the outbuildings in such a way that no mere visitor to The Court would notice the immediate presence of a thriving manufactory; and as we turn away from the house and climb up the lovely sheltering hills, below which The Court nestles in the clear autumnal sunshine, and come out on the top of the hills, from which we can see the deep, brown waters which Clevedon itself fondly calls the sea, we look back regretfully at this typical English home, and wish devoutly that more of our landowners would go with the times and turn their attention and their talents to some such delightful task as that which connects the Elton name with one of the most beautiful and satisfactory manufactures of the present day.

J. E. PANTON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

ABAFFETH (Hay mouth).—We are much obliged for the information, use of which we make below. We shall be much surprised if your own expectation of the winner is not realised.

A. L. S. (Redhill).—We are pleased to hear from so old a correspondent as yourself, and the games shall have careful attention.

J. W. FYFFE.—Your diagrams still lack clearness, but we will give them proper examination.

L. F. THURGOOD.—Whatever merits your problem may possess it is quite impossible for us to publish one whose solution consists of a series of checks.

D. MCCOY (Galway). M. JACKSON, Mrs BAIRD.—Problems received with thanks, and shall be duly reported upon.

*** We much regret Mr. Healey's problem (No. 2329) is unsound, 1. Kt to B 7th proving a second solution.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2324 received from G B Hewett (Middle Cobbal), of No. 2326 from H S B (Shooter's-hill), W W Hardman, and W H Hayton; of 2327 from W W Hardman, E G Boys, E W Rickett, G W G Brodie, Lomeny, Charles Hetherington, E J Gibbs, and Percy R Gibbs (Plaistow); of No. 2328 from A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), W W Hardman, E G Boys, P C (The Barnes), J G Hankin, Carshalton, W Wood (Plymouth), Stowmarit, Columbus, Maxwell Jackson (B.A.), E W Rickett, Cogreshall Chess Club, and J L Cooke (Cardiff).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2329 received from A W Hamilton Gell, Bernard Reynolds, Shaftforth, *I. Desanges*, Dane John, D McCoy (Galway), W E Rollem, Jupiter Junior, Dawn, J Dixon, E Phillips, E Casella (Paris), G J Powell, Howard A, Cogreshall Chess Club, W H Reed (Liverpool), Maxwell Jackson (B.A.), W W Hardman, E L Kearney, R H Brooks, L. Greco (Munich), J D Tucker (Leeds), M W D (Woburn), R Worters (Canterbury), W H Hayton, John Short, E Louden, J Ross (Whitley), C Colman (Chippenham), Dr Waltz, W E Cartwright, C E P, James Sage, C S, Quadrante, H S B, Dr Law, J Blaikie, John S Moorat (Bonhomie), Stowmatt, Columbus, G V (Brentwood), Thomas Chown, T Roberts, Arthur Evanuel, J Gaskin, Lieut-Colonel Lorraine, John G Grant, Rev Winfield Cooper, Ruby Rook, Alfquist, R F N Banks, Dr F St, and G Veale.

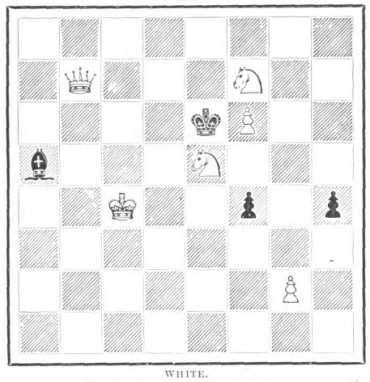
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2327.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to Q 4th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 2331.

By SIGNOR ASPA.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The Grand Winter Handicap at Simpson's Divan commenced on Saturday, Dec. 1. Five prizes are being competed for, and nearly twenty players have entered, among the representatives of the first class being Bird, Lee, Mason, and Pollock. The time-limit will be twenty moves an hour. Mr. H. E. Bird is hon. sec.; and Mr. J. Henley, of Simpson's, hon. treasurer.

Two tournaments are also in progress at the British Chess Club. In one the competitors start on even terms; the other is a handicap. Both are strictly limited to members, and none of the masters have been invited to compete. Mr. Loman still leads the first-class players, and up to the date of our last report had lost a single game. The chief scorers of the other sections are making a very level fight of it amongst themselves, and growing interest is taken in every successive round. Last week the committee elected nine new members, the most notable of whom was Mr. Morian, a strong representative of France.

The match between Messrs. Steinitz and Tschigorin is definitely announced to be played at Havannah early next January. The local chess club provides the stakes, which consist of 20 dols. for each game to the winner and 10 dols. to the loser. The match is to be decided by the best score in twenty games.

The Plymouth Chess Club has arranged with Mr. Blackburne for an exhibition of blindfold play to take place at the Royal Hotel on Wednesday, Dec. 12, when Mr. Blackburne will be opposed by eight members of the club.

Mr. F. J. Lee visited the Bournemouth Chess Club on Nov. 22, and played twelve simultaneous games against its strongest members, with the following result:—Won seven, lost one (to Mr. Bodkin, hon. secretary), and three were unfinished.

On Nov. 17 the Amethyst Chess Club defeated the Zokertort Club by 8½ games to 4½, and on Nov. 28 were successful against the Shoreditch Y.M.C.A. Chess Club by 7 games to 1.

A match has taken place at the British Chess Club between Messrs. Bird and Blackburne; it was won by Mr. Blackburne, who scored 4 to 1. Another match between the same combatants will shortly be played at Simpson's.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OTHER SENSES THAN OURS.

My Dalmatian dog, "Spotty," has been considerably agitated in mind this morning over the appearance of a strange cat in my back garden. Albeit he is not on particularly friendly terms with the two feline members of the household, "Spotty" yet contrives to bear and forbear where the cats proper to his home are concerned. The mother-cat is somewhat given to a spitefulness of disposition towards her Dalmatian co-tenant, and her black son, the "Professor," treats the dog with high-handed contempt. But, as things are, life rubs on easily enough where the canine and feline units are concerned. A stray cat, however, appearing within his own and special domain, causes "Spotty" a world of anxiety. He longs to be up and doing in the way of battle, and his voice rings loud and deep when, secure on the broken glass-bottles of the garden-wall, the strange cat contemplates his attitude and hears his loud vociferations with equanimity, or with something which goes as nearly as is possible to expressing a feline smile of contempt. "Spotty's" anxieties, however, are not limited to this barking at the cats which perpetually leap to and fro "over the garden wall." When not a cat is to be beheld, and when there is not a vestige of a feline within a mile of him, I can tell of his latent animosity to the cat-tribe being aroused by his sniffing the ground, by his low growls and sharp yelps, and by the bristling of his back hair as his vivid imagination depicts before his mind's eye the possibility of the fray.

This sniffing and smelling of dogs which hunt their prey like my Dalmatian by aid of their noses, opens up a curious study in animal senses, and one which leads us towards many unsolved problems of life and brain. In the first place, what is it that my dog perceives? What is it that arouses his brain and muscle, through the medium of his sense of smell? A cat passes with a light tread over the ground. Allow, if we will, that there is a characteristic odour pertaining to the cat-body—and to all other carnivorous animals, indeed—and the problem does not become simplified even after such an admission. What is there in the odour which remains to mark to my dog's intelligence and perception each light foot-fall of the cat in the back garden? What is the nature of the scent of the hunter which the wind carries to the wary deer, or to the lion or rhinoceros itself? What is the exact cause of the power which enables the vulture to scent the prey from afar off, or which tells the eagles where the carcase lies for attack? Let us try to argue this matter out as best we may. The senses of an animal are its "gate-ways of knowledge." The eye sees not, neither does the ear hear. They are merely instruments—"receiving offices," to put it plainly—which transmit to the brain the impressions of the outer world, which modify, parcel out, and assort these impressions, and adapt them for being understood and appreciated by the seeing-centres and hearing-centres of the organ of mind. So much is matter of ordinary physiological teaching. And what of the impressions which fall upon eye and ear, nose and tongue, and skin? Everything in the way of sense, as Goethe put it long ago, resolves itself into a matter of *touch*. Every other sense is a modification of touch; or, as it was originally put, "touch is the mother of all the senses." When we touch any object, that, of course, is ordinary sensation, pure and simple. It is the contact of the nerve-ends with the outer world, with which our nervous system brings us into relation. When we taste there is contact—that is to say, "touch"—of the substance to be tasted with the nerves of tongue and palate. When we smell there must be contact of nerve-ends again, with the odorous particles. When we hear and see, there is the impinging of waves of sound and of waves of light upon ear-drum and retina (the nerve-network of the eye), respectively. Ethereal and delicate must ear-touch and eye-touch be, yet it is a contact of something material from the outside world with something material in eye and ear nevertheless. All our sensations and impressions, then, are reduced to the level of touch. It is only a question of the degree of fineness of the touch, and not one of difference of the kind of touch, which awaits the comprehension of science whenever senses and their methods are discussed at all.

But certain clear facts lead us nigh to the comprehension of "Spotty," and his perception of cat-presence, as well as to the understanding of the powers of the bloodhound in tracking the criminal, or of those of the St. Bernard in finding the frozen man beneath the snow.

It is provable, first of all, that any form of matter which possesses a smell at all, exhibits that property in virtue of its power of giving off fine particles of its substance. It is similarly clear that the odour of any body will be the more powerful according as its particles are freely given off. Take the case of musk, for instance. We weigh a grain of musk in a chemical balance which turns the scale with the merest fraction of a grain. Thuswise, we secure exact weight, and we place our grain weight of musk in a room. For years our grain of musk will appreciably scent that apartment. During all this period it must, therefore, have been giving off its particles to the air; yet, mark the astounding result—if we weigh it years afterwards, we shall find it show exactly the weight it originally possessed. Plainly, then, the particles given off from the musk in such numbers must have been of such microscopic size as to leave practically unaffected the bulk of the substance. Our minds fail to grasp any idea of the size of such particles. Sir William Thomson's estimate of the size of atoms may find a parallel in the particles of our musk; yet, small as these particles are, you observe they excite the sense of smell, and become appreciated by our brain as those of a well-known perfume. It may interest us to know that Sir William Thomson makes the ultimate atoms of matter each measure, in diameter, the one-fifty-millionth part of an inch. As far as sight is concerned, I believe Helmholtz gives a particle which is the eighty-thousandth part of an inch in diameter, as the smallest which can be distinctly made out by the eyes in association with other particles. Such estimates of what matter is, microscopically regarded, may serve to teach us something of the acute nature of the sense of smell in man, relatively to our particles of musk.

But that the dog's sense of smell is infinitely more delicate than our own it is evident. Your collie tracks out your footsteps by the odour they have given off amidst a dense crowd of people. "Spotty" recognises the tread of the cat, by reason of the fine particles which the feline impression has left behind it, and which appeal to his nerves of smell while all unrecognised by us. The bloodhound, in the same way, with keen scent, traces out the resemblance in smell between the footsteps of the criminal and those of the garment which belonged to the evildoer. The dog's brain shows large lobes of smell, and big nerves emanating therefrom. His nervous apparatus in this respect makes for him a world of odours all unappreciated by his master. As there are many other worlds than our own whirling round in the blue ether, so in truth, in lower life, there are many other, more powerful and acute senses than ours.

ANDREW WILSON.

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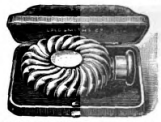
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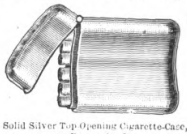
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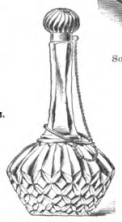


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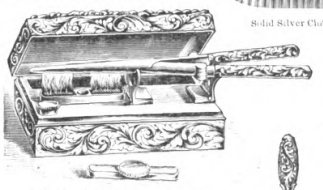
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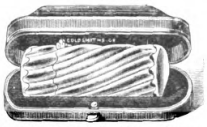
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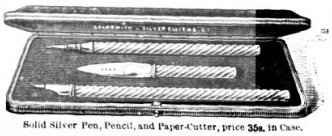
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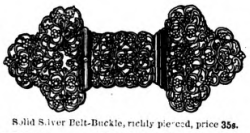
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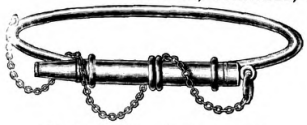
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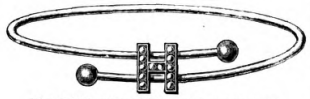
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MUSIC.

The third Monday evening Popular Concert of the new series brought forward Brahms's new "Gipsy-Songs." These characteristic pieces are among the composer's latest productions, and, like his "Liebes-lieder Waltzer"—which have long been popular—they are composed for four voices and pianoforte. The quaint melodies (we believe these are original, not national)—with their characteristic rhythm and appropriate harmonic treatment—are very charming, and the pieces will doubtless be as much in request as were their predecessors—above referred to. The Gipsy-Songs were excellently rendered on the occasion now alluded to by Mrs. Henschel, Miss L. Little, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Henschel, as vocalists, and Miss Fanny Davies as pianist. At the same concert, Miss M. Wild made a very favourable impression by her execution of a "Scherzo" by Chopin. Madame Norman-Néruda (Lady Hallé) continues to be the leading violinist at the evening concerts; Miss Agnes Zimmermann having been announced as solo pianist at that of Dec. 3. The Gipsy-Songs of Herr Brahms were repeated at the afternoon performance of Dec. 1.

The second of the new series of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall, brought forward—for the first time in *England*—the music to a "Ritterballet" composed by Beethoven, in 1790, an early production which is chiefly interesting on that account; but little, if any, sign of the master's subsequent greatness being apparent. Miss Fanny Davies's admirable performance of Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor was a feature of the concert, other items of which call for no specific mention. The third concert, on Dec. 4, was of strong interest, but comprised no novelty requiring comment.

The second concert of the season of the Royal Choral Society (heretofore called the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society) was appropriated to a performance of Mr. Cowen's oratorio, "Ruth." The work was originally produced at the Worcester Festival of last year, with a success which was repeated on its performance in London and elsewhere, including Melbourne in September last, during its composer's engagement there as director of the musical proceedings connected with the Exhibition. In its recent performance at the Royal Albert Hall the vocal soloists were Misses Anna Williams and A. Larkcom, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. B. McGuckin, and Mr. W. Mills, who were more or less efficient. On the whole, the choral portions of the oratorio were generally the most effectively rendered; but signs of the want of further rehearsal, both of chorus and orchestra, were occasionally apparent.

We have already given details of the festival performance of the "Messiah" in Westminster Abbey, on Nov. 29, in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the Royal Society of Musicians. But little remains to be added to the particulars previously furnished. As already said, the solo vocalists were Mesdames Albani and Patey; Messrs. Harper, Kearton, Hilton, and Brereton. There was a full orchestra and chorus, Dr. J. F. Bridge (organist of the Abbey) conducted, and Mr. Jekyll presided at the organ.

The celebrated Heckmann quartet party reappeared, as already briefly stated, at Prince's Hall on Nov. 29, too late for comment until now. We have several times recognised, in previous notices, the admirable playing of the four artists concerned, and this was again evidenced on the occasion now referred to in string quartets by Schumann and Beethoven; and in Brahms's pianoforte quintet in F minor, with Madame Haas as pianist; the lady having also given an artistic performance of a prelude and fugue by Bach.

On the same date as that of the Heckmann quartet concert, Madame Essipoff gave an afternoon recital at St. James's Hall. The eminent Russian pianist played a varied selection, including Schumann's solo sonata in G minor, with admirable execution. In some pieces for two pianos, Madame Essipoff was associated with Madame Fannie Bloomfield, who made a good impression.

The Crystal Palace Concert of Dec. 1 brought forward, for the first time here, a "Cortége Fantastique," an orchestral work by Herr Moszkowski. The composer was first made known in this country by several sets of pieces for two performers on the pianoforte. These pieces are all of exquisite beauty, full of distinctive character, admirable alike in subject and treatment, and altogether forming a series of exquisitely finished miniatures. Compositions (for the orchestra) of a more ambitious, but a less successful, kind were produced (conducted by himself) at our Philharmonic concerts. The work brought forward at the Crystal Palace is bright and characteristic, and will probably be soon heard again. The concert referred to included Madame Essipoff's fine rendering of Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A, and smaller unaccompanied pieces; and vocal solos well rendered by Mdlle. Badia.

A fresh addition to musical activity in London was to be inaugurated at St. James's Hall on Thursday evening, Dec. 6, when a new series of Novello's Oratorio Concerts was to begin with a performance of Dr. C. Hubert Parry's oratorio "Judith."

The reproduction of Gounod's opera "Roméo et Juliette" took place at the Paris Grand Opéra on Nov. 28, with Madame Adelina Patti's first performance of the character of Juliette, with the French text. The part is one in which the great prima-donna has often appeared, with signal success, in the version of the work given at our Royal Italian Opera house; the first occasion having been in 1867. Her recent performance in Paris is said by competent judges who were present to have manifested all its former charms of voice and style, and to have realised a fresh success for the incomparable artist. She was admirably supported by M. Jean de Reszké as Romeo, and M. E. De Reszké as Friar Laurence; the part of Capulet having been well sustained by M. Delmas. The composer conducted the performance. The opera, as modified by M. Gounod for its reproduction in Paris, will probably find repetition in this shape in London.

The second and last of the two Patti concerts at the Royal Albert Hall will take place on Dec. 11, this being the final appearance here of the great prima-donna previous to her departure to fulfil her foreign engagements.

The death was recently announced of Signor Cesare Lisci, the energetic and courteous manager of the London branch of the eminent firm of Ricordi, of Milan. The deceased gentleman was highly esteemed by all who were acquainted with him. The funeral took place at Kensal-green Cemetery, on Nov. 29.

Another recent death of one who was associated with the musical world was that of Mr. Desmond L. Ryan, who was for many years musical critic of the *Standard* newspaper. He not only possessed sound musical knowledge, both theoretical and practical, but manifested on several occasions much literary taste and capacity, apart from newspaper work (especially in several libbrettos for cantatas) and considerable talent for musical composition. He had not completed his thirty-eighth year.

Mr. William Carter gave a grand Scotch Festival at the Albert Hall on St. Andrew's Day; Mr. Isidore De Lara's second Vocal Recital took place on Nov. 27 at Steinway Hall; Mr. S. De Sola's morning concert on Nov. 29 at Prince's Hall; the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society's first evening concert this season at St. James's Hall on Dec. 1; Miss Marian Bateman and Miss Esther Mowbray's recital of original compositions for two performers, on Dec. 7; and Herr Von Czeke, professor of the violin, gives a vocal and instrumental concert, on Dec. 8, at Addison Hall.

THE RECENT NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The Special Commission of naval experts appointed to report upon the recent manœuvres, has sent in its final report to Lord George Hamilton. The evidence laid before the Commission was of a voluminous nature, and in many cases contained important suggestions of a confidential character for the conduct of future blockades. The Commanders of the opposing squadrons, Admiral Tryon and Admiral Baird, and the second in command, as well as the Captains and umpires of both squadrons engaged in the manœuvres, gave evidence at considerable length, and their testimony having been carefully considered by the highest naval experts has been reported upon by the Commission. We understand that to Sir George Tryon has been awarded the victory, he having by the most efficient manœuvring been able to break Admiral Baird's blockade, to attack several English ports, and to capture many merchant-vessels.

At the quarterly court of the governors of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption held at the hospital on Nov. 29, the report of the committee of management, read by the secretary (Mr. H. Dobbin), stated that since the last court the necessary repairs, cleaning, and painting, had been effected throughout the extension building, and the wards having been reopened, the whole of the 321 beds in the two buildings are now again in full occupation. The cost of these repairs had been considerable, and funds would be gladly received, not only to defray these, but to meet the largely increased expenses of the coming winter. The number of in-patients admitted since Aug. 2 was 582; discharged, many greatly benefited, 402; died, 99; new out-patient cases, 4349.

A meeting of the executive council of the British Section of the Paris Exhibition, 1889, was held at the Mansion House, on Nov. 30. Mr. H. Trueman Wood, one of the secretaries, reported that the whole of the space placed at the disposal of the British Section has been allotted among exhibitors. Various colonies desired to participate, but appeals to the French authorities failed in obtaining any extension of the original amount of space granted. The committee, however, has been able to devote a considerable space to Victoria and New Zealand, and to the Cape of Good Hope. There is every likelihood of an adequate representation of British art, and promises of support have been received from many leading artists. The Lord Mayor has become president of the general committee, Sir P. De Keyser, his predecessor, continuing to act as chairman and treasurer of the executive council. Sir Frederick Leighton, adverting to the fine art section, said, in view of the fact that in Paris in 1878 England had been represented very worthily in matters of art, it would be damaging if British art were not well represented at the forthcoming exhibition. The council voted, including previous grants and donations, £2000 towards the expenses of the art section.

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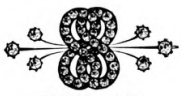
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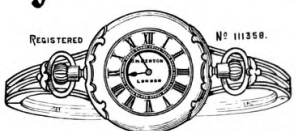
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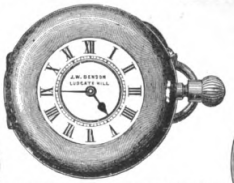
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For Wills and Bequests, see page 694; Ladies' Column, page 696; Obituary, page 698.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 4, 1887), with three codicils (dated July 11, 1888; Aug. 4, 1888; and Sept. 29, 1888), of Mr. J. M. Levy, J.P., late of No. 51, Grosvenor-street, Hyde Park, who died on Oct. 12, at Florence Cottage, Ramsgate, has been proved. Mr. Edward Lawson and Mr. Albert Levy, the sons, and Alderman George Faudel Phillips, the son-in-law, are the executors. The value of the personal estate, exclusive of real property, amounts to upwards of £325,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to each of his two sisters, and other legacies to many old and personal friends, and also to his servants. In addition to other gifts, the testator bequeaths to his daughter Matilda £1000, free of duty, to be applied or distributed by her for such purposes of charity as she may think most advisable. He devises to his said daughter, Matilda, absolutely, his freehold house and the surrounding land at Ramsgate, with the furniture, china, and pictures contained in his residence there. The testator directs that with regard to his London residence, No. 51, Grosvenor-street, and the furniture, plate, china, books, pictures, &c., his trustees shall permit his said daughter, at her option, to have the personal use thereof for such period as she should desire. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his seven surviving children for life, and then to their children as they may appoint.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1883) of Mrs. Caroline Louisa Derby, widow, late of Regency-square, Brighton, who died on Oct. 12, was proved on Nov. 24 by Sir Arnold William White and Richard Alexander Bevan, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £220,000. The testatrix gives £200 to her executors, and all her household furniture, &c., between her two daughters. Subject thereto, she leaves all her property, upon trust, to pay half the income thereof to each of her daughters, Mrs. Katharine Louisa Drummond and Mrs. Ellen Maria Pechell, for life, with remainder to their husbands, and on their death, as to the capital as well as the income, for their respective children.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the seal of the Commissariot of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated Dec. 31, 1883) of Mr. Peter Clouston, late of No. 1, Park-terrace, Glasgow, who died on Aug. 30 last, granted to David Barr, James Bullock, Matthew Bullock, Christina and Elizabeth Clouston, the daughters, Frederic Fairlie Elderton, and John Ebenezer Watson, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Nov. 13, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £178,000.

The will (dated Jan. 26, 1886) of Thomas Longueville Longueville, late of Penyllan Hall, Oswestry, who died on Oct. 27 last, was proved on Nov. 24 by Thomas Longueville, the son, Anna Maria Longueville, the daughter, and Charles William Roberts, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £133,000. The testator bequeaths £35,000, and his household furniture, pictures, carriages and horses to his daughter, Anna Maria; and gives and devises all his real estate to his son, Thomas. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his said two children, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 10, 1878), with two codicils (dated Sept. 4, 1882, and Jan. 26, 1887), of Mrs. Elmina Crabbe, late of Glen Eyre, Basset, in the county of Southampton, who died at Bellagio, Italy, on Oct. 12, was proved on Nov. 24 by Eyre Macdonald Stewart Crabbe (the son) and Arthur Niblett (the nephew), the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £66,000. The testatrix gives £200 to the Royal South Hants Infirmary; all her books and the plate with the crest of a boar's head to her son Henry Stewart Spooner; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her son, Eyre Macdonald Stewart Crabbe.

The will (dated April 26, 1877), with two codicils (dated Dec. 2, 1880, and Dec. 18, 1883), of Mr. Henry Badcock, late of Wheatleigh Lodge, Taunton, Somerset, who died on Oct. 16, was proved on Nov. 15 by Henry Jefferies Badcock and Isaac Badcock, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £58,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, his household furniture and effects, carriages and horses, and the use, for life, of his house, to his wife, Mrs. Georgiana Badcock; £500 to his daughter, Georgiana; £100 each to the Church Missionary Society and the Church Pastoral Aid Society; and £100 to his sister, Elizabeth Badcock. He gives and devises certain land and premises in Devon to his son Henry Jefferies Badcock. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay annuities of £200 each to his sons, Isaac, Francis William, and Alexander Robert, and to his daughter, Georgiana, during the life of his wife, and the remainder of the income to her; on her death, £10,000 is given to each of his sons, Isaac, Francis, and Alexander, and his daughter, Georgiana; and the ultimate residue between his said three sons.

The will (dated July 20, 1888), with a codicil (of the same date), of Dame Frances Ann Rowe, late of No. 10, Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, who died on Oct. 28, was proved on Nov. 10 by Colonel George Clayton Swiney, the nephew, Holroyd Chaplin, and Miss Sarah Ann Hayllar, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £46,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2500 each to Ellen Kennard, Richard Valpy, and Mary Valpy Valpy; £3750 each to Mrs. Mary Jane Cater and Mrs. Hannah Frances Harvey; £2000 each to Percy Westmacott and Emily Brown; £2500, upon trust, for John Montagne Valpy; £4500, upon trust, each for Henry Stephen Swiney and George Clayton Swiney; and other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to Mrs. Mary Jane Cater and Mrs. Hannah Frances Harvey, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1888) of William Crundall, late of "Lords," near Faversham, Kent, who died on July 5, was proved on Nov. 23 by William Henry Crundall and Albert Edward Bechely Crundall, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £31,000. Subject to a legacy to his wife, Mrs. Catherine Susan Crundall, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, to pay £3000 per annum to his wife for life, and the remainder of the income thereof to his two sons. On the death of his wife, he leaves £45,000, upon trust, for his three daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Day, Mrs. Emily Jane Punnett, and Mrs. Catherine Helen Conchi; £12,000 to his son Albert Edward Bechely; his estate called "Lords" to his son William Henry; and residue of his property between his said two sons.

The will (dated April 13, 1881) of Robert Dymond, J.P., late of No. 1, St. Leonard-road, Exeter, and Blackslade, Widcombe-in-the-Moor, Devon, who died on Aug. 31, was proved at the District Registry, Exeter, on Oct. 2, by Mrs. Josephine Dymond, the widow, Arthur Kingston Dymond, the son, and George Edward Fox, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. Subject to the gift of £300 and all his household furniture and effects to his wife, and £100 to each of his grandchildren, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, to pay two thirds of the income thereof to his wife, during her widowhood, and one third between his three children—Arthur Kingston, Josephine Elizabeth, and Mrs. Caroline Anne Fosswill; but in the event of his wife again marrying she is only to receive one third, and his children take the remaining two thirds of the income; and subject thereto to his children in equal shares.

On St. Andrew's Day, the 224th anniversary festival of the Scottish Corporation was held in the Hôtel Métropole, under the chairmanship of Mr. Ritchie, M.P., President of the Local Government Board. In response to the Chairman's appeal, subscriptions to the amount of £2500 were announced.

Lady Claud J. Hamilton presented new colours to the 2nd Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers on Dec. 1, in place of a pair which have been in the possession of the regiment for over twenty years. The ceremony was performed on Rushmoor Green, where the regiment, in review order, paraded at twelve o'clock. A large assemblage of spectators was present.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

There will be only four ladies on the next London School Board. Mrs. Augusta Webster's loss of her seat is to be deplored; she is one of those persons whose presence it is worth while to secure on the Board, for the sake of the distinction which their personality confers on that body, apart from the consideration of how much time they are prepared to devote to the details of the work. The placing of a distinguished Indian statesman and financier like Sir Richard Temple at the bottom of the successful poll, and the rejection of a woman of letters and unusual culture like Mrs. Webster, are acts of electoral foolishness, the tendency of which is to reduce the *personnel* of the Board to a constantly lower level. Such events are only to be excused by the extreme difficulty of regulating the cumulative vote in conjunction with the ballot. For the successful use of the cumulative vote, open voting is necessary.

Of the ladies who are returned, Miss Davenport-Hill, who *heads the poll in the City*, is the only one who has previously been a member. She has the distinction of having been for *many years the most regular* attendant of all the members at the Board and committee meetings. There are very *few days of the year* on which Miss Davenport-Hill is not found at the Board office, except, of course, *during the holidays*. Mrs. Ashton Dilke, a young lady of ability and a good speaker, is the proprietor of the *Weekly Dispatch*, and widow of a brother of Sir Charles Dilke. Mrs. Annie Besant's position is well known from the suit successfully brought against her some years ago by her husband, a Church of England clergyman, to remove her little daughter from her custody on the ground of the mother's lack of religious belief. She is a near relative of an ex-Lord Chancellor, and is an undergraduate of London University, having passed the first examination for the Bachelor of Science degree. Mrs. Besant is avowedly an *extreme* Socialist, and was one of the candidates of that party; but their true strength is not to be measured by her success. The hold which Socialism has amongst the working classes may be ganged by the few votes polled by candidates like Mrs. Hicks and Mr. Bland, who had no personal hold on the electorate, and were Socialist candidates pure and simple. Mrs. Besant (like the Rev. Stewart Headlam) had also the support of many classes of electors, besides the Socialists. Mrs. Maitland, the other new lady member, has not, I believe, before this election, done anything in the public view.

Few ordinary incidents can bring home to one more acutely the instability of human life and the fallaciousness of human hope and effort than when there comes into one's hands the posthumous book of an author one has known. I do not know whether the same impression is produced on those who are not themselves authors. Perhaps not. We who know from experience how much fatiguing and irksome labour of brain and hand—how much steady effort consciously directed towards a future end and inspired by hope for that future—and how much vivid interest and delightful suspense go to the production of a book, probably feel the pathos most keenly. Certainly, to us who write books, it is deeply touching to see a volume brought forth from the press after its author, whom we knew in life, has passed to that place where "there is neither work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom." A newly-published book is *so live* a thing, however short may be its vital destiny; and to get this in one's hand, a thing of the moment, fresh and new, when the brain that conceived it is already stilled from all earthly interests, is a sermon on mortality. "Dreams and Dream-Stories," a book written by my late friend, as beautiful and brilliant as she was learned, Dr. Anna Kingsford, has just been published. According to a note by the editor, "the publication is made in accordance with the author's last wishes." It is impossible to criticise the book under the circumstances. I can say no more than that its contents are somewhat unequal in execution. Many of the sketches and stories are marked by a wild and weird imagination that is very impressive; others are parables containing both beauty and meaning; while one or two only—such as "The Panic-struck Pack-Horse"—are almost comical from their dreamlike lack of point and purpose. "Occultism," however absurd (or worse) it may seem to those of us who are not "bitten" by it, is unquestionably one of the most fashionable and popular fancies—or, should I say, faiths?—of the moment; and Dr. Kingsford's curious book will interest specially those of her own belief in "theosophy," "esoteric Buddhism," transmigration, dream revelations, and all the rest of the "Hermetic" cabala.

Dr. Klein alarmed us, a year or two ago, by an announcement that he had discovered that scarlet fever originated with milch cows. A certain far from uncommon disease of the udder, and one which the dairyman, however good his intentions, might easily overlook or confound with some simple eruptions, was declared to be the originating source of the scarlet fever contagion. This was very serious news to mothers, whose little ones ought to be chiefly fed upon milk, in various preparations, for at least the first two years of life. It was serious news, too, for that considerable and sensible class of folk who take a drink of milk when many would fly to the dangerous resource of alcohol. The feeling of exhaustion, of "wanting something but you don't quite know what," is better met by a glass of milk than by a glass of wine, for persons with a pretty good digestion—always supposing that there is not scarlet fever in the tumbler. Dr. Klein's "discovery" that a simple and common cow-complaint originates that human epidemic is, happily, proved to be an error. His experiments and arguments appeared to be conclusive enough; but the repetition of his inoculations by others has not produced the same result, and a direct source of infection has been discovered for that case in which Dr. Klein could find no other source than the cows themselves. So milk-drinkers may again be at ease about the natural properties of their beverage, while dairymen and farmers have received a fresh lesson about the extreme importance of not allowing any person who comes from a house where there is scarlet fever to go near the milk.

Lord Compton deserved to lose his election in Holborn for the *gaucherie* of saying at a special meeting of ladies held in support of his candidature, and with no less a person than Mrs. Gladstone in the chair, that he disapproved of ladies taking part in politics.—The Marquis of Salisbury, on Nov. 30, made a most important declaration, in a speech to the Edinburgh branch of the Primrose League, of his own "earnest hope" that women may soon receive the Parliamentary franchise.—The Women's Suffrage Society's Central Committee will hold a special meeting on Dec. 12 for amending its rules, with the object of widening the basis of the society.—Miss Jane Cobden will, in all probability, stand for election to the London County Council; and should her *nomination* be refused on the ground that women are not qualified to be members, that question will at once be taken to a court of law to be settled. Lawyers differ upon it, at present; but the Local Government Board, which has the management of the elections, has given an *opinion that females are ineligible*. Miss Cobden is not only "the daughter of her father," but has high personal merits.

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OBITUARY.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE.

Anna, Duchess of Sutherland and Countess of Cromartie, died on Nov. 25. Her Grace was only child of Mr. John Hay Mackenzie, of Newhall and Cromartie, and was born in 1829. In 1849 she married the present Duke of Sutherland, K.G., and had four sons and two daughters. In 1861 her Grace was created Countess of Cromartie and Viscountess Tarbat, with limitation to her second surviving son Francis, who now becomes Earl of Cromartie, who is married to the daughter of the fourth Lord Macdonald, and has issue. The Duchess of Sutherland was Mistress of the Robes to the Queen, 1870 to 1871; and Member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert. The Mackenzies of Cromarty, the former Earls of Cromarty, of whom the deceased Duchess was the heir, are one of the most distinguished families in Scotland. A Portrait of her Grace, from a photograph by Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn, of Pembridge-crescent, Notting-hill-gate, will be found in this week's publication.

SIR ANTHONY MUSGRAVE.

Sir Anthony Musgrave, G.C.M.G., late Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Queensland, died at Government House, Brisbane, on Oct. 9, aged sixty. He was third son of Anthony Musgrave, M.D., Treasurer of Antigua, and devoted himself from an early period to colonial employment. In 1852, he became Treasury-Accountant of Antigua, and Colonial Secretary of the island from 1854 to 1860. He was subsequently Administrator of Nevis, and of St. Vincent. In 1862, he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of St. Vincent; in 1864, Governor of Newfoundland; in 1869, Governor of British Columbia; in 1872, Lieutenant-Governor of Natal; in 1873, Governor of South Australia; in 1877, Governor of Jamaica; and in 1883, Governor of Queensland. He married, first, in 1854, Christiana Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Byam; and secondly, Jeanie Lucinda, daughter of Mr. David Dudley Field, of New York.

SIR DAVID WILLIAM BARCLAY, BART.

Sir David William Barclay, Bart., of Pierston, Ayrshire, died on Nov. 23. He was born Sept. 5, 1804; was formerly Captain in the 56th and 99th Regiments, and acted as Aide-de-Camp to Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Charles Colville, G.C.B., when Governor of Mauritius. In 1864 he was appointed member of the Legislative Council in that island. He was a great conchologist, and gathered many rare specimens during his long residence in Mauritius. Sir David married first, Feb. 16, 1829, Lis Josèphe De Rune, daughter of Charles Malo, Marquis de Rune, and secondly, in 1872, Emily, second daughter of the late Mr. James E. Stacey, of Kingston, Surrey. By his first wife (who died March 22, 1867) he had several children; and by the second, an only son. He succeeded to the baronetcy at the decease, in 1859, of his nephew, Sir Robert Barclay, ninth Baronet. The title now devolves on Sir David's eldest son, Sir Colville Arthur Durell Barclay, eleventh Baronet, C.M.G.

MR. SARTORIS.

Mr. Edward John Sartoris, J.P. for Hants, M.P. for Carmarthen from 1868 to 1874, died on Nov. 23, aged seventy-four. He was eldest son of Mr. Urban Sartoris, of Sceaux Park, near Paris, by Matilda, his wife, daughter of Mr. Edward Rose Tunno, of Warnford Park, and received his education at Trinity College, Cambridge. He married, in 1842, Adelaide, eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Kemble, and leaves a daughter, May, wife of Mr. W. H. Gordon, and a son, Algernon Charles Frederick Sartoris, of Tichfield, Hants, who married, in 1874, Ellen Wronshall, daughter of General Ulysses Grant, President of the United States.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lieutenant-Colonel John Money Carter, late of the 1st Royals (Royal Scots Lothian Regiment), at his residence, Chiswick, on Nov. 28. He was born in 1812, and was the only surviving son of the late Colonel John Carter, K.H. Colonel Carter married, in 1839, the Hon. Jane Ferguson Murray, daughter of Alexander, eighth Lord Elibank, by whom he leaves issue, surviving, two sons and four daughters, the eldest son being Colonel Charles Alexander Edward Stapleton Carter, Comptroller of Military Accounts at Madras.

Major-General William Hichens, R.E., C.B., on Nov. 29.

The Rev. Richard Okes, D.D., Provost of King's College, Cambridge, on Nov. 29, in his ninety-first year.

The Rev. Octavius Hartley, M.A., late Rural Dean of Potterne, Bradford Portion, for eighteen years Vicar of Steeple Ashton, Wilts, aged sixty-two.

Captain George Thomas Delmé Radcliffe, lately of the 46th Regiment, on Nov. 28, youngest son of the Rev. Charles Delmé Radcliffe, Rector of Holywell, and grandson of Emilius Henry Delmé, who assumed the name and arms of Radcliffe.

Sir Walter G. Stirling, of Faskine, county Lanark, on Dec. 1, at his residence in Portman-square. He was born in 1802, and succeeded his father as second Baronet in 1832. His memoir will appear in our next issue.

Mr. Richard King-Wyndham, of Corhampton House, Hants, J.P., on Nov. 23. He was eldest son of the late Mr. John King, of Fowelscombe, and assumed the surname and arms of Wyndham in consequence of his marriage with Ellen Christian, daughter of Mr. John Campbell, of Dunoon, and sister and co-heir of Mr. John Henry (Campbell) Wyndham, of Corhampton. The Wyndhams of Corhampton, and The Close, Salisbury, are a branch of the Wyndhams of Dinton, Wilts.

BIRTH.

On Nov. 28, at Merrivale, Ross, the wife of Frank J. Constable Curtis, of a son.

DEATHS.

On Dec. 1, at Plaistow Lodge, Bromley, Kent, Mary Jane, widow of the tenth Baron Kinnaird, and daughter of the late W. H. Hoare, Esq., of Mitcham Grove, Surrey, aged 72.

On Dec. 1, 1888, at Villiers House, Blackheath, S.E., of phthisis, Mary Ann (Minnie) White, eldest child and only daughter of the late Henry White, Esq. (Treasurer of Sir John Cass's Charity), and of Sarah, his wife; aged forty-one years. A loving and devoted daughter and sister, deeply mourned.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.*

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Painting in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Pedigrees traced. The correct colours for liveries. The arms of husband and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals and dies, 4s. 6d. Book plates engraved in ancient and modern styles.—25, Cranbourn-street, W.C.

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX of STATIONERY—a Ream of Paper and 500 Envelopes, stamped with Crest or Address. No charge for engraving steel dies. Wedding and Invitation Cards. A CARD PLATE and fifty best Cards, Printed, 2s. 6d., post-free, by T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW,

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, Islington.

THE NINETY-FIRST ANNUAL SHOW of Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, Implements, Roots, &c. Monday, Dec. 10, at 2 p.m. Closes at 8 p.m. Admission, Five Shillings.

CATTLE SHOW.—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Dec. 11, 12, 13 and 14. Open at 9 a.m. Close at 9 p.m. Admission, One Shilling.
R. VENNER, Secretary,
Royal Agricultural Hall Company, Limited.

OLYMPIA. — WINTER EXHIBITION, AND FAIR OF ALL NATIONS.
Open Daily, 11 a.m. to 10.30 p.m.
ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING.
Children 6d.
Heated and ventilated throughout. Lighted by Electricity.
GRAND CHRISTMAS FAIR. Toys of all Nations. The Turkish Bazaar. The Divan and Opium Den. English and Italian Marionettes. Herr Schmitt (Entertainer to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales). Professor Ward's Aquatic Entertainment. Dr. Robden.
Dollie Dimple's Tea Party, Daily at Five, in the Model Doll House.
PROMENADE CONCERTS, Vocal and Instrumental, at Eight, EVERY EVENING. Full Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. Hollyn Mutton.
Omnibuses and Train services from all parts of London to Addison-road.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.
AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION, 1883. Awarded the GRAND DIPLOMA OF HONOUR.

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For BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.—Awarded Twenty-Eight PRIZE MEDALS.
Consumption annually exceeds 20,000,000lb.

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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS at
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SETS FOR THE WRITING-TABLE AND BOUDOIR, IN POLISHED BRASS, OXIDIZED SILVER, and CHINA, from 21s. to £20.

DRESSING CASES.	DESPATCH BOXES.
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GUARD GLASSES.	INKSTANDS.
SCENT BOTTLES.	CANDLESTICKS.
PURSES, IVORY AND PEARL.	CIGAR CABINETS.
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LIQUEUR CASES.	PURSES; CIGAR CASES.

USEFUL AND ELEGANT PRESENTS IN SILVER.
And a large and choice Assortment of ENGLISH, VIENNESE, and PARISIAN NOVELTIES, from 5s. and £5.

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Morocco, with Hall-marked Sterling Silver Fittings,
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RHEUMATISM EXTERMINATED FROM THE SYSTEM, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, BRAIN FAG, IMPAIRED VITALITY, LIVER AND KIDNEY DISEASES, LADIES' AILMENTS, &c., CURED

by mild, imperceptible, continuous currents of Electricity, generated by wearing **HARNESS'** WORLD-FAMED (PATENT)

ELECTROPATHIC BATTERY BELT

The only Guaranteed Genuine Galvanic Belt recommended by the Leading Medical and Scientific Authorities.

MEN AND WOMEN who wear HARNESS' world-famed ELECTROPATHIC BELT find that it Invigorates the Debilitated Constitution, Stimulates the Organic Action, Promotes the Circulation, **Assists Digestion,** and promptly Renews that Vital Energy, the Loss of which is the first symptom of decay. Its Healing Properties are Multifarious; it **Stimulates** the Functions of Various Organs, Increases their Secretions, Gives Tone to Muscle and Nerves, Relaxes Morbid Contractions, **Improves Nutrition,** and Renews Exhausted Nerve Force. Acting Directly on the System, it Sustains and Assists its Various Functions, and thus Promotes the Health and Vigour of the entire Frame.

IF YOU ARE SUFFERING from any slight derangement, with the cause of which you are acquainted, you will find that HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT affords a perfect means for the self-application of Curative Electricity. It is comfortable to wear, painless to shock, and is absolutely certain to do good in every case. The thousands of Testimonials in favour of HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC APPLIANCES speak for themselves. A large number of them are published with Mr. HARNESS' NEW PAMPHLET (Sent post-free); but sufferers are invited to call if possible, and examine themselves by personally inspecting the originals. IF YOU HAVE ANY REASON to fear that your sufferings are serious or complicated, you are recommended to call; or, if your medical adviser so wishes, to write for a private "Advice Form"; which will be sent to you by post (with Pamphlet), free of charge.

EVERYBODY IN SEARCH OF **HEALTH AND STRENGTH**

should know that there is positively no other means by which this Restorative agent can gain so valuable and healing a Nerve remedy as ELECTRICITY, applied in the form of mild continuous currents as generated by wearing

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC Battery BELT.

Pamphlet and Advice Free, personally or by Letter.

NOTE ONLY ADDRESS; and if you want to be permanently and speedily Cured, without medicine, DISCARD PREJUDICE; call and inspect the original testimonials, and personally examine Mr. HARNESS' numerous Curative Electrical Appliances, all of which are guaranteed genuine.

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ELECTROPATHIC & ZANDER INSTITUTE.

52, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, Corner of Rathbone-place, W.



Open Daily for the TREATMENT and CURE of

Rheumatism,	Brain Fag,	Indigestion,	Corpulence,
Lumbago,	Kidney Diseases,	Constipation,	General and Local
Sciatica, Gout,	Epilepsy,	Neuralgia,	Debility,
Nervous Exhaustion,	Paralysis,	Female Disorders,	Hernia,
Sleeplessness,	Spinal Weakness,	Liver Complaint,	Functional Disorders, &c.

All sufferers should consult Mr. C. B. HARNESS, the Company's Chief Consulting Medical Electrician, who gives advice, either personally or by letter, free of charge.

The following Extracts from **TESTIMONIALS** *speak for themselves.*

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA CURED. G. W. BACON, Esq., 127, Strand, London, W.C., writes: "Your Electropathic Belt acts like magic. It has completely restored me to health. I would not be without it for any money."

SCIATICA & RHEUMATIC PAINS CURED. Mr. R. J. WATSON, 13, Market-street, Harwich, writes:—"Harness' Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of Sciatica. After wearing it for a week I got relief, and have gradually been getting better, and am now quite free from pain. P.S.—You are at liberty to publish this."

RHEUMATISM AND INDIGESTION. Mr. GEORGE GARWOOD, 208, Caledonian-road, King's Cross, writes:—"My health has been very good ever since wearing Harness' Electropathic Belt, but before wearing it I was never free from pain."

RHEUMATISM AND DEBILITY CURED. Mr. W. CULLIS, 2, Gardnor-road, Hampstead, London, writes:—"Harness' Electropathic Belt has done me so much good. My health generally is greatly improved."

LADIES AILMENTS CURED. Mrs. OSBOURNE, The Hollies, Newark-upon-Trent, writes:—"Sept. 27, 1888.—Your Electropathic Abdominal Belt has had a wonderful effect upon the circulation and in improving the general vitality of the system. Since wearing the Belt I have become quite strong, and can walk miles without fatigue. I am, in fact, completely cured by your treatment."

LUMBAGO CURED. Mr. J. B. CARNE, Station Master, L. B. and S. C. Railway, Clapham Junction Station, S.W., writes:—"I have derived great benefit from wearing your Electropathic Belt. The Lumbago and pains in my back have both ceased."

NERVOUS DEBILITY CURED. Mr. F. G. ANSTEY, 199, Queen's-gate, London, S.W., writes:—"Dec. 3, 1887.—Words fail to express my gratitude to you for the benefit I have derived from the use of your Electropathic Appliances, for now I feel like a new creature and better than I have done for years. My nerves are much better, and I have none of that *languid feeling* which used to make my life a burden."

Mr. C. B. HARNESS, CONSULTING MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN (*President of the British Association of Medical Electricians*), attends daily at the ELECTROPATHIC and ZANDER INSTITUTE, 52, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W., and gives **ADVICE FREE OF CHARGE, personally or by letter,** on all matters relating to HEALTH and the application of CURATIVE ELECTRICITY, MASSAGE, and SWEDISH MECHANICAL EXERCISES.

RESIDENTS at a DISTANCE, and those unable to call, should write for "Private Advice Form," which will be sent, together with Pamphlet and Copies of Testimonials, post-free to any address on application.

NOTE ONLY ADDRESS— **52, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W.** (CORNER OF RATHBONE-PLACE.)

FOR XMAS & NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

Nothing is more suitable than ARBENZ'S Celebrated

MANDARIN RAZORS,



AND HIS UNIVERSALLY APPRECIATED



GEM AIR GUNS.

Innumerable Testimonials pronounce the former to be the best, most reliable, easiest, and cheapest high-class Razors known. They are fully warranted, and will give perfect satisfaction. ARBENZ'S GEM AIR GUNS have, like most good things, been followed by imitations which, for extra profit, are offered by some dealers as the original article. Those wishing to purchase really reliable, powerful, effective, and well-made Gem Air Guns should see that each is stamped upon the barrel with a Swiss Cross (thus ✠). They may be had at the same prices as the valueless imitations made, through any respectable dealer, or direct where unobtainable otherwise. Insist upon having with every gun my descriptive circulars, giving full particulars, instructions for use, retail prices, &c. T. A. ARBENZ, 102 an 1 108, Great Charles-street, Birmingham.

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Established nearly quarter of a century.

Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an inhalation, and without any after bad effects.

Among the thousands of testimonials the following will be read with interest:—

"The only relief I could get." "If I had known it earlier."
—Lord Beaconsfield
(In his dying moments).

"I have tried every remedy ever invented, and HIMROD'S CURE is the only one in which I have absolute confidence." —Emily Faithfull.

"This is an excellent remedy for asthma."
—Sir Morell Mackenzie.
(In his clinical lecture at the London Hospital and Medical College).

"I have used all remedies—HIMROD'S CURE is the best. I never failed."
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Trial samples free by post. In Tins at 4s. 9d.
British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London.
And also of Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Son, Lynch & Co., Sangers, and all Wholesale Houses.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT. The Pills purify the blood, correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. The Ointment is unrivalled in the cure of bad legs, old wounds, gout, rheumatism.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS. "The most perfect fitting made."—Observer. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing Shirts of the best quality should try FORD'S EUREKA, 38s., 40s., 45s. half-dozen.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS. Special to Measure. Illustrated Self-measure post-free. R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA DRESS SHIRTS. Sixteen different sizes. In the Finest Linen. 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.

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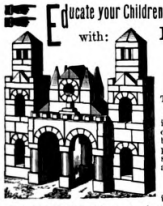
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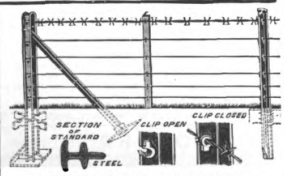
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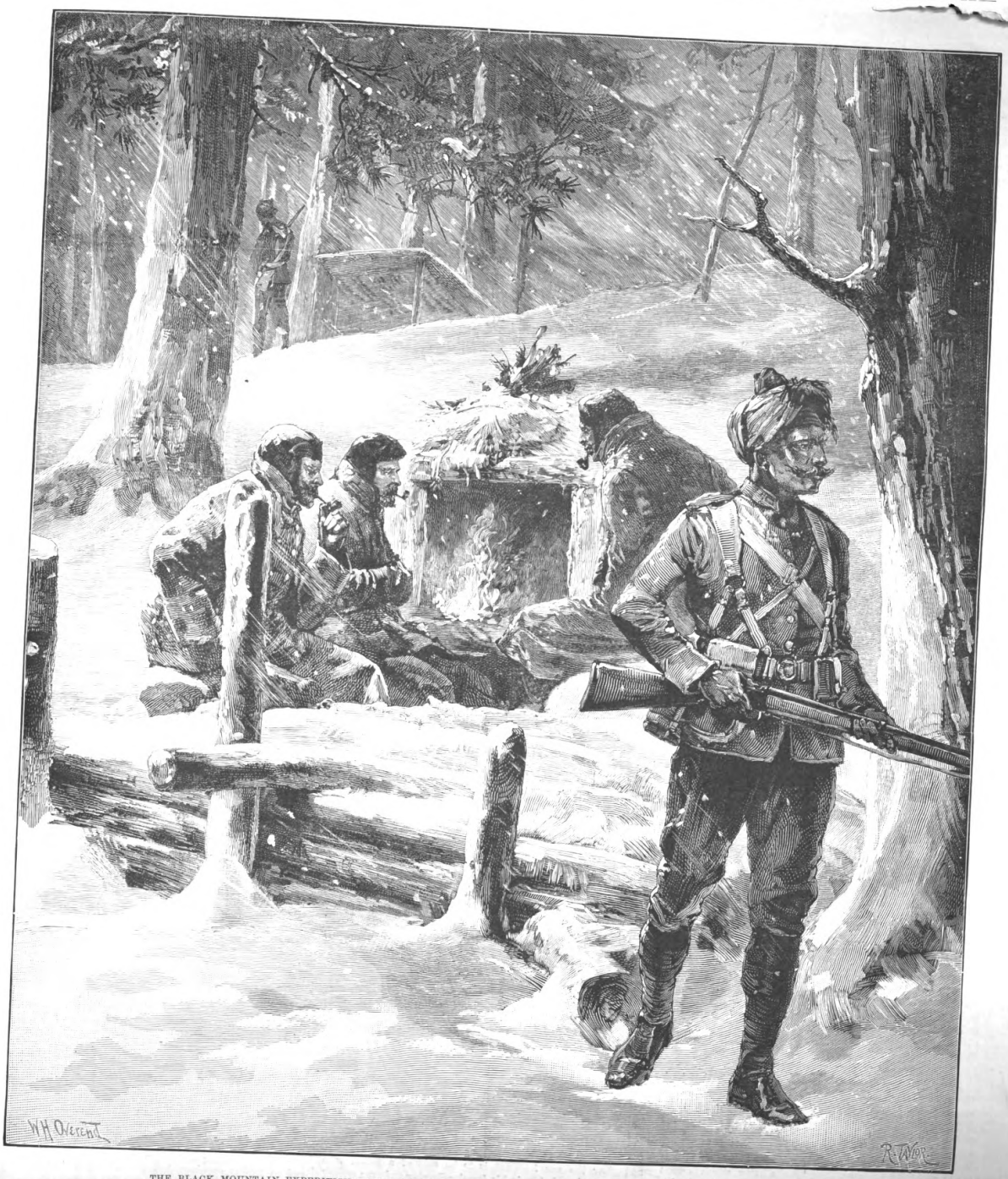
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2591.—VOL. XCIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1888. TWO WHOLE SHEETS SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.



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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The popularity of particular books is a subject that "no fellow can understand" by the ordinary processes of reasoning. The logical mind, in fact, is not adapted for the solution of the question, which appeals to one of a much more common type, and, indeed, the commoner the better. I have always maintained that the marvellous success of Mr. Tupper's poems was because they express ideas which are entertained by persons of the most ordinary kind (and, therefore, the most numerous), but expressed much better than they could express them. For the first time in their lives they found that they understood poetry, and the revelation formed half the pleasure they found in it. The same thing occurs with all who master a foreign language, especially a dead one: they do not find one half the beauties in it they assert they do, but they are enraptured at finding any meaning in it at all. The "Proverbial Philosophy" teaches philosophy and poetry at once to those who have known nothing of either; and its verses are "to the purpose"—easy things to understand." This latter attribute is essential to great popularity. Mr. Browning may be the greatest of poets, and Mr. Meredith the greatest of novelists; but popularity—in its widest sense—they will never achieve. Its simplicity of diction is one of the charms of the most popular book in the world, though "it never drew a smile or a tear"—"Robinson Crusoe"; it is true it has *Genius* added, but *that* is not the cause of its popularity, which is to be found rather in its dramatic interest, and especially in the fact that it describes a situation in which any one of us may be placed and driven to the same shifts. Indeed, the popularity of "Robinson Crusoe" *may* be thus explained; while that of very inferior books almost equally sought after is inscrutable.

Messrs. Routledge have lately told us, through the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that "Valentine Vox" and "Handy Andy" are the most popular of all the novels they produce. During the last thirty-five years they have sold 394,000 copies of the former and 237,000 of the latter. From a literary point of view (though the less attractive one is better written than the other) they have little or no merit. For myself, indeed, "Handy Andy" had no attraction at all. I never could get through it; but "Valentine Vox" is full of adventure. I have not read it for these forty years; but it has one scene, where the soles of a gentleman's feet, unjustly confined in a private madhouse, are tickled to make him mad, ready for the Government inspector, which will never leave my memory. It was before the days of "sensation" stories; but the incident may certainly lay claim to that title. The rest of the novel, as I remember it, is dullish, and I fancy it is this pinch of sensational salt which preserves it from decay; it has also, however, a great deal of a low class of humour—practical jokes, which no doubt appeal to the taste of boys. Another novel, "Sylvester Sound the Somnambulist," on the same lines and by the same author (Cockton), had no such vogue. "Called Back," a much better book than "Valentine Vox," still, no doubt owed its marvellous run to its sensational character. I should, indeed, be inclined to put "sensation" first, as the element of popular attraction, and next, adventure and incident. Of Poe's tales, well known as they have been for so long, no less than 29,000 copies were sold last year (the vast public that consumes him know comparatively little of Lefanu, a far greater master of the weird, but one whose style is probably too subtle for them). "Ivanhoe," as one would take for granted, seems to be the most attractive of Scott's works. But the wonder of gigantic circulation arises when one comes to the dull books. Everyone can understand the popularity of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; but who can account for that of "The Wide, Wide World" and its congeners? They may be full of merit; people who ought to know tell me they *are*; but what attraction do they possess that draws a whole world of readers into their orbit, and leaves Scott (for example), by comparison, discoursing to a little crowd!

The lectures at the "Kissing School" recently established in Philadelphia are no doubt entertaining, but their attraction will probably depend upon the models that are engaged to be experimented upon. These are not, I presume, lay figures. One can hardly, as promised by the Professor, "derive an etherial pleasure" from kissing "lightly and deliberately" one of those dreadful skeletons with gowns on that you see in the windows of art-shops. You can't "put your right hand to *her* left cheek" (for she has no cheek worth speaking of), "draw her face slowly forward to you, look her straight in the eyes" (they are mere sockets), "bend your head down," and perform the operation. Kissing, it is true, goes by favour; but not to this extent. It would be easy "not to pucker up your lips, but allow them to remain in a state of natural repose," in the presence of so unattractive an object. Of course "she will be bashful," and (if you move the proper hinge) "turn her head away"; but who cares what she does, or doesn't? And yet, in all the interviewer has to tell us about the new Professor and his most interesting course of lectures, there is not a word about the person who "lends herself" (or, as is more likely, hired) "to illustration." It would be foolish indeed for any student to go to Philadelphia with the object of improving himself in this charming art, without having this preliminary matter—of the model—distinctly understood.

It is easy enough to be humorous on subjects that lend themselves to humour, but to evoke amusement where the matter is dull requires the hand of a master. Mathematics, for example, is a science that can hardly be said to be as full of fun as it is of figures; yet even mathematics has been the cause of merriment. When I was at Cambridge I knew a lecturer—he has long "joined the majority": not that he is dead; quite the contrary, he accepted a living, which is what the majority of Fellows of Colleges do—who was a humourist. He persuaded the College to buy him models of "the wheel and axle" to show us how they worked, and the ratios of speed which they had to one another. None of them ever acted as he and his favourite pupil (who assisted him in these experiments) assured us they would; which was much better for us all. To watch, as the poet of the lecture-room expressed it—

> Hobson and pup
> Coaxing a pulley that wouldn't pull up,

was worth any amount of scientific successes. To hear Hobson say, "The principle, however, remains the same," after each tremendous failure, was charming indeed, and we all enjoyed it immensely. It was his theory that statics (or whatever they were; *I* don't know) were full of pathos, if only properly dwelt upon by the human voice; and the following was his favourite instance—"But if A B is in the same straight line with C D, B C vanishes, the weight is supported by the immovable fulcrum C and the body is at rest." At the last words his voice would sink and break most touchingly. He was not a poet, though "he lisped in numbers" (for he was a born mathematician), but the performance drew tears from eyes little accustomed to the melting mood.

This was a *tour de force* (statics you know) of course, and, after all, what are even the highest mathematics in the way of dryness—though high and dry is a proverb—compared with the aridity of the Law? Yet how brightly has wit shone upon it! Who has not read Mr. Justice Hayes's "Written in the Temple Gardens," after the manner of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," has missed a treat indeed:—

> The grave attorney, knocking frequently,
> The tittering clerk who hastens to the door,
> The bulky brief and corresponding fee,
> Are things unknown to all that lofty floor.

Mr. Frederick Pollock's "Leading Cases done into English" are a delight to all who can understand them; but as Shelley was the poet for the poets, so is Mr. Pollock a legal wit for lawyers; he is caviare (though very good) "to the general." Mr. Edmund Christian, in his recent "Lays of a Limb of the Law," has given us, on the other hand, such leading cases in verse as must tickle everybody's heartstrings. Take Cumber v. Wane for example, not because it is the best, but (what should make it dear to lawyers) the briefest. Like all the rest it has its proper reference; though Heaven knows to what. It is a roundel (think of a roundel on a law case!)—

> (Sm. L. C., 366. Temp., 1719.)
> Who pays a part in lieu of all
> Knows not the myrtle legal art;
> For on him for the rest they'll fall
> Who pays a part.
>
> Once Wane had touched his Cumber's heart.
> "Give me a third your debt; I'll call
> It settled," said he, in the mart;
> Yet sued and gained the rest. The Hall
> Rang loud with plaints: "Ah, well-a-mee dart!
> He pays the rest with rising gall
> Who pays a part."

The good things are so many that I can only make "references" to them myself. See page 40, Cutter and Powell; page 84, the great Brighton bug case and the "Sonnets on the Mortgagees" (which has a flavour of Mrs. Browning in the title). Under "Legal Maxims," too, see "The Song of the Tyrannical Landlord," which Home Rule papers please copy. Our author is humorous even over the State trials—

> Of General Warrants, dark and direful springs
> Of deeds unconstitutional, he sings,

and of all sorts of most unlikely things to move men's minds to mirth; but yet he does it. It is a capital book.

A writer in a scientific periodical has lately given us some curious notes on suicide. He asserts that persons wishing to destroy themselves "prefer to use the means with which they are most familiar"—soldiers, for instance, resorting to firearms, and doctors to narcotics. This sounds probable enough; but it places other professions at a disadvantage. A clergyman cannot end his days by throwing himself out of the pulpit (because of the people below), and we know that his "white choker" is only a figure of speech. A lawyer is much too wise to precipitate matters. A literary man can, indeed, as has been cruelly said of him, "attempt his own life"; but the essay is seldom successful, and paper and print, though dangerous, are not deadly weapons. What seems very strange there is nothing so provocative of imitation as any out-of-the-way method of putting an end to our mortal coil. When the Sultan of Turkey killed himself by opening a vein (which, as a matter of fact, was obligingly opened for him) a good many people adopted the same means of exit. Scores of persons have thrown themselves off Clifton Bridge, as sheep follow sheep; but not one has tried the Menai Bridge, though it offers precisely the same advantages. We laugh at the follies of fashion, but it has influence over the last act of our lives. As regards the methods of leaving the world, it is singular that the writer above referred to has made no mention of machinists. Whenever *they* have decided to make an end of themselves they almost always do so in a scientific fashion. The most curious example I remember was the plan adopted by a carpenter, some years ago, in Bouverie-street. He lived in an underground room, in which was a cupboard, between which and his bedstead he placed a bench. To the post of the bed's-head he fixed a heavy axe, the handle working freely on a screw. He inserted in the cupboard door a double-action pulley, to enable a rope holding up a stone weighing ninety pounds to pass through it. He then lay down on the bench, placed the axe in position, and cutting the rope which held the weight with a razor, thus circuitously accomplished his object. He perished, in fact, by the guillotine, though he was probably unaware of it.

Among the small trials of life that have in their time taxed a heavenly temper I count the woman who at a railway ticket office, when there is not a moment to lose, can't find her purse, or enters into conversation with the clerk respecting her change of trains. If conscious of her clumsiness or her ignorance why does she not come a quarter of an hour earlier, and clear the way? What is to be said of a father who encourages these habits in his female offspring and even worse? There was a parent the other day—he had been prosecuted six times himself for not producing his railway ticket when requested—who upon being asked by his daughter whether she should follow his example for the seventh time, replied "Do as you like, my child;" whereupon she produced it not. Imagine a whole train full of passengers being kept waiting by this marvellous pair! I have never before known a woman act in this way—though the sex are devoted to delay—but a man often. It is an idiosyncrasy (a word I sometimes think derived from "idiots" and "crazy") of some males, generally of wealth and position: they think it fine not to submit to ordinary rules like ordinary people. Years ago there was a person on the South-Western line who would never give up his ticket; "You are aware who I am," he would say to the unfortunate official (who very often wasn't), "and that is sufficient." He had generally his son with him, who used to say, "It is no use, Collector; I know my dad so well, and he won't do it." And his diagnosis was quite correct. A gentleman of sporting appearance was a Director upon a certain railway, and, of course, did not pay his fare. He only used to murmur, "Director," and the man, who knew him very well, used to touch his cap. On one suburban race-day—let us say Hampton—the order of the trains was changed, and with it the collector; in the meantime the Director had become Chairman of the company, and on being asked for his ticket, murmured "Chairman." "No, no! that *won't* do, my man; you're a-going a little too far," was the official's playful rejoinder. "You've got 'Appy 'Ampton written upon your countenance." The Chairman, who was a capital fellow and used to tell the story with great gusto, instead of being angry with the man, as a fool would have been, "very much applauded what he'd done," in refusing to take a stranger's word for so tremendous a statement, and recommended him for promotion instead of dismissal.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

An official correspondence has been published by the Indian Government and the Secretary of State for India concerning the recent expedition against certain tribes inhabiting the Black Mountain, on the border of the Hazara district, north of the Punjaub. It shows that ever since the British occupation of the Punjaub the tribes on this part of the frontier have given serious trouble, and the effect of the Black Mountain Expedition of 1868 and of fines and blockades has been only transitory. The district concerned is a triangle bounded on the north by the high mountains of Kohistan, on the west by the River Indus, and on the east by the British frontier. Within this area are three principal tribes of Afghan origin, the Hassanzai, Akazai, and Chigarzai, which number respectively about 2000, 700, and 3000 fighting men. During the last few years, offences have been committed by the Akazais, the Hassanzais, the Parari Synds, who have some Chigarzai dependents living among them, and the Allaiwals; raids were made into British territory, and British subjects murdered. The attitude of the Hassanzai tribe became refractory, and the Punjaub Government recommended active measures. The mild expedient of a blockade was first tried; but on June 18, a party of British troops were attacked by the tribes within the British frontier, and two English officers and four Ghoorka soldiers killed. The tribes concerned, on being asked for an explanation of this attack, gave defiant or unsatisfactory replies, and the Punjaub Government urged the sending of a military expedition to the Black Mountain. After careful inquiries the Indian Government were reluctantly forced to the conclusion that to ensure the peace and order of the frontier this measure was just and necessary. The operations of the Hazara Field-Force, commanded in chief by General M'Queen, and divided into four columns, advancing by different routes northward through the Black Mountain country in the month of October, have been sufficiently described and illustrated. We now present a Sketch by Lieutenant Walter C. Blair, of the 24th Punjaub Infantry, which formed part of the third column; this regiment, on Oct. 6, having advanced from the Oghi Fort two days before, encamped on the mountain at Akhund Baba-ka-Chura, at an elevation of 9100 ft., in a situation exposed to severe weather; and our correspondent's Sketch shows the discomforts of the officers' mess during a violent snowstorm.

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE-SHOW.

The ninety-first annual show of the Smithfield Club was opened on Dec. 10 at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, and continued till the 14th. The total exhibits are 320 head of cattle, 197 sheep, and 86 pigs, being an increase in each item, and a total increase of 63 over the number in 1887. During the day the Prince of Wales visited the Show. His Royal Highness remained for about an hour, and was much interested in Lord Tankerville's curious cross-bred steer.

Among the exhibitors of live stock were the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Marquis of Bristol, and the Marquis of Bute. The Queen is represented by thirteen entries in the cattle classes—namely, six Devons, three Herefords, and four shorthorns; and the judges have awarded to her Majesty two first prizes, five second prizes, and three third prizes. The Prince of Wales is represented by one animal each in the Devon and shorthorn classes, and his Royal Highness secures a fourth prize in the former class and the commendation in the latter.

Nineteen counties were represented at the annual meeting of the County Cricket Council held at Lord's on Dec. 10, Lord Harris presiding. The subject of residential qualification was discussed, but only one slight alteration in the rules was carried. Lord Harris was re-elected chairman.

The Public Libraries Act having been adopted by the urban authority at Sittingbourne, who have had a library of valuable books, numbering about 4000 volumes, presented to them, a free library and reading-room was on Dec. 10 opened to the public. The library is situated in the centre of the town, and the ratepayers of the adjoining town of Milton have been invited to participate in its benefits.

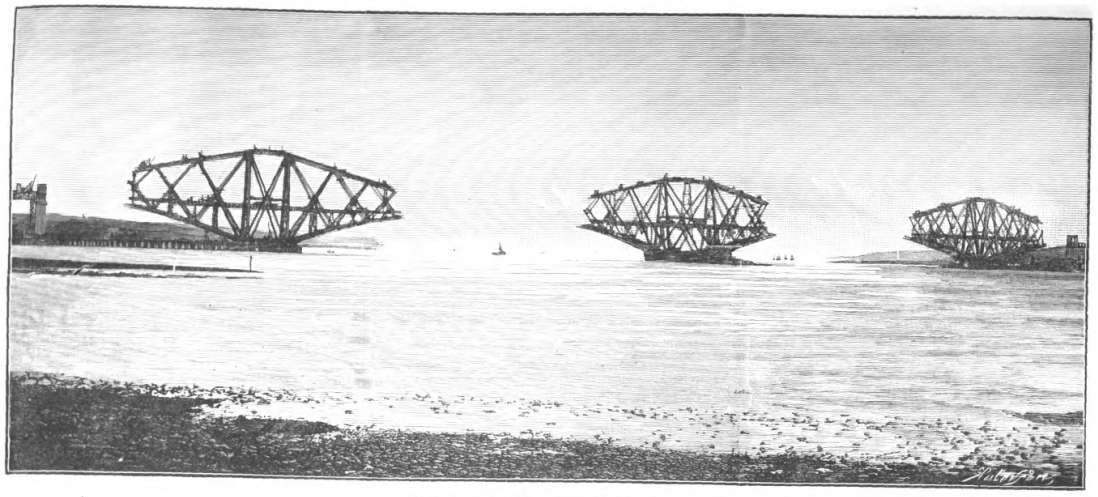
The University delegates propose to arrange a second meeting of University extension and other students in Oxford next summer. The objects of the meeting are to stimulate and direct systematic home-study by means of short courses of lectures; to supplement University extension teaching by a brief period of residence and study in Oxford; and to afford opportunities for conference between teachers and others interested in education on the best means of developing University extension and other educational work. The first part of the meeting will begin on Tuesday, July 30, and will end on Friday evening, Aug. 9; and the second part of the meeting will begin on Aug. 12 and end on Aug. 30.



1. *The Hair-Dressers at Work.*
2. *Dressing the Queue.*
3. *Powdering.*
4. *A Louis XV. Dressing.*
5. *Marie Antoinette Style.*
6. *A Scotch Hair-Dressing.*
7. *The Gainsborough Hat.*

EXHIBITION OF HAIR-DRESSING AT THE PAVILION, BRIGHTON.

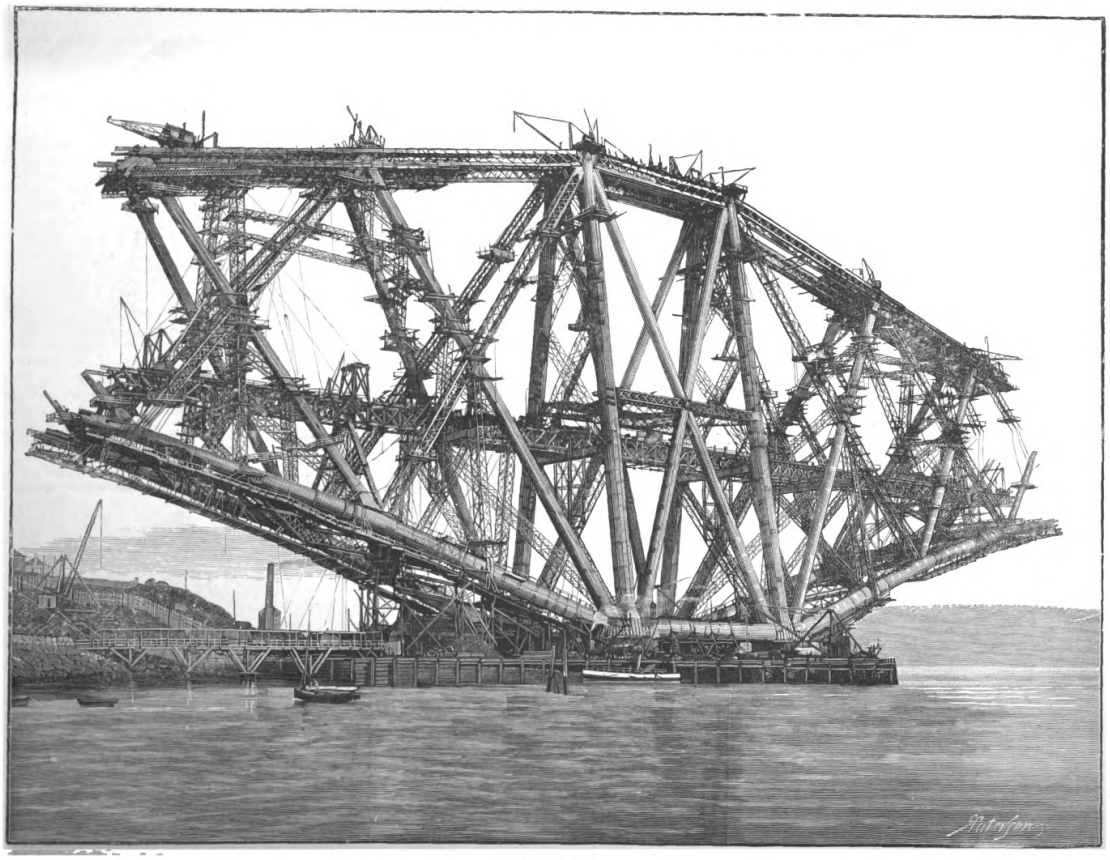
The elegant art of hair-dressing, like all other arts, must in this age come forward with its exhibitions of competitive practice. More than one such performance in London has of late years claimed public notice; and London-super-Mare had its turn a few days ago. In the Pavilion, the Palace once of Georgian celebrity, no longer the Brighton abode of Royalty, but the resort of various kinds of popular entertainment, an Exhibition of "historical, powdered, and fancy coiffures" was opened on Monday, Dec. 3, in aid of the funds of certain benevolent institutions for relieving distressed members of a respectable and useful trade. Mr. Truefitt, of Bond-street, London, was one of its chief promoters; and Mr. W. Hopgood, of Brighton, took an active part in the local arrangements. Any student of the history of costume and cosmetics, which is an instructive branch of human and social and national history in general, might have gained some additional knowledge by visiting the rooms. The afternoon promenade, with much that was curious, ingenious, and beautiful to admire, was enlivened by a concert of music from Gates's orchestra, and was attended by many ladies and gentlemen of fashion. In the evening, twenty of the most skilful artists in hair-dressing, convented from different cities and towns of the United Kingdom, made a practical demonstration of their faculty on the heads of proud and happy female victims, in full view of an assembly of spectators, whose taste and experience well enabled them to judge of the merits of the work. It ought to be esteemed one of the finest of the fine arts; for its material—though, as Dean Swift wrote on the packet containing Stella's remaining tress, it is "only a woman's hair"—may in some cases be infinitely more precious than silken or golden threads. And what picture or sculpture was ever so worthy to be cherished as a pretty human head? We cannot reveal the names of the fair subjects of this adornment; nor would it, perhaps, be fair to the profession that those of the prize-winners should be set forth here in a published list.



VIEW OF THE BRIDGE FROM THE EAST.

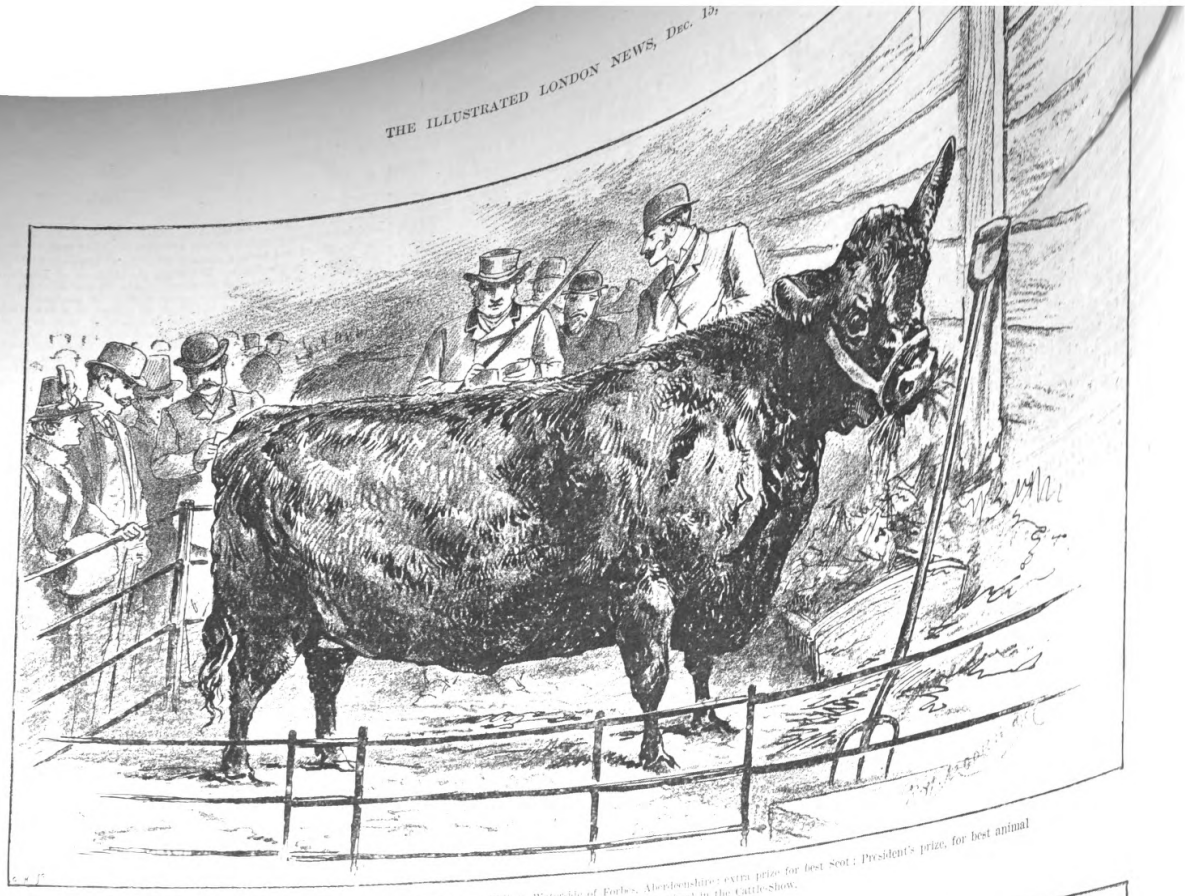
The construction of the great railway bridge to cross the Firth of Forth, at Queensferry, just beyond Dalmeny Park, where the opposite shores of Fifeshire and Linlithgowshire nearly approach each other, with the rocky islet of Inchgarvie between them, is one of the grandest works of modern engineering. It was designed, for the North British Railway Company, by Sir John Fowler and Mr. Benjamin Baker, has been four or five years in actual progress, and will be completed in the autumn of next year. The width of the estuary in this part is reduced by the peninsula of North Queensferry to a mile and a half; and on the south shore, the water shoals rapidly, with a bed of boulder clay and a very deep stratum of mud; but the Fife shore is an almost perpendicular cliff, and the intervening islet is a rock in the centre of the deep channel, with 200 ft. depth of water on each side, and with a strong tide-current sweeping up and down on each side. It was impossible to erect piers anywhere but on this islet; hence the bridge must rest on three main piers, one at South Queensferry, one at Inchgarvie, and one on the Fife shore, besides two supplementary piers which serve to relieve the balance arms of the "cantilever" girders, and to connect the bridge with a long approach viaduct.

A cantilever is a girder supported only at one point, its overhanging extended part being balanced by its weight at the other end; this engineering device is the most novel feature of the Forth Bridge. The main spans of the bridge are to be upheld over the deep-water channels by the projecting ends of cantilever girders, with connecting central girders over about one-sixth of the span. Each cantilever girder is a complex structure framed of four vertical columns, standing not parallel, but from a wide base narrowing to the top; two bottom members, formed of horizontal tubes arranged in an upward curve of 680 ft. span; two top members, consisting of box-lattice girders arranged horizontally on vertical columns; twenty-eight struts, holding the top and the bottom together; and twenty-four ties, crossing and binding the



FIFE MAIN PIER.

PROGRESS OF THE FORTH BRIDGE, QUEENSFERRY, NEAR EDINBURGH.



Smooth polled cow, Waterside Elena, three years old; owner, Mr. George Wilson, Waterside of Forbes, Aberdeenshire: extra prize for best Scot; President's prize, for best animal bred and fed by exhibitor; Elkington challenge cup as best animal in the Cattle-show.

THE CATTLE-SHOW AT BIRMINGHAM.



Mr. Mansfield H. Mills's Best Irish Setter of any breed.
Mr. Royle's Champion St. Bernard, Duke of Marlborough.
Mrs. Foster's Champion Yorkshire Terrier, Ted.
Mr. Harry T. Clarke's Champion Greyhound, Charles Davis.
Mr. R. T. Martin's Bourhound, Earl of Warwick.
Mr. Farrow's Champion Spaniel, Gipping Sam.
Mr. Hood Wright's Champion Bloodhound, Hector.
Mr. J. S. Pybus Selous' Champion Bulldog, Datholite.

THE DOG-SHOW AT BIRMINGHAM.

struts, with secondary ties to assist in holding up the bottom, all made of steel. By these means, the Forth Bridge will be carried over two spans each of 1710 ft., nearly a third of a mile, besides the half-spans extending inland, where the ends of the cantilever girders, at and beyond the piers of support, are ballasted so as to counterbalance the weight of the suspended parts and of any trains passing over them. To allow for expansion or contraction of metal, the connecting central girders, resting on the cantilevers, each weighing about 800 tons, are only rigidly attached at one end, leaving the other end free. No one can fail to admire the mechanical ingenuity of the whole contrivance, which relies on the principle of "stable equilibrium," instead of a rigid union of all the parts of this immense and ponderous structure. It will scarcely, like the unfortunate Tay Bridge, be liable to be blown down by a gale of wind.

Our Engravings show a general view of the Forth Bridge so far as it is at present completed, and a more detailed view of one of the piers and the great double cantilevers resting upon it.

We may repeat, in conclusion, that each opening of the Forth Bridge is one-third of a mile in clear span; which unprecedented width is spanned by a steel structure made up of two cantilevers or brackets, projecting 675 ft. from the piers, and a central lever connecting the ends of the cantilevers. As shown in the Engravings, the cantilevers project about 400 ft. from the piers; and pieces are being added to the ends at a rate which will complete the bridge next year. It was reported that, during the recent storms which did so much damage to shipping, the Forth Bridge had suffered; but as a matter of fact, not a plate or bolt was shaken, although, in its present condition, the structure has not one-half of its final strength.

BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND OTHER SHOWS.

The National Cattle-Show at Bingley Hall, Birmingham, which always takes place a week or two before that held in the Agricultural Hall of London, has this year been not less worthy of notice than usual, though of sheep there was a much smaller number of pens filled than on preceding occasions, and the swine also were less numerous, however good in quality. We present an Illustration of the beautiful cow of a Scotch polled breed, which was pronounced the finest animal in the Cattle-Show. The Birmingham Dog-Show and the Birmingham Poultry-Show, held at the same time, furnish suitable subjects for other Illustrations, with which the lovers of domestic animals, the connoisseurs of canine virtues, and the masters and mistresses of the farm-yard, will not be displeased. The Dog-Show at Curzon Hall had sixty pointers and some fine setters, thirty bloodhounds, and nearly as many deerhounds.

JUBILEE MEMORIAL HALL, EALING.

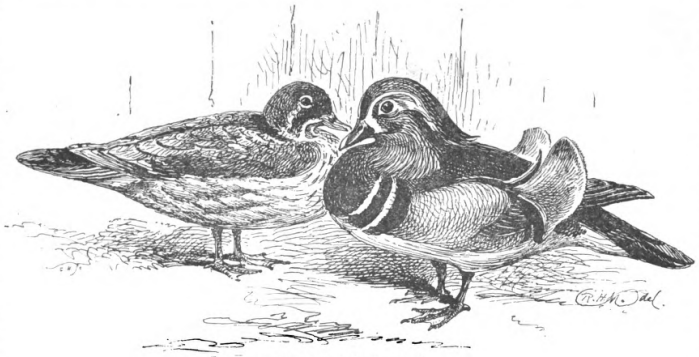
An Illustration of this building, with some account of its erection and opening, is given on another page. Information of its architectural details, having been supplied too late, must be taken separately and briefly. Its style is English Gothic, freely treated for modern requirements; the walls are of stone. The central feature is a two-storeyed oriel window, over the principal entrance; to the right is a tower 145 ft. high, separating the public offices from the Free Library wing. The east and west ends of the building terminate with hipped roofs. As for the interior, there is an entrance-hall of stone arcades, with red granite shafts; a central staircase leads to the Public Hall. To the left and to the right are different offices of the Local Board, with a second entrance to them on the west side, and a second staircase. On the first floor are the Board-room, 45 ft. by 25 ft., and 21 ft. high, with open trussed roof, traceried windows, and oaken floor; committee-rooms; and the medical officer's department. The Memorial Hall, 100 ft. long, 45 ft. wide, and 40 ft. high, has an open trussed hammer-beam roof, elaborately pierced. From the west end of the building there are two entrances to it, with a staircase on the right and another on the left, one of these leading to the lower hall, which is 40 ft. by 25 ft. by 14 ft. high, and beyond that to retiring and cloak rooms. The Free Library, in the east wing, is approached by a single doorway similar to the double doorway of the main entrance. On the ground floor are the reference library, 33 ft. by 22 ft.; the lending department, 39 ft. by 28 ft.; and at the north end the reading-room, 32 ft. by 26 ft. The whole of the area covered by these departments is half-basemented with two large classrooms for the science and art department, the centre being devoted to the library, with a lift to the lending department. The buildings have been constructed by Mr. Hugh Knight, of Morden, Surrey, to the design and under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Jones, architect and surveyor to the Ealing Local Board. Mr. R. E. Crossland was his principal architectural assistant.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards gave a brilliant lecture, on Dec. 7, at The Priory, Nutfield (by kind permission of Mrs. Fielden), on "The Buried Cities of Egypt." Before entering upon her subject, Miss Edwards gave a brief sketch of the formation of the Egypt Exploration Fund. She alluded, in passing, to the increasing preponderance of American over English subscribers to the fund, and stated that, unless English subscribers came forward to balance this preponderance, the committee might find themselves embarrassed in their disposal of the excavated treasures; the claims of the Boston Museum having already to be admitted alongside of those of the British and provincial museums.

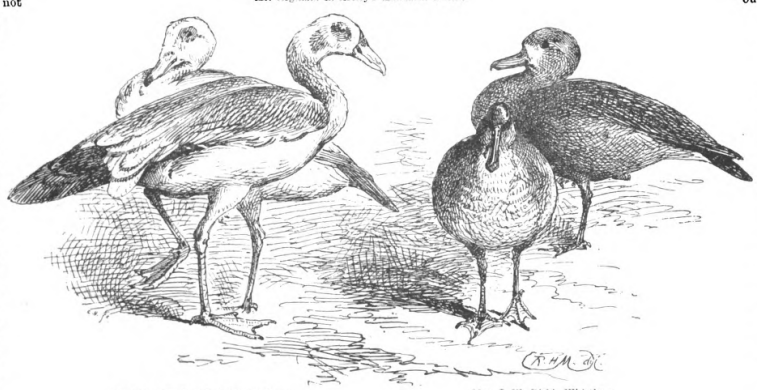
THE COURT.

On Sunday morning, Dec. 9, the Queen and the Empress Frederick, with the Royal family and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the private chapel. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, dined with their Majesties and the Royal family in the evening. The Queen went out on Monday morning, the 10th, with the Empress Frederick and Princess Sophie of Prussia. Princess Beatrice, attended by the Hon. Lady Biddulph, left the castle in the morning for Buckingham Palace, there to join Prince Henry of Battenberg, en route to Darmstadt, on account of the alarming illness of the Prince's father, Prince Alexander of Hesse. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales and the three Princesses, arrived at the castle. The Prince, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, inspected the Queen's farm-stock at the Shaw Farm on the 11th, previous to next day's sale. In the evening the Empress Frederick, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal family attended the service at St. George's Chapel.

The Prince of Wales, who had been visiting Mr. Tyssen-Amherst, at Didlington Hall, Norfolk, arrived at Marlborough House on Saturday evening, Dec. 8. On Monday, the 10th, the Prince visited the Smithfield Club Cattle Show, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House from Sandringham. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princes Albert Victor and George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, left Marlborough House in the evening on a visit to the Queen.



Mr. Reginald B. Astley's Mandarin Ducks.



Mr. P. F. Fordham's Egyptian Geese. Mrs. J. W. Dick's Whistlers.

THE POULTRY SHOW AT BIRMINGHAM: ORNAMENTAL WATER-FOWL.

CAPE GUARDAFUI, EAST COAST OF AFRICA.

Cape Guardafui, sighted by most steamers in the Indian Ocean proceeding westward to Aden and the Red Sea, is the northern limit of the combined British, German, and Portuguese blockade. The portion of the east coast of Africa thus blockaded extends from Zanzibar to Cape Guardafui. This naval demonstration against slavery will consist probably of about twenty-five ships of war, carrying about 150 guns and 4000 men. The land is a wild and inhospitable one. Duarte Barbosa first tells us of it in 1516, in the times when the Kings of Portugal swept these seas with their ships, and levied tribute at the Straits of Mecca, lying between Socotra and Cape Guardafui. In our own times, heavy tribute is often paid by silk and tea laden steamers. It is a dangerous coast, and all the skill of seamanship cannot save the homeward bound steamer from destruction if caught beneath the cliffs of Guardafui. It is at this cape that the coast ends northward, and trends so as to double towards the Red Sea.

Our Views of Cape Guardafui are from sketches made by Lieutenant-Colonel W. T. McLeod, of the Commissariat and Transport Staff. The cape, seen either from the north or south, is of a light red tint. A remarkable depression of the land is seen in the view from the north. It is as if Nature had hewn out a stupendous carriage-way for traffic with the interior. It is, however, but a highway of shifting, yellow sand, apart from the haunts of man. In the daylight, Guardafui stands, bare and bleak, in a shimmering blaze of intense heat; the very atmosphere is yellow, and filled with an impalpable dust. A table-land—900 ft. in height—rises above the sand-hills and the lesser plateaus; scorched and burnt, vegetation finds no place in these stony deserts and sandy hillocks. Below, the blue waters of the Indian Ocean lie calm and tranquil.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Legislators surely merit public sympathy. They may not be unaccustomed to a certain amount of political haziness within the walls of St. Stephen's. But when the thickest of London fogs enters the House, and materially adds to the discomfort of sitting far into December, senators may be pardoned for longing for the Christmas holidays, to escape to a pure and bracing atmosphere. Whilst the Marquis of Salisbury, it appears, will remain at home to guard the interests of the Empire, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. W. H. Smith flit to the more congenial climates of Italy and the Riviera; and Lord Randolph Churchill leisurably packs up his portmanteau for an instructive and recuperative trip with Colonel J. T. North to South America in the New Year.

The Prime Minister had an important announcement to make respecting Persia in the House of Lords on the Eleventh of December, when Viscount Sidmouth distinguished himself as arch-interrogator. There had been an amusing overture on the part of Lord Denman, who took exception to being boycotted, as he implied, by the able and urbane chief of the *Times*' Parliamentary staff, Mr. Leycester; but no other noble Lord, I imagine, would have dared to question the amplitude of the *Times*' exhaustive reports of Parliamentary speeches. Their Lordships then agreed—when they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful—to the Commons' amendment to the Irish Land Purchase Bill; and gave an opening to Lord Sidmouth to display his interest in Table Bay and Simon's Bay improvements, in docks for "Gib." and Bombay, and, his eye with fine frenzy rolling, even in Persia. This afforded Lord Salisbury an opportunity, in his happiest manner, to extol the "very high diplomatic capacity" of our adroit Minister at the Court of Teheran, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, but at the same time to do justice to the enlightenment of the Shah himself. The noble Marquis who so easily bears on his broad shoulders the heavy dual burdens of Premier and Foreign Secretary indeed showed that the Oriental potentate whose flashing diamond nigrette is so well remembered in the Metropolis is quite prepared to move with the spirit of the times. The Shah of Persia has, in fact, wisely come to the conclusion that his country needs the aid of our Government to stimulate commerce in his dominions. With this view, his Majesty has consented to open the port of Mohummreh and the River Karun to European traffic. New markets for British products being so desirable, manufacturers and merchants will welcome the news communicated by Lord Salisbury. The linked dullness long drawn out of the protracted discussions in the Commons—relieved only now and again by an eloquent outburst of Gladstonian oratory, by a skilful pyrotechnic display on the part of Lord Randolph Churchill, or by a diversion in the Parnellite ranks—has proved to demonstration that topics would be forthcoming for debate were the House to sit incessantly all the year round. The mischief of it is that we get very little forwarder. Much cry and little wool is still the deplorable rule. This is certainly not the fault of the laborious and painstaking Leader of the House, for Mr. Smith is remarkably terse and businesslike. May his exemplary succinctness spread! Should that happy time arrive when brevity would be the soul of Parliamentary wit, we should at length boast a model Session. Meanwhile, disrelish of a Saturday sitting in December caused faint interest to be taken even in the Home Secretary's report of the Sheehy Committee, who decided that Jeremiah Sullivan had committed a distinct breach of privilege, and warned him not to do it again; the House is becoming tired of the pastime of Balfour-baiting; and one and all are anxious for the last of the estimates to pass, in order to escape with alacrity to fresh woods and pastures new. The good news that Mr. Bright was better occasioned general satisfaction at the commencement of the second week in December in the House, where the bulletins from Rochdale have been scanned with the deep interest we all felt when his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was battling against fever at Sandringham just seventeen years ago.

THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

The judicial Commissioners had reached their thirtieth sitting at the Law Courts in the week ending Dec. 15, and were still hearing the examination and cross-examination of witnesses. Pat Molloy, of Dublin, was supposed to have been a Fenian or an "Invincible," which he denied; this man was brought up under guard of two of the Irish police, having been arrested and sent to London, and confined in the Holloway Prison, for not obeying the summons of the Court. He was once employed as a canvasser for a respectable firm of book-publishers in London. His evidence was to have been discredited by that of Mr. Walker, who also, for the facility of making personal inquiries, had called himself Mr. Thompson, and who was clerk to a Dublin solicitor. Mr. Arthur Shaen Bingham, a landowner in Mayo, gave evidence respecting an attempt to shoot him, in 1881, while driving in a car with his wife and a young lady; the shot was fired by a man dressed as a woman; Mr. Bingham and the young lady were slightly wounded. He afterwards used to carry a revolver, but had none on that occasion. Being asked, in cross-examination, whether his revolver did not go off by accident, he simply replied, "It could not go off, for it was not in my possession." Our Sketches are portraits of these witnesses, and of Bridget Barrett, the widow of one of Mr. Bingham's tenants, who was murdered about the same time.



SIR F. LEIGHTON'S OPENING ADDRESS.



MR. G. AITCHISON'S ADDRESS (ARCHITECTURE).



MR. WALTER CRANE'S ADDRESS (DECORATIVE ART).



MR. ALMA TADEMA'S ADDRESS (PAINTING).

THE LIVERPOOL ART CONGRESS.

The National Association for the Advancement of Art and its Application to Industry has been founded in response to desires and suggestions expressed very often in speeches and writings for thirty or forty years past, and has the goodwill of influential leaders of social opinion. It may do some good, and the only ground for scepticism is a doubt whether the English race, in general, has been endowed by its type of mental constitution with any natural capability of highly appreciating plastic art, though a few good sculptors, as well as a few architects of talent other than that of adaptation and that of construction, are found in successive generations. Painting is another matter, and England has certainly produced some of the best landscape artists and some of the best portrait-painters in the world. We shall see what we shall see, or posterity will see what may come of the patriotic endeavour to cultivate a perception of beauty in form—that is the deficiency in the average English mind. The first Congress of the Association, held at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, on Monday, Dec. 3, and following days, was as much of a success as meetings with speeches and resolutions and excellent sentiments can achieve towards an object which is only the beginning of a new branch of national education. Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., the accomplished President of the Royal Academy, was supported by Mr. Alma Tadema, A.R.A., President of the Section of Painting; Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., President of the Section of Sculpture; Mr. George Aitchison, A.R.A., President of the Section of Architecture; and Mr. Walter Crane, R.I., President of the Section of Applied or Decorative Art. The addresses delivered by these gentlemen have been reported, and have, no doubt, been thoughtfully perused by a very large number of readers who understand and enjoy the fine arts, or some fine art, and who would gladly be taught to recognise Art in the abstract, if the mystic meanings of æsthetic philosophy could be as readily comprehended by our countrymen as by the divinely inspired Greeks—inspired by repute, or by the erudite Germans who make it an academic profession. We may all hope to learn, and even to improve our notions of the ideal in sculpture and of architectural harmony, notwithstanding the indestructible materials of bad examples of those particular arts; while in painting, which is less permanent and less obtrusive, there is always the facility of using improved skill in execution to present original ideas in which the English mind, with its sensitiveness to the beauties of Nature, is not wanting; and a great improvement in our decorative art has already been effected. The opening of the Liverpool Art Congress is, therefore, an event on which public congratulations seem to be due; and our Sketches, representing Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Aitchison, and Mr. Walter Crane, delivering their respective presidential addresses, are given as an expression of sympathy with this laudable effort. Sir James Picton, the munificent donor of an Art Gallery and chairman of the Free Library, Museum, and Art Gallery Committee of the Liverpool Corporation, was chairman also of the Reception Committee for the visit of the Art Congress. The Mayor of Liverpool, Mr. E. H. Cookson, entertained the members of the Congress with a banquet in the Townhall. The Congress has been invited to meet in 1889 at Edinburgh, but we understand that this has not yet been decided.

The directors of the Union Steam-Ship Company have sent out to their chief agent in South Africa—Mr. T. E. Fuller, M.L.A., of Capetown—two 20-guinea gold watches for presentation, respectively, to the Colonial cricketer who makes the highest score in any match against Major Warton's English team, and to the Colonial bowler who takes the largest number of wickets in any match against the same English team.

Princess Christian visited the Royal Female School of Art in Queen-square on Dec. 7, and opened the new studio recently added to the institution.

Lord Justice Bowen distributed, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 11, the prizes gained by the students of the City of London College, Moorfields.

There is in Messrs. Parkins and Gotto's new galleries for toys in Oxford-street an extraordinary assortment of amusing and grotesque mechanical and musical toys, that cannot fail to enliven the Christmas of many of our juvenile friends. The objects vary greatly, some being very low-priced, while one large elephant, beautifully modelled and capable of holding a number of presents, is priced at eighteen guineas.

All matters have now been definitely settled for holding a Spanish Exhibition in 1889 at Earl's Court, upon the site of the late Italian Exhibition. The president will be the Duke of Wellington, Grandee of Spain; and the vice-president, Colonel J. T. North. The most elaborate preparations are being made, and some important arrangements have been entered into by the authorities.

The foundation-stone of the Fulham Townhall was laid by the Rev. F. H. Fisher, Vicar of Fulham, on Dec. 10. A sealed jar, containing a copy of *The Times* newspaper of that date, *The Illustrated London News* of Dec. 8th, and three local newspapers, together with a set of silver and copper coins, was deposited in a cavity of the granite block. The hall will cost upwards of £20,000. Mr. George Edwards is the architect; and Mr. Charles Wall, of Chelsea, the builder.



Mr. Boughton.

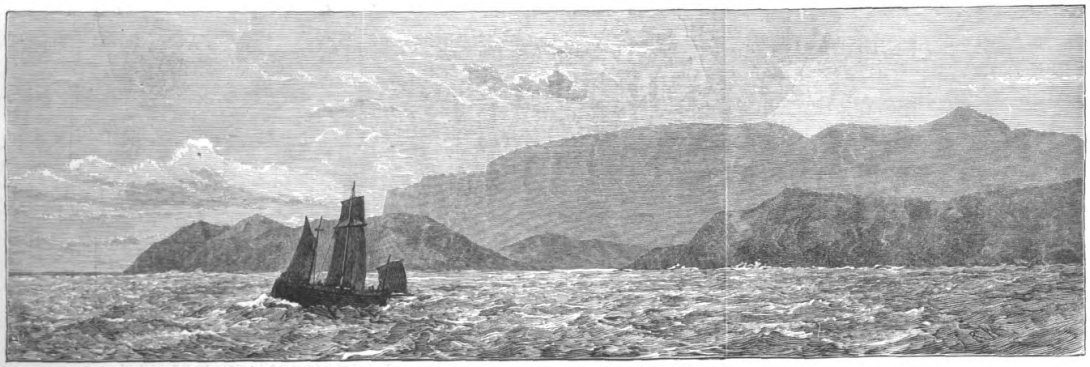
Pat Molloy's Bodyguard.

Pat Molloy.

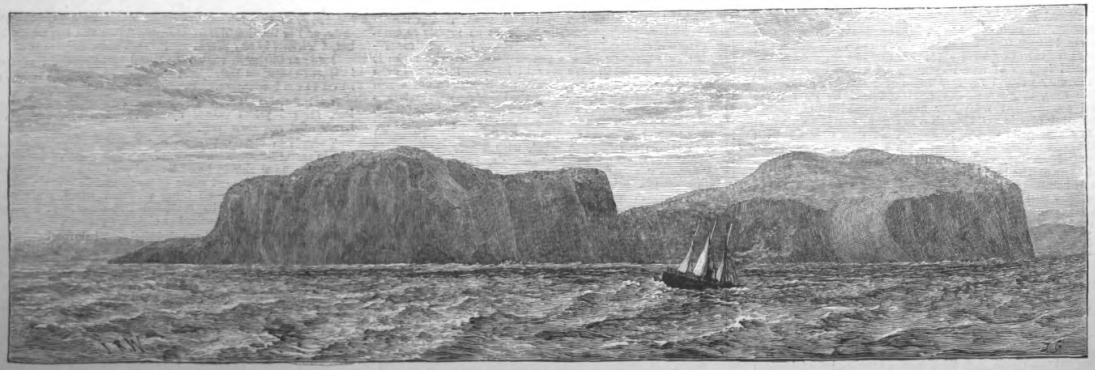
Mr. "Thompson" Walker.

Bridget Barrett.

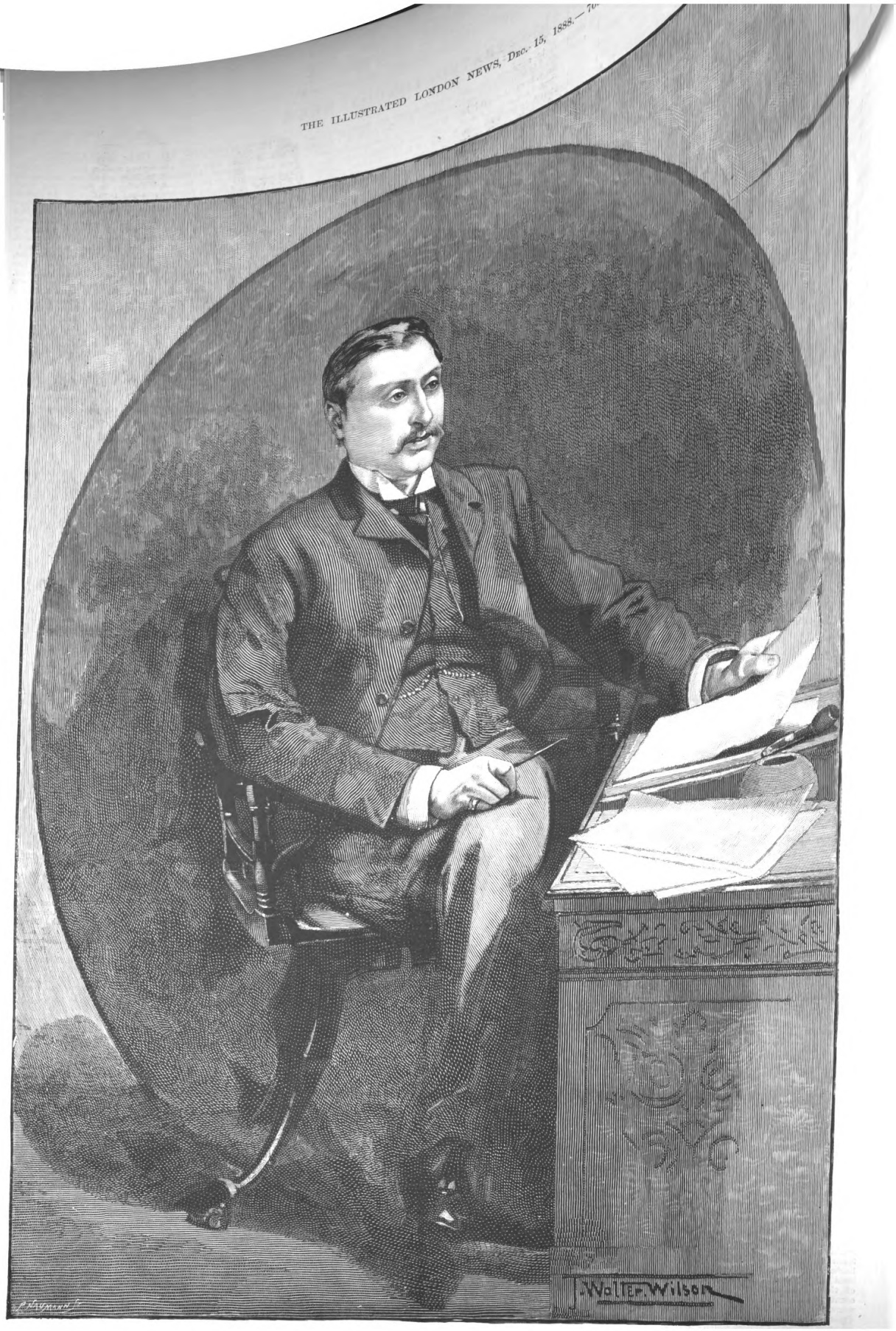
SKETCHES AT THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.



CAPE GUARDAFUI, EAST COAST OF AFRICA, LOOKING SOUTH.



CAPE GUARDAFUI, EAST COAST OF AFRICA, LOOKING NORTH.



MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," "Allan Quatermain," and "Cleopatra."

MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD.

This clever and ingenious novelist has won such extensive celebrity that we may feel sure of the ready acceptance of his portrait by an immense multitude of readers, who are so well acquainted with his stirring romances as not to require any details of his personal biography; and it may even be considered that a popular author, working in his study for the public entertainment, has no need, individually, to allow the world to comment on his unassuming private life. There are few among those who delight in the contemporary literature of fiction to whom Mr. Rider Haggard's books are unknown. "King Solomon's Mines," "The Witch's Head," "She," and "Allan Quatermain," with their wondrous revelations of Central African mysteries, of wild savagery and heathen civilisation, and of the miraculous preservation of customs and institutions derived from prehistoric antiquity, are quite as familiar, to many of us, as "Robinson Crusoe," or "Gulliver's Travels," or "The Arabian Nights." If certain grave critics have deemed it their duty to object to these interesting tales on the ground of their lack of consistency with ascertained facts of geography and ethnology, or with the understood physical laws of Nature, or with the conditions of human character and behaviour under any conceivable social influences, it is a sufficient answer that they are not intended to satisfy the scientific critics, but to amuse the fancy; and in this purpose, it cannot be denied, the author has been one of the most successful writers of the day. He has, we believe, sojourned a while in South Africa, and has had an opportunity of seeing what Zulus and Kaffirs are like, his descriptions of the habits and manners of those races agreeing fairly with those which are to be found in authentic books of travel. As for the imaginary preternatural incidents, the subterranean rivers and unquenchable fires, the tremendous caverns and chasms, the sorcery and magic, the treasures hoarded for ages, the splendid cities of sculptured marble, with golden palaces and temples, where immortal Queens of enchanting beauty and enthralling wisdom rule for thousands of years over an obedient warlike population—why should not these romantic dreams be permitted for our diversion, as well as the perusal of Homer's "Odyssey," the various marvels related by Ariosto, the fables of Indian, Persian, or Arabian invention, or the "Earthly Paradise" of Mr. William Morris? What may be told in verse can also be told in prose; and nineteen people in twenty now like prose reading much better. Among the other productions of Mr. Rider Haggard are to be mentioned his "Dawn," "Jess," "Mr. Meeson's Will," and "Maiwa's Revenge," each of which has been received with public favour; "Colonel Quaritch, V.C.," a novel in three volumes, recently published; and his great story of ancient Egypt, entitled "Cleopatra," which will appear by weekly instalments in *The Illustrated London News*, beginning with our first publication in the New Year.

The Portrait of Mr. Rider Haggard is a drawing from life, specially made by one of our own Artists.

NEW BOOKS.

Colonel Quaritch, V.C., a Tale of Country Life. By H. Rider Haggard. Three vols. (Longmans).—The popularity of this author, though chiefly won by stories of a different kind, is so widely established that many readers are gained beforehand to a new tale written by him. Yet while few writers of fiction can more potently arouse the imaginative joy of a description of fierce fighting, there is none of that sort of entertainment here, in spite of the military rank and the Victoria Cross worn by his modest hero. The Colonel has retired on half-pay, in the forty-fourth year of his age, before the story begins; he has come to reside, with an income of about £600 a year, in an ancient cottage on the Molehill at Honham, bequeathed to him by his aunt. A recent magazine essay on "Names in Fiction," by one of the most judicious literary critics of the present day, emboldens us to ask why a typical plain English gentleman should be appointed to bear a unique foreign surname, heretofore known to Londoners only in connection with a highly-respectable business familiar to scholarly amateurs of rare and precious exotic or antique books. "Quaritch" does not go well with "Harold," which is, perhaps, itself a Christian name of too youthful an air for a man of the Colonel's time of life, though he could nowise get rid of it after wearing it gracefully and gallantly at one-and-twenty. But the objection most likely to be taken by ordinary novel-readers to Harold Quaritch personally is that his mature disposition and behaviour show no trace of his ever having been a young man; he could never have been handsome or graceful; and though he must, as a soldier, have exhibited on some occasion, in India, what is officially styled "gallantry," which thousands of other soldiers would show if they had the lucky opportunity, the social quality that oftener takes that name, in his demeanour to either sex, is not more especially conspicuous than it may be in any quiet civilian. He is unquestionably a very honest, manly, straightforward, generous fellow, with plenty of moral courage, which is a much better quality; and when he has, with ample justification, called Mr. Edward Cossey a cur and a blackguard, he offers to cross the Channel for the purpose of fighting a duel—an improper and unnecessary invitation which Mr. Edward Cossey more wisely declines. Still, the part which Colonel Quaritch has to play, throughout this story, is that of self-possessed inactivity, with a patient attendance on the young lady who has captivated his middle-aged affections, until the period arrives, near the end of it all, for him to discover a hidden treasure in the Dead Man's Mount, behind his own back garden. This feat of digging up a hoard of old gold coins, on a stormy winter night, in a pit where it has lain guarded by skeletons for more than two centuries, is told with the intense descriptive force to be expected in such a narrative by the author of "King Solomon's Mines." But it is not of a nature to cast much light on the complex conditions of individual character; for any tolerably courageous man, with a strong motive, whether of love and friendship, or of greedy avarice, would do the same, if free from superstition, when he had deciphered the cryptogram of the writing in the old Bible. There is no flavour of the "V.C.," or of "distinguished gallantry," about such an action; we like and esteem Colonel Quaritch, as a worthy country gentleman of small pretensions and an unassuming faithful lover; we are sincerely glad that he helps to save the Squire's estate from ruin, and that he finally becomes the husband of Ida; but he does not come up to the romantic ideal of a hero. The Squire, for his part, is a type of the conventional attributes of an old-fashioned Tory country landlord, with the exception, again, of his family name, De la Molle, which is neither English, Norman, nor French; and that of Dofferleigh, which originally belonged to his ancestors, seems almost equally impossible in our national history. He is, personally, to judge by his sayings and doings, such a foolish, vain, selfish, obstinate old man, that we cannot much care for the impending risk of his ejection from Honham Castle, as he has no male heir, and his only daughter may have a good husband, able to support her and her father as poor gentlefolk to the end of their lives. Seriously, it is difficult to approve, on the consideration of mere pride of ancestry, Ida's intended self-sacrifice for the price of £30,000 to a man whom she and her father both detest and despise, Mr. Edward Cossey, the son of the rich London banker, and a base scoundrel with an inheritance of half a million, carrying on, as she knows, a criminal intrigue with a married woman in the neighbourhood. No daughter capable of consenting to such a marriage, especially after avowing her love for another man, should be regarded as an honest young woman; so the heroine, as well as the hero, of this disagreeable social complication appears to us a failure in moral interest; while the hereditary claims of the De la Molles to keep their mortgaged property, even by a proposed transaction of this unworthy kind, do not command our sympathy. Much is said of the noble ancient race of English landed proprietors, and of the inferior class, often rich tradesmen, bankers, or lawyers, who now sometimes come into possession of their former estates. But every diligent student of the domestic history of England has ascertained that in the means by which the oldest landed estates were originally acquired, there was incomparably more chicanery, servility, and treachery, than can now be practised, and that modern purchases, or mortgages and foreclosures, are more honest dealings than some of those on record under the Tudor and Plantagenet reigns. These reflections are presented only as an antidote to any false impressions that may be left by what is called a "Tale of Country Life." Mr. Rider Haggard is, nevertheless, a writer of so much inventive ability, with such remarkable powers of combining incidents to bring about a designed catastrophe, setting his personages forcibly in action, bringing them into sharp collision with each other, entangling them, and subsequently removing their bonds in the course of his story, and exciting common emotions on their behalf, that none of his works can fail to be of some interest. In this novel, we confess, the episode of Mr. Quest's social and matrimonial embarrassments—though Mr. Quest is a very bad man, and the unhappy lady called Mrs. Quest is not at all a good woman—engages our concern much more heartily than the affairs of Honham Castle. Mr. Quest, the clever, scheming, ambitious solicitor, the churchwarden, the clerk of Petty Sessions, all that is respectable at Boisingham, yet a secret criminal, a bigamist, in lifelong dread of his real wife, a vile, coarse, drunken, profligate creature, who lives a loose life in London, draining him of the better part of his income, does somehow take hold of the imagination; all the more as he is passionately fond of his second partner, who, having detected his perfidy, regards him with bitter aversion and becomes wantonly unfaithful to him in return. This is a terrible conflict of passions, but the situation is not inconceivable; and Mr. Rider Haggard works out its development with a dramatic skill and force which prove his capacity of dealing successfully with the elements of the usual domestic novel. He will no doubt find a suitable plot and characters of substantial merit for the composition of another story of this class, which may add to the considerable reputation acquired by his other successful writings. In the meantime, we confidently expect that his "Cleopatra," immediately forthcoming in our own pages, will be admired even more highly than those ingenious weird romances which have fascinated a countless multitude of readers by the entertainment of poetical fancy with visions of pity and terror.

The Land beyond the Forest (Transylvania). By E. De L. Gerard. Two vols. (W. Blackwood and Sons).—Madame Gerard, a Scotch lady, the wife of an Austrian Cavalry officer, lived two years at Herrmannstadt and Kronstadt, in the south-eastern corner of the Empire, and became well acquainted with the country and the various races of people on that remote frontier. Her account of them is copious in detail, enlivened with many anecdotes of social and domestic life, of peculiar customs, notions, and legendary traditions, and gives to the intelligent reader both a good deal of entertainment and much suggestive information. Nowhere in Europe is there to be observed a more curious juxtaposition of different nations, or fragments of nations, contrasting strongly with each other in character and in their state of civilisation. The Transylvanians of the South Slavonic race, the Magyars or Hungarians, the Roumans from Wallachia, the descendants of German colonists, who are called Saxons, the Tsiganes or Gipsies, the Szekels, a purely Hunnish race, and the Armenian emigrants from Moldavia, occupy their several districts in the valleys west of the Carpathian mountains, and north of the Roumanian frontier. Madame Gerard describes them separately, and it is just now of some political importance to learn their characteristic dispositions, for they might possibly be drawn into the conflict between Austria and Russia which is apprehended by many statesmen as a future danger. The town of Klausenburg, now more frequently named Kolosvar, is much less German than formerly, and the non-German elements of population seem to be gaining ground in Transylvania. The Greek Church has great influence in the country; while Unitarianism, which finds sympathy among certain English Dissenters, prevails in that and other towns. The authoress, as might be expected, dwells especially on the stiff Conservative habits and temper of the old-fashioned Saxons, who appear to be a sturdy, honest, rather boorish, hard, and plodding kind of people, not without solid merits, and Protestants in religion. They afford, perhaps, the most genuine example of the primitive German type, and are worth studying on that account; "but they are now rapidly degenerating into mere fossil antiquities." The Roumanians, on the contrary—who claim to be of Italian origin, and whose language is a Latin dialect, being, perhaps, the descendants of Trajan's colony of Roman soldiers on the Lower Danube—are vivacious, crafty, endowed with versatile talents, and cherish an enterprising ambition. It seems as if they had a future before them; and the comparison between them and the stationary or retrograde Saxons is the main interest of this book. The last chapters are an agreeable description of the scenery of the Bulea Lake, the mountains and pine-forests, with an excursion to Sinaia, the favourite summer resort of the King and Queen of Roumania, not far beyond the Austrian frontier.

The Leeds Town Council have resolved to borrow £200,000, by the issue of debenture stock, for town improvements.

The Lady Mayoress on Saturday distributed the prizes to the officers and men of the 3rd London Rifle Volunteers, at the Guildhall, the Lord Mayor presiding.

The Duke of Sutherland has placed at the disposal of the Crofter Commissioners a portion of a deer forest, in the Assyre district, over 800 acres in extent, and portions of several sheep farms extending to about 8000 acres, to be assigned to Crofter applicants who desire to extend their holdings.

A deputation representing newspaper proprietors and journalists waited upon the First Lord of the Treasury on Dec. 8, at the House of Commons with reference to the Libel Law Amendment Bill now on the Order Book of the House of Commons for consideration of the Lords' amendments. In reply to the earnest hope expressed by the deputation that an opportunity might be afforded for its being passed during the Session, Mr. Smith said he would use every effort to secure this result.

THE MISSION TO THE ASHANTEES.

None of those who were among our readers fifteen years ago can have forgotten the British military expedition sent, under the command of Sir Garnet Wolseley, to punish the cruel King Coffee Calcalli for his insolent invasion of the Fantee protected territory behind Cape Coast Castle. The prompt and orderly march of a large body of our troops, for two hundred miles inland, through a dense tropical jungle and troublesome marshes, fighting several battles against a numerous host of warlike foes; the burning of Coomassie, which is the capital of the Ashantee Kingdom; and the submission of its savage monarch to the prescribed terms of peace, were fully related not only in the pages of this Journal, but also in a separate Illustrated *History*; and our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, began his services as a War Correspondent by furnishing admirable Sketches of that campaign. King Coffee Calcalli was not deposed, but lived and reigned, we hope less unmercifully than before, until a recent date; when the Royal Stool or Throne, left vacant by his death, was disputed in a fierce civil war between two rival factions. His Majesty had no son to inherit it; and his sister, Princess Yawa-Kiah, who is married or a widow having three daughters, could not reign on account of the Salic law. We know little of Ashantee politics, and will not attempt even to state the names and titles of the opposing claimants; but the Kingdom is rather a sort of Empire including several tributary nations, the Adawsi, the Bekwai, the Kokofus, and others, whose chiefs took different sides, and there was a great deal of sanguinary fighting, by which the forest-country for a distance of seventy miles, from the Prah river to the Bekwai, was continually overrun, and every native village was utterly destroyed, not one habitation being left standing. Thousands of people must have perished, and it seemed right to the British Government of Cape Coast Castle, when the mutual rage of the contending parties was exhausted, to offer a friendly mediation, recognising the head of the victorious league as the necessary King, and interceding for clemency to the vanquished, while taking pledges for his peaceable behaviour towards the subjects of our protectorate. For this purpose, and to witness the ceremonial enthronement of his Majesty, the late Captain Lonsdale, C.M.G., with Captain Barnett, of the Gold Coast Constabulary as second Commissioner, was sent to Coomassie, and advanced to the village of Adwabin, fourteen miles south of that city, within easy reach of the camps of the two rival parties. Here the Mission was delayed seven months, occupied in difficult negotiations and watching the progress of events; but Captain Lonsdale fell ill, and Captain Barnett succeeded him in the command of the expedition and in the business to be transacted. The native chiefs having at length agreed to a settlement, invited Captain Barnett to proceed to Coomassie; and the medical officer who accompanied this Mission—namely, Dr. F. Sullivan, M.D., Assistant Colonial Surgeon of the Gold Coast Colony—took a series of photographs of the town, the King's palace, and the most important Ashantee personages, which we are permitted to copy in our Engravings. Dr. Sullivan, while at Coomassie, opened a charitable hospital for the relief of native sick patients, and was called "Amagashi Bruni," the White Medicine-man, by the grateful Ashantee people. Much credit is due to Captain Barnett for the satisfactory result of the Mission. In one of our Illustrations, Princess Yawa-Kiah and her daughters are making "a morning call" on the Commissioner; in another, his visitor is the noble Chief Bantama Awuah, General of the Ashantee army.

MR. ANDREW LANG ON FOLK-LORE.

At the annual meeting of the Folk-Lore Society, held on Dec. 6 in the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, in Albemarle-street, Mr. Andrew Lang was installed as president in succession to the Earl of Strafford, who has resigned.

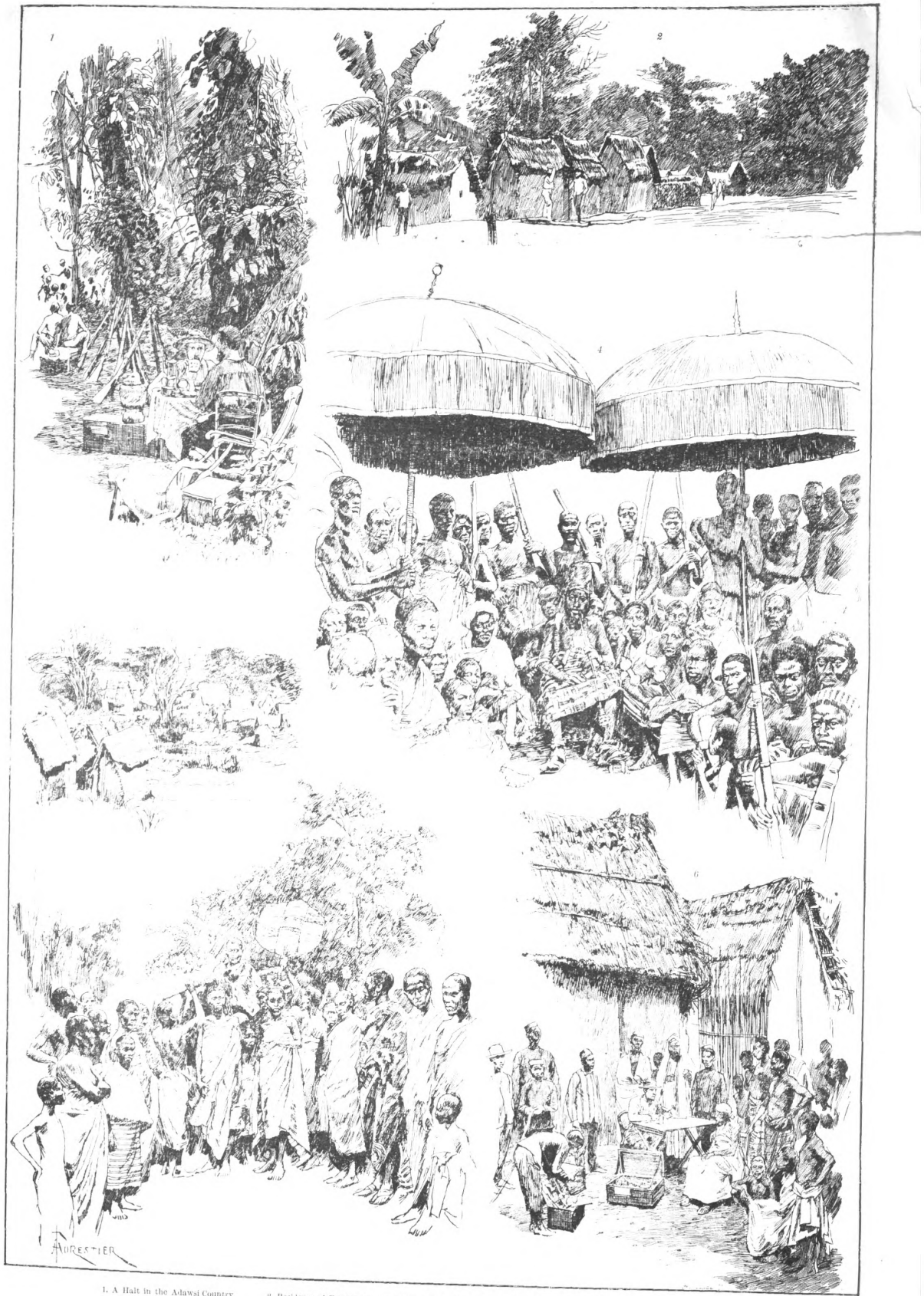
In his opening address Mr. Lang congratulated the members upon the work already achieved by the society, particularly mentioning the publication of Signor Comparetti's "Book of Sindibad" and Mr. Nutt's "Legend of the Holy Grail," the latter of which, he said, enabled us to answer, so far as it can be answered, the question which we have asked ourselves ever since we read Malory in our early days—namely, whence come the things which are there narrated.

The subject of folk-lore was a vast one, and the more he thought upon it, the more it puzzled him. A plea had been made in favour of treating it as a science, but directly they treated it as a science they trenched upon the ground of other societies. For instance, one branch of study which might be pursued came strictly within the province of the Psychical Research Society, and that was the comparison of ordinary ghost stories, such as one might hear told at Christmas-time, with the ghost stories in the records of the past. He himself had once gone into the subject of the Beresford ghost story, which had been adapted by Sir Walter Scott in ballad form, and he had traced it back through a number of mediæval sermons to William of Malmesbury. From this he inferred either that ghosts had certain fixed habits, or that old stories were adapted with trifling alterations.

This led him to the subject of the tendency of the human mind to invent the same stories, and the question how far such stories were invented separately, and how far they were transmitted and handed down from a common centre. Thus, he had ascertained from a friend of his who had lived in New Caledonia that the Kanukas had a story of a lady of the woods to see whom was a presage of death; and precisely the same legend was to be found in the ballad of "The Sieur de Nan," translated from a Breton original by Mr. Tom Taylor.

Among other subjects was that of popular etymologies. The theory of the philologists was that expressions arose of which the meaning was forgotten, but that they remained in the language, and in consequence people invented stories to account for them. There was the modern slang expression "oof-bird," for instance. He understood that it referred in some way to the accumulation of wealth. It might be argued that "oof" was a corruption of the French "œuf," an egg, and that reference was made to the goose with the golden eggs. Was it likely that men would go on talking of the "oof-bird" after the meaning of the expression was forgotten?

He suggested as a possible definition of folk-lore that it was a small department or branch of the science of anthropology. In one sense, it might be said that folk-lore was at an end. The origin of most customs and superstitions could be readily accounted for. Thus, the superstition about thirteen persons sitting down to table referred to the Lord's Supper; and Friday was held to be unlucky because that was the day on which Our Lord was crucified. On the other hand, when they came to think of the difficulties of transmission of the popular tales or *Märchen* of the world, many of which existed in practically the same form among all races of mankind, they might say that they were only at the beginning of the subject. An object to which they might usefully devote themselves was the collection of the folk stories of Great Britain. This would enable them to determine whether there were not more than three belonging specially to this country—namely, Tom Hickathrift, Jack the Giant-Killer, and Jack and the Beanstalk.



1. A Halt in the Adawsi Country. 2. Residence of English Commissioners at Adwabin. 3. Part of Coomassie as it now is.
4. A Morning Call. 5. A Royal Princess and her Party. 6. Medical Officer of the Mission Treating the Sick at Coomassie.

THE MISSION TO THE ASHANTEE KINGDOM.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.



this way, unexpected and tragical, arrived our chance of escape. We walked to Carlisle Bay by way of the sea-shore, so that we might be met by none, and in order that the bloodhounds (if they should use them) in the morning might be thrown off the track. On the march that stout and lusty wench who carried one end of the bed neither called for a halt nor complained of the burden she carried all the way. It was nigh unto midnight when we arrived at the creek in which the boat lay sunk. This was within a stone's throw of John Nuthall's cottage, where were bestowed the mast, sails, oars, and gear, with such provisions as he had gotten together for the voyage. The man was sleeping when Barnaby called him, but he quickly got up, and in less than an hour we had the boat hauled out of the water, the provisions hastily thrown in, the mast stepped, our sick man and the two women placed in the bows, the stern and middle of the boat being encumbered with our provisions, we had pushed down the muddy and stinking creek, we had hoisted sail, and we were stealing silently out of Carlisle Bay under a light breeze. Three or four ships were lying in the bay; but either there was no watch kept aboard or it was no one's business to hail a small sailing-boat going out, probably for fishing at dawn. Besides, the night was so dark that we may very well have escaped notice. However that might be, in a quarter of an hour we were well out at sea, beyond the reach of the guns of Carlisle Bay, no longer visible to the ships in port, and without any fear of being seen until daybreak. And, happily, the wind, which sometimes drops altogether in the night, still continued favourable, though very light.

"My lads," said Barnaby presently, drawing a long breath, "I verily believe that we have given them the slip this time. In the morning they will go forth, an they please, with their bloodhounds to hunt for us. Madam's eyes mean hanging. Well, let them hunt. If any inquiry is made for us at the Bridge, no boat will be missing, and so no suspicion will be awakened. They will, I suppose, search for us among the caves and ravines of which I have heard, where there are hiding-places, to be sure, in plenty, but no water to drink, so that the poor devils who run away and seek a refuge there are speedily forced to come out for water, and so are caught or shot down. Well, they will hunt there a long time before they find us. This boat makes a little water, but I think not much. If she proves water-tight, and the breeze holds, by daylight we should be well to the south of the island. Courage, therefore! All will be well yet! How goes Robin?"

He was lying as easily as we could manage for him—one rug over him and another under him. Alice sat on one side of him, and the woman Deb on the other. Then, because the boat was heavy in the bows, and sometimes shipped a little water when she dipped in the waves, Barnaby rigged up a tarpaulin to prevent this; and (but this was not till next day) over the tarpaulin he made out of a rug and an oar a low tilt which, unless the weather grew bad, might shelter those three by night from dew and spray, and by day from the sun overhead and the glare and heat of the water.

"Deb," he said presently, softly, "art afraid?"

"No, Sir—not while my mistress is here." (She meant Alice.)

"If we are taken, Deb, we shall all be flogged wellnigh unto death, and very likely hanged as well. Remember that."

"I am not afraid, Sir."

"And we may spring a leak," said Barnaby, "and so go all to the bottom and be devoured. Art not afraid to die?"

"No, Sir—not if I may hold my mistress by the hand so that she may take me whither she goeth herself."

"Good," said Barnaby. "As for me, I expect I shall have to go alone, or take hands with John Nuthall here. Well, there will be a round half-dozen of us. Go to sleep, my girl! In the morning we will serve round the first ration, with, perhaps, if all be well, a dram of cordial."

In the dim light of the stars I watched all night the three figures in the bow. Robin lay white and motionless; Alice sat, covered with her hood, bending over him; and Deb, from whose head her coif had fallen, lay, head on arm, sound asleep. She had no fear, any more than a common soldier has when he goes into action, because he trusts his Captain.

Thus began our voyage: in an open boat, twenty feet long, with a company of three sound men, two women, and a sick man. For arms, in case we needed them, we had none at all. If any ship crossed our track and should call upon us to surrender we could not deny that we were escaped convicts, because the dress of all but one proclaimed the fact. Who, in such a climate, would choose to wear a coarse shirt and canvas breeches, with a Monmouth cap, except it was a servant or a slave who had no choice, but must take what is given him?

But we would not surrender, come what might. If we could neither fight nor fly, we could sink. Sail Barnaby in the dead of night, whispering in my ear. "Lad, 'tis agreed between us; we will have that clear: sooner than be taken we will scuttle the ship, and so sink all together. If 'tis accounted murder, let the blame lie between us two."

A little before daybreak the breeze freshened, and the waves began to rise; but not so high as to threaten the boat, which proved, indeed, a most gallant little craft, dancing over the waters as if she enjoyed being driven by the breeze. Some boats, as sailors will tell you (being always apt to compare their craft with living creatures) come thus, frolic and sprightly, from their makers' hands; while others, built of the same material and on the same lines, are, on the contrary, and do always remain, heavy and lumpish; just as some children are lively and gay, while others, born of the same parents, are dull and morose.

Then the sun rose, seeming to leap out of the water, a most glorious ball of fire, which instantly warmed the cool air and began to burn and scorch our hands and faces. In these hot latitudes, one understands what the ancients meant when they spoke with dread and awe of the Sun-God, who both gives and destroys life, and is so beneficial and yet so terrible. We, who live in a cold country, are sometimes greatly comforted by the sun, but are never burned; we feel his warmth, but understand not his power.

Then Barnaby began to gaze curiously all round the horizon. We had no glass or telescope; but his eyes were to him as good as any telescope is to most men.

"Thank the Lord!" he said, drawing breath (it was rare, indeed, for Barnaby thus openly to give praise), "there is no sail in sight. To be sure we have the day before us. But yet"—— Here he began to talk, as some men use when they desire to place before their own minds, clearly, the position of affairs. "Very well, then—Barbados laying now thirty miles and more nor'-east by north—vessels bound for the island from Bristol commonly sailing round the north—very well, then—we are well out of their track. Yet—there again—some are driven south by stress of weather. Ay, there is our danger. Yet again, if a vessel should see us, would she bear down upon us? I greatly doubt it. Why should she? The wind will continue—that is pretty sure. If they were to discover that we had gone off by boat, would they sail after us? Why—whom could they send? And whither would they steer? And what boat have they which would overtake this little craft with twelve hours' start? Humphrey, lad"—he turned upon me his broad and sunburnt face, full of cheerfulness—"we are not within many hours of scuttling yet. Heart up, then! A tight boat, a fair wind, a smooth sea—let us hope for the best! How goes Robin?"

There was no change in Robin, either for better or for worse.

"Sis," said Barnaby; "art sleeping still, Sis? Wake up, and let us eat and drink, and be jolly! What! Alice, I say! Why—we have escaped! We have escaped the cursed plantation! We are far away at sea! Let us laugh and sing. If there were room in this cockle, I would dance also!"

She lifted her head, and threw back her hood. Ah! what a mournful face was there!

"Brother!" she said reproachfully, "canst thou, after what has happened, laugh and sing? Hast thou forgotten last night?"

"Why, no," he replied. "One must not forget last night, because it was the night of our escape. All else, I own, I can forget. Let it not stick in thy gizzard, my dear, that man frightened thee. Rejoice rather that the villain thus afforded me a chance of giving him a taste of his own cold iron. Now he lieth low, with little taste for kisses, I take it."

"Nay, Brother," she said, shaking her head. Then she looked round her. "We are a long way from the land," she said. "When will they send out a ship to bring us back?"

"Why, d' ye see," Barnaby replied, "give us twelve hours more, and they may send out all their fleet, if they have one, and sail the wide world round for us, and yet not capture us. And now let us overhaul the provisions, and examine the ship's stores." Alice pulled her hood down again, and said no more. The woman Deb was now wide awake, and staring about her with a show of the greatest satisfaction.

"Come, John Nuthall," Barnaby went on, "we are hungry and thirsty. Where is the list I made for thee? Thou art our purser, our supercargo, our cook, and our steward; thou art also our boy's-n and carpenter, and half the crew. Where is my list, I say? Give it me, and we will overhaul the stores. Look up, Sis; never cry over what is done and over. What? A villain hath received a lesson which will serve for many other villains, and thou hangest thy head, therefore? Look up, I say. There is now hope for all. Look up, my dear, and laugh. What? Thou shalt merrily dance at my wedding yet."

Then he read the list and examined each parcel with great care.

"A hundred and a half of bread, a soft cheese, a bunch of plantains, a keg of water (nine gallons), six bottles of Canary (not one broken), a compass, a half-hour glass, a spare rug ('tis over Robin's legs), flint and steel, a handy bit of tarpaulin, a hatchet and hammer, a saw, some nails, a spare oar or two, a coil of rope and yarn, a lump of tobacco (we can chew it, though I would rather put it into a pipe), a lanthorn, candles—faugh! they are run together in a lump; well, they will serve to caulk the bottom presently."

We had, in fact, no light during our voyage, but the tallow proved useful when—I think it was the next day—the boat started a leak.

This was all our store. 'Twas not much for six people, but Barnaby hoped that the voyage would be short. If he should be disappointed, who would not put up with short rations for a day or two for the sake of freedom?

"And now," he said, when everything was stowed according to his mind, "we will have breakfast. Our provisions are no great things; but, after the accursed lob-lollie, a bit of bread and cheese will be a feast."

A feast indeed it was, and our Captain gratified us further by opening a flask of canary, which raised all our hearts. Strange, that men should be able to recover their spirits, which should be independent of bodily comforts, by a dram of wine. As for Barnaby, I thought he would have kissed the bottle, so tenderly did he hold it and so affectionately did he regard it.

"It is now three months and more," he said, "that we have had nothing save, now and then, a sup of kill-devil fresh from the still, and now we are mercifully permitted to taste again a glass of canary. 'Tis too much!" he sighed, drinking his ration drop by drop. "Well, we have but a few bottles, and the voyage may be longer than we hope; therefore we must go upon short allowance. But fear not, Sis; there shall always be enough for Robin, poor lad."

He then proceeded to tell us what he intended, and whither he would steer.

"We have no chart," he said. "What then? I can draw one as good as they are made to steer by in these seas." He could not draw one, because he had no paper or pencil; but he carved one with the point of his knife on the seat, and marked out our course upon it day by day. "See," he said: "here is Barbados. Very well then. Our course all night hath been sou'-west. She now makes about five knots an hour. It is now eight, I take it; and we must therefore be about forty miles from Barbados. To-morrow morning we should make the Grenadilloes, which are a hundred and fifty miles from Carlisle Bay. Hark ye! Here is our danger. For there may be a Bristol vessel sailing from Great Grenada to Barbados, or the other way. That would be the Devil. But such ships are rare, for there is no trade that I know of, between the two islands. Well, we will give Grenada as wide a berth as may be." Here he considered a little. "Therefore, 't will be our wiser plan to bear more to the south. Once south of Grenada, I take it, there will be no more danger at all. Off the main of South America, the sea is covered with islands. They are No-Man's Land: inhabitants have they none: navigators, for the most part, know them not: English, French, and Spanish ships come never to these islands. My purpose, therefore, is to put in at Great Margaritos or Tortuga for rest and fresh water, and so presently hoist sail again and make for the Dutch island of Curaçao."

"And after that?"

"There, my lad, we shall take ship to some country where a Protestant sailor may get a berth and a physician may find patients. It must be to Holland first; but, never fear, we shall get back to England some time. Our turn will come; and perhaps we will fight another battle with his Papistical Majesty, and find a different tale to tell afterwards."

As the day advanced, the coast of Barbados continually receded, until, before sunset, the island lay like a purple cloud low down in the horizon. The north-east breeze blew steadily, but the sun caused a most dreadful heat in the air, and our cheeks burned and our eyes smarted from the glare of the water and the spray that was blown upon us. It was at this time that Barnaby constructed the tilt of which I have spoken. The sea lay spread out round us in a broad circle, of which our boat was the centre, and the cloudless blue sky lay over us like unto a roof laid there for us alone. It is only in a ship one doth feel thus alone, in the centre of creation: even as if there were nothing but the sea around, the sky above, and our boat in the centre. Thus must the Patriarch Noah have felt when his ark floated upon the vast face of the water, and even the tops of the high hills were hidden and covered over. All day long Barnaby scanned the horizon anxiously; but there came into sight no sail or ship whatever. To us, who sometimes see the vessels lying in a crowded port, and hear how they bring argosies from every land, it seems as if every part of the ocean must be covered with sails driving before the wind from whatever quarter it may blow. But he who considers the "Mappa Mundi" will presently discover that there are scattered about vast expanses of sea where never a sail is seen, unless it be the fugitive sail of the pirate or the bark canoe of the native. These are the seas outside the lines of trade. We were now nearing such a lonely sea or part of the ocean. Barnaby knew, what the planters did not, how to steer across the unknown water to a port of safety beyond.

At mid-day our Captain served out another drink of water, with a plantain, and to Robin I gave a sop of bread in canary, which he seemed, to my surprise, to suck up and to swallow with readiness.

In such a voyage, where there is nothing to do but to keep the ship on her course and to watch the horizon for a strange sail, one speedily falls into silence, and sits many hours without speech; sometimes falling asleep, lulled by the ripple of the water as the boat flies through it.

I have said nothing about the man, John Nuthall. He was a plain, honest-looking man, and we found him throughout all this business faithful, brave, and patient, obedient to Barnaby, and of an even temper and contented with his share. That he had formerly been a thief in his native country cannot be denied, but I hope that we shall not deny to any man the power and possibility of repentance.

Barnaby divided the crew—namely, himself, John Nuthall, and me—into three watches of eight hours each, of which each man kept two at a stretch. Thus, beginning the day at noon, which was the only time we knew for certain, Barnaby would himself (but this was after the first two days) lie down in the bottom of the boat and sleep till sunset or a little later. Then John Nuthall lay down and took his turn of sleep till Barnaby thought it was four o'clock in the morning (but he reckoned, sailor fashion, by bells), when he woke him and I took his place and fell asleep. But for the first day or two, Barnaby slept not at all, and the whole of the voyage he slept as a good watch-dog sleeps, namely, with one eye always open.

At sunset he gave out another pannikin of cold water to each of us, a ration of bread and cheese, and a dram of wine. Then he commanded John Nuthall to lie down and sleep, while I took the tiller and he himself held the ropes. Then the night fell once more upon us.

Presently, while we sat there in darkness and in silence, Alice rose up from her seat, and came aft and sat down beside me. John Nuthall lay sleeping at our feet; Barnaby held the ropes, and I was at the helm.

"Humphrey," she whispered, "think you that he is truly dead?" She was speaking, not of Robin, but of the Master.

"I know not, my dear."

"I can think of nothing but of that man's sudden end, and of what may happen to us. Say something to comfort me, Humphrey! While we were on the estate you always had some good word to say, like manna for refreshment. Say something now. My soul is low in the dust—I cannot even pray."

"Why, my dear?" What could I say? "'Tis true that the man was struck down, and that suddenly. And yet"——

"Alas! to think that my own brother—that Barnaby—should have killed him!"

"As for that," said Barnaby, astonished, "if someone had to kill him, why not I as well as another? What odds who killed him?"

"Oh!" she said, "that a man should be called away at such a moment, when his brain was reeling with wine and wicked thoughts!"

"He was not dead," I told her (though I knew very well what must have been the end), "when we came away. Many a man recovers who hath had a sword-thrust through the body. He may now be on the mend—who can tell?" Yet I knew, I say, very well, how it must have ended. "Consider, my dear: this poor wretch tempted the wrath of God, if any man ever did. If he is destroyed, on his own head be it—not on ours. And if he should recover, he will have had a lesson which will serve him for the rest of his life. Whether he recover or no, he may have had time left him for something of repentance and of prayer. Why, Alice, if we get safely to our port we ought to consider the punishment of this sinner (which was in self-defence, as one may most truly say) the very means granted by Providence for our own escape. How else should we have got away? How else should we have resolved to venture all, even to carrying Robin with us?" All this, I repeat, I said in order to encourage her, because, if I know aught of wounds, a man bleeding inwardly of a sword-thrust through his vitals would have short time for the collecting of his thoughts or the repentance of his sins, being as truly cut off in the midst of them as if he had been struck down by a thunderbolt. A man may groan and writhe awhile under the dreadful torture of such a wound, but there is little room left him for meditation or for repentance.

Then I asked her if, haply, she was in any fear as to the event of the voyage.

"I fear nothing," she told me, "except to be captured and taken back to the place whence we came, there to be put in prison and flogged. That is my only fear. Humphrey, we have suffered so much already that this last shame would be too great for me to bear. Oh! to be tied up before all the men, and flogged like the black women—'t would, indeed, kill me, Humphrey!"

"Alice," I said very earnestly, "art thou brave enough to endure death itself rather than this last barbarity?"

"Oh! Death!—death!" she cried, clasping her hands. "What is death to me, who have lost everything?"

"Nay, but consider, my dear. To die at sea—it means to sink down under the cold water out of the light of day; to be choked for want of air; perhaps to be devoured quick by sharks; to lie at the bottom of the water, the seaweed growing over your bones; to be rolled about by the troubled waves"——

"Humphrey, these are old wives' tales. Why, if it had

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

Barnaby rigged up a tarpaulin; over this he made, out of a rug and a spare spar, a low tilt.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

been lawful I would have killed myself long ago. But I must not lose heaven as well as earth. A brief pang it is to die, and then to be happy for ever. What do I care whether the seaweed covers my bones or the cold clay? Oh! Humphrey, Humphrey, why should I care any longer to live?"

"My dear," I said, "if we escape in safety there may yet be happiness in store. No man knoweth the future." She shook her head. "Happiness," I told her, "doth not commonly come to man in the way which he most desires and prays. For if he obtain the thing for which he hath so ardently prayed, he presently finds that the thing bringeth not the joy he so much expected. Or it comes too late, as is the case often with honours and wealth, when one foot is already in the grave. I mean, my dear, that we must not despair because the thing which most we desire is taken from us. Perhaps we ought not to desire anything at all, except what the Lord shall provide. But that is a hard saying, and if men desired nothing it is certain that they would no longer work for anything." I talked thus at length to divert her mind from her troubles. "To thee, poor child," I said, "have been given afflictions many and great—the loss of godly parents, the imposition of a husband whom thou must avoid, and the deprivation of earthly love. Yet since thou art so brave, Alice, I will tell thee—I thought not, indeed, to tell thee anything of this"——

"What, Humphrey? What?"

"Briefly, then, Alice. Know that, whatever happens, thou shalt not be taken alive."

"How? unless you kill me?"

"We are resolved, my dear—Barnaby and I—that if we cannot escape any vessels which may pursue us, the boat shall be sunk, and so we shall all drown together. Indeed, Alice, I confess that I am not myself so much in love with life as to return to that captivity and intolerable oppression from which we have gotten away. Therefore, be assured, we will all drown rather than be taken and go back."

"Oh!" she sighed, but with relief, "now shall I fear nothing. I have not lost everything, since I have thee still—and Barnaby. Alas! my head has been so full of what Madam said—that we should be certainly caught, and all of us flogged. To be flogged! Who would not rather die?" she shivered and trembled. "To be flogged!—Humphrey, I could not bear the shame!" She trembled and shivered at the very thought.

"Fear not, my dear," I said; "thou knowest, now, that we on the boat love thee too well to suffer that extreme of barbarity. Put that fear out of thy mind. Think only that we may have to die, but that we shall not be taken. To die, indeed, will very likely be our fate: for we have but a quarter of an inch of frail wood between us and the sea. If a storm should arise, we fill with water and go down, if the wind should drop, we are becalmed, and so perish miserably of hunger and thirst, if Barnaby steer not aright"——

"Humphrey," said Barnaby, "fill not her foolish and ignorant head with rubbish. 'Tis not the time of tornadoes, and there will be no storm. The wind at this season never drops, therefore we shall not lie becalmed. And as for my steering aright, why—am I a lubber?"

"Brother," she said, "if I am not to be flogged, the rest concerns me little. Let us say no more about it. I am now easy in my mind. Robin sleeps, Humphrey. He hath slept since the sun went down, and this afternoon he looked as if he knew me. Also, he took the bread sopped in Canary eagerly, as if he relished it."

"These seas," said Barnaby, "are full of sharks."

I knew not what he meant, because we were speaking of Robin.

"Sharks have got sense, as well as sailors," he went on.

Still, I understood him not.

"When a man on board a ship is going to die, the sharks find it out and they follow that ship until he does die and is flung overboard. Then they devour his body and go away, unless there is more to follow. I have looked for sharks, and there are none following the boat; wherefore, though I am not a doctor, I am sure that Robin will not die."

"I know not at all," I said, "how that may be. There are many things believed by sailors which are superstitions—fond beliefs nourished by the continual presence of perils. On the other hand, the senses of man are notoriously as far below those of creatures as their intellects are above them (yet a skilful man may read the premonition of death in a sick man's face). Therefore I know not but that a shark may have a sense like unto the eye of a hawk or the scent of a hound, with which to sniff the approach of death afar off. Let us comfort ourselves, Alice, with Barnaby's assurance."

"'Tis a well-proved and tried thing," said Barnaby; "and sailors, let me tell thee, Master Doctor, have no superstitions or idle beliefs."

"Well, that may be. As to Robin's disease, I can pronounce nothing upon it. Nay, had I the whole library of Padua to consult I could learn nothing that would help me. First, the mind falls into a languishing and spiritless condition. That, I apprehend, causeth the body to lie open to attacks of any disease which may be threatening. Then, the body, being ill at ease, works upon the mind, and causes it to wander beyond control. So that the soul, which is bound up with body and mind, cannot show herself or manifest her will. It is the will which shows the presence of the soul: the will which governs body and mind alike. But if I know aught of disease, if a change comes upon Robin it will either swiftly cure or swiftly kill."

"Humphrey," she whispered, "if he recover, how shall I meet his face? How shall I reply when he asks me concerning my promise and my vows to him?"

"My dear, he knows all. 'T was that knowledge, the pity of it, and the madness of it—believe me—which threw him into so low a condition."

"I have looked daily for reproaches in thy kind eyes, Humphrey. I have found none, truly. But from Robin—oh! I dare not think of meeting those eyes of his."

"Reproach thee will he never, Alice. Sorrow and love, I doubt not, will lie in his eyes all his life. What thou hast done was for him and for thy father and thy brother and for all of us. But, oh! the pity—and the villainy! Fear not to meet the poor lad's eyes, Alice."

"I long to see the light of reason in those dear eyes—and yet I fear. Humphrey, I am married; but against my will. I am a wife, and yet no wife; I am resolved that, come what may, I will never, never go to my husband. And I love my Robin still—oh!" she sobbed, "I love my Robin still!"

"If we die," I told her, "you shall go down with your arm round his neck, and so you shall die together."

Then we sat silent a while.

"My dear," I said, "lie down and take some sleep."

"I cannot sleep, Humphrey, for the peace of mind which hath fallen upon me. If Robin now come to his senses again I shall not fear him. And the night, it is so peaceful—so cool and so peaceful"—the wind had now dropped, till there was barely enough to fill the sail, and only enough way on the boat to make a soft murmur of the water along her sides. "The sea is so smooth; the sky is so bright and so full of stars. Can there be, anywhere, a peace like this? Alas! if we could sail still upon a silent and peaceful ocean! But we must land somewhere. There will be men, and where there are men there is wickedness, with drink and wrath and evil passions—such as we have left behind us. Humphrey—oh! my brother Humphrey!—it would be sweet if the boat could sink beneath us now, and so, with Robin's hand in mine, we could all go together to the happy land, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage."

From beneath the tilt there came a voice—I verily believe it was an answer sent straight from heaven to comfort this poor faithful soul. "Alice"—it was the voice of Robin, in his right mind at last. "Alice," he said, "we will continue to love each other, yet without sin."

"Oh, Robin! Robin!" she moved quickly to his side and fell upon her knees. "Robin, thou wilt recover!"

"Stay," I interposed. "Robin will first have a cup of cordial."

"I have been sleeping," he said: "I know not what hath happened. We are in a boat, it seems, and on the open sea! Unless I am still dreaming, we are slaves to a planter in Barbados! And this is Alice—who was in England! and I know not what it means!"

"You have been ill, Robin," I told him. "You have been nigh unto death. Many things have happened of which we will speak, but not now. Alice is at your side, and Barnaby is navigating the boat. Drink this cup of wine—so—sleep now; and in the morning, if it please Heaven, you shall be so strong that you shall hear everything. Ask no more questions, but sleep. Give him your hand, Alice."

She obeyed me, sitting at his side and taking his hand in hers, and so continued for the rest of the night, Robin sleeping peacefully.

In a word, he was restored. The fresh sea-breeze had brought him back to life and reason; and though he was still weak, he was now as sound in his mind as any man could desire to be. And in the morning we told him all that had been done, whereat he marvelled.

Alice might love him still. That was most true, yet between them stood a man, and he was a barrier which could not be removed. So Robin could not wed the girl he loved. Why, there was another man in the boat who also loved a girl he could never wed. His passion, I swear, was full of constancy, tenderness, and patience. Would Robin be as patient?

When the day broke again we were still sailing over a lonely sea with never a sail in sight, and never a sign of land.

But now Robin was sitting up under the tilt, his face pale and his cheek wasted. But the light of reason was in his eyes, and on his lips such a smile of tenderness as we were wont to see there in the days of old.

"Said I not," cried Barnaby, "that he would recover? Trust the sharks for common-sense. And again an open sea, with never a sail in sight. Praise the Lord, therefor!"

But Alice, when the sun rose above the waves, threw back her hood and burst forth into joyous singing:—

O Lord, how glorious is thy grace,
And wondrous large thy Love!
At such a dreadful time and place,
To such as faithful prove.

The tears came into my eyes only to see the change that had fallen upon her gracious, smiling countenance. It was not, truly, the sweet and happy face that we remembered before her troubles fell upon her, but that face somewhat older, and graver with the knowledge of evil and of pain. And it was like unto such a face as I have seen painted on many an altar-piece in Italy, the face of some sweet woman, a saint glorified with gratitude and love.

Then the woman Deb fell to weeping and blubbering for very joy that her mistress looked happy again. 'Twas a faithful loving creature.

"Humphrey," said Alice, "forgive me that I murmured. Things that are done cannot be undone. Robin is restored to us. With three such brothers, who would not be content to live? I hope, now, that we shall get safely to our port; but if we die, we shall die contented, in each other's arms. Going through the Vale of Misery," she added softly, "we will use it as a well."

(To be continued.)

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The shilling series of "Burlington Music-Books," published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., is being carried on with continuous interest. A recent number consists of "Dance Album," comprising spirited pieces in the styles of waltz, quadrille, polka, schottische, and mazurka. Another issue consists of "Popular Songs," among which are compositions by Gounod, Sterndale Bennett, Blumenthal, &c. Messrs. Cocks and Co.'s recent vocal publications include some pleasing songs; among them being "King Weathercock," by J. L. Roeckel, a simple but pretty melody; "None know how I love thee!" by Tito Mattei, the eminent pianist, who has recently taken a prominent place as a composer of successful songs, among which that now specified deserves to rank.

The Christmas number of Chappell's *Musical Magazine* contains a very liberal shilling's-worth of sprightly dance music of various forms and by well-known hands. Waltzes and quadrilles based on themes from the popular opera "Dorothy," adapted by P. Bucalossi; pieces bearing the same name and dances by D. Godfrey, C. D'Albert, and others, make up a collection that will be serviceable and welcome in numerous circles.

"Ma Bella Napoli" is the title of a vocal duet, being an arrangement, by Mrs. Harvey (of Ickwell-Bury), of a Neapolitan melody—with Italian words. The music of the voice part has the soft melodious flow of the genuine Italian style, and it is associated with an appropriate and effective pianoforte accompaniment. Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co. are the publishers.

"The Auld Scotch Sangs" is the title of a volume containing a collection of national airs (with their text) arranged and harmonised by Sinclair Dunn, who has judiciously selected those which have been most popular with the public during the present century. Some of the pieces have been arranged as duets for medium voices; and a list of contents is supplemented by a glossary of Scotticisms which will be acceptable to many. Messrs. Morrison Brothers, of Glasgow, are the publishers.

"The Tribute of the Flowers" is the title of a cantata for two solo voices (soprano and tenor), chorus, and orchestra. The text is by Nita Guzman. The music, which is by Claude Duprè, is bright and tuneful; and the cantata in its published shape—that is, with the orchestral score adapted for the pianoforte—is well calculated for amateur performance in the drawing-room. Messrs. Hutchings and Romer are the publishers; as also of the following songs, which may all be commended for their agreeable melodiousness and freedom from executive difficulty:—"In Paradise" (with the addition of an ad libitum violin accompaniment), by Odoardo Barry; "Stars love the night," by Tito Mattei; "Good-bye; but come again," by Carl Engel; "Yes, please!" (canzonet), by Ciro Pinsuti; and "Consider the lilies" (a beautiful sacred song, arranged from "Le Calme"), by Gounod.

"The Bells of Elsinore," is the title of a cantata for ladies' voices, written by Edward Oxenford and composed by Edmund Rogers (published by Messrs. Forsyth Brothers). The music comprises twelve numbers, including some two-part choruses, and several pieces for solo voices. They are written in a bright melodious style, free from difficulty, and are well adapted for drawing-room performance.

"A Wild Night" is the title of a song of a declamatory kind, the agitated sentiment of which is enhanced by occasional passages of dramatic force in the accompaniment. In "The Parting Hour" some sentimental lines by Clement Scott have been well set by Ernest Birch, who has allied a very expressive melody to an appropriate but not obtrusive accompaniment. Both the songs just named are published by Messrs. J. and J. Hopkinson, as is an effective song entitled "Peace and War," the words and music of which, by Michael Watson, comprise some good suggestive contrasts. Messrs. Hopkinson are continuing their very cheap "Grosvenor Series of Part Songs," the contents of which are of a varied and attractive nature.

"Twenty-five Progressive Studies for the Pianoforte," by Georges Pfeiffer, are exercises, composed by a distinguished Professor, intended as introductory to Clementi's "Gradus ad Parnassum" and Bach's Preludes and Fugues; the pieces by M. Pfeiffer (classed as his Opus 108) being supplemental to his Studies (Op. 70). The pieces now specially referred to (Op. 108) are admirably suited for their intended purpose. Many of the varied forms of pianoforte passages are illustrated by examples, the practice of which cannot fail to lead to the pupil's improvement; indeed, the studies include much modern mechanism that is in advance of the style of the masters to whom they are intended as introductory. Among the studies of M. Pfeiffer are two of especial value—one in clear illustration of the now obsolete embellishments indicated, by abbreviated signs, in the music of the old masters; the other, an exercise for the left hand only. The studies are published by Mr. Ashdown, of Hanover-square, who has also issued a set of twelve similar pieces by Mr. Walter Macfarren; a series of exercises that are both valuable as practice and interesting in themselves. "The Diatonic and Chromatic Scales," edited and fingered by Mr. C. Gardiner, are calculated to insure proficiency in a branch of pianoforte playing that is too much neglected. These are also published by Mr. E. Ashdown, as are two pleasing pieces, "Au Cirque" and "Idylle," by Mr. Sidney Smith (well adapted for teaching purposes); "Amazonen-Ritt," a bright pianoforte solo, by that prolific composer, Fritz Spindler; "Un Aveu," a graceful "mélodie" for the pianoforte, by Signor Tito Mattei; and "Sabina," a characteristic minuet (with trio) by that clever pianist (of the Royal Academy of Music), Miss Margaret Gyde.

The returns of the Board of Trade show that during the eleven months just completed 270,636 emigrants of British origin left the Kingdom, being 251 less than the number leaving in the same months of 1887. They were 163,725 English, 34,778 Scotch, and 72,133 Irish, as against 160,395, 32,798, and 77,694 respectively in 1887. The English emigration to the United States was 2863 less than in 1887, to Canada 2367 more, to Australasia 190 less, and to other places (which include South Africa) 4016 more. The Scotch emigration to the United States was 838 more, to Canada 1852 more, and to Australasia 785 less than in 1887, while the Irish was less by 2777 to the United States, by 971 to Canada, and 1600 to Australasia.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK,

DECEMBER 15, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny;* THIN EDITION, *One Penny.* To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (viâ United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence;* THIN EDITION, *One Penny.* To China (viâ Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny;* THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence.*

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.

ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.

The seasonable provision of handsome volumes, with more or less artistic decoration outside and inside, with attractive literary contents of prose or verse, new or old, and with illustrative and ornamental designs rendered by various processes, as well in colours as in black and white, fails not to anticipate the near festival of Christmas, when people like to give and receive presents, and the subsequent opportunity of New-Year's Day. We proceed to notice those of interest and value.

Nuremberg. By H. W. Longfellow. Illustrated with twenty-eight Photogravures by the Gebbie and Husson Company, Limited (Sampson Low and Co.).—One of the most characteristic and suggestive of the short poems, in which the genial American scholar expressed his sympathetic appreciation of the romantic and picturesque aspects of mediæval antiquity in Europe, is here reprinted on a stately scale. Each page, of fine thick paper, contains but one couplet, in fair capital letters, with ornamental devices, in red or blue ink, and outline drawings, by the Misses Mary and Amy Comegys; the initials being copied from various illuminated manuscripts of the fifteenth century. The frontispiece is Albrecht Dürer's portrait of himself; the other plates are views of Nuremberg architecture and sculpture, with portraits of the Emperor Maximilian and of Hans Sachs, and some of Albrecht Dürer's works.

A Book of Old Ballads. Illustrated by Alice Havers (Hildesheimer and Faulkner).—This elegant volume contains many favourite songs of comparatively modern date, composed by Moore, Burns, and other lyric poets known to late generations; but some are taken from Shakspeare's plays, or from Elizabethan and seventeenth-century literature. In the drawings by Miss Havers which accompany these pieces of verse, there is an effective grouping of figures, and in some of them an agreeable air of rustic simplicity. Mr. Ernest Wilson contributes a few beautiful sketches of rural scenery.

Birds in Nature. By R. Bowdler Sharpe, F.L.S., Zoological Department, British Museum; with Coloured Illustrations by P. Robert (Sampson Low and Co.).—Mr. Bowdler Sharpe, as a scientific British ornithologist, has been able from his own field observations to supply good descriptions of the birds common in these islands. For those belonging to other countries than Europe, he has judiciously borrowed from the writings of Mr. Henry Seebohm; and, in other instances, from Mr. W. H. Hudson or Mr. C. Dixon. The different species which are here depicted by M. Robert, in thirty-nine large coloured plates, are all found in the northern temperate zone; and many of them are our familiar acquaintance. The volume is adorned with decorative initial letters, and with small woodcuts at the ends of chapters.

The Mirror of the World. By Octave Uzanne; with 160 illustrations by Paul Avril (J. C. Nimmo). — The lively French author, who has written cleverly of "The Fan" and "The Sunshade," has learnt his philosophy of Montaigne, and from Rabelais the tricks of his garrulous style. He discourses, not unkindly nor unwisely, of the conventional pretences, the fatiguing bores, the delusions and disappointments of society; of dinner-parties and drawing-room parties; of literature, art, and sport; of pedantry, hypocrisy, and ambition; he devotes a chapter to gastronomy; but on the tranquil joys of home life, and of pure love, on the pleasures of travelling, on study and books, on rural retirement, contemplation, and reverie, he dwells with especial complacency. We should prefer reading him in French, but he is not ill-translated, and is well worth reading; his sentiments are the cream of a refined Epicurean science of happiness. The designs furnished by his artistic colleague are not less beautiful than ingenious; figures and groups engaged in characteristic actions, bits of landscape, interiors of houses, furniture and implements, and fantastic decorations, some of which are richly coloured or delicately tinted, adorn the volume throughout, but leave M. Uzanne free to pursue his original train of thought.

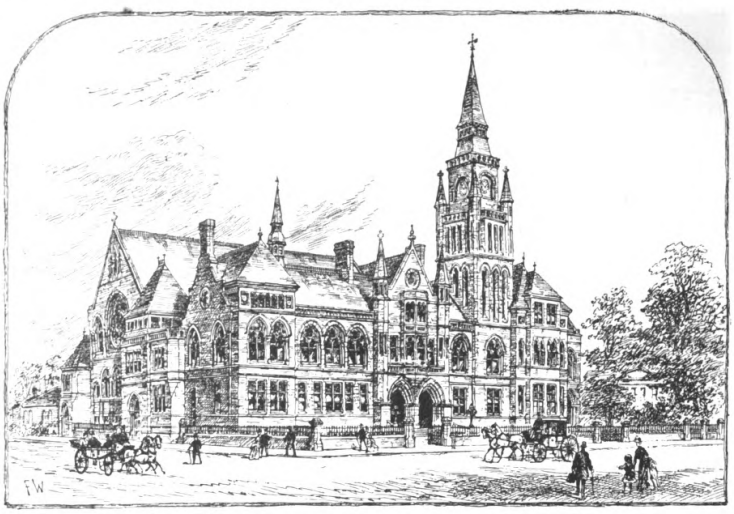
Endymion. By John Keats; illustrated by W. St. John Harper (Sampson Low and Co.).—As a poetical narrative, in the romantic spirit, dealing with a classical theme, "Endymion" has more depth of feeling and a finer grace than any work of the Italian Renaissance poets. Sensibility, with which its author was most richly endowed, and a vivid fancy, if not a powerful dramatic imagination, produced this charming tale, which is here presented with the accompaniments of highly artistic designs. Those representing entire scenes have somewhat the effect of many of Gustave Doré's, and may appear too sombre and majestic for the gentle strain of Keats; but the single faces are lovely; more than one of them is "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever"; and nothing is unworthy of the noble poem which many still delight to read.

J. C. Hook, R.A.: His Life and Works. By F. G. Stephens (*Art Journal* Office).—The biography of an eminent living English artist, with critical notices of his most important pictures, is written by a competent author; but the most attractive feature of this publication is supplied by engravings, steel and wood, of many of Hook's paintings which we have admired at former Exhibitions of the Royal Academy.

The Courtship of Miles Standish. By H. W. Longfellow. With Illustrations (Sampson Low and Co.).—The old colonial times of New England, especially in the seventeenth century, with the austere, quaint habits of the Puritan settlers, and their neighbourhood to wild Indian tribes, were calculated to afford themes of idyllic and romantic narrative, which Longfellow and Whittier have treated in verse. The story of Miles Standish, partly derived from a tradition of Longfellow's own ancestors, has probably more of historical truth than that of Evangeline; he at first took it in hand with a view to dramatic composition, but it appeared thirty years ago in its present form. This edition is the finest, in every respect, that has ever been produced; the illustrations, designed by Messrs. G. H. Boughton, F. T. Merrill, C. S. Reinhart, and other artists, are vigorous, true in character, and expressive of feeling; the introductory essay and the appended notes are serviceable; and few books can equal this in the quality of the paper and printing.

Galilee and the Jordan. By J. L. Porter, D.D., LL.D. (T. Nelson and Sons).—The reverend and learned President of Queen's College, Belfast, who is the author of an acceptable work on "Jerusalem, Bethany, and Bethlehem," and of Murray's "Handbook to Syria and Palestine," having travelled with Bible in hand through the country associated with events of the deepest religious interest, presents an account of places that were the scene of Christ's earlier life and ministry. It may perhaps not seem to be the most convenient arrangement to set forth, in this instance, from Jerusalem, and to travel through Samaria to Galilee, as it reverses the order of events in the sacred biography; yet the reader can, if he so pleases, begin at page 41 with the general description of Galilee, follow the tour along the shores of its lake, and up the valley of the Jordan, and the mountain road to Cana and Nazareth, in which he will find Dr. Porter a trustworthy and instructive guide. There are more than 120 engravings, apparently from photographs, of the present aspects of those places.

The Rose-Garden. By William Paul, F.L.S. Ninth Edition (Kent and Co.).—Mr. Paul, of Waltham Cross, an eminent practical and scientific horticulturist, who has a European reputation as an authority on roses, published his treatise on the subject forty years ago. It has to a great extent been rewritten by him for this splendid edition, which may be obtained, at the purchaser's choice, either for one guinea, in royal quarto, with twenty very fine coloured plates, or at half-a-guinea, in imperial octavo, with the wood engravings only, sixteen in number. We decidedly recommend it be procured by every owner of a suitable garden who intends to cultivate the noblest and sweetest of our old favourite native flowers, the one most endeared to us, especially in England, by cherished domestic and literary associations. It is worth while also to choose the larger volume with the coloured pictures of roses, which will give much pleasure by lamp-light on the drawing-room table in winter evenings, and will remind everyone of the glorious bloom of summer; these are drawn by Messrs. W. H. Fitch, Worthington Smith, and other good botanical artists. Mr. J. G. Baker, F.R.S., adds an essay on "The Botany of the Rose," and Mr. Arthur Paul supplies an entomological treatise on the insects that visit this plant. We congratulate the veteran author on his completion of this important work.



THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE MEMORIAL HALL, EALING, OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, DEC. 15.

Twelve White Flowers. By Frances Livings and A. Livings (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.).—There is a taste for white flowers; and there are some occasions of deep interest in family and social life, where "Births, Marriages, and Deaths," which mean so much to the affections of those concerned, are wont to call for the exhibition of these emblematic blooms. The twelve species described by A. Livings, and delineated by Frances Livings, are the camellia, narcissus, eucharis, chrysanthemum, lily-of-the-valley, lapageria (from Chili) rose, anemone, clematis, sweet pea, azalea, and hellebore. The drawings are careful and truthful, and are well lithographed by Mr. Ben George, of Hatton-garden.

Album of Old Masters. (T. J. Smith, Son, and Downes).—This magnificent and luxurious volume, bound either in morocco, russia, or calf leather, with soft padded cover and splendid gilt edges and clasp, at very moderate prices, is intended for the reception of photographs. It has, therefore, no literary contents; but is adorned with nine small pictures of well-known designs by famous artists—Sir Edwin Landseer, J. W. M. Turner, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Velasquez, Rubens, and Raphael. We cannot say much for these, but it is a grand photograph album.

THE JUBILEE MEMORIAL HALL, EALING.

The handsome public building at Ealing, of which we give an Illustration, was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales on Saturday, Dec. 15, after which a Fancy-Dress Bazaar, in aid of the funds to defray the cost of this building, would be held on Wednesday, the 19th, and the two following days, under the patronage of Princess Christian and other ladies of rank. The Victoria Hall, as it will henceforth be called, has been erected as a commemoration of the Jubilee of her Majesty's reign, and the building is to be vested in the Local Board for the time being as trustees. It is designed to afford accommodation to the Local Board offices, and a Free Public Library. The proceeds arising from the letting of the hall, after payment of all necessary expenses, are to be devoted to the assistance of the various charitable and philanthropic institutions in Ealing, such as the Cottage Hospital or Almshouses. As there will be no capital expenses to meet in connection with the Hall, and, in fact, nothing beyond the ordinary costs of management, it is hoped that there will be a surplus profit of at least £200 per annum to dispose of in the way suggested. The building, which has cost about £5000, stands in front of the Baths in Uxbridge-road.

MR. SUTTON PALMER'S DRAWINGS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery (160, New Bond-street) there is now on view a more than usually interesting collection of drawings, by Mr. Sutton Palmer, illustrative of two years' work among some of the finest scenery of the Highlands. On previous occasions we have noticed this artist's work among the English Lakes and along the Scottish Border, and have called attention to the main features of his work. It is, therefore, with renewed pleasure that we congratulate him upon a series of works in which his best qualities are brought to a higher degree of perfection than in any previous exhibition. Mr. Sutton Palmer excels especially in the true rendering of rushing water and liquid streams, in a delicate appreciation of broad sunlight, and in fine idea of outline and distance. In illustration of these powers, we may point respectfully to "The Falls of Orchy" (17); to the well-known view of that splendid gateway to Highland scenery (19), and depicted when

> All in the Trossachs' glen was still,
> Noontide was sleeping on the hill;

or to the grand "Mass of Benvenue" (55) towering over the peaceful stream, and, again, to the dark and lowering "Rocks of Glencoe" (11), looking apparently up the pass in the direction of Loch Etive. Although these may be taken as typical works of the artist's wide range, they give but very slight indications of his skill in the treatment of other and dissimilar scenes of beauty. We pass in rapid succession from the soft summer haze which overhangs "The Falloch" (6), near its entrance into Loch Lomond, to his almost wintry tower of the snow-covered "Ben Eay" (5) towering above Kinlochewe, or its still more imposing neighbour, "Ben Slioch" (16), which rises above Loch Maree. The wild Pass of Glencoe has had naturally great attractions for an artist endowed with so appreciative an eye as Mr. Sutton Palmer, and in "The Gloom of Glencoe" (28), "Loch Treachtean" (76), and a sketch entitled "Chasm and Crag" (45) we see how thoroughly he has been enthralled by the beauties of this wild spot. In a totally different key are pitched such scenes as that "By Loch Katrine's Shore" (23), in a full blaze of sunlight; "The Wandering Mist" (32), creeping over the loch and up the mountain sides; the beautiful stretch of country below "Loch Tay and Round Killin" (82) under the effects of sunshine and shower, and a scene full of real movement, "Leading to Loch Lomond" (77), when along the hill-side—

> Torrents from the height
> In Highland dales their streams unite.

We must also mention as worthy of special notice "A Gleam of Gold" (80), a touch of late autumn, which may make some tourists regret that they are back in towns and cities before the woods look their best; and a "Storm-swept Brae" (79), which may possibly lead other tourists to a different conclusion; the lovely sunny scene of "Glen Falloch" (61), the "Giant Man of Ben Slioch" (59), and an interesting work "O'er hill and heath" (63)—the only instance in which Mr. Sutton Palmer treats his clouds with any special attempt to give them prominence in his landscape. Taken as a whole, we can suggest no better way of recalling the best impressions of a Highland tour than is offered by this exhibition, and it may be of use as well as of interest to many a traveller to compare his own impressions with those of so delicate and accurate an observer as Mr. Sutton Palmer shows himself to be.

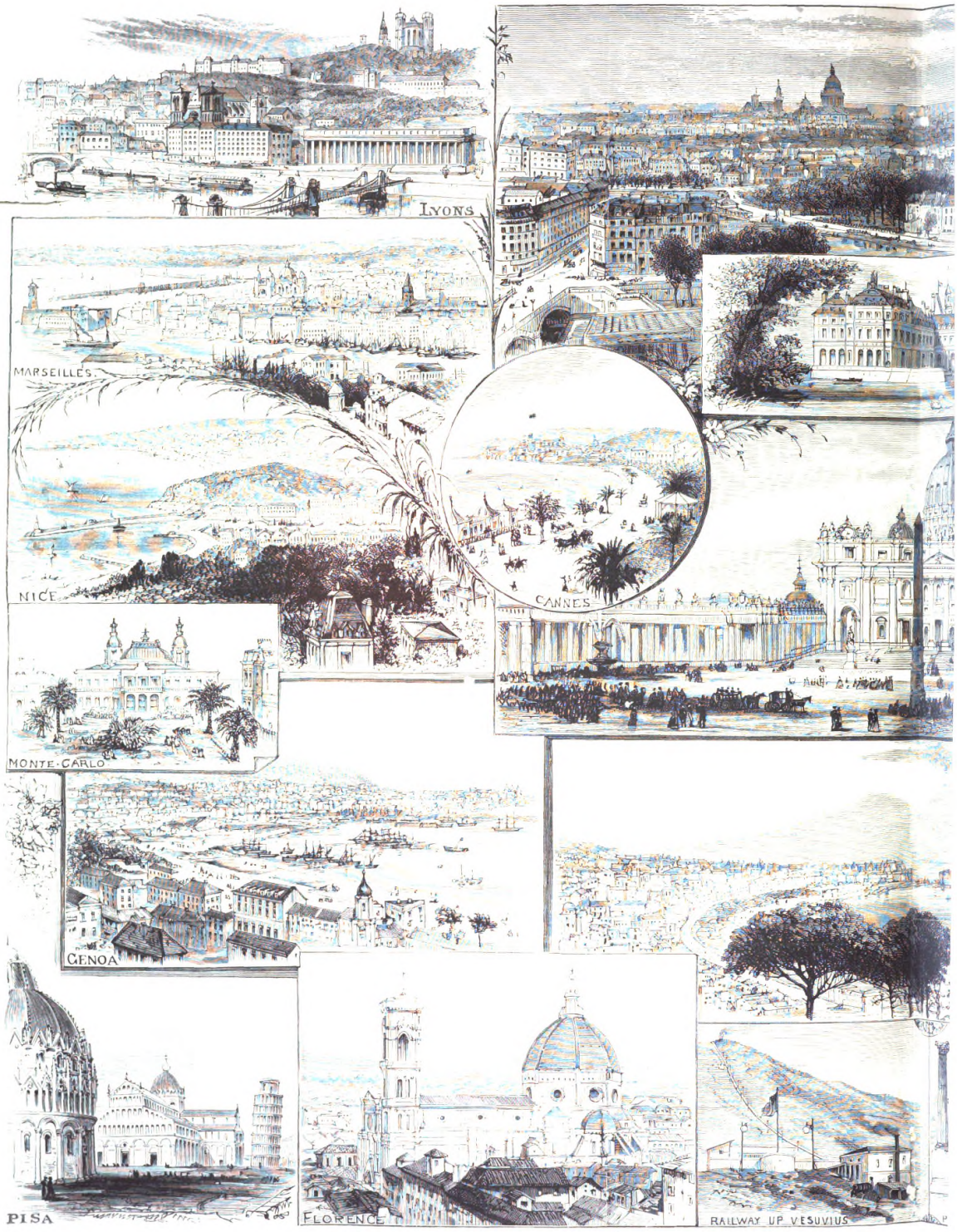
At a meeting of the Royal Botanical Society, held on Dec. 8, twenty-four different kinds of spring flowering plants were shown, which had bloomed, and were gathered on the 8th in the open air in the gardens of the society.—With reference to the mildness of the weather, a young lady, Marjory Hull, aged eight, daughter of the Rector of Upper Stondon Rectory, writes to the *Standard*, on Dec. 6, as follows: "When I was out for a walk this morning I picked such a lovely little bouquet for mother, and mother said it was such a wonderful one for the time of year that I ought to write and tell you about it. It had ox-eye daisies in it, wild geranium, knobweed, hemlock, white campion, a marguerite, and two very pretty little flowers, yellow and mauve, that I do not know the names of. We have violets and primroses in full bloom in our gardens."—Mr. Edward Roobotham, of Wirksworth, writing to the same paper on the same day, says: "I enclose three heads of asparagus, cut out of garden this day, grown in the open. I think it a remarkable evidence of the mild weather we are having in the Peak of Derbyshire."—Mr. M. T. Culley, of Coupland Castle, Wooler, North Northumberland, states "that he had a dish of tender and excellent green peas on Nov. 20, and on the 23rd one of globe artichokes from his garden, while primroses, polyanthus, foxglove, sweet peas, and roses were blooming abundantly."

Mr. J. B. Burgess, A.R.A., has been elected a Royal Academician, in the place of the late Mr. Frank Holl.

Tom Smith has sent, as a contribution to the Toy Fund, 22,000 of his celebrated Christmas crackers to be distributed among the poor children of the hospitals and workhouses of the metropolis.

Photographs of Mrs. John Wood and Mr. H. B. Conway are among the illustrations of the *Theatre* for December which is a good instalment of a serial always light and readable. "Macbeth on the Stage," by Frederick Hawkins, is the opening paper, and comes opportunely, in view of the approaching important revival of that great work.

The Italian Opera Company of Mr. Augustus Harris on Saturday night, Dec. 8, concluded a week's engagement at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, where their performances have been a pronounced success. The opera given was "Les Huguenots," and the theatre was crowded. At the termination of the performance, Mr. Harris was presented with a massive silver bowl by the members of the company, who desired in this way to testify to their appreciation of the artistic and liberal manner in which the operas have been performed, and likewise to acknowledge the solicitude shown for their own comfort during the tour.



FROM LONDON TO THE RIVIERA AND ITALY: WITH VIEWS ON THE



THE LINE TO BRINDISI, BY MONT CENIS, AND THE CORNICHE.

FROM LONDON TO ITALY.

The winter season sends a multitude of tourists and invalids to the Riviera or to Italy, where, amidst the most charming landscapes, in the first case, and with a climate of exceptional mildness, they escape our winter's gloom; beyond, in the fair land of Italy, they find at every step those works and monuments on which the eye of the artist, the connoisseur, or the student of history, romance, or antiquity must ever delight to dwell.

The writer, having visited the Riviera and Italy on several occasions, in the course of many winters, and having returned with restored health and with the brightest impressions of the principal places of interest, here proposes to notice these in the order of travel. It will be convenient to give a brief description of the different routes that may be chosen to reach either the Riviera or the inland towns of Italy, beginning, of course, with Paris. Everyone knows the journey from London to Paris, which is accomplished, now-a-days, most rapidly and comfortably, viâ Dover and Calais, and by the Northern of France Railway.

In order that this description should be as clear as possible, it is arranged in sections of lines.

SECTION 1: FROM PARIS TO MÂCON.

After Paris, the first station deserving of special attention is Fontainebleau, fifty-nine kilomètres from Paris. This is a charming little town, celebrated for its historic palace, or castle, and its forest, the grandest in France. The Palace of Fontainebleau, which dates from St. Louis, is a magnificent pile. Most of the Kings of France, from Francis I. to Louis XIV., have dwelt there; and it was the favourite summer residence of Napoleon I. It contains paintings by the great masters, some superb tapestry, and objects of art of great value. We commend the choice recently made by M. Carnot, President of the French Republic, in selecting the Palace of Fontainebleau for his summer residence.

Next comes Dijon, which town contains the old palace of the Dukes of Burgundy, a splendid museum, and the cathedral of St. Bénigne, which is a remarkable edifice. After running through the famed vineyards of the Côte d'Or, the line reaches Mâcon, which is the junction of the Mont Cenis and Marseilles lines.

SECTION 2: MÂCON TO GENOA VIÂ LYONS AND MARSEILLES.

Pursuing our journey towards the French portion of the Riviera, we reach Lyons, which is the most important town in France after Paris, on account of its extent, the beauty of its monuments, and its population. Lyons is situated at the confluence of the rivers Rhône and Saône. The Bellecour, Perrache, and Terreaux quarters constitute the wealthier portion of the town, and contain several theatres, churches, historical monuments, the Exchange, the Art Palace, the Townhall, and the Prefecture. Lyons is the recognised centre of the silk trade of the world.

On leaving Lyons the line follows the left bank of the Rhône as far as Arles; and, after passing through the stony plains of the Crau, reaches Marseilles, a city founded by the ancient Phocæan Greek colonists, which is one of the largest and busiest commercial towns in Europe. It is the third town in importance in France, on account of the magnitude of its trade and dense population. The port and docks of Marseilles are the largest in the Mediterranean. Among the sights of Marseilles may be mentioned the Art Palace of Longchamp, an admirable piece of architecture; the Canebière, a grand street leading to the port, and celebrated for its handsomely-appointed cafés; the Prado, a fine walk 3400 mètres in length, ornamented with plantain-trees; the Cathedral, in the later Byzantine style; and the Corniche promenade, skirting the sea-shore for a length of over four kilomètres.

The line next reaches Toulon, the largest military port of France in the Mediterranean; and then La Pauline, whence a small line branches off to Hyères.

Here begins the Riviera. *Hyères is a winter-resort* famous for the mildness of its climate. The town and its outskirts are adorned with fine plantations of palm-trees. The line thence takes a north-easterly direction to St. Raphael, a much frequented winter resort. It was at this spot that Buonaparte landed on his return from Egypt, and hence he embarked for the island of Elba. Further on we come to Cannes, a most fashionable winter resort, frequented by a large number of English visitors. The town owes its exceedingly mild and even climate to its favourable situation at the foot of the Esterel mountains, which shelter it from the cold winds. The neighbouring hills are covered with pine-trees, whose health-giving fragrance fills the air around. Next to Cannes is Antibes, a fortified town, the Antipolis of the Phocæans, with its fine church, dating from the twelfth century; and we soon arrive at Nice.

Nice, founded by the Phocæans from Marseilles, is a town admirably situated on the Anges Bay. The renown of Nice is such that there *is no* need for dwelling here on the splendour of its villas, its exceptionally genial temperature, and the numerous and various amusements provided by the Municipality. Everyone has heard of the Carnival of Nice; of its Corso, its sport, yacht-races, &c. The walks in the Public Garden and the Promenade des Anglais, with their splendid mansions and villas, together with the beautiful gardens surrounding them, are a great sight. There are also some beautiful structures in the environs of Nice.

The line from Nice continues towards Villefranche, Beaulieu, Eza, and Monaco. The last-mentioned place—the capital of the principality of that name—is a small but picturesque town of 1500 inhabitants, built on a high headland. The palace and gardens, with their beds of beautiful plants, which can only be grown in hothouses in less fortunate climes, are deserving of a special visit. Close to Monaco is Monte Carlo, much frequented on account of its sea-bathing and its mild climate—not to mention its famous gaming-tables, the object of attraction to visitors of every nationality. The Casino offers its numerous visitors fair play, the excitement of the roulette-table and trente-et-quarante, besides attractions such as daily and extraordinary concerts and theatrical performances, got up with the support of the leading artistes of Paris. Finally, the pigeon-shooting there draws together the best shots in the world.

After crossing the Gorbio and Borigo torrents, we reach Mentone, a pretty town of 11,000 inhabitants, agreeably situate on the bay of the same name. The luxuriant vegetation of the country around, the beauty of its walks, the picturesque appearance of its buildings, together with its genial climate, have made the place the favourite resort of a large number of visitors, artists, tourists, and invalids.

On leaving Mentone, the train crosses the Franco-Italian border, and stops at Vintimiglia, where the Customs formalities have to be gone through.

The principal places of interest between Vintimiglia and Genoa are the following:—Bordighera, a small town of 2500 inhabitants, the heights of which command the grand prospect of the French Riviera as far as the Esterel mountains; Ospedaletto, a winter station created by a Lyons company; San Remo, a most picturesque town, pleasant and healthy, with numerous promenades; Alassio, a winter resort specially frequented by English visitors; Albenga, containing ruins of Roman constructions; and finally, Savona, a town of 16,000 inhabitants, occupying a magnificent situation—the harbour is a very fine one.

SECTION 3: FROM MÂCON TO TURIN, VIÂ MONT CENIS.

The Mont Cenis line is remarkable for quick travelling, the boldness of its construction, and the wild grandeur of the country it runs through. Leaving Mâcon, the line runs to Bourg, which possesses the beautiful church of Brou, one of the finest in France; and to Culoz, the junction of the Geneva line. Shortly after leaving Culoz, the line approaches the Lake Bourget, which it skirts for nearly its entire length. Here is Aix-les-Bains, one of the most celebrated baths on the Continent, honoured during summer by the presence of our Queen Victoria and the British aristocracy. We next reach Chambéry, a pretty and interesting town, well worth a visit; next, after a picturesque ascent, Modane is reached. The train, at 5½ kilomètres from Modane, enters the great Mont Cenis tunnel, which is 13,671 mètres in length, connecting France and Italy. It took over thirteen years to construct this tunnel, and the cost reached nearly £3,000,000. On passing out of the tunnel we are on Italian soil; and after a very pleasant descent the train arrives at Turin.

Turin is one of the largest and most beautiful towns in the Italian kingdom. It is situated in the centre of a fertile plain, watered by the river Po. It is a pleasant and healthy city, and boasts of numerous and comfortable hotels. Turin is the point of intersection of the Milan, Venice, and Genoa lines, the latter of which extends throughout the length of Italy.

SECTION 4: FROM TURIN TO VENICE.

Leaving Turin, we enter the beautiful and fertile plains of Piedmont and Lombardy; and, after passing Novara, come to Milan. This noble city, the capital of Lombardy, numbers over 200,000 inhabitants, and is one of the great commercial centres of Italy. The Cathedral of Milan, a splendid monument, built of marble, ranks third amongst similar constructions in Europe. The grandeur of its architecture and the beauty of the works of art *it contains* surpass all description. Do not omit a visit to the Royal Palace, the Victor Emmanuel Gallery, and the Poldi-Pozzoli Museum, as well as to the Brera, an old Jesuit College.

The train, pursuing its way past Verona and Padua—towns remarkable for their architectural monuments and historical interest—duly arrives at Venice. This superb and celebrated ancient city, the Queen of the Adriatic, is situate at about four kilomètres from the mainland, and occupies 117 islands, intersected by 150 canals, and connected by 378 bridges. It has a population of about 135,000. The innumerable precious works of art in the Venetian palaces have always had a great attraction for visitors. The chief places of interest in Venice are—the Public Square and magnificent Church of St. Mark, the Procuratie, the Campanile, the Clock Tower, the Piazzetta, the Lido, the old Library, the splendid Palace of the Doges; the Fine-Art Academy, containing a fine collection of paintings and carved works. Venice also possesses numerous fine churches of every style.

SECTION 5: TURIN TO GENOA, FLORENCE, ROME, AND NAPLES.

Genoa is a large and handsome town and seaport occupying a splendid site. Its port, about three kilomètres in circuit, is the most important one in Italy, in a commercial point of view. Besides its beautiful church, raised by contributions from the great patrician families, it possesses numerous marble palaces, splendidly decorated inside, and which have earned for it the title of "Genoa the Superb."

After passing La Spezia and Viareggio—winter resorts in good repute for the mildness of their climate and their luxuriant vegetation—we reach Pisa, a town of 50,000 inhabitants, situate in an extensive and fertile plain, and enjoying a mild and salubrious climate, which is especially recommended to the asthmatic. The Cathedral, built of black and white marble, contains paintings and sculptural works of priceless value. The Campanile, or "Leaning Tower," in which Galileo carried out his experiment on gravitation, comprises eight storeys of 207 superposed colonettes. At Pisa, it is well to leave the direct line in order to make an excursion to Florence, by way of Empoli.

Florence is a city of 170,000 inhabitants which no tourist should miss visiting. Up to the time of the transfer of the capital to Rome, it was the seat of the Italian Parliament. The Uffizi and Pitti Palaces contain works by the great masters: Praxiteles, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian. These masterpieces make up one of the finest art collections in the world. The town also boasts of splendid churches, Egyptian and Etruscan museums, and a fine-art academy.

From Pisa the train runs rapidly to Rome, after passing Fullonica, Grosseto, and Civita Vecchia. Of Rome, the capital of Italy and seat of the Papacy, it would be absurd to speak in a cursory manner. Nevertheless, we are bound to advise persons who intend making but a short stay in Rome to visit the Capitol, the Coliseum, the Vatican, and the Basilica of St. Peter's, the St. Angelo Fort, the Appian Way, the triumphal arches of Titus and Constantine, and the Trajan Column.

From Rome to Naples the distance is 260 kilomètres. Naples is the most populous town in Italy, having 450,000 inhabitants. The Bay of Naples is one of the most beautiful sights in the world. The town possesses some remarkable monuments and artistic collections, and is especially famous for the great animation prevailing everywhere. The environs are particularly interesting—for instance, the Chiaja, the Posilippo, and Vesuvius, the ascent of which is now effected by a funicular railway which brings visitors to the crater; Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Castellamare.

A recently-constructed line connects Naples and Brindisi, by way of Metaponte and Tarento. The port of Brindisi, on the Adriatic coast, is the embarking station for the India mail. The trains of the Mont Cenis-Rome-Brindisi line are in connection with the India mail-steamers at Brindisi.

In concluding this description we particularly recommend the Mont Cenis route to travellers wishing to travel direct from London to Italy. By this route the journey from London to Turin is effected in 26 hours, from London to Milan in 29½ hours, to Florence in 37 hours, to Rome in 43 hours, and to Naples in 50 hours. The Vintimiglia route is longer, but the tourist will find ample compensation in visiting the beautiful country it runs through.

The ordinary carriages of the trains on both lines are thoroughly comfortable. Some of the trains comprise saloon and sleeping cars, arm-chairs, and sleeping accommodation. A car provided with sleeping and toilet accommodation, and a saloon-car, run daily between Calais and Vintimiglia; and a saloon and sleeper between Calais and Milan. Saloon-cars also run daily between Paris and Marseilles, Vintimiglia, Turin, Milan, and Rome. We may add that during the winter season a daily train, consisting of saloon, sleeping, and dining cars, will run daily between Paris and Vintimiglia. Twice a week (Wednesdays and Saturdays) this train leaves Calais at 1.30 p.m., connecting direct with the train leaving London at 10 a.m.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

LOBSTERS.

To-day, in the fishmonger's shop, I beheld a large box of lobsters which the early morning train had brought from the far north of Scotland. They were packed into the box with that total disregard of whatever feelings the lower animals may possess which characterises man in his dealings with life below his own, whether it is represented by fowls in hencoops or by pigsor sheep in railway trucks. The seething mass of blue-black bodies encrusted with the white spiral shells of worms that build limy tubes, was "a sight for to see," as the old ballad has it. Lobster-life seems to take its troubles with equanimity. Beyond an occasional squirming of a tail or flap of a feeler, all was quiet within the box. One veteran crustacean, perched in a coign of vantage above the others, was working his jaws—one of many pairs—as if still under the delusion that he was cosily nestling under his rock in the sea, and baling out the refuse water from his gills by means of the scooplike spoon wherewith he is provided for the purpose in question. His great black eyes, each resting on a short stalk, were staring vacuously at the prospect before him. Mentally regarded, that prospect was not a cheerful one. "Out of the box and into the pot" might well parallel the frying-pan and fire simile as applied to lobster-life. In a few hours after I saw that big crustacean, I doubt not he was popped into his funeral urn. As I write, his nice blue-black shell will have changed into the bright red of the boiled animal—a colour seen, by-the-way, in the lobster of a certain classic picture intended to represent the native products of the sea as obtained in the miraculous draught of fishes. By to-morrow, nothing will be left of him but his shelly armour. He will have perished, as has many a higher creature, in the work of making life brighter and better—in so far as lobster-salad can be said to aid that desirable end—and so runs the world away, little recking of the wonderful amount of vital complexity which it consumes even in its most commonplace fare.

A certain great naturalist has used the lobster-kind as the text or peg whereon to hang a very instructive book of natural history science. In truth, I know of no better task for a would-be naturalist than the attempt to discover the ways and works of lobster-existence. From its head to its tail the familiar crustacean is a living wonder. That it is a poor relation of the crab is a plain fact; although why a "poor" connection may not be quite so evident as is the relationship itself. This matter resolves itself into a question of tail and no tail. Early in life, crabs and lobsters are tailed animals. Then your crab shortens the appendage just named and tucks it up under his body—which, by-the-way, is all head and chest. The lobster keeps his youthful tail throughout life, but poses as a lower animal than the crab in consequence. He is nearer the groundlings of his race, in other words, because of his tail; and the crab, conversely, is his more modified and better developed cousin, because he has a higher nervous system and a more elevated and compact type of body. Not alone in crustacean life is this matter of tails a vital question. From frogs up to man, the disappearance of the tail bears an important part in the history of the race. Heads are all very well in the race for superiority; but when there is a difficulty at all in the matter of aristocratic position among the animal hosts, one may not go very far astray in crediting with a station of high degree, the being which has discarded his tail and, in a zoological sense, has come to the short-jacket stage of anatomical perfection.

That lobster of ours has in his body some twenty joints or segments, and there is not one joint which may not form food for reflection. Every joint is really a replica of every other joint, although, truly, you may require to dive into the intricacies of anatomy to trace out the likeness. Those six joints of his tail are, perhaps, the simplest of his frame. Below you observe that each possesses a couple of appendages called the "swimmerets," and to these appendages Mamma Lobster, as you may see, attaches her eggs, and constitutes herself a walking nursemaid by reason of this little piece of attention to maternal duties. Each pair of appendages is like every other pair; albeit, you find great variation in their shape and form. Those of the tail exist each as a double-leaved structure set on a joint. If you look at the tail-fin, wherewith, aided by the big muscles of the tail, the lobster makes a forcible backward stroke in the water, you will discover that the fin consists simply of a pair of the swimmerets you see further forward on the tail, broadened out, and having a little centrepiece set in between them. Go further forward on the body and you come to the five pairs of walking legs. Now these legs, after all, are only altered swimmerets, in which the innermost leaf has grown big and foot-like and has become encased in a limy shell. Further forward still, and you reach the "foot-jaws," which are half-way houses between jaws in front and legs behind. Then come the jaws proper, of which your lobster boasts three pairs. One pair is hard and horny, the other two are softer in texture—but they are all really swimmerets, like those of the tail. Finally, in front of the jaws come the "feelers," and of these two pairs exist. The lesser pair has two divisions, while the greater feelers, that project like huge horns, have only one division or part. These feelers, again, are only modified appendages, all corresponding to the simpler ones of the tail. Finally come the eyes, and the movable eye-stalks on which the eyes are set correspond to the single joint by which the appendages elsewhere are attached to the body.

Now, if you ask me "How one comes to all this certainty of knowledge?" I reply, because when the lobster is a mere baby, just out of his egg, or little further advanced in his history, all the appendages resemble the swimmerets of the adult's tail. As he grows, those of the head change to form eye-stalks, feelers, and jaws; others become his foot-jaws, and others, again, his walking legs; and only those of the tail retain their original form. It is not what things are, but what they have sprung from, that we trust to in science for the elucidation of their true nature; and the lobster is a good illustration of the manner in which many and varied organs of an animal's body arise out of one common stock—a feature which is repeated in the history of the whole animal.

Lobsters, thus, form a text, as I have said, for teaching a great lesson in the value of watching an animal's development as a clue to its history. For the rest space fails me, at present, for the discussion of many interesting questions in crustacean life—as, for example, the inquiry "How and what do lobsters see?" But of this matter more anon. Of gills, the lobster possesses a full set, lying neatly packed away in the sides of his chest, and attached to the tops of his walking legs and foot-jaws. A nervous system he likewise possesses, lying on the floor of his body, like that of the insects, spiders, and centipedes, of which he is a distant connection. He has feelers and eyes, as we have noted; his ears exist at the foot of his lesser pair of feelers, and he possibly possesses a "nose" (physiologically regarded), for smelling functions, judging by his successful search after the "high" and odoriferous fish wherewith the lobster-traps are baited. Altogether, the lobster is not to be despised as a lowly creature. Contrariwise; and, as his life is laid out for him, he possibly contrives to secure a full share of whatever corresponds in lower existence to the delights of higher or more sentient life.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAMER PENINSULAR.

Although we are apt to complain, and, in the opinion of many, not without a good show of reason, of the inadequacy of our naval armaments, yet so far as our commercial fleet is concerned, we are able, thanks to public and private enterprise, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts which are at present being made by France, Germany, and Italy in the matter of shipbuilding, to hold our own in that direction against all comers.

The Peninsular and Oriental Company, always in the van of progress, and imbued with the commendable determination to be second to none of their competitors in the India, China, and Australian trade, have scarcely placed in active service their quartette of Jubilee ships, aggregating some 26,000 tons, when we hear of the contemplated further addition of six steamers to their already long list of magnificent vessels. Few companies can boast of being the possessors of a fleet of 210,000 tons, the greater part consisting of steamers of a new and improved type, in the construction of which the experience of years has been brought to bear so as to adopt, on the one hand, everything that modern science and forethought can suggest to provide against the ever-present dangers of the ocean, and on the other, to make such arrangements for the comfort and well-being of passengers, both as regards accommodation and cuisine, as would satisfy the most inveterate grumbler who would scarcely be content were every vessel a floating Hôtel Métropole.

The trial-trip of the Peninsular, the first of the last projected six steamers, took place at Greenock, where she has been built by Messrs. Caird and Co. This vessel is a somewhat new departure from the preceding steam-ships of the Company, being more especially designed to meet the multifarious wants of Indian travellers. Her gross tonnage is 5000 tons, and her horse-power of the same figure. Her accommodation for passengers, of whom she will carry some 200, in the first and second saloon, is of the highest order, and those who have hitherto been debarred from visiting our great Eastern empire by fancied discomforts which they were reluctant to encounter, will find that the appointments, so far as roominess and airiness go, satisfy the wants of the most fastidious voyagers.

The Peninsular is fitted with what all Indian passengers know is such a special boon—an unusual assortment of deck-cabins, all the berths being models of comfort. The dining-rooms and saloons bear the impress of refined luxury as well as admirable taste on the part of the architect of the Imperial Institute, who is responsible for the design of this particular branch of the work. The great beam of the ship—48 ft.—will ensure increased steadiness at sea, and it will be a matter of assurance to timid passengers that the vessel is built in six water-tight compartments, besides which there is an ample supply of life-boats and a steam launch. Special precautions are taken against fire, and cool chambers are fitted for provisions and the production of ice.

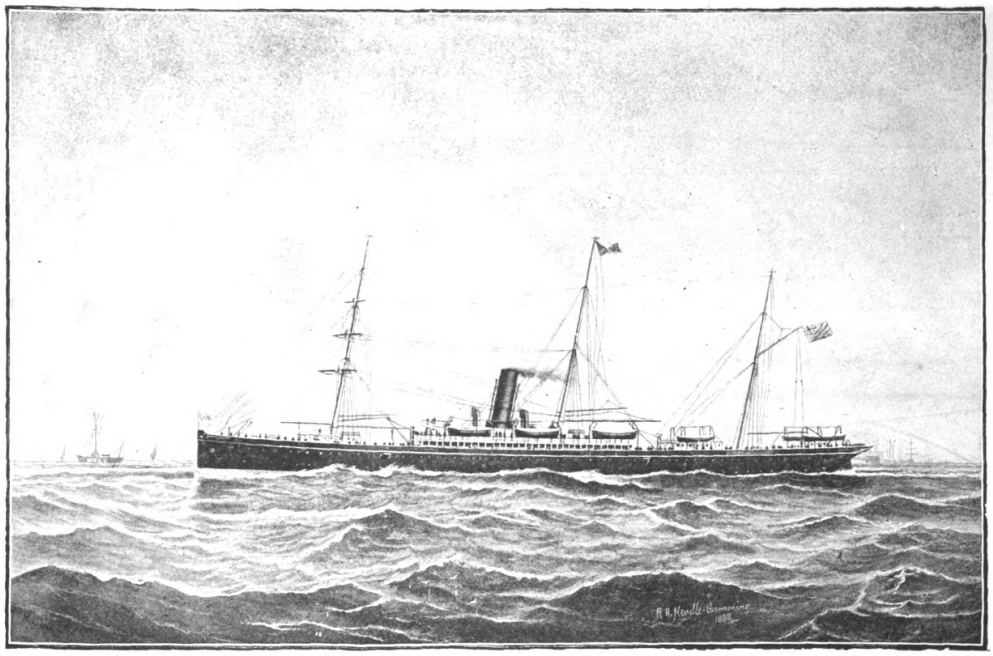
There is no doubt that the Peninsular will demonstrate her capabilities in the matter of fast steaming, possessing, as she does, the cardinal qualifications which make for speed and safety, as well as strength and stability. She left London for Bombay on Dec. 7, with a full passenger-list; and it is confidently expected that she will achieve renown as a passenger-ship plying between our own shores and India. A sister-ship, the Oriental, of 5500 tons gross burthen, with accommodation for 175 first-class and thirty-five second-class passengers, also built for this Company by Messrs. Caird, of Greenock, has since been launched.

Mr. Henry Tate, sugar refiner, of Streatham and Liverpool, who recently presented Liverpool with a homœopathic hospital, and South Lambeth with a free library, has given £1000 to the Liverpool Merchant's Guild, for the relief of decayed gentlemen and gentlewomen.

CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES.

In the early, the very early, years of the present reign a favourite boys' book, as many of my readers will probably remember, was the little one-volume edition of "The Voyages of Captain James Cook." Ah me, such a contrast—with its dull, not to say dingy-looking, cover, and its small type, and its indifferent paper—to the gorgeous things which the activity of publishers, the fertility of authors and artists, and the resources of printers, now-a-days produce in such profusion for the delight of our "young gentlemen"! In the time I speak of "Books for Boys," as a class *per se*, were almost unknown; and the juveniles, to a great extent, fed upon so much of the intellectual pabulum of their seniors as those seniors thought fit to deal out to them. They were allowed to luxuriate, for instance, in Bruce's "Travels in Abyssinia," or "The Mutiny of the Bounty," or "Drake, Cavendish, and Dampier," or "The Life of Nelson"—with "Baron Munchausen," "The Castle of Otranto," and Scott's "Ivanhoe" thrown in as lighter reading. Perhaps it was because our choice was so limited that our partiality was so great; but, assuredly, the few books which then brightened a boy's bookshelf were very dearly loved and valued, were read and re-read and made much of, and treated altogether as household companions and bosom friends. My observation of the ways and habits of the young folk of the present time leads me to doubt whether the story-books which flow so continuously into *their* possession are the happy recipients of an equal affection.

At all events, of the books of our boyhood, in that dim and distant past, when Queen Victoria rode out daily on horseback, accompanied by her young and handsome husband, and Louis Philippe practised his petty economics in the Tuileries—an age which seems as far away from us now as the age of the dodo—'Captain Cook's Voyages" was held to be a pearl without price. Boys carried it about with them, like a fetish



THE NEW P. AND O. STEAMER, PENINSULAR.

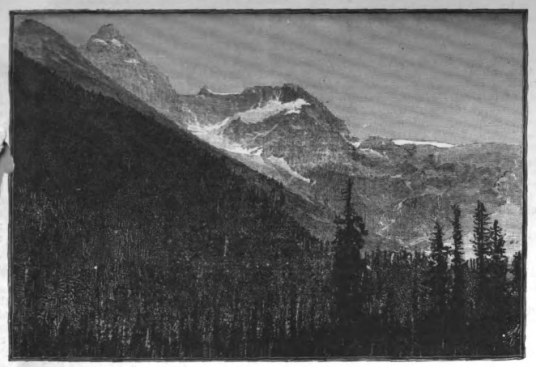
or a talisman; and read it in corners of the playground, or inserted it inside their Latin grammars, and hazarded surreptitious glances at its fascinating pages. And oh! what a region of charm and magic those pages revealed to the youthful fancy! Sweet summer isles of Eden, nestling in warm sunny seas; groves of palm, which no bleak winter-winds stripped bare; clusters of bread-fruit trees, with their untaxed and unadulterated stores of food; coral reefs, white with the foam of ceaseless breakers; happy islanders dancing in gay measures upon lawny slopes; glories of sunrise and sunset across the wide waste of the Pacific—all these came upon us like glimpses of heaven upon the excited vision of a mediæval saint! Through the open windows of the hot school-room on a drowsy summer afternoon, how often the boyish imagination would take its flight, and, crossing leagues of land and sea, follow close in the track of Cook and his companions, enchanted by each novel scene, and by the simple ignorance and seeming innocence of its dusky-skinned inhabitants. We revelled in the beauties of Tahiti and Hawaii (or Otaheite and Owhyhee, as Cook spells the names), and joyfully disported among the blue creeks and bays of the Navigators' Archipelago. And how we loved the familiar every-day names which Cook bestowed upon his discoveries—such as the Friendly Islands and the Society Islands—so quaintly unlike the sonorous designations of Spaniard or Portuguese. We relished, too, the matter-of-fact way in which he (or his historian) invariably speaks of the wonders which daily greeted him. On such and such a day "they passed two small islands, and about noon on the following day sighted more land." And next "they saw a number of fires and smoke in several places, whence it was conjectured that the place was well peopled." Those fires produced a strong impression upon us! And again, "when the ship was clear of all the islands which had been laid down in such maps as were on board, they were surprised at sighting an island to the west-south-west, which they supposed was a new discovery." No flourish of trumpets here; all is severe simplicity.

I know few books better adapted to stimulate the sense of wonder in a boy, and to awaken his imagination, than "Cook's Voyages." There is a breezy, bracing atmosphere throughout; and the hero of it, the Yorkshire labourer's son, who attained by industry, courage, and integrity, to his responsible position, is as good an example as one could wish to set before the young. He is the greatest of discoverers, and we have good cause to be proud of him as an Englishman, if only for the fine humanity which marked his transactions with the native populations. I suppose that few discoverers have shed so little blood. Then the interest of his ocean-wanderings is inexhaustible. He went out into a new world, and annexed it like a conqueror. One day they come upon a race of people who refuse to drink rum or brandy, intimating, after tasting it, by signs, that it burned their throats. These total abstainers have broad, flat faces, high cheeks, noses inclining to flatness, wide nostrils, small black eyes, large mouths, and straight black hair falling down over their ears and foreheads. Another day they are witnesses of a war-dance. Again, they are surrounded by a fleet of canoes, the crews of which, equipped with spears, darts, battle-axes, and the patoo-patoo, make the air ring with cries of defiance. At one time they are sailing slowly across a sea as blue as the heaven above it, with an apparently measureless expanse of waters stretching all around; at another they are drifting into a still lagoon, which sleeps within its belt of coral, shaded by a few cocoa-nut palms with feathery crests. Bright little pictures like these are constantly flashing across the page:—"The islands were shaded with evergreens and covered with woods, and exhibited a delightful prospect. The rocky shores were enlivened with flocks of aquatic birds, and the whole country resounded with the wild notes of the feathered songsters." Or—"The sea was quite unruffled; and the sun, shining brightly, exposed the various sorts of coral in the most beautiful order." Dip where you will, you will come upon some such suggestive passage, and may soon lose yourself in dreams.

But the truth is, Captain James Cook was exceedingly lucky in his opportunities. The chart of the great southern ocean was almost a virgin one when our discoverer first set sail from Deptford. The world was all before him where to choose. He sailed into the unexplored Pacific, and, as a matter of course, struck upon some new land almost every day. There they lay, those fresh fair island-groups, all waiting to be discovered. So it was with the early astronomers after the invention of the telescope. As soon as they pointed their magic tubes towards the azure depths of the firmament, new planets immediately swam within their ken. No such good fortune now-a-days rewards the navigator or the stargazer. The islands have been gathered up from east to west, and the stars all catalogued like the items in a grocer's shop. No wonder that our later voyages have none, of the rare sweet fascination of Captain Cook's. They tell an oft-told tale; 'twas Cook's felicity to tell it first. There are omnibuses and bathing-machines at Honolulu now, and German "interests" at Samoa: the romance and poetry of the islands are as dead as Queen Anne. That is the worst of experience; it leaves us nothing to anticipate. So that Captain Cook's voyages to the middle-aged reader becomes quite another thing to what it was to the boy.

At this time of the year custom demands that to our simplest reflections and palest commonplaces a "seasonable" colouring should be given; and no doubt the patient reader is already wondering when and how I shall establish a connection between Christmas and "Cook's Voyages." I might be content to say that the book makes a capital companion for Christmastide—for the wassail bowl, and the yule-log, and the evergreens. But I confess that the fancy, in my mind, is this: To youth and old age Christmas comes with much the same difference of feeling about it as "Cook's Voyages." To youth it opens up an ideal world, full of bright, fairy scenes—radiant in the "purpureum lumen" of hope and promise. All is new—untasted—untried. The map is not yet filled in; the planetary spaces are not yet gauged. Every day brings with it a discovery; the bark bounds buoyantly over seas hitherto untraversed, and the morning mists, as they rise, reveal shores hitherto unknown. But in our later years Christmas discloses to us no such glorious visions. The chart is full; the world's novelties have been essayed, and taken count of. There is no more promise, no more expectation; all that belongs to us is the burden of the past. While Youth, with eager eye and panting breath, strains towards the future and its wealth of green islands and sunny seas—so new, so strange, so rapturous; Old Age, with bowed head and weary limbs, coils up in the fireside-corner to reperuse the record of the parted years—the stained pages of the log-book of its "Voyages"—and to tell over the Christmases that have been and shall be no more.

W. H. D.-A.



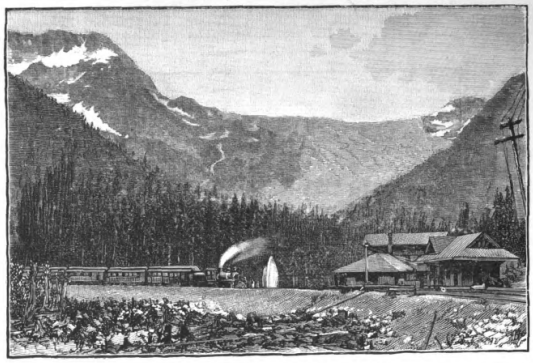
MOUNT SIR DONALD AND GLACIER.



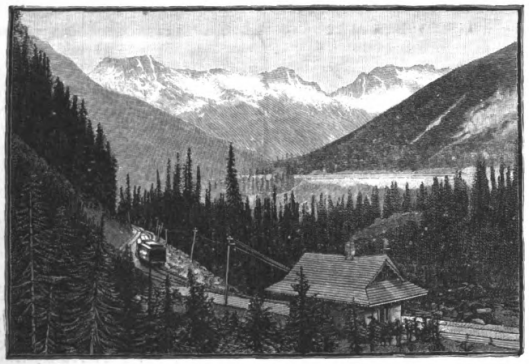
THE GREAT GLACIER.



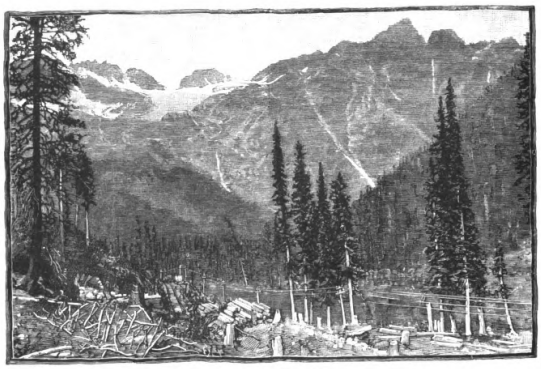
THE GREAT GLACIER, FROM THE RAILWAY.



THE GLACIER HOTEL AND MOUNTAIN.



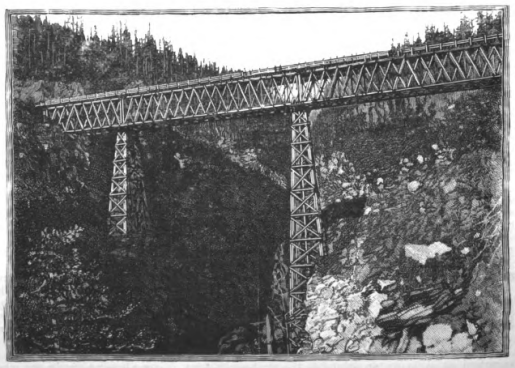
THE HERMIT RANGE, WITH THE RAILWAY STATION, FROM THE HOTEL.



THE HERMIT RANGE, FROM NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE LINE.

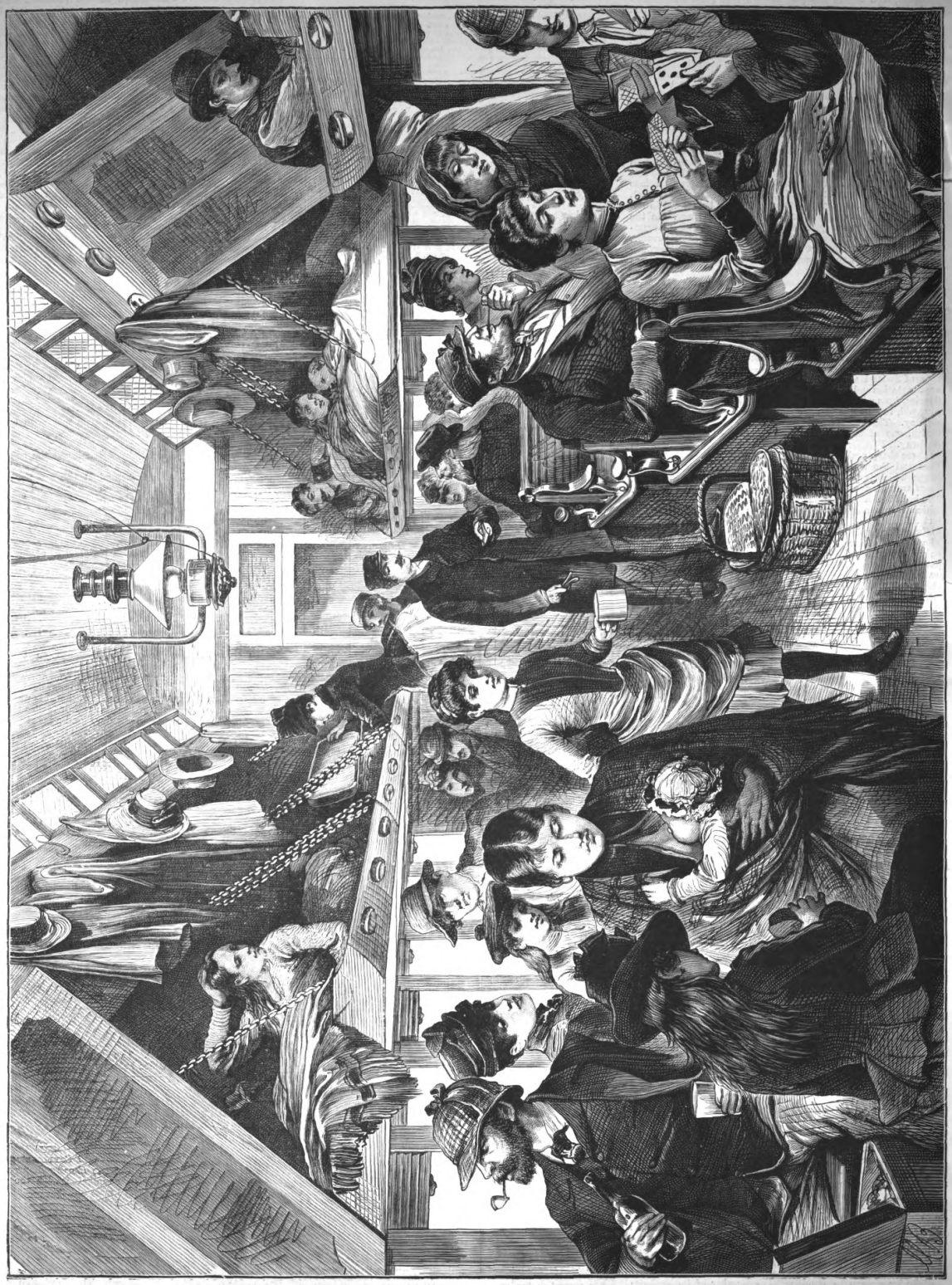


MOUNT CARROLL, EAST SIDE.



THE STONY CREEK BRIDGE, 295 FEET HIGH.

VIEWS ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



INTERIOR OF A COLONIAL SLEEPING-CAR ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, on his long railway journey from Montreal to Vancouver, which is performed in five days, made a Sketch of the interior of the sleeping-car allotted to the class of passengers regarded as intending colonists, who obtain cheaper, though less luxurious, accommodation than the first-class through passengers. In each transcontinental train, we understand, there are fourteen sleeping-carriages and eleven dining-carriages, with extra ones to provide for trains that carry a heavier load. The "through-sleeping" carriage goes over the entire route, its conductor and servants going the whole way. They thus become acquainted with the peculiarities and special wants of their passengers, and aid in relieving the monotony of the long journey by giving notification of the approach to attractive bits of scenery, to see which it may be necessary to rise early in the morning. The sleeping and dining-carriages afford all the conveniences needed for the long journey. The sleeping-carriage is constructed with six "sections" (as they are called) on each side. Each section will represent the seats and high backs of an English railway carriage, except that an aisle passing along the middle of the carriage divides one side from the other side. At night the seats are rearranged into an upper and a lower set of berths, with curtains drawn in front. At one end a section, made somewhat wider, is inclosed in the form of a state-room, so as to give complete privacy. In the aggregate, twenty-six persons can be given sleeping accommodation in the carriage; while at either end are toilet-rooms, and a bath-room is also provided. At the rear of the sleeping-carriage is a large open apartment, with a good outlook from the back platform, this being the rear of the train, so that the passengers can use it as a smoking-room and have a view of the line as the train passes.

Our views of the mountain, glacier, and torrent scenery of British Columbia, which have been hitherto presented, were all supplied by Mr. Melton Prior's sketches; but those which appear this week are from the photographs taken by Messrs. W. Notman and Son, of Montreal. We have already spoken of the Selkirk Range, and of its Great Glacier, a vast plateau of gleaming ice extending as far as the eye can reach—as large, it is said, as all those of Switzerland combined. Here, at an elevation of 4122 ft., are the station and hotel, within thirty minutes' walk of the Great Glacier, from which Mount Sir Donald rises, a naked and abrupt pyramid, to a height of more than a mile and a half above the railway. This stately mountain was named after Sir Donald Smith, one of the chief promoters of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Farther to the left, looking from the hotel, are two or three sharp peaks, inferior only to Sir Donald, while Rogers' Pass and the snowy mountain beyond (part of the Hermit range, which is called Grizzly, from the frequency with which bears are met upon its berry-bearing slopes), are in full view. The hotel is a handsome structure, resembling a Swiss châlet, which serves not only as a dining station for passing trains, but affords a delightful stopping place for tourists who wish to hunt, or explore the surrounding mountains and glaciers. The Great Glacier is hardly a mile away, and its forefoot is only a few hundred feet above the level of the hotel. A good path has been made to it, and its exploration is within an easy walk. A glacier stream has been made to furnish fountains about the hotel. Game is very abundant throughout these lofty ranges; their summits are the home of the bighorn sheep and the mountain goat, the latter almost unknown southward of Canada.

The Bear Creek station is 1000 ft. above the Beaver, whose upper valley can be seen penetrating the mountains southward for a long distance. The line here leaves the Beaver and turns up Bear Creek along continuing grades of 116 ft. to the mile. The principal difficulty in construction of this part of the line was occasioned by the torrents which come down, many of them in splendid cascades, through narrow gorges cut deeply into the steep slopes along which the railway creeps. The bridge that crosses Stony Creek—a noisy rill flowing in the bottom of a narrow deep ravine, 296 ft. below the rails—is one of the loftiest railway bridges in the world. Beyond Stony Creek bridge, the gorge of Bear Creek is compressed into a ravine between Mount Carroll on the left and the Hermit on the right, forming a narrow portal to the summit, with enormous precipices at each side. Mount Carroll towers a mile and a quarter above the railway in almost vertical height, its numberless pinnacles piercing the sky overhead.

The Duke of Cambridge has reopened the Sailors' Institute, Mercer-street, Shadwell, which has recently been undergoing a thorough repair.

The Goldsmiths' Company have presented a picture by Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A., called "The Violinist," to the Corporation of London for their art gallery at Guildhall.

At a meeting held at King's College, the Bishop of London presiding, a committee was appointed to collect funds to carry out a thorough repair of the church of St. Mary-le-Strand.

It has been decided at a special meeting of the Council of the National Rifle Association that, subject to the arrangements for acquiring additional ground being satisfactory, the offer of the Government for the use of land at Brookwood, near Aldershott, should be accepted for the annual meeting.

The first anniversary conversazione in connection with the British Nurses' Association was held on Dec. 7 at the Grosvenor Gallery. In the absence of Princess Christian, president of the association, the guests, who numbered over 1000, were received by Mr. W. S. Savory, President of the Royal College of Surgeons. This association, the only one of its kind in the kingdom, was founded just a year ago, and already its members number upwards of 1600, and branches are being formed in the Colonies. Its objects are to increase the usefulness of trained nurses by elevating the general standard of professional knowledge, and to enable the nurses to unite for mutual support. The association seeks to obtain a Royal charter to provide for the legal registration of its members, and so protect the public from the numerous unskilled women who at the present time are acting as nurses.

An appeal is being made by the council of Bedford College for public contributions towards the enlargement of the college premises, the object of the enlargement being the provision of improved laboratories and of accommodation at an economical rate for students of narrow means. It is proposed that the new buildings should be called the "Shaen Wing" in commemoration of the late Mr. William Shaen, who took an active interest in the management of the college from its earliest days. Bedford College is now the principal college for women in London. The number of its students has risen from 68 in 1873 to 118 in 1887. Of the 152 women who are Masters and Bachelors of Arts of the University of London, 51 have been students of Bedford College; and of the 21 women who are Doctors and Bachelors of Science, 12 have been students of the same institution. Contributions may be sent to the chairman, Dr. Russell, F.R.S., 34, Upper Hamilton-terrace, N.W.; or to the honorary secretary, Bedford College.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

ALIQUIS.—The book can be obtained from the office of the *British Chess Magazine*, 19, Bayley-street, Leeds.

A W YOUNG.—Marked for further examination.

A C CLARKE (Bristol).—They shall be duly examined.

W GILRAVE.—Shall be reported upon next week.

MRS KELLY.—We shall be sorry to miss you, and hope you will have time to do both.

HEREWARD.—Problem No. 2330 is sound as a bell.

W T PIERCE.—The failure to describe it as a "Pierce Gambit" is an oversight we cannot understand. Thanks for your game, which shall receive attention.

J C COLEMAN (Chippenham).—Apply to Mr. Adamson, City Chess Club, Newgate-street, who has had most experience of such things. Your solution of No. 2330 is wrong.

MONA.—You can have as many Queens as you can get Pawns to their eighth square. There are no special means of indicating the new Queens; an inverted Rook is generally used.

M JACKSON.—Please send us an amended diagram. We cannot undertake to make alterations.

D H S (St Austell).—If, in No. 2326, Black moves his Kt, White mates with Q at Q Kt 4th.

R D F (St Andrews).—Your suggested defence to the King's Gambit does not amount to much. The game continues—7. P to Q 4th, Q to R 5th (ch); 8. K to B sq, with a good game.

O Q K.—We cannot understand your position. Is White's Rook to move, or has it moved?

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2327 received from Emil Frau (Lyons), J W Shaw (Montreal), An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.), and James D Hannan (Lockerbie); of No. 2328 from Blair H Cochrane and Paul von Szávos (Vienna); of No. 2329 from W E Cartwright, J T Pullen, Alpha, R Elliott, E G Boys, J J Baker, Ch-lwell, J Bridge, G W G Brodie, J A Schmucke, Hereward, W Heitzmann, T G (Ware), and W H Morris.

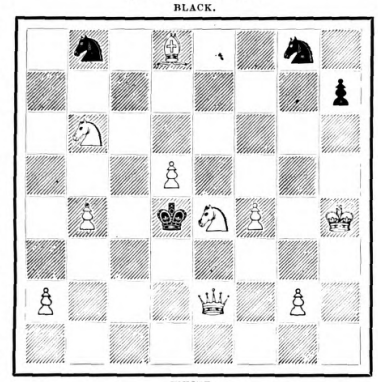
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2330 received from R Worters (Canterbury), John S Moorat (Boulogne), Wawor, T H Wilson, Dawn, Jupiter Junior, Martin F. Cobb (Paris), A Newman, J J Coad, W H D (Woburn), J G Finney (Loughton), R Elliott, R F N Banks, W E Leveson (Cambridge), Cholwell, W H Baillem, Howard A, F C Cook (Reading), W W Hardman, A W Hamilton Gell, J Hepworth Shaw, C E P, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Emil Frau, Arthur Emanuel, J Hurley Smith, F G Tucker, G W G Brodie, W Foster (Clayton), S W Hooper, Columbia, J Saze, C S, S Louden, H E Maxted, Joseph T Pullen, James Margate, F W Enser (Cardiff), Alquis, A W Young, Ruby Rook, Quidnunc, W Von Beverhoudt, G J Veale, J Rose (Whitley), J Bridge, E P, J Dixon, L Desanges, E J Winter Wood, Dane John, J A Schmucke, J Hall, Bentcher, Bourne Endy, Coggeshall Chess Club, C Worrall, E Lucas, Mrs Kelly, W E Cartwright, W P Welch, T Roberts, W Heitzmann, T G (Ware), Blair H Cochrane, J G Hoskin, Thomas Chown, Julia Short, E G Boys, Bernard Reynolds, R H Brooks, Lieutenant-Colonel Loraine, Sindforth, W Fry, J D Tucker (Leeds), G V (Brentwood), L E Poynting, the Rev Winfield Cooper, and Dr Law (Sheffield).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2328.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to Kt 3rd	K moves
2. R to R 2nd	K moves
3. R to R 8th	K moves
4. R to Q 8th. Mate.	

PROBLEM NO. 2332.
By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played between Messrs. F. HEALEY and J. G. CAMPBELL.
(*French Defence*).

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
3. P to K 5th	P to Q B 4th
4. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
5. P to K B 4th	

Kt to B 3rd is the usual move.

5.	Kt to R 3rd
6. Kt to K B 3rd	B to K 2nd
7. B to Q 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd
8. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q R 4th
9. B to K 3rd	P to B 5th
10. B to B 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th
11. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B to R 5th (ch)
12. P to Kt 3rd	B to K 2nd
13. Castles	P to R 5th
14. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K Kt 5th
15. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt takes B
16. Q takes Kt	R to R 2nd
17. Q Kt to B 3rd	P to K R 3rd
18. Kt to R 3rd	Kt to B sq

Castling is obviously risky.

19. Q R to K sq	K to Kt 2nd
20. P to K Kt 4th	P to K R 4th
21. P to Kt 5th	

P to B 5th is a better move, and would have certainly led to a more lively game. The following seems a likely continuation:—P takes Kt P, 22. P to B 6th (ch), B takes P (better than moving the King); 23. P takes B (ch), K to Kt sq; 24. Kt from B 3rd to Kt 5th, P takes Kt; 25. R takes P, with a great advantage of position.

21.	Q to Kt 3rd

Black, having securely entrenched his King, now commences a spirited attack on the Queen's flank.

22. Q to Q 2nd	

A weak move, the vigour of Black's onslaught being scarcely appreciated.

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
22.	P to Kt 5th
23. B P takes P	Kt takes P

A bold sacrifice; but one that greatly weakens White's Kt P.

24. P takes Kt	B takes P
25. Q to B sq	B takes R
26. K takes B	B to Q 2nd
27. Kt to B 2nd	R to Q Kt sq
28. Kt to Q sq	Q R to Kt 2nd
29. R to K 3rd	Q to R 4th
30. K to B 2nd	R to Kt 5th
31. Q to Q 2nd	Q to R 2nd

All this part of the game is well played by Black.

32. R to B 3rd	K R to Kt 2nd
33. K to Kt 3rd	Q to Kt sq
34. Q to K 3rd	R takes P

Black can hardly hope for more than a draw, but his strategy to secure this is admirable.

35. Kt takes R	R takes Kt
36. B to Q sq	R to R 7th
37. Kt to K sq	Q to Kt 8th
38. B to B 2nd	Q to Kt 7th
39. Kt to Kt 2nd	P to R 6th
40. P to B 5th	B to R 8th
41. P to B 6th (ch)	K to R 2nd

The King's move is of importance, the one here adopted being the best.

42. Kt to K sq	B takes B
43. R takes B	Q to Kt 6th
44. Q takes Q	P takes Q
45. R takes R	P to Kt 7th
46. R takes R P	P (a Queen)
47. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Kt 2nd
48. P to R 4th,	

Drawn game.

A new chess club has been successfully started at Chippenham, and meets, under the presidency of Captain A. B. Rooke, at the Temperance Hotel. The hon. secretary is J. Charles Coleman, M.R.C.V.S.

We have received the preliminary programme of the sixth American Chess Congress, which is circulated with a view of obtaining suggested amendments from the public and intending players. It is much too long for even a summary in this column; but, in the main, follows the rules of the London Congress of 1883, and is, so far, in little need of improvement. The chief novelty is Rule 17, which has been devised for the purpose of getting over the difficulty caused by players retiring in the middle of the tourney. The attempt is ingenious, but seems to create by its complexity much more trouble than it obviates, and we shall watch with interest the results of its adoption. The fairest plan seems to be to cancel all games played by a retiring competitor; which, we think, might be safely adopted in lieu of that suggested by the American Committee. The amount collected so far for the purposes of the Congress exceeds £1000, and the minimum amount of prizes offered is £750. The winner is liable to a challenge for the Championship of the World, providing not less than four European players compete in the tourney, and a liberal provision is made for his benefit in the event of being compelled to play, whatever may be the result of the Championship Match. We understand Mr. Steinitz is a likely competitor.

In the competition for the Metropolitan Senior Cup a match was played on Nov. 27 between the North London and Brixton Chess Clubs. The former had matters all its own way and ultimately won by 8½ games to 2½.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The political week has been marked by the usual noisy scenes in the Chamber, this time aggravated by a commencement of pugilism between two deputies. The main interest, however, is outside Parliament, in the polemics which are caused by the approaching general elections, and by the discussion of the tactics of the enigmatic Boulanger, whose utterances are commented upon variously by his various allies. His last manifesto at Nevers terminated, as usual, with the cry of "Vive la République!" but, at the same time, the orator spoke most kindly of the coup d'état and its author, and also of the partisans of Royalty; still, he was perhaps just a little too Republican, and both Bonapartists and Orléanists make reserves in their approval of the manifesto, without, however, denouncing the Boulangist pact to which they are both parties. The General's allies are not absolutely displeased, but they are no longer enthusiastic. This symptom is noteworthy, because it shows how difficult the rôle of Boulanger will become when he has to concert with his Monarchist and Imperialist allies as to the line of conduct to be followed when the day of battle arrives. Will there be a plébiscite, or a Constituante, or what? The Bonapartists demand the former, the Royalists the latter, and the chances are that, in the midst of the squabbling, the Republic will come out victorious after all.

The Income Tax Bill may be considered already rejected. The Commission appointed to examine the Bill has elected M. Jules Roche president, and the majority of the members of the Commission are hostile, not only to this present Bill, but to any kind of income tax. The Commission will present a very strong report against the whole principle of income taxation.

A last echo of the funereal Baudin manifestation on the anniversary of Dec. 2: the Municipal Council has changed the name of the Boulevard Haussmann to that of Boulevard Baudin. This is black ingratitude and rank folly; but for both these defects the Municipal Council is famous.

The new extraordinary war Budget amounts in all to the sum of 770,731,000*f.* Out of this total, credits have already been opened to the amount of 228,335,000*f.* For the remnant, 542,396,000*f.*, there is only a *reliquat* of 55,000,000*f.* to be disposed of. Where is the rest to come from? From loans without guarantee? M. De Freycinet is anxious to take serious measures to meet these expenses. But what measure can be taken? How can a country live and prosper with a floating debt to which a milliard is added from time to time in this calm way?

The question of Mont Saint Michel was the subject of a lively debate in the Chamber a few days ago. A Radical deputy made a furious attack against the architect, M. Ed. Corroyer, whom he accused of clericalism and of being a member of the *conseil d'administration* of the Œuvre des Frères de la Doctrine chrétienne. In order to curry favour with the Radicals the new Director of the Fine Arts Department, M. Larroumet, has revoked M. Corroyer from his functions. This is regrettable. M. Corroyer has devoted fifteen years of his life to the restoration of Mont Saint Michel, and he has always acted by the orders of the Fine Arts Department, which has hitherto been satisfied with his archæological knowledge, and never inquired into his personal opinions and sympathies.

M. Auguste Vacquerie's new comedy "Jalousie," produced at the Gymnase, is an absolute failure. In reality it is a comedy *de cape et d'épée*, but M. Vacquerie has made the mistake of dressing his characters in contemporary costume, and so their actions, attitude, and language excite contemptuous laughter instead of pleasurable interest. M. Vacquerie, who is a veteran of the old romantic school, is furious at the want of respect which the public have shown for his work, and cannot realise the fact that his piece is very bad, as bad as it can be, although the author is also the author of "Tragaldabas" and "Jean Baudry," and a great poet in the esteem of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Experiments have been made at Joinville of a new system of mechanical traction for canal service invented by M. Maurice Lévy, member of the Institute. This consists of an endless wire-rope fixed along the two banks of the canal on supports provided with pulleys and driven by a stationary engine. The boats hook on to this cable just as tramways hook on to the underground cables in use in many towns. The rate of progression will be two miles and a half an hour, and the cost of traction half that of horse-traction. This new system is to be applied to the whole of the French canal system.

Plaisanterie, winner of the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch in 1887, was sold by auction the other day at Chantilly, and bought by Sir Tatton Sykes for 60,000*f.* The sale attracted a great concourse of sportsmen, who all regretted that the celebrated mare was to leave France.—Encouraged by the success of the Patti performances, the directors of the opera announce that the tenor Gayarré will sing "L'Africaine" and "La Favorite" in April. Thus it seems the disastrous "star" system is to become the rule at the Paris opera as it is in Buda-Pesth or Rio Janeiro. La Patti comes back to Paris on Dec. 17 to continue her performances. — The irrepressible General Boulanger is about to plead for a divorce from his wife. The General's son-in-law, Captain Driant, is following in the footsteps of his father-in-law. The walls of Paris are covered with flaring posters announcing the issue in penny parts of "La Guerre de Demain," by "Captain Danrit," the anagramme of Driant. The Minister of War, M. De Freycinet, has sent Captain Driant to prison (*aux arrêts*) for thirty days for indiscipline. The Captain ought to have asked permission of the War Office before publishing his book.—T. C.

Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., presided at the thirty-ninth anniversary dinner of the National Orphan Home, and in proposing the toast of the evening made an earnest appeal for this valuable institution. Contributions to the amount of £730 were announced.

The Lord Mayor presided on Dec. 7 over the annual meeting of the Surgical Aid Society, held at the Cannon-street Hotel. He said that the benefits which the charity dispensed were increasing year by year. In connection with the meeting, donations to the amount of £370 were announced.

A meeting was held on Dec. 7 of the finance committee of the Mansion House Fund in connection with the holding of the Metropolitan Exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society next year. The fund was reported to amount to £4300, and Mr. Walter Gilbey handed in various additional donations amounting to £278 which he had collected. Mr. Jacob Wilson said the prize list at the exhibition would be the most comprehensive of its kind ever offered. The exhibition would be open on Monday, June 24, and continue the whole week. It was resolved unanimously to contribute £4000 from the Mansion House Fund towards the prizes, and the Lord Mayor was requested to make a further appeal for donations towards this special fund. The Lord Mayor (who presided) said as a Westmorland man he should like to offer a 20 guinea prize for the best Herdwick ram of any age, and Mr. Wilson accepted the offer on the part of the society.

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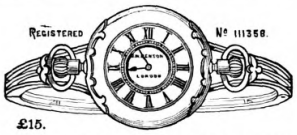

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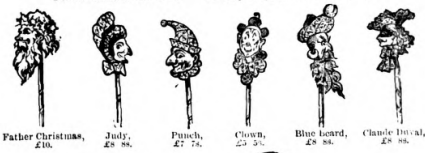
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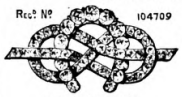
"Luck that love finds ever."

"Here is good luck with love combined, Loving knots and loving hearts entwined."

"This knot of gold a heart doth hold." OLD MOTTO.


Gold, or Platinum and Gold Bracelet, £5 5s.


Gold, or Platinum and Gold Bracelet, £5 5s.



Brilliant Brooch, £30. Brilliant Bracelet, £35. Gold Brooch, £3 3s.


Gold, £2. Diamonds, £7.


Sleeve Links, £4 10s. Studs, £2 2s. Collar Studs, £1 1s.



Brilliant Brooch, £30. Gold Brooch, £3 3s. Brilliant Bracelet, £35.


Gold, £2. Diamonds, £7.


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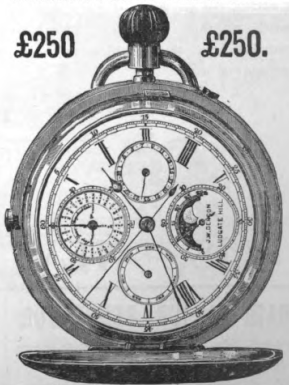
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Any of the above Watches will be sent, Free and Safe, and at our Risk, to any part of the World, on receipt of Banker's Draft for the corresponding amount.

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And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; and 25, OLD BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.

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OBITUARY.

SIR WALTER GEORGE STIRLING, BART.

Sir Walter George Stirling, Bart., of Faskine, in the county of Lanark, J.P. and D.L. for Kent and Middlesex, died at his residence in Portman-square on Dec. 1, in his eighty-ninth year. He was only son of Sir Walter Stirling, M.P., on whom the baronetcy was conferred in 1800, and grandson of Sir Walter Stirling of Faskine, Captain R.N., a distinguished naval officer. The deceased Baronet was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford. He married, Aug. 18, 1835, Lady Caroline Frances Byng, daughter of John, first Earl of Strafford, G.C.B., and had two sons and two daughters. Of the former, the elder, Walter, died unmarried June 5, 1862, and the younger, Colonel Walter George, R.A., now succeeds as third Baronet. He was born Sept. 6, 1839; and married, Oct. 15, 1875, Viscountess Clifden, daughter of Mr. F. C. W. Seymour, and sister of the present Countess Spencer.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TROTTER, M.P.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry John Trotter, of Byers Green Hall, in the county of Durham, M.P. for Colchester, died from an accident in hunting. He was second son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel William Trotter, who was also killed out hunting in 1866. The gentleman whose death we record was a barrister, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and M.A. of Oriel College, Oxford.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major Alexander H. Ross, M.P., suddenly at 9, Upper Berkeley-square, aged fifty-eight.

Lady Georgiana Needham on Dec. 3, at Datchet House, Datchet, at the age of ninety-three years. She was the sixth of the eight daughters of Francis, first Earl of Kilmorey, and great-aunt to the present Earl.

The Rev. Samuel Earnshaw, assistant minister of Sheffield parish church, on Dec. 6, at the age of eighty-three. In 1831 Mr. Earnshaw was Senior Wrangler and first Smith's prizeman. He was a most successful coach at Cambridge for sixteen years, and had been in his present position at Sheffield since 1847.

Colonel George Churchill Bartholomew, late of the 10th and the 109th Regiments, suddenly on Dec. 2, aged fifty-eight. He was third son of the late Archdeacon Bartholomew of Morchard Bishop, Devon, entered the Army in 1850, and saw service in India and Abyssinia.

Mr. Edward Cutler, Q.C., has been elected a Bencher of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn in succession to the late Sir Richard Baggallay.

The Grocers' Company have contributed £100 and the Clothworkers' Company £50 to the Mansion House fund in connection with the next Metropolitan Exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society.

At a meeting of guarantors of the Leeds Musical Festival held on Dec. 6, it was stated that the guarantee fund now reaches £25,000, being about £7000 in advance of the amount subscribed three years ago.

Mr. Deputy Hart, who has represented the Ward of Coleman-street for some years in the Court of Common Council, has been unanimously elected an alderman in the room of Mr. J. E. Saunders, resigned.

The Marquis of Lorne presided on Dec. 6 at a meeting in the Holborn Townhall to promote the establishment of four technical schools—in Finsbury, Hackney, Islington, and St. Pancras. A resolution was adopted pledging the meeting to endeavour to raise the £200,000 needed to accomplish the work.

The Drury-lane Working Girls' House and Day Nursery has been instituted to help the girls living in the crowded district of Drury-lane who, just leaving school, are earning their own livelihood or seeking employment. A report fully explaining the work which is carried on under the direction of a committee of ladies, will be sent on application to the hon. treasurer, Mr. W. Fortescue Barratt, 73, Drury-lane. Funds are urgently needed to meet the current expenses.

The Earl of Limerick has given an unsolicited reduction of 20 per cent to the numerous tenantry on his Irish estates. Reductions amounting to close upon 50 per cent have also been made, without solicitation, to his Lordship's town tenants, occupiers of houses, and small plots.

The fourteenth anniversary dinner of the Metropolitan Dairymen's Benevolent Institution took place on Dec. 6 at the Freemasons' Tavern, Mr. William Low occupying the chair. There was a very large attendance, and the donations announced amounted to about £600.

Two small stained-glass windows, from the studio of Messrs. Warrington and Co., have been placed in the chancel of Charlton Abbots Church, Gloucestershire.—The parish church of Glossop, Worcestershire, has received a two-light stained-glass window representing "The Good Samaritan," designed and executed by Messrs. Mayer and Co.

An exhibition of works of art in black and white will be held this Christmas at St. Jude's Schools, Whitechapel. An exhibition on similar lines was held two years ago at the same place, which, like this one, was in connection with the series of exhibitions of oil-paintings which have taken place at Easter for some years past. The exhibition will open on or about Christmas Day, and will remain open about three weeks.

The marriage of Mr. C. Orr-Ewing, son of Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing, Bart., M.P., with the Hon. Beatrix Ruthven, only daughter of Lord and Lady Ruthven, was solemnised in St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Hamilton, near Glasgow, on Dec. 5, in the presence of numerous relatives and friends of both families. Captain James Orr-Ewing, 16th Lancers, was the best man; and the four bridesmaids were Lady Esther Gore, Miss May Hozier, the Hon. Adele Hamilton, and Miss Violet Orr-Ewing. The youthful bride was given away by Lord Ruthven, her father.

ESTABLISHED IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

STREETER & COMPY.,

IMPORTERS OF PRECIOUS STONES, PEARLS, AND GEMS.

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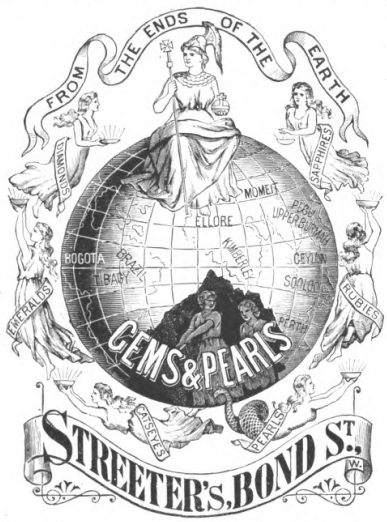
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DIAMOND ORNAMENTS,

From 5 Guineas to 10,000 Guineas,

Cannot be surpassed for elegance of design and perfect setting. They are London made, and the Brilliants are white and properly cut.



STREETERS'
RUBIES AND SAPPHIRES,

From 5 Guineas to 10,000 Guineas,

Direct from the Burmah and other Mines, thus enabling the Public to buy these Stones at First Hand after being London cut.

PEARLS from their own Pearling Fleet.

18, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.

HAIR-COLOUR RENOVATOR.

Quickest, Safest, Cheapest. Restores colour to Grey Hair in a week. Large Bottle, 3s. 6d., post-free.

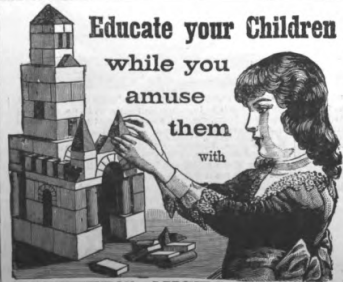


CAPILLARY COMPOUND—the best nutriment—preserves colour and promotes growth, strengthens weak and softens harsh hair, prevents split ends and improves natural curl; also invaluable for the cultivation of Children's Hair. In Bottles, 3s. 6d., post-free.

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C. BOND & SON, 546, Oxford-st., W.

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Building Stones in three Natural Colours.

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These Boxes are arranged on a progressive system, beginning with simple and easy subjects, and advancing by gradual stages, until the more difficult structures are reached. Each box is accompanied by a large number of beautiful designs.

CAUTION.—Beware of quicklime imitations, and see that each box bears the Trade-Marks, the Anchor and the Squirrel.

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Specially suitable for Christmas and New-Year Presents.

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SPOONS & FORKS.



Full-Size Antique Fluted Tea and Coffee Set, Sterling Silver .. £29 5s. Best Electro .. £9 10s.



Registered "Princess" Tea Service, with Two China Cups and Saucers, Two Spoons, and Sugar Tongs.
Complete, in Case, Sterling Silver, £11 11s. 0d. Best Electro-Silver, £5 15s. 0d.
Tea-Pot only .. .. .. £5 5s. 0d. .. £1 11s. 6d.
Sugar Basin and Tongs .. .. £1 15s. 0d. .. £0 10s. 6d.
Cream Jug .. .. .. £1 5s. 0d. .. £0 10s. 6d.

TABLE KNIVES.



Richly-Cut Glass Jug and Two Beakers, with Sterling Silver Mounts, £4 10s.



Two Solid Silver Salts and Spoons, in Case, £2 18s.



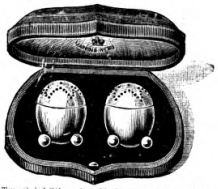
Richly Chased Solid Silver Sugar or Pap Bowl .. .. £1 15s. 0d.
Best Morocco Case .. .. £0 10s. 6d.



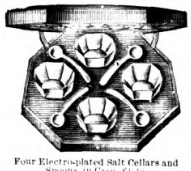
Two Sterling Silver Escallop Butter-Shells and Knives to match, in Morocco Case, £1 15s. 0d. The Shell and Knife, in Case, £2 10s.



Six Solid Silver Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs, in Best Morocco Case, £2 15s. Best Electro, £1 11s. 6d.



Two Solid Silver Dot Mufflneers, in Case, £1 5s.



Four Electro-plated Salt Cellars and Spoons, in Case, £1 1s.



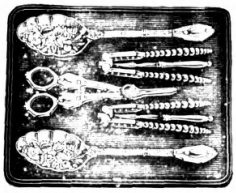
Two Crimped-edge Sterling Silver Salts and Spoons, in Morocco Case, £1 12s. 6d. Four, in Case, £3.



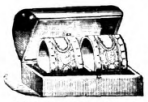
Escallop Butter-Shell and Knife, with Glass lining. Sterling Silver, £2 2s. Electro-Silver, 12s. 6d.



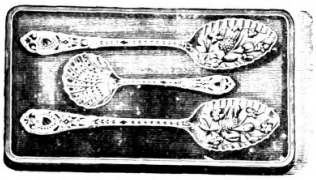
Two Sterling Silver Butter-Knives, in Morocco Case, £1 10s. Smaller size, £1 1s.



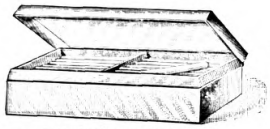
Two Pair Nut-Crackers and Picks, Grape Scissors, and Two Fruit Spoons, in Morocco Case, £2 10s.



Solid Silver Napkin-Rings, neatly engraved, £1 5s. Complete in Case, Monograms engraved to order, 2s. 6d. the pair.



Fruit-Spoons, in Case, richly Chased, and part Gilt, Solid Silver, Two Spoons and Sifter, £4; Two Spoons, £3. Best Electro, Two Spoons and Sifter, £1 11s. 6d.; Two Spoons, £1 1s.

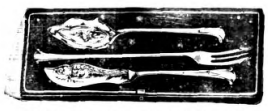


Solid Silver Cigarette-Box, lined Cedar. To hold 50, £4 10s.; to hold 75, £5; to hold 100, £6 6s.



Fluted Coffee-Pot, with Ebony Handle.

	1 pint.	1½ pints.
Solid Silver ..	£9 0 ..	£10 10
Best Electro	£3 10 ..	4 0



Jam-Spoon, Pickle-Fork, and Butter-Knife, in Case, Best Electro, 15s.; Solid Silver, £2 8s.



Regd. "Princess" Sugar-Bowl and Tongs. Solid Silver, £4 15s. Best Electro-plate, 10s. 6d.



Pair of Pickle-Forks, Ivory Handles, in Case, Sterling Silver, £1 3s.; Best Electro, 15s.



Sterling Silver Lamp, richly Chased, after Cellini, Black Marble Base, height, 23in. £17 17s.



Fluted Lamp, with Patent Fastening to fit 11s. any Candlestick, with Coloured Globe and Chimney, 18s.



Fluted Solid Silver Table-Lamp, on Marble Plinth, height, 16in., £8 8s.

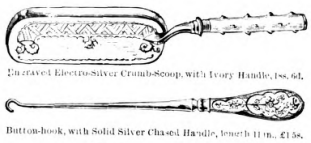


Fluted Cigarette-Case, Sterling Silver, Gilt Inside. To hold 10, £2 8s. To hold 12, £2 15s.

ILLUSTRATED XMAS LIST POST-FREE. (250 Illustrations)



Two Sterling Silver Salt-Cellars, Spoons, and Mufflncer, in Morocco Case, £2.



Engraved Electro-Silver Crumb-Scoop, with Ivory Handle, 18s. 6d.

Button-hook, with Solid Silver Chased Handle, length 11in., £1 5s.



Chased Solid Silver Case for Safety Matches, £1 11s. 6d. Tandstlcker size, £1 1s.



Electro-Silver Sugar-Bowl and Sifter, 18s.



Solid Silver Cigarette-Case, very massive. To hold 10, £2 10s.; to hold 20, £4.



Cut Glass Toilet-Bottle, 9½in. high, Chased Sterling Silver Mounts and Top, £1 11s. 6d.



Solid Silver Back Hair-Brushes, richly Chased, £2 10s. each. Full-size Mirror, to match, £3 15s.



Solid Silver "Toby" Cream-Jug, 3in. high £2 10s.



Solid Silver Back Cloth or Velvet Brush, richly Chased, £1 1s.



Mustard-Pot and Spoon. Electro-Silver .. 8s. Sterling Silver .. 20s.



Cut-Glass Inkstand, Solid Silver Mounts and Pen Rests, richly Chased, Marble Base, £5 15s.; Onyx Base, £6 15s.



Regd. Scuttle Sugar-Basin, Solid Silver, £5 5s. Best Electro, £1 8s.



Sterling Silver Breakfast-Cruet and Spoon, richly Cut Glass, £2 10s.



Lady's Sterling Silver Card-Case, in Morocco Case, £2 2s.

MAPPIN & WEBB, 158, OXFORD-ST., W.; AND 18, POULTRY, E.C., LONDON.

MANUFACTORIES AND SHOW-ROOMS:
34, KING-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN, W.C.
NORFOLK-STREET, SHEFFIELD.

For Ladies' Column, see page 726; Wills and Bequests, page 728; Music, &c., page 730.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

London shops are full of more or less expensive trifles and novelties designed for Christmas and New-Year's presents. There is endless variety in style and in price. According to your means and generosity you may select from one and the same shop-window either a diamond tiara in shape and brilliancy like to the rays of the half-set Southern sun—or a little flat case of metal, looking like a sovereign purse, but really being a pocket receptable for face-powder and puff. The one will cost you a thousand and fifty pounds, the other is only a shilling; but the same shopman will sell you either—or both. In another place, the humble sixpence may be employed to purchase a handkerchief of cambric shaped like a vine-leaf and having the edges outlined with coloured thread in machine button-hole stitch—or you may buy a flounce of old point lace rarer than, and as costly as, a parure of precious stones. Or for yet another illustration, see in this fancy shop-window how the three-and-sixpenny feather fan, made from short ostrich tips and goose-wing plumes, modestly hides in a corner behind the same plate-glass where the splendid "lyre" fan of fine ostrich feathers at five guineas occupies the post of honour. So there is no difficulty in suiting the purse. Giving presents has many other difficulties about it, however, besides that of finding an article of the price that one can afford. It is hard to choose what is wanted and what is suitable; it is hard to select from amidst the wide possibilities open something that shall not hurt the recipient as being either too cheap ("What a mean gift!") or too costly ("What a slur on my poverty! What purse-pride!"); and it is hard to know how a particular present will fit in with the possessions that the recipient already enjoys. Never mind! Gifts grease the wheels of life. It is so sweet to be thought of, so pleasant to be valued, that for one churl who so receives a gift that you would wish you had not offered it did you know his reflections and words about it, there will surely be many whose hearts will be warmed and whose thoughts will be made more genial by the receipt of a token of your friendly remembrance.

There are some things which it is scarcely possible to go wrong in giving, and others, on the precise contrary, with which it is difficult to go right. In the last category come bonnets—the becomingness and style of which are matters so much of individual taste that it is almost sure to be a blunder for another person to buy one without consulting the intended wearer. Books, again, unless the tastes or wants are specifically known, are very likely to disappoint. In jewellery, on the other hand, it is easy to please. A white or a black fan can hardly fail to be acceptable. A novel nick-nack for the drawing-room, or for table decoration, will give pleasure to the mistress of a house; while gloves or lace will always be welcome to a young woman, if given by anybody in a position to justify such personal tributes.

It is a far harder task for a lady to find nice presents to give a gentleman than vice-versâ. Woolwork slippers and embroidered smoking-caps are *rococo*. In the shops there seems to be hardly anything for masculine tastes but apparatus for smoking: an odious and selfish practice to which, happily, not quite all men are given! For those who are, there are silver match-boxes, silver cigarette-cases, canes which open at the top to take in a cigar and a few matches, pipe-cases in wood made like a five-barred gate with a rack for the pipes hanging from the top bar, billiard-balls fixed three on a stand and pierced for cigarettes, matches, and ash respectively. A letter-wallet, for carrying in the breast pocket, whether made in plain morocco or in crocodile leather, with silver corners, is not a bad present. Paper-knives and ink-bottles are made in bewildering variety; but one such object lasts a lifetime, and others are superfluous. Photograph-cases and even pincushions might sometimes not be despised, and, of course, there are various articles of jewellery available. But when all is thought of, presents for gentlemen are difficult to find compared with the abundance of choice that there is in gifts for us.

Well, after all, theirs is the present-making sex, and ours the present-receiving one! We make a present of ourselves and our domestic care and service, but we receive material return, as a rule; and oh! there are heaps of pretty things that can be given to women—quite an embarrassment of choice. New fans are prominent for prettiness and novelty. What are described as Empire fans do not close. They are stiff constructions, either of gauze drawn over wire in an oval shape, painted, or nearly covered with beautifully-made artificial flowers; or they are of feathers. In feather fans there is great variety, some closing in the ordinary manner, while others in numerous shapes and sizes remain open. One variety has three great ostrich feathers arranged like Prince of Wales's plumes, the centre one being eighteen inches long. Another looks fuller with six ostrich feathers fronted by a cluster of marabout and an aigrette of osprey. The narrower "lyre" shape is now to be had in shaded feathers to match any gown, as well as in the familiar black, white, and grey. All these fans have their short, stiff handles tied with long loops and ends of moiré ribbon, or of tulle, in colour to match the dress, and serving not only for smartness, but also to hang the fan by upon the wrist. Then there are novel gauze fans. One is cut into the shape of a butterfly, the thick body affixed to the stick handle down the centre, the transparent wings spread out and coloured in delicate tints. Another kind of gauze fan is shaped and painted to imitate a group of three enlarged flowers, natural in colour and as far as may be in form—one in the centre, and one on either hand: pale yellow sunflowers, mauve and purple pansies, delicate grey and yellow irises, and pale pink and white chrysanthemums are the several flowers that I have seen thus imitated, with white, grey, and gold sticks respectively, and long streamers of moiré ribbon to match. Leaf-fans are made in strong *crêpe de Chine*, the entire fan (somewhat more narrow than the usual size of a closing fan) gives the shape of the leaf, and the several points (a horse-chestnut or other serrated leaf being always chosen) are represented at the tips of the successive sticks; the colour is either plain olive-green or the beautiful variety of tints of fading foliage which combine with so many colours in gowns.

In jewellery, too, there is novelty. No doubt, as was said at the recent Art Congress—"Fashion is change, but it is not progress"; the ideas involved in the two words are by no means the same. But variety is the spice of existence, and that which is new has a charm, irrespective of whether it is more or less artistic than the old. A diamond brooch made like a big hook and eye may not be as graceful as one resembling a swallow in full flight; a diamond frog is decidedly less elegant than a star; and a bird's merry-thought has less poetic associations than a crescent—but crescents, stars, and swallows are commonplace; the other objects are novelties in form for diamond ornaments. Other new ideas for brooches are a parrot with coloured enamel body and diamond head and claws; a fly with chrysolite head, nacre body, and diamond wings; a diamond chicken on a gold bar contemplating a broken egg-shell in white enamel; a pretty face carved in moonstone with poke bonnet in diamonds; a golden spray of mistletoe, with pearl berries; and enamel imitations of pansies, forget-me-nots, or violets, each flower with a tiny diamond dew-drop in its midst. The new short chains for watches, which I have previously described, would be acceptable to many women, as the longer watch-guards which we all possess are quite unwearable at present. The revival of Directoire and Moyen-Age fashions has brought in again the use of châtelaines, which are now to be seen in every large jeweller's shop. Pencils, scent-bottles, and even tiny note-books are now placed, as watches have for some time been, in the centre of bangles. In short, the variety of pretty things at command, as I commenced by saying, is infinite. The *Lady's Pictorial* for Dec. 8 is full of illustrations of such things. It is a special Christmas-present number, and should be consulted by anybody living too far away to see for themselves the bright and interesting shop-windows which I have been studying.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

THE MANUFACTURING

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,

Show-Rooms: 112, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W. (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company)

Supply the Public direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per Cent.

HIGH-CLASS JEWELLERY. The Stock of Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, Necklets, &c., is the largest and choicest in London, and contains designs of rare beauty and excellence not to be obtained elsewhere, an inspection of which is respectfully invited.

ORIENTAL PEARLS.—Choice strung Pearl Necklaces, in single, three, or five rows, from £10 to £5000; also an immense variety of Pearl and Gold mounted Ornaments, suitable for Bridesmaids' and Bridal Presents.

PEARL and DIAMOND ORNAMENTS. A magnificent and varied collection to select from.

BRIDAL PRESENTS. Special attention is devoted to the production of elegant and inexpensive novelties suitable for Bridesmaids' Presents. Original designs and estimates prepared free of charge.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS.

CAUTION.—The Company regret to find that many of their Designs are being copied in a very inferior quality, charged at higher prices, and inserted in a similar form of advertisement, which is calculated to mislead the public.

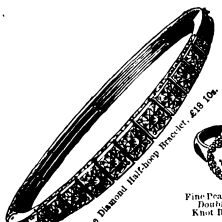
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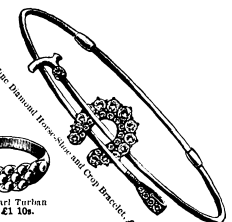


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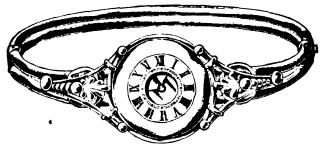
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Tuesday, 29th.
MIGNON.
Mesdames Same, Vaillant-Couturier;
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Madame Fidès-Devriès;
Messieurs Dupuy, Soulacroix, Degrave.
Tuesday, 19th—Saturday, 23rd.
ROLOTTO.
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Tuesday, 26th.
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Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulacroix, Bouland.
MARCH.
Saturday, 2nd.
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.
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Thursday, 7th; Saturday, 9th.
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Tuesday, 12th—Saturday, 16th.
MANON.
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Messieurs Talazac, Soulacroix, Degrave.
Tuesday, 19th—Saturday, 23rd.
LE PETIT DUC.
Mademoiselle Simonnet;
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Tuesday, 26th—Saturday, 30th.
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 13, 1888) of Mr. Robert Hampson, late of Enville House, Bowden, Cheshire, who died on Aug. 16, was proved on Oct. 1, at the Chester District Registry, by Richard Hampson Joynson, Edward Walter Joynson, and Richard Clifford Smith, the nephews and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £146,000. The testator gives £5000 to Miss Augusta Van Voigt; £1000 each to the children of Mrs. Emily Gaddum, Richard Hampson Joynson, and Edward Walter Joynson; £7000 to Miss Edith Mary Barratt; £2000 each to Richard Clifford Smith and Edward Walter Joynson; £500 to the Manchester City Mission; £200 to the church at Aberfoyle, Perthshire; £2000, upon trust, in aid of the stipend of the minister there; all his interest in the house, lands, farms, and shooting at Aberfoyle to his sister, Mrs. Mary Jane Smith; and other legacies to relatives and servants. He gives and devises Enville House, with the lands and premises adjoining, the furniture and effects therein, and his land in Canada, to Richard Hampson Joynson. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between John Hampson Jones, Emily Mary Smith, Marion Beatrice Smith, Henry Theodore Gaddum, the Rev. Robert Trousdale, Richard Hampson Joynson, Edward Walter Joynson, and Richard Clifford Smith, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 7, 1883) of Mr. Emanuel Boutcher, late of No. 36, Hyde Park-gardens, and Grateley House, Grateley, Southampton, a member of the firm of Boutcher, Mortimore, and Co., of Bermondsey and Liverpool, who died on Sept. 14 on board his steam-yacht Fiona, was proved on Nov. 30 by Mrs. Emily Isabella Boutcher, the widow, William Emanuel Boutcher, the son, Foster Mortimore, and Alfred William Lafane, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £91,000. The testator after directing that he is to be buried in wicker or some other material that will not arrest decay, gives his land in America, all the money in his house, at his banker's, and due to his estate from his partnership business, to his wife and five children, as tenants in common; numerous specific bequests of stocks and shares in companies to his children; £500 each to Foster Mortimore and Alfred William Lafane, and all his cigars between them and his son Emanuel. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife and son, William Emanuel, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 2, 1881), with a codicil (dated Oct. 5, 1885), of Mr. William Rivington, late of No. 39, Phillimore-gardens, Kensington, who died on Nov. 12, was proved on Dec. 1, by Mrs. Jane Rivington, the widow, the Rev. Thurston Rivington, the son, and Charles Robert Rivington, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £79,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Incorporated Church Building Society, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; £200 to the Society for the Employment of Additional Curates; £500 and all his household furniture, plate, &c., to his wife, and legacies to his nieces. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the annual sum of £1740 to his wife for life, and the remainder of the income to his five children, William John, Thurston, Sophia, Mrs. Dorothy Leach, and Mrs. Alice Brewster. On the decease of his wife, he gives £8000 each to his daughters, Sophia, Mrs. Dorothy Leach, and Mrs. Alice Brewster; £12,000 to his son Thurston, and devises his freehold land and houses in St. John's-square, Clerkenwell, to his sons, Thurston and William John. The ultimate residue he leaves to his said three daughters, his son Thurston, and his daughter Mrs. Susan Jane Chappell, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 17, 1888) of John Ashworth, late of Ollerton, near Bolton, Lancashire, cotton spinner, who died on Sept. 18 last, was proved on Nov. 14 by Mrs. Mary Jane Ashworth, the widow, Walter Ashworth, the son, and William Kevan, the executors, the gross value of the personal estate exceeding £59,000. The testator, after stating that his wife is well provided for and giving her the use of his furniture, for life, leaves all his property between his children, his executors having the option of carrying on his mills or selling them at once.

The will (dated April 16, 1883) of Mr. William Baker, late of No. 43, Warrior-square, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on Oct. 14, was proved on Dec. 1 by Mrs. Catherine Baker, the widow, Frederick Arnold Baker, Percival Alleyn Nairne, and Walter John Frederick Tomlinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £35,000. The testator bequeaths £200 and all his furniture, plate, carriages, horses, wines, and consumable stores to his wife; and £200 each to Frederick Arnold Baker, his brother George Baker, Mrs. Rowsell, Cecilia Tomlinson, and Lieutenant-Colonel Nairne. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and on her decease he gives £6000 to Frederick Arnold Baker; £1000 each to his nieces, Maria Lance, Ida Tomlinson, Edith Tomlinson, and Elizabeth Tomlinson; £400 to Percival Alleyn Nairne; £500 each to Walter John Frederick Tomlinson and his brother George Baker; £100 to the Middlesex Hospital; and numerous other legacies to his relatives. The ultimate residue he leaves to his nephew, Frederick Arnold Baker.

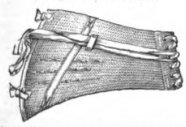
The will (dated Nov. 21, 1882) of Frederick Gunton, late of the city of Chester, who died on Oct. 6, was proved on Nov. 23 at the District Registry of Chester, by the Rev. Frederick Gunton and the Rev. Charles Forster Gunton, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. The testator gives his consumable stores and wines, and the use, for life, of his household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Julia Gunton; and certain gifts of silver plate to his three sons, with a wish that they will keep them in the family. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her death between his children—viz., Frederick, Charles Forster, Thomas Octavius, Lucy Amelia, Elizabeth Julia, and Edith Emma, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1887), of Mr. Thomas Mashiter, late of "Priests," near Romford, Essex, who died on Aug. 20, was proved on Nov. 29, by Miss Julia Mashiter, the sister, the Rev. Robert Helme, and John Nesbitt Malleson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to John Nesbitt Malleson, £300 to the Rev. Robert Helme, £250 to Peter Reynolds, and legacies to servants and others. He devises his real estate, upon trust, for his sister Julia Mashiter, for life, with remainder to Robert Helme, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his sister, for life, and at her death it is to be invested in freehold property, and then to follow the trusts of his real estate.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has appointed Mr. William J. O'Donnell to be High Sheriff of Limerick for the ensuing year. The Corporation had selected three names—that of Mr. William O'Brien being placed first, Mr. Dillon next, and Mr. O'Donnell third on the list.

At a general meeting of the Anglo-Australian Society of Artists the following artists were elected members:—Sir J. E. Millais, Hon. R. W. Allan, R.W.S., W. Follen Bishop, F. Bourdillon, F. Bramley, E. F. Brewtnall, J. M. Bromley, Percy Craft, Ed. Harris, A. Hartley, E. Blair Leighton, W. S. Llewellyn, J. M. M'Intosh, Frank Short, W. Christian Symons, Percy Thomas, Frank Walton, R.I., and Hugh Wilkinson.

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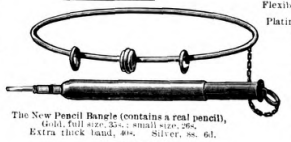


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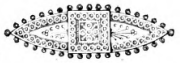


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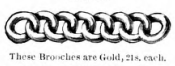
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MUSIC.

Novello's Oratorio Concerts entered on a new season—again at St. James's Hall, and conducted by Dr. Mackenzie—on Thursday evening, Dec. 6, Dr. C. Hubert Parry's "Judith" having been the work performed. It was originally produced, with much success, at the Birmingham Festival in August last, on which occasion we spoke in detail of its merits and characteristics. There is no need now to repeat opinions that were given so recently. At the London performance referred to (which took place too late for comment until now) the solo vocalists were:—Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Plunket Greene; the first three of whom were associated with the original Birmingham performance. That at St. James's Hall was a very effective one, especially in the choral details; the several choruses of priests, people, Assyrians, and others having well realised the dramatic intention of the composer. The three principal soloists again gave the declamatory music assigned to the respective characters with appreciative feeling; Mr. Lloyd's solos having been especially successful—particularly that beginning "God breaketh the battle." Mr. Greene possesses a good baritone voice, which he occasionally used somewhat too strenuously. The performance was ably conducted by Dr. Mackenzie, and the composer was called forward by an enthusiastic audience.

Madame Patti's concert at the Albert Hall on Dec. 11 calls for no detailed notice, the performance not differing in any material sense from its numerous predecessors.

The first of three vocal and pianoforte recitals by Herr Max Heinrich and Mr. E. Moor was given at Steinway Hall on Dec. 7, when the artistic singing of the first-named gentleman was agreeably varied by the skilful playing of the other.

Mr. J. A. St. O. Dykes's pianoforte recital at Princes' Hall on Dec. 7 displayed good taste in a varied and well-selected programme, and high executive ability in the rendering thereof.

The Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace will be suspended after Dec. 15 for the usual Christmas and New-Year's recess. The concert of Dec. 8 included skilful violin performances by M. Marsick, who was heard in Wieniawski's second concerto, and shorter solo pieces. A quasi-novelty at the concert was Sir A. Sullivan's pleasing overture to "The Yeomen of the Guard." Mdlle. Trebelli was the vocalist of the day, other features calling for no specific comment.

At the Monday evening Popular Concert at St. James's Hall, on Dec. 10, Herr Straus—as on other recent occasions—replaced, with his well-known ready skill, Madame Néruda as leading violinist. A pleasing "Spanish Lullaby," by Mr. G. F. Cobb, was brought forward, the singer having been Mr. Thorndike. The piece was enhanced by the violoncello obbligato assigned to Signor Piatti. Madame Essipoff was the solo pianist of the evening.

The fourth evening performance of the present series of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts, at St. James's Hall, took place on Dec. 11, when the programme contained no novelty calling for special comment. A feature of the concert was the brilliant performance, by Madame Essipoff, of M. Saint-Saëns's pianoforte concerto in G minor.

Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall—now in their twenty-third season—are continuing their successful career. The most recent concert was a morning performance, the programme of which was of an attractive popular nature, and included the co-operation of some distinguished artists, vocal and instrumental.

At the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern, selections from Gounod's "Faust" were given recently, with capable artists as principals, and illustrated by a series of tableaux. The "Lily of Killarney," presented in the same way, was promised for Dec. 20.

The second of Herr Waldemar Meyer's grand orchestral concerts; the second Heckmann quartet concert; and the last of Madame Essipoff's pianoforte recitals must be spoken of hereafter.

A concert was given at the Eyre Arms Assembly-rooms on Dec. 13 the programme containing some good names: and the forty-ninth performance of the Musical Artists' Society (of which the Duke of Beaufort is the president) has been announced to be given, at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday evening, Dec. 15.

At a meeting of the guarantors of the Leeds Festival for 1889, held recently, the hon. secretary, Mr. Alderman Spark, stated that Brahms had regretfully declined to compose a new work on account of his nervous condition; that Dr. Parry had promised to set music to Pope's "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day"; that Mr. F. Corder would produce a dramatic cantata, "The Sword of Argantyr," founded on a Scandinavian legend; that Dr. Creser would furnish a short cantata, "Freia, Goddess of Spring"; and that Sir Arthur Sullivan would compose a piece the nature of which is not yet specified.

The Royal Choral Society announces that Sullivan's "Golden Legend" will be given at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 15; the artists being Madame Nordica, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Henry Pope, and Mr. Henschel; Mr. Barnby will conduct. There will be a band and chorus of one thousand.

On the evening of Dec. 12 the Bishop of London preached the annual sermon to young men of the diocese, at a special service in St. Paul's Cathedral.

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DEATH.

On Nov. 16, at her residence, Rose Hill, Bowden, Cheshire, Margaret Bower, eldest daughter of the late Major Bower, of High Grove, Cheshire, formerly of "The Buck," near Liverpool.

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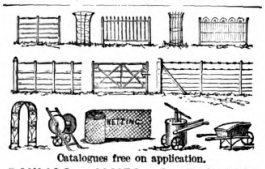
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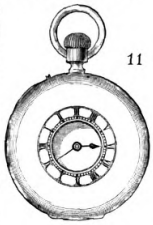
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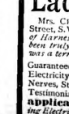
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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No. 2592.—VOL. XCIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1888.



"The existence of the Empire depends upon the strength of the Fleet, the strength of the Fleet depends on the Shipbuilding Vote. . . . I maintain the Shipbuilding Vote is based on no policy, no theory, no businesslike or definite idea whatever, to enable it to meet the requirements of the country, the primary object of its expenditure. . . . I hold that the Government, which is and must be solely responsible, should first lay down a definite standard for the Fleet, which standard should be a force capable of defending our shores and commerce, together with the punctual and certain delivery of our food supply, against the fleets of two Powers combined, one of which should be France; and that the experts should then be called together and say what is necessary to get that standard, and give the reasons for their statement."—Lord Charles Beresford, in House of Commons, Dec. 13, on Shipbuilding Vote.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD SPEAKING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON THE STATE OF THE NAVY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

To the success of great national speculations which, although delusive, have taken the fancy of the public and become "a craze," two things seem to be almost indispensable—(1) that the promoter should be a man of character, with a Napoleonic gift of personal attraction: and (2) that the objects of the speculation should be a long way off. In M. De Lesseps and his Panama Canal, in Mr. Law and his Mississippi scheme, both these conditions were complied with; and also, though in a less degree, in Lord Oxford's plan of the South Sea Company. No improper motives, I believe, have been imputed to any of those three projectors; indeed, the character of M. De Lesseps stands very high, while he has given a proof of his ability for undertakings such as he recommends which is acknowledged by all the world. Still, the similarity of what is now going on in France with what happened there one hundred and seventy years ago is remarkable, and will be still more so if the Government (which, however, seems now improbable) should back his efforts as the French King (as he well might, for it put millions into his coffers) backed those of Mr. Law. That gentleman, having been made director of the Royal Bank, in twelve months "created" fifty millions sterling in new notes. The East and West India Companies (French) joined with it, and the expectation was that all the national debt (then at an immense discount) was to be brought into the concern, and the creditors paid in Mississippi bonds instead of specie. Perhaps we may see something analogous to this operation again, though there is little chance of the shares of the present undertaking running up to "a thousand per cent," at which point his Majesty discreetly sold out. The last fifty million shares were each split into one hundred, so as to afford an opportunity to the very poorest of benefiting by the golden opportunity; and, indeed, they might have done so, had they been quick enough about it, for the stock, we are told, rose, after *that*, no less than 500 per cent, and though it fell to 450 on the bare rumour of Law's indisposition, rose again to 610 on his recovery. The highest quotation of the stock was 1300! Its attractions, we read, "crowded Paris with strangers, so that lodgings could hardly be obtained for money, and provisions were at the highest price."

Of course it is very wrong to escape from a lunatic asylum when one's friends have placed one there for one's own good, but argument is thrown away upon some people. At the same time a patient may consider that his friends have made a mistake; and I can imagine nothing likely to make him more angry than to find himself in confinement for doing what others do with the utmost impunity. For example, a gentleman is at present advertised for, as having left an establishment of this nature without leave, "whose mania is to attend auction sales, and give large prices for worthless objects." This is not, at all events, homicidal mania, and may even result in benefit—to the auctioneer. I know several people—a most affluent and respectable solicitor for one, who shuts up other people (so to speak) like winking, when too eccentric—who are victims to the same delusion, and not a soul interferes with their liberty of action. A man who gives pounds and pounds for an "early edition" of some volume that he can get at the railway bookstall for two shillings—and often because it has some picture in it so badly drawn that it is afterwards cancelled, or even some ridiculous misprint—is certainly mad; much madder than any hatter—a class maligned so far as I know, and who only go mad when you don't pay them. I suspect the gentleman who is advertised as being improperly "at large" does not buy books; but suppose he even buys salamanders, for which he has no use: where is the difference? Perhaps he derives the same satisfaction from looking at a whole row of them that the bibliomaniac derives from his shelves of early editions, which he never reads and, I need scarcely add, never lends. He would cut your throat first; and yet he is secure from captivity.

A book called "How Men Propose" has, I see, been published in America, but not, as I well remember, without having had a previous existence in England, cut short by the threat of "an injunction." A more impudent act of piracy, indeed, was never attempted; and all the "Selections" and "Collections" made by those who make their living out of other folks' brains without their leave and license become respectable compared with it. It was nothing less than a collection of love-scenes culled from the books of living English novelists, and "conveyed" by the editor for his own behoof. I dare say he picked out the plums with the sagacity of Jack Horner, but "Horner's Process" (though meritorious in mathematics) is held in literature to be roguery. The American edition, as might be expected, is much "fuller," and includes the lady novelist's view of how proposals should be effected; but the original name—which was the only thing original the book possessed—seems to be retained. Indeed, unless in leap year, it would be of small importance to those seeking a social guide in this delicate matter to hear how ladies propose to gentlemen. What is wanted is practical information; and in "How Men Propose" we get it, alphabetically, from Mr. Walter Besant to Mr. Edmund Yates. Every male will herein find the style most suitable to his disposition—the patronising and the humble, the confident and the wellnigh hopeless, the pathetic and even the humorous. I am quite sorry that "copyright difficulties still bar the book from the English reader"; but, on the other hand, it is quite possible for honest readers to obtain the information they seek from the works of the authors themselves, without the help of this larcenous production.

Mr. Dion Boucicault has published his opinion that woman should be allowed to propose. He "hates a privileged class, and prejudices, however respectable;" and "why an honest woman may not freely and honourably acknowledge her preference in selecting a partner for life" he does not see. Selection, however, suggests possession—the certainty of acquiring what we have set our hearts on—whereas a proposal presupposes at least the possibility of rejection. How dreadful it would be for a young woman to have the reputation that some young men have of "making fools of themselves" after supper (or, indeed, any meal: five o'clock tea would, perhaps, be worse than supper) by proposing indiscriminately! It is a practice, I am told, that grows upon you; but it is not what the doctors call a wholesome growth. For a young person to boast of the lovers she has rejected may be cruel, but it is natural enough: so the Indian chief plumes himself on (and with) the scalps of the fallen: but for her to sustain defeat in her own proper person seems not exactly right. After a few seasons it might be said of one of these too advanced (and advancing) young persons, just as is now said of the too impressionable males, "That girl has asked more men to marry her than any girl in London." It might be true, but to my thinking it would not be pretty. Such a custom would render it in time less impossible, I fear, than it is now for a gentleman to say "No" to a lady. On the other hand I think it perfectly reasonable that a young woman who is troubled by the attentions of a philanderer, should (delicately but firmly) ask him whether he means business. "Excuse my seeming abruptness," she might say, "but the fact is my time is valuable, and yours is not."

There are some things concerning which, when the people who tell us about them say, "I would not have believed it, had I not seen it myself," we venture to claim the same exemption. The hearing the cuckoo in December, lately attested by four persons in Norfolk, comes, I think, under this head. One of them was servant to the clergyman of the parish who tells the story, and the Rector backs his man. He doubts whether cuckoos migrate, and narrates the following instance of it: "A person told me that one winter, in moving some faggots stacked against a wall, *he turned out a cuckoo*." This is a fairy tale, indeed, and sounds more like metamorphosis than any lack of migration. It was no doubt after he turned cuckoo that the four honest Norfolk men heard him: my own impression is, however, that that unseasonable songster was less a cuckoo than a lyre bird.

White of Selborne did not believe in "the swallow, swallow" always "flying south"; he used to find them "gliding about" in November, and believed many of them to winter in holes and caverns. He says the same of the bunting—though not, it is to be observed, of "the baby bunting," which is only seen in warm weather. He is very hard upon the cuckoo, to whom he applies Job's remark on a much larger bird, "She is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers"; but he never accuses her of hibernating.

There have been strange stories told of the cuckoo. Though his note is spoken of as the very type of monotony, "in the month of June," as the children's rhyme runs, "he alters his tune." The cuckoo, says White, "begins early in the season with the interval of a minor third; he then proceeds to a major third, then to a fourth, then to a fifth, after which his voice breaks," and he loses his situation (like our boy choristers) among the feathered choir. In Southey's Journal we read of a very remarkable specimen of the bird. "By Mr. Leathes' house," he writes in 1815, "I heard a stuttering cuckoo—whose note was 'cucucukoo, cucucukoo'; after three or four of which he brought out the word rightly." The poet does not mention the time of day when the phenomenon occurred, but one can't help suspecting that it must have been after either he, or the bird, had been dining.

M. Numa Gilley, the French Deputy, ought to be regarded by posterity—whose good opinion we are always told is the only one worth having—as the least egotistic of men. Somebody has been publishing works under his name, which have made some sensation, but which he protests that he has "not even read," and far less written. Until they threatened to get him into trouble he took no pains to deny their authorship. Being a Deputy, perhaps, makes us content with the abolition of one's identity. His position is curiously in contrast with that of our own M.P.'s, some of whom, so far from ignoring their own productions, are whispered to put their names to "addresses" and their voices to speeches that are made by others. It seems probable that Numa Gilley is itself a *nom de plume*, for it's a very funny one; and, since his utterances are not his own, he can hardly even lay claim to be *rose et proterea nihil*. Perhaps the hibernating cuckoo has been discovered in this retiring politician after all.

How soon the memory of a dead man dies with all he holds most dear, has been reproachfully adverted to by the poet, who has, however, also hinted at the complications that would arise if he should take it into his head to come back—

> The hard heir strides about his land
> And will not yield it for a day.

This is not so certain just now as regards "the land," which he would probably yield very readily (because it yields nothing to *him*), but with respect to personal property, he would no doubt stick to it. As to the duration of grief for the dead, that depends upon the character of the Departed and also on that of the Survivor. There are some loving souls who, having lost the idol of their affections, go mourning all the days of their lives: while others (and these are more numerous) get over it with amazing promptitude. It is curious to note, however, how fashion affects both these classes, in a matter which, whether their grief be genuine or not, must at all events seem to them a most serious and solemn one. It is not many years since the custom began of supplementing the obituaries in the papers with "In Memoriam" notices. At first it seemed very touching: these pious records contrasted favourably with the curt style adopted by some mourners: "No cards," as if the departed had entered the married state; "No other intimation—Scotch papers please copy," &c. But as time went on, and also the "In Memoriams," one began to doubt the sincerity of some of them. It may not be so, of course; but what strikes one as rather suspicious is their intermittency. A "beloved husband" is regretted in 1885 and 1886, but not in 1887: but grief bursts into leaf again (the advertisement leaf) in 1888. Is it possible the widow forgot him in 1887? Rather, let us hope, she had not the money to spare for the insertion; but the omission is certainly remarkable. The custom has, however, evidently taken root and grows. I notice that the "In Memoriams" are going farther and farther back. There was a husband the other day in the paper lost in 1880, and another in 1881. Neither of them ever appeared there in the meantime: what could possibly have attracted the pent-up grief of the advertisers to break out in so strange a channel? These eccentricities of human feeling are surely interesting, though to many of us inexplicable.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Lord Charles Beresford, the steadfast advocate of Admiralty and Navy reform, joined Lord Randolph Churchill in giving a lively fillip to Parliamentary proceedings prior to the departure of Mr. W. H. Smith for the Monte Carlo Eden, and the start of Mr. Gladstone for Naples on the agreeably mild morning of December the Nineteenth (a pleasant change from the chilling fog of the Fifteenth, when the right hon. gentleman drove with Mr. John Morley to Limehouse to deliver another rousing address).

It is always a pleasure to hear Lord Charles Beresford. The noble and gallant Lord the member for East Marylebone is ever in earnest. A skilful, daring, and brave naval officer, the mere mention of whose name calls up recollections of his intrepid action on board the little Condor at Alexandria, and his valorous exploit on the Upper Nile during the Gordon Relief Expedition, Lord Charles Beresford has also the signal advantage of being a thorough master of his subject, practically as well as theoretically, when he rises in the House to prove the inadequacy of our Navy. There is, in fine, a sailorlike candour about his speeches that is very refreshing in an assemblage where red-tape officialdom is still predominant.

Possessing these rare qualifications, Lord Charles Beresford, (nothing daunted by his fall in the Row) commanded the attention of hon. members interested in the Navy when he arraigned the First Lord of the Admiralty on the Thirteenth of December, and from his vantage point behind the Treasury bench poured in a formidable fire on the devoted head of Lord George Hamilton; Lord Randolph Churchill vainly endeavouring to smother his satisfaction by assiduously curling the ends of his moustache. Of the latter noble Lord it may be truly said, indeed, that nothing seems to afford him so much pleasure as the political misfortunes of his best friends. It was in Committee of Supply on the vote of £1,806,200 for ship-building and repairs that Lord Charles Beresford delivered his attack. Contending that the British fleet should be numerically more than a match for the combined fleets of any two European Powers, Lord Charles entered into statistics to prove that such was not the case at present. He put the case very plainly. Supposing, said he, for example, that hostilities were to break out between England and France (which terrible eventuality the Fates forbid!), we should then have to fight the thirty war-vessels France possesses for defensive and offensive purposes. Deducting the British ships which the noble Lord said would be unavailable at such a juncture, he computed that there would only be thirty-six English men-of-war left to cope with the thirty of the French. His Lordship then set to work to support his argument by unfolding in interesting detail a possible naval "plan of campaign," naming the French ports and squadrons our ships would have to watch, and making it manifest that our fleets would be insufficient in numbers for the work before them. We regret that we have not space to add particulars of Lord Charles Beresford's well-thought-out and admirable speech. It must suffice to say that his Lordship contended that Twenty Millions more should be expended on new ships of war to render our Navy commensurate with the duties it would have to perform in the contingency he bluntly stated. The numerous friends of the noble and gallant Lord will value the counterfeit presentment of him drawn on the preceding page. Lord George Hamilton, in a manner, admitted the soundness of Lord Charles Beresford's views by agreeing that our fleet *should be* stronger; and he foreshadowed a larger and more comprehensive vote for next year; but he thought the object desired might be gained by spreading the expenditure over a number of years. In the end, the badgered First Lord of the Admiralty secured all the Navy votes.

Mr. Goschen, in taking Mr. Smith's place as Leader of the House, had at the outset to face the fresh Souakim Difficulty, and Lord Randolph Churchill's awkward inquiries on the Fifteenth of December as to the course the Government would adopt in view of Osman Digna's declaration that the Mahdi had captured Emin Pasha and Mr. H. M. Stanley. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was quite equal to the occasion. Mr. Goschen said the Government had no proofs of the capture of those eminent personages, and could not hamper the military Commanders at Souakim. Upon Mr. John Morley returning to the attack on this knotty question the Monday following, supported by Mr. Gladstone and Lord Randolph Churchill (who inflicted a brace of digs into the ribs of the Prime Minister), the Government, through the medium of Mr. Stanhope, stoutly maintained that they had no alternative but to defend Souakim. What has concerned hon. members even more than the Souakim problem is that Parliament should be compelled to sit till Christmas!

The supply of cattle for the Christmas trade, at the Metropolitan Cattle Market on Dec. 17, was rather larger than in several recent years. There were 7518 beasts exhibited, and 12,890 sheep.

The last concert given by the students of the Hyde Park Academy was more than usually well received. "King René's Daughter" filled up the first part of the programme, Mrs. Lindley White rendering in excellent taste the principal part in the popular cantata.

The Earl of Shrewsbury has intimated to the whole of the tenantry on his estates in Cheshire his intention of returning to them 10 per cent on the half-year's Christmas rents now due. This is the eighth time in succession that the Earl has made a similar abatement.

Christmas and New Year cards are not yet exhausted. From Messrs. Misch and Stock, of 55, Jewin-street, we have received several specimens, nicely coloured, and all in good taste; a few novel designs from Messrs. Birn, of 27, Finsbury-street; some cards, showing great care, from Messrs. Thorburn and Bain, of 60, Paternoster-row; hand-painted ones and comic eccentricities from Messrs. Hamilton, Hills, and Co., of 22, Paternoster-row; Christmas nuts to crack, all home-grown, from Mr. J. Tayler Foot, of 18, Poland-street; and Christmas and New Year gifts from Messrs. Charbonnel and Walker, of 173, New Bond-street.

GRAND HOTEL D'ALBION.



RUE DU PARADIS.

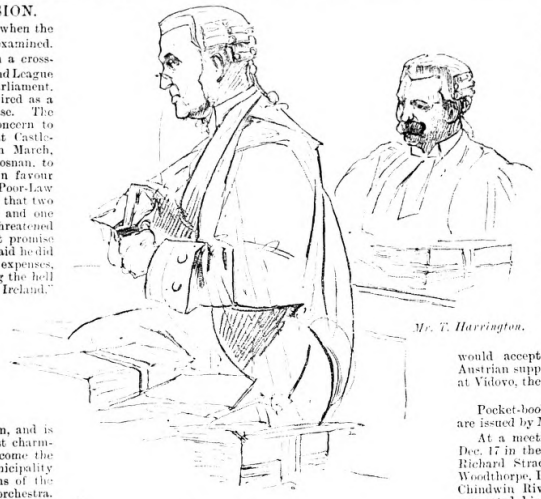
VIEW FROM COSTEBELLE.

QUARTIER DE ST. PAUL.

HYÈRES, SOUTH COAST OF FRANCE.

THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

Our Sketches in court were made on Friday, Dec. 14, when the witnesses from Kerry were being examined and cross-examined. Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., appears engaged in a cross-examination, in the interest of his clients, the Irish Land League and National League leaders, also members of Parliament. Behind him sits Mr. Timothy Harrington, M.P., attired as a professional barrister, who conducts his own case. The evidence given on that day was of some personal concern to Mr. Harrington, with reference to transactions at Castle-island and Currow, and in the town of Tralee, in March, 1881, and his association with two men named Brosnan, to whom money was paid for canvassing, "by night," in favour of the Land League candidate at an election of a Poor-Law guardian. Thomas O'Connor, the informer, deposed that two of the electors were visited at night by himself and one of the Brosnans, disguised with covered faces, who threatened to do something serious to them if they would not promise to vote for Mr. M'Sweeney. This witness O'Connor said he did not want any money from the *Times* but his bare expenses, and he had come forward "in the hope of banishing the hell upon earth that existed round his own place in Ireland." Mrs. Donoghue, of Tralee, who keeps a lodging-house, deposed that Mr. T. Harrington, in 1882, paid her £20 or £25 for daily supplying food to some men imprisoned in the county jail for agrarian outrages. The shorthand reporter had a difficult task in keeping pace with the confused Anglo-Irish language of a voluble female witness.



Mr. T. Harrington.

Sir Charles Russell.

HYÈRES.

Hyères has deservedly come to the fore this season, and is crowded with visitors. It is a mystery why this most charming of Riviera health-resorts did not long ago become the favourite place. However, the Hyères officials and municipality have wakened up, and added greatly to the attractions of the place by improving the Casino and organising a fine orchestra. But it is to those in search of health, rest, and freedom that Hyères most commends itself—for, though a gay little town, there is Costebelle, the lovely hilly suburb where one can almost imagine oneself in a semi-tropical ranche of Southern California were it not for the strains of distant music and the peal of distant bells wafted up by the evening breeze from the little town below, looking like a pearl set in emeralds, so white it gleams from out its luxuriant vegetation. The best example of Costebelle's increasing popularity is the fact that the Grand Hôtel d'Albion—one of the best hotels on the whole Riviera—has had to add a large wing to its former building, in order to accommodate the number of visitors who are flocking there. An English church, too, has been erected in the hotel grounds, and the Bishop of Gibraltar is nominating the chaplain.

The view from Costebelle is a scene of ever-changing delight: one gazes far over the azure sea, dotted with verdant islands, in and out of which tack and put about the prettily-rigged fishing and fruit vessels, while away to either side are faint blue mountains. As will be seen from our Artist's sketches the town offers to the antiquary and the sketcher every advantage. The old gateway is but one of many which, with the town walls and an ancient castle, give both scope for their full powers; and what could be more picturesque, in different ways, than the old "Quartier de St. Paul" and the "Rue du Paradis," or the sandy road of Costebelle bordered with such aloes as one expects to find only in Africa? The remaining picture is a charming view of the Grand Hôtel d'Albion, the magnificent position of which can well be gathered from the sketch.



O'Connor, the Informer.



A race between Shorthand and Anglo-Irish.

SKETCHES AT THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

The season of Christmas spectacles was opened early in London at the bright and cheerful Alhambra Theatre of Varieties, which fairly eclipsed former triumphs. A model of magnificence and good taste, the charming new fantastic ballet of "Irene" well merited its enthusiastic reception. "Irene" should attract all London. The exquisitely beautiful new costumes of M. and Madame Alias combine for the first time the ethereal with the brilliant, the soft, silken crêpe de Chine draperies being particularly elegant. Whilst the inspiriting Neapolitan Fair scene has rarely, if ever, been surpassed for gaiety and radiant loveliness of colour, the crowning tableau of Fortuna's Kingdom is perfectly enchanting. It evoked a storm of applause. The music of Jacobi, choreographic art of Casati, costumes of Alias, and grace of the Alhambra corps de ballet, unite to make "Irene" a great terpsichorean success.

The availability of ordinary return tickets between all stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway will be extended over the Christmas Holidays as usual, and in this arrangement will be included the special cheap Saturday to Monday tickets between London and the seaside places on the South Coast and the Isle of Wight. On Dec. 22, 24, and 26 extra fast trains will leave Victoria and London Bridge Stations for the Isle of Wight; and on Christmas Eve an extra midnight train will leave London for Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Worthing, Chichester, Portsmouth, &c. On Boxing Day special cheap excursions will be run from Brighton, &c., to the Crystal Palace and London, and also from London to Brighton and back. For the Crystal Palace pantomime and the holiday entertainments on Boxing Day, extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic. The Brighton Company announce that their West-End offices—28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square—will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Friday, Saturday, and Monday, for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria Stations.

The coast districts of New South Wales have been visited by heavy storms and rains; but, in the interior, rain continues to be urgently needed.

A Christmas-Box for a shilling is the special attraction at the European Game and Toy Warehouse of Mr. Cremer, jun., 210, Regent-street, where may be found every variety of Christmas games, toys, and dolls, and where also is kept a large assortment of cosaques.

At Souakim the left flank of the enemy was reconnoitred by our troops on Dec. 15 and following day. The Welsh Battalion arrived on the 15th, from Suez, and was warmly welcomed. On the 17th the forts directed a heavy fire on the enemy's position, and destroyed a portion of their entrenchments. The reinforcements have been completed by the arrival of the 1st squadron of the 20th Hussars and 100 men of the 2nd Battalion of Egyptian troops. A letter addressed by Osman Digna to the Governor informs him that he had received news from the Khalifah that the Equatorial Province had fallen into the Mahdi's hands; and that Emin Pasha and another white man, whose name was not known, but said to be Stanley, were, it is stated, taken prisoners. If the information thus communicated to General Grenfell be authentic it brings to a melancholy conclusion the uncertainty and apprehension in which we have so long been plunged with respect to Emin Pasha and Mr. Stanley.

THE ELECTIONS IN SERVIA.

The general election of representatives in the Grand "Skuptschina," or National Assembly, of the Kingdom of Servia took place on Sunday, Dec. 16, under the new provisions of the amended Constitution. It appears that the Royal influence was used rather adversely to the existing Ministry, that of M. Christich, the head of the Moderate Progressist party; and that the Radical party, whose chief is M. Ristich, have gained more than three-fourths of the seats, winning at least twenty in the towns and thirty in the rural districts. At Belgrade, the capital city, M. Garashanine and the other Ministerial candidates were defeated, four Liberals and four Radicals being elected by 355 votes for each. The new Assembly would meet on Dec. 23, but the political struggle for office would not begin until January. The overthrow of the present Government was considered to be certain; but the Radicals were supposed to be bent on rescinding some parts of the Constitution, with a view to diminishing the prerogatives of the Crown, and M. Ristich is supposed to incline to a Russian or Panslavish policy. These conditions make it doubtful whether the King would accept a Radical Ministry, as his Majesty seeks Austrian support. A Sketch by M. Lachmann shows the riot at Vidovo, the chief magistrate rescued by gendarmes.

Pocket-books combining utility and strength with elegance are issued by Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, held on Dec. 17 in the theatre of the London University—General Sir Richard Strachey, president, in the chair—Colonel R. G. Woodthorpe, R.E., read a paper entitled "Explorations on the Chindwin River, Upper Burmah," in the course of which he recounted his own personal observations and experiences in that country, and gave some interesting details as to the appearance and customs of the various native tribes. He remarked that the Chindwin River, which at certain periods of the year was much swollen by rain, became so shallow during the month of May as to render navigation very difficult. This, he thought, however, might be obviated to some extent by the shifting of sandbanks. The paper was illustrated by a series of dissolving views taken from photographs and from sketches by the lecturer himself. A vote of thanks, proposed by the chairman, brought the proceedings to a close.

Mr. Justice Stirling has made an order for the winding-up of the affairs of the late Irish Exhibition, after hearing statements affecting the solvency of the undertaking and the liability of the Executive Council.

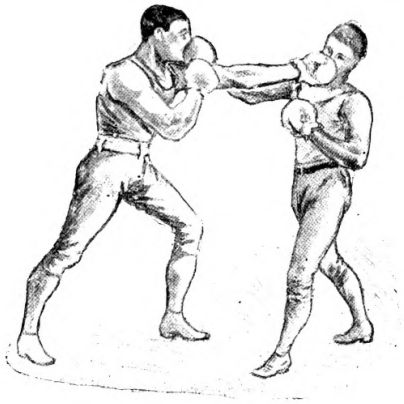
Mr. Ralph Copeland, F.R.A.S., has been appointed by the Queen to be Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, and Professor of Practical Astronomy in the University of Edinburgh, in the room of Professor Piazzi Smyth, resigned.

A new mechanics' institute, built by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, at a cost of £3000, was opened at Horwich on Dec. 15 by the chairman of the directors, Mr. George J. Armytage, who afterwards distributed prizes to the successful science students. A concert followed. The library of the institute consists of 1800 volumes.

The usual weekly entertainment at Brompton Hospital took place on Dec. 18, when "Dearest Mamma" was performed by Miss Blanche Fane, Miss Hildyard, Mrs. Stafford Thompson, Messrs. Lister Drummond, C. Drummond, E. H. Whitmore, and George Nugent; Mrs. Whalley ably presiding at the piano. The entertainment gave great pleasure to the patients and nurses.

A Bill providing for a loan of £4,600,000, bearing interest at 3½ per cent, has passed the Victoria Legislative Assembly. This loan comprises the unissued balance—namely, £2,000,000—of the £8,000,000 loan authorised in 1885, which is reduced by that amount, and £2,600,000 to meet obligations incurred on railway works authorised during the last three years. Of the total amount of £4,600,000, it is only intended to float £3,000,000 early next year.

Lord Dufferin, who was entertained at a banquet before leaving Bombay, said he handed over India to his successor without a cloud on the horizon. There was no internal question on hand which could not be easily solved.—Lord Lansdowne, replying to an address of welcome presented by the Calcutta Municipality, expressed the hope that during his term of office the Government would be able to attend uninterruptedly to legislation for the domestic benefit of the people, and to improve the machinery of government to such an extent as the altering conditions of the country might require.



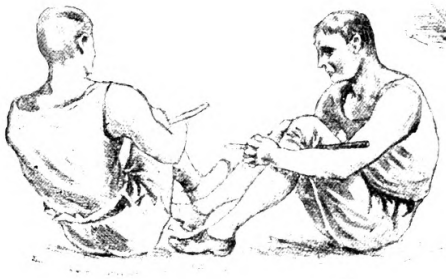
Burchell v. Mitchell.



Wessel v. [illegible]



The Little Twin Brothers Gee.



Cock-fighting.



Sir John Astley, Bart.



The Seconds get Excited.





Pat Condon.



Jem Smith, Champion of England.



W. Good, Battersea.



Reuben Baxter.



Bill Kennedy.

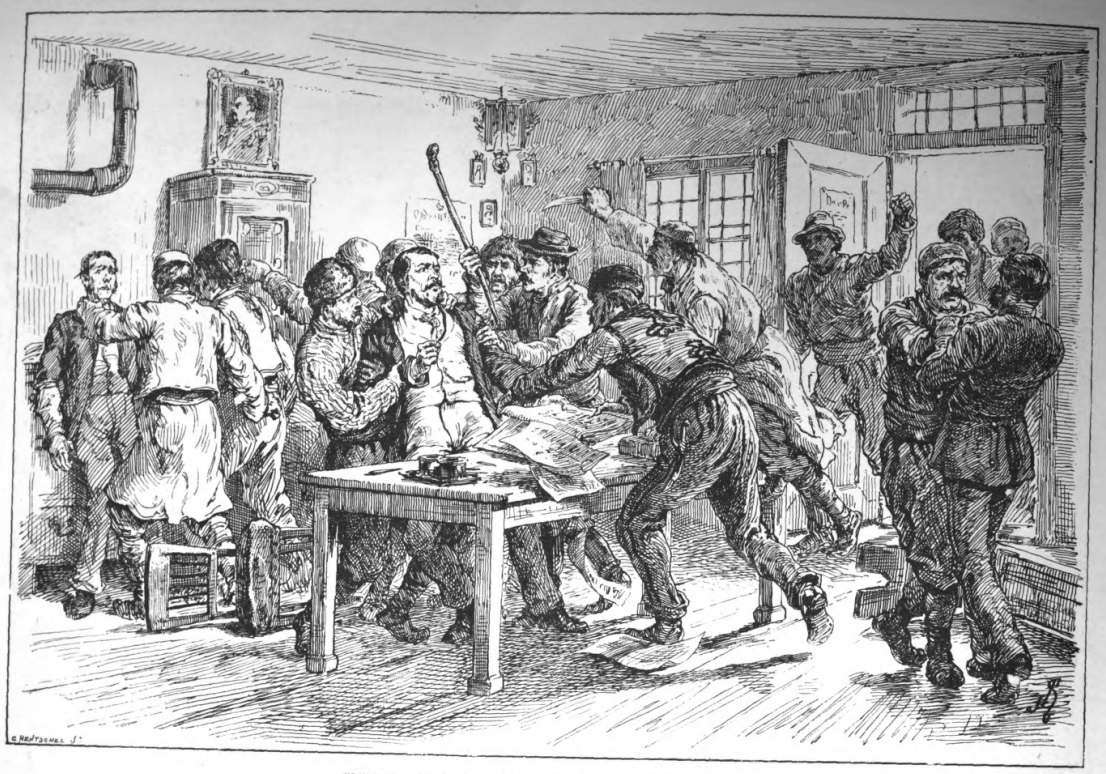


Jem Gleeson.

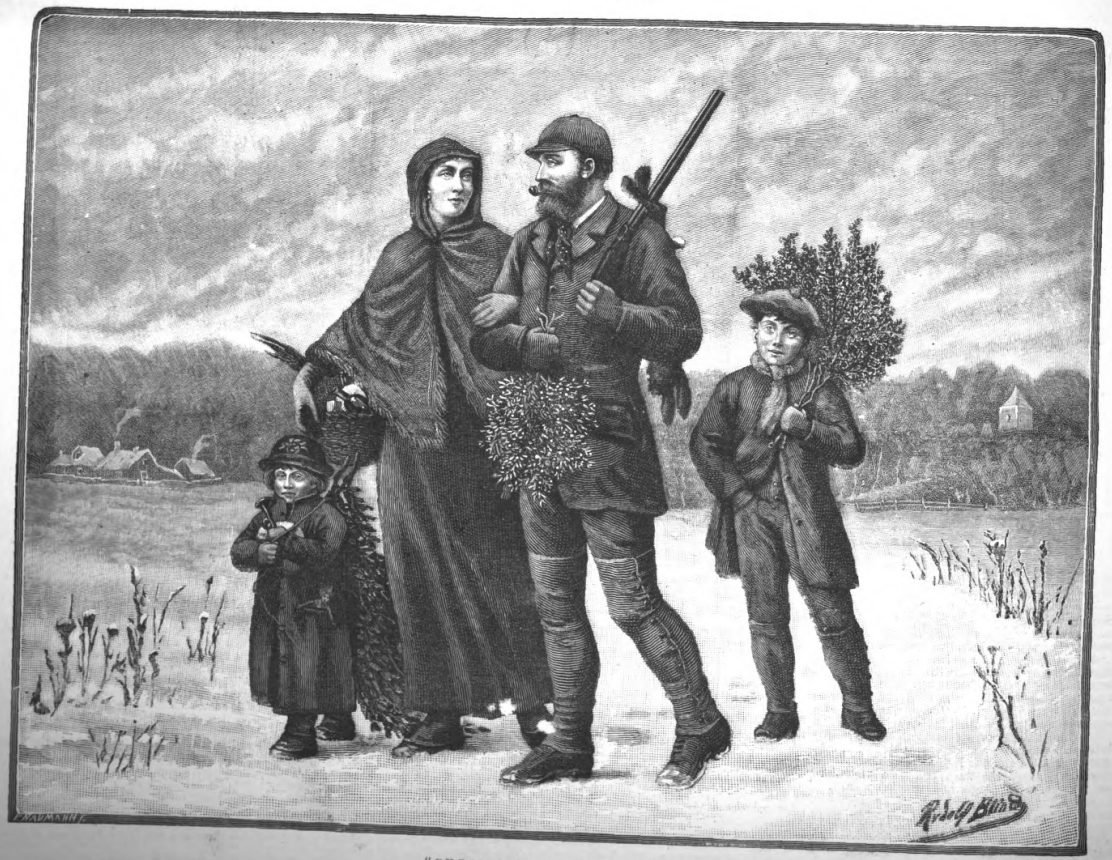
BOXING PERFORMANCES AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

During the week ending Dec. 15, a Grand Boxing Tournament, harmless with the gloves, was held in Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, formerly dedicated to Italian Opera, afterwards to the religious hymns and sermons of Moody and Sankey, to political demonstrations, and to diverse popular spectacles and entertainments. This exhibition of competitive athletic skill was promoted by sporting men of fashion, members of the "Amateur Boxing Association," but was hardly superior in arrangement and performance, from a scientific point of view, to those which have been witnessed at the excellent German Gymnasium at King's-cross. The members of the Association did not personally enter the lists, and some professional boxers, having been engaged the week before in a similar "tournament" at the Royal Aquarium, wanted a rest. The last day's proceedings were of most interest, comprising the final bouts in the eight different classes; namely, those of 9 st. amateurs, 9 st. 6 lb. professionals, heavy-weight amateurs, 8 st. 4 lb. professionals, middle-weight amateurs (under 11 st. 4 lb.), professionals of 10 st. 8 lb., amateur light-weights, ten stone and under, and a catch-weight professional contest. Several of the amateurs belonged to the Invicta, the Royal Victor, and the New-cross Boxing Clubs. The prizes for amateurs were presented to them by Sir John Astley. Between the regular competitions there were various exhibitions of wrestling and sparring, Indian club wielding, and curious feats of fisticuffs, which afforded much amusement. Our Artist, to whom nothing comes amiss, "was fortunately on the spot," and has delineated the portraits of some of the most accomplished pugilists, including Jem Smith, the champion of England, and those of Sir John and other gentlemen among the spectators. The wrestling-match in the Cumberland and Westmoreland style, which is a noble exercise with none of the Cornish kicking tricks, was valiantly sustained by Scott and White; the first-named competitor got the odd fall. In the boxing-match open to all weights (professional) Ted Burchell, of Shoreditch, beat Alf Mitchell, of Cardiff, a taller man, and a precise and severe hitter—forcing him round the stage, however, in the third round, so as to cause a difference of opinion among the judges, but the referee decided in favour of Burchell. Much amusement was excited by the extra bye-performances; the Twin Brothers Gee, announced as the smallest boxers in the world, displayed a good deal of "applied science" and practical dexterity with their puny limbs; and there was a ludicrous imitation of cock-fighting, by two men squatting and springing at each other, with the legs of each trammelled by a stick under the knees. There was also a comic sparring-match between a white man and a black man, the gloves of the former being covered with white chalk, and those of the latter with lamp-black; the effect on their faces, respectively, was both ridiculous and sublime. It has been pointed out, upon this occasion, that the site of Her Majesty's Theatre was formerly that of Rideout's Fencing Academy.

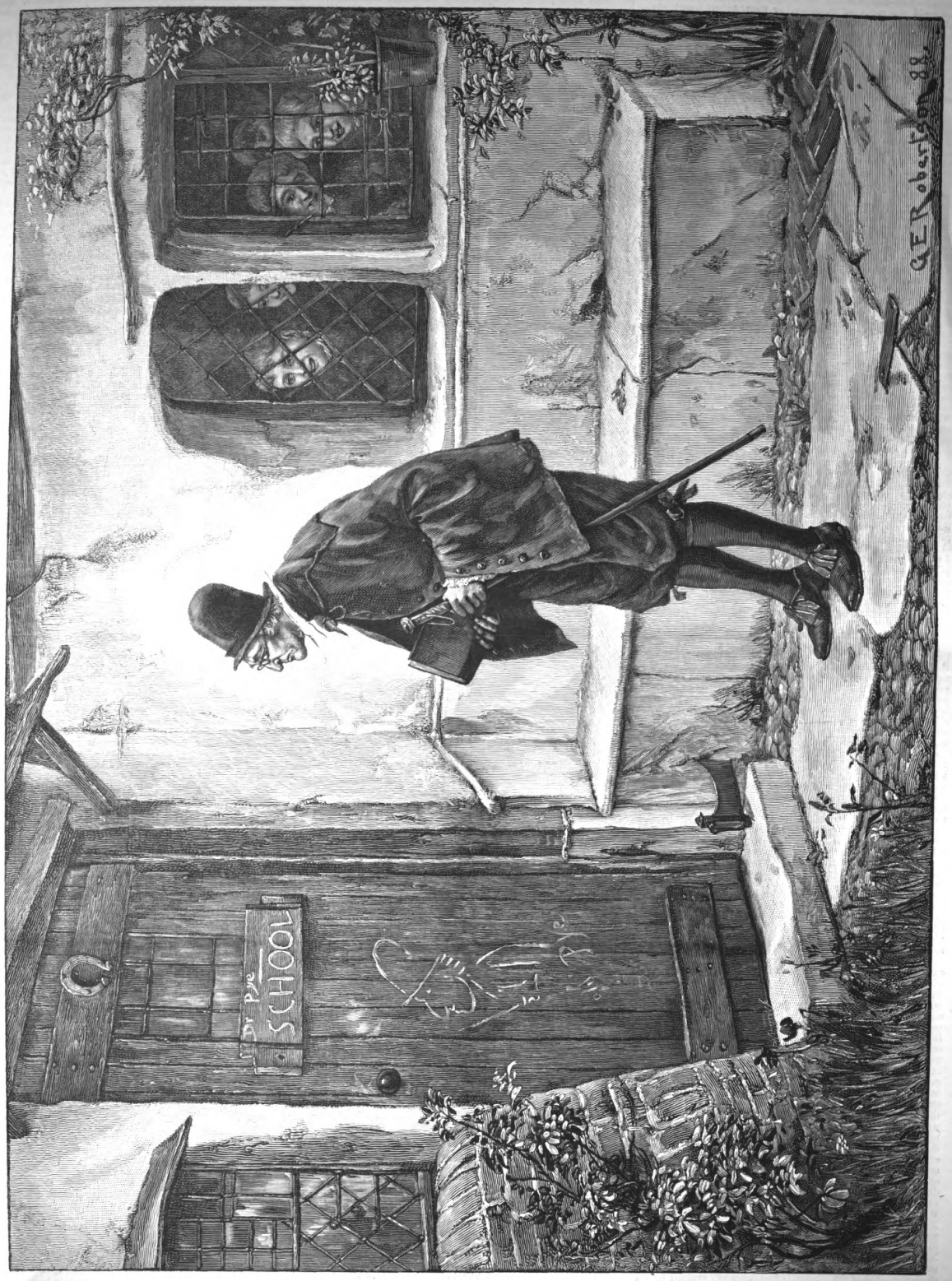
The Illustration of Black Mountain prisoners in the Fort of Oghi, which appears on another page this week, is from a photograph taken by Major Sydney D. Turnbull, of the 14th Bengal Cavalry; not, as is stated by mistake, one of the Sketches we received from Lieutenant Walter Blair. One of these prisoners was a Hassanzai; the others were of the Bungash Kheyl tribe, from the Kohat district, but settled in Agror. They were charged with the cruel slaughter of some unarmed muleteers in our service. The prisoners are represented as under guard of a Ghoorka havildar and sentry.



ELECTION SCENE IN SERVIA, UNDER THE NEW CONSTITUTION.
FROM A SKETCH BY M. LACHMANN.



"CHRISTMAS IS COMING!"
DRAWN BY RUDOLF BLIND.



"BARRED OUT."—DRAWN BY G. E. ROBERTSON

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PLUM-PUDDING.

Why is it that history so persistently ignores the things, names, and events which the world most earnestly desires to know? Now-a-days it matters to none of us that Marius once sat amid the ruins of Carthage, or that Alfred burnt the cakes in the neatherd's cottage. Who cares a stiver whether Cheops built the Great Pyramid, or Omar the Khalif compiled the code of laws known by his name, or whether when Timour invaded India the Hindoos "caught a Tartar"? But at this Christmas-time, as a certain delicious fragrance—subtly compounded of many separate fragrances, each sweet in itself, but all much sweeter than any separate one—is wafted to my "olfactory organs" (to quote the comic journals), I am painfully reminded that history has nowhere recorded the name of the inventor of the plum-pudding. It would not be easy to adduce a more impressive example of the ignorance of historians, and, I fear I must add, of the ingratitude of the world. For centuries men and women—and, notably, English-speaking men and women—have been feasting at stated periods on this dish "fit for gods," and yet have made no attempt (so it appears) to rescue from oblivion the name of the benefactor who invented—or, as I should prefer to say, created it. Neither in the pages of garrulous Herodotus or judicious Thucydides, of Livy or Tacitus, of Perishta the Persian or Tabari (whom Gibbon calls the Livy of the Arabians); neither in Eusebius or Zozomen; or, to come later down, in De Thou or Philip de Comines, Guicciardini or Muratori—in the Saxon Chronicle, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Walter Map, or Henry of Huntingdon, occurs the slightest reference to this philanthropist. Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner has not detected his name among the State Papers he loves so well; nor has Mr. Froude discovered it among the archives of Simancas. Alas! how true it is (as Sir Henry Taylor says) that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men"! Assuredly, in the front rank of these Great Unknowns—"inheritors of unfulfilled renown"—the impartial and dispassionate inquirer will place the illustrious inventor (or creator) of the Plum-Pudding. But "impartial," "dispassionate"! Is it possible for any person who has once partaken of this glorious dish to preserve his freedom of judgment? Will not the sweet memories of its succulency bind him for ever after in allegiance to its original maker? Whenever the pudding smokes upon the board, will not his kindliest sympathies go out towards its unknown concoctor? Or will he—like the mass of mankind—absorb the gift of genius without a thought for the giver?

Every schoolboy knows who invented the spinning-jenny, the stocking-loom, the steam-engine, and Aspinall's enamel. We have read all about Pascal and his enamelled pottery—about Pears and his incomparable soap—about Edison and his phonograph. A gorgeous college for women perpetuates the name of the inventor of Holloway's ointment, and grateful thousands (it is said) bless the sanative properties of Beecham's pills. Yet has anyone—or have all of them—deserved so well of humanity as the author or authors of the plum-pudding? I am prepared to admit that the steam-engine has accomplished great changes, great revolutions; but then, have they all been for good? One may venture to hint that, quite possibly, the world might have done pretty well without it; but could the world, or at all events the English, which is a tolerably large portion of the world, have done without the plum-pudding? Where would be Christmas? For no one can conceive of Christmas without its pudding: 'twould be like Sullivan's music without Gilbert's libretto, or Mr. Swinburne's poetry without its alliterations. But all will agree, I think, that Christmas is more important than the steam-engine; and as Christmas, I repeat, could not be without the plum-pudding—every boy and girl in the country would laugh you to scorn if you said otherwise!—it is clear that the said pudding is of greater value than the said engine. Q. E. D., Consider the enmities which have been dissolved, the jealousies which have been extinguished, the misunderstandings which have been cleared up, the good fellowships which have been cemented, the happy thoughts which have budded into life, around the odoriferous Christmas pudding, and you will begin to appreciate the nature of its claims upon your regard. Dismiss for a moment your pleasant recollections of its flavour and savour, of its agreeableness to the palate and its gratification to the appetite, its material and sensual side, and you will be free to recognise that it is something more than a dish—a viand—an item, however honoured, of the Christmas menu; that it is, in fact, a grand moral agent which, every year, makes for righteousness and the regeneration of society. I have heard of a pair of lovers composing their transitory differences under its genial influence, of husband and wife working off "a tiff," of rich uncles so softened by it as to "tip" their scapegrace nephews, of philanthropists impelled to seek out and relieve the puddingless poor, of politicians inclined to believe in the honesty of their opponents, of Ritualistic curates taking to their hearts Low Church vicars—and all owing to the magical effects of this best of solvents, the plum-pudding!

It is well known that the great ideas of the world are never the direct offspring of the ingenious minds which first give to them a concrete shape or a definite expression. Like the limbs of Osiris, their different parts are scattered far and wide, until some fortunate genius sees his way to collect them and form them into a perfect whole. The idea of the steam-engine, for instance, had been developed through many intellects before it culminated in the brain of the Greenock watchmaker. The seeds of the Reformation were sown by numerous earnest spirits long before Luther and Calvin came in to reap the harvest. In all probability, such, too, was the genesis of the plum-pudding. I can well imagine that it was at the outset a rude and inchoate affair—like our earth in the ante-palæozoic ages, or lawn-tennis in its green infancy—and that, like Mrs. Beecher-Stowe's Topsy, *it growed*. And it would prove an interesting study, if we had the necessary data, to trace the successive stages of its evolution—to differentiate the action of the several minds which, by meditation, study, and experiment, brought it to its present perfection. Whose, for instance, was the fortunate inspiration of introducing into the sweet compound the aroma of "candied peel"? Who, sublimely daring, first dashed in a modicum of *eau-de-vie*? Who so cunningly adjusted the proportions of the different materials? Who suggested the use of spice—hot from the islands of the Eastern seas? Who *boiled* instead of baked it? This, mark you, is no trifling question; for no small measure of the unrivalled excellence of our pudding is due to its being boiled. Wrapped in its fair white cloth, it holds and jealously retains the various tastes and perfumes which combine to fix its character, as they are gradually and delicately evolved by the action of the ebullient water; whereas, if it were rudely huddled into an open dish, and then thrust into a coarse oven, those fine qualities which constitute its specialty would evaporate and disappear, and the plum-pudding, dried up and exhausted, would become a mere *caput mortuum*, a *simulacrum*, a shadow of itself! All these considerations incline me to believe that the plum-pudding, as we have it now, *teres atque rotundus*, has been the work of several minds. And, indeed, if you come to think of it, *no one* mind *could* have given birth to so grand and glorious a creation. A Shakspeare may create a "Hamlet," or a Milton a "Paradise Lost"; but what is either, in artful and happy complexity, in exact relation of parts, in cunning elaboration of materials, in felicitous harmonising of apparently discordant substances, in the wholesome purpose that pervades the whole, to—the plum-pudding? Can you not fancy that many Shakspeares, many Miltons, have, each in his day and generation, contributed something to the consummation and completeness of this "heir of the ages," this glory of the Christmas season?

Bishop Latimer tells a story of a good fellow who, once upon a time, bade a friend to breakfast with him, observing, "If you will come, you shall be welcome; but I tell you aforehand, you shall have but slender fare—one dish, and that is all." "What is that?" "A pudding, and nothing else." "Marry!" said the intending guest, "you cannot please me better; of all meats, this is for my own tooth. You may draw me round the town with a pudding." This enthusiasm was excusable, perhaps, if its object were a *plum*-pudding. But, after all, it must never be forgotten that the plum-pudding has a loftier and purer mission than merely to please the palate. We have glanced already at its moral side; but it is also symbolical, historical, geographical, allegorical, and cryptical! Its very shape—that of a globe or spheroid—is suggestive, and sets one a-thinking of the kosmos, the mythology of the Hindoos, the "microcosm" of Paracelsus, and other difficult and sublime themes. Then, its outline is the circle—the emblem of eternity—the magic ring—the circle of Ulloa, and so forth. Look, for one moment, at the ingredients. At the egg—what does not that signify to the thoughtful? *Omnia ab ovo*—all things from the egg; Orpheus speaks of the world as having been hatched from an egg, and such was the belief of the Phœnicians, the Egyptians, and other ancient nations; while in all times and places the egg has been taken as the rudimentary principle of life. Bread represents the great staple food of civilised peoples; raisins, or dried grapes, remind us of the wine which maketh glad the heart of man; sugar—spice—each possesses its characteristic property, and each, no doubt, has its esoteric significance. It would not be difficult, moreover, to trace a fine allegory in the use of these various ingredients, and in their final purification, as by fire, before they are blended adequately in the general mass. Or, we might make the pudding the subject of a geographical lecture, and dwell on the different countries which contribute towards this *magnum opus*. But the subject has more possibilities than I can hope to deal with; and, indeed, anyone who knows what has been got by ingenious minds out of a sunflower, will not hesitate to allow that a very great deal more can be got out of a plum-pudding.

W. H. D.-A.

ABOUT SOME GHOSTS.

It is now forty years since the phenomena vouched for by men and women known as "Spiritualists" came into existence. In the month of March, 1848, Miss Kate Fox, a girl of nine years old, and living in the village of Hydesville, New York, was able to interpret certain mysterious knockings—so runs the story—and to discover that a murdered man was buried in the cellar of her father's house. Then followed, either through this girl as medium or through other persons who discovered that they possessed a similar power, a number of strange occurrences. A person was raised in the air in a crowded room, in full daylight; a drumstick was seen beating a drum, with no one near it; a pencil "rose of itself" on a table, and wrote; and a human hand, unattached to a body, did the same thing. Sealed-up letters, written in different languages, were read and answered by "mediums" who knew none of them; and pianos played without performers. Anon these eerie manifestations crossed the Atlantic. Tables were broken to pieces when untouched by mortal hand; sometimes they kicked unpleasantly at unbelievers, or rose in the air, and became "lighter or heavier at request." Figures appeared with dresses from which pieces might be cut that soon melted away; and flowers, seemingly real, vanished in the same fashion. Hand-bells rang of their own accord; and one, Sir David Brewster states, came and placed itself in his hand, while another visited Lord Brougham; and dead friends returned in "absolute unmistakable living form."

These are but a few of the marvels for which "Spiritualists" vouch, and I suppose there are none of us who have not met with persons who declare that they are in communication with deceased friends. I knew a physician of considerable repute who told me that his child-daughter—a child still in the spirit world—came to him nightly; and I know a man, bearing every mark of honesty, who avers that he has been lifted to the ceiling on his own dining-table, and receives letters from his dead mother. No doubt, in the good old times for which some of us sigh, he would have been burnt as a wizard. I am not going now to discuss the truth or falsehood, the illusions or the facts, of spiritualism. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy, and this, at least, seems certain, that if modern ghosts do occasionally revisit the glimpses of the moon, they are such friendly, comfortable people that they can alarm *nobody*.

The late Isaac Taylor, alluding to the famous ghost in the Wesley family, made the suggestion that mischievous spirits of a low order, and, no doubt, soulless, like Undine before she married, do sometimes escape from their confines and play tricks with mortals. Dr. Henry More, the Platonist, seems to have held the same opinion, and after hearing of the "frolic of some demon," observes that "there are as arrant fools out of the body as in the body." This would be a reasonable explanation of the elfish mischief that rings bells, upsets furniture, flings bed-clothes upon the floor, and spends the nights in opening and slamming doors.

Two hundred years ago Joseph Glanvil, F.R.S., Chaplain to King Charles II., and, in Mr. Lecky's judgment, our ablest writer in the defence of the belief in witchcraft, published a book containing "full and plain evidence concerning witches and apparitions"—evidence, by-the-way, that is far oftener full than plain. The witch stories are sad enough, and almost make one wonder how any poor woman with an unscrupulous enemy in the world ever escaped a witch's doom. The ghosts in those days seem to have been troublesome, but they did not kill or materially injure the victims of their sport. Still, a ghost like the "demon of Tedworth," of which we have a minute account in the chaplain's book, could not have been a desirable inmate of a well-regulated family. Mr. Mompesson, the master of the house, had a drum under his care which had been taken from a drummer detected in a cheat. It was the most lively instrument imaginable, and, without being moved from its place, played at night all over the house. The drum was not wanting in politeness, for when Mrs. Mompesson was confined it remained quiet. After her recovery, the noises began again, and not only did the drum beat all the tunes then familiar "as well as any drummer," but the spirit began to lift the children out of their beds, and the servants also. Moreover, it threw an old gentlewoman's clothes about the room and hid her Bible in the ashes, flung a manservant's shoes at his head, and was heard to pant like a dog out of breath or to purr like a cat. Then we read how a board came up to a manservant who called it; how Mr. Mompesson found his horse with "one of his hinder legs in his mouth, and so fastened there that it was difficult for several men to get it out with a lever," and how, in sight of all the company, "the chairs walked about the room of themselves, the children's shoes were hurled over their heads, and every loose thing moved about the chamber."

Glanvil's strange book contains stories of men carried up into the air, of furniture "rudely scattered on the floor" by an unseen power, of a tobacco-pipe and a knife moving of their own accord, of a saddle that would "hop about the house from one place to another," of bed-clothes tugged and pulled—this seems a standard joke with these lively spirits—and of "a naked hand and an arm from the elbow down beating upon the floor till the house did shake again." There is also in Glanvil's collection of ghost-stories an account of the "strange passages" that happened at Woodstock in 1649, in which the ghost known as "the good devil of Woodstock" singularly favoured the Royalists. Unfortunately, for the credit of spirits, this devil, as Sir Walter Scott relates, was a man called Funny Joe; but it is not at all clear how he could with any amount of assistance have done without detection some of the feats recorded.

With ghosts and their achievements generally I have nothing to do just now, and so I will pass from the year 1661, when Mompesson's ghost made its appearance, to the year 1716, when a similar, but much more famous, ghost excited the attention of the Wesley family.

There never was a domestic ghost more curiously and carefully watched than "Jeffrey." A large family was engaged for weeks in listening to his performances, and there seems to have been little fear of this uninvited guest. It was a mischievous spirit of the kind that troubled Mompesson, a very noisy ghost, full of fun and fond of what is called horseplay. Now it would come to the bedside and gobble like a turkey-cock; now it would walk about invisible in a rustling gown, or shake the whole house as it went up the stairs; now, being an adherent of the Stuarts, it would object by a violent knocking to Mr. Wesley's prayer for King William; now it seemed to Mrs. Wesley as if somebody had emptied a bag of money at her feet; now it appeared to one of the Wesley girls as a man with a loose nightgown trailing after him; and now, as the young ladies were sitting on a bed playing at cards, it lifted the bed up several times and spoilt their game. Like the spirits known in our day, if it were addressed it would answer by knocking; but alas! no alphabet for ghosts had then been discovered, and what the restless phantom wanted will never be known.

Some attempts, very unsuccessful I think, have been made to account for "Jeffrey." Coleridge thought the whole thing was merely a contagious fancy and that there was no objective reality in the noises. But, we must remember, that in this case the presence of the ghost was announced not by hearing only, but by feeling, and, though less certainly, by sight. Samuel Wesley, the elder brother of John, and a man of shrewd sense, asked for the testimony of two senses, while admitting that it was morally impossible the hearing of so many people could be deceived. And not only was a queer shape seen more than once, but a plate danced upon the table, and old Mr. Wesley was three times pushed against by an invisible power. Doors, too, were thrown open, the door-latches were moved swiftly up and down, and the young children of the family trembled violently in their sleep. It is worth noting that "Jeffrey" and the Mompesson ghost seem to have played the greatest freaks before the most ignorant members of the two families, the menservants in each case telling the strangest stories; but in the Wesley family the noises were rarely accompanied by such acts of mischief as Glanvil records. Many years ago an attempt was made—by Dr. Salmon, in the *Fortnightly Review*—to account, in a very mundane way, for the rappings of the Epworth Ghost; and his argument, suggesting that the whole affair was due to one of the daughters of the house, is certainly ingenious. But it is simply impossible that the noises, if accurately reported, could have been made by Hetty Wesley; and, if it were not impossible, it is wholly beyond belief that a girl of nineteen, brought up to reverence her parents, would have dared to practise such dangerous tricks upon them. The modern "spiritualist" will find, I suppose, no difficulty in explaining a story which, according to Dr. Priestley, is, "perhaps, the best authenticated of the kind anywhere extant"; but most readers of the curious narrative will probably be inclined to agree with the reply of Samuel Wesley, when his mother asked if he could suggest an explanation: "Wit, I fancy, might find many; but wisdom, none."

J. D.

The Rev. H. E. J. Bevan, Rector of St. Andrew's, Stoke Newington, has been appointed Gresham Lecturer in Divinity, in the room of the late Dean of Chichester.

Mr. Justice Denman and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith will be the Christmas Vacation Judges. There will be no sittings in court during the vacation.

The Marquis of Salisbury has granted a reduction of twenty per cent off the half-year's rents of the agricultural tenants on his Hertfordshire estates.

The historic ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, near Leeds, have been sold to a number of gentlemen of Leeds for £10,000, and the Abbey House for £3500. The ruins, which are enclosed in twelve acres of land, will be retained for the use of the public.

At the annual meeting of the Society of Medalists, the Hon. C. W. Fremantle, Deputy Master of the Mint, was re-elected President, and Mr. R. Stuart Poole and Mr. H. A. Grueber, of the British Museum, hon. secretaries. The society determined to offer in 1889 two prizes of the value of £25 and £10 for medals or models of medals in bronze and plaster.

Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., of 3, Royal Exchange, are to the fore again with their Diaries for 1889, of various forms and sizes, arranged so as to meet the requirements of nearly every class, and containing valuable information on subjects of daily life. They are all strongly bound, and practical usefulness seems to have been the chief aim of the publishers.

The annual distribution of medals and prizes to the students of the West London School of Art took place at Great Titchfield-street on Dec. 14, Mr. G. A. Thrupp, Chairman of the School Committee, presiding. The report, as read by the head-master, Mr. John Parker, showed the school to be in a satisfactory condition. In the national art competition their successes were more numerous during the past year than they had ever been. Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., distributed the prizes.

Mr. Robert Field presided on Dec. 14 over the half-yearly general court and election of the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society, held at the Cannon-street Hotel, when twenty-five children—fifteen boys and ten girls—were elected. The institution is the only charity which aims at the relief of those who, once in prosperous circumstances, find themselves reduced from affluence to indigence. To them the society offers help in the maintenance and education of their children.

THE GHOST-GERM

A Fable:

SETTING FORTH THE EVILS OF VAINGLORY AND INGRATITUDE.



He was a poor wretched little Germ of a Ghost-Story; and nobody cared a farthing about him



He lived all alone in a great empty house on the edge of a heath.



His mother was a poor but honest Footstep on the Stairs:



And his father was a Forgotten Murder: a very shady character



And one day a rich retired butcher came to see the house, & found the germ, & seemed quite pleased to see him

He took the house, and gave the Germ a nice draughty room all to himself, & petted him up, and made out a pedigree of respectable Ghost ancestors for him, and invited a lot of people to come & see him

And by degrees the little chap lost his hang-dog look, and got quite chirpy. "Thish ere's rippin", he said. He was a vulgar little beggar





And his growth grew strong and big on his good fare — Indigestion & weak nerves were what he liked best. He called himself a full-blown Ghost now, and thought no end of himself.



And his owner gave him a lot of clanking chains and things to play with, & dresses to dress up in, and he had no end of grisly fun.



He got more and more stuck up, and swaggered about the place as if it were his own. He used to leave his own Haunted Room, and rampage all over the house, frightening the servants & visitors



At last he put on so much side that he & his owner had words. His owner said that instead of being an attraction, he was keeping people away from the house, & he wasn't going to stand it any longer. Then the Germ cheeked him, & said he could get along all right without any patronage.



But one day a mysterious little old gentleman called:



And the Germ introduced himself; but instead of being frightened the little old gentleman smiled, & prodded him about, & took his measure, & turned him inside out, & got him into a corner & asked him a lot of uncomfortable questions about his ancestors, & the Germ had to tell a lot of lies. He began to shrink, & get wizened & weak again:

And the little old gentleman went on smiling, and said "Thank you, my friend: but you're not a Ghost at all, you're a Hallucination. Here's my card. I'm a member of the Society of Psychical Research"

"WHA-AT!" yelled the Germ. He grovelled on the floor & became positively abject.



But the little old gentleman smiled, & calmly took hold of him, & crushed him out flat

And his recovery is despaired of



J. Gordon Partridge inv. et del.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.



"I TAKE it," said Barnaby, on the third morning—the weather continuing fine and the sea clear of ships—"that we are now clear out of the track of any British vessels. We may fall into the hands of the Spaniard; but he is mild and merciful of late compared with his temper a hundred years ago. 'Tis true we have given him many lessons in humanity. We should now before nightfall make the islands of Testigos; but I think they are only rocks and sandy flats, such as they call Keys, where we need not land, seeing that we should get nothing by so doing, except the rations shorter. Robin"—'twas at breakfast, when he served out a dram of wine to everyone—"I drink to thy better health, lad. Thou hast cheated the Devil. Nay, Sis, look not so angry!—I meant, thou wilt not go to heaven this bout. Up heart, then, and get strong! We will find thee another sweetheart, who shall make thee lift up thy head again. What? Is there but one woman in the world?

"I was saying, then," he went on, "that we shall presently make the islands of Testigos. There followeth thereafter, to one who steereth west, a swarm of little islands. 'Twas here that the pirates used to lie in the good old days, snug and retired, with their girls and their drink. Ay, and plenty of both! A happy time they had!" Barnaby wagged his head and sighed. "South of this archipelago (which I will some day visit, in order to search for treasure) there lieth the great and mountainous island of Margaritos. This great island we shall do well to keep upon our south, and so bear away to the desert island of Tortuga, where we shall find water for certain—and that, I have been told, the best spring water that flows; turtles we may also find, and fish we may catch; and when we have recovered our strength, with a few days' rest ashore, we will once more put to sea and make for the island of Curaçao and the protection of the Dutchmen."

It needs not to tell much more about the voyage, in which we were favoured by Heaven with everything that we could desire—a steady breeze from the best quarter, a sea never too rough, provisions in sufficiency, the absence of any ships, and, above all, the recovery of Robin.

I say, then, that we sighted (and presently passed) the group of islets called the Testigos; that we coasted along the great island of Margaritos, where we landed not, because Barnaby feared that certain smoke which we saw might betoken the presence of the Spaniard, whom, in spite of his new character for mildness, he was anxious to avoid. 'Tis strange thus to sail along the shore of a great island whereon are no inhabitants, or, if any, a few sailors put in for water, for turtle, and for cocoanuts—to see afar off the forests climbing round the mountain sides, the waterfalls leaping over the precipices—and to think of the happy life one might lead in such a place, far from men and their ways. I confess (since my Mistress will never see this page) that my thoughts for a whole day, while we sailed along the shores of Margaritos, turned upon those pirates of whom Barnaby spoke. They lived here at ease, and in great happiness. 'Tis of such a life that a man sometimes dreams. But if he were suffered so to lie in sloth, farewell heaven! Farewell future hopes! Farewell our old talk of lifting the soul above the flesh! Let us henceforth live the lives of those who are content (since they can have no more) with a few years of love and wine and revelry! It is in climates like that of the West Indies that such a temptation seizes on men the most strongly, for here everything is made for man's enjoyment: here is no cold, no frost, no snow or ice; here eternal summer reigns, and the world seems made for the senses and for nothing else. Of these confessions enough. 'Twas impossible that in such a luxurious dream the image of Alice could have any part.

We landed, therefore, on the desert island of Tortuga, where we remained for several days, hauling up our boat and covering her with branches to keep off the sun. Here we lived luxuriously upon turtle, fresh fish, the remains of our bread, and what was left of our canary; setting up huts in which we could sleep, and finding water of the freshest and brightest I ever saw. Here Robin mended apace and began to walk about with no more help from his nurses.

We were minded, as I have said, to sail as far as the island of Curaçao, but an accident prevented this.

One day, when we had been ashore for ten days or thereabouts, we were terrified by the sight of a small vessel rigged in the fashion of a ketch—that is, with a small mizen—beating about outside the bay which is the only port of Tortuga.

"She will put in here," said Barnaby. "That is most certain. Now, from the cut of her she is of New England build, and from the handling of her she is under-manned; and I think that we have nothing to fear from her, unless she is bound for Barbados, or for Grenada, or Jamaica."

Presently the vessel came to anchor, and a small boat was lowered, into which three men descended. They were unarmed.

"She is certainly from New England," said Barnaby. "Well, they are not from Barbados in quest of us, otherwise they would not send ashore three unarmed men to capture four desperate men. That is certain. And as we cannot hide our boat, though we might hide ourselves, I will e'en go forth and parley with these strangers."

This he did, we watching from a safe place. The conversation was long and earnest, and, apparently, friendly. Presently Barnaby returned to us.

"There offers," he said, "a chance which is perhaps better than to make for Curaçao, where, after all, we might get scurvy treatment. These men, in a word, are privateers; or, since we are at war with none, they are pirates. They fitted out a brigantine, or bilander (I know not which), and designed to sail round Cape Horn to attack the Spaniard on the South Seas. On the way they took a prize, which you now see in the bay. Six men were sent aboard to navigate her as a tender to their ship. But they fell into bad weather off Brazil, and their ship went down with all hands. Now they are bound for Providence, only four hands left, and they will take us aboard and carry us to that island for our services. Truly, I think we should go. They have provisions in plenty, with Madeira wine; and Providence is too far for the arm of King James to reach. What say ye all? Alice, what sayest thou?"

"Truly, Brother, I say nothing."

"Then we will agree, and go with them."

We went on board, taking with us a good supply of turtle, clear water, and cocoanuts (being all that the isle afforded). Honest fellows we found our pirates to be. They belonged to the island of Providence, in the Bahamas, which hath long been the rendezvous of English privateers. Ten years before this the Spaniards plucked up courage to attack and destroy the settlement, when those who escaped destruction found shelter in some of the adjacent islands, or on the mainland of Virginia. Now some of them have come back again, and this settlement, or colony, is re-established.

Thither, therefore, we sailed. It seemed as if we were become a mere shuttlecock of fortune, beaten and driven hither and thither upon the face of the earth.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE ISLAND OF PROVIDENCE.

It was some time in the month of March, A.D. 1686, that we landed in Providence. The settlement—from which the Spaniards had now nothing to fear—then consisted (it is now, I learn, much larger) of no more than one hundred and fifty people in all, the men being all sailors, and ready to carry on again the old trade of privateer or pirate, as you please to call it, when they should be strong enough to buy or hire a ship and to equip her.

We stayed on the island for two years and a quarter, or thereabouts. It is one of an archipelago, for the most part, I believe, desert. The settlement was, as I have said, but a small one, living in scattered houses; there were plenty of these to spare (which had belonged to the former settlement) if one only took the trouble to clear away the creeping plants and cut down the trees which had grown up round them since the Spaniards came and destroyed the colony. Such a house, built of wood, with a shingle roof, we found convenient for us; and after we had cleared the ground round it and repaired it, we lived in it. Some of the people helped us to a porker or two and some chickens. They also gave us some salt beef and maize to start with. That we had little money (only what was left over from the sale of Alice's ring) made no difference to us here, because no one had any at all, and at this time there was neither buying nor selling on the island—a happy condition of things which will not, I take it, last long. So great is the fertility of the ground here, and such is the abundance which prevails, that we very shortly found ourselves provided with all that we wanted to make life pleasant. Work there was for us, but easy and pleasant work, such as weeding our patches of vegetables and fruit in the early mornings; or going to fish; or planting maize; or attending to our pigs, poultry, and turkeys; and, for the rest of the time, sitting in the shade conversing. It is never too hot in this place, though one would not in the summer walk abroad at noon; nor is it ever too cold. All the fruits which flourish under the tropics grow here, with those also which belong to the temperate zone. Here are splendid forests where you can cut the mahogany-tree and build your house if you please of that lovely wood. Here we ourselves grew, for our own use, maize, tobacco, coffee, cocoa, plantains, pines, potatoes, and many other fruits and vegetables.

Barnaby soon grew tired of this quiet life, and went on board a steamer bound for New England, promising that we should hear from him. After many months we did receive a letter from him, as you shall immediately learn. When he was gone we carried on a quiet and peaceful life. Books, paper, and pens there were none upon this island. Nor were there any clothes, so that the raggedness of our attire (we were dressed in the sailors' clothes our friends the privateers gave us) became incredible. I made some kind of guitar on which we played, and in the evening we would have very good playing and singing together of such pieces and songs as we could remember. I made verses, too, for amusement, and Alice learned them. We found our brother-settlers a rough but honest folk, to whom we taught many arts: how to procure sea-salt; how to make wine from pine-apples; how to cure the tobacco-leaf—things which greatly added to their comfort, and seeing that there was no church on the island, we every Sabbath held a meeting for prayer and exhortation.

Seeing, then, that we had all that man could desire—with perfect freedom from anxiety, our liberty, a delightful climate, plenty to eat and drink—ay, and of the very best—and that at home there was nothing for us but prison again, and to be sent back to the place whence we had escaped; we ought, everyone will acknowledge, to have felt the greatest contentment and gratitude for this sure and quiet refuge. We did not. The only contented members of our household were John Nuthall and the woman Deb, who cheerfully cultivated the garden and fed the poultry and the pigs (for we had now everything around us that is wanting to make life pleasant). Yet, I say, we were not contented. I could read the signs of impatience in the face whose changes I had studied for so long. Other women would have shown their discontent in ill-temper and a shrewish tongue, Alice showed hers in silence, sitting apart, and communing with herself. I dare say I also showed my own discontent; for I confess that I now began to long vehemently for books. Consider, it was more than two years since I had seen a book! There were no books at all on the island of Providence—not one book, except a Bible or two, and, perhaps, a Book of Common Prayer. I longed, therefore, for the smell of leather bindings, the sight of books on shelves, and the holy company of the wise and the ingenious. No one, again, could look upon Robin without perceiving that he was afflicted with a constant yearning for that which he could not have. What that was I understood very well, although he never opened his mind unto me.

Now, I confess that at this time I was grievously tormented with the thought that, Alice's marriage having been no true marriage—because, first, she was betrayed and deceived, and next, she had left her husband at the very church porch—there was no reason in the world why she should not disregard that ceremony altogether, and contract a marriage after her own heart. I turned this over in my mind a long while; and, indeed, I am still of the opinion that there would have been nothing sinful in such an act. But the law of our country would not so regard it. That is quite true. If, therefore, I had advised these unhappy lovers in such a sense, they would have been compelled to live for the rest of their lives on this island, and their offspring would have been illegitimate. So that, though the letter of the law caused a most cruel injustice—*summum jus, summum nefas*—it was better that it should be obeyed. In the end, it was a most happy circumstance that it was so obeyed.

I have presently to relate the means by which this injustice was removed. As for my own share in it, I shall neither exaggerate nor shall I extenuate it. I shall not defend it. I will simply set it down, and leave judgment to a higher Court than the opinion of those who read these pages. I must, however, acknowledge that, partly in Barbados and partly on Providence, I learned from the negresses, who possess many secrets, and have a wonderful knowledge of plants and their powers, the simple remedies with which they treat fevers, agues, rheumatisms, and other common disorders. I say simple, because they will, with a single cup of liquor boiled with certain leaves, or with a pinch of some potent powder gotten from a plant, effect a speedier cure than our longest prescriptions, even though they contain more than fifty different ingredients. Had I possessed this knowledge, for example, while we lay in Exeter Jail, not one prisoner (except the old and feeble) should have died of the fever. This said, you will understand presently what it was I did.

It was, then, about the month of March, in the year 1688, that a ship, laden with wine, and bound from New York to Jamaica, put in at the port of Providence. Her Captain carried a letter for me, and this was the first news of the world that came to us since our flight.

The letter was from Barnaby. It was short, because Barnaby had never practised the art of letter-writing; but it was pertinent. First, he told us that he had made the acquaintance at Boston (I mean the little town Boston of New England) of his cousins, whom he found to be substantial merchants (so that here, at least, the man George Penne lied not) and zealous upholders of the Independent way of thinking; that these cousins had given him a hearty welcome for the sake of his father; that he had learned from them, first, that the Monmouth business was long since concluded, and, so great was the public indignation against the cruelties of the Bloody Assize, that no one would again be molested on that account, not even those who had been sent abroad should they venture to return. He also said—but this we understood not—that it was thought things would before long improve.

"And now," he concluded, "my cousins, finding that I am well skilled and have already navigated a ship with credit, have made me Captain of their own vessel, the Pilgrim, which sails every year to Bristol and back again. She will be dispatched in the month of August or September. Come, therefore, by the first ship which will set you ashore either at New York or at Boston, and I will give you all a passage home. Afterwards, if you find not a welcome there, you may come back with me. Here a physician may find practice, Robin may find a farm, and sister will be safe from B. B."

At this proposal we pricked up our ears, as you may very well believe. Finally, we resolved to agree to it, promising each other to protect Alice from her husband and to go back to Boston with Barnaby if we found no reason to stay in England. But the woman Deb, though she wept at leaving her mistress, would not go back to the place where her past wickedness might be remembered, and John Nuthall was also unwilling, for the same reason, to return; and, as this honest couple had now a kindness for each other, I advised them to marry and remain where they were. There was on the island no minister of religion, nor any magistrate or form of government whatever (yet all were honest), therefore I ventured to hear their vows of fidelity and prayed with them while I joined their hands—a form of marriage, to my mind, as binding and as sacred as any wanting the assistance of a priest. So we handed over to them all our property (which was already as much theirs as ours) and left them in that sunny and delightful place. If the man was a repentant thief, the woman was a repentant Magdalen, and so they were well matched. I hope and believe that, being well resolved for the future, they may have led a godly and virtuous life, and been blessed with children who will never learn the reason why their parents left their native country.

There is little trade at Providence, but many vessels touch at the port, because it lies between the English possessions in America and those in the West Indies. They put in for water, for fruit, and sometimes, if they are short-handed, for men, most of them to the place being sailors. Therefore we had not to wait long before a vessel put in bound from Jamaica to New York. We bargained with the Captain for a passage, agreeing that he should find us provisions and wine, and that we would pay him (by means of Barnaby) on our reaching Boston (which is but a short distance from New York). Strange to say, though we had been discontented with our lot, when we sailed away, Alice fell to weeping. We had murmured, and our murmuring was heard. We shall now live out what is left to us in England, and we shall die and be buried among our own folk. Yet there are times when I remember the sweet and tranquil life we led in the island of Providence, its soft and sunny air, the cool sea-breeze, the shade of its orange groves, and the fruits which grew in such abundance ready to our hands.

CHAPTER XLIX.

HOME.

In one thing alone the villain Penne spoke the truth. The Eykin family of Boston (I say again of New England) was one of the most considerable in the place—great sticklers for freedom and for religion (but, indeed, it is a most God-fearing town, and severe towards transgressors). They received us with so much kindness that nothing could surpass it; we were treated as Christian martyrs at the least, and towards Alice, of whose cruel lot they had heard from Barnaby, they showed (but that no one could help) an affection quite uncommon. They generously furnished us all with apparel becoming our station, and with money for our daily occasions; they approved of our going with Barnaby; but, in the event of our finding no welcome or means of a livelihood at home, and if Alice should be molested by her husband, they engaged us to return to New England. Here, they said, Robin might become a farmer, if he had no inclination for trade; they would joyfully receive Alice to live with them; and I myself would certainly find practice as a physician; while Barnaby should continue to command their ship. When I considered the many conveniences which exist in Boston (it is already, though young, better provided with everything than Barbados) the wholesome air and pleasant climate, the books which are there, the printing press which hath already been established, the learned ministers, the college, the schools, and the freedom of religion, I should have been nothing loth to remain there. But I was constrained first to go home. I found also, which astonished me, so great a love of liberty that the people speak slightingly of the English at home, who tamely suffer the disabilities of the Nonconformists and the prerogative of the Crown; and they ask why, when the country had succeeded in establishing a Commonwealth, they could not keep it? It certainly cannot be denied, as they argue, that Israel acted against the will of the Lord in seeking a king.

So we left them. But in how changed a condition did we now cross the ocean! Instead of huddling in a noisome and stinking dungeon, unclean for want of water, ill-fed, and with no change of raiment, we had now comfortable cabins, clothes such as become a gentleman, and food of the best. And Barnaby, who had then sat humbly in the waist, where the prisoners were confined, now walked the quarter-deck—a laced

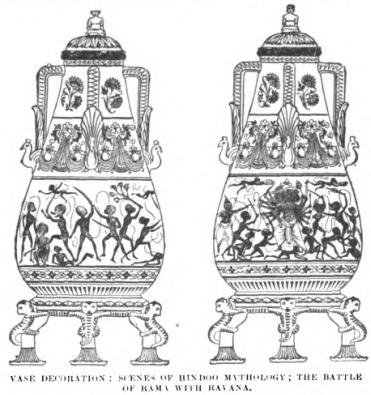
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INDIAN ART POTTERY.

The ornamentation of vases with designs illustrating the scenes and figures of antique mythology is an application of Fine Art truly classical, practised by the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Greeks, and the Etruscans, in early periods of civilisation; and in India, in China, and in Japan, with a degree of taste and ingenuity, especially in the colouring, and with a fertility of invention in design and in decoration, that can only be admired, and can scarcely be imitated, by any modern manufactures. A set of beautiful vases recently made in India, to be presented to her Majesty Queen Victoria, Empress of India, and to Princess Beatrice, proves that the eye and hand, the prolific fancy, the hereditary skill and traditional learning of our Asiatic fellow-subjects—a race endowed with some intellectual talents in a degree not excelled by any nation of mankind—have not yet lost their power. We have perused with much gratification a short treatise of twenty quarto pages, written by Framjee Pestonjee Bhumgara, of Madras and Bombay, in which he explains the subjects represented by the designs on these exquisite examples of Indian artistic pottery. They are taken from that wonderful epic poem, the "Rámáyana," known to all competent scholars of comparative mythology and poetry, which is quite as important to the student of Indian thought and national life as Homer's "Iliad" to the student of Hellenic art and literature. This poem, which can now be read in English by those who do not happen to be acquainted with Sanscrit, relates the heroic adventures and exploits of Ráma, one of the



FLORAL VASE, DESIGNED FROM OLD INDIAN DECORATIONS.



VASE DECORATION: SCENES OF HINDOO MYTHOLOGY; THE BATTLE OF RAMA WITH RAVANA.

avatar incarnations of the God Vishnu, the Divine Preserver; there have been three Rámas, but the one here glorified is Ráma Chandra, the son of Dasaratha, a Prince of the Solar dynasty, reigning somewhere in Oude (Ayodhyá). In the judgment of Professor Sir Monier Williams, the better part of the Rámáyana was current in India so early as the fifth century before Christ; it was compiled into its existing form probably by an Indian Homer, named Válmiki, who arranged it in seven books, containing 24,000 couplets of verse. We read the life of Prince Ráma, his banishment to the forests of Central India, and how he was deprived of his wife Sita, and how, like the valiant hero that he was, being the divine institutor of the Indian military caste, the Kshatriyas, who are still extant among the native soldiery of our Indian Empire, he set forth to make war against the Demon-Giants of the South, whose cruel and lustful chief, Rávana, King of Ceylon, the enemy of the Gods, had carried off the fair Sita, flying a thousand miles through the air. The Supreme Creator, Brahma, had long tolerated the insolence of Rávana, until the benevolent Vishnu, the protector of mankind, with his wife Lakshmi sitting on his knees, pleaded with the Almighty Creator, and was permitted to save the world by incarnating his own soul in Ráma, and then becoming the champion of justice. Is not this a noble religious story for Aryan heathendom? So Ráma, at first accompanied by his brother Lakshmana, who slew Indrajit, one of the sons of Rávana, a warrior driving a chariot drawn by four tigers and a potent magician, performed the work of deliverance. In this he was aided by Hanuman, son of the Wind God, an impersonation of swift agility, who assumed the form of a monkey, could make himself of vast size or small, and could leap across the strait from India to Ceylon. Nothing so grandly fantastic as this marvellous allegory is to be found in Oriental or European fable. It has a profound significance, philosophical and historical, for the instructed Hindoo; and its recital by village patriarchs, or by wandering bards, is still the delight of an imaginative people. The episodes of the main narrative—which is a genuine national epic, signifying the advance of Aryan civilisation from the Ganges to Southern India, and the conquest of tribal savagery—are incidents of much romantic interest. One is the story of Princess Draupadi, who is also the heroine of another grand ancient Indian poem, the "Mahabharata": she was the lovely daughter of Drupada, ruler of the Panchala Kingdom, and she had five husbands at once, who were brothers, sons of the great warrior Pandu and generals of the army. There is the essence of many tales of chivalry and "Idylls of the King" in this story, which describes a "Conference" or Tournament at the Royal Court, according to the rules of the Swayamvara, when the Princess was to be given as a prize to the best archer: he whose arrow went through the ring and hit the eye of the golden fish was to wed the peerless beauty, who stood by the lists arrayed in brilliant jewels. Ráma offered to shoot for her, but his rank as a Prince was then concealed, and the Princess, in her pride of birth, refused to allow him; she was therefore won by Arjuna, for himself jointly with his four brothers. These were afterwards detected as impostors by her own Royal brother, and the consequence was a sanguinary war. Such are a few of the legendary tales of ancient India, which certainly bear comparison with those of ancient Greece.



VASE DECORATION: THE GRAND CONFERENCE AT DHRUPAD; FROM THE "RAMAYANA," HINDOO EPIC POEM.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

Another Sketch by Lieutenant Walter C. Blair, of the 24th Punjaub Infantry, with the third column of troops sent up the Black Mountain highlands in October to chastise the hostile confederation of warlike tribes, is engraved for our Journal this week. It represents the appearance of some of the mountaineers who had been taken prisoners of war and brought to the Oghi Fort, not very far from the military station of Abbotabad, in the district of Hazara, north of the Punjaub. The rapid suppression of this revolt on our Indian frontier, and the equally arduous and dexterous performance of the Sikkim force in repelling the Thibetan aggression, lend the lustre of successful military services to the close of Lord Dufferin's popular Indian administration. Upper Burmah, however, is still troubled by predatory bands of "dacoits"; and an expedition against the Kachyens, to the north-east of that province, was to start from Mogoung at the beginning of the year. Another expedition, under Brigadier-General Collett, proceeds by way of Mobye to Sawlon against the Red Karens.



THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION: PRISONERS IN THE FORT OF OGHI, HAZARA.

Mr. Stormouth Darling, M.P., Solicitor-General for Scotland, has been created a Queen's Counsel.

An excellent evening concert, in aid of the funds of the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps (London Division), was held on Tuesday, Dec. 18, at the Steinway Hall.

An entertainment recently given at St. Andrew's Hall, in aid of a fund for providing the poor of St. Pancras with Christmas dinners, was a great success, realising £105.

The court of the Cordwainers' Company have, in addition to their present exhibitions, established an extra one of £25 per annum, tenable for five years for a scholar at Oxford or Cambridge in actual residence, and have elected a scholar of Hertford College, Oxford, as the first exhibitioner.

The first performance of the Latin play annually given by the Westminster "boys" took place on Dec. 13 in the great dormitory of St. Peter's College. The play was repeated on the 17th and the 19th with a prologue and with the modern comic epilogue bristling with topical references. The old comedy this year is the "Trinummus" of Plautus.

At a meeting of the Arts Committee of the Liverpool City Council, on Dec. 13, Sir James Picton, the chairman, said the price agreed upon for Sir Frederic Leighton's picture "Captive Andromache," bought for the Liverpool Corporation Exhibition, was £4000, which included the copyright, half of the money to be paid down and half three months after delivery of the picture. Sir Frederic desires to send the picture to Berlin to be reproduced in photogravure, and it would not be returned for twelve months.

The newspapers have recently said a good deal about the injury of cigarette-smoking, in which there was doubtless wisdom, but we cannot help thinking a deal of the harm that is contracted arises quite as much from the effects of the paper used (which sticks most unpleasantly to the lips) as from the tobacco used in the manufacture. By a patent lately introduced by Messrs. Philip Morris and Co. all this harm is averted, the end or mouth-piece of their cigarette being neatly cased in thin cork. Their patent is called "The cork-tipped cigarette," and will doubtless be much appreciated by smokers.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution held on Thursday, Dec. 13 its house, John-street, Adelphi, the sum of £250 was voted aid of the local funds for the relief of the widow of Jo Crookes, one of the crew of the Staithes life-boat, who lost life when the life-boat was overwhelmed by a very heavy during the severe storm experienced on Nov. 27, he and t others of the crew having made for the shore when they w thrown out of the boat; £3 each was granted to the crew the life-boat in acknowledgment of the risk and exposure which they were subjected. The behaviour of the life-b under the exceptionally trying circumstances gave ent satisfaction to the crew, whose confidence in the boat has be increased since the disaster. She arrived in safety at Middl borough in tow of the steamer Ethel, of Stockton, with t remainder of her crew and the three fishermen she went succour. Rewards amounting to £1188 were granted to t crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendei during November, in which period they were inst mental in saving no less than 248 lives. The thanks of t institution inscribed on vellum were voted to Mr. G. H. Gri chief officer of H.M. Coastguard at Portrush, Ireland, a other rewards to the crews of shore-boats and others for savi life from wrecks on our coasts. Altogether, during the curre year, the institution has granted rewards for saving 772 liv by life-boats and other means. Payments, amounting £2439 were ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establis ments of the institution. Among the contributions recent received were £500 from Heath Harrison, Esq., of Liverpo and Eastham, for the Campelltown new life-boat, the Ma Adelaide Harrison; £100 from George Hilder, Esq., Rye; a £71 13s. 7d. from the Independent Order of Odd Fello (Manchester Unity), on behalf of the support of their li boat at Grimsby.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The annual general meeting of the Royal Agricultural Socie of England was held, on Dec. 13, in Hanover-square, presid over (in the absence of the Prince of Wales) by the Earl Feversham, who congratulated the members of the society the position it had attained on the eve of the Jubilee ye when her Majesty had consented to become president.

Mr. Ernest Clarke (secretary) read a summary of t annual report of the council, which stated that since the con mencement of the Queen's year of office as president of th society a very large and encouraging accession had taken plac of new governors and members. The half-yearly statement accounts to June 30 last showed that the funded propert of the society had increased from £25,885 to £30,000 In the chemical department there had been more tha the usual amount of analytical work carried on in th laboratory, the total number of analyses made being 1653, a against 1615 last year. During the year inquiries had bee received by the consulting entomologist respecting the life history of no fewer than forty-five different kinds of insect injurious to crops, and as to means of prevention and remedie against their attacks. Concerning these, 1200 letters had bee sent, besides numerous copies of leaflets giving informatio upon the ox warble-fly and other pests. With regard to th last meeting, held at Nottingham, the report stated that it wa in every way a great success, although the weather was not a all favourable. The number of persons who passed the turn stiles was 147,927, which had only been three times exceeded— at Manchester (1869), at Birmingham (1876), and at Kilburn (1879). The accounts had not yet been finally adjusted, bu they showed a surplus of receipts over expenditure of £4000.

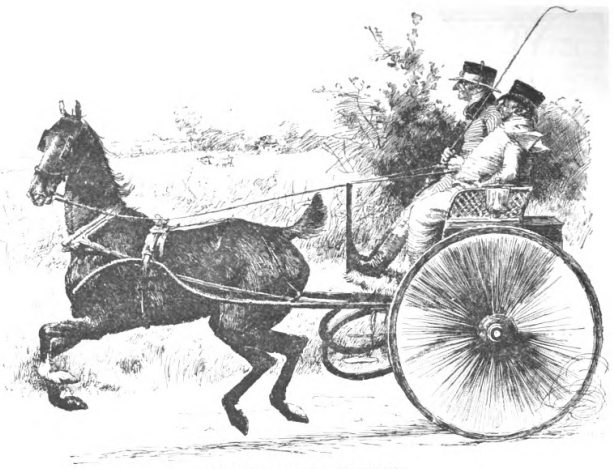
Mr. Clare Sewell Read moved the adoption of the report and said a more satisfactory one in the sad agricultural time which prevailed it had not been his fortune to read for many years. Mr. Gibbons seconded, and Surgeon-General Ince, Mr W. Botly, and Mr. Thomas Duckham supported the resolution the last named remarking that it was a matter of great satisfaction that, owing to the excellent regulations of the Privy Council for checking infectious diseases among animals, there had not been a single case of foot-and-mouth disease since October, 1885, although during forty years previously the nation had never been free from it. Mr. J. K. Fowler also spoke to the resolution, which was carried, and the meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh has been appointed Secretary of the Board of Trade, in the room of the Earl of Onslow.

Owing to the condition of the Mansion House consequent upon the drainage works now in operation, the Lord Mayor finds that it will be impossible to hold the juvenile fancy-dress ball on Jan. 8, the date arranged, and it will accordingly be deferred until the Easter holidays. For the same reason the conversazione in connection with the Home for Little Boys will not be held on Jan. 3.



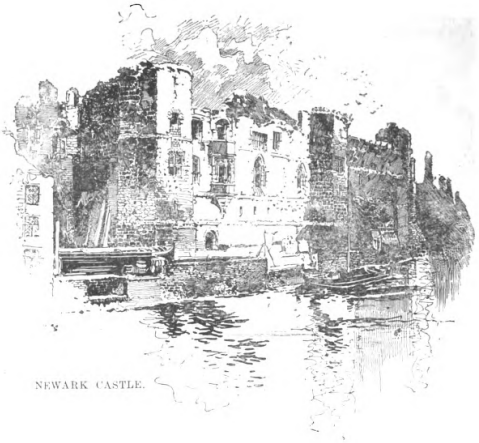
COURTYARD OF THE BELL, STILTON.



DRIVING TO CATCH THE MAIL.



A MORNING DRAUGHT.



NEWARK CASTLE.



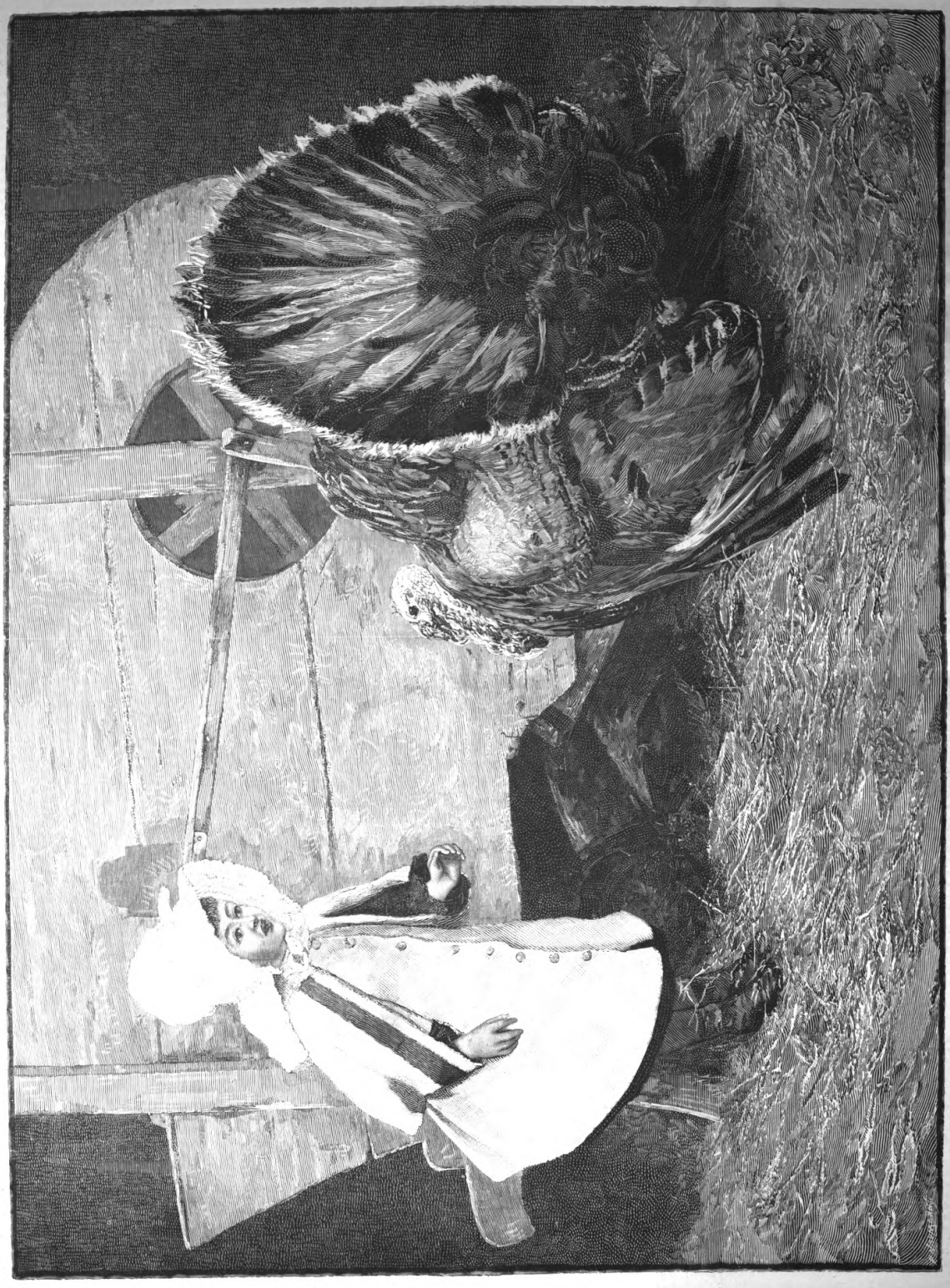
THE CROWN, BAWTRY.



FILLING THE BOOT.

"COACHING DAYS AND COACHING WAYS."

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT RAILTON AND HUGH THOMSON (MACMILLAN AND CO., PUBLISHERS).



ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.

The Witches' Frolic. By Thomas Ingoldsby. Pictured by Ernest M. Jessop (Eyre and Spottiswoode).—Among the humorous tales in verse written by the Rev. R. H. Barham, Minor Canon of St. Paul's and author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," this one is not the most celebrated. Nor is it one of his best; and, while the patter of his lines and the jingle of his rhymes may still amuse the ear, many contemporary allusions have lost their meaning to a later generation. The grotesque fancies of witchcraft and demonology are pretty well played out; the ridicule of monks, of ecclesiastical antipathies in general, has had its day: and nobody laughs at Old Nick's horns and tail. Yet a clever artist like Mr. Ernest Jessop can make effective pictures—indeed, some of his designs approach sublimity in the treatment of light and shadow—to illustrate such a fantastic story. We see our old acquaintance the Devil, locked out of doors on a stormy night, blowing into the pipe of his door-key to clear it of dust; how very funny! We see a pretty young witch riding high in air on a broomstick; but the artist's power is more fitly shown in delineating the ruined tower, the blasted tree, the lurid sunset, the Gothic front of a cathedral at night, or the gateway of a stately mansion—surely not the Vicarage?—with the watchdog howling beneath it.

The Happy Prince, and other Tales. By Oscar Wilde. Illustrated by Walter Crane and Jacomb Hood (D. Nutt).—The reputation of this author as a teacher of æsthetic social philosophy should not deter anybody from enjoying such delightful little parables as he sets before us, much in the vein of Hans Christian Andersen, gracefully fantastic, quaint, and amusing, with lessons of kindness and gentleness in each simple story. They are those of the golden statue perched on high, which saw and pitied the woes of the poor in the city, and sent the swallow to carry its jewelled ornaments for their relief; the nightingale with its breast pierced by a thorn, singing its life away for a red rose to be given as a pledge of love; the giant's garden where it was always winter because he shut out the children, but where the sun shone and the flowers instantly blossomed when he let them in; with the one-sided friendship of Hans and the Miller, and the overweening conceit of the Rocket thinking itself superior to other fireworks.

Coaching Days and Coaching Ways. By W. Outram Tristram. Illustrated by Herbert Railton and Hugh Thomson (Macmillan and Co.).—These characteristic sketches of the old English high roads, the now less-frequented country towns and villages, the roomy, once comfortable hostelries which were content to be called inns, the stage-coaches in or upon which some of us yet living have travelled all day and all night, the coachmen and guards, their passengers of different ranks and classes, and the variety of other vehicles, other scenes, and other folk, to be met with in a provincial journey, fifty or a hundred years ago, furnish a pleasant contribution to social history. They have appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and have been repeatedly noticed by us among its monthly contents, along with Mr. Outram Tristram's entertaining literary commentary, which is full of biographical anecdotes and of citations from the memoirs, the novels and plays, the local traditions and legends, bearing reference to the places along the road. The artists have well performed their task; and when it is stated that this volume treats of the Bath road, the Exeter road, the Portsmouth road, the Brighton road, the Dover road, the York road, and the Holyhead road, we trust that the geography and topography of England, apart from "Bradshaw's Railway Guide," may still be known sufficiently to understand how much that is really interesting should be found on "the old coaching ways." One of our pages this week is filled with half-a-dozen of the spirited and truthful sketches of stage-coach business, and of one driving a "gig" to catch the mail, with views of such old-fashioned inns as the Bell at Stilton and the Crown at Bawtry, and a view of Newark Castle. We congratulate Mr. Herbert Railton and his colleague on having obtained such capital subjects for their clever pencils.

Jerusalem, the Holy City. By Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, R.E., C.B., K.C.M.G., F.R.S. (J. S. Virtue and Co.).—The distinguished officer of the Royal Engineers, who has rendered great services to the study of Biblical archæology and topography in carrying out the plans of the Palestine Exploration Fund Committee, has produced in this handsome volume a work of abiding value. His introduction is a careful statement of the present condition of actual knowledge or confirmed opinion respecting the sites and structures of Jerusalem associated with events recorded in the Old and New Testament histories, mentioning the controversies that have arisen on such questions, especially with regard to the place of the Crucifixion and to the position of Zion, the city of David, and the limits of the city in which King Solomon reigned, the capital of the ancient Kingdom before the exile of Babylon. The descriptive chapters which follow may be relied upon for strict accuracy, and for conclusions in forming which the writer has taken into account all the historical evidence and the results of critical discussion now available. Sir Charles Wilson is a clear and exact writer, and has well digested the observations and arguments of his predecessors in these inquiries. The book is adorned with four large steel engravings and nearly a hundred engravings on wood.

Ranche Life and the Hunting-Trail. By Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated by Frederic Remington (T. Fisher Unwin).—The Great American Exhibition of 1887 made even Cockneys acquainted in some degree with the active habits of the hardy "cow-boys" at the "ranches" or cattle-grazing stations of the West, in parts of Colorado and Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota, Wyoming, and Montana, besides the southern region in Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico. The hunting pursuits, more for gain than for sport, which are still afforded by the rapidly-diminishing wild animal races in those countries, though now mostly driven into the sequestered recesses of the Rocky Mountain ranges, have often been described. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, an American writer of much experience and literary ability, contributed to a New York magazine the interesting chapters on these subjects which here form an attractive book, and which are illustrated by Mr. F. Remington with designs of much variety, representing lively scenes and stirring adventures, men and beasts in vigorous attitudes and groups, with the Red Indians hanging on the outer skirts of a rude civilisation; making altogether an original study of Western life.

Les Grands Voyageurs de Notre Siècle. Par G. Meissas (Hachette and Co.).—This volume, which is rather bulky, with a cover very prettily decorated in crimson, green, and gold, is for readers of French, and contains a vast quantity of reading, much of which has been translated, with abridgement and compilation, from many familiar English books of travel, though French, German, Italian, Dutch, and other foreign explorers of the wilder portions of the globe are made the subjects of its collected narratives. We recognise our own countrymen—Mungo Park, Admirals Parry and Ross, Sir John Franklin, Dr. Livingstone, Burton, Speke, and Grant, Sir Samuel Baker, Cameron, and Stanley—along with many adventurous representatives of the different nations of Europe. The performances of the latter—François Levaillant, D'Urville, René Caillié, Jacquemont, Father Huc, Vambéry, Garnier, Schweinfurth, Nachtigal, Payer, Nordenskiöld, Serpa Pinto, Gallieni, Prjewalski, Madame Dieulafoy, and De Brazza—are impartially set forth; and we are happy in the case of some of the French travellers to improve our previous acquaintance with them, which was less than might be desired. Asia, Africa, and America, with the Arctic Regions, supply an immense diversity of topics, with the aid of a very large number of woodcuts; but the work is better adapted to popular use in France than in this country.

Aux Rives d'Or (the Riviera). Par Mars. (E. Plon, Nourrit, et Cie., Paris).—Our readers have had several opportunities of being amused by the droll and sprightly sketches of the clever French artist M. Mars, whose pictures of children and domestic animal pets, of the sea-bathing at Ostend, and of Jersey and the coast of Brittany, were noticed some time ago. Messrs. G. Routledge and Son have published English editions of "Our Darlings" and "Friends and Playmates," to make this artist at home with us. He has now turned his



IN THE FLOWER-MARKET, COURS ST. LOUIS, MARSEILLES.

From the New Sketchbook by M. Mars, "Aux Rives d'Or," (Published by E. Plon, Nourrit, et Cie., Paris).

steps to the "golden shores" of the Mediterranean, visiting Marseilles, Toulon, Hyères, St. Raphael, Cannes, Antibes, Nice, Monaco, Mentone, Bordighera, San Remo, Savona, and Genoa, with an eye and a pencil for all that is quaint and comical, as well for what is pretty, in the figures and demeanour of those resorting to the sunny coast towns along his route. Most of the drawings are lightly coloured; they frequently run into mild caricature, but are commonly pleasant in character, and their humorous suggestions are explained by a few words of colloquial French. We are permitted to borrow the Sketch of a scene in the flower-market on the Cours St. Louis at Marseilles, with two buxom young women, Fortunée and Thérèson, carrying their baskets to the stalls.

The Alps. By Professor F. Umlauft, Ph.D., translated by Louisa Brough (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.).—Space and leisure are needful to do justice to the merits of this important work of scientific topography, which is very well translated by an English lady, and which must be the fruit of accurate and extensive special studies by Dr. Umlauft, dealing with a large and complex subject, as German learned men can do, consistently and thoroughly to the last item of its exposition. Orography, hydrography, meteorology, geology, botany, zoology, and ethnology contribute the views and materials, with little or no display of romantic eloquence. It comprises all the high mountain ranges of Switzerland, Savoy, and the Tyrol, and those overhanging the Italian lakes and plains, and is probably the most complete and authentic treatise on this subject. There are 110 illustrations engraved on wood, and several correct maps.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin. By Robert Browning. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway (G. Routledge and Son).—Mr. Browning has a regularly organised school of ethical disciples seeking grave lessons of wisdom from his serious poetry. This favourite piece of romantic drollery, with its piteous catastrophe, telling how the magical piper, after delivering the city from a plague of rats, by the same charm of his music led away the children to be lost in caverns of the forest, may have as much profound significance as "Pippa Passes." Miss Greenaway, at any rate, who draws little children so faithfully and gracefully because she loves and knows them so well, has filled the book with many pretty pictures, colour-printed by Mr. Edmund Evans, hereby producing a delightful Christmas gift for any household where little people are to be made happy at this season of the year.

All Things Bright and Beautiful: a Treasury of Picture and Song (Ernest Nister, Bride-street).—The editor of this collection of choice poetry, Mr. R. Ellice Mack, has drawn for its contents, except a song from Shakspeare and one or two pieces from Shelley and Wordsworth, on various English and American writers now or recently living; while the eighteen illustrations, finely printed at a Nuremberg press, are drawn by some of the English artists highest in repute for designs suitable to the art of engraving; among these are Mr. F. Morgan, Mr. Birket Foster, Miss Alice Havers, Mr. F. G. Cotman, Mr. Yeend King, Mr. E. A. Waterlow, Mr. F. Hines, and Miss Dickse. The result of their labours, as might be expected, is excellent in all artistic qualities, and we only wish that the title had been more definite and precise in meaning.

The Gold of Fairnilee. By Andrew Lang (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol).—The well-known scholar, agreeable poet, and versatile prose writer, to whom many young persons will be indebted for their pleasure in reading this story, has imbibed local inspiration on Tweedside; and those who have rambled in the south of Scotland cannot hear such a name as "Fairnilee" without enchanting remembrances of historic or legendary romance. His tale is of the time of the fatal battle at Flodden; and that sweetly plaintive strain, "The Flowers of the Forest," seems to mingle with an older chant of "True Thomas the Rhymer," as we peruse this Border story, in which, however, there is no description of actual fighting. The boy Randal, whose father was slain at Flodden, is carried to the Fairy Queen, and learns where to dig for an ancient Roman treasure, making him and his family happy. The coloured pictures, by T. Scott and E. A. Lemann, will assist the fancy and gratify the eyes of children.

The Story of a Mermaiden. From Hans Andersen (Griffith, Farran, and Co.).—The tale of Andersen's which is here turned into English verse of the narrative ballad metre by E. Ashe need scarcely be described to those who are conversant with the popular works of the famous Danish author. The illustrations, designed by Laura Trowbridge, have the qualities of freedom and originality of invention, and of bold treatment with vigorous and graceful effects.

A Journey Round the World. With Illustrations by Charles Marr (G. Routledge and Sons).—A family party, including a boy named Willie and his sister Ethel, are taken by their father, Colonel Sir John Wrighton, to Spain, Egypt, Ceylon, India, Borneo and the Philippines, China, Japan, the Sandwich Islands, California, South America, the West Coast of Africa, Madeira, and home. The narrative of what they saw is necessarily instructive, and the coloured pictures render it not less entertaining.

Our Country House. With Illustrations by Julius Kleinmichel (Routledge).—This is a book of the same form and class with that above mentioned; the difference is that the children, Walter and Anna, stay at home with their parents, read of wild countries, and of wild Indians, of voyages and travels and adventures, and are joined by their cousins in playing at Robinson Crusoe.

Over the Hills. By E. L. Shute. Illustrated by Jessie Watkins (F. Warne and Co.).—In simple verses of musical rhyme, the joyful romps and rambles of two little girls and a little boy or two, amidst the delights of rural scenery, are winningly related. The pictures, mostly coloured or tinted, are not lacking in the graces of childlike figures and gestures.

Jack the Giant-Killer. By the late Richard Doyle (Eyre and Spottiswoode).—In 1842, when the gifted artist whose death is regretted was quite a boy, he wrote his own improved version of Jack's marvellous victories in Big Man's Land, and decorated the pages of his neat manuscript with glowing coloured pictures, superior in drawing and composition, as well as in humour, spirit, and imagination, to many elaborate designs of this kind by old hands without his precocious genius. The publication of a facsimile of this most original work, accurately engraved, splendidly coloured, with divers ornamental page-borders, and carefully printed, is a boon to lovers of fanciful and sportive art, as well as to juvenile minds, for which it will be a rare entertainment.

Shakspeare's Songs and Sonnets. Illustrated by Sir John Gilbert (Sampson Low and Co.).—There is no further need, at this day, to commend the graceful and expressive graphic interpretations of Shakspeare in which Sir John Gilbert has abundantly excelled most of his countrymen, or to remark his dramatic and idyllic perception of old English life. These qualities will again be recognised in the present series of designs.

Logbook Notes through Life. By Elizabeth A. Little (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.).—This is a collection of brief passages of religious poetry, selected from various authors, bearing reference to the common similitude of human life to a voyage at sea. The editor, who has in her own former writings treated of moral themes with a similar metaphorical idea, arranges these extracts not unskillfully. The drawings of ocean and shore views, of ships, portions of masts and rigging, and seaman's knots with ropes, have a certain degree of merit, and serve well to accompany the text.

Nister's Holiday Annual for 1889. Edited by Robert Ellice Mack (Ernest Nister).—As a volume of pictures and stories for little folk, "girls and boys come out to play," this new candidate for the approval of mothers and children deserves our best commendation. The short tales and verses deal with child-life, its natural actions, and its purest thoughts and feelings, in an artless poetical spirit; and most of the drawings are good.

Drawing-Room Plays. Adapted from the French by Lady Adelaide Cadogan (Sampson Low and Co.).—Good and wholesome plays for modest and discreet amateur actors in a domestic performance are not too abundant. Lady Adelaide Cadogan has borrowed plots, incidents, and characters, unobjectionable in tone and purpose, from seven French comedies, transposing the dramatic situations into the familiar circumstances and manners of English society. Her work is likely to be serviceable at private evening parties, and the illustrations, drawn by E. L. Shute, add to its effect in a quiet reading.

AMERICAN NOTES.

The excitement of the Presidential Election has died away with the coloured fires, the gunpowder, the brass bands, the processions, the tinsel gew-gaws, and the general fanfaronade deemed essential to the contest. For six months or more prior to the Fourth of November in every quadrennial the greater part of the American people plunge into a state of political lunacy. But it must be added that the process of convalescence is rapid. All the personal abuse and party virulence so freely indulged in during the warfare are forgotten, or, if remembered, are condoned in a Pickwickian sense. More than a month has now elapsed since the great periodical fight between the "Ins" and the "Outs" for the possession of the White House at Washington. While it waged, the vocabulary was ransacked for terms of mutual denunciation. The peculiar rhetoric of American platform oratory and of the press found ample scope for exercise. The pillars of the earth were likely to tremble and fall. Yet the threatened catastrophe has been averted. Men continue to buy and sell and get gain—or make losses. Marrying and the customary social usages have experienced no interruption. Young America continues to have its round of pleasure. Dame Nature pursues her calm and majestic course, and the crowds of busy little human bipeds go their several ways.

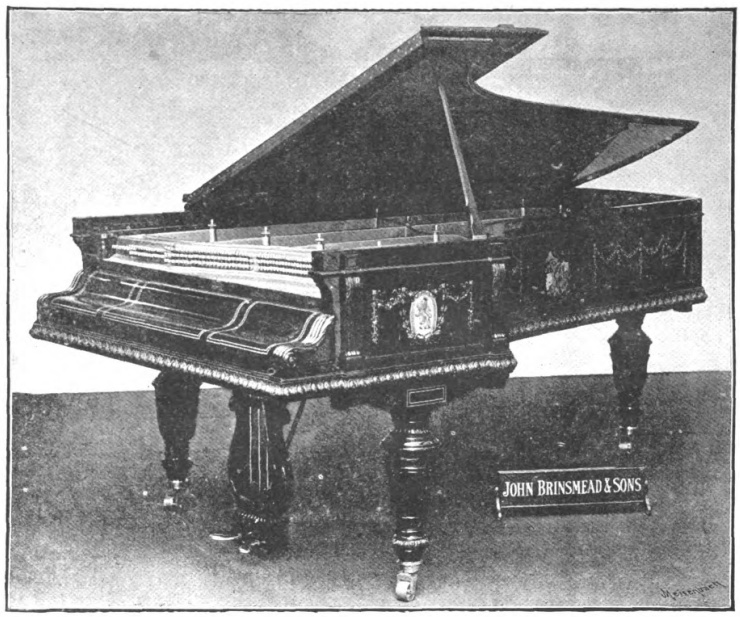
The fact is that European observers attach far more importance to the Presidential title and functions than do the people to the manner born. The inaugural and the annual Messages to Congress have greatly diminished in significance. The power and the influence of the Chief of the Executive Government are defined and restricted. The Senate can refuse to ratify his nominations to high offices. Even his veto of Acts of Congress can be overridden by a specific majority. He is a distinguished personage; but he is watched, and hampered, and guarded, very much like the queen-bee in a hive. The written Constitution is precise and absolute. Innumerable Argus eyes are upon him, and he is daily instructed, admonished, and threatened by a ubiquitous and sleepless press. As an ornamental figurehead his position commands respect; but the strictly Federal matters which he can control or influence are comparatively few. With the autonomy of the several States he cannot interfere. A genuine American esteems his particular State as of supreme importance. It claims the first place in his allegiance and regard. Its Legislature is a greater body and its doings concern him more than Congress, unless there be some such crucial matter as the tariff. Each State has its own separate Constitution, and is sovereign and independent within its own borders. The proceedings at Washington occupy but a small space in the leading journals. Once in a while, between the contests for the Presidency, some grave question of policy arises, or there is a passing ripple of excitement over such an episode as the Sackville case. But the pursuit of the almighty dollar cannot be checked, even for these things; nor can matters of local concern in the township, in the municipality, or in the State, be set aside by what ordinarily occurs in Washington.

Not until March 4 does the actual change occur in the Administration. On that day, President Cleveland retires from office and his successor will be installed. The House of Representatives recently elected does not enter upon its duties before Dec. 4, 1889. During the winter there will be, of course, schemes and intrigues without number over the appointment of the Cabinet of the new President. There are also many thousands of expectant office-holders who will bring every kind of influence to bear on the dispensers of patronage. Before the time of President Andrew Jackson—known as "Old Hickory"—in 1829, the maxim which he is said to have formulated, "to the victors the spoils," had been acted upon only in a limited degree in certain States. By the distinguished statesmen who filled the Presidential chair from Washington to John Quincy Adams, public office had been scrupulously regarded as a public trust. Even when a change of parties was effected, after a severe struggle, by the election of Jefferson, he made only thirty-nine removals in eight years, although most of the existing officials were known to be opposed to his policy. Jackson changed all this deliberately and on system. Within a year he dismissed four hundred and ninety-one postmasters and two hundred and thirty-nine other officials. The new men promptly made similar changes among their subordinates, so that a clean sweep was effected. This was done with the avowed object of rewarding political friends and of punishing opponents. The hateful and pernicious system thus initiated has been pursued ever since. Honest and strenuous efforts have been made of late years in the direction of Civil Service reform. Enactments have been passed, and some small measure of good has been accomplished. But the evil and the scandal are too deeply seated to yield to anything but a heroic and drastic remedy. This is not likely to be applied until a healthy public sentiment has been aroused.

The fact is that there are too many who profit by the existing system in both the political camps. The Republican party had a monopoly for twenty-four years prior to 1885. When the Democrats achieved the victory after their long exclusion, many of them, naturally enough, wished to make as much hay as possible while the sun shone. Now that the Republicans are about to return to the warmth and the emoluments of office after a brief banishment, it is not to be expected that they will leave their political foes in possession of lucrative posts. Hence all the holders of offices in the Customs, the Internal Revenue, the Post Office, and in other branches of the Federal service, to the number of about one hundred and thirty thousand, scattered all over the States, and including Ministers and Consuls abroad, are liable to be displaced. Wise and patriotic men deplore this, and protest against it; but at present they are in a minority. The "public service" is a euphemism for private advantage with professional politicians all the world over. Hence independent and high-minded persons among both Democrats and Republicans are powerless in the presence of a hungry crowd who make politics a trade, and who demand rewards for services that are often dubious and unscrupulous. Eminent public servants, who have made a special study of certain subjects, and who are preeminently qualified to discharge their duties, are continually thrust aside to make room for men who may be utterly incompetent, but whose blind devotion to their party clamours for reward. Wealthy supporters who have contributed large sums for "campaign expenses" also look for recognition in appointments for their friends. It is estimated by competent authorities that the total cost of a Presidential election exceeds twenty millions of dollars, or about four millions sterling. No balance-sheet is published by either party, but the managers are entrusted with the absolute disbursement. The *New York Times*, of Aug. 28, 1888, reported that the National Democratic Committee had received ten thousand dollars from President Cleveland, Secretary Whitney, Secretary Endicott, and Postmaster-General Dickinson. This sum is twice the amount of the annual salary of each of the three last named. A similar custom prevails in nearly all elections for public posts, including such as are strictly local. The result is that enormous sums are disbursed—often in a manner and for purposes which highminded and patriotic men detest and censure. They admit that the laws against bribery and corruption must be made more stringent, and that measures must be taken to render voting by ballot secret and secure, which is far from being the case at present. Americans who have seen the working of the English system are emphatic in their recognition of its superiority.

They do not so readily make a similar admission with regard to another matter. To allude to it at all is like skating over very thin ice. Yet to avoid all reference to it would be cowardly. May it then be respectfully suggested, without intending to give offence or to wound national susceptibilities, that the great institution of expectorating might be somewhat mitigated! In the ordinary railroad cars the central passage is not fit to pass along, as it is the spot where the occupants of seats on each side eject their saliva with startling frequency and suddenness. The Pullman cars are provided with spittoons of brass or porcelain; these are also freely supplied in private houses, hotels, theatres, picture-galleries, legislative chambers and other places of public resort. It is not uncommon to see notices affixed to the walls asking persons not to spit on the floor; but these notices are disregarded. To a benighted British Islander this is revolting; but all he can do is to endure and thus protest against the modern form of the Declaration of Independence.

W. H. S. A.



PIANO FOR THE RAJAH OF KOOCH-BEHAR: MANUFACTURERS, MESSRS. JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS.

A PIANO FOR AN INDIAN PRINCE.

The piano manufactured for the Rajah of Kooch-Behar by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, of Wigmore-street, is an exceedingly handsome piece of furniture in addition to being an exceptionally fine musical instrument, both in quality of tone and touch. The case is in solid, deep-coloured mahogany, handsomely carved, and inlaid with engraved marqueterie; and to ensure its standing the extreme and trying climate to which it is going, every glueing throughout the piano has been secured by screws, whilst the metal framework which withstands the strain of the strings (nearly 30 tons) is in one solid piece and is fitted with "Brinsmead's" patent screw tuning-pins, thus dispensing with all woodwork in this portion of the piano, whilst ensuring the instrument remaining in good order under conditions which would prove fatal to pianos manufactured on the old system. The mechanism, every part of which is secured by rivets, &c., is the "patent perfect check repeater action" so celebrated for its excellent blow, repeat, and delicacy of touch which it retains under the most trying climatic conditions.

The announcement that the Old Irish Market-place was to be kept open at the Winter Exhibition at Olympia has been hailed with delight by the cottage workers in all parts of Ireland, and hundreds of parcels have been received containing beautifully executed and cheap articles of all kinds made chiefly in cottage homes.

ART MAGAZINES.

The Magazine of Art for December continues two exceedingly interesting papers begun in the November number. The first, on Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., one of the ablest of the modern English school of sculpture, is written by Mr. W. Cosmo Monkhouse, and is illustrated with several engravings of the sculptor's work, notably one of the "Icarus," an example of Mr. Gilbert's best manner. The other article is one by Mr. William M. Rossetti, on the portraits of his brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and contains some interesting additions to the photographs and sketches published last month. A capital reproduction of Mr. Hamo Thornicroft's fine statue of General Gordon accompanies a short description of the latest addition to our national monuments. The annual volume of this magazine is now published, and contains a perfect gallery of beautiful engravings, photogravures, and etchings after pictures by modern painters, English and Continental.

The frontispiece to the current number of the *Art Journal* is a beautiful engraving, by L. Jacoby, of Fra Fillipo Lippi's "Nativity," now in the Berlin Museum; which museum, the subject of a paper by Mr. W. M. Conway, is a valuable contribution to the art history of Europe. "A Foreign Artist and Author" continue their travels through England, and this month give us their impressions of that popular watering-place Ramsgate. "Japan and its Art Wares" is also continued from a former number; as also a paper by Mr. Gilbert R. Redgrave on "Textile Fabrics at the South Kensington Museum." The annual volume of the *Art Journal*, being the bound numbers of the past year, has already been reviewed month by month, and therefore it is needless to say more than that no more acceptable Christmas gift could be suggested for artistic friends than this handsome volume.

A new and interesting addition to the list of journals and magazines dealing with art in all its branches is the *Scottish Art Review*, published in Glasgow, the December number of which is the seventh issue. It is, perhaps, more emphatically than most of its contemporaries a journal for the artist rather than merely the dilletante, although it offers many attractions to all lovers of art as well as art-workers. The current number contains an etching, "The Sower," by Mr. William Strang, and a reproduction of a picture by the late Frank O'Meara, entitled "Evening in the Gatinais." Among many interesting articles is one on the pastel exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, a paper on the Wagner-Liszt correspondence, and one on the place of poetry in a music-drama, evoked, doubtless by a recent attack on a great artist in a well-known review.

POOR CHILDREN AND CHRISTMAS.

Mrs. Adamson, wife of the Vicar of Old Ford, at the East-End of London, writes as follows:—"I have resumed the soup-kitchens in my husband's parish; and, as I have once more to relieve the semi-starvation of thousands of children, I trust that you will allow me to submit the following simple statement of our work and wants, by way of appeal for the practical sympathy of your readers. We make no religious distinction, necessity being the one and only test. Last winter, the cost of the dinners (including plant and pannikins, coals and coppers) which we gave to the poor children connected with three Board schools in this neighbourhood was £79, the dinners numbering 10,225. The children were selected from these schools, and sent by the head masters and mistresses. They were all really poor and needy—many being most distressing cases. My husband's parish alone numbers 11,000 persons, most of whom crowd together in small tenements. There is not what is called a middle-class household, so that I have no lady resident in the parish to co-operate with me. Beyond the grants kindly made to assist this good work, I require funds to meet the expenses up to April next, if the soup kitchens are to be kept open."—An appeal is made for help towards the Christmas treat to the East London Hospital for Children, Shadwell, to be held on Wednesday, Jan. 2. One hundred children, who have been in-patients of the hospital, will be invited, and provided with tea, cake, fruit, and a comic entertainment; a suit of clothes will be given to each child, as well as toys and an orange. Gifts of clothing of all kinds, but especially boys' suits, toys, cakes, fruit, &c., will be gratefully received at the hospital; and all friends of the hospital are invited to be present.

Mr. Clement Scott writes earnestly appealing for aid in the good work of supplying the poor children of the Drury-lane district with a dinner and entertainment on Christmas Eve. He states that, thanks to Miss Edith Woodworth, the founder of the feast, Mr. J. L. Toole, without whom the dinner would never have been made an annual institution, and a few others, sufficient money has been promised to give a royal dinner of honest roast beef, potatoes, plum-pudding, and mince-pies to at least 1500 hungry children. What is now wanted are presents of fruits, tops, and other articles, and the assistance of ladies who are able and willing to work energetically and cheerfully in serving the dinner and unpacking and distributing the presents.

Lady Burnett, the owner of a large property in the district of Thurles, has notified to her tenants that she will grant an abatement of 35 per cent on the present scale. All her land is at present let at Griffiths' valuation.

Her Majesty, by Order in Council, has been pleased to declare that the conditions of the Patent Act, 1883, under which an application for a patent is not to be invalidated by the exhibition of an invention at an international exhibition, are to apply to the Paris Universal Exhibition, and also that exhibitors are to be relieved from the conditions of the above Act, under which they were required to give notice to the Comptroller of Patents of their intention to exhibit the article afterwards sought to be patented. The regulations also apply to designs intended to be registered.



1. Mr. Bompas, wanting a pet puppy for his young wife, consults Weazle, the dealer in fancy dogs.
2. Weazle inspects his stock, but finds none of the desired black-and-white.
3. Clever Mrs. Weazle is ordered "to get 'em ready for showing."
4. She touches 'em up with black from the frying-pan.
5. Weazle pockets the black-and-white puppies.
6. He calls on Mr. Bompas.
7. Mrs. Bompas: "Oh, what little beauties!"
8. Suddenly: "Why, what's all this black stuff on me?"
9. Bompas: "Here, get out!"
10. Weazle cast out on the doorstep.
11. He seeks consolation.
12. At home, rebuking Mrs. Weazle, he gets her reply: "If you'd kept 'em cool, it wouldn't have come off!"

DOG-FANCYING AND DOG-PAINTING.



"A WELCOME VISITOR."—DRAWN BY S. T. DADD.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The great event of the week is the discomfiture of the Panama Canal Company and the futile intervention of the Cabinet with a view to preventing another crash like that of the Union Générale. Owing to the partial failure of the issue of the last Panama Loan of 1888, and the repeated failure of the re-issue of the unsold bonds a few days ago, the Panama Company is in difficulties for want of money, and therefore the Minister of Finance, considering the importance of the enterprise, the immensity of the capital engaged, and, above all, the number of persons who have subscribed, introduced a Bill to authorise the company to suspend payments for three months, which would give the company time to make new arrangements. The capital already actually subscribed and engaged in the works of the Canal is 1,399,716,051f. The 600,000 shares of the company appear to be held by 400,000 subscribers, mostly small capitalists and peasants. After a long discussion the Chamber rejected the Bill by 256 against 181 and 100 abstentions. The ruin of Panama will be a great blow to the small capitalists of France and a national misfortune, and it is hard to see how this ruin can be avoided, even given the energy and popularity of M. De Lesseps. One thing seems clear already—that the prestige of M. De Lesseps will not suffer from the disaster and that the burden of unpopularity will fall upon the Deputies and upon the Republic. The 400,000 Frenchmen who have lost money in Panamas will vote dead against the members of the present Chamber of Deputies next spring, and their tendency will be to cry "Vive Boulanger!"

People are talking once more about the destiny of woman, to which attention has been called by two recent incidents—the brilliant medical examination passed in Paris by a Polish girl, Mdlle. Schultze; and the refusal of the Brussels Appeal Court to allow Mdlle. Popelin to practise as a lawyer. The Brussels Judges do not admit that a woman has the legal aptitude for practising law. The modern legislator does not acknowledge the right of a woman to do anything without the consent of her husband; it cannot, therefore, admit that she can do for others what she is not allowed to do for herself. Furthermore, the Belgians consider that woman's place in society imposes upon her duties that are irreconcilable with the profession of law, for the exercise of which she has neither leisure, strength, nor aptitude. Mdlle. Schultze, who is only twenty-one years of age, devoted herself in her thesis to proving that female doctors had rendered great services already, and were destined to render still greater services in the future. Dr. Charcot replied to her, and blamed this new ambition of women to become doctors, not that he contested their aptitudes, but because they refused to play secondary rôles and to go and practise obscurely in the provinces. They all want to be "swells" at Paris. Dr. Charcot also combated the young lady on æsthetic grounds, maintaining that certain parts of the practice of medicine were incongruous with her beauty and her dress; nevertheless, he did full justice to her talent, and Mdlle. Schultze starts out in life with a brilliant diploma from the Faculty of Paris.

At the theatres we have to record a new piece, "L'Escadron volant de la Reine," music by Litolff, at the Opéra Comique, rather old-fashioned both in plot and music—the piece was written fifteen years ago; and "La Sécurité des Familles," by Albin Valabrègue, at the Vaudeville. This latter comedy, in three acts, promises to be almost as great a success as the "Surprises du Divorce," which has had an immense run. At the Théâtre Libre, in "La Mort du Duc d'Enghien," M. Hennique has produced three tableaux of striking simplicity, which form the best specimen hitherto written of the documentary or analytic drama which some would call "naturalistic." This piece has had immense success.

At the present moment France possesses nearly one million of the new Lebel guns, which gives just one gun for each man of the active, reserve, and territorial armies. In war-time the allowance necessary is four guns per man, and in order to complete this stock the small arms manufactories of Saint-Étienne, Tulle, and Châtellerault, will work in 1889 and 1890 producing at the rate of 3000 guns a day. During the year 1889 the War Department will spend 138 millions of francs in transforming the armament of the infantry, creating stores of the new Lebel cartridges, modifying the artillery projectiles, providing the frontier forts with stronger guns, strengthening the coast and other fortifications, and building new barracks.

M. Rénan has just published the second volume of his very fascinating "History of the People of Israel," this instalment embracing the period from the reign of David to the capture of Samaria and the career of the prophet Isaiah.

The booksellers' shops are now overflowing with volumes and gift-books specially published for the New Year's present season. The quantity of so-called *éditions de luxe* is enormous, and the wonder is who can buy them; for while admitting that bibliophilism is a growing modern passion, the number of people who can buy guinea books is limited. Amongst the most interesting novelties I notice the "Histoire de la Société Française pendant la Révolution," by E. and J. De Goncourt (1 vol. 4to, Quantin), enriched with numerous reproductions in black-and-white and in colours from contemporary documents, the whole forming a most curious and interesting panorama of the men, manners, and things of that agitated epoch. A curious innovation: the cover of this volume is a facsimile of some paper-hangings of the period covered with revolutionary emblems. Quantin is also the publisher of a handsome volume, "L'Italie du Nord," by G. De Léris, profusely illustrated and agreeably written. The author has studied more particularly modern Italy; and, besides picturesque description, he has collected a great mass of information about the public, administrative, and private life of modern Italy. The same firm publishes a mass of children's books and coloured albums, remarkable for their excellence and cheapness.

The Comte d'Haussonville was received at the French Academy, on Dec. 13, with the usual ceremony. M. d'Haussonville succeeds M. Caro, whose panegyric he pronounced.—At the Comédie Française, there is trouble between the manager and some of the actors, and, in consequence of words exchanged, M. Febvre has given in his resignation. A vigorous campaign has been begun against M. Claretie, the present administrator, under whose régime the Comédie Française has not prospered.—Duels have been so numerous of late that it has been impossible to note them. This week M. Clémenceau and M. Maurel fought with swords about an incident of the recent election in the Var. M. Clémenceau was wounded under the right arm, but not very seriously.—A committee has been formed with a view to erecting a monument at Paris in the Jardin des Plantes to the great sculptor of animals, Antoine Louis Barye. In order to raise the necessary funds an exhibition of Barye's works will be held in the École des Beaux-Arts during the month of May.—A monument to the novelist Balzac, by Emile Soldi, will be shortly inaugurated at Ville d'Avray at the expense of the living novelists, Edmond De Goncourt, Zola, Guy De Maupassant, and Paul Bourget. This is quite independent of the two statues of Balzac which are being made for Paris and for Tours.

T. C.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

HEREWARD.—White has the option of compelling Black to retract his move, which he might exercise and then resign. We think, however, in the interest of correct play, and out of fairness to other competitors, no quarter should be shown even to "palpable errors."

COLUMBUS. You would also have noticed such problems were condemned as unsound. They have only appeared because the second solution escaped notice. New problem in hand with thanks.

E BOHNSTEDT.—Your solutions were omitted by accident, and due credit is now given you for them. Has your friend's problem been published elsewhere? If not, send solution. Your own is curiously like No. 2328, and it is too similar in position for publication.

IVO.—A letter to Simpson's Divan, Strand, W.C., or British Chess Club, King-street, Covent-garden, would probably find him.

J ROSS.—Black answers by 2. P takes P *en passant*, and there is no mate.

G T B.—To prevent a second solution.

J OLVER (Stroud-green).—A well constructed position, but rather too simple for a mate in two moves.

CARSLAKE W WOOD.—Many thanks for game and notice.

D A (Dublin).—We may make use of your contribution in our next number, but are a little doubtful whether it is not too difficult for the purpose.

A H LEAKEY.—In what locality do you seek a club? You could not do better than join the City, which includes players of all classes.

W HEITZMAN.—Neat; but not strategical enough for publication. Try again.

W GLEAVE.—Your problem can be solved by 1. Q to Q 2nd (ch), followed by 2. R to K 8th, &c.

D M'COY.—*Rather too easy.* Try and give Black more strength. D. Nutt, Strand, supplies all foreign chess publications.

G W LENNOX (Cardiff).—Most acceptable.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2328 received from E Bohnstedt (Berne) and F Clark (Torquay); of No. 2329 from J Bryden, W Von Beverhoudt, J F, and Laura D; of No. 2330 from E Bohnstedt, J Blakie, Dr F St. W H Hayton, Dr Fraser (Totnes), D Gay, H Barley, J Bryden, G Ashwell, John G Grant, P C (The Hague), and W F Payne.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2331 received from Thomas Chown, E London, R Worters (Canterbury), J Blakie, C E P, Hereward, Bernard Reynolds, Dawn, Martin F, A Newman, J Goad, Howard A, Jupiter Junior, E Casella (Paris), T Roberts, Julia Short, Dr F St. L Desanges, LL.Col. Lorraine (Newcastle), G J Veale, Charles Worrall, T G (Ware), Shadforth, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), F C Cook (Reading), J Bryden, W Heitzman, W E Cartwright, W von Beverhoudt, G U (Manchester), G W B Brodie, W F Payne, J T Tucker (Leeds), T H Wilson, J T W, Blair R Cochrane, Arthur H Emanuel, A W Young (Tettenhall), R F N Banks, Ruby Rook, R H Brooks, W H Hayton, E Phillips, E Lucas, Percy Ewen, and W Hillier.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2329.

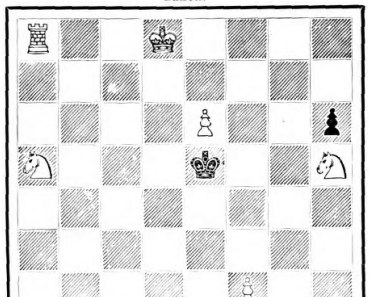
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to Kt 7th	P to K 8th
2. Kt to Q 7th	Any move
3. Mates.	

This problem can also be solved by 1. Kt to B 7th, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2333.

By W. BIDDLE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS AT PLYMOUTH.

Game played at Plymouth Chess Club between Mr. CARSLAKE WOOD and the Rev. H. C. BRIGGS in a tournament for a silver cup.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Rev. H. C. Briggs).	BLACK (Mr. Wood).	WHITE (Rev. H. C. Briggs).	BLACK (Mr. Wood).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	opponent. By this brilliant stroke he loses two pieces, both of which would have been saved by 15. K to Q 2nd.	
2. Q Kt to B 3rd	K B to Q B 4th	15.	Q takes B
3. P to K B 4th	P takes P	16. Q to Q 3rd	P to K B 4th
4. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 3rd	17. Castles (Q R)	P takes R
5. K Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	18. Kt takes P	Kt to K 2nd
Black has not opened well. The K P should have been preserved by 3. P to Kt 4th. The move adopted gives White a manifestly superior game.		19. K R to K sq	Castles
		20. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to K Kt 4th (ch)
6. B takes P	Q B to K Kt 5th	21. K to Kt sq	Q Kt to Q B 3rd
7. R to K 2nd	P to K R 3rd	22. Q to B 4th (ch)	K to R sq
8. P to K R 3rd	B takes Kt	23. R to K B sq	R to Q Kt sq
9. B takes B	Q to R 5th (ch)	24. Kt to Q 5th	Kt to Q R 4th
10. P to K Kt 3rd	Q takes B 3rd	25. Q to K 4th	Kt to B sq
Made wholly in the interest of the enemy.		26. R to K B 5th	Q takes P
11. P to K 5th	P takes P	27. Q R to B sq	Q to Kt 3rd
12. B takes P		28. Kt to K 7th	Q to R 2nd
P take P wins Black's Q R without further ado.		29. P to R 4th	R to K sq
12.	Q to K 3rd	30. Q to Q 5th	R takes Kt
13. B takes Q Kt P	Kt to Q B 3rd	31. Q to R 8th	
14. B takes R	Kt takes Q P	White must be complimented on the ingenuity with which he loses the game. It would have been difficult to fritter away a won position in fewer moves.	
15. K B to K 4th		31.	Q takes R,
White vies in generosity with his		and White resigns.	

The handicap at Simpson's is making fair progress, with Messrs. Lee and Pollock leading. Each have won six and lost one; but they are closely followed by Mr. Gibbons with five and a half wins, and Mr. Bird with five, to their respective credits.

A match between the chess clubs of the Railway Clearing-House and the London and North-Western Railway, played at the rooms of the former on Dec. 6, resulted in a victory for the home team by nine games to five, two being drawn.

The Zukertort Chess Club played a match against the Thistle Chess Club on Dec. 5 and proved victorious by five games to one.

The following problem gained the first prize in the Andrews Tourney, in the *British Chess Magazine*, by Jan Kuhre:—

White: K at Q R sq, Q at K Kt 3rd, R's at K B 2nd and K B 8th, P's at Q 3rd, Q B 4th, Q R 4th, Q Kt 5th and K 5th.

Black: K at Q 2nd, B at K R 6th, P's at K 2nd, Q B 4th, Q R 4th, and K 5th. White to play and mate in three moves.

On Thursday, Dec. 6, Mr. Blackburne gave an exhibition of simultaneous play at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, St. Giles's-street, under the auspices of the Norwich Association Chess Club, against twenty-nine picked players of the district. Mr. Blackburne played at a great rate, and finished his task in exactly four hours, with the splendid record of twenty-six games won and three drawn. The result was received with applause. The gentlemen who secured draws were Messrs. Herbert W. Dawe, A. Hegwood, and G. Meachen. Mr. Blackburne also paid a visit to the Plymouth Chess Club on Dec. 12, where he gave his usual blindfold séance against eight opponents, six of whom he defeated and drew against two. Being the first exhibition of the kind in Plymouth, it attracted a large and interested crowd of spectators.

Mr. Edward James Castle, Q.C., has been appointed Recorder of the city of Winchester, in the place of Mr. Mackonochie, who has resigned upon being appointed a county-court Judge.

The Rev. H. L. Thompson, M.A., Rector of Iron Acton, Gloucestershire, has been nominated by the trustees to be Warden of Radley College, in succession to Mr. Wilson, who has been appointed Warden of Keble College.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

Once more the flight of Father Time has brought round the season of holly, and the "mistletoe bough" decks the walls, and (in a Pickwickian sense), "more convenient" localities in the homes of the land. Perchance few of us give a thought to the debt we owe to the world of plants at the season of Yule. Holly and mistletoe are inseparable from the folk-lore of Christmas, and the forces, tendencies, habits—call them what you will—which have evolved the greenness of these plants, have contributed much to the grateful associations of the time. When other forms of vegetation have died off or are sleeping out the winter's chill, the holly, with its green and red, and the mistletoe with its equally attractive if quieter and more subdued hues, remain with us to remind us of hopes and aspirations extending far beyond the season of the snow. I think there is a tacit reflection cast from these plants into human life, bidding us be of good cheer, advising us to tide over the wintry side of life, and inspiring us with hope for the future. The old associations of mistletoe and holly abide with us as part and parcel of our social life, and unconsciously affect us by their tale of life and vitality when most things else are quiescent and still, and give no sign of life at all. Away back in the history of the Gauls, we know how the mistletoe played its part in the mystic rites of that race. On the sixth day after the first new moon of the year we can see, in our mind's eye, the two white oxen placed for the first time under the yoke, and the High Druid, in his white garments, golden sickle in hand. We can see him cut the mistletoe from the oak, and behold the plant reverently received in a white cloth as it falls. Then comes the sacrifice of the oxen, and the distribution of the sacred leaves to the people. All these things, ideas, and ceremonies have long passed away, and have become merged in that "illimitable azure of the past" which receives so many of the hopes and fears of the human race; but mistletoe remains with us—a symbol of the reviving year about to dawn, and a promise of the new life which the advent of the spring will proclaim.

That something of the lower nature often commingles with higher things is, unfortunately, a fact of life that needs no new illustration. Mistletoe is a "parasite" on apple and oak, and parasites belong to the groundlings among life's children. There is no nobility in the character of animal or plant which attaches itself to another living being, either as a lodger or a boarder, or in the double capacity of an unbidden guest. Plant-morals, like animal-morals, are often of the grossly utilitarian type. If a living being is cunning enough to take life easy by absorbing the food which another child of life prepares for its own use, the parasite doubtless benefits by its assumption of the rôle of unwelcome guest. But "the whirligig of time brings in its revenges." There is a stern decree of that implacable female, Madre Natura, which declares that parasitism includes the lowering of the form which sacrifices its vital independence to luxurious comfort and inglorious ease. In animals, legs, stomachs, eyes, and other belongings are swept away when the parasite, attaching itself to another animal, is found to have no use for the organs of free and normal existence. This is the penalty of parasitism everywhere—degradation and backsliding in the vital scale. Yet in our mistletoe there is one redeeming feature. Parasite though it may be, it has still a saving clause in its botanical character. I have before me a piece of an apple-tree's branch. It has been cut through dexterously enough, and the relations of a sprig of mistletoe which has attached itself to the bough are rendered clear and distinct. The mistletoe is not merely a lodger on the apple; it is a boarder likewise. Like certain dissatisfied tenants now-a-days, it insists on holding to its landlord, while it declines to pay rent in any shape or form. Into the substance of the apple-tree, the parasite has dipped its sucking roots, and a whole array of these roots is seen in my section, serving to drink up into the mistletoe-plant the sap which the apple-tree has made and elaborated for its own use. There is no intermingling here of parasite and prey. It is an attachment pure and simple for purposes of lodgment and food.

If you go back in mistletoe-life perchance you may trace the beginning of this curious habit. The berries of mistletoe, when examined closely, are seen to contain a very glutinous fluid. The ripe berry is, in fact, a mass of vegetable gum, which is developed in the rind or covering of the fruit. This gum is part and parcel of a distinct purpose in mistletoe-life. When the birds attack the berries and liberate the seeds, the latter, falling on the bark of trees, adhere thereto by aid of the natural glue they contain or possess. This is the first step in the act of parasitism. The bird acts as the unconscious distributor of the mistletoe-seeds, and the plant, which has tacitly bargained for this conveyance (through its offer of a free breakfast-table to the bird), then works out its own life-purposes. Once settled on the bark of the tree, the mistletoe-seed, in virtue of its inborn instinct, appreciates its surroundings. In the earth, where a respectable seed is at home, it would perish and die. On the apple-tree's bark it is in clover. It has found its haven, and now makes the most of its chance. Germination of the seed is soon set up, and then the radicle, which is simply the youthful root, penetrates the bark of the tree, and seeks out a special layer of the stem of its host. This is the layer, near the bark, through which the sap ascends. Now, this fluid forms what botanists call the "crude" sap. It is on its way, in other words, to become perfected in the leaves of the apple-tree. Once in the leaves of its own proper maker, the sap would acquire all the properties which fit it for the nourishment of the plant. Why, then, does the mistletoe select the imperfect sap of its host, in place of drawing from the tissues of its prey the perfect material?

The answer to this question brings us back to that remark of mine wherein I declared that a redeeming feature existed in the constitution of the mistletoe-bough. Our parasite has not passed quite to the depths of life's degradation after all. It still harbours a habit of food-making which constitutes a saving clause in its moral character. For the crude sap which it absorbs by aid of its roots passes into the mistletoe's own frame, and there undergoes a further elaboration. Into its leaves pass the undigested products of the apple-tree's work, and in the leaves the stolen sap is made fit for nourishing the parasite's own blossoms, and for developing the berries and seeds which are to lay the foundations of the new mistletoe race. The green leaves of our parasite also teach us that it may and does do something more in the work of food-making. Green leaves always mean a power of absorbing from the air the carbonic acid gas which forms part of the food of every green plant. Your colourless mushroom will have none of this gas; it is a more dainty feeder, and demands something of the animal dietary. Mistletoe, perchance, is on the way to lower things. Parasitism seldom remains a stable habit of life; and if the forces of Nature work out their end—as, apparently, they have done in other plants—there may dawn a far-off Christmas season when mistletoe, having lost its leaves, and parted with the last evidences of its independence, will no longer remain to cheer the heart of man, or to grace the social life of Yule.

ANDREW WILSON.

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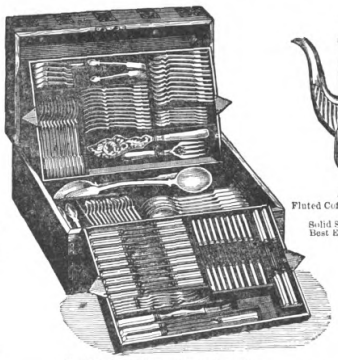


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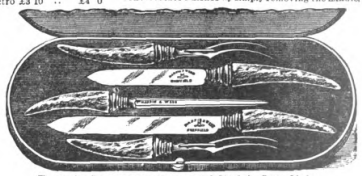
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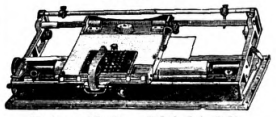
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

There has recently been a "professional matinée" at the St. James's, so that a few notes on the acting of Mr. Gilbert's new play, "Brantinghame Hall," that is said to be very much improved in every way, may be considered of interest. It is almost time, now, that Miss Julia Neilson should be allowed, under kindly guidance, to think out her characters for herself, to live in them more, to sink her individuality in the woman she personates, and to show more spontaneity and impulse. This handsome young lady has great gifts for the stage—an interesting face, a handsome presence, and a voice that is capable, under proper training, of being very effective. Her acting as Ruth Redmayne appeared to lack sincerity; her art is not as yet touched with any magnetism. She appeals to the admiration of her audience, as Miss Mary Anderson did, but not as yet to their sympathies. Her passion is theatrical rather than true; her grief is deliberate and formal. At present she is an actress of the highest promise; but all who are interested in the early appearance of a young and beautiful lady could have wished her to show some sign of that imaginative and emotional quality that is, after all, of more value to the stage than the best gifts of Nature. In the character of the restless, storm-tost, passion-haunted Ralph, Mr. Lewis Waller made not a step, but a bound, to the front; for he showed to us not the mere exterior or outer shell of a man, but his mind and his heart. He made love with the desperation of earnestness; he hated with the recklessness of despair. If Mr. Gilbert really wanted to show us a man not wholly lost or vile, pining for sympathy and tortured by irresolution; a man whose early errors might have been condoned by a loving woman; a man whose smothered goodness might have been awakened by the touch of a tender hand, then Mr. Lewis Waller certainly conveyed the idea of such a man. He was not at all the conventional stage villain, but a complex composition of good and bad admirably differentiated by the actor. A performance that touches the emotional qualities and stimulates the intelligence of an audience is one surely to be singled out for special observation. It may be asked why is Mr. Lewis Waller so highly praised in some quarters, when to the ordinary observer, perhaps, there is nothing so very remarkable in his performance? So much the worse for the ordinary observer. At any rate Ralph, as presented, is a man, and not a shadow; he is flesh and blood, not a dressed up tailor's dummy. Mr. Waller can make his face evil for the purposes of his art; but his voice mellow with the same design. Now that the stage is crowded—many think overcrowded—with young men of refinement and education, surely it is right to point out an instance where an actor has gone to human nature for his model, and has got inside the character. How easy to make him a stage villain; how difficult to make us sympathise with the buried faith and the expiring sense of honour in the heart of a bad man! A man too weak to resist temptation, too coated with worldly indifference to stray far from despair and hopelessness, but who finds absolution in the contact of women's purity, an angel in a woman's face, is of all characters the most difficult to paint, the most subtle to portray. Mr. Gilbert has, in Ralph, given us a fine and noble picture; Mr. Lewis Waller has realised him with a true sense of art. Mr. Fleet and Miss Rose Norreys can only play the little Gilbertian lovers one way, and that is the correct one. They both understand Mr. Gilbert's satire, and they must know that it is impossible to make the young people natural. No boy or girl ever talked like that except in Mr. Gilbert's comical world: it is a relief that they are comic. Mr. Rutland Barrington and Mrs. Gaston Murray are of great assistance to the play at awkward moments; and a singularly dignified and natural picture of an old conscientious Peer is given by Mr. Nutcombe Gould, an actor of taste and discrimination.

Before we take leave of "Brantinghame Hall," a play that lays itself open to much criticism on the first night, that has been altered and amended in accordance with that criticism, that has been improved as all plays will improve when blemishes are removed and actresses get over their nervousness, it may be interesting to note the sensitive irritability of the most experienced authors. Mr. Gilbert is reported to have taken the extraordinary and quite undignified course of "reporting" one of the critics to his editor and proprietor as if he were some wretched, trembling schoolboy, who deserved a whipping or a caning from a headmaster. This author has peculiar views as to his own power. Not content with writing plays and manufacturing actors and actresses, he would also be at the head of a school of critics, and dictate to them, birch in hand. Autocracy cannot go further than that. He would write his own plays, force artists into his own views of acting them, and insist on how they ought to be reviewed for the family breakfast-table. We cannot believe that the public, or editors, or anyone else will follow Mr. Gilbert up to that point. He is a very clever man, but his dictatorship must have a limit; and it will most certainly be drawn at his new theory of ordering from the newspapers the style of criticism that suits him best. He is further said to have announced his firm and fixed determination to write no more plays. Like his predecessor, Achilles, he has gone into his tent to brood in silence over the iniquity of his assailants. He has given to the world his last work, and the theatres are to go into mourning in consequence of this unalterable determination. If Mr. Gilbert were really serious this would, no doubt, be a subject of regret. He has done most admirable work for the stage. Many of his plays will live and are already stage classics. As a humourist he has no rival; as an earnest, pure writer he has set an excellent and honourable example throughout his career. But Mr. Gilbert is not really serious. If we mistake not he announced the same crushing threat when his clever play "Gretchen" was not criticised in accordance with the canons that are most agreeable to him. He has done excellent work since then; and he will do excellent work still when the disappointment that has been caused by "Brantinghame Hall" is buried and forgotten. But the manner in which he expresses his vexation is as unwise as it is ungenerous. Journalists who have as much experience in their craft as Mr. Gilbert has in his are not schoolboys, and, strange as it may appear, their headmasters refuse to order them to the block for castigation. Mr. Gilbert has a masterful mind, and loves to rule; but it would be a bad thing for the stage if critics as well as artists were to be turned out by the dozen from the Gilbertian patent manufactory!

The series of special matinées started by Mr. Beerbohm Tree at the Haymarket has been very successfully inaugurated with the fine old comedy "Masks and Faces," that has been twice performed to brilliant audiences. There must be some relief to long runs, and these matinées will afford very special delight to many earnest playgoers. Mrs. Bernard Beere's Peg Woffington is a very popular performance; Mr. Tree's Triplet a most interesting artistic experiment; whilst Mabel Vane has scarcely before been so delightfully acted as by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, who is rapidly arriving at a very high place in her profession.

Miss Kate Vaughan, in a new version of one of Alexandre Dumas's strongest stage homilies, well rendered by Mr. Campbell Clarke, has been made welcome at the new Grand Theatre at Islington. The heroine of "Love and Honour" somewhat overtaxes the strength of this charming actress, but she shows in it much feeling and no little emotional power. She does not allow the audience to depart without one of her charming and inimitable dances. A trial matinée was given of a wild drama called "Stormcoast," and it is not likely that it will ever be heard of again. That such plays can ever be written, studied, and produced is a marvel indeed.

The command of the Garrison Artillery at Woolwich has been bestowed on Colonel B. Tupper, R.A.

Sir Robert Stuart, Q.C., has been elected Treasurer of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, in succession to Mr. Justice Kay.

The new building at Temple Bar for the Law Courts Branch of the Bank of England is open to the public for general banking business.

Mr. Joseph Smith, of Great New-street, has issued a new and revised edition of his "A B C Guide to London," a capital pennyworth.

The City Lands Committee has decided to demolish Newgate Prison and the adjoining Old Bailey Sessions House. They are the property of the Corporation, though the State possesses rights to their use, for which the Home Secretary is trustee.

The Court of Common Council has resolved to invite Prince George of Wales to take upon himself the freedom of the City, to which he is entitled by patrimony; and also to confer the freedom of the City on Lord Dufferin.

The new American Episcopal church and parsonage at Nice were consecrated on Dec. 13 by Bishop Lyman. The edifice has cost £8000, the whole of which has been subscribed by American visitors to Nice. The parsonage cost £4000.

The French Academy of Science has awarded the Janssen gold medal for discoveries having a direct bearing on the progress of astronomy to Mr. Huggins, of the Royal Astronomical Society of England, who is a corresponding member of the Institute.

Mr. Francis Darwin, of Trinity College, Cambridge, University Reader in Botany, has been elected to a fellowship at Christ's College, where his father, Charles Darwin, the famous naturalist, entered in 1827 at the age of twenty-two. Mr. Darwin's election was not by examination, but is a recognition of the useful work which he has some years been doing in the university.

A clock has been placed in the handsome new Townhall at Trowbridge. Both the Townhall and the clock are the gift of Mr. T. R. Brown. A number of estimates were obtained from various noted makers, and that of J. W. Benson was selected by the architect. The clock shows the time upon two dials of skeleton iron of special design with ornamental centres, and chimes the quarters upon two bells and the hours upon a third one, the total of the three bells being 24 cwt.

The public response to the appeal made on behalf of Guy's Hospital has been so generous—£97,000 having been already subscribed—that the Governors have been enabled to increase the number of four hundred beds, to which the hospital had been reduced. There is every prospect that the Governors will find themselves able to set up the six hundred beds which can be accommodated in the establishment through the incoming of continued contributions.

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For Ladies' Column, see page 758; Wills and Bequests, page 760; Music, page 762.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Here is the children's season again! For the next fortnight or more there will be small time for anything in child-provided homes but studying the amusement of those little happy folk who are privileged by the season to take the first place. The chief compensation for the disturbance of habits, the influx of bills, and the fatiguing obtrusion of one idea in shop-windows and in literature, is the reflection of how children enjoy Christmas. Theirs is rather a mercenary pleasure, and rather a greedy one, it is true; the additions to the stock of toys or other possessions, and the nice things to eat, form—well, maybe ninety-nine per cent of the sum-total of juvenile delight. Perhaps it would be inconvenient if we asked ourselves how much of our pleasure rests on no more elevated grounds. Children enjoy taste so keenly that (short of making them ill) it is worth while to indulge their appetite now and then in season. Would that I could now enjoy anything as erst I did cocoanut candy, strawberries, green peas, lemon ices, mince pies, jam puffs (the three-cornered ones, twopence each at the confectioner's—alas! when one has the taste one has not the twopence; when the twopences are available the savour of the viand has fled!), pine-apple, muscatel grapes, roasted chestnuts, cherry tart and fizzing lemonade! I do not think that all those things can grow or be manufactured now-a-days as they used to be in "the sixties." Something has happened, at all events; and if I had not memories, I could not now discover, seek as I might, what matchless flavours veritably lie in earthly foods. Old Scotch nurses used to say of babes who looked around with great wondering eyes and smiled upon vacancy, that they beheld the angels, who become invisible to older sight. Who knows? The physical senses certainly dull with use. The wild rapture of life's morning can never be regained; and nothing in after years can make up to a man or woman for missing the intenser joys and keener pleasures of childhood. In a word, let us give our children what we may and while we may: with, as a matter of course, that due sense of results and ultimate consequences which true kindness and ordinary prudence require. But it is so great a thing to give happy hours in childhood for memory to store away that I for one will count Christmas as a good season for the children's sake.

Properly brought-up youngsters are made happy with very little; but they much appreciate novelties, which arouse the fresh vivid interest that their minds have at command. There are various alternatives for the familiar Christmas-tree which it is worth while to trouble to get up occasionally for a party. The simplest is to persuade some good-natured young man to enact Father Christmas, who comes in bearing a sack of presents on his back, and clad in an old long overcoat well-powdered (after being sprinkled with water) with flour, intermixed with a little of the glistening powdered glass that can be bought at theatrical costumiers. He should be provided also with a big white wig and long beard, which can be hired for the occasion, or made out of tow if necessary; the face should be well covered, for the disguise and the "fearful joy" of it are half the fun. He should not speak, but should direct the formation of a circle around him and indicate when each child is to approach to receive his gift by signs made with the big branch of holly or fir that he must carry. In these arrangements he would be aided by one or two of the elders of the party.

Another novelty by means of which the presents can be distributed is a snow cave. It should be placed in a corner of a room—preferably another room than that in which the games and dancing are going on—and at the proper moment the children are introduced into the chamber, and then sent, one by one, into the cave. The interior must be rather dark, lit by a coloured lamp or lanterns only, and scented by burning pastilles. There they will, one after another, receive their presents from the Sybil, wrapped in mantle and hood, who inhabits the mysterious recesses. The cave is made up by throwing large sheets over a wooden open framework, which it is easy to construct by tying together a kitchen clothes-horse and two or three broomsticks. A rocky appearance must be given to the outline by padding it irregularly with tissue-paper, pinned on inside the sheet; and these projections can be effectively covered with a thin layer of damped cotton-wool, sprinkled with the powdered glass "frosting powder," so that the whole appearance is like that of a rocky cave covered with glistening snow. Another idea is to have the presents brought into the room in a wheelbarrow, with one or two boys dressed like postmen to distribute them to the rest of the children.

The object of the revision of the rules of the Central Committee of the Woman's Suffrage Society, made at the meeting on Dec. 12, was avowedly to introduce new enthusiasm into the movement. The *Times*, in a "leader" published the day following the meeting, declared that the real intention was to "bring the women's suffrage movement into line with Gladstonianism." There may possibly be something in this idea. Certainly, the ladies opposing the revision were mainly Liberal-Unionist and Conservative, while the ambitious young Gladstonian M.P. who occupied the chair played strange tricks with his "little brief authority" in his anxiety to get the new rules through without delay, and the chief speakers in favour of the changes were prominent members of Women's Liberal Associations, one of whom I have myself heard describe women's suffrage as "a fad" which she would postpone to "the interests of the party." But for all the apparently unmistakable indications given by these tokens, the conclusion of the *Times* writer is not fundamentally correct. The prime movers in the revision have no intention of making the fatal mistake of introducing party feeling into what is essentially a non-party question. The object in view in the new rules is bringing into focus the feeling in favour of the political influence and enfranchisement of women which manifests itself in many forms of public work. Women are daily more and more being led to take a share in political action; men are themselves persuading their wives and daughters to join in it. The women thus induced to take an active interest in politics inevitably come to feel the need of the vote to give effect to their views, and to feel also that when they are doing the harder and more noisy and objectionable work of politics by canvassing, public speaking, and organising there can be no valid reason why they should not exercise influence by the far more simple, easy, and ladylike—while also more effective—method of recording their ballot. The new rules of the Women's Suffrage Society's Central Committee propose to affiliate to that society all other bodies and organisations which vote approval of its aims, and to allow them to send delegates in proportion to their subscription to the election of the executive of the Suffrage Committee. If the Primrose Leagues and Women's Unionist Associations do not accept the invitation, given to them equally with Gladstonian Associations, to help in the suffrage movement in this way, it will surely be their own fault. For my part, I am heartily glad to see an active movement of any kind. It is a token of vitality, a presage of speedy progress to success. In political movements there is nothing so much to be dreaded as stagnation; and even if women's suffrage has reached that stage when party leaders are beginning to bid for its control, it is a happy augury and not matter for regret.

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Wait for the "Wonder,"
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Wait, &c.

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Now while we have the chance;
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We must book in advance.
Wait, &c.

And bring that silver case of yours,
Well filled with "Henry Clay's,"
And after luncheon at the "George"
We'll toss for who shall pay.
Wait, &c.

You'll find none the ribbon handle
In any better style
Than the owner of the "Wonder,"
To the task he does each mile.
Wait, &c.

Then, hurrah for Mr. Rumney
And his good old coachman Clark,
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Wait, &c.

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A Special Train will leave Victoria 11.55 p.m., and London Bridge at midnight, Monday, Dec. 24, for Redhill, Reigate, Lewes, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Chichester, Havant, and Portsmouth, (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).
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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1853.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariot of the City of Edinburgh, of the trust, disposition, and settlement (dated May 23, 1883) of Mr. John Clerk Brodie, C.B., late of Idvies, Deputy Keeper of the Signet and Keeper of the General Register of Sasines for Scotland, who died on May 27, at No. 26, Moray-place, Edinburgh, granted to the Right Hon. James, Baron Moncrieff, Charles Bowman Logan, David Wardlow, the nephew, and James Howden, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Dec. 10, the value of the personal estate in England, Scotland, and Ireland amounting to upwards of £139,000.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1885), with a codicil (dated March 1, 1886), of Mr. Philip Thomas Fish, late of No. 18, Highbury-terrace, Islington; No. 7, Philip-lane, E.C.; and Birmingham, who died on Nov. 1, was proved on Dec. 7 by Samuel Bennett, the nephew, and Herbert Clifford Gosnell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £65,000. The testator bequeaths £50 each to the Orphan Asylum at Watford, the Infant Orphan Asylum (Wanstead), Asylum for the Indigent Blind, the National Benevolent Society, the National Life-Boat Institution, the Hospital for Paralysis and Epilepsy (Queen-square), the Deaf and Dumb Asylum (Old Kent-road), the Hospital for Incurables (Putney), the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, and the Sea-Bathing Infirmary at Margate; £20 to the Holloway and North Islington Dispensary; £4000 to his nephew, Henry Bennett; £100 and an annuity of £150 to his niece, Ann Fish; £50 each to the children of Charles Francis Yates; £5000, upon trust, for Charles Francis Yates, for life, then to his wife, Louisa, for life, and then to their children; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his nephew, Samuel Bennett, for life; on his death, to his wife, Georgiana; and on the death of the survivor of them, as to the capital as well as the income, to their children, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 16, 1883), with a codicil (dated Oct. 11, 1886), of Mr. Griffith Thomas, late of Park House, Englefield Green, Egham, who died on Sept. 20, was proved on Dec. 6, by Henry Brockholes Thomas, the son, Samuel Hawkesley Burbury and William Walrond Ravenhill, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £52,000. The testator bequeaths £750, all his jewels, personal ornaments and consumable stores, and the use, for life, of his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Martha Thomas; £200 to his son Henry; £100 each to his daughters, Fannie Brockholes Thomas and Charlotte Maude Thomas; £100 each to his executors; £50 each to his son-in-law, Cecil Coward, and to his daughter-in-law, Helen; and gifts of plate and pictures between his children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £1500 per annum to his wife for life; £200 per annum to his son, Henry; £100 per annum each to his daughters, Fannie and Charlotte, and the remainder of the income between his four children, Henry, Fannie, Charlotte, and Mrs. Catherine Elizabeth Coward. On the death of his wife he gives all his estate, and debentures and shares in the Slate Quarry Company, to his son; £2300 each to his daughters, Fannie and Charlotte, to make their share equal to that of his other daughter, Mrs. Coward; and the ultimate residue is to be divided into four parts, one for his son and one each, upon trust, for his three daughters.

The will (dated May 19, 1888) of Mr. John Egginton, late of South Ella, Yorkshire, who died on July 20 last, was proved on Dec. 5 by Arthur Egginton, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £44,000. The testator gives £150 to his brother Robert; £100 to Thomas Holden, Thomas North, Charlotte Charles and Fanny Charles; £100 each to the Hull Dispensary and the Hull Infirmary; £6000 to his daughter Mary Frances Egginton, and £3300 and his house and stables, No. 117, St. George's-square, Pimlico, to his daughter, Elizabeth Egginton, the testator stating that his said two daughters are also otherwise provided for. The residue of his real and personal estate, including property over which he has a power of appointment, he leaves to his son Arthur absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1869) of Mr. Richard Cockerton, late of No. 83, Cornwall-gardens, South Kensington, who died on Oct. 1, at Winchester, was proved on Dec. 10 by Mrs. Clementina Cockerton, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £39,000. The testator assigns, disposes, and devises the whole of his estate, heritable and movable, real and personal, to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 8, 1887) of Mr. Thomas Alexander Roberts, late of the Manor Hall, St. John's-wood Park, South Hampstead, and No. 22, Throgmorton-street, who died on Oct. 6, was proved on Dec. 10 by Thomas Gilbert Peckham, Charles Hill Devey, and Alexander Roberts, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £34,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, his household furniture, &c., the income, for life, of £6000 Two-and-a-Half per Cent Annuities, his shares in the Gas Light and Coke Company and the London Auction Mart to his wife; £1000 each to his nieces, Adela and Ethel Jenkinson; £3000 to his sister, Mrs. Fanny Jenkinson; £1000 to his daughter, Mrs. Florence Mary Rogers; £500 to his niece, Mrs. Cecil Greenwood; £500 to augment the funds of the Auctioneers' Benevolent Fund; £100 to the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots; £100 to his partner, Mr. Radmill; £600 between his executors; and other legacies. On the death of his wife, he gives his shares in the London Auction Mart to his grandson, Harold Sydney Rogers; and his shares in the Gas Light and Coke Company and £6000 Two-and-a-Half per Cent Annuities, to his daughter, Mrs. Florence Mary Rogers. He devises his freehold property in Praed-street, upon trust, to pay £100 per annum to his sister, Mrs. Fanny Rogers, for life, and then to his grandson, Harold Sydney Rogers. The residue of his property he leaves to his said daughter absolutely.

The will (dated June 15, 1886) of Mr. Robert Taylor Heape, late of Highfield, Rochdale, Lancashire, who died on Nov. 18, was proved on Dec. 8 by Benjamin Heape, Robert Taylor Heape, and Richard Heape, the sons, and Robert Welburn, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £31,000. The testator gives £50 each to his daughter, Sarah Heape, his daughters-in-law, Annie Heape and Jane Isabella Heape, and his sister-in-law, Lizzie Heape; £100 to Robert Welburn; and he specifically bequeaths all his household furniture, plate, pictures, &c. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to £6000, part thereof, to his daughter, Sarah Heape, and the remainder thereof between his sons, Samuel, Benjamin, Robert Taylor, and Richard, and his grandson, Robert Grundy Heape, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1887) of Miss Rebecca Gray, late of No. 27, Kensington-gardens-terrace, who died on Nov. 17, was proved on Dec. 4 by Spencer Perceval Butler, the nephew, Edith Oxenham, the niece, and Richard Melville Beachcroft, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £28,000. The testatrix bequeaths £4100 to her nephew, Edward Gray; £1100 each to her nieces, Ellen Augusta Gray, Kythe Louise Gray, and Mrs. Florence Whyley; £520 to her sister, Mrs. Rachel Charlotte Oxenham; £300 to Edward Oxenham; £100 to Spencer Perceval Butler; £100 to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; and legacies to her relatives. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves as to one half thereof between Edward Gray, Ellen Augusta Gray, Constance Gray, Kythe Louise Gray, and Mrs. Florence Whyley; one quarter thereof to her nephew, Spencer Perceval Butler; and the remaining quarter to her sister, Mrs. Rachel Charlotte Oxenham.

Mr. Henry Bodkin Poland has been raised to the rank of Queen's Counsel.

The chairman of the Executive Committee of the South London Polytechnic Institutes has recently received the following donations:—Sir Edward C. Guinness, £1000 (being a second donation of that amount), Mr. Howard Morley, £500 (payable in five years), the Rev. G. F. Whidborne, £200; Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, £105; and Messrs. Peek and Frean, £100.

In the course of an address to the girls of Exeter High School, on Dec. 15, the Countess of Portsmouth referred to the spread of the High School system, and rejoiced that its flourishing condition was of value not merely to one class but to many grades of society, inasmuch as it gave a liberal and cultured education to the children of the residents of different social positions and varied fortunes. There might be errors, fallacies, and impracticable ideas among the executive of the system, but these were being rapidly removed, and great results were in store for them.

The extraordinary popularity of our spirited contemporary, *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, which circulates widely throughout the realm, has acted on its attractive Special Christmas Number, which is going off "like wildfire." No wonder. For fourpence the reader secures in this bright Christmas Number one of the most charming Coloured Prints of the season in "Come under the Mistletoe," several right pleasant pictures in black and white, and quite a budget of entertaining reading, provided by favourite authors for the Christmas Holidays; prominent among the original stories being a powerful dramatic romance of the South African Diamond Fields, "Diamonds led; Hearts are Trumps," by John Latey, junior; and Mr. George R. Sims's droll farcical tale of "Tinkletop's Crime." With its cheery Christmas pictures and photographs of the contributors into the bargain, this annual is one of the best to wile away a railway journey with.

M. Govi, an Italian savant, has presented a paper to the French Academy of Sciences, in which he claims for Galileo the distinction of having discovered the microscope as well as the telescope. He has found a book, printed in 1610, according to which Galileo had already directed his tube fitted with lenses to the observation of small near objects. The philosopher himself stated, shortly after this date, that he had been able to observe through a lens the movements of minute animals and their organs of sense. In a letter, written in 1614 to a Signor Tarde, he states that he has with his microscope "seen and observed flies as large as sheep, and how their bodies were covered with hairs, and they had sharp claws." The date usually assigned to the discovery of the microscope is 1621, and the invention is attributed to Cornelius Drebbel, a Dutchman; but according to M. Govi the date must be thrown back eleven years, and the credit of the first construction awarded to Galileo.

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MUSIC.

The tenth of the present series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace—and the last of the year—took place on Dec. 15, when Dr. C. Hubert Parry's oratorio, "Judith," was performed. Having spoken of the work in detail, on the occasion of its production at the Birmingham Festival last August, and having noticed its repetition at the Novello Oratorio Concert at St. James's Hall on Dec. 6, slight mention of its performance at the Crystal Palace will suffice. The principal solo vocalists on this occasion were Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. B. M'Guckin, and Mr. Brereton. As before, the several groups of choruses, with their varied dramatic character, proved especially effective. Dr. Mackenzie conducted the performance.

The third concert of the present season of the Royal Choral Society (and last of the year) took place at the Royal Albert Hall, on Dec. 15, when Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata, "The Golden Legend," was performed. The great and wide-spread popularity which the work has obtained since its first production at the Leeds Festival of 1886 sufficiently attests the value of the composition and the prevailing good taste which recognises it. It is needless again to expatiate on merits that are now so generally known. The principal solo vocalists on Dec. 15 were Mesdames Nordica and Belle Cole, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Henschel.

The last of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts of the year took place recently. The programme, which contained no novelty, included a repetition of the "Suite," from Herr Grieg's characteristic music to "Peer Gynt," previously given at Mr. Henschel's first concert of the series.

The second of Herr Waldemar Meyer's grand orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall included Dr. Mackenzie's violin concerto, that by Beethoven, and a movement from one by Spohr, in each of which the concert-giver displayed special executive merits. A new overture by Dr. Stanford was produced; it is entitled "Queen of the Seas," and is a piece of "programme-music," composed for the centenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. It contains some very spirited and effective orchestral writing, a strong contrast being obtained by the incidental use of a solemn old English psalm-tune. Other features of the concert call for no specific mention. Dr. Stanford conducted, with the exception of Dr. Mackenzie's concerto, which was directed by the composer.

The Heckmann quartet party gave the second concert of their present series at Princes' Hall recently, their programme on this occasion having comprised string quartets by great masters, in which the admirable ensemble of the executants was notably displayed. A feature of the concert was the excellent rendering, by Madame Haas and Herr Bellmann, of Beethoven's Sonata, for piano and violoncello, in D (Op. 102).

Simultaneously with the Heckmann concert, the third of Madame Essipoff's pianoforte recitals took place at Steinway Hall. The programme was of varied interest, drawn from composers of the past and present periods. Her performance of Schumann's Fantasia in C, and shorter pieces by modern composers, formed a brilliant display of executive skill.

M. Falcke (from Paris) gave a pianoforte recital at Steinway Hall, on Dec. 14, when he displayed great technical skill in the execution of a series of pieces, especially of those of the modern brilliant school.

Effective concerts have recently been given by the Guildhall School of Music, the Royal College of Music, and the Hyde Park Academy of Music; in each case the progress of the students having been satisfactorily demonstrated.

The Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall are suspended for the usual Christmas interval; the Saturday afternoon performances associated with them being intermitted after the concert of Dec. 22. At the previous afternoon concert (on Dec. 15) Madame Néruda resumed her position as leading violinist after her recent indisposition. Miss Zimmermann was the pianist. At the last evening concert of the year—on Dec. 17—Brahms's charming "Gipsy-Songs" were repeated, and they were announced for repetition on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 22, again, with Madame Henschel, Miss Lina Little, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Henschel as vocalists; Miss Fanny Davies being the pianist at both concerts.

The approach of Christmas and the preparations for the entertainments and amusements which prevail at that festive season, cause the usual temporary subsidence of musical activity. Some of the principal serial concerts (as mentioned above) are suspended for a more or less brief period. Of the arrangements for the early weeks of the new year we must speak hereafter.

The earliest important Christmas performance of "The Messiah" was that of the second Novello Oratorio Concert of the series, at St. James's Hall, on Dec. 18.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company will begin its annual season at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, on Dec. 31. The list of singers includes many well-known names, among them being those of Mesdames Georgina Burns and Julia Gaylord, Miss Fanny Moody, Mr. B. McGuckin, Mr. F. Celli, Mr. Leslie Crotty, besides several artists who will make their first appearance. The répertoire of the company now includes a large number of classical and popular operas, recent important additions being English versions of Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable" and "L'Etoile du Nord," and Halévy's "La Juive." These, and Wagner's "Lohengrin," are among the approaching performances at Liverpool.

MARRIAGE.

On Dec. 1, at St. Philip's, Earl's-Court, S.W., James Robert, only child of Mrs. Mahlah Addyes Scott, of 6, Cambridge-gate, and Watlinghope Manor, and Norbury, Salop, and Great Barr, Ware, to Lizzie, daughter of the late Mrs. Maurice, Pension Müller, Bonn, Germany.

DEATHS.

On Dec. 2, at Ryhope Hall, in the county of Durham, John, the beloved husband of Eleanor Robson, aged 76.

On Nov. 16, at her residence, Rose Hill, Bowdon, Cheshire, Margaret Bower, eldest daughter of the late Major Bower, of High Grove, Cheadle, Cheshire, formerly of the Breck, near Liverpool.

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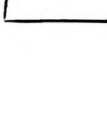
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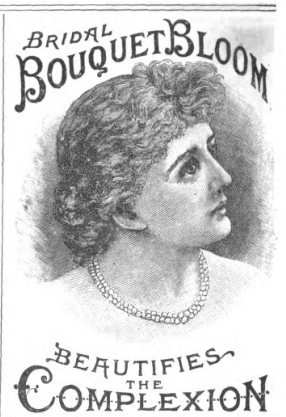
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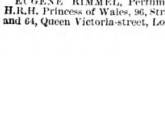
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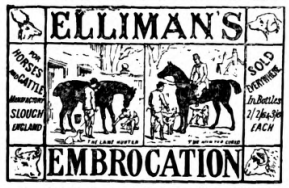
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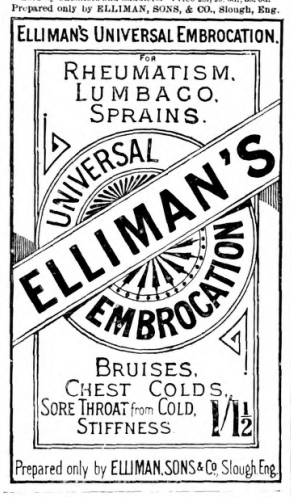
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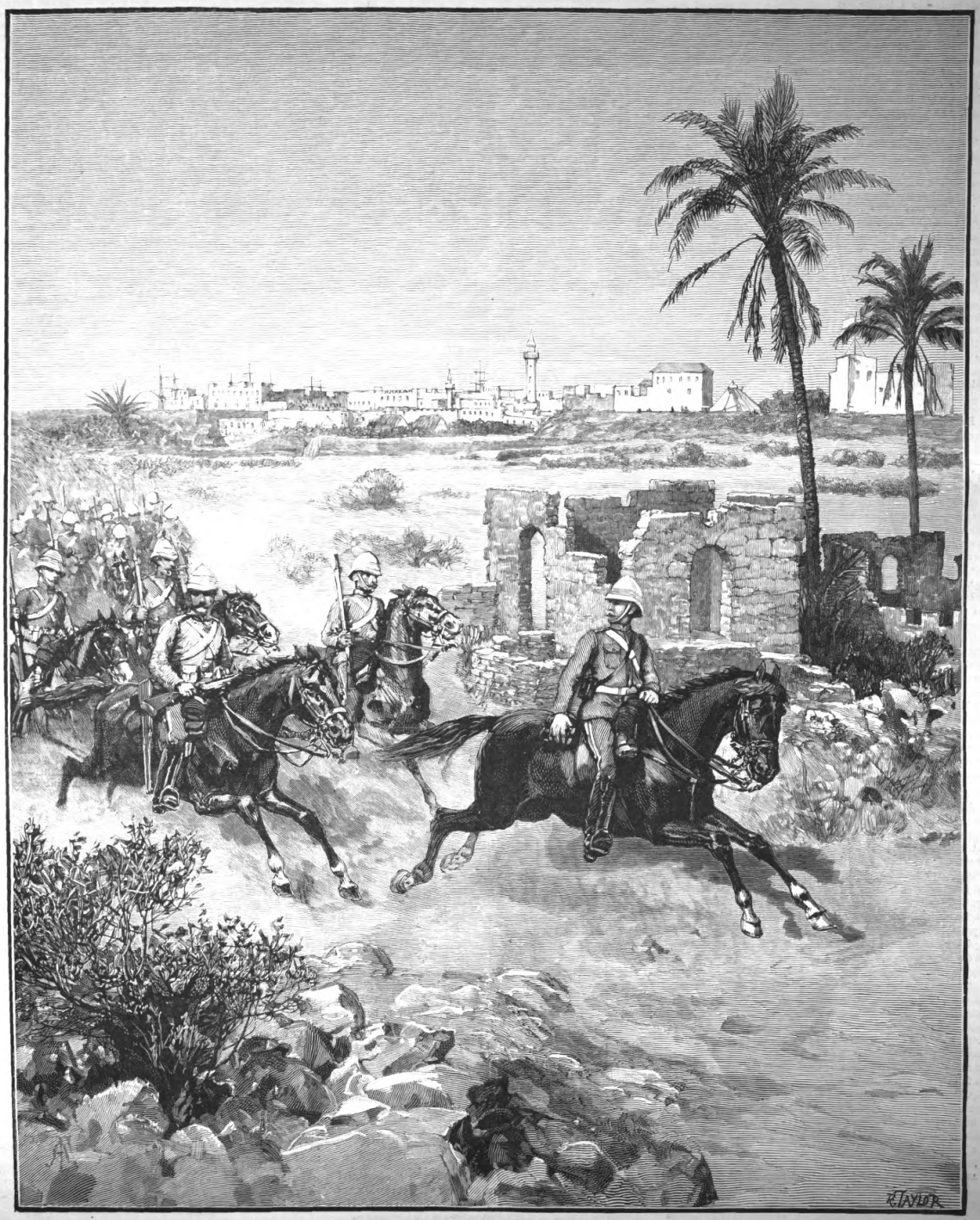
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CAVALRY GOING OUT ON A RECONNAISSANCE AT SUAKIN.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In reading Cooper's "Prairie" the other day for the first time these many years, I came upon a literary coincidence that I have never seen commented upon. It is with no object of belittling a great genius that I here allude to it—for the cuckoo-cry of "plagiarism," so common in these days, is to me a discordant note—but merely to show how the same fine idea sometimes strikes two noble minds. In the affecting scene that describes the death of "the Trapper" in extreme old age, whom we knew in youth as Deerslayer, and in maturity as Pathfinder, he is made to depart exactly as Colonel Newcome; not indeed with *adsum*, but with a similar reminiscence of the past upon his lips. "For a moment he looked about him, and then, with a fine military elevation of the head and with a voice that might be heard in every part of the assembly, he pronounced the word 'Here!'" His remembrance of his military service is obviously quickened by the presence of Middleton, himself a soldier, and with whose grandfather (in "The Last of the Mohicans") he had served the King. The whole scene has a beauty and tenderness which escaped me when I read it as a boy. We know that Thackeray was an admirer of Cooper, for he wittily describes the character of "Leather Stocking" as better than any in "Scott's lot"; but whether some fleeting recollection of this incident suggested the end of the good Colonel is more than doubtful. He had probably forgotten it altogether, as indeed had I; the similarity is what the excellent Paley calls (though in another sense), "an undesigned coincidence."

There are one or two things I wish people would not do at Christmas time, just for once. I wish they would abstain from printing (fortunately in most cases in some unintelligible type upon a scroll) the words, "Christmas comes but once a year, *and* when it comes it brings good cheer." A more illogical conjunction was never penned. If Christmas came every day it would be reasonable enough, and the whole statement be significant of a plethora of food. It is, however, an infrequent festival, and when it does come should be proportionately enjoyed. "It is a poor heart which never rejoices," is its true parallel. "Christmas comes but once a year, *but* when it comes it brings good cheer" is the proper phrase. Also I do entreat my good friends at Christmas time and the New Year not to wish me "The compliments of the season;" is it not enough that nine-tenths of the good wishes expressed by our fellow-creatures for one another upon these festive occasions *are* compliments, without this frankness of saying as much. Say "Heaven bless you!" my dear friends, send me oysters, send me cheques, but don't wish me "The compliments of the season."

Even if the strange story of the skeleton of the baby "wrapped in Cloth of Gold" found in Edinburgh Castle, and put back again (like Sir Thomas, in the ballad, into the fish-pond) had turned out to be correct, it would probably not have made much difference to the succession of the English Crown; but what a satire it would have been upon the Divine Right of the Kings, and all the consequences that have flowed from it! For my part, I have never much believed in "blood," and have a rooted conviction that one baby is as good as another; but fancy if it had been Rizzio's baby (and the Stuarts were always a dark race) that had been substituted for the dead heir! To think of the loyalty, and life-blood, and treasure that, in that case, would have been wasted on the offspring of an Italian organ-grinder, makes the head go round as though one were listening to that very instrument. To use the language of the satirist, it would, indeed, have been "a most tremendous go," because so much would have gone with it. Fortunately, the baby in the Cloth of Gold—a little tarnished by this time, one would think—was out of it; there could have been, at least, no change of infants as happens in the novels, or else at this moment we might be entertaining the rightful heir to the British monarchy unawares, or perhaps refusing to entertain him, and even disputing the liability of one's parish so to do. My Stars and Garters (or *his*, if he only knew!), the whole subject is really too appalling; and yet in the history of the world—even if that of England has been free from them—there must have been scores and scores of such mock dynasties.

An American critic of the graver sort has published a lament that marriages in fiction are not as they should be; he complains not that so many roads in story should lead to matrimony, but that the wayfarers who join hand in hand at the altar should be so often characters unsuited to one another. "Swaggering blades are united to lovely, but pious, maidens; and profligates find eternal favour in the eyes of serious and dignified womanhood." He hopes to see all this altered, and nobody made a husband in a novel who is not worthy of that respectable position. But surely as long as novels pretend to be pictures of real life this can never be. The best of men do not (to begin with) always make the best of husbands, or, if they do, women do not think so. For his purpose of illustration the critic has taken extreme instances of dissimilarity; but some difference of taste and character adds zest to the matrimonial bond. "Jack Sprat could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean," and so between them they made a satisfactory meal and without waste. It is quite true that nothing is more hopeless and deplorable than for a good woman to think she has a mission for the conversion of a bad man by marriage; but she falls into a plight almost as miserable when she marries a prig. A saint, again, is charming in his proper place—a niche in the church wall—but, I venture to think, not in the bonds of wedlock; to be righteous overmuch is, indeed (though I have been fortunate enough myself in matrimony), a fault generally obnoxious in a husband. When a male and female saint wed together, it is possible, indeed, that all may go well; but such unions are so uncommon, that, like the tenth place in decimals, they may be almost "disregarded." A marriage, on the other hand, of two very pronounced sinners (which would seem to find favour with the critic), may, indeed, save a couple of saints, who might have otherwise intermarried with them, from persecution (which, however, is the proper lot of saints), but is likely to produce a progeny very injurious to mankind at large. Upon the whole, I think novelists are right in following the example set by both sexes in real life, and uniting their heroes with heroines after a pattern different from their own.

M. Charcot, one of the Jury of the Faculty of Medicine in Paris, in complimenting a young lady who had obtained her doctor's degree, has passed anything but a compliment on her sex. Women, he says, pass their examinations, when they do pass them, even more satisfactorily than men; but what will be always a bar to their success is that they have no real love of their proposed profession. "What they aspire to is the first rank, the most prominent posts, the most lucrative offices"; and what they dislike is the humble and unpleasant, but necessary, service of humanity such as is given by the hospital dresser. To my mind, there never was a more unjust accusation. I know nothing of hospital life; but in that of the home, women shrink from none of those horrors of the sick-room from which man, in his sensitive delicacy and pure self-ishness, blenches appalled; and it seems incredible that those who choose the nursing of the sick as their profession should be less resolute than their lay-sisters. It might be added (but that a joke is seldom well received by the softer sex) that it is notorious that women are fond of "dressing." I am myself devoted to them; but if they have a fault, it is that they cannot bear the least touch of the dart of ridicule. Even the feather end of it—its mere tickling—turns the Graces into Furies. This makes me very cautious in treating any of these "Women's questions," which are (I am given to understand) rending the civilised world, in a light vein; I am not musical, and have no ambition to share the fate of Orpheus. Let me say, then, in all seriousness, that the three articles on "The Progress of Women" that have appeared in the *Universal Review* for December are as good as anything that has yet been written on that subject. There is, however, a touch of pretence here and there. When the topic is education, the style of the pleasant paper on Somerville Hall is so unbrokenly serious that it reminds one of the too-enthusiastic actor who blacked himself all over for Othello; even the play of its students, we are told, "has a meaning and a purpose in it." Hockey is one of their games; and only think of playing hockey with a stick and a bung—and a purpose! There is also much interesting information in another paper about the new employments opened to women; and what is especially noteworthy in the article on their legal status is that Man is for once not treated in it as an antagonistic animal—the acts (of Parliament) he has of late years performed to his own detriment and the advantage of the female meeting with generous acknowledgment. How it should ever have entered into the heads of our Minervas that we *were* hostile to them is inconceivable to anyone who has witnessed an action for breach of promise of marriage. No woman would ever prefer a jury of matrons for *that* inquiry, I am well convinced.

M. Carnot is held by some of his countrymen to have an eye not only "fixed, glassy, and lugubrious," but maleficent—an evil eye. They don't say which eye it is, but it must be "a piercer." When he went officially to look at Savoy, the river, we are told, overflowed its banks; and when he visited Fontainebleau there were fires. To blow hot and cold in the same breath is a trifling feat compared with this evocation of two antagonistic elements by a glance of the eye. Can he not be persuaded to close it, and use the other one? In Scotland the belief in the evil eye is common enough, but the sovereign remedy against it—twisting a branch of the mountain ash with the hair of a cow's tail—is, fortunately, within reach of the majority of the population. Psychologists tell us that the superstition simply arises from the influence of the eye of any "masterful" person, who is also inclined to be what the vulgar call "nasty"—i.e., malignant—which impresses the weak-minded. Cæsar Borgia was a gentleman of this stamp; Tamerlane's eyes were so terrible in their expression that out of a delicate consideration "he abstained from looking too earnestly on those who conversed with him;" and our own Edward I., though exceedingly handsome, had eyes that seemed to scorch those who looked at them. All these were credited with the evil eye, but to accuse the mild and gentlemanly M. Carnot of possessing it is as outrageous as to charge some innocent wet nurse with bewitching the cows.

The rage for cheapness in literature is becoming a nuisance. If you buy what is called a "standard" work, it is an even chance that it has been "pruned," like a standard rose, not, however, to get rid of any redundancy, but in order to decrease its supply of "copy," and therewith the expense of production; and, unhappily, it is not every editor who labours in the literary vineyard that understands the thinning of grapes. Moreover, it is not such a bargain as it looks, to buy a book for sixpence, printed in such small type that when you have got through it you find it has cost you your eyesight. I am the last person in the world to care for the externals of a volume, but I like it to be what it describes itself to be on its titlepage, and fit for ordinary eyes to read. All else is leather and prunella (or, more likely, paper covers), but these are essentials. Yet now, as if the contents of our book-stalls were not cheap enough, we have "lending libraries" in the trains. For the aristocratic passenger by the Pullman car to Brighton I see that "select" books are appropriately provided on loan, and also note (not without satisfaction) that they steal them. Of course they do. What can you expect of people who have plenty of money and yet will not spend a shilling on a railway journey upon literature?

There are few writers who can handle the supernatural without making either themselves or their subject ridiculous; but Mrs. Oliphant is one of them. She has proved it in "The Beleaguered City," but still more conclusively in "The Land of Darkness." When I first read it, it struck me as the finest article ever written in a magazine; and its impression is no less favourable in book form. A good judge of letters once told Anthony Trollope that his "Editor's Tales" showed his genius more than anything; to which he replied that nobody (he meant, of course, in comparison with his novels) had read them. It is quite possible that fewer people will read "The Land of Darkness" than the novels by the same author, but those who do will be the wiser for it. She seems in it to give rein to those powers which, as Lucas Malet points out in a recent admirable criticism of her works, she is too apt to restrain. We see in it, for once, her great resources—not the mere current coin with which she is so free, but her deposit account. The narrative is enthralling, in spite of its melancholy nature, and seems to have something of inspiration in it—like a supplemental leaf of the Scriptures.

THE COURT.

The Queen, who is in good health at Osborne, takes walks and drives daily. A special service was performed in the chapel at Osborne on Dec. 19, in memory of the late lamented Prince Alexander of Hesse, whose funeral took place at Darmstadt the same day. The Queen, the Empress Frederick, and Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia attended, and all the members of the household; the Rev. Arthur Peile, M.A., Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty, officiating. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Clerk, arrived on the 22nd from Darmstadt, having crossed over from Portsmouth in H.M. yacht Alberta, Captain Fullerton. On Sunday morning, the 23rd, the Queen, the Empress Frederick, and Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service; the Rev. Canon Duckworth, D.D., Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty, officiated. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne arrived at Osborne on the 24th; and on Christmas Day the Queen, the Empress Frederick, and Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg attended Divine service in the morning; the Rev. Arthur Peile, M.A. (Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty), officiating.

The Prince of Wales honoured the Marquis De Santurce with a visit recently at Wadhurst Park, Sussex, for two days' shooting. The Prince and Princess of Wales received Count and Countess Deym at Marlborough House on Dec. 20 on Count Deym being accredited as Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at the Court of St. James. Their Royal Highnesses subsequently received the Spanish Ambassador on his departure from London, upon being transferred to the Embassy at Rome. The Duc de Chartres visited the Prince and Princess and remained to luncheon. The Prince on the 21st unveiled the statue of the Duke of Wellington, executed by Mr. Boehm, and erected opposite Apsley House, in the presence of a numerous and influential company. The Princess, accompanied by Prince George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, left Marlborough House for Sandringham. Prince Albert Victor, attended by Captain Holford, arrived at Marlborough House from visiting Lord and Lady Wimborne at Canford Manor, Dorsetshire. The Prince was present on the 22nd at a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History). His Royal Highness, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, left Marlborough House for Sandringham. On Christmas Eve the Prince and Princess and their family were present at the annual distribution of beef to all the labourers on the Royal estate. The Prince and Princess, with Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and the three Princesses, were present on Christmas morning at the service at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, the church being seasonably decorated. The ladies and gentlemen of the household were in attendance. The Rev. F. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, Domestic Chaplain to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Chaplain to the Queen, officiated and preached.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

"*La reine le veult!*" Welcome, indeed, was this ancient formula to all legislators who heard it delivered, after Royal sanction had been given to the Appropriation Bill and the final batch of measures, in the House of Lords on the Twenty-fourth of December. Not for thirty-six previous years had Parliament sat in the last month of the year. The relief of separating the day before Christmas Day was indubitable. The number of Peers present was few; but a goodly gathering of hon. members followed the Speaker to the Upper House. In their robes of scarlet cloth and ermine and ancient hats, the Royal Commissioners—Lord Halsbury, the Earl of Coventry, the Earl of Kintore, Lord Colville, and Lord Esher—sat in front of the Throne, and contributed a brilliant bit of colour to the scene in the gilded chamber.

The Queen's Speech, read with exemplary clearness by the Lord Chancellor, was of marked brevity, considering the extraordinary duration of the third Session of her Majesty's Twelfth Parliament—a Session which began on the Ninth of February. The Royal Address opened, not unnaturally, with an expression of the Queen's "great satisfaction in being able to release you from your protracted labours." Her Majesty then regretted that the Fisheries Convention with the United States had not "commended itself to the judgment of the Senate," but trusted that the "temporary arrangements" adopted would "prevent any immediate inconvenience arising from this decision." A reference to the Convention for the abolition of the sugar bounties was succeeded by this congratulatory allusion to General Grenfell's dashing action at Souakim: "The dispersion of the besieging forces has been effected by a brilliant military operation on the part of the Egyptian troops, supported by a British contingent." Our co-operation with Germany to establish a naval blockade of the part of the Zanzibar coast in a state of insurrection was justified on the score of "the renewed vigour of the slave trade" in that quarter. The next paragraph was devoted to the success of the Black Mountain and Sikkim expeditions in India, and to a statement that Ishak Khan's rebellion in Afghanistan had been subdued by the Ameer. Mention was made of the suppression of the rising in Zululand by British troops and the native levies, the disaffected chiefs awaiting their trial before a Special Commission. It was next hoped that the financial measures passed would "materially increase the public resources of the country, without adding to its fiscal burdens"; and claimed that the measures "for extending the functions and improving the machinery of local government in England" were "calculated to increase the loyal attachment of my people to their institutions."

Baron Halsbury added that Parliament was prorogued till the Thirty-first of January. But overworked senators may, with reason, indulge in the hope that the date for reassembling may be further postponed to some weeks later.

PICKINGS FROM THE POTTERIES.

"Man is an animal what collects things." Such is a child's definition of Creation's lord. It does not differentiate him from a jackdaw; but it is sufficiently correct for the object of this paper. A "china-maniac" is the name given by rational and sober Philistines to those who gather around them the vases of "Chelsea" and "Sèvres," and the services of "Worcester" and "Crown Derby"; to whom the figures of Dresden and Bow are more than real men and women, and who sigh for the lost glories of "Plymouth" and "Bristol," and are ever ready to dispute the actuality of "Lowestoft." But the ridicule of two centuries leaves the china-maniac's position stronger than ever. The method in his madness has satisfied British commercialism, and he is safe. But what can be said of the Pottery-maniac?

Prescription has not yet rendered his title to sanity indisputable. Are the assiduous collectors of Staffordshire figures and cottage faience; the proud owners of vermilion stags with yellow spots; the proprietors of blue dogs, green sheep, and purple rabbits; the cupidinous hunters of the dainty salt-glaze tea-pots and the tortoise-shell and agate wares of Whieldon and his contemporaries,—are these to go down to posterity unwept, unsung, unknown?

The infancy of an art is frequently its most interesting, occasionally its most fortunate, period. To watch, a century later, how ideas began to formulate, and scientific and empirical knowledge grow, has always been of interest to the few; and these few have formed the collections which stimulate others, and cause the fiercest competition among the cognoscenti. Collectors are the links which connect the present and the past: they may be rusty, they may be cracked, but they are indispensable.

Pottery does not seem to have made much progress in England before the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries.

The rough, many-handled "tygs," most English of all the potter's work, the posset-cups and candlesticks made of coarse earthenware and rudely decorated with quaint devices and pithy proverbs, standing out in relief in colours of bright orange and yellow, made no pretence to elegance or refinement. They represent the coarse jocularity or rude loyalty of the old English potter. The fearful and altogether counterfeit presentments of William III., of Mary his Queen, of Anne, and of George I., do more credit to his loyalty than to his artistic qualities. A drinking-cup inscribed with some such phrase as "The best is not too good," was given by a potter to the friend and companion of his cups. A cradle of the same rude ware was given to his friend's wife upon the birth of her first child. To a woman who was more than usually curious might have been presented the plate, now in existence, upon which is depicted Lot's wife, the pillar of salt, and two angels, while below is the inscription, "Remember Lot's wife. 1727." Allusions to the Bible (not always in the best taste) were common amongst these rude and semi-civilised potters. John Wesley, nearly a century later, experienced very rough usage at their hands.

The "tygs," to which reference has been made, were drinking-cups of coarse clay, whose chief characteristic was found in the handles, of which there were never less, and generally more, than two. Whether the word is derived, as it has been suggested, from the Latin *tegula*, a tile, or from the Anglo-Saxon, *tigel*, which also means a tile, or anything made of clay, does not signify here. The word is local, and apparently used in Staffordshire and the Potteries only. Whatever may be its derivation or real meaning the tyg played an important part in the daily life of the Early English potters. Its very shape conduced conviviality. The handles pointed coaxingly every way. Each drinker could carry it to his mouth, just as it stood on the table; there was no necessity for him to circumvent it to find the handle. Around its lip, wreathing it, as it were, with an alluring smile, was a convivial adage or a trenchant maxim.

One vessel of common shape, essentially English, and rarely found in the Continental drinking-cups, had two handles only. These were both placed on the same side, near together, but sloping away from one another. Such a tyg would be used by two men when drinking. At a large gathering the tygs would have more than two handles.

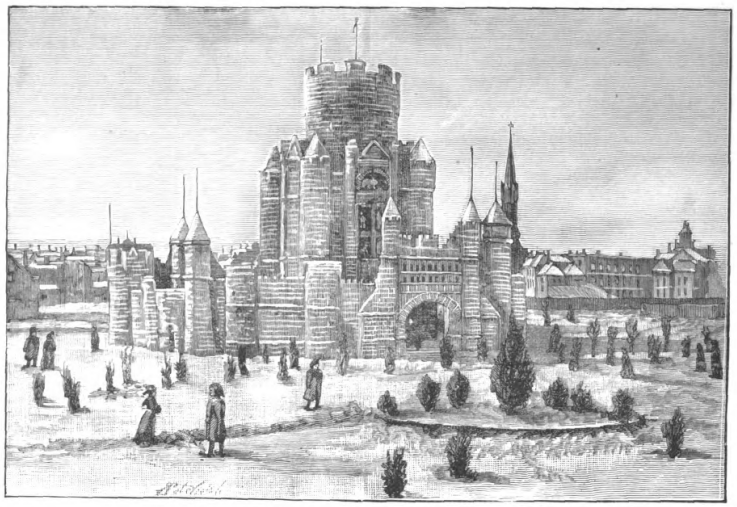
Inside the old Norwegian silver tankards, and the very early earthenware English vessels, pegs or knobs were frequently placed; and the drinkers were limited, at each drink, to the amount of liquor between one peg and another. In the old bouts wagers were often made that one man would drink, at a draught, more pegs of liquor than another. Each man would endeavour, literally, to lower his opponent's record. The expression, "taking a man down a peg" is said to have arisen from this custom. In the later vessels or tygs the handles supplied the divisions for testing the quantity of liquor drunk. These handles were looped down the side, each loop joining the side of the cup at an equal distance from the next. As earthenware became commoner, and consequently cheaper, these sociable old tygs disappeared, and the individual beer-mug, interesting but solitary, took their place.

The Slip ware, as the productions are rightly called, were, perhaps, the earliest English pottery that we can safely attribute to any one maker; unless, indeed, we except John Dwight's Fulham ware. It was often called Toft ware, on account of the names of Thomas and Ralph Toft being found on so many of the plates and dishes of that period. It is, however, by no means peculiar to these men or their family; at least a dozen names are handed down to us on as many dishes. These dishes were in all probability "show" or presentation pieces, larger than those in ordinary use, and only brought out on special occasions. They would therefore run less risk of breakage than the commoner pieces, and have thus come down to us as strange and interesting mementoes of cottage life nearly 200 years ago. The Tofts were a family probably of Dutch extraction who settled in Staffordshire. A number of fine examples of this ware, many of which are now in the British Museum, have been discovered at Wrotham, in Kent.

One of the earliest forms of decoration of plain earthenware was by means of the lines or "slips" of a different colour "trailed" all over the surface of the earthen vessel, in the form of patterns, lettering, or other devices. The ornamentation, in fact, gave the name to the ware. The coloured clay was mixed with water until it acquired the consistency of cream. It was then poured into a bottle with a narrow spout, like a modern oil-can, and the "artist" poured it out into any pattern which he fancied. There was also another method of employing the coloured clay. The dish itself, before firing, and when in a damp state, was pressed down upon an "intaglio" mould, which left the pattern standing out in relief. The coloured clay was then poured in a liquid state all over the depressed portions up to the level of the raised ones, thus giving a coloured ground to the dark pattern. There is a candlestick of this ware in the Jermyn-street Museum, dated 1649, which is probably the earliest dated piece known; but there is no doubt that this sort of ware was in use at a much earlier date. It is not known whether it was first made at Wrotham or in Staffordshire; but there seems no doubt that the Wrotham potters had more idea of form, while the Staffordshire "Tofts" showed more power of illustration. The examples of both are numerous in the British and South Kensington Museums. Slip ware is still made in some districts for the commonest sort of pans and pipkins. In Switzerland and other parts of the Continent the lover of rich colours and mere "decorativeness" may obtain for a few pence what pounds cannot procure for him in England. *Verbum sapientibus*, this is a ware which it is not hard to imitate, and collectors should be cautious.

One of the best known collectors of Early English pottery, and the author of a charming and useful work on the subject, showed the writer a fine two-handled posset-cup, for which he had paid pounds, and which (there was a twinkle in his eye as he told the story against himself) his own pupil had manufactured, and then "planted" in a cottage in the country. The ruse succeeded, and the posset-cup stands amidst its ancient and genuine prototypes—a standing reproach to the "zeal" of the collector, which has not infrequently "eaten him up." These rude dishes and jars play a most important part in the history of pottery in England. They were the beginning of an art which, culminating at the end of the eighteenth century in the productions of Josiah Wedgwood, brought not only riches, but a world-wide renown to its exponents, and established on the Continent the artistic credit of England.

T. T. G.



ICE-PALACE AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

ICE-PALACE AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

The winter in Minnesota is about the severest of any part of the United States; it lasts fully six months, and the frost registers 40 deg. below zero. Although fatal consequences may follow from prolonged exposure, persons in health, well fed and properly clad, find that the cold is exhilarating, and not nearly so unpleasant to bear as that we have often felt in England. Taking advantage of these conditions, the municipal authorities of the thriving city of St. Paul, on the Mississippi, erect annually, at a cost of many thousand dollars, in the City Park, a magnificent Ice-Palace of fanciful design, usually taking the form of a baronial castle, like that represented in our Illustration. It is formed of blocks of ice, about 30 in. long by 15 in. wide and 15 in. thick, cut from the Mississippi River, which flows through the city. The edifice is about 250 ft. in length, and the main tower has an elevation of 90 ft. Many hundred people can assemble at once within its crystal walls. In the day-time, under the clear cold sky, as the light catches its various salient points and projections, the Ice-Palace is a striking object; but when lit up, as it is at night, with various coloured electric lights, its appearance is truly beautiful. During its existence, a carnival is held in the park by the various snow-shoe clubs and toboggan clubs. As the winter passes away this solid-looking structure slowly and gradually disappears, so that, by the end of April, all that remains of so much magnificence is a pool of water.

THE LAST EXPLORATIONS OF M. DE BRETTES.

M. De Brettes, of whose early travels in the Grand Chaco to the south of the Rio Vermejo a brief account has already appeared, has just returned to Paris from a second expedition, with reference to which he furnishes some interesting particulars to the *Journal des Débats*. Having started from France in May, 1886, intrusted with a mission by the Minister of Public Instruction, he was detained by difficulties of one kind and another upon American soil for sixteen months, and prevented from penetrating into the Chaco. He did not, however, allow this time to be wasted, for he purchased a yacht, and with the help of a French engineer, M. De Boisvier, he completed the hydrographical survey of the Lake Ypa-Carai which had been commenced twenty-seven years before by the English engineers Burrell and Valpy, but interrupted by the Paraguay War in 1864. At the instigation of the Consul of Bolivia, M. De Brettes then entered the Chaco for the second time (Oct. 13, 1887), starting from Apa, on the frontiers of Brazil, and making for Baranquerita (the Northern Chaco). His escort then consisted of fifty Guana Indians and a single native of Paraguay who had resolved to accompany him, and who was nicknamed accordingly by his compatriots "Guapo" (the brave man). But this brave man soon took fright, and fled back to Apa half dead with terror. M. De Brettes thus travelled through the territory of the Guana Indians, who were then at war with their mortal enemies the Chamacocas, and he was himself attacked by this tribe and slightly wounded. He continued his march westwards for six days, suffering terribly from thirst, and he at last reached Bolivian territory, ten days' march from Pilcomoyo, having gone through the hitherto unexplored territories of the Guanas, the Kamananghas, the Banghis, the Neennsemahas, and the Aksseks. During the whole of this difficult march he did not fail to take note of all the important geographical positions, and thus, for instance, he followed for upwards of seventy miles a *senda* (Indian path) which leads from the Rio Paraguay to Bolivia across the Chaco. This was the knotty point of the problem, and M. De Brettes further ascertained that this *senda* runs through a perfectly flat country, and that there would be no difficulty in clearing the road which Bolivia so much desires to make. He also came upon some very curious brick ruins to the right of this Indian tract in latitude 21 deg. 48 min. south, longitude 63 deg. 07 min. west meridian of Paris. The Indians who accompanied him said that beneath the round monuments, like low towers, which M. De Brettes saw, were tombs; but he was unable to verify this, though he extracted from some of the cavities in the ground some fine specimens of pottery similar to those found in the tombs of the Aymaras of Bolivia, whence M. De Brettes concludes that the Incas' dominion must have extended far beyond the Andes. Among the pieces of pottery which he has brought back is a duplicate of what M. Jacquemart describes as the *chef d'œuvre* of American pottery, a vase which is now in the Louvre. In addition to the potteries of the Incas his collection comprises Guanas and Chamacocas vases of modern manufacture and a great number of Indian articles, such as violins, costumes made of feathers, necklaces of all kinds, and arms used for the chase and the battlefield.

The Rev. A. C. Fox, head-master of the Grammar School, Tideswell, Derbyshire, has been appointed head-master of the Reigate Grammar School.

The Duke of Buckingham has again given a remission of 12 per cent to his agricultural tenants.—The Duke of Portland has made a reduction of 20 per cent in the rents due from his tenants on his Lybster estate.—At Earl Cowper's rent audit held at Panshanger, a remission of 15 per cent was again allowed to his agricultural tenants, being at the same rate as for several successive half-years.

Mr. Henry Tate, sugar refiner, of London and Liverpool, has presented £2500 to the Liverpool Institute, for founding four Tate Scholarships, value eighteen guineas; and has also sent to the same institution a cheque for £1750, to provide a scholarship of the annual value of sixty guineas, as a memorial to the late Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, the same to be tenable for two or three years at any college connected with any English University.

There died recently, in the hamlet of Whitington, Norfolk, a labouring man named Robert Woodcock, aged sixty-eight years. Shortly before his death he called his eldest son to his bedside, and told him he was dying. He then handed him the key of a certain box, which had formerly belonged to the sick man's father, and told the son that he would find in the box what he required. On opening the box the son, to his astonishment, found 1900 sovereigns. The deceased had been of very penurious habits, denying himself and family almost the bare necessaries of life. His wife died about three months ago, and in her last illness she was indebted to the kindness of friends and neighbours for articles of nourishment.

According to the Board of Trade returns of the lives saved along British coasts, it appears that during the last statistical year, ending June, 1888, 3166 shipwrecked persons were rescued. More than one-third of these escaped in the boats belonging to the wreck; rather more than a quarter were taken off by other ships or steamers; 443 were saved by Coastguard boats, luggers, and other small open vessels; 374 were saved by life-boats; and 286 were hauled ashore by the rocket apparatus or ropes. Only three persons escaped a watery grave by their own "individual exertion." Comparing these figures with similar data for previous years, it appears that the total saving of life is below the average, though it is considerably greater than was the case in 1886, 1885, or in 1880.

Mr. W. MacGeough Bond, barrister-at-law, Inner Temple, and member of the Cairo Bar, has been appointed to the Judgeship in the native Court of Appeal at Cairo formerly filled by the late Mr. Sheldon Amos.

Kirkstall Abbey, near Leeds, which was recently bought by a company of gentlemen at the Cardigan Estates sale, has been resold to Colonel North for £10,000—the price at which the company bought it—and it has been presented by the Colonel to the town of Leeds, his birthplace.

At a meeting in connection with the National Fruit Growers' League, a resolution was passed, after considerable discussion, emphasising the importance of the movement promoted by the league, in the interest not only of the rural districts but of the larger towns, as tending to the more profitable use of the soil and the more equitable distribution of the population.

In St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, on Dec. 21, the marriage was celebrated of the Hon. and Rev. Edward Lyttelton, one of the assistant-masters at Eton, with Miss Caroline West, younger daughter of the Dean of St. Patrick's. The bridesmaids were Miss Eveleen Dickenson, Miss Mabel Dickenson, the Hon. Sybil Lyttelton, and Miss Mina MacDonell. The service was fully choral. Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, and a large number of guests were present.

THE LATE JAMES SELBY.

The funeral of Mr. James William Selby, late driver of the Brighton "Old Times" coach, took place in Highgate Cemetery on Wednesday, Dec. 19. Eighteen stage-coaches, three private drags, and numerous brakes and broughams, driven by well-known whips, formed part of the procession. The funeral-car was covered with wreaths and floral emblems. The "Old Times" coach was driven by Captain Beckett, accompanied by Mr. A. F. McAdam, Mr. Carleton Blythe, Mr. Broadwood, Mr. Henry Hill, Mr. Walter Dickson, and the guard, Walter Godden. The "Virginia Water" coach, running between Oatlands Park and London, was driven by Mr. R. Falconer. The "Defiance," Bentley Priory coach; the "New Times," running between Guildford and London; the "Perseverance," Dorking coach; the "Comet," Brighton coach; the "Wonder," St. Albans coach; the "Excelsior," Tunbridge Wells coach; the "Vivid," Hampton Court coach; the "Hirondelle" (Hertford), the "Star" (Henley and Windsor), the "Champion" (Canterbury and Margate), the "New Age" (Hampton Court), and the private drags of Mr. Johnson and Mr. David Jenks took part in the procession. The cemetery was reached at half-past twelve. The burial service was performed by the Rev. Arthur F. A. Scholefield, M.A. Among those present at the grave were the Marquis of Ailesbury, Captain Stracey, and Mr. Trollope. Wreaths and floral tributes were sent by the Duke of Beaufort, Lord De Grey de Wilton, the Committee of the Pelican Club, Lord De Clifford, Colonel North, the Hon. M. Sandys, Mr. Seager Hunt, M.P.; Captain Airey, Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, the Marquis of Ailesbury, Mr. S. Freeman, Mr. C. R. Hargreaves, the *employés* of Cowland and Selby, and several well-known actresses. The "Old Times" Brighton coach, it is said, will not run in future, and all the horses will be sold.

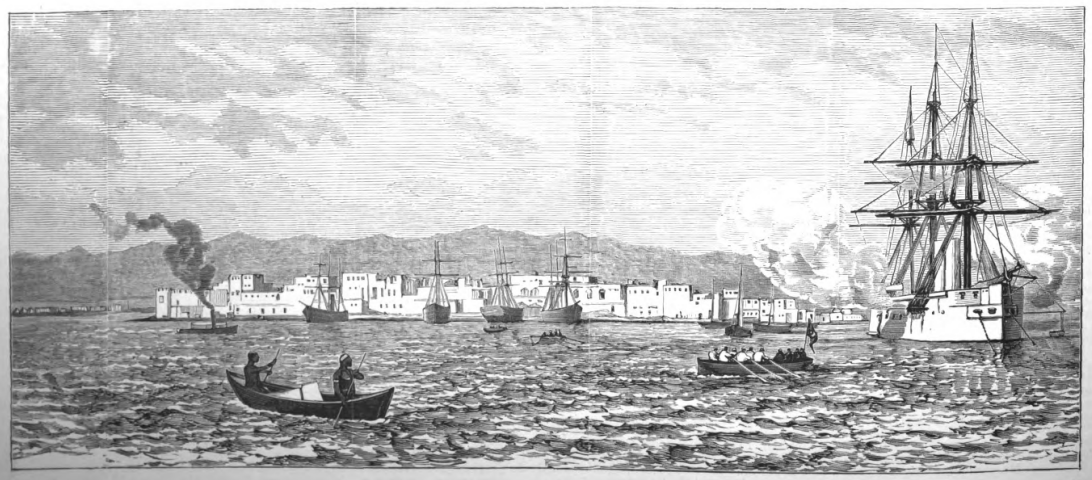
Mr. Laurence Oliphant died, on Dec. 23, at the residence of Sir M. Grant Duff, Twickenham.



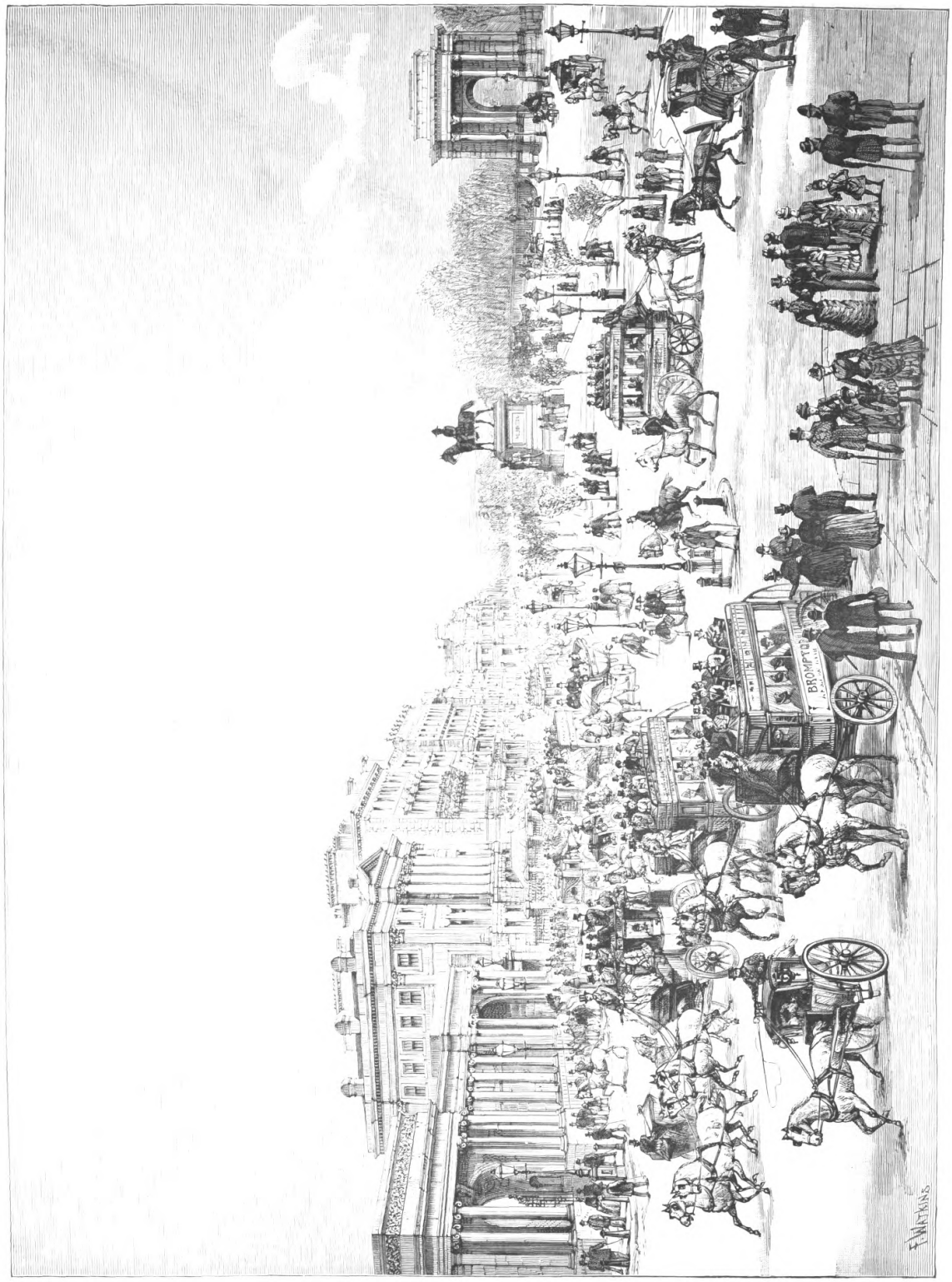
THE LATE MR. JAMES SELBY, WHIP OF THE "OLD TIMES" BRIGHTON COACH.

SUAKIN: DEFEAT OF THE ARABS.

The news of a great defeat inflicted on the hostile Arabs of the Soudan led by Osman Digna who were besieging Suakin, on the Red Sea coast, was received on Thursday, Dec. 20, with much satisfaction. This action had been performed on the morning of that day by the British and Egyptian troops of the garrison under the command of General Sir Francis Grenfell. The troops, numbering about four thousand of all arms, consisted of the Welsh Regiment, under Colonel Smyth, and the King's Own Scottish Borderers, under Colonel Coke; the Mounted Infantry, under Colonel Barrow, with the 20th Hussars, under Major Irwin; the Royal Engineers, under Captain Foley; and two brigades of the Egyptian Army, each of three black battalions, the first commanded by Colonel Kitchener and the second by Colonel Holled Smith; with the Naval Brigade, under Commander May, from H.M.S. Racer and H.M.S. Starling. They were supported by the fire of Fort Gemazeh, which was under the command of Captain Shakespear, and of Fort Shatar, commanded by Captain Jackson; and by that of H.M.S. Starling and the Egyptian steamers Noorbahr, Hodeida, and Damanhour, under Middlemass Bey. At seven o'clock in the morning, the forts opened fire on the trenches where the enemy lay; and the troops moved out, the Black Brigade on the right flank, and the cavalry and mounted infantry covering. The King's Own Scottish Borderers, the Welsh Regiment, and the Egyptian Brigade occupied the embankment between the forts, with the reserve of British infantry, while the forts shelled the trenches with a terrific fire. The enemy held their ground with intense courage till the Black Brigade charged the trenches, which were carried in half an hour. All the positions were occupied, and two guns were captured. The number of the enemy slain was reckoned to be nearly a thousand. The British loss was small. The 20th Hussars charged the enemy's cavalry and



SUAKIN, FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR.



IMPROVEMENTS AT HYDE PARK-CORNER, AND NEW STATUE OF WELLINGTON.

dismounted men, and a hand-to-hand encounter ensued, the enemy losing severely, while the Hussars lost four men killed and four wounded. Lieutenant Brown, of the Royal Irish, was slightly wounded in the arm. The Egyptian troops, who fought most bravely, had about six killed and forty wounded. The enemy's trenches have been filled up and zerebas have been erected on the site, in a strong position. The country for miles round is now apparently clear. The civil population of the town was on the battle-field an hour after the fight, rendering assistance in filling up the trenches. The greatest relief is felt in the town.

The town, the port, and the military fortifications of Suakin have been described on former occasions. The town consists of two parts, one built on a small island near the head of the harbour, and the other built on the mainland, connection between the two being maintained by an artificial causeway. The part on the mainland, known as El Gaff, is defended by a wall, the extremities of which rest on the waters of the harbour. This wall is pierced by four gates and strengthened by seven bastions or forts, and a guard-house. Of the gates the Gazereh Gate, opening to the north, and the Shatar Gate, the main entrance to the town, opening to the west, are those most important. The line of defence beyond the wall consists of six outlying forts—namely, Fort Handoub, Fort Shatar, Fort Gemazeh, Fort Foolah, and Quarry Fort. Fort Shatar and Fort Gemazeh, otherwise known as the Right Water Fort and the Left Water Fort, stand about a thousand yards in advance of the Shatar Gate, and the same distance from one another. These are hexagonal structures of masonry two storeys high. The lower storey is merely pierced with loopholes, access to the building being obtained through a doorway in the upper storey, reached by means of a ladder, which can be hauled up at will by the garrison. Round this upper storey runs a projecting wooden gallery, loopholed for rifle-fire, while the flat roof is surrounded by a stone parapet similarly available. Each fort is strengthened with outlying defences, in the shape of stone walls, trenches, earthworks, and zerebas of cut thorn-bush, and is armed with Krupp cannon and machine-guns. Between these two forts extends a broad and solid earthen embankment, six or seven yards in height. This embankment had been built with the view of checking the flow of rain water coming down one of the main ravines leading from the hills inland, but is now utilised for defensive purposes. A redoubt has been thrown up near its centre to help Fort Gemazeh, which has to some extent suffered from the enemy's fire.

THE HYDE PARK-CORNER IMPROVEMENTS.

The new equestrian statue of the great Duke of Wellington, substituted for that which formerly stood on the arch at the top of Constitution-hill, Hyde Park-corner, nearly opposite his residence, Apsley House, was unveiled on Friday, Dec. 21, by the Prince of Wales. The original statue has been removed to the Long Valley at Aldershott. The arch has been re-erected a few yards to the east of its former position, and now forms an entrance to the Green Park. The statue, which is of bronze, the sculptor being Mr. J. E. Boehm, R.A., represents the Duke seated on his famous horse Copenhagen. His left hand holds the reins, and his right hand holds an open telescope, the arm resting full-length by his side. The pedestal rises from a platform, with steps of Aberdeen grey granite, artistically bordered in grey and red granite, surrounding a centre of mosaic. At the four corners stand, rather above life-size, four warriors: at the north-east, the British Grenadier of the early part of this century; at the south-west, the representative of the Scotch, in a soldier of the old 42nd Highlanders, wearing the kilt; at the south-east corner, an Irish Dragoon; and at the south-west, a Welsh Fusilier. All these are in bronze. The statues were cast by Messrs. Moore and Co., of Thames Ditton. The mosaic was furnished by Messrs. Burt and Co., of Wenman-street. The work of the Hyde Park-corner improvement was carried out by Mowlem and Co., from the designs of Mr. John Taylor, of her Majesty's Office of Works.

The rain came down as the crowd stood watching patiently till a cheer announced the coming of the company, and way was made for the guests of the Duke of Wellington, including the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge (Commander-in-Chief), the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Rutland, Earl Granville, Lord Dorchester, Lord De Lisle, Earl Cadogan, Lord Sudeley, Lord Alcester, Lord Magheramorne (representing the Metropolitan Board of Works), Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, Mr. Plunket, M.P. (representing the Office of Works), Colonel the Hon. Charles Lindsay, Sir F. Leighton, Baron Ferdinand De Rothschild, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Mr. John Taylor (of the Office of Works), and Mr. Boehm, the sculptor. No addresses were delivered, but when the statue was unveiled, the Prince and the company saluted, and the crowd outside raised a responsive cheer. The statue is in exact line with the centre of Apsley House. Our Illustration is a view of the whole ground, looking eastward to Piccadilly.

THE "TRUTH" DOLL-SHOW.

The eighth annual exhibition of dolls and other children's toys, founded by the proprietor of *Truth*, was opened for two days, in the week before Christmas, at the Portman Rooms, Baker-street. It was a various collection of 23,000 articles, many of them ingenious and beautiful, including 3800 dolls, presented by subscribers to that journal, or purchased with the fund raised by an appeal to its readers. These pretty and amusing playthings, some of considerable artistic merit, filled the large hall formerly occupied by Madame Tussand's waxwork figures; and an immense trophy of toys covered the whole of the end wall, from floor to ceiling, and from door to door, arranged with much taste for the display of masses of colour. Upon the long centre table were ranged the home-made, competitive toys, for which money prizes were given. Conspicuous among these was a cleverly-constructed switch-back railway, with its cars filled with passengers, its staircases for exit and entrance, and its attendants and visitors. The switchback was worked by means of cords. The Palace of Truth was another of the home-made toys, representing a picturesque palatial cottage, covered with varnished fir-cones, and having a pillared porch, and flower-boxes, filled with plants, on the ledges of the windows. In the extensive grounds were a conservatory, with miniature red flower-pots within, a rockery, shrubs, garden-seats, a lake with swans, coach-house, and stable, and a tennis-court already marked for a game. In one home-made toy, entitled "A Corner of a Zoo," were various kinds of animals, and a hundred small dressed dolls, some promenading, others riding in the elephant's howdah and on a camel, and some dressed as bandsmen. Another toy reproduced a ward in a children's hospital, with beds, sick dolls, nurses, and picture-hung walls, interspersed with mottoes, all complete. There were fifty large dolls, exquisitely dressed, and originally costing over half-a-guinea each. The smaller dolls were arranged on six enormous pyramids, about 20 ft. high; a grotesque head formed the apex of each pyramid. The large dolls were arranged upon a capacious table, and some of them are represented in our Artist's Sketches. It would be impossible to describe these wonderful dolls in detail. The dolls and toys, and 10,000 new sixpences have been distributed to children in the London hospitals and workhouses.

NAWAB MAJOR AFSUR JUNG.

When the Ameer Abdurrahman, ruler of Afghanistan, in August last, made an arrangement with Lord Dufferin's Government to receive a British political Mission at Cabul for the purpose of discussing affairs, the British diplomatic agents selected were Mr. H. M. Durand, C.S.I., Secretary to the Foreign Department of the Indian Government; Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, Private Secretary to the Viceroy; and Colonel Chamberlain, the Persian interpreter to the Commander-in-Chief; accompanied by Lieutenant Manners Smith, Military Attaché to the Foreign Office; and Dr. Owen. A native Indian member of this Mission was also appointed, namely, the Nawab Major Afsur Jung, in the service of the Nizam of Hyderabad; but the Mission has for some months been put in abeyance, owing to the Ameer of Afghanistan being engaged in his war against the rebellion headed by Ishak Khan, in the provinces north of the Hindoo Khoosh mountains. In the meantime, Major Afsur Jung joined the recent expedition under command of General M'Queen to put down the hostile tribes of the Black Mountain. He is a keen and brave soldier, and did good service as commander of the



NAWAB MAJOR AFSUR JUNG,
One of the British Mission to Cabul.

Khyberee Rifles, being the first officer belonging to a Native State of India who has ever commanded troops in a British expedition. His photograph has been sent to us by Mr. W. E. Hill, of Hyderabad, in the Deccan; and we present the portrait of Major Afsur Jung as a token of that friendly feeling towards the British Indian Empire which was lately so magnanimously expressed by his Highness the Nizam in offering to contribute to the military expenses of our Government, and which is highly appreciated by its rulers.

The Pope delivered a long allocution on Dec. 24 to the members of the Sacred College, who offered their good wishes for the New Year. The whole world, he said, saw how painful his situation was, for even his own person was exposed to the threats of the mob.

The Italian Chamber has passed a vote approving the international and military policy of the Government, and adopted the Bill authorising the Extraordinary Military Expenses.

The Second Chamber of the Netherlands States-General has passed the colonial section of the Budget by 72 votes to 18, notwithstanding a declaration on the part of the Liberal Party of want of confidence in the Minister for the Colonies.

Intelligence coming apparently direct from Mr. Stanley affords a reasonable hope that he is still in safety. Letters dated Aug. 29 have been brought to Zanzibar from Stanley Falls by Tippoo Tib's men, in which it is stated that news had been received the previous day from Mr. Stanley, who was at Bonalya, on the Aruwhimi. He had left Emin Pasha eighty-two days previously in perfect health and with plenty of food. He himself had returned for his rearguard and intended leaving ten days later, presumably to rejoin Emin. All the white men were in good health. Another report, received from San Thomé, the nearest telegraph station to the mouth of the Congo, states that news, which is considered trustworthy, has been received of the arrival of the explorer and Emin Pasha at the Aruwhimi.

The Canadian Supreme Court at Ottawa, in the Canadian Pacific Railway crossing dispute, have decided unanimously that the province of Manitoba had a right to charter the Portage Extension of the Red River Valley Railroad, including the right to cross the Pembina branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway free of all Dominion control save as to the plans of the crossing. This upholds Manitoba in her view of the subject. Much rejoicing is reported at Winnipeg.

The religious celebration on Christmas Day in London was remarkable for the large number of early services which were held, and in many churches the service was repeated at every hour up to noon. Generally the midday service was choral throughout. The congregations at St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the principal London churches were unusually large.—The Queen's Christmas alms were distributed at the Royal Almonry, in Craig's-court, to over one thousand poor persons. The metropolitan and other garrisons throughout the country celebrated Christmas with the usual festivities. At all the hospitals and asylums under the control of the Asylums Board special entertainments were given to the inmates. In the hospitals and workhouses of the metropolis similar provisions were made, and in various districts of London good dinners were given to large numbers of the destitute poor, old and young.

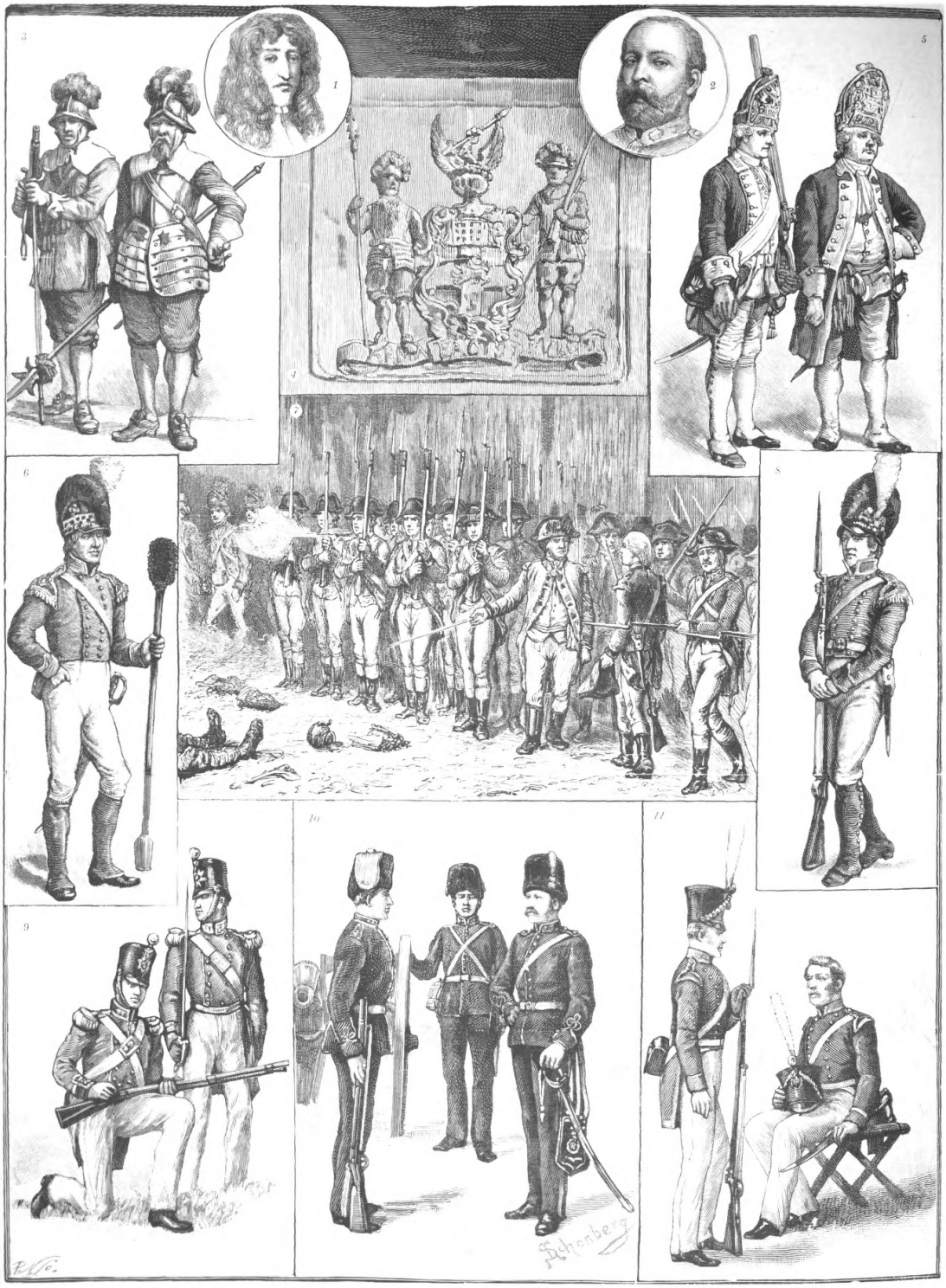
THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

The peremptory and sudden action of the War Office, on Tuesday, Dec. 18, in depriving the Honourable Artillery Company, without previous notice, of the field-battery of guns, and of the rifles and bayonets for the infantry battalion, simultaneously with the Prince of Wales resigning his commission as Captain-General and Colonel, and the Duke of Portland that of Lieutenant-Colonel, excited feelings of alarm and profound regret. It was supposed to be a prelude to the withdrawal of the Royal Warrant constituting the Honourable Artillery Company a regiment, and to its entire suppression and disbandment. The disarmament of the company, effected in such an unceremonious manner, and apparently without any just cause, was felt to be a harsh proceeding. No one, however, could for a moment doubt that the Prince of Wales had acted under a misapprehension of the circumstances, in allowing his resignation of an office which he has held for twenty-five years, to be announced with those of the Duke of Portland and of Lieutenant-Colonel C. J. Borton, late Adjutant of the company. It is only a few weeks since a special General Court of the members—on the recommendation of the Captain-General (the Prince of Wales), and on the advice of the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wolseley, and Mr. Stanhope, Secretary of State for War—resolved that the regiment formed from the ancient company should voluntarily make itself subject to the Act of Parliament under which all ordinary Volunteer corps are enrolled. It became evident, however, that the settlement of the company as a Volunteer corps, but one possessed of property—which, in a Volunteer corps, would vest in the commanding officer—must require special arrangements. At the annual General Court held more recently it was apparent that the members would hesitate to agree unreservedly to complete the resolution previously adopted, unless there were further guarantees that the right of controlling the property and the preservation of the old privileges of seniority over all Militia, Yeomanry, and other Volunteer corps were maintained. A resolution was then passed which, reiterating the willingness of the company to become a Volunteer corps, stated that, in order to preserve the company as a distinct and separate body, it would be most satisfactory to the members if the Parliamentary powers necessary were obtained under a separate Act, other than the Volunteer Act. The company were ready to accept the provisions of the National Defence Act, under which they would be liable to be called out for service whenever the Militia was embodied. The court, however, rejected a motion which proposed to place at the disposal of the commanding officer (the Duke of Portland) the sum of £500 for military purposes, pending the proposed alterations. The court also deferred voting other sums of money for military purposes while awaiting further information; and it is this action of the court which has led to the extreme measures taken by the War Office. We trust, however, that the conferences now in progress between the Secretary of State for War and a deputation from the Court of Assistants of the company will result in an amicable settlement; and that the military organisation of the company will be restored and improved. The deputation is composed of Major Mainwaring Jones, the senior officer; Major Raikes, Major Durrant, Captain Nunn, Captain Pash, and Captain Fry. It may be remarked that the company, apart from military discipline, holds a tolerably independent position. Whatever may be the fate of the Royal Warrant under which the company has borne arms—and which was granted by the Queen at the time the late Prince Consort was Captain-General—the general impression is that the company may still go on as a civil corporation under its charter granted by Henry VIII., and by its authority may hold the properties whose revenues it has hitherto enjoyed.

The historical character of the Honourable Artillery Company, even if there were an end of its military usefulness as part of the Auxiliary Forces, gives it an interest equal to that of other City Companies, which were connected with trades now obsolete, but which are allowed to retain their charters and corporate property. From this point of view, our Illustrations of the different uniforms worn by its members in past ages, the ancient arms of the company, and the portrait of Prince Rupert, who was its Captain-General in the reign of Charles I., show the antiquity of the institution; and the scene copied from an old engraving, in which its troops appear under the orders of Alderman Barnard Turner, the Sheriff of London, putting down the Gordon Rioters of 1780, proves that this company has rendered good service, upon occasion, to the cause of law and order. Its foundation, dating from the reign of Henry VIII., is much more ancient than that of any corps of the regular Army, though it was formed somewhat later than the Royal Yeomen of the Guards and the Gentlemen-at-Arms of the King's Household. Having been suppressed during the Commonwealth, it was revived under Charles II., when its Captain-General and Colonel was James, Duke of York, afterwards King James II. The honorary command was subsequently held by King William III.; George, Prince of Denmark, the Consort of Queen Anne; George, Prince of Wales, afterwards King George II.; George, Prince of Wales, afterwards Prince Regent and King George IV.; King William IV.; the Duke of Sussex; Albert, the late Prince Consort; and his son, the Prince of Wales, who will, it is to be hoped, resume it, as all members of this loyal company desire. The corporate affairs of the company are managed by its Court of Assistants, of which the president is Lord Colville of Culross, a former officer of the regiment; they are elected annually, and admit new members to the company by ballot, who pay an entrance fee and an annual subscription. Every Londoner knows the Armoury, in Moorfields, now City-road, near Finsbury-square, which is the head-quarters of the Honourable Artillery Company—a substantial and dignified building, which contains large and handsome rooms, adorned with portraits and military trophies, and to which a parade-ground of six acres and a spacious winter drill-room are attached. The regiment consists of a troop of light cavalry, an artillery division (both field and horse artillery), and a battalion of infantry mustering six companies, who practise rifle-shooting at their range in the Lea marshes near Tottenham. The cavalry and artillery wear a blue uniform, with scarlet facings; the infantry wear a scarlet tunic, with a bearskin cap, somewhat resembling the Grenadier Guards. The officers of the regiment, below the Captain-General and Colonel and the Lieutenant-Colonel, are usually an Adjutant, two Majors, seven or eight Captains, about twenty Lieutenants, a Quartermaster, an Inspector of Musketry, Surgeons, and a Chaplain. We earnestly hope that the regimental organisation may be preserved. It is well just now to remember that at Boston, in the United States, an American branch of the Honourable Artillery Company, founded in the British Colony of Massachusetts in 1638, is still flourishing; and that the Prince of Wales, following the example of his father, has accepted the honorary membership of that American Honourable Artillery Company, some of whose members have visited England. They would be sorry to hear that the London company had lost any portion of Royal favour.

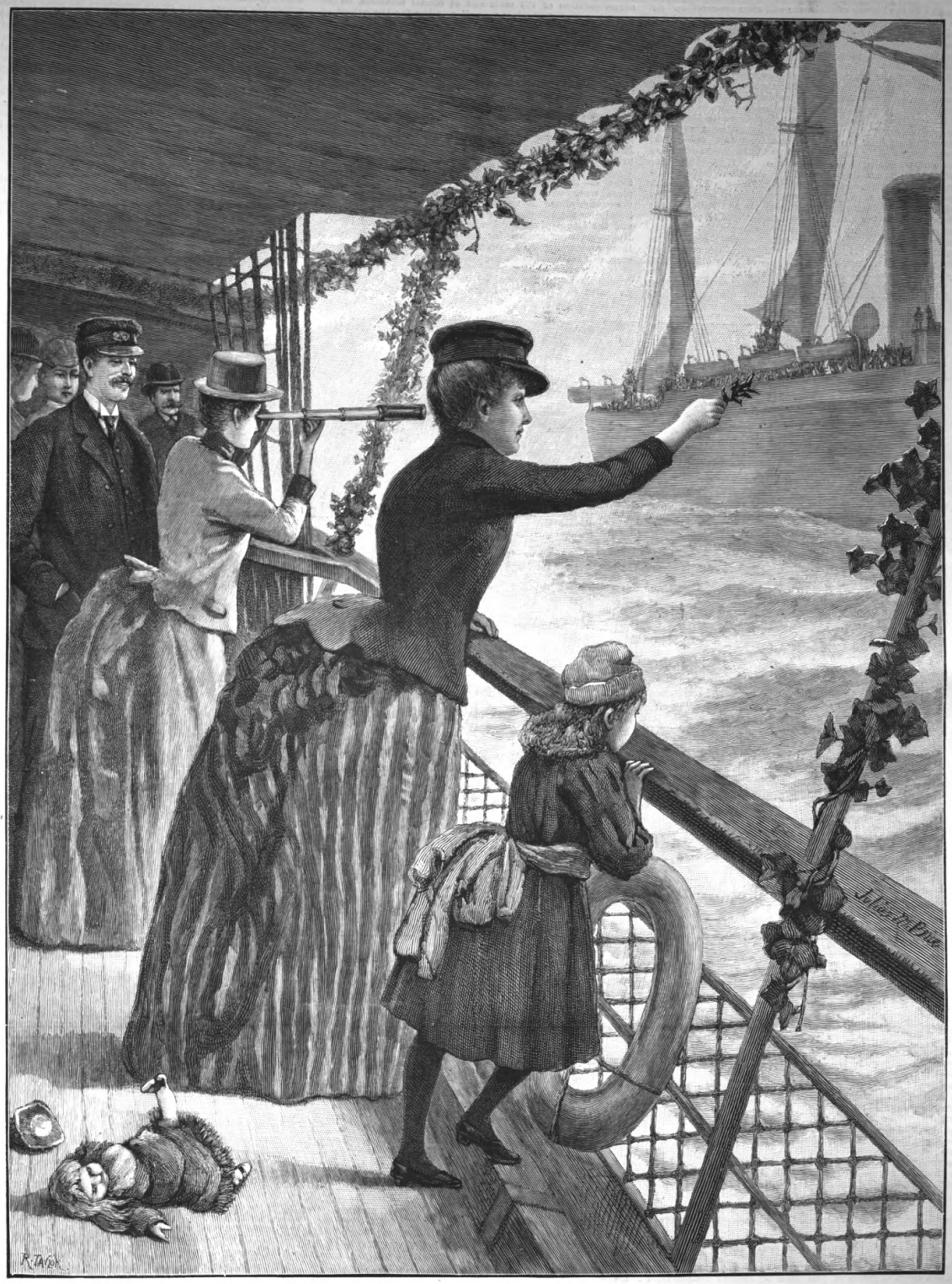


THE "TRUTH" DOLL-SHOW.



1. Prince Rupert, August, 1664.
2. Prince of Wales, 1888.
3. The first Regular Uniforms in the time of Charles I. and Cromwell.
4. The Oldest Uniforms, supporters of the Company's Arms, in cast iron, on
5. Time of Queen Anne and George I. [the stone at Moorfields.
6. Uniform of Artillery Division, 1797 to 1822.
7. Acting under orders of the Sheriff of London in the Riots, 1780.
8. Uniform of Infantry Division, 1797 to 1822.
9. Uniform of Infantry Battalion, 1848.
10. Uniforms of the present time.
11. Uniform of Artillery and Infantry Division, 1822-48.

SKETCHES OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

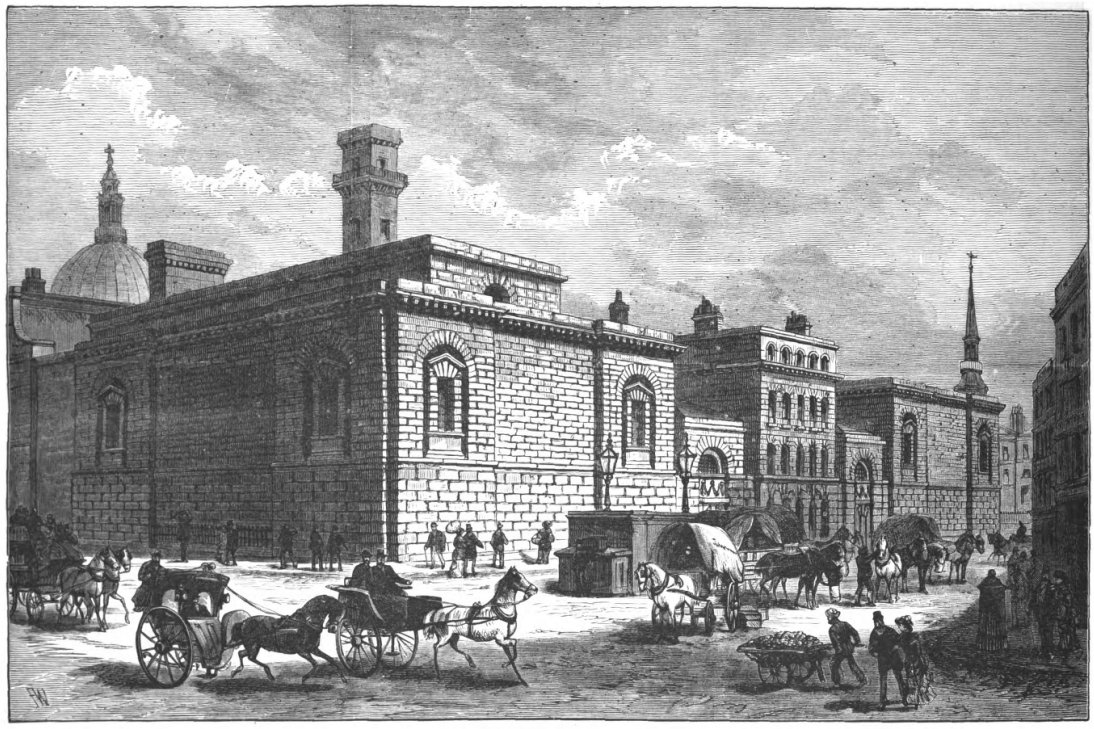


CHRISTMAS GREETINGS AT SEA.

DRAWN BY JULIUS M. PRICE.

NEWGATE PRISON.

The demolition of this building, too famous in the gloomiest chapters of our social history, may be shortly expected. In presenting a view of its well-known front and a plan of the interior, with some Illustrations of different apartments, a few remarks on the history of Newgate will seem appropriate. So far back as the reign of King John, there was a prison here, maintained by the Corporation of the City of London, who had also the Compter, in the Poultry, for the detention of minor offenders, and who, at a much later period, used Bridewell, near Blackfriars, for the punishment of disorderly apprentices and women. The ancient prison at Newgate was destroyed by the Great Fire of London, in 1666; another prison was then erected, which was that out of which Jack Sheppard, the notorious housebreaker, contrived to make his escape in the reign of George II. This building was pulled down in 1772; and the one now standing was erected, in different portions, between that date and 1782, the architect being Mr. George Dance, R.A.; but one part was burnt down, almost as soon as it was built, in the Gordon riots of 1780. The outer walls of granite are three feet thick: the front in Newgate-street is 115 ft. long, and that in the Old Bailey is 295 ft., with a stern, imposing aspect. There are two lodges for turnkeys, and the Keeper's house in the centre of the Old Bailey front; behind which is the chapel. The interior of the prison was re-arranged, in 1857 and 1858, from the designs of Mr. Bunning, the City Architect. The quadrangle, occupied by men convicted of felony, is 124 ft. by 46 ft., and each of the two wings forms another quadrangle; the position of the wards, and of the corridors and galleries to which the cells open, is shown in our plan. There are 168 ordinary cells, each measuring 13 ft. by 7 ft., and 9 ft. high, with a barred window 3 ft. 6 in. high and 2 ft. 6 in. wide; the cells were warmed by hot air; and the furniture was a hammock-bed, slung at night across the width of the cell, a wash-stand with basin, a close-pan, a folding table fixed to the wall, a stool, and shelves of slate. Besides these, there are eight punishment-cells for the refractory, and sixteen reception-cells. The prison is calculated only for the accommodation of 123 male and 45 female prisoners, on the separate system; which is a small number for the extent of the buildings. In former times, before the separate system was introduced, Newgate was horribly overcrowded, and its condition excited the strong disapproval of John Howard. There was no classification of the inmates; criminals and debtors, the old and the young, convicts and those awaiting trial, were confined together; some who had money could bribe the warders, buy liquor, and indulge in drunkenness and gambling; the free conversation, with profane songs and tales of vice, was most corrupting. At one time, nearly 800 persons, of both sexes and all ages, were huddled up in Newgate; and a contagious fever broke out which caused many deaths. Mrs. Fry's benevolent labours were begun among the female prisoners here, of whom there were 150 at that period. By the removal of the debtors to Giltspur-street Compter, some of the grosser disorders were checked; but the place was found unsuitable for any proper course of prison discipline. It was therefore resolved, in 1818, to use it only for the safe custody of prisoners committed for trial; and the House of Correction in Coldbath-fields, and that at Holloway, were erected for penal establishments in which those undergoing their sentence are confined. Newgate, however, still remained in an unsatisfactory state, and the reports of the Government Inspectors of Prisons, from 1836 to 1843, repeatedly urged the need of its alteration. There can be no doubt that the City Lands Committee of the London Corporation have acted judiciously in proposing to demolish the building, which is ill-adapted for its purpose and is not now required, and to make a profitable use of its site. The old associations of Newgate are dismal and detestable; many Londoners can remember seeing murderers hanged over the gateway in the open street, before the Act of Parliament in 1868 which provided that executions should be privately performed within the prison. Five or six persons at the same time were occasionally hanged there, in the "good old days" of the reign of George III. Our Illustrations of Newgate include that of the "condemned cell," for the wretch awaiting his doom on the gallows, and that of the paved passage, where the bodies of men hanged were interred in quicklime under the pavement. The flogging block will also be noticed; its structure combines the pillory with the stocks, as the legs of the patient are secured in two holes of the closed lid of a wooden chest, while his hands are fastened in a frame to which his face is turned; and in this posture, when his bare back feels the nine-lashed scourge, or the birch rod if he is a boy, there is no chance but to endure it as best he may.



NEWGATE PRISON, ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED.

MUSIC.

As usual at this period, musical activity in London is intermitted during the prevalence of Christmas festivities; these exercising a predominant claim on public attention for a while. The latest important performance was that of "The Messiah" at the Albert Hall, announced for Dec. 26, under the direction of Mr. William Carter, with the co-operation of his well-trained choir, and eminent solo vocalists.

The musical aspect of 1889 will be promptly inaugurated, on Jan. 1, by a grand performance of "The Messiah" by the Royal Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby. This will be soon followed by the resumption of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts, the twenty-third season of which will be resumed, at St. James's Hall, with an afternoon performance on Jan. 5. Among the other principal forthcoming events of the month will be the resumption of the Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall on Jan. 7, and the Saturday afternoon performances associated therewith on Jan. 12; the third of the Patti concerts at the Albert Hall on Jan. 8; the continuance of the season of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall, with the fifth evening performance of the series on Jan. 15; the second of the vocal and pianoforte recitals of Herr Heinrich and M. Moor at Steinway Hall on Jan. 16; the production of M. Benoit's oratorio, "Lucifer," by the Royal Choral Society at the Royal Albert Hall on the same date; the third of the Novello Oratorio Concerts at St. James's Hall on Jan. 23; and the usual Burns' birthday celebrations, on Jan. 25, by Scotch concerts at the Royal Albert Hall and St. James's Hall. Subsequent events must be referred to in the order of their occurrence.

The Sacred Harmonic Society—it is stated—is now extinct, the winding-up of the institution having been determined on.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Volume I. of Ricordi's cheap edition of dance music contains a series of pieces of this class by various composers, in the forms of the waltz, galop, mazurka, and polka, all bright and tuneful, and forming a liberal shilling's-worth that will be welcome in many drawing-room circles.

Metzler's "Red Album" is a collection of vocal and instrumental pieces issued (by the well-known firm of music publishers) in shilling parts, well engraved and printed, folio-size. The parts recently published contain, respectively, songs by popular composers, six pieces for violin and piano by various hands, and eight compositions for pianoforte solo. The pleasing character of the music generally, and its freedom from excessive difficulty, should ensure the publications a wide acceptance among amateur vocalists and instrumentalists. Messrs. Metzler and Co. also publish a set of eight original compositions by Mr. H. M. Higgs, for violin and piano, each bearing a distinctive characteristic title, which is well realised in the music. The pieces are well written for the display of each instrument, both in alternate prominence and in combination, and are within the powers of moderately skilled amateurs.

The popularity of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music associated with Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "The Yeomen of the Guard" naturally leads to the adaptation of some of its principal themes for use in the ball-room. This has been skilfully done by Mr. P. Bucalossi, in the shape of quadrilles and waltzes that will be largely welcomed for their tuneful sprightliness. Messrs. Chappell are the publishers.

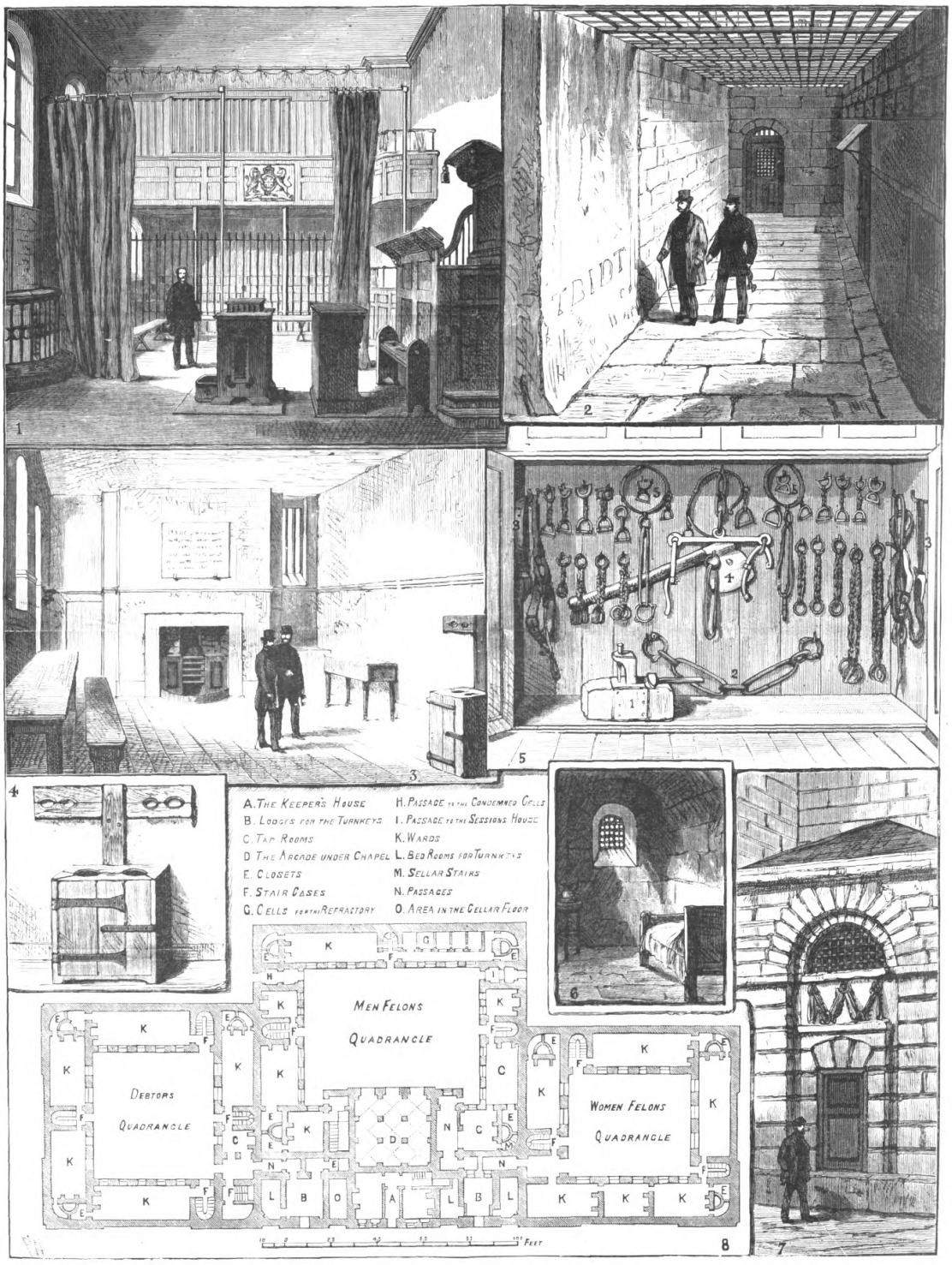
"Twelve Lyrics," by Mr. A. Goring Thomas, are settings of characteristic verses by Harold Boulton, each number bearing a distinctive title which is well realised. Two of the pieces, "Contentment" and "Sunset," are duets; others—"The Viking's Daughter," "The Heart's Fancies," "Voices of Spring," "Under thy Window," "A River Dream," "A Love Lullaby," "The Willow," "A Song of Sunshine," and "The Countryman's Love-Song"—being for a single voice. No. 4, "Time's Garden," is enhanced by a violoncello accompaniment in addition to that for the pianoforte. The music has that melodious flow and expressive grace which distinguish all Mr. Goring Thomas's productions, whether for the stage or the chamber. Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co. are the publishers.

"Bonny Kilmeny" is the title of a cantata composed by Hamish MacCunn to words partly adapted from Hogg's "Queen's Wake." The young Scottish composer has recently gained great and deserved distinction by several works, choral and orchestral, in which a distinctive character is strongly apparent; giving promise of much important work to come from the same source. The cantata now referred to is composed for solo voices (soprano, tenor, and baritone), chorus, and orchestra, and is divided into two parts, each comprising several pieces, choral and solo; in all of which there is much imaginative and interesting writing. The publication of the work with an arranged pianoforte accompaniment brings it within the scope of drawing-room performance, for which it is eminently suited, there being no formidable difficulties to be encountered. Messrs. Paterson and Sons (of Edinburgh) are the publishers, from whom also we have several songs by the same composer. "To Julia, Weeping," "I'll tend thy bower," "The Ash-Tree," "At the mid hour of night," and "I will think of thee, my love" are all far above the average of songs of the day. Without any straining after originality, there is a distinctive character in Mr. MacCunn's songs which should recommend them to a large circle of vocalists, especially as they offer little, if any, difficulty.

"Listening Angels," a song by Theresa Beney (Messrs. Morley and Co.), is a very expressive setting of serious words by Adelaide Proctor. The melody is simple without being commonplace, and the effect may be heightened by the use of an additional accompaniment for the harmonium or organ. If we mistake not, we have previously noticed a very graceful "Minuetto" for the pianoforte by the same lady composer—published by Weekes and Co.

"Songs of the Seasons," and "Song-Fancies" are the titles of cantatas for children; the first composed by Ethel Harraden, the other by Atherley Rush. Each is well adapted for its purpose—to interest very young people, both by the music (which is bright and tuneful) and the verses which it illustrates. Messrs. Forsyth Brothers are the publishers of both cantatas.

Viscount Cross on Dec. 19 presented the Queen's prizes and certificates to the successful students in the Metropolitan Drawing Classes connected with the Science and Art Department and City Guilds. He urged the importance of technical education, which he regarded as of vital interest to the nation.



1. The Chapel (looking South).
2. The "Bird-Cage Walk": the Murderers are buried under the flooring, and on the left is a piece of the old Roman Wall.
3. The Flogging Ward (looking North).
4. The Flogging Block.
5. The Chain Cupboard: inside are—1. The Anvil for working out Rivets. 2. Chains from which Jack Sheppard freed himself. 3. Pinions. 4. Axe, formerly carried before Prisoners at Executions, another version being that it was made for the Cato-street Conspirators but not used. 5. Old Irons. The rest are modern and in use.
6. The Condemned Cell.
7. Gateway over which the Scaffold was erected for Executions.
8. Ground Plan.

NEWGATE PRISON, INTERIOR VIEWS AND PLAN.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT LORD CHANCELLOR.



Rut the Prince of Orange had already landed.

We learned this news next day, and you may be sure that we were in the saddle again and riding to Exeter, there to join his standard.

This we did with the full consent of Madam and of Alice. Much as we had suffered already, they would not deter us, because this thing would have been approved by Sir Christopher and Dr. Eykin. Therefore we went. As all the world knows, this expedition was successful. Yet was not Barnaby made an Admiral, nor was I made a Court physician; we got, in fact, no reward at all, except that for Barnaby was procured a full pardon on account of the homicide of his late master.

My second campaign, as everybody knows, was bloodless. To begin with, we had an army, not of raw country lads armed indifferently and untrained, but of veteran troops, fifteen thousand strong, all well equipped, and with the best General in Europe at their head. At first, indeed, such was the dread in men's minds caused by Lord Jeffreys' cruelties, few came in; yet, this was presently made up by what followed, when, without any fighting at all, the King's regiments melted away, his priests fled, and his friends deserted him. This was a very different business from that other, when we followed one whom I now know to have been a mere tinsel pretender, no better fitted to be a King than a vagabond actor at a fair is fit to be a Lord. Alas! what blood was wasted in that mad attempt!—of which I was myself one of the most eager promoters. I was then young, and I believed all that I was told by the conspirators in Holland; I took their list of well-wishers for insurgents already armed and waiting only for a signal: I thought the roll of noble names set down for sturdy Protestants as that of men already pledged to the Cause; I believed that the whole nation would rise at the first opportunity to turn out the priests; I even believed in the legitimacy of the Duke, and that against the express statement of his father (if King Charles was in reality his father), and I believed what they told me of his princely virtues, his knowledge of the art of war, and his heroic valour. I say that I believed all these things and that I became a willing and zealous tool in their hands. As for what those who planned the expedition believed, I know not; nor will anyone now ever learn what promises were made to the Duke, what were broken, and why he was, from the outset, save for a few days at Taunton, so dejected and disappointed. As for me, I shall always believe that the unhappy man—unwise and soft-hearted—was betrayed by those whom he trusted.

It is now an old tale, though King Monmouth will not speedily be forgotten in the West Country, nor will the memory of the Bloody Assize. The brave lads who followed him are dead and buried; some in unhonoured graves hard by the place where they were hanged, some under the burning sun of the West Indies: the Duke himself hath long since paid the penalty of his rash attempt. All is over and ended, except the memory of it.

It is now common history, known to everybody, how the Prince of Orange lingered in the West Country, his army inactive, as if he knew (doubtless he was well informed upon this particular) that the longer he remained idle the more likely was the King's Cause to fall to pieces. There are some who think that if King James had risked an action he could not but have gained, whatsoever its event—I mean that, the blood of his soldiers once roused, they would have remained steadfast to him, and would have fought for him. But this he dared not to risk; wherefore the Prince did nothing, while the King's regiments fell to pieces and his friends deserted him. It was in December when the Prince came to Windsor, and I with him, once more Chyrurgeon in a mixed army. While there I rode to London—partly with the intention of judging for myself as to the temper of this people; partly because, after so long an absence, I wished once more to visit a place where there are books and pictures; and partly because there were certain notes and herbs which I desired to communicate to the College of Physicians in Warwick-lane. It happened to be the very day when the King's first flight—that, namely, when he was taken in the Isle of Sheppey—became known. The streets in the City of London I found crowded with people hurrying to and fro, running in bands and companies, shouting and crying, as if in the presence of some great and imminent danger. It was reported and currently believed that the disbanded Irish soldiers had begun to massacre the Protestants. There was no truth at all in the report; but yet the bells were ringing from all the towers, the crowds were exhorting each other to tear down and destroy the Romish chapels, to hunt for and to hang the priests, and especially Jesuits (I know not whether they found any), and to shout for the Prince of Orange. I stood aside to let the crowds (thus religiously disposed) run past, but there seemed no end to them. Presently, however (this was in front of the new Royal Exchange), there drew near another kind of crowd. There marched six or eight sturdy fellows bearing stout cudgels and haling along a prisoner. Round them there ran, shrieking, hooting, and cursing, a mob of a hundred men and more; they continually made attacks upon the guard, fighting them with sticks and fists; but they were always thrust back. I thought at first that they had caught some poor, wretched priest whom they desired to murder. But it proved to be a prize worth many priests. As they drew nearer, I discerned the prisoner. He was dressed in the garb of a common sailor, with short petticoats (which they call slops), and a jacket; his cap had been torn off, leaving the bare skull, which showed that he was no sailor, because common sailors do not wear wigs: blood was flowing down his cheek from a fresh wound; his eyes rolled hither and thither in an extremity of terror; I could not hear what he said, for the shouting of those around him, but his lips moved, and I think he was praying his guards to close in and protect him. Never, surely was seen a more terror-stricken creature.

I knew his face. Once seen (I had seen it once) it could never be forgotten. The red and bloated cheeks, which even his fear could not make pale; the eyes, more terrible than have been given to any other human creature: these I could not forget—in dreams I see them still. I saw that face at Exeter, when the cruel Judge exulted over our misery and rejoiced over the sentence which he pronounced. Yea, he laughed when he told us how we should swing, but not till we were dead, and then the knife—delivering his sentence so that no single point of its horror should be lost to us. Yes; it was the face of Judge Jeffreys—none other—this abject wretch was that great Judge. Why, when we went back to our prison there were some who cast themselves upon the ground and for terror of what was to come fell into mere *dementia*. And now I saw him thus humbled, thus disgraced, thus threatened, thus in the last extremity and agony of terror.

They had discovered him, thus disguised and in hiding, at a tavern in Wapping, and were dragging him to the presence of the Lord Mayor. It is a long distance from Wapping to Guildhall, and they went but slowly, because they were beset and surrounded by these wolves who howled to have his blood. And all the way he shrieked and trembled for fear!

Sure and certain is the vengeance of the Lord!

This Haman, this unjust Judge, was thus suffering, at the hands of the savage mob, pangs far worse than those endured by the poor rustics whom he had delivered to the executioner. I say worse, because I have not only read, but have myself proved, that the rich and the learned—those, that is, who live luxuriously and those who have power to imagine and to feel beforehand—do suffer far more in disease than the common ignorant folk. The scholar dies of terror before ever he feels the surgeon's knife, while the rustic bares his limb, insensible and callous, however deep the cut or keen the pain. I make no doubt, therefore, that the great Lord Chancellor, while they haled him all the way from Wapping to Guildhall, suffered as much as fifty ploughboys flogged at the cart-tail.

Many thousands there were who desired revenge upon him—I know not what revenge would satisfy the implacable; because revenge can do no more than kill the body; but his worst enemy should be satisfied with this, his dreadful fate. Even Barnaby, who was sad because he could get no revenge on his own account (he wanted a bloody battle, with the rout of the King's armies and the pursuit of a flying enemy, such as had happened at Sedgemoor) was satisfied with the justice which was done to that miserable man. It is wonderful that he was not killed amidst so many threatening cudgels; but his guards prevented that, not from any love they bare him; but quite the contrary (more unforgiving faces one never saw); for they intended to hand him over to the Lord Mayor, and that he should be tried for all his cruelties and treacheries, and, perhaps, experience himself that punishment of hanging and disembowelling, which he had inflicted on so many ignorant and misled men.

How he was committed to the Tower, where he shortly died in the greatest torture of body as well as mind, everybody knows.

CHAPTER LI.

THE CONFESSION.

Now am I come to the last event of this history, and I have to write down the confession of my own share in that event. For the others—for Alice and for Robin—the thing must be considered as the crown and completion of all the mercies. For me—what is it? But you shall hear. When the secrets of all hearts are laid open—then will Alice hear it also: what she will then say, or what think, I know not. It was done for her sake—for her happiness have I laid this guilt upon my soul. Nay, when the voice of conscience doth exhort me to repent, and to confess my sin, then there still ariseth within my soul, as it were the strain of a joyful hymn, a song of gratitude that I was enabled to return her to freedom and the arms of the man she loved. If any learned Doctor of Divinity, or any versed in that science which the Romanists love (they call it casuistry) should happen to read this chapter of confession, I pray that they consider my case, even though it will then be useless as far as I myself am concerned, seeing that I shall be gone before a Judge Who will, I hope (even though my earthly affections do not suffer me to separate my sin from the consequences which followed), be more merciful than I have deserved.

While, then, I stood watching this signal example of God's wrath, I was plucked gently by the sleeve, and, turning, saw one whose countenance I knew not. He was dressed as a lawyer, but his gown was ragged and his bands yellow; he looked sunk in poverty; and his face was inflamed with those signs which proclaim aloud the habit of immoderate drinking.

"Sir," he said, "if I mistake not, you are Dr. Humphrey Challis?"

"The same, Sir; at your service," I replied, with some misgivings. And yet, being one of the Prince's following, there needed none.

"I have seen you, Sir, in the chambers of your cousin, Mr. Benjamin Boscorel, my brother learned in the law. We drank together, though (I remember) you still passed the bottle. It is now four or five years ago. I wonder not that you have forgotten me. We change quickly, we who are the jolly companions of the bottle; we drink our noses red, and we paint our cheeks purple; nay, we drink ourselves out of our last guinea, and out of our very apparel. What then, Sir? A short life and a merry. Sir, yonder is a sorry sight. The first Law Officer of the Crown thus to be haled along the streets by a howling mob. Ought such a thing to be suffered? 'Tis a sad and sorry sight, I say!"

"Sir," I replied hotly, "ought such villains as Judge Jeffreys to be suffered to live?"

He considered a little, as one who is astonished and desires to collect his thoughts. Perhaps he had already taken more than a morning draught.

"I remember now," he said. "My memory is not so good as it was. We drink that away as well. Yes, I remember—I crave your forgiveness, Doctor. You were yourself engaged with Monmouth. Your cousin told me as much. Naturally, you love not this good Judge, who yet did nothing but what the King, his master, ordered him to do. I, Sir, have often had the honour of sitting over a bottle with his Lordship. When his infirmities allowed (though not yet old, he is grievously afflicted) he had no equal for a song or a jest, and would drink so long as any were left to keep him company. Ha! they have knocked him down—now they will kill him. No; he is again upon his feet; those who protect him close in. So—they have passed out of our sight. Doctor, shall we crack a flask together? I have no money, unhappily; but I will with pleasure drink at your expense."

I remembered the man's face now, but not his name. 'Twas one of Ben's boon companions. Well; if hard drinking brings men so speedily to rags and poverty, even though it be a merry life (which I doubt), *give me moderation.*

"Pray, Sir," I said coldly, "to have me excused. I am no drinker."

"Then, Doctor, you will perhaps lend me, until we meet again, a single guinea?"

I foolishly complied with this request.

"Doctor, I thank you," he said. "Will you now come and drink with me at my expense? Sir, I say plainly, you do not well to refuse a friendly glass. I could tell you many things, if you would but drink with me, concerning my Lord Jeffreys. There are things which would make you laugh. Come, Doctor; I love not to drink alone. Your cousin, now, was alway ready to drink with any man, until he fell ill"——

"How? is my cousin ill?"

"Assuredly; he is sick unto death. Yesterday I went to visit him, thinking to drink a glass with him, and perhaps to borrow a guinea or two, but found him in bed and raving. If you will drink with me, Doctor, I can tell you many curious things about your cousin. And now I remember, you were sent to the Plantations; your cousin told me so. You have returned before your time. Well, the King hath run away; you are, doubtless, safe. Your cousin hath gotten his grandfather's estate. Lord Jeffreys, who loved him mightily, procured that grant for him. When your cousin wakes at night he swears that he sees his grandfather by his bedside looking at him reproachfully, so that he drinks the harder; 'tis a merry life. He hath also married a wife, and she ran away from him at the church door, and he now cannot hear of her or find her anywhere, so that he curses her and drinks the harder. Oh! 'tis always the jolliest *dog*. They say that he is not the lawyer that he was, and that his clients are leaving him. All mine have left me long since. Come and drink with me, Doctor."

I broke away from the poor toper who had drunk up his wits as well as his money, and hurried to my cousin's chambers, into which I had not thought to enter save as one who brings reproaches—a useless burden.

Benjamin was lying in bed: an old crone sat by the fire, nodding. Beside her was a bottle, and she was, I found, half drunk. Her I quickly sent about her business. No one else had been attending him. Yet he was laid low, as I presently discovered, with that kind of fever which is bred in the villainous air of our prisons—the same fever which had carried off his grandfather.

Perhaps, if there were no foul and stinking wards, jails, and clinks, this kind of fever would be banished altogether, and be no more seen. So, if we could discover the origin and cause of all diseases, we might once more restore man to his primitive condition, which I take to have been one free from any kind of disease or infirmity, designed at first by his Creator so to live for ever, and, after the Fall, enabled (when medicine hath so far advanced) to die of old age after such prolongation of life and strength as yet we cannot even understand.

"Cousin," I said, "I am sorry to find thee lying in this condition."

"Ay," he replied, in a voice weak and low, not like his old blustering tones. "Curse me and upbraid me, if thou wilt. How art thou come hither? Is it the ghost of Humphrey? Art thou dead like my grandfather? Are we on the Plantations of Barbados?"

"Indeed, I am no ghost, Benjamin. As for curses, I have none; and as for reproaches, I leave them to thy conscience."

"Humphrey, I am sore afflicted. I am now so low that I cannot even sit upright in my bed. But thou art a doctor—thou wilt bring me back to health. I am already better only for seeing thee here."

I declare that as yet I had no thought, no thought at all, of what I was to do. I was but a physician in presence of a sick man, and therefore bound to help him if I could.

I asked him first certain questions, as physicians use, concerning his disorder and its symptoms. I learned that after attending at the Court, he was attacked by fits of shivering and of great heat, being hot and cold alternately, and that in order to expel the fever he had sat drinking the whole evening—a most dangerous thing to do. Next, that in the morning, he had been unable to rise from his bed, and, being thirsty, had drunk more wine—a thing enough of itself to kill a man in such a fever. Then he lost his head, and could tell me no more what had happened until he saw me standing by his bedside. In short, he had been in delirium and was now in a lucid interval, out of which he would presently fall a-wandering again, and perhaps, raving, and so another lucid interval, after which he would die unless something could be done for him.

I liked not his appearance nor the account which he gave me, nor did I like his pulse or the strange look in his eyes—death doth often show his coming by such a prophetic terror of the eyes.

"Humphrey," he said pitifully. "It was no fault of mine that thou wast sent to the Plantations."

"That I know full well, Cousin," I answered him. "Be easy on that score."

"And as for Alice," he went on. "All is fair in love."

I made no reply, because at this point a great temptation assailed my soul.

You have, I am sure, heard how I learned many secrets of the women while I was abroad. Now, while we were in Providence Island I found a woman of the breed they call half caste—that is, half Indian and half Portuguese—living in what she called wedlock with an English sailor, who did impart to me a great secret of her own people. I obtained from her not only the knowledge of a most potent drug (known already to the Jesuits) but also a goodly quantity of the drug itself. This, with certain other discoveries and observations of my own, I was about to communicate to the College, in Warwick-lane.

As for this drug, I verily believe it is the most potent medicine ever yet discovered. It is now some years since it was first brought over to Europe by the Jesuits, and is therefore called *Pulvis Jesuiticus*, and sometimes Peruvian Bark. When administered at such a stage of the fever as had now been reached by my unhappy cousin it seldom fails to vivify the spirits and so to act upon the nerves as to restore the sinking, and to call back to life a man almost moribund.

Remembering this, I lugged the packet out of my pocket and laid it on the table.

"Be of good cheer, Cousin," I said; "I have a drug which is strong enough, with the help of God, to make a dying man sit up again. Courage, then!"

When I had said these words my temptation fell upon me. It came in the guise of a voice which whispered in my ear.

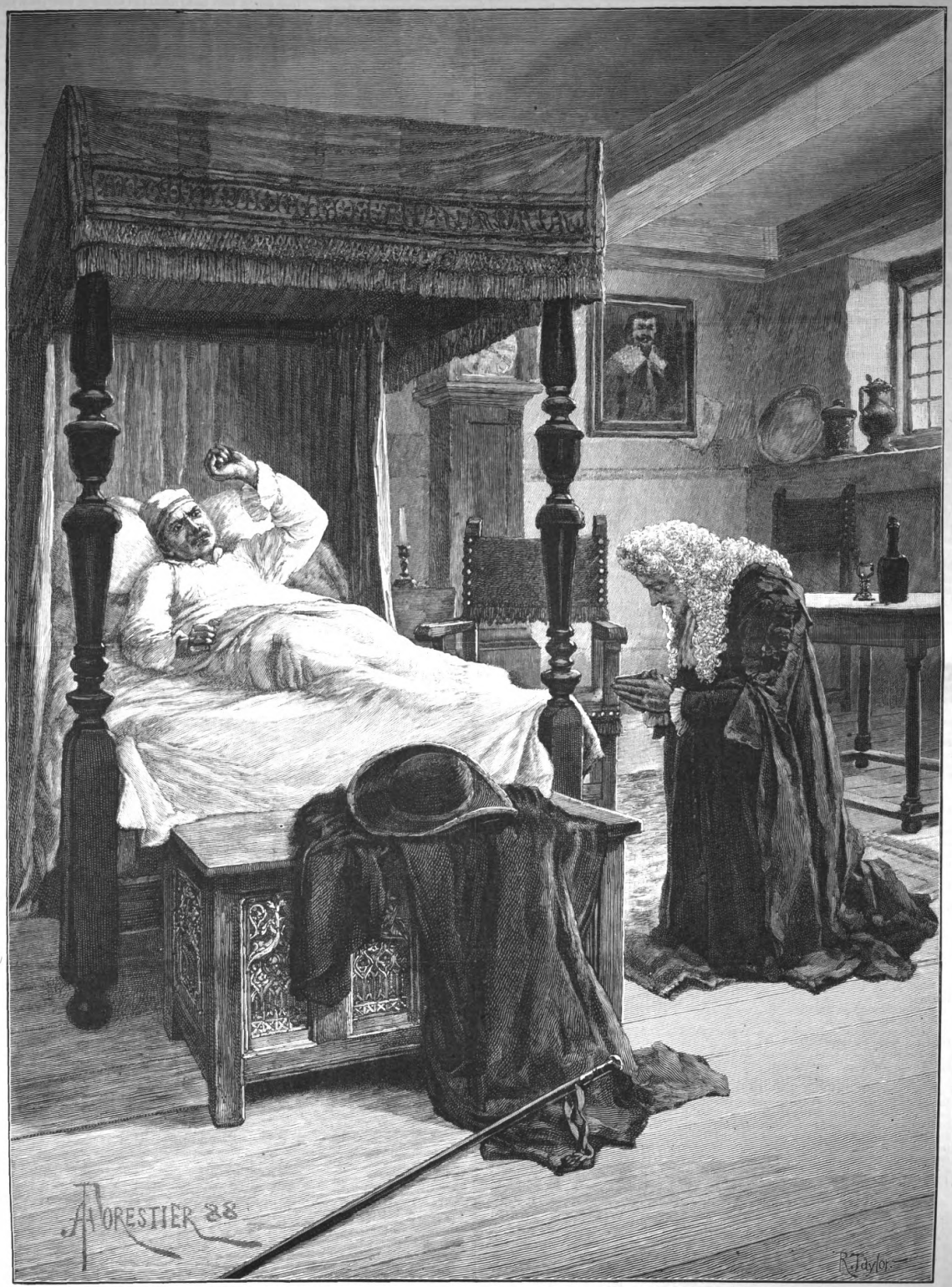
"Should this man die," it said, "there will be freedom for Alice. She can then marry the man she loves. She will be restored to happiness. While he lives, she must still continue in misery, being cut off from love. Let him die, therefore."

"Humphrey," said Ben; "in this matter of Alice: if she will come to me, I will make her happy. But I know not where she is hidden. Things go ill with me since that unlucky day. I would to God I had not done it! Nothing hath gone well since; and I drink daily to hide her face. Yet at night she haunts me—with her father, who threatens, and her mother, who weeps, and my grandfather, who reproaches. Humphrey—tell me—what is it, man? What mean thy looks?"

For while he spoke that other voice was in my ears also.

"Should he die, Alice will be happy again. Should he live, she will continue in misery." At these words (which were

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DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

Then I knelt beside his bed, and prayed aloud for him. But incessantly he cried for help, wearing himself out with prayers and curses.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

but my own thoughts, yet involuntary), I felt so great a pity, such an overwhelming love for Alice, that my spirit was wholly carried away. To restore her freedom! Oh! what price was too great for such a gift? Nay—I was seized with the thought that to give her so great a thing, even my own destruction would be a light price to pay. Never, until that moment, had I known how fondly and truly I loved her. Why, if it were to be done over again——but this matters not. I have to make my confession.

"Humphrey, speak!" I suppose that my trouble showed itself in my face.

"Thou art married to Alice," I said slowly. "That cannot be denied. So long as thou livest, Benjamin, so long will she be robbed of everything that she desires, so long will she be unhappy. Now if thou shouldst die"——

"Die? I cannot die: I must live." He tried to raise himself, but he was too weak. "Cousin, save my life."

"If thou shouldst die, Benjamin," I went on, regardless of his words, "she will be set free. It is only by thy death that she can be set free. Say then to thyself: 'I have done this poor woman so great an injury that nothing but my death can atone for it. Willingly, therefore, will I lay down my life, hoping thus to atone for this abominable wickedness.'"

"Humphrey, do not mock me. Give me—give me—give me speedily of that drug. I die—I die!—Oh!—give me of thy drug."

Then I took the packet containing the *Pulvis Jesuiticus* and threw it upon the fire, where in a moment it was a little heap of ashes.

"Now, Benjamin," I said, "I cannot help thee. Thou must surely die."

He shrieked, he wept, he implored me to do something—something to keep him alive. He began to curse and to swear.

"No one can now save thee, Benjamin," I told him. "Not all the College of Physicians; not all the medicines in England. Thou must die. Listen and heed: in a short time, unless thy present weakness causeth thee to expire, there will fall upon thee another fit of fever and delirium, after which another interval of reason: perhaps another—but yet thou must surely die. Prepare thy soul, therefore. Is there any message for Alice that thou wouldst send to her, being now at the point of death?"

His only answer was to curse and weep alternately.

Then I knelt beside his bed, and prayed aloud for him. But incessantly he cried for help, wearing himself out with prayers and curses.

"Benjamin," I said, when I had thus prayed a while, but ineffectually, "I shall take to Alice, instead of these curses, which avail nothing, a prayer for pardon, in order to touch her heart and cause her to think of thee with forgiveness, as of one who repented at the end. This I shall do for her sake. I shall also tell thy father that thy death was repentant, and shall take to him also a prayer for forgiveness as from thee. This will lighten his sorrow, and cause him to remember thee with the greater love. And to Robin, too, so that he may cease to call thee villain, I will carry, not these ravings, but a humble prayer (as from thyself) for forgiveness."

This is my confession; *I, who might have saved my cousin, suffered him to die.*

The sick man, when he found that prayers or curses would not avail, fell to moaning, rolling his head from side to side. When he was thus quiet I prayed again for him, exhorting him to lift up his soul to his Judge, and assuring him of our full forgiveness. But, indeed, I know not if he heard or understood. It was then about four of the clock, and growing dark. I lit a candle, and examined him again. I think that he was now unconscious. He seemed as if he slept. I sat down and watched.

I think that at midnight, or thereabouts, I must have fallen asleep.

When I awoke the candle was out, and the fire was out. The room was in perfect darkness. I laid my hand upon my cousin's forehead. He was cold and dead.

Then I heard the voice of the watchman in the street: "Past two o'clock, and a frosty morning!"

The voice I had heard before whispered again in my ear.

"Alice is free—Alice is free! Thou—thou—thou alone hast set her free! Thou hast killed her husband!"

I threw myself upon my knees and spent the rest of that long night in seeking for repentance; but then, as now, the lamentation of a sinner is also mingled with the joy of thinking that Alice was free at last, and by none other hand than mine.

This is my confession: I might have saved my cousin, and I suffered him to die. Wherefore I have left the profession in which it was my ambition to distinguish myself, and am no longer anything but a poor and obscure person, living on the charity of my friends in a remote village.

Two days afterwards I was sitting at the table, looking through the dead man's papers, when I heard a footstep on the stair.

It was Barnaby, who broke noisily into the room.

"Where is Benjamin?" he cried. "Where is that villain?"

"What do you want with him?"

"I want to kill him. I am come to kill him."

"Look upon the bed, Barnaby." I laid back the sheet and showed him the pale face of the dead man.

"The hand of the Lord—or that of another—hath already killed him. Art thou now content?"

CHAPTER THE LAST.

In the decline of years, when the sixtieth birthday is near at hand and one looks not to live much longer and the future hath no fresh joy to bring with it (but only infirmities of age and pain), it is profitable and pleasant to look back upon the past, to observe the guidance of the Unseen Hand, to repent one's sins, and to live over again those seasons, whether of sorrow or of joy, which we now perceive to have been Providentially ordered.

This have I done, both in reading the history of our lives as related by my Mistress, and in writing this latter part. To the former have I added nothing, nor have I subtracted anything therefrom, because I would not suffer the sweet and candid soul of her whom I have always loved to be tarnished by any words of mine, breaking in upon her own, as jarring notes in some lovely harmony. It is strictly laid upon me to deliver her words just as she hath written them down.

Now, after the death of Benjamin, I took it upon myself, being his cousin, in the absence of his father, to examine the papers which he had left. Among them I found abundance of songs, chiefly in praise of wine and women, with tavern bills. Also, there were notes of legal cases, very voluminous, and I found notes of payment made to various persons engaged in inquiring after his wife, in those towns of the West Country where her father's name would procure friends for her. But there was no will; Benjamin had died (never looking for so early an end) without making any will. Therefore, all his estate, including the manor of Bradford Orcas (indeed, he had nothing else) now belonged to Alice, a widow who had never been a wife.

* * * * *

It is thirty years ago and more. King William III. is dead; Queen Anne is dead; King George (who cannot, they say, speak English, but is a stout Protestant) sits upon our throne; the Nonconformists are free, save that they cannot enter the universities, and are subject to other disabilities, which will, doubtless, be removed in the course of years. But English people, I think, love power beyond all earthly things; and so long as the Church is in a majority, the churchmen will exercise their power and will not part with it. To us of Bradford Orcas it matters little. We worship at the parish church. Every Sunday I contemplate, as I did fifty years ago, the monument of Filipa kneeling apart, and of her husband and his second wife kneeling together. There is a new tablet in the chancel put up to the memory of Sir Christopher, and another to that of Dr. Comfort Eykin. Their bodies lie somewhere among the mounds on the north side of Ilminster Church.

Forty years ago, as you have seen, there stood three boys in the garden of the Manor House discoursing on their future. One wished never to go anywhere, but to remain always a country gentleman, like his grandfather; one would be a great lawyer, a Judge, even the Lord Chancellor; the third would be a great Physician. Lo! the end of all! The first, but after divers miseries, perils, and wanderings, hath attained to his desire: the second lies buried in the churchyard of St. Andrew's, Holborn, forgotten long since by his companions (who, indeed, are now with him in the pit), and remembered only among his own kin for the great wickedness which he wrought before the Lord. And as for the third and last, no illustrious physician is he; but one who lives obscure (but content) in a remote village (in the very cottage where his Mistress was born), with books and music, and the society of the sweetest woman who ever graced this earth for his solace. She was always gracious: she was gracious in her childhood; gracious as a maiden, more gracious still is she in these latter days when her hair is grey, and her daughters stand about her, tall and comely.

Now, had I administered that powder—that sovereign remedy, the *Pulvis Jesuiticus*—what would have been her lot?

"Humphrey," said Robin, "a penny for thy thoughts."

"Robin, I was thinking—it is not a new thing, but twenty years old and more—that cousin Benjamin never did anything in his life so useful as to die."

"Ay, poor Benjamin! That he had at the end the grace to ask our forgiveness and to repent hath in it something of a miracle. We have long forgiven him. But consider, Cousin. We were saved from the fight; we were saved from the sea; we were saved from slavery; we were enabled to strike the last blow for the Protestant religion—what were all these blessings worth if Benjamin still lived? To think, Humphrey, that Alice would never have been my wife and never a mother; and all these children should have remained unborn! I say that, though we may not desire the death of a sinner, we were not human if we rejoiced not at the death of our poor cousin."

Yes; that is the thought which will not suffer me to repent. A single pinch of the *Pulvis Jesuiticus*, and he might have been living unto this very day: then would Alice have lost the crowning blessing of a woman's life.

Yet—I was, it is true, a physician—whose duty it is to save life, always to save life, even the life of the wretched criminal who is afterwards to die upon the gallows.

Yet again, if he had been saved! As I write these lines I see my Mistress walking down the village street. She looks over my garden-gate; she lifts the latchet and enters, smiling gravely and tenderly. A sober happiness sits upon her brow. The terror of her first marriage has long been forgotten.

Why, as I watch her tranquil life, busy with her household and her children, full of the piety which asks not (as her father was wont to ask) how and where the mercy of Heaven is limited, and if, indeed, it will embrace all she loves; as I mark the tender love of husband and of children which lies around her like a garment and prevents all her doings, there comes back to me continually a bed-room in which a man lies dying. Again, in memory, again in *intention*, I throw upon the fire that handful of *Pulvis Jesuiticus* which should have driven away his fever and restored him to health again. A great and strong man he was, who might have lived till eighty years: where then would have been that love? where those children? where that tranquil heart and that contented mind? "*I WILL NOT SAVE HIS LIFE.*" I say again in my mind: "*I WILL NOT SAVE HIM; HE SHALL DIE.*"

"Humphrey," my Mistress says, "leave thy books a while and walk with me; the winter sun is warm upon the hills. Come, it is the day when Benjamin died—repentant—what better could we wish? What greater blessing could have been bestowed upon him and upon us than a true repentance and then to die? Oh! dear Brother, dear Humphrey, let us walk and talk of these blessings which have been showered upon my undeserving head."

THE END.

NEW TALE BY MR. RIDER HAGGARD

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DECEMBER 29, 1888.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

HOLLY-BERRIES.

That spray of holly in the smoking-room which remains over from the Christmas festivities, with its red berries gleaming from among their background and setting of dark green leaves, has been teaching me a curious story of plant-life as I lay lazily this morning enjoying the post-prandial Havana. Outside there are holly-bushes fringing the lawn-tennis ground, and a sprinkling of snow has set out the greenness of leaf and the redness of berry better far than the neutral tint of the smoking-room wall. The thought which arose in my mind had reference to the uses of colour in fruit, and to the possible advantages which accrue to the holly tribe and to all its kith and kin which possess coloured fruits conspicuously displayed. Time was when man's observation of things extended just so far as the things themselves. Quite true; my metaphysical friends, I know, will argue for hours about "the nature of things in themselves." This smoking-room has heard learned talk, prolonged into the small hours, about Aristotelian notions and the Berkelean philosophy of an outer world—which philosophers say we make out of ourselves largely or completely. But in the science of now-a-days we have acquired the habit of going beyond objects to seek out their meaning. The holly-berries are pretty and pleasing, no doubt. Linnæus—cautious, observant old Swede—would have contented himself with a minute description of the holly-tree. Every character of leaf, stem, fruit, and flower would have been duly noted as a guide to classification. Nature, in those days, was regarded as a well-ordered museum. "Here's a holly, and there's an apple," was the tacit summation of botany in bygone days. They were species-makers and variety-mongers in those times, and were uncompromising advocates of exact description and enumeration of the characters of animals and plants. We have changed all that, thanks to the master-spirits which have taught us that nothing in nature stands solitary or alone. There has been a tremendous searching out of the "reason why" of everything since the days of Linnæus. Books on botany, written, say, thirty years ago, are filled with dry details and detached facts. Now the dry bones of description are made to glow with vitality, and the facts are linked together like pearls on a string, to make up an interesting story of how things have come to be what they are. Holly-berries were probably as red and holly-leaves were as green in the past cycles as they are now—and that was all. To-day, one wants to know why the leaves are green, why the berries are red, and what uses and purposes both serve, not merely as a part of holly-life, but as parcel of plant-existence at large.

Between fruits and flowers, in the matter of colour, there is a close and intimate association. Every school-boy who is taught botany, knows that flowers are coloured to attract insects, while the insects in turn cross-fertilise the plants by carrying the pollen-dust from one flower to another flower of the same species. Colour in flowers, then, has a purpose all undreamt of by the older botanists. What of fruits? Colour here, in the logical sequence of events, must be credited with a purpose also. Let us see what that design may be. When you look at an apple or orange you are struck by the apparently big size of the edible part of the fruit, and by the relatively small size of the seeds. Compared with, say, the fruits of a buttercup, represented by the collection of little dry green bodies borne on the end of the flower-stalk, the apple, orange, peach, plum, and cherry are grandiose in the extreme. The apple substance does not nourish the seed. There is no question of nutrition involved in the matter at all. The seeds are all ready to produce the new plants, and lie concealed within the apple, and cherry or plum stone, waiting their season and opportunity. Why, then, all this big growth of eatable material? The answer is "For the birds and insects and for man's benefit as well." The blackbirds that peck at the peaches and apples are Nature's servitors. They come for their food to the gardener's preserves, and as they split up the dainty succulent fruit, they liberate the seeds, and thus secure the prospect of fresh generations of plants. Here, then, is a philosophy of fleshy fruits for your consideration, and in it is involved a philosophy of coloured fruits as well. The colour attracts, and the fruit-substance rewards, the birds; and the plant gains through the liberation of its seeds and through the chances thus acquired of an early and satisfactory development in the soil.

The holly-berries, like the rowans and barberry fruits, are thus coloured to attract birds. In the barberry you see how the fruits are clustered, so as to mass the colour and to make sure of the fruit catching the eye of the bird-visitor. The rowan-tree has less dense clusters of berries, and the holly is still more modest in respect of its fruit-development. But what holly loses in the size of its clusters, it gains in the brightness of its berries. Against the dark green of the leaves, the berries stand out with great prominence. Their after-history is instructive enough. A holly-berry is gobbled up by a bird with ease. What of the seeds the berries contain? Does digestion, which in a bird is a tolerably rough and mechanical process, destroy the seeds? Not so. The seeds, encased each in its dense tough covering, resist even the digestion of the bird's gizzard and stomach, and they are passed on uninjured through the alimentary tract of the animal. Thus liberated, and the bird being the gainer by its digestion of the soft parts of the berries, the holly-seeds fall into the soil and grow up each in time to the holly-tree. Note again, how this interaction between bird and fruit serves another useful purpose. Birds traverse leagues of country in their peregrinations. They may thus convey the holly-seeds to regions hundreds of miles from the parent tree whence the berries were plucked. You begin with the colour of a berry, and you end by securing the distribution of holly-plants far and wide through the agency of the bird. We owe much to the dispersal of seeds by such agencies. There is a plant of the New World, the American currant, which long ago was introduced into France, for the sake of the dark red juice of its berries, which was used to colour wines. At Bordeaux this currant was extensively cultivated. Man introduced the plant, but mark the greater influence of the colour of its fruits and the work of the birds. Now the American currant is found universally throughout the South of France. It has spread also into Switzerland, and has reached the Tyrol. You can, therefore, prophesy with considerable safety regarding plants and their chances of distribution, when you see these fruits and learn the story of their distribution. Holly-berries have social associations dear to the hearts of us all. They possess, however, in their redness and in their attraction for bird-visitors, a romance that is all their own. ANDREW WILSON.

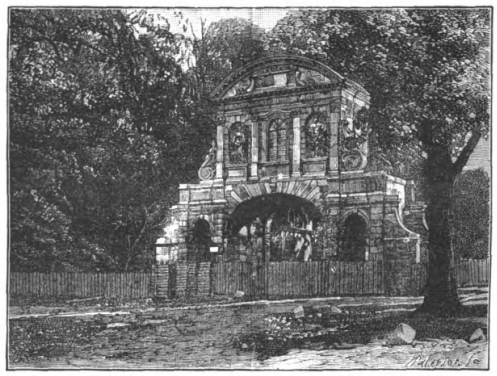
At a general meeting of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, held on Dec. 19, Messrs. J. J. Shannon, J. Pickering, and T. B. Kennington were elected members.

Mrs. Pledge, the ex-Mayoress of Folkestone, has been presented by the inhabitants of the town with a handsome diamond bracelet, in recognition of her services amongst the poor.

NOVELS.

The Rogue. By W. E. Norris. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—There are novel-readers who seek the pleasures of fancy in vivid pictures of outward scenes and situations, the stranger the better; others who find imaginative excitement in the conflict of vehement passions, with alternate fierceness and tenderness; others, again, to whom the analysis of individual character, or the less difficult exhibition of social types, is a source of intellectual interest. "Tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux." Mr. Rider Haggard, Miss Braddon, and Mrs. Campbell Praed, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Walter Besant, and Mr. Norris, to name only living writers, treat the vast and various theme of human life in different ways, and make fiction serve different purposes, but each is more entertaining to a particular class of minds. In each of the lines above indicated, these authors have several worthy companions who could easily be named, besides literary predecessors whose works yet abide in popular favour. A just and friendly critic, who is always thankful for any good story or other book, will avoid comparisons of merit, and is disposed to accept the verdict of public success. Let every reader, with a taste deliberately recognised by his or her own consciousness, choose and keep to the kind of novels that proves most interesting to his or her disposition. It will then be found, allowing one week for the consumption of three volumes—we do not so well like to read a story by monthly instalments in the magazines—that a numerous staff of able novel-writers is required to maintain the supply. Only dismiss the feeble, the dull, the puerile, as well as the base and foul, the vulgar and ignorant pretenders to an intimate acquaintance with the world, those who describe scenes of luxury and fashion, aristocratic manners, sports, dinner-parties, drawing-rooms and ball-rooms, for the sake of introducing characters of extreme moral depravity invested with the garb of elegance and titles of rank—only set aside the bad and the weak novels, of which there are legions, and then it will appear that we get scarcely enough good ones to meet the public want. Now this one of Mr. Norris's, though some may think "The Rogue" an unpromising designation, is a very good specimen of that kind of novel, produced also by Mr. Henry James of an excellent quality, the value of which consists in the contemplation of four or five individual characters placed in such mutual relations as to bring out the distinguishing complexion of each of them, with no extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune, and with no violence of action. Here is the essence of serious comedy, as Molière and some instructive English writers for the stage used to practise it in a past generation, and as Thackeray, of all modern novelists, was most inclined to do; for Anthony Trollope dealt more largely in class types of society than in personal characters apart from the influences of their education or profession. Mr. Oswald Kennedy, who is not "the rogue," but the rogue's uncle, though some years his junior, since Oswald's father married a second time in his old age, when a daughter of the first marriage, Mrs. Heywood, had two children, Tom and Gertrude, is an amiable gentleman with excessive consideration for others. He is a genuine "altruist," to borrow the ethical slang of the day, far more anxious to help Tom Heywood, whom he does not quite like or trust, than to gratify any wish of his own; and this mainly because he feels uneasy at having been born to deprive Tom of the inheritance of a good landed estate. Tom Heywood, for his part, being "the rogue," and having lived a shifty, rather shady life in America, connected with adventurers and speculators of questionable honesty, rejoins the survivors of his kindred, after many years' absence, with an unscrupulous determination to get all he can out of them. His deceased grandfather has cut him off with a legacy of £1000, while leaving £18,000 to his young sister Gertrude, and Oswald Kennedy's estate is worth £7000 or £8000 a year. Naturally, Tom Heywood's idea, as his occupation is that of assisting promoters of speculative companies, often acting as secretary or London or Paris manager, is to borrow money of his relatives for such purposes, to which he is instigated by an American ally, one Mr. Fisher. The remarkable feature of Oswald's conduct is that while he earnestly desires to make some moderate pecuniary sacrifice for Tom's sake, being tolerably indifferent to the risk of losing a round sum of his own money, and while he does not care, though otherwise prudent and cautious in business, to control Tom's employment of a loan from himself, his indignation is quickly aroused by Tom's attack on the purse of Gertrude. There are such men, but they are not commonly met with, whose combative energy will be aroused only by an unselfish motive, and who allow themselves to be regarded as soft, apathetic, or indolent, from a constitutional habit of not pushing their own claims or insisting on their own deserts. The same tendency to self-abnegation is displayed in Oswald's love affairs; he is sincerely attached to Stella Mowbray, a young heiress of sprightly temper and keen intelligence; but he idly waits to see whether she may not prefer some other suitor. He had once, while living in France, been attracted by a young Mademoiselle who afterwards became a Madame De Révigny, and whose reputation as "a fast woman," amidst the social corruption of the Empire, then caused the scrupulous Englishman to avoid her acquaintance. This Frenchwoman comes to England and shows herself in Oswald's neighbourhood; while Tom Heywood, unmindful of the comic song, "Tommy, make room for your uncle," has a notion of securing Miss Mowbray's fortune and hand for himself. He, therefore, like "the rogue" he is, communicates to that young lady an injurious notion that Oswald has been engaged in an intrigue with the notorious French married coquette. At the same time, he is so base as virtually to sell his own sister Gertrude to Mr. Fisher, the middle-aged American speculator, for a pecuniary consideration; and though she, for her part, loves Algernon Pycroft, an honest gentleman returned from Australian explorations, she will do anything for her unworthy brother. These are perilous complications, from which Oswald Kennedy, being an amiable doubter and dawdler, would scarcely be able to rescue himself and those whom he loves; but he has a friend, a shrewd old Lady Hester, who sees through all Tom's villainy, and who contrives the means of defence and exposure. Tom has been in frightful scrapes during his American life. He has embezzled some money of a bank at St. Louis, which Fisher knows; and he has had a wife, whom he believes to be dead, but who suddenly reappears in London. These facts, being discovered, effectually put an end to "the rogue's" machinations; Gertrude is released; and Stella Mowbray, being disabused of her false impression concerning Oswald's previous behaviour, consents to help him in the duties of a country squire. "The rogue," in defiance of moral and poetical justice, gets rid of his American encumbrance, escapes the infamy that he deserves, and marries a sleepy fair widow, coming into a heap of money. We should be much better pleased if he were kicked out.

Through the Long Night. By E. Lynn Lynton. Three vols. (Hurst and Blackett).—Mrs. Lynn Lynton is an authoress of wide accomplishments and long experience in literature. Her classical tale of "Amymone" was published forty years ago, when her early taste had been formed by a personal acquaintance with Landor. Traces of that predilection may even yet be perceived in frequent allusions to Hellenic fable which have become unusual with the novelists of the present day, though sometimes employed, rather less accurately, by Miss Braddon. But Mrs. Lynn Lynton's writings have been of a discursive and diversified character; ethical and historical essays, clever and somewhat bitter satirical exposures of the manners and morals of social life, and stories exhibiting violent conflicts of passion in most painful situations, have proceeded from her industrious pen. All her works prove sustained literary ability, and "Through the Long Night" is a story of considerable power. Yet being as it is a novel, one must estimate its value by the requirement essential to this kind of fiction—that it should represent the natural sentiments and behaviour of men and women as they are, under the influences of modern society, and of English habits and customs. With regard to women, who should be the most important persons in a novel dealing with affairs of the heart and domestic happiness or misery, the authoress is a keen, perhaps a sharp, observer of her own sex, and has also made them the subject of an extensive range of learned critical studies. She has written of "The Girl of the Period," of "Frisky Matrons," of Woman in Greece, Woman in Rome, Woman in Italy and other countries in the Middle Ages. In this novel we find two leading female characters—those of Lady Elizabeth Inchbold and Estelle Clanricarde, the sometime Mrs. Harford—which are eminently womanly, and which may be accepted as original and consistent individual types, if our idea of the intended conception of Estelle (namely, that she had from the beginning a tendency to insanity) be received as a true explanation of her conduct. It is not expressly stated: her sufferings are enough to drive many a fond girl mad, and their effect in producing the mental disorder is accurately described; but the latent tendency may be suspected almost in the first chapter. To have revealed it prematurely would, perhaps, have been too prejudicial to her claim on that respect for the independence of a rational personality which raises sympathy above mere compassion. At the same time, her mental disease becomes, after the forced marriage and the cruel trick of deceiving her with a false report of her lover's death, sufficiently apparent to relieve her of all stain of guilt, when she escapes from a hated husband to fly with Charles Osborne, on the impulse of the instant, unable to reflect on her duty as a wife and mother, insensible to all but his living presence and her pledged affection to him in the past. This view of Estelle's condition, while it excites our pity, entirely redeems her story, which is told in other particulars with absolute delicacy, from any palliation of a vicious course; and Charles Osborne, for his part, figures as a vain egotist unworthy of such a sacrifice, which, indeed, no worthy man could in any case accept. On grounds of morality, therefore, no objection can be taken to the sad story; it is with pure compassion, not at all with indignation, that a virtuously disposed reader will peruse the narrative of Estelle's unhappy life, and will recognise the genuine charity, the friendly, sisterly, Christian tenderness of Lady Elizabeth, in hastening, after Charlie's death, to soothe and save the distracted victim of emotional delusion. A more admirable feminine character than that of Lady Elizabeth, "a perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort, to command," has seldom been delineated in fiction. Seeing the fine tact and discretion, as well as the high moral courage and fidelity, with which she confronts the injured husband, disarming his revenge, pleading for mercy, and softening his savage heart, it may be surmised why this brave young lady was called "Delight," by the Earl her father; not as a pet playful name, but with reference to Wordsworth's poem, "She was a phantom of delight," already quoted, in which consummate womanhood is credited, with the most practical virtues: "the reason firm, the temperate will, endurance, foresight, strength, and skill." We cannot say that Mrs. Lynn Lynton has been equally successful in her portraiture of the characters of men; she evidently does not understand true manhood, and her idea of a gentleman is incorrectly superficial and conventional, like those of the majority of lady novelists. With an absurdly false estimate of mere external graces of figure and manner, she reiterates silly expressions of contempt, such as "omadhaun," and vastly exaggerated admissions of social humiliation, to the disparagement of her Caleb Stagg, the best man and the truest real gentleman—the only true one, among the leading personages—to be met with in this story. He is the son of a coarse and boorish miner who has grown rich; but he has had a good education, reads Shakspeare, Homer, and Æschylus, studies natural history and biology, and though he might, from habits of solitude in youth, be shy and awkward when introduced to fashionable society, he could not be a mere clown; nor would a man of his sound good sense, his refined feelings and his unassuming modesty, be an object of scorn and derision, especially if the heir to great wealth, only for his plain or ugly face. On the other hand, Mr. Anthony Harford, though born of the landed gentry, athletic and handsome, returning from years of American travel and adventure, from hunting bears and buffaloes, fighting Red Indians, and consorting with the cow-boys and gold-diggers of Colorado, is decidedly not a gentleman, as he shows by his behaviour in England. It is a wonder how the authoress and Lady Elizabeth can possibly mistake him for one; a cool, hard, insolent braggart who entertains the ladies at a dinner-party with tales of murderous Western ruffianism told in hideous jocular slang—who keeps a revolver in his pocket, even in the drawing-room, and shows it to Lady Elizabeth, telling her that it is to kill his runaway wife—and who has perpetrated the hideous crime of sternly forcing a broken-hearted, half-imbecile girl to marry him against her will, being accessory, as he was, to the fraud that had been contrived by her mercenary mother. This Anthony Harford, truly, is no hero to be finally mated with such a heroine as Lady Elizabeth, after the suicide of poor Estelle. A good novel, it has been said, wants really interesting men in it, as well as interesting women. "Through the Long Night" is fatally spoilt by a distorted conception of the masculine characters; and therefore, we are sorry to say, it is not a good novel, on the whole; but some parts are very good. The earthquake on the Riviera, with the fright and confusion among the visitors at Mentone, is vividly described. The Rev. Mr. Medlicott and his bride, with her affected hostility and cruel insults to the fallen Estelle, are characteristic specimens of impertinent assumption. There is some ingenuity, too, in the prolonged conspiracy of Mary Crosby and her mysterious mother to cheat a residuary legatee by personating a deceased old lady entitled to a life annuity. Mrs Lynn Lynton is most effective in the satirical vein; but satire is never more than half the truth.



TEMPLE BAR OUT OF TOWN, RE-ERECTED IN THE PARK OF SIR HENRY MEUX, BART.

TEMPLE BAR OUT OF TOWN.

The Corporation of the City of London, when a few years since they removed the stately old architectural gateway, with its statues of the Stuart Kings, from its position at the western boundary of the City, unquestionably improved the convenience of carriage traffic between the Strand and Fleet-street. The stones of that interesting structure were carefully preserved, with indications of their proper places in the ancient building, which was designed, after the Great Fire of London, by Sir Christopher Wren. There are many places in London where this characteristic monument of civic and national history might easily have been re-erected. The Metropolitan Board of Works could have provided a site for it, one would think, at the bottom of some avenue to the Thames Embankment; or the First Commissioner of her Majesty's Works could have received it as an appropriate ornament for one of the entrances to St. James's Park. We regret to observe that Temple Bar has been finally rusticated and sent twelve miles out of London, having been handed over to a country gentleman for the adornment of his private park on the borders of Middlesex and Hertfordshire. Theobalds, at Cheshunt, near Enfield Chase, is certainly a place of historical associations inferior to few in the neighbourhood of London. It belonged to Sir William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, the great Minister of Queen Elizabeth, the ancestor of the present Lord Salisbury, and to his son, Sir Robert Cecil; it was often visited by that Queen and by her successor, James I.; and in 1607, being exchanged by the said Sir Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, for Hatfield House, it became the rural palace of King James, who died there in 1625. Charles I. occasionally resided there; but the mansion was pulled down, by order of Parliament, during the Commonwealth; and the place afterwards belonged to General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, on the Restoration of Charles II. These local antecedents may perhaps be considered to warrant the transference of a memorial of the Stuarts to Theobalds Park. The Duke of Portland obtained a grant of Theobalds, but in the middle of the last century it was sold to the Prescott family, and its present owner is Sir Henry Meux, Bart. Our Illustration of Temple Bar in the country, pleasantly surrounded with trees, is from a photograph taken by Messrs. Whittey and Co., Turner's Hill, Cheshunt. The trees had not lost their autumnal foliage when this photograph was taken. Some fine days next summer will perhaps tempt a few Londoners to run out that way and enjoy the pleasant country, when they may see their old City portal in its rural retreat. We hope the situation is not too dull for their Majesties in stone, King James and his Queen, King Charles I. and King Charles II., who for two hundred years stood on high watching the bustling crowds, and in modern times the cabs and omnibuses, passing from Westminster to the City, while the munument-room of Child's Bank, above the central arch, was safe in their august guardianship. It is ten years since the removal of Temple Bar, for which, in point of artistic taste, the heraldic Griffin, with the sculptures of Victorian Royalty on its pedestal, is a questionable substitute; but "the old order changes, giving place to new." It is not probable that any traitors' heads will ever again be stuck on the top of Temple Bar.

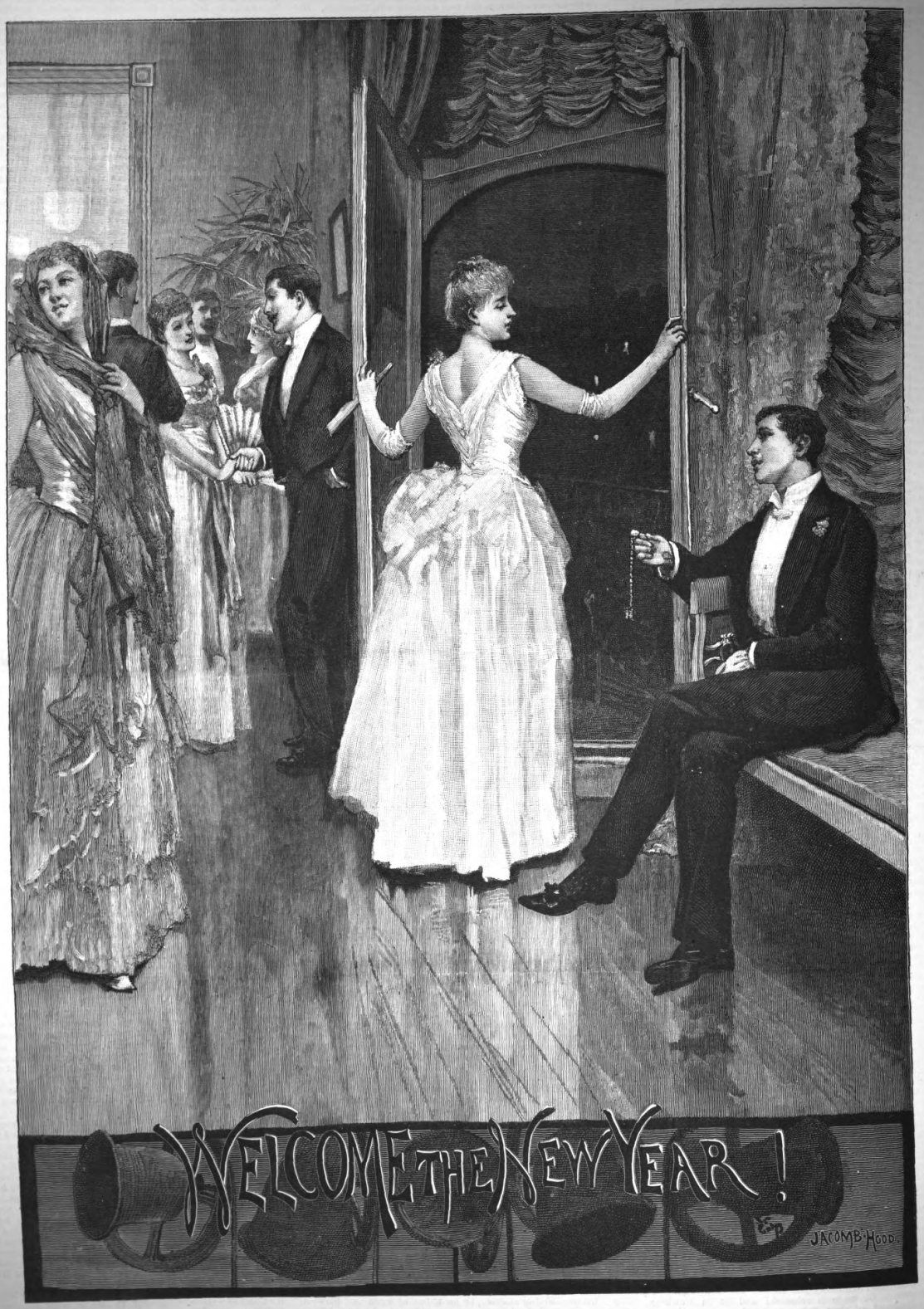
Doctors' Day at Merchant Taylors' School was celebrated on Dec. 20 by a banquet in Merchant Taylors' Hall—Mr. George Baker, the master, presiding. In proposing the toast of the evening he stated that every pupil old enough to proceed to the university had won either a scholarship or an exhibition.

Major-General Lyon Fremantle, Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General of the Auxiliary Forces, speaking at the annual presentation of prizes of the 21st Middlesex Rifles, said that the efficiency returns of the Volunteer Force for the past year, which closed on Oct. 31, had just been completed at the War Office, the numbers being 221,000, a decrease of 13,000 from the previous year.

A vigorous attempt is now being made in the metropolis and throughout the country to raise £10,000 to clear off the existing debt on the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society and increase its permanent income. Towards this event Mr. Henry J. Atkinson, M.P., has personally raised £4000, and the remaining £6000 is expected to be realised by the Christmas Day Family Offering Fund. The treasurers of the society have just received a legacy of £8000 for mission work in China.

In the Chancery Division on Dec. 20 Mr. Justice North ruled that a photographer who had been employed by a customer to take his or her portrait was not justified in striking off copies for his own use, or in selling and disposing of them, or in publicly exhibiting them without the authority of the customer, expressed or implied. He accordingly granted an injunction restraining a photographer at Rochester from making use of a lady customer's portrait.

Mr. Parnell's action against the *Times* for libel came before the Court of Session, Edinburgh, on Dec. 20, when Mr. George E. Wright, publisher, and Mr. John Walter, one of the proprietors of the *Times*, gave evidence. The latter stated that his interest in the paper consisted of one sixteenth and a half of a sixteenth. Mr. Soames, the *Times*' solicitor, undertook to furnish a full list of the proprietors, of whom there are hundreds. The hearing was adjourned until after Christmas.



DRAWN BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.



GRANDMAMMA'S PORTRAIT.

DRAWN BY E. S. KENNEDY.

THE GUEST ON THE THRESHOLD.

Everybody understands the feelings of expectation, suspense, doubt, and anxiety with which we await the coming of a guest whom we have never seen. A stranger, he may be, to us and ours—recommended, perhaps, by some half-forgotten friend—a man of whose tastes or character we have not the slightest knowledge. We have assembled, let us suppose, a little company to emphasise the welcome we wish to offer him. The curtains have been drawn; the fire blazes merrily in the grate; the lights fill the room with a softened glow; and there we sit, with our companions—sometimes engaging in desultory talk, sometimes dropping into silence, as is always the way with people who hope or dread a novel experience—listening for the footfall on the stairs, and the opened door, which shall announce the arrival of the new-comer. We speculate among ourselves what manner of individual he will prove—dark or fair? plain or comely? urbane or morose? We wonder whether he will be a desirable addition to our "list of friends"; whether he will belong to the class of manly men whose high purpose it is to accomplish some good work for Christ and humanity; or whether he will turn out to be one of the great army of social triflers, one of the world's idlers and do-nothings, or under a plausible exterior carry a false heart and an evil temper. It is no trivial matter, mark you, the introduction into one's house of a stranger-guest. Of course, it is the merest platitude to say that the electric chain with which we are subtly bound links us so closely to each other that no incident can occur to the individual without affecting the many; and that the contact, even if temporary, with a fresh mind must exercise an influence upon us for good or bad. We cannot set aside this man or that as of no account. The tragedy of "Hamlet" could not go on to its dreadful issue without a Rosencrantz and a Guildenstern. In the fairy tale it is the dwarf with the enchanted sword who delivers the captive Princess. This makes it all the more wonderful that we should be so ready to foregather with "the man in the street," to press the happy shelter of our "mahogany tree" upon the chance acquaintance of a day, of whose actual self we are as profoundly ignorant as we are of our own soul. I am sometimes amazed at the readiness with which "intimacies" are entered upon. In the elder comedy, if a Don Francisco come across a Don Pedro on a terrace in Seville, the two immediately swear eternal "friendship"; it is always done! But it is hardly prudent—is it?—to transfer so romantic a piece of stage-business to our every-day life. How do we know—or do we know?—what kind of dramatis persona we are thrusting upon the scene! The new actor may be a marplot, an ill-doer, a mischief-maker, and so entangle the threads of our destiny, and so poison the sweet fountains of existence, that we may live to rue the day—I have known such things to be—when we hastened, with smiling face and outstretched hand, to greet the Guest on the Threshold.

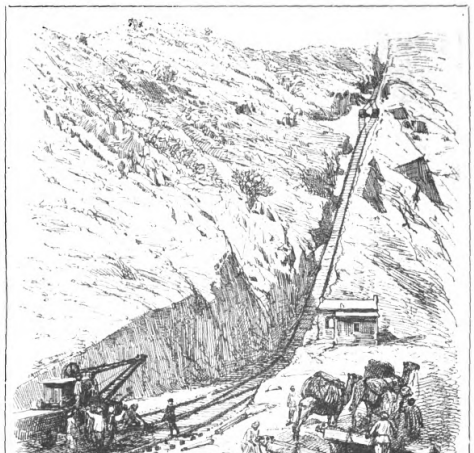
I grant you that it may be otherwise; that the stranger may eventually win our esteem and confidence because he deserves them; that he may unfold into that rarest of human blessings—a true friend, because a wise and an honest one; that we may discover in him all that Cicero discovered in Atticus, or Milton in Diodati, or Brooke in Sidney, or Cowper in John Newton; so that the day on which we first clasped hands with the unknown guest may merit to be marked in our life-calendar with the whitest chalk as a *dies notanda*. All I would hint to the young is, that we cannot pick up "desirable acquaintances" as a pigeon picks up peas! As a rule, the man of whom we know nothing should never be in the position of a Guest on the Threshold.

While the last sands of December are rapidly running through the inverted glass, let us indulge ourselves with the fancy of contemplating the New Year as, in like manner, a Guest on the Threshold, as yet unseen and unknown. There is this difference: no human guest crosses our threshold uninvited; but this latest-born of Time, like Banquo's ghost, waits for no welcome, and will not be denied. How many of us, I wonder, in the solemn hush of the passing hours, are reflecting what manner of companion this self-constituted visitor may prove? We know what his predecessors have been and what they have done; how much or how little of help and comfort, of suffering and sorrow, they have conferred upon us; their tricks and turns, their changes of countenance, their surprises, their misadventures—with all these we are only too familiar. But, unfortunately, this knowledge will avail us nothing with the stranger. In some respects, it is true, we may assume that he will wear the same favour. We may be certain that he will pour some bitter into our cup, and will mock our ears with promises unfulfilled; that while he is with us the thorns will often crackle under our pots, and our pitchers go down to wells that are waterless. This is the way with all the Years! We may be sure beforehand that he will bring us little which we wish for, and despoil us of much which we prize. But whether he will hereafter grow upon us as friend or foe, adviser or accuser, *eudæmon* or *kakhdæmon* who can foresee, or, if wise, will venture to predict? Though he may come with a smiling face, he may turn upon us by-and-by a melancholy one; or the sad eyes which are now directed towards the past may beam with joy as they look into the future.

The false Florimel, in Spenser's "Faerie Queene," who at first enchants Sir Blandamour "with golden words and goodly countenance," stands afterwards revealed as an image of wax, moulded by a wicked witch's spell. Who knows what similar deception this new guest of ours may not pass off upon us? Or what deception we may not impose upon ourselves, clothing the stranger in the rainbow hues of fancy—converting "cloth of frieze" into "cloth of gold"? When Don Quixote falls in with an undistinguished shepherd, he straightway hails him as King of the Garamantuans. With equal simplicity some of us choose to believe that the year, because it is a new-comer, must be a Dives—a Midas—with hands full of gold and silver—though, alas! there may be nothing in them but thorns and thistles. At all events, he comes to us without a remorse or a regret—as free from offence as a new-born babe; but who dares say that he will leave us so? There are such dreadful possibilities in this unknown guest! It may be that during his twelvemonths' sojourn with us he will develop an infinite capacity for the commission of follies or even of sins, for the infliction of sufferings which shall almost crush the life out of the young heart. I am reminded of that terrible Eastern tale of the Afreet who gained admission into the King's palace in the person of a handsome young prince, and then changed suddenly into a hag, with dreadful claws, which did to death the unsuspecting victim. Sometimes the year in its course undergoes a transformation nearly as hideous! It stands upon the threshold now—a spirit of light, with hope and promise on its wings; before long it may take upon itself the gloomy figure of Azrael. It opens with the sound of bridal bells; perhaps it will pass away amid echoes of funeral music. The blithesome lark's song of glad expectancy with which it thrills our hearts may change all too soon into a palinode, a threnody, or a dirge. There may be no chairs empty around the domestic hearth when the New Year crosses the threshold; and yet, before its "trailing skirt" vanishes into the darkness, our sorrowing eyes may have learned to gaze wistfully at the "vacant place"—the place that shall never again be filled. Heaven grant that the coming year may not deal thus with you, my friends! May the Guest on the Threshold carry in his hand no wreath of cypress, nor lead in his train the mourning-women!

Yet, after all, this uninvited (though not unexpected) guest may turn out very much what, if we are not over-sanguine, we wish him to be. At the worst, here he is—"the man in possession"; and it will only be wise to make the best we can of him! Remember, we shall weaken his capacity for evildoing by meeting him with the courage of cheerfulness; we shall ward off the stings of his reproaches by giving no occasion for them. We shall even do much to lighten the burden he will impose upon us by straightening our backs to bear it. Let him rob us of what he will, he *must* leave us our faith in Heaven: of *that* none but ourselves can deprive ourselves. He must leave us the wisdom of the ages, with which to sustain our patience; and the bloom and brightness of Nature, on which to feed our imagination. He cannot take away from us "Plato's brain, Or Lord Christ's heart, and Shakspeare's strain." He cannot take away from us "the seven stars and the solar year," the glory in the grass and the splendour of the flower, the solace of human affection and the support of the Divine love. So that, if you look into the matter fairly, you will see that we have no just cause (except so far as it lies in our own thoughts and actions) for regarding with suspicion or alarm the Guest on the Threshold. Terrible as may be his power to wound us with unforeseen blows, he cannot beat us into the dust, if we be but true to our manhood and constant to our belief in the living God. There are more blessings around us than the greediest soul can exhaust—more joys than griefs, more hopes than fears, more stars than clouds. Even the vacant chair that moves us to an agony of tears is filled—if we would but see it!—with the wings and white garments of an angel. I hold it true that all the evil and pain in the world are to its good and happiness only as a grain of mustard-seed to a mountain. Go thou, my friend, to hail the stranger with a hopeful and a steadfast heart. The clock strikes twelve—let the Old Year out and the New Year in. "Farewell!" to the shrunken form and bowed head of the departing friend; and "Welcome! Welcome!" to the young and buoyant Guest on the Threshold.

W. H. D.-A.



ROPE INCLINE RAILWAY OVER THE KOJAK PASS, AFGHAN FRONTIER OF INDIA, TOWARDS KANDAHAR.

RAILWAY ON AFGHAN FRONTIER OF INDIA.

The Indian Government railway, projected originally by Sir Richard Temple, which traverses the mountainous region of Beloochistan, north of the Bolan Pass and Quetta, from the western border of Scinde to the new military station of Pishin, and thence still westward to the Khoja Amram range, overlooking the plain of Kandahar, has repeatedly been mentioned as a work of the greatest political importance. It is now rapidly approaching completion. An extensive tour along the Indian north-western frontier has been undertaken by the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Frederick Roberts, and his Staff. Sir Charles Dilke accompanies the party. Our Illustration represents the wonderful rope incline railway over the Kojak Pass, which Sir Charles and the party ascended on Nov. 12. Here, this line reaches a height of 7250 ft. above sea-level, and has a gradient of no less than 1 in 2½, which is, with one exception, the steepest of any in the world. It was designed and carried out by Mr. W. J. Weightman, A.M.I.C.E., under the orders of the Engineer-in-Chief, Mr. F. L. O'Callaghan, C.S.I., C.I.E. Our Illustration is from a photograph by Mr. R. J. Woods.

A Royal Proclamation commands the Peers of Scotland to assemble at Holyrood House on Thursday, Jan. 10 next, to choose a representative Peer in the room of the late Earl of Mar and Kellie.

The War Office authorities have purchased several acres of ground, situated between Epping and Ongar, as a site for new military barracks. The spot selected is on high land, and only a short distance from the Ongar branch of the Great Eastern Railway. There will be accommodation for 5000 men.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The political week has been marked by a grand speech made in the Senate by the ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Challemel-Lacour, who, himself a Republican, bitterly criticised the successive Governments which have directed the destinies of France during the past seventeen years, insisting principally upon the dangers which the Radical policy had brought upon France to the point even of endangering her future. The substance of M. Challemel-Lacour's advice to his colleagues and to his compatriots was a policy of concentration, an alliance of patriots of all parties against those who would ruin France by their adventures and their irritating narrowness and persecutions. Unfortunately we are too near the elections for any such alliance to be concluded. M. Floquet, of course, had to defend his Radical Cabinet and policy against the attacks of M. Challemel-Lacour, and, in reply to direct questions from M. Léon Say and others, he announced that the Government meant to work for the common defence, and that if by chance the existing laws were not sufficient to enable them to resist and conquer Boulangism, they would not hesitate to ask for new ones. For that matter by re-establishing the *scrutin d'arrondissement* instead of the *scrutin de liste*, the Government was giving the nation arms to defend itself against plebiscitary adventurers. The great question of the moment has become the method of voting—the election of deputies by districts, or the election of a certain number for each Department by *scrutin de liste*. On this point depends the salvation of the Republic, and when once the Republic is saved, as it doubtless will be, the organisation of the French democracy, according to the principles of 1789, will still remain to be accomplished. During a century twenty essays of constitutions have been made in France, but the practical realisation of the principles of 1789 has hardly been begun.

The threatened Panama Canal catastrophe has been picturesquely called the "Krach des bas de laine," meaning that the people affected by it are mostly those small country capitalists who save up their money in an old woollen stocking. As M. De Lesseps said to the late Emperor William of Germany: "Je fais le Canal de Panama avec les bas de laine." This fact accounts for the little excitement which the dangerous condition of the company has caused. All those interested have only a small stake; they are simple people whose voices are not heard; the great bankers and speculators are not in the affair; the example of Suez encourages the sufferers, and so great is the influence of M. De Lesseps, and so enthusiastic is the French temperament when appealed to by ideas and phrases *à la Tacitus*, that it seems very probable that the woollen stockings will come to their own rescue and subscribe the money still wanted. A strong movement is setting in, and meetings are being held by the dozen. In January a meeting will be held in the Hippodrome, the only place in Paris big enough to accommodate the thousands who are interested. The precarious condition of the Panama Company will, however, certainly affect the New Year's gift or *étrennes* season. And to make matters worse, behold an agent de change, M. Bex, has just absconded, leaving a deficit of eight millions of francs and a feeling of distrust in the hitherto immaculate corporation of stock-brokers.

Apropos of the New Army Bill at present before Parliament, and hindered in its passage by the Radicals, who insist upon obliging seminarists and priests to perform military service like the common run of mankind, a clear-headed and sceptical journalist, M. Magnard, of the *Figaro*, makes the following admission: "The Army is a school of obedience and discipline; it is also, like every masculine collectivity, a school of coarseness of language and habits."

How very wonderful is the presumption of a literary clique, and how simple-minded are some would-be revolutionaries! Zealous reporters, who had interviewed M. De Goncourt, announced that the first night of his new piece, "Germinie Lacerteux," would be a hot battle, in which the old formulæ of dramatic art would be broken and trampled upon, and out of the ruins would rise a bold and powerful conception in the Shaksperean form, open to the investigations of modern thought and psychology. "Germinie Lacerteux" has been represented at the Odéon, and the ten tableaux of which the piece is composed have been hissed and hooted as heartily as ever piece was hissed and hooted. The failure of the play is complete. Then why say anything more about it? Simply because the personality of M. Edmond De Goncourt is a very considerable one in literary Paris. Since the death of Flaubert, M. De Goncourt has been looked upon as the chief of the realist school, of which MM. Zola and Alphonse Daudet are only the continuers. In quantities of prefaces and manifestoes M. De Goncourt has attacked the contemporary stage, and announced his desire and intention of renovating it by means of a piece which should be the integral manifestation of a new art. Hence "Germinie Lacerteux," produced at one of the State theatres, L'Odéon, and hissed! Why? Because the art of it is not new, but simply inadequate; because it is tiresome and incomprehensible; and because the characters are nearly all ignoble creatures, fished out of the lowest moral, or immoral, strata of society. "Germinie Lacerteux" is simply a dull and disgusting spectacle. The wonder is how men and, much more, ladies can listen to the dreadful language of this piece. But modern France has become singularly callous on matters of decency of language and thought; and, perhaps, this change for the worse is due not a little to the universal experience of obligatory military service, the army being, as we have seen, "a school of coarseness of language."

The manager of the Gaité Theatre has sued the *Gil Blas* newspaper for 50,000f. damages for a theatrical echo of a very harmless nature concerning the unsuccessful piece, "Tartarin sur les Alpes." The case is likely to be amusing; and, naturally, the whole press is against the rash manager.—A grand international Literary Congress will be held in Paris in 1889, under the united auspices of the Association Littéraire Internationale and the Société des Gens de Lettres. The latter is a serious association; but the former has hitherto served chiefly as a pretext for banqueting and for excursions, at reduced tariffs, to the different capitals of Europe.—Irritated by the puffery which General Boulanger organises around his person, President Carnot has been having articles written about himself in the papers in which he announces with comic gravity that he is going to ask the Chamber to vote him a large sum of money to build a fine ball-room at the Elysée. President Carnot wishes to be gay.—The workmen who are building the gigantic Eiffel tower have again struck, demanding an increase of 5f. a day. The present pay maximum is 1f. an hour to the carpenters, 90c. to the fitters, and 70c. to the boys. M. Eiffel refuses all concessions.

T. C.

AUSTRALIAN PROGRESS: MELBOURNE.

The early annals of the Australian Colonies obtained notice in our pages three months ago; and, during the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1887, descriptive articles on New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and Queensland, appeared in this Journal. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, having travelled by the Canadian Pacific Railway over the American Continent, and having made the Pacific Ocean voyage from San Francisco to Sydney, reached Melbourne shortly before the opening there, in August, 1888, of the Great Exhibition associated with the Centenary Commemoration Festival of the foundation of New South Wales, the oldest Australian colony. His Illustrations of the opening of the Exhibition at Melbourne by Sir H. B. Loch, the Governor of Victoria, accompanied by the Governors of all the other British Colonies in Australasia, were published as soon as we received them; but we shall now present a series of Sketches of the two greatest Australian capital cities, Melbourne and Sydney, and of places in their neighbourhood, which will have a more than temporary interest. These subjects demand fresh comment and description, the statistics of which must be of the most recent date that can be procured in a collective form; and we have therefore consulted the "Australian Hand-Book" for 1888, concerning various local particulars, which may here be concisely put together for the information of readers in England (The "Australian Hand-book" is a yearly volume of 548 closely-printed pages, which is published by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, of London, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane).

VICTORIA.

The colony of Victoria, which was politically separated from New South Wales in July, 1851, is situated at the south-east of the continent of Australia, and lies between the parallels of 34 deg. and 39 deg. south latitude, and the meridians of 141 deg. and 150 deg. east longitude. Its boundaries are—on the north and north-east, the colony of New South Wales, from which it is separated by the River Murray and an imaginary line running in a south-easterly direction from The Springs on Forest Hill to Cape Howe; on the west by South Australia—the 141st meridian of east longitude dividing the two colonies; south and south-east, the Southern Ocean, Bass's Strait, and the Pacific Ocean. Its extreme length from east to west is 480 miles, its breadth 240 miles, and its area 87,884 square miles, or 56,245,760 acres. The coast-line, broken by several bays and capes, is about 600 geographical miles. It is estimated to be about one thirty-fourth part of the entire continent, and, comparing it with Great Britain (excluding the islands in the British seas), it is about 1800 square miles less in area.

A range of mountains traverses the entire length of the colony, dividing it into two unequal parts. This range runs in an eastern and western direction, generally at a distance of sixty or seventy miles from the seacoast. It is part of the Australian Cordillera, and is called the Dividing Range; all the Victorian rivers have their sources in this range or in its spurs, those to the north running towards the Murray, and those to the south flowing into the sea. Its eastern part, which divides the Gipps Land district from the Murray, is known as the Australian Alps. The Murray, the Goulburn, the Yarra-Yarra, and one or two of the Gipps Land streams, are navigable rivers; the Murray is a large river, with a course of 1300 miles, flowing generally westward, 980 miles of its course being along the northern border of Victoria. The principal harbours are in Port Phillip Bay, forty miles long, and about the same width at the widest part, area about 800 square miles, the head waters of which are called Hobson's Bay, and form the port of Melbourne; the south-western waters of Port Phillip Bay form Corio Bay, on the shores of which Geelong is located; other harbours are Portland Bay, Port Fairy, Western Port, and Port Albert.

The soil and climate of Victoria are most favourable to agriculture, growing wheat, barley, and oats, potatoes, rye, peas, beans, maize, sorghum, mangold-wurtzel and roots, clover, and various fodder grasses. Of tobacco, too, a large breadth has been devoted to cultivation. Among other things which have been successfully tried are hemp, flax, hops, chicory, beet, canary grass; and, in some localities, olives, oranges, guavas, black mulberries, and other fruits. The cereals do remarkably well. The greatest weight recorded of a bushel of wheat is 69 lb. 4 oz., the average is about 61 lb.; the average weight of oats is 40 lb., of barley 51 lb., and of maize 55 lb. As many as fifty and sixty bushels of wheat, sixty bushels of oats, and forty-two bushels of barley per acre have been obtained; but these returns are unusual. The wines made in the colony have taken a high place in the estimation of European connoisseurs. The apple, pear, peach, and nectarine, apricot, almond, gooseberry, currant, and fig, and the cabbage, cauliflower, turnip, carrot, parsnip, asparagus, pea, bean, water-melon, rock-melon, and tomato may be seen all growing together luxuriantly in the same plot of ground, while the borders blossom with the fuchsia, geranium, violet, daisy, and other common flowers of the English garden.

The mineral wealth of Victoria is great and diversified, but the wonderfully rapid progress of this colony is mainly due to its gold. One-third of the entire area of the country is believed to be occupied by gold-bearing rocks. The gold occurs in quartz and alluvium; the latter was, of course, the first worked, surface mining being comparatively easy. This was, however, quickly exhausted, and some of the sinkings are now carried on at considerable depths. Quartz reefing is now extensively followed, employing much machinery and a large amount of capital; and owing to the improvements in obtaining gold from the quartz, a yield of a few dwts. to the ton is found remunerative. The seven mining districts into which the colony is divided are Ballarat, Beechworth, Sandhurst, Maryborough, Castlemaine, Ararat, and Gipps Land. In the districts of Ballarat, Castlemaine, Maryborough, and Sandhurst there was an increase in the average yield per ton as compared with the previous year. Some of the quartz mines are now worked to a depth exceeding 2409 ft., and, so far as can be observed, there is little diminution in the yield of gold. For the past, to the end of 1886, the quantities and values of the principal metals and minerals raised since the discovery of the gold-fields were—gold, 54,424,399 oz., value £217,697,596; silver raised and exported, 255,578 oz., valued at £55,865; tin ore raised, smelted, and exported, in all, £342,459; copper ore, copper, and regulus exported, value £119,530; antimony ore raised and exported, value £202,768; lead, 660 tons of ore raised, producing metal of the value of £5326; iron, 5429 tons, value £12,535; coal, 13,153 tons, valued at £17,506; lignite, 8619 tons; kaolin, slates, flagging, magnesite, gypsum, mineral earths, and clays.

Although Victoria has not such extensive natural pastures as new South Wales and Queensland, stock-raising, the breeding of sheep, and the production of fine wool, are carried on, by different methods, with superior skill and care. The stock returns to March 1, 1887, were—308,553 horses; 1,303,265 cattle, of which number 335,727 were milch-cows; 10,700,403 sheep; 240,957 pigs.

All the railways in the colony are the property of the State. In the year ending June 30, 1887, there were 1880 miles of line open, and 521¾ miles in course of construction. The total cost of the lines was £26,171,609, being an average of £13,921 per mile for the 1880 miles open. The net revenue paid on the capital cost was 3·92 per cent. Melbourne has railway communication with all the up-country towns, and with Adelaide and Sydney.

Very many things are now manufactured in the colony, aided by the heavy Protective tariff. The number of manufactories, large and small, of all kinds, is 5783, employing 16,663-horse power and 51,469 hands, the value of premises and plant being £8,939,641. Among the exports during 1886 were—gold, inclusive of specie, £1,947,703; leather, £269,399; tallow, £121,900; wool, 107,984,839 lb., valued at £4,999,662; grain, £180,547; apparel and slops, £218,012; live stock, £394,475. The total value of the products of the colony, comprising gold, wool, tallow, hides, breadstuffs, minerals, bark, and timber manufactures, &c., exported in 1886 was £11,795,321. The value per head of the population was £11 19s. The total of yearly exports varies between twelve and sixteen millions sterling.

The Government revenue is about six millions and a half, the public debt of the Colony is about thirty millions, of which above twenty-five millions are represented by the railways. Victoria is under the control of a Governor appointed by the British Government, whose term of office is seven years, and of an Executive Council, and two Houses of Legislature. The Executive consists of the Governor of the Colony, and the Ministry for the time being. The Legislative Council is elected on a property franchise. The Legislative Assembly consists of eighty-six members, representing fifty-five electoral districts, containing, according to the latest return, 224,378 electors. It is triennial in its duration. Members are paid £300 per annum for their expenses. The qualifications of a voter are so easy that the system may be considered one of universal suffrage.

Victoria is divided into thirty-seven counties, and there are for the purposes of local self-government fifty-nine cities, towns, or boroughs, and 125 shires with municipal bodies. In 1886 the value of the rateable property in the cities, towns, and boroughs was £53,905,592; annual value, £4,824,911; revenue, £615,612. In the shires the value of rateable property was £71,973,156; annual value, £4,796,224; revenue, £615,125. From 1875 to 1885 upwards of 3½ millions sterling had been paid out of the State funds to the various local bodies. The estimated population of Melbourne and suburbs at the latest date was 395,000, inclusive of South Melbourne City, 37,000; Prahran City, 32,606; Richmond City, 31,286; Fitzroy City, 30,295; and Collingwood City, 28,800. The populations of the four principal extra-metropolitan towns in 1886 were as follows:—Ballarat, 41,110; Sandhurst, 36,570; Geelong, 20,890; and Castlemaine, 9400. The estimated population of the colony on June 30, 1887, was 1,019,106—viz., 540,954 males, and 478,152 females. The number of the aboriginal race does not exceed eight hundred.

MELBOURNE.

The city of Melbourne—the greatest city outside the United Kingdom within the British Empire, having a population of nearly 400,000, urban and suburban, within a ten-mile radius—is the metropolis of Victoria. Its central site, on the north bank of the Yarra-Yarra, two or three miles from the sea or Hobson's Bay, was in 1836 known as "Beargrass"; and a few turf or plank huts were then standing, while native "black-fellows," sheltering themselves at night with a screen made of bark, hung around the humble European settlement, which in half a century has grown to stateliness and wealth equalling the largest provincial towns in Great Britain. Its public buildings, mostly constructed of an imperishable blue stone, excel those of any other city of the same size in any part of the world, although some of them—the Parliament Houses, for example—are yet unfinished. The construction of the west front and dome of the Parliament Houses is now going on. The most noteworthy edifices are the Treasury; the Houses of Parliament (with a library of 35,000 volumes); the new Law Courts, in the Italian style, built of brick, faced with sandstone, which were nine years in erection, and have cost over £250,000, occupying a frontage to four streets of 300 ft.; the Free Library, containing over 110,000 volumes; the Post-Office; the building till lately used as Government printing-office; an immense edifice at the back of the Treasury for the Land, Mining, and other Departments; the Customs House, having a fine frontage to Queen's Wharf, and being near the spot where Mr. John P. Fawkner moored the little craft that was the pioneer of the fleets of merchantmen that have thronged the waters of Hobson's Bay; the Mint: the University, with the admirable Museum and the Wilson Hall, a magnificent building in the Perpendicular Gothic style of architecture, having a length of 140 ft., a breadth of 47 ft., and height of 47 ft. at walls to 84 ft. at the apex of the roof; the new Townhall, having a spacious room capable of seating 4000 persons, with one of the finest organs in the world; the various places of worship; St. Patrick's Cathedral (Roman Catholic), which has for many years been in course of erection; the insurance offices; the Exchange—a handsome building at the rear of the Old Hall of Commerce, with a fine hall; the theatres and the new Victoria Hall in Bourke-street, and many large and handsomely-built hotels. Conspicuous from every part of the city is Government House, a palatial building, with a square tower 145 ft. high, from whose summit a magnificent panorama of land and sea is obtainable, and in which the representative of Royalty is fittingly lodged. A cathedral for the Church of England, now in course of erection from the designs of Mr. Butterfield, is at the corner of Swanston and Flinders streets. Its extreme external length will be 273 ft., width 126 ft., central tower 156 ft. high, with lofty spire; it will afford accommodation for 1700 persons. Among the banking premises are the Bank of Australasia, a massive building of the Doric order; the London Chartered Bank, in the Greco-Italian style; the Bank of Victoria; the Bank of New Zealand; the Colonial Bank, and the English, Scottish, and Australian Chartered Bank, in the Gothic style.

The port of Melbourne is at Sandridge (now called Port Melbourne), a township 2½ miles distant, situated on Hobson's Bay, and connected with the metropolis by road and railway. Port Melbourne has two large and commodious piers, jutting out a long way into the bay, affording accommodation for a large fleet, and allowing vessels of almost any tonnage to berth alongside. Hobson's Bay has accommodation for 800 vessels; it varies in depth from three to five fathoms, and has good anchorage, the bottom of stiff clay and mud. There is access for steamers and vessels of considerable size to the very heart of the city by means of the river Yarra-Yarra, which is navigable to Melbourne. A dyke of basaltic rock, known as the Falls, has been blasted away, and the river is now uninterrupted and is tidal to Richmond. Immediately below the Falls are the Queen's, Cole's, and Australian wharves, extending for about a mile along the north bank of the river, and used almost solely by intercolonial trading vessels and steamers, and, the Australian wharf especially, by colliers. A dry dock is here, which will admit of ships of 1100 tons being taken in, and a wet dock of large area is proposed, to which the railway from Spencer-street would be connected. On the opposite bank of the river are ship-repairing yards, foundries, and many other manufactories, also a stone wharf, built at great cost, alongside which large vessels can be accommodated, and having a very large steam-crane, capable of lifting up to fifty tons from the ships that berth there. Between this and the Queen's wharf opposite is the Pool, an expansion of the river, where the largest vessels using this navigation can turn with ease. At present vessels drawing 16 ft. can get to the Melbourne wharves at ordinary tides, and 18 ft. at high tides, and this depth will be increased. Since 1877 the water has been deepened 3 ft., and the minimum depth at low water is now 14 ft. 6 in. at spring tides. A canal to Sandridge has been under consideration, but Sir John Coode has submitted plans for the improvement of the Yarra, which have partially been acted upon—a great advantage to all vessels coming up to Melbourne.

The city is plentifully supplied with omnibuses, similar to those in use in New York, cars, cabs, waggonettes, and other facilities for suburban and street conveyance, which run at cheap fares. Cable tramways now traverse several of the leading streets, and others are in course of construction. There are three railway stations—one in Spencer-street, being the terminus of the up-country lines; the second in Flinders-street, from which the suburban trains to Port Melbourne, South Melbourne, St. Kilda, Brighton, and other places run; and the third at Prince's Bridge, the starting point of the trains to Hawthorn, Camberwell, and Gipps Land. The principal streets in Melbourne proper are one mile in length, 99 ft. in width, and run at right angles to each other; they are intersected by smaller streets which bear the name of the larger streets with the prefix of "Little." These leading thoroughfares are named, respectively, after Australian notabilities—Flinders, Collins, Bourke, Lonsdale, and Latrobe, running nearly east and west; and cross streets called Spencer, King, William, Queen, Elizabeth, Swanston, Russell, Exhibition, and Spring street. Elizabeth-street, in the valley of the two principal hills on which the city is situated, divides East Melbourne from West Melbourne. The adjacent suburbs, North Melbourne, Collingwood, Fitzroy, Carlton, Brunswick, South Melbourne, Prahran, and Richmond, present fine streets and roads, good private houses and shops. Prince's Bridge, lately reconstructed of iron, from the designs of Messrs. Jenkins and Granger, crosses the river by three spans of 100 ft.; and there are many other bridges. Melbourne has its public parks and gardens: the Royal Park, with a good zoological collection; the Botanical Gardens, on the south side of the Yarra; the beautiful Fitzroy Gardens, laid out with great taste and skill, containing a pleasing variety of trees and flowers; the Studley Park; the Fawkner Park; the Richmond Park, with the gardens of the Horticultural Society; the Treasury and Flagstaff Gardens. The central portion of the Carlton Gardens, about 20 acres, was utilised for the purposes of the International Exhibition. The buildings, which cost altogether some £250,000, covered an area of 5½ acres of ground. The main building is cruciform, and consists of a nave, 500 ft. long, running from east to west, and cut through its centre by a transept 270 ft. deep, the ends of which are north and south; at the south end is the chief portal, a tall arch 40 ft. wide and 60 ft. high, reached by a flight of broad stone steps. On each side are square towers 105 ft. high. Some 50 ft. behind the portico, and at the point where the transept intersects the nave, rises the dome, octagonal in form, and reaching the height of 223 ft. some 130 ft. above the main roof. At its base the central tower is 100 ft. square. In addition to the main building were annexes covering nearly 15 acres of ground, with centre avenues the whole length. These annexes have since been removed. Among the places of recreation and amusement may be mentioned the New Picture and Statuary Gallery, at the rear of the Public Library. The Melbourne Observatory, on the south side of the river Yarra, is provided with appliances of the first order, and the telescope ranks amongst the largest now in use. The Melbourne Racecourse, with a handsome grand-stand, situated at Flemington, and the Melbourne Cricket-ground, in the Richmond Reserve, also possessing an elegant and roomy stand and a fine brick pavilion with flat roof, are nowhere surpassed. The Racecourse on Cup and other principal race-days is thronged by a concourse of people rivalling that on the Epsom Downs; and the Melbourne Cricket-ground during Intercolonial and All-England matches presents a sight hardly to be seen elsewhere, upwards of 12,000 persons having been known to be present. The inhabitants of Melbourne are well provided with means of entertainment; there are five theatres, and the Victoria Hall for concerts of good music; while for social intercourse there are the Melbourne Club and the Athenæum Club; and the Mechanics' Institute, now called the Athenæum, has a good library and lecture-hall. The Eastern Market, rebuilt at a cost of £77,000, is lighted at night by electricity; there are several other markets. The city is everywhere well paved and lighted, and is supplied with good water from the Yan-Yean reservoir; but the supply will be increased by 25,000,000 gallons on the completion of the Watts River Aqueduct. Gas is supplied by the Metropolitan Gas Company, an amalgamation of three former companies. The city and suburban police-stations, the Government offices, and the offices of numerous private firms have communication by telephone. The shops, warehouses, and other commercial establishments, by their handsome exterior, bear witness to the activity of profitable trade. No deficiency or inferiority will be observed by the newly-arrived emigrant who has been accustomed to Liverpool or Glasgow; except in three particulars—the cabs are bad; the carriage roadway, off the principal thoroughfares, is often badly out of repair; and many of the roads are rendered disagreeable by open sewers. These faults ought soon to be amended.

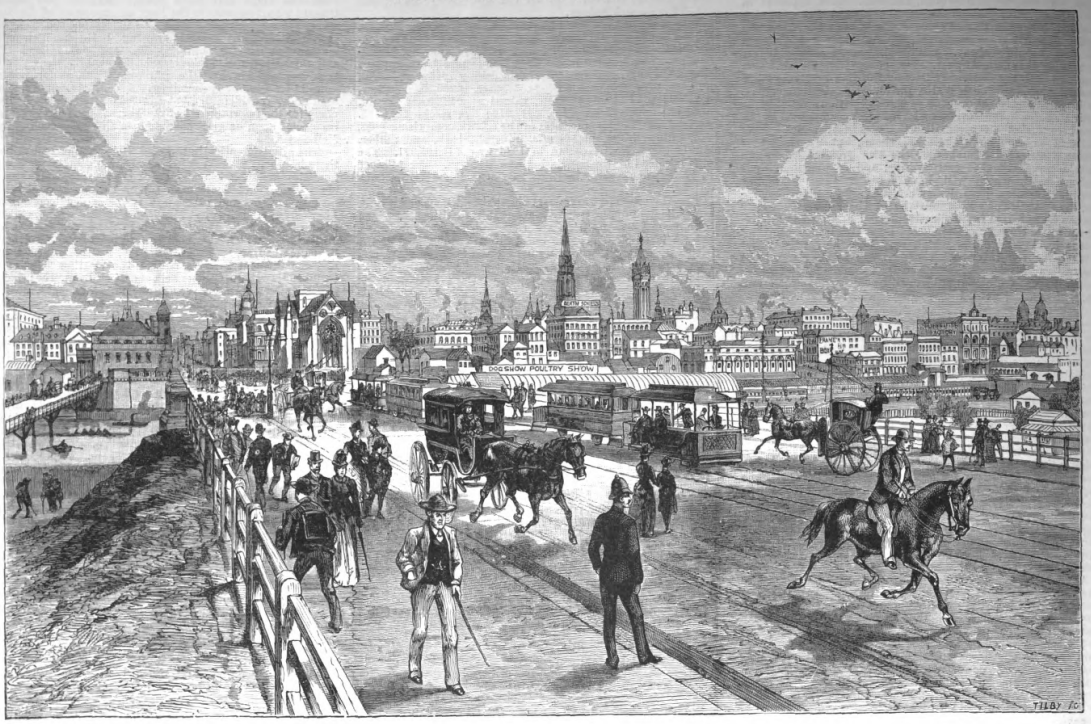
Our Special Artist's Sketches comprise street views, of which more are to be given; the Pool, with its shipping, in a view looking north-east; Government House, sketched by him from a new point of view; Prince's Bridge, recently opened; the imitation of an encampment of aboriginal savages, in the Zoological Gardens; a free dinner given by public charity to the city poor, during the festivities of the Australian Centenary Commemoration; and a great sale of lands by auction. Town building land in Melbourne often realises enormous prices; in one case £5 a square foot was paid for a street frontage, and the purchaser re-sold it for £9 15s. a foot. These sales cause wild excitement among the speculators at Melbourne.

The Goldsmiths' Company have contributed £25 towards the funds of the Thames Church Mission.

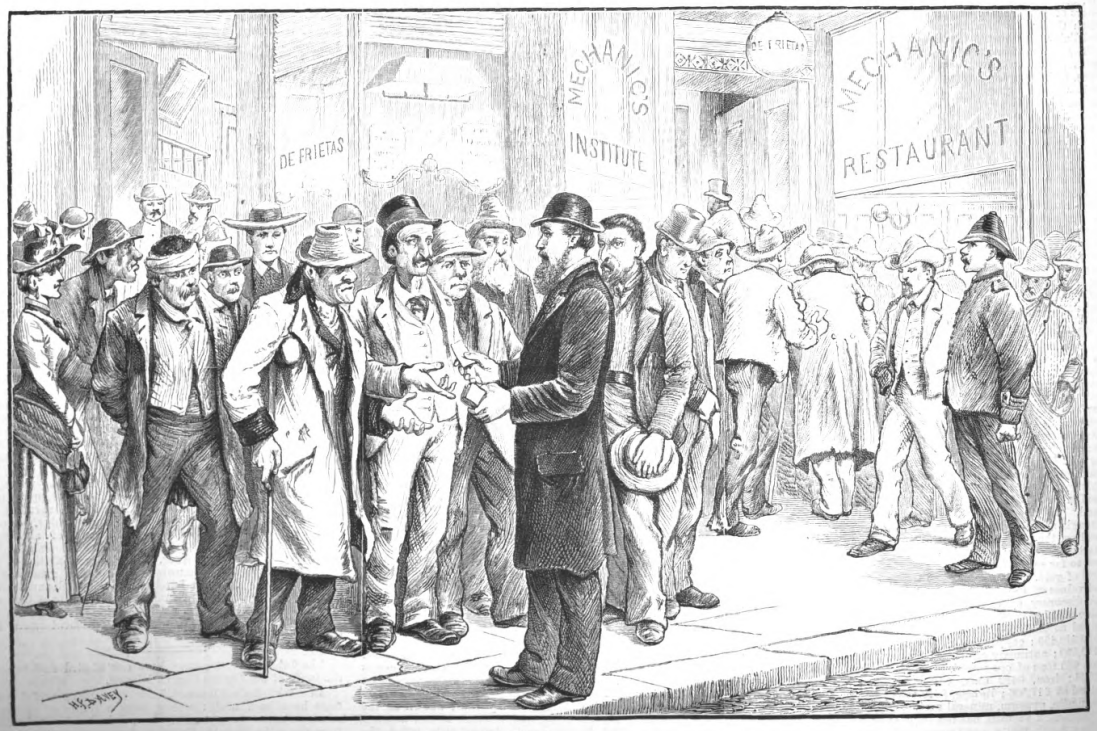
In "Whitaker's Almanack" for 1889 many useful additions have been made: among them a return of the commissions given to men (615 in number) who have risen from the ranks since the abolition of purchase in the Army; papers on educational progress; the new Local Government Act; marks on porcelain; uniform, badges, and rates of pay of all ranks and departments in the Army; a complete list of the recipients of the Victoria Cross since its institution; a handy glossary of astronomical terms and facts; and a miscellaneous variety of shorter articles, tables, and abstracts. To the man of business "Whitaker" is indispensable.

SKETCHES IN MELBOURNE, THE CAPITAL OF VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



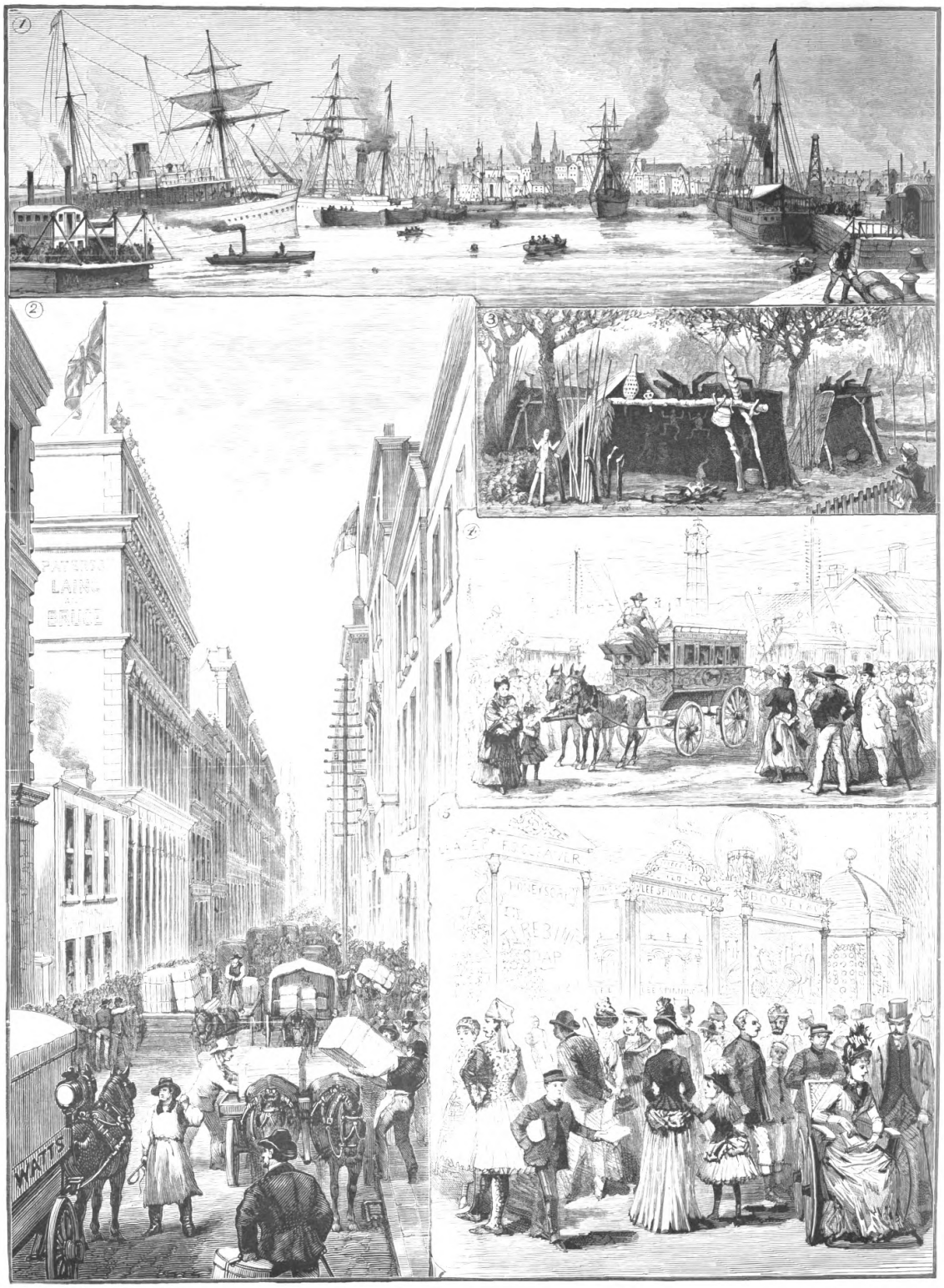
PRINCE'S BRIDGE, MELBOURNE.



FREE DINNER TO THE POOR OF MELBOURNE.

SKETCHES IN MELBOURNE, THE CAPITAL OF VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



1. The Pool, from the Ferry.
2. Little Flinders-street.
3. Exact representation of Native Encampment fifty years ago, now in the Zoological Gardens.
4. To the Exhibition from Flinders-street Railway Station.
5. Scene in the Exhibition.

THE ISLE OF MERKEN.

It was a still, hot day in August when we wound through the canals of Amsterdam in a little steam-launch, whose stoked-up fires and throbbing, malodorous engines made the heat of the breezeless day still more intense. We passed out into the Y, and through the great sea-lock, into the Zuider Zee, which stretched before us calm and desolate. At last, on the dim horizon, at some distance from the long, low shore on our left, three blocks, like ghostly haystacks, rose through the thin blue mist, and then gradually a strip of land uniting them appeared above the sea, shaping itself, as we approached, into an island covered with clusters of houses. It was the Isle of Merken, hidden away in a great curve of the Southern Sea, a land where the years bring no change as they roll by.

Suddenly, four hours after leaving the Amstel Quay, we turned sharp to the right, and ran into the little harbour of Merken, among the fishing smacks that lay sheltered along-side the staked and stone-bound dykes that formed the tiny port. We climbed ashore up a narrow ladder-like flight of steps in the cobbles of the sea-wall, which is raised several feet above the level of the island. The inhabitants stood and gazed at us, the men with their hands in their pockets, the women with their hands on their hips, and the children with their hands folded behind their backs. They looked at us calmly and placidly, with no hint of rudeness in their gaze; but with an air of tolerant criticism, as though we had been creatures of another planet, in whose existence they acquiesced, but in whom they took no more than a passing interest.

The Isle of Merken is nothing but a collection of sand-mounds rising from a low flat land hardly above the level of the sea. It is protected by stone and wattled dykes, and inter-sected by narrow canals about four feet wide, along which miniature barges or punts thread their way. These canals are crossed by single plank bridges pivoting on a huge nail, and having a heavy block of wood on the short arm, so that they can be swung back to allow the little barges to pass by. There are three mounds or hillocks, each one covered with its group of houses, which dispute for precedence among themselves. The central point of the first mound is the church and the pastor's house; of the second, the light-house; and of the third, the cemetery. All the buildings, except the pastor's house and the church, are of wood, clinker-built, tarred or painted black, and with tiled roofs. None of them can boast any great antiquity, for in the stormy history of the Netherlands Merken has frequently been taken and pillaged.

The men are burly, thick-set fellows, with the huge baggy breeches of the traditional Dutchman. These breeches and the gaiters which join them are made of dark-blue serge, very thick and strong, and the jersey is made of the same material. Sometimes on shore the men wear a blouse over all. On their heads they carry commonplace straw hats of the ordinary English shape, or close-fitting dark-blue caps with peaks, and on their feet *sabots* of surpassing size and thickness. The women have slight distinctions of dress for all ages, the costumes of young girl, betrothed maiden, wife, and widow all being different in some small particular. As a general thing they wear a heavy skirt of dark-blue serge bound with red or black, puffed out with many petticoats beneath, full at the waist and gathered in. Their long aprons and bodices, which are laced up behind, are of gay chintz, and their stock-ings are of knitted wool. On their heads they wear a close white cap, often covered with a many-coloured handkerchief, under which peeps out their pale golden hair cut in a fringe over the forehead. The unmarried girls also wear a long curl on each side of the face, hanging down against each cheek and on the shoulder, and all the women wear a couple of gold wire pins to keep their hair together behind. The children, both girls and boys, are dressed in exactly the same fashion until the age of eight. To a stranger all the solemn-faced, petti-coated little creatures seem girls; there are apparently no small boys on the island at all. The children are dressed in a brilliantly-striped cotton shirt, with a dark blue, knitted jersey underneath. Like the women, they wear a bodice of gay chintz laced up behind, a full skirt of dark-blue serge, woollen stockings, and *sabots*. They, too, have a fringe and two long, fair curls coming out from under a close bonnet of chintz, and all are so exactly alike that it is impossible, at first sight, to tell boys from girls. However, the boys are dis-tinguished by having two gold or silver buttons at the throat, fastening their cap-strings, or by a patch of embroidery on the crown of the bonnet. These gold and silver buttons are heir-looms in the families, and are handed down from father to son through the generations, and some of them are remarkable for their quaint, antique shapes and patterns.

The houses shown to the visitor are suspiciously like show houses, only one or two being open to inspection, and those full of curiosities and beyond measure tidy. The house or cabin to which visitors are always taken boasts a splendid collection of oaken chests with brass hinges, carved cabinets, armoires, and sideboards, tall clocks, pots and pans of ancient crockery, cups and bowls of finer ware, brass candle-sticks and lanterns, and against the wall an imposing warming-pan, also of brass. Two-thirds of one side of the room were occupied by a vast recess containing a wide open fire-place large enough to do the cooking for a regiment; the other third of the side being a niche in which was the owner's bed, piled up with bedding and blankets almost to the ceiling, and surmounted by a couple of bulky pillows, all after the approved Continental style for a bed in a cupboard. The room was a veritable collection of odds and ends of ancient Merken bric-à-brac; but the general effect was spoiled by the introduction of a couple of common cheap petroleum-lamps, with clumsy glass reservoirs and flimsy metal fittings, beside which even the grotesque photographs of relatives dotted about the walls had an air of antiquity and fitness. As for the widow and her pretty daughters, they were perfectly in harmony with their surroundings, their old-world dresses being most natural and becoming beneath the low rafters of that quaint old wooden house.

But the afternoon was wearing away, and we had to get back to Amsterdam; so we wound along the narrow paths by the side of the tiny canals, and returned to our launch in the little harbour. A very short run took us across to Monnick-endam on the mainland, where we entered the canal, and, passing the thick wood round the church, steamed down a broad, straight stretch of water nearly level with the sur-rounding country. On our left were wide, green meadows, dotted over with haymakers in long jack-boots reaching above the knee. Here and there were villages and farm-houses, and on the edge of the Zuider Zee, which stretched a thin blue line in the far distance, rose the tower of a church. On the right was a thick fringe of reeds, a road, a double line of trees, a ditch, and, beyond, the broad green plain, with cows, windmills, and farm-houses, to give a semblance of life to the monotony of the landscape. We visited Broek the clean, the beloved of tourists, and, passing through more flat country, and under bridges and through locks, where toll was demanded in a *sabot* dangling at the end of a long cord tied to a stick, we struck the Ship Canal and joined the crowd of vessels slowly making their way towards the busy city whose towers stood out against the cloudless sky on the other side of the Y.

J. W. P.

CHESS.

D H S (St. Austell).—Your first and third thoughts are no better than your second. Black cannot play R to R 4th—you mean R 5th. If he does that, White continues the solution given: 2. B to K Kt 8th (dis. ch), K to Kt 2nd; 3. Q to Q 7th, Mate. Now we have taken the trouble to make every move for you, perhaps you will be able to discover the problem is not impossible.

M JACKSON (Welton).—Shall be examined and reported upon shortly.

A NEWMAN.—Thanks; we hope the novelties may have a better fate than your last effort.

COLUMBUS.—Your problem is scarcely up to publication standard. The play lacks interest.

MRS. B.—We are not satisfied with your three-move problem. There is not sufficient variety to compensate for the easiness of solution.

J W PEIRS.—Your problems are not without merit, but the finish in each case is so tame that one of the special points of problem construction, beauty of mating position, entirely disappears.

W. PARSONS.—If, in your position, Black play 1. Kt to Q 3rd, how does mate follow?

*** In consequence of the holidays, several answers to correspondents must stand over for another week.

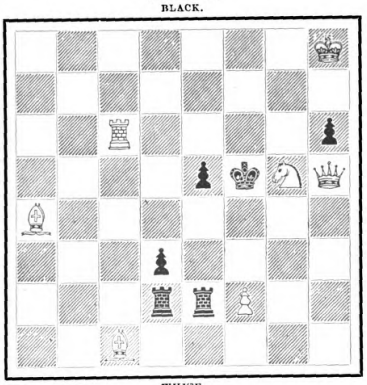
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2324 received from O M B (Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2325 from G B Hewett (Middle Colaba) and O M B; of No. 2326 from G B Hewett; of No. 2327 from G B Hewett and J Drake (Natal); of No. 2330 from D D B (Dufftown) and J Bingley; of No. 2331 from W R Raillem, Mrs Kelly (Lifton), E G Boys, H Burley, J Hepworth Shaw, and Geo Saint, jun.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2332 received from E Louden, R H Brooks, W F Cartwright, Shadforth, Dawn, Howard A, J Coad, A Newman, R F S Banks, E Phillips, E Casella (Paris), L Desanges, R Worters (Canterbury), Dr Law (Sheffield), Dane John, G J Veale, T Roberts, James Sage, J Dixon, Mrs Kelly, D H S (St. Austell), Dr F St, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), E G Boys, Julia Short, W R Raillem, Bernard Reynolds, Geo Saint, jun, J T W, J D Tucker (Leeds), Percy Ewen, W Wright, Percival, and M Sharp.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2330.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to R 4th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 2334.
By B. G. LAWS.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

Game played by Mr. BLACKBURNE during his recent visit to the Midlands.
(*King's Bishop Gambit.*)

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Egger).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P
3. B to B 4th	P to K Kt 4th
A novelty of doubtful merit. Black was justified, however, in quitting a well-worn game for the purpose of em-barrassing his opponent.	
4. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th
5. P to Q 4th	Q to K 2nd
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd
7. Q takes P	P to K R 4th
8. Q to K 2nd	B to Kt 2nd
9. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd
10. B takes P	
The opening now results in Black being minus a Pawn with *no* equivalent in position, something very unusual in the defence of a gambit.	
10.	B to Kt 5th
11. Castles (Q R)	Kt to Q 2nd
12. B to K Kt 5th	P to B 3rd
B to R 3rd, exchanging Bishops and bringing another piece into play, is preferable.	
13. B to B 4th	Castles
14. P to Q 5th	

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Egger).
The commencement of a strong attack.	
14.	Kt to K 4th
15. P takes P	P takes P
16. B to R 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
17. B takes Kt	B P takes B
18. Q to B 4th	Q to Q B 2nd
19. Kt to K Kt 5th	
A well-timed move for Black threat-ened B to R 3rd (ch) and B to K 6th, &c.	
19.	B to R 3rd
20. R to Q 3rd	B to Q B sq
21. Kt to B 4th	B takes B
22. Q takes B	K to R sq
23. R to Q Kt 3rd	R to Kt sq
24. R takes R (ch)	K takes R
25. R to B sq	Kt to K 2nd
26. R to B 3rd	K to R sq
27. K to Q sq	B takes Kt
28. P takes B	Kt to Kt 3rd
29. R to Q B 3rd	R to Q B sq
An error that loses at once. Black had so far played with ingenuity, and well deserved the draw that seemed in-evitable.	
30. Kt to Kt 6th (ch),	and wins.

This being Christmas week, when anything serious is not to be thought of, we present a slight addition to the good cheer of the season in the shape of a dish of chess nuts:—

By A. NEWMAN.—*White:* K at K Kt 7th, R at Q B sq, B at K Kt 3rd, Kt at Q R 7th.
Black: K at Q B 2nd, Q at Q B 6th, R's at Q sq and Q Kt 2nd, B's at Q 2nd and Q R 8th, Knights at Q Kt 3rd and K R 2nd.
White mates in part of a move.

By A. NEWMAN.—*White:* K at K R 6th, Q at Q 8th, Kt at Q Kt 6th; Pawns at Q B 6th and Q Kt 7th.
Black: K at Q R 2nd, Kt at Q R sq.
White to play, and, by a literal interpretation of law, to mate in two moves.

The following end games in actual play are selected from Adolf Roegner's recently published collection:—

White (WINAWER): K at Q B sq, Q at K 4th, B at Q B 2nd, R at Q sq; Pawns at Q R 3rd, Q 5th, K B 2nd, K Kt 3rd, and K R 5th.
Black (BLACKBURNE): K at K Kt sq, Q at K 7th, R at Q Kt sq, B at Q B 6th; Pawns at Q 3rd, Q B 2nd, Q R 3rd, K B 2nd, K Kt 2nd, and K R 2nd.
Black to play and win.

White (ZUKERTORT): K at K Kt 2nd, Q at Q Kt 3rd, Kt at Q 5th; Pawns at Q B 7th, K B 3rd, K Kt 3rd, and K R 2nd.
Black (ENGLISCH): K at K sq, Q at Q B 3rd, Kt at K 3rd; Pawns at K B 3rd, K Kt 2nd, K R 3rd, and Q R 2nd.
White to play and win.

From the current number of Mr. Steinitz's *International Chess Magazine*:—

By J. W. ABBOTT.—*White:* K at K R 4th, Q at Q R 4th, R at K B 4th, B at Q 3rd, Kt at K B 2nd.
Black: K at K 4th, P at Q 4th.
White to play and mate in three moves.

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ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.

Otto of the Silver Hand. Written and Illustrated by Howard Pyle (Sampson Low and Co.).—The iron-handed German Barons and Knights of the Middle Ages have figured in many romantic tales; and the "castled crags" overlooking the Rhine and other rivers are supposed to have witnessed a good deal of lawless violence, rapacity, and cruelty. Little Baron Otto of Drachenhausen, whose gentle lady mother, when she gave birth to him, died of the shock that she suffered in seeing her fierce lord brought home sorely wounded from a fight with the neighbouring burghers, has been educated by the monks, and is an angel of charity and piety. He is captured by his father's enemy, the Baron Henry of Trutz-Drachen, who cuts off the child's right hand. The story, which goes on to relate his deliverance from the enemy's castle by One-eyed Hans, the battle that ensued, and the intervention of the Emperor Rudolph, is sufficiently interesting, and is well told by Mr. Howard Pyle, whose drawings, engraved in the twenty-five Illustrations, have also much force of conception and ex-pression. Otto, who has to wear a silver hand, becomes a page at the Emperor's Court.

That Boy Jack: A Story for Young Folk. By Helen H. Rogers, Author of "An Old-World Story" (J. Hogg).—This bright and wholesome little history of the childhood of a young gentleman who became a worthy officer of the British naval service is evidently written by a lady who knows what boys are, and how to make them what boys and men should be. She must also be acquainted with the domestic life of families belonging to the superior class of civilian officials resident at her Majesty's Dockyards; and if the character of the kind old Admiral is a portrait from life, we hope that no reform of the Admiralty will ever shut out the practice of such engaging virtues. How Jack Fenshawe, a bit of a scapegrace, in the tenth year of his age, inspired by an old sailor's yarns with a wish to go to sea, became a favourite with the Admiral by his exhibition of frankness and straightforwardness, in going to apologise for a fault, and was then taken with his sister Agnes on board the yacht for a day's pleasure; how he was sent to a private school in France, quarrelled with the French boys who derided England, ran away, lost his money, and was rescued from distress by meeting the Admiral at Cherbourg; and how, when his schooling was done, he entered the Royal Navy as a midshipman, with a noble career before him, let Miss Rogers tell the reader in her own pleasant way. The engravings, drawn by A. Hitchcock, are not bad illustrations of the tale.

Adventures of Her Serene Highness the Moon-faced Princess. By F. St. J. Orlebar (R. Bentley and Son).—The Princess, whose plump, round visage, with eyes of ineffable tenderness, looks forth in many of the illustrations in this amusing book, was born to the Mikado's Imperial family in Japan, but of an English mother, and in due time she came to England, where some thought her Serene Highness a dear soft little idiot, while others admired the bland suavity of her temper; but her grandmother and great-grandmother were quite delighted.

Brave Deeds. Collected and illustrated by Lieutenant-Colonel T. Marshman (Griffith, Farran, and Co.).—Colonel Marshman, who dedicates these historical anecdotes and pictures of military gallantry to his old comrades of the late 28th, now the 1st Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment, has ex-tracted brief authentic records from books of undeniable credit, and with a skilful pencil has delineated more than a dozen notable scenes on the field of battle, from the wars of Marl-borough, the Peninsula and Waterloo, to the Alma and Balaclava.

Nurse's Memories. By Charlotte M. Yonge (Eyre and Spottiswoode).—Miss Yonge's high literary reputation, especially as an engaging and instructive writer for girls, is a sufficient credential sign to recommend these chapters, which are illustrated by Frederick Marriott and Florence Maplestone with very suitable drawings.

Young Maids and Old China. Verses by F. W. Bourdillon; pictures by J. G. Sowerby (Marcus Ward and Co.).—Every page is adorned with one or more specimens of pretty blue china-ware, besides the coloured pictures of incidents in the life of girlhood, and the comments in passable poetry.

The Origin of Plum-Pudding, and other Fairy Tales. By Frank Hudson (Ward and Downey).—Mr. Hudson's stories, including his account of Father Christmas showing the fairies how to make plum-pudding for Tim Blink and his dame, "Shaun Murray's Challenge," "The Fairy of Fashion," and "The Fairy from France," as well as his burletta, "Othello the Second," which is not a tragedy, will be found amusing. The illustrations are by Gordon Browne.

The Children of the Week. By William Theodore Peters (G. Routledge).—These are American children, dwelling either in Philadelphia, as we suppose, or in New York; one of them is called Alexander Selkirk, jun., and the other is Char-lotte. They are visited by a Red Indian, who is on speaking terms with all the Days of the Week, and who repeats the tale which each Day has told him. Mr. Clinton Peters, a clever artist, furnishes the illustrations.

We may also notice, with decided approbation, the new volume of illustrated descriptive and historical geography issued by the Religious Tract Society, which is *Irish Pictures, drawn with Pen and Pencil*, by Mr. Richard Lovett; and Messrs. G. Philip and Son's *Pictures of Native Life in Distant Lands*, translated from the German of Professor A. Kirchoff, with twelve coloured plates designed by H. Leutemann, and printed at Fürth by G. Löwensohn. In *Flora's Feast* (Cassell and Co., Limited) the designs by Walter Crane, mingling graceful human forms with those of plants and flowers, are of artistic quality. *Sparks from the Yule-Log*, by W. G. Churcher, (Elliot Stock) including a short tale called "It," by Mr. Rider Haggard, is proper Christmas fare. The Bride-street publisher, Mr. E. Nister, has further produced two illustrated books, entitled *There Was Once* (old fairy-tales in prose), and *When All is Young*, pieces of verse addressed to children, with beautiful coloured engravings, printed at Nuremberg in the most perfect style; and *Fair Flowers from the Poet's Garden*, comprised in a few small pages. *Switzerland, its Mountains, Lakes, and Valleys* (J. S. Virtue and Co.) is a new and revised edition of a descriptive book, with 250 wood-engravings, by the aid of which one may share the pleasures of the tourist while staying at home. *In the Sunny South* (Walter Smith and Innes, publishers) is another story of children accompany-ing their parents in foreign travels, as far as the neighbourhood of Cannes; the illustrations are by Mr. T. Pym, who makes charming little figures and groups of the small people that everybody loves. The Religious Tract Society, among the greatest publishers of cheap and good popular literature, have this year also issued Mr. Harper's *Walks in Palestine*, illus-trated with twenty-four superb photogravures. Of the *édition de luxe*, limited to a hundred copies, and published at 45s., only twenty copies remain, and more than six hundred copies of the ordinary edition, at 25s., have been sold. This book may be pronounced one of the most artistic productions of the present season, and no choicer Christmas gift could be desired.

GREAT MEN'S FATHERS.

From the recently-published Diary of the late German Emperor Frederick readers will probably draw various conclusions, more or less capable of dispute; but there is one which I think nobody will care to impugn—namely, that he was a much greater man than his father. Circumstance—that mysterious power which bulks so largely in the lives of all of us—so ordered it that the Emperor William, though endowed with no more than average intelligence, and saved from mediocrity only by his iron strength of will and rigid adherence to his idea of kingship, should be placed in a position which made him seem quite an heroic figure. And, indeed, when set against such a background as two successful wars and the expansion of a small kingdom into a great empire, no one could look other than colossal. Agamemnon, Achilles, Priam, and the rest would be but ordinary mortals if the flames of burning Troy did not throw upon them a lurid light, and the companionship of deities elevate and dignify them. In the capacity for rule, in the statesmanship which moulds and shapes events so as to realise a lofty purpose, in self-repression and self-sacrifice and silent fortitude—the three qualities which differentiate a hero from his valet—in a word, in all the higher virtues, the son soared away above the father as if the two were not of the same blood. I wonder whether the grim old soldier fathomed ever so little the fine, sweet, and yet lofty character of his son; attained to any conception of the chivalrous magnanimity and calm wisdom which were stored up in that noble nature; was aware that he had begotten a paladin—a peerless prince? One cannot help doubting it, because the lesser minds can never correctly appraise the higher, and there can be no true sympathy where motives, aims, and impulses are radically unlike. One may even suspect that the parental affection was marred by a slight strain of jealousy. And, after all, it is unquestionably mortifying—as James I. experienced in relation to his son, Prince Henry—to discover that you have brought into the world a rival, a successful competitor with yourself, and that it is your own son who holds up the mirror to reflect his father's littleness of stature. Conceive the impatience of the best of men when they find themselves measured by a standard of their own making, and that a standard which overtops them by several inches! So long as an Amurath an Amurath succeeds, all goes well; but when a Solyman the Magnificent interrupts the succession of mediocrities, and puts his father to the blush, there's the dickens to pay! It takes a great deal of generosity for a man to be comfortable in such a position, and a great deal more for him actually to enjoy, and be proud of, his self-made depreciation. To be known as Mr. William Shakspeare's or Mr. John Milton's father—I suppose there are men who would rejoice in the distinction, and, perhaps, with good reason. On the whole, I take it to be a fortunate thing that so few fathers are exposed to this sort of trial. We have no right to ask too much of poor humanity; and it is just as well—is it not?—that most of us should be tolerably confident that we are *not* Great Men's Fathers.

Yet such an honour, or such a burden, whichever you like to call it, might happen at any moment to any man. How little could Gabrini, the small inn-keeper in the Roman Ghetto, have expected to become the father of the stately Tribune, Cola di Rienzi? or that "honest, poor man of Ipswich"—grazier or butcher, which was he?—to have introduced into English history such a magnificent personage as Wolsey, the Cardinal? When the Arras advocate suddenly disappeared from the sight of his family and clients, little did he think that the two-year old son he left behind him would one day terrorise France under the name of Maximilian Robespierre. It would seem, from an anecdote that has come down to us, that Madame Buonaparte anticipated the future greatness of Napoleon—which is probably true, as most mothers indulge in sanguine dreams of the ultimate prosperity of their offspring; but it is certain that no such splendid vision dazzled the eyes of his father, the honest and patriotic lawyer of Ajaccio (a much more respectable character, by-the-way, than his famous son ever became). The small Scotch farmer who laboriously tilled the ungrateful soil of Mount Oliphant, never dreamed, we may be sure, that his son Robbie would write the name of Burns among the immortals. He died, however, before the poet made his reputation, and therefore suffered no inconvenience from it. But I am sure that Sir Timothy Shelley bitterly disliked the kind of renown which accrued to him as the father of the author of "Queen Mab" and "The Revolt of Islam." No doubt it was a mystery to him to his dying day how he should have committed the mistake—he, the rigidly conservative and prosaic Sussex squire—of giving to the world a social revolutionist, a political destructive, and a brilliant poet in the person of his son and heir. And Martin Luther, the Reformer—what a surprise it would have been to his father, on that Eve of St. Martin, when, to the industrious miner a son was unexpectedly born at Eisleben, if the book of the Future had suddenly unfolded its leaves and shown him that son boldly riding towards Worms to vindicate the truth before the Diet of the German princes—"resolved to enter Worms in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, although as many devils should set at him as there were tiles on the houses-tops"! Probably, honest John Luther would have wished that his wife had brought no such wonderful and perplexing man-child into the world.

It is not to be disputed that there are instances on record which point in a different direction, and to some extent vindicate the paternal character from what would otherwise be a sad reproach. One is familiar enough with the story of the careful training bestowed by the illustrious Chatham on his son William Pitt, afterwards known as "the pilot who weathered the storm"; though, as a matter of fact, he literally sank beneath it, and died of its violence. It is pretty, as Master Pepys would say, to contemplate the picture of the celebrated statesman supervising his son's practice in English composition, selecting for him the best models, teaching him how to manage his voice, and rejoicing in the promise he gave of future excellence. Pitt's great rival, Charles James Fox, received a very different training at *his* father's hands. But, at all events, Lord Holland was never discomposed by the early fame of his brilliant son. I am always much moved by the recital of the pride and exultation with which Turner's father watched the increasing reputation of the great artist; and I can fancy how astonished the whilom barber must have been at his successive triumphs. Yet in the painter's boyhood the father, it is only fair to recollect, predicted his son's rise in the world. "My son," he said to Stothard, the artist, "is going to be a painter." And when a small legacy was left to him, he immediately devoted the whole of it to paying the fees for his son's artistic education. We know that Sir Walter Scott's father—the "Alexander Fairford" of his romance of "Redgauntlet"—delighted in the laurels which his son wore always with such modest dignity. And with what eager interest did Pope's father, the retired linendraper, watch the growth of his son's popularity, and his gradual recognition by society as the greatest English poet of his time. The old man was fortunate in living to see his son not only famous, but—for a poet—affluent, and to linger for some months among the classic shades of Twickenham.

In not a few instances great men's fathers have escaped all responsibility by the simple expedient of dying before their sons attained greatness. The father of Sir Joshua Reynolds, for example, passed away just as his son's powers were beginning to mature. One could wish that industrious James Faraday, the blacksmith, had lived to see the expanding reputation of his son, the celebrated chemist. Charles Lamb's father, of whom he has drawn so charming a portrait in his essay "On the Old Benchers of the Inner Temple," struggled on until his son was twenty-two; but Elia's fame was of much later growth, and the old man's declining years were brightened by no anticipatory gleams of it. The Bristol linendraper who begot Southey did not live to see his son flourishing like a green bay-tree in the pleasant fields of literature. So small does the father sometimes seem in comparison with, or in contrast to, the celebrated son, that the latter's biographer often omits all reference to his departure from a world in which he had no other apparent *raison d'être* than to act as a progenitor. I have just looked at a memoir of Wordsworth which does not give even the date of his father's death! Schiller, the greatest (if we except Goethe) of the German poets, had reached manhood before his father died, whom he had sorely vexed by his vagrom disposition. Little could the elder Schiller foresee that the indifferent surgeon who fretted against the uncongeniality of his calling would develop into the author of "Wallenstein" and "The Maid of Orleans." It seems hard that fathers who have striven much for their sons' sake should disappear without any reward for their labours—even without that gratification which the fame and future of their sons might be expected to give; though they escape, it is true, the inconveniences to which I have already alluded. But the Bathgate baker, whom Providence made the father of Sir James Simpson, would have unquestionably been thankful to have witnessed the physician's brilliant success. His death occurred just as his son, a youth of nineteen, was going up for his surgeon's degree. And very probably the Vicar of Berkeley, who died when his son, Dr. Edward Jenner, was only five years old, would have rejoiced to hail in him so great a benefactor to mankind as the discoverer of vaccination. Petrarch's father would fain have made his son Francesco a lawyer: happily, his death left the poet free to follow the spontaneous impulses of his genius—to celebrate Laura in immortal verse, and to receive the Laureate's crown in the Roman Capitol. This is not the only case in which a great man's father has conferred on his son a double obligation—first, by becoming his father; and, second, by dying before he could do anything to mar his career (which, by-the-way, if he *had* done, he might never have proved to be a great man's father, for we know how Genius droops and withers in an uncongenial atmosphere). The father of Claude Lorraine wanted to make him a pastrycook. The father of Jacques Callot was persistently hostile to his son's artistic tendencies. And Benvenuto Cellini's father had no higher ambition for his son than that he should become an expert flute-player.

It would seem, if one judged from *à priori* reasoning, that a great man's father should himself be a great man; or else what becomes of the doctrine of heredity? But every biographical dictionary proves the reverse; and proves also that a great man's sons seldom carry on the paternal greatness, Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Raleigh, Cromwell, Napoleon, Wellington, Titian—one might fill a page with suggestive names. Nature, when she has produced a great poet, a great musician, or a great warrior, breaks the mould, and there's an end of it. That a man inherits to some extent the moral qualities of his parents may be allowed, though the hypothesis is one into which we must not inquire too curiously; but that he necessarily inherits his intellectual character from them appears to be a statement unwarranted by the general evidence of biography. Sometimes the advocates of heredity rely, I observe, upon the maternal element as the stronger, and the father is thrust into quite a secondary relationship; but then, at other times, we are carefully instructed to look to the great man's father as the original from which his greatness is derived. But is it possible to conceive that Shakespeare owed anything, ever so trivial, to the worthy commonplace burgess of Stratford-on-Avon, whose highest ambition was to wear the aldermanic robes? Or, to refer again to Claude Lorraine's father, what could the great painter inherit from the unintelligent individual who would have forced upon his son the cap and apron of the pastrycook? What was there in common between the rough sea-captain, Sir William Penn, and his son, the founder of Pennsylvania? When Benjamin Haydon told his father that he had made up his mind to be a painter, "Who has put this stuff into your head?" growled the father. "Nobody; I have always had it." "You will live to repent!" exclaimed the elder Haydon. "Never, my dear father; I would rather die in the trial!" Not much sympathy here between son and father! What did Locke owe to his "progenitor" Helvetius, or Diderot, or Newton? Among musicians, however, there *does* seem to be an inheritance of ability. Mozart's father, as everybody knows, was a practical musician. If Abraham Mendelssohn (who recognised the awkward position of a great man's father, wittily saying, "Formerly, I was the son of my father [the illustrious Moses Mendelssohn]; now I am the father of my son") had no technical acquaintance with the divine art, he *had* a wonderful insight into it. As for the Bachs, in them the musical faculty descended from father to son, and son to grandson, like the crown through a dynasty of Guelphs or Hapsburgs. Chopin's father was musically inclined. Beethoven's was his son's first teacher, and played both violin and clavier like a proficient. The father of Franz Schubert was a schoolmaster, but knew enough of the art to instruct his "gifted son." The greatest of violinists, Paganini, received his earliest musical lessons from his father, who loved music intensely, and was a performer on the mandolin. Haydn's father had a good tenor voice, and though he did not know a note, could accompany himself on the harp. Handel's father, it is true, was an exception to the rule, which is confirmed, however, by the case of our great English musician, Sterndale Bennett, whose father was an organist and a composer of songs. Sir Arthur Sullivan was born amid "sweet sounds;" and Dr. A. C. Mackenzie is descended from three generations of musicians.

Evidently, a heavy responsibility rests upon the fathers of great men, and, as we have seen, the relationship is one which involves a considerable amount of risk and inconvenience. So that, though a certain degree of distinction attaches to it, I feel inclined, on the whole, to offer my respectful condolences to any of my readers who are, or are likely to be, Great Men's Fathers.

O. Y.

In recognition of his recent gallant rescue of a drowning man from the River Tay, the Marquis of Breadalbane has been awarded the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society.

Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke, having returned from their annual provincial tour, have resumed their well-known entertainment at the Egyptian Hall. Their new programme is, as usual, excellent.

"Hazell's Annual for 1889," an excellent cyclopædic record of men and topics of the day, has just been issued, in an enlarged form, containing many new and revised articles. It is brimful of information on all sorts of subjects.

OBITUARY.

SIR BRODERICK HARTWELL, BART.



Sir Broderick Hartwell, second Baronet, of Dale Hall, Essex, died in London on Dec. 11. He was born July 17, 1813, the elder son of the Rev. Houlton Hartwell, M.A., Chaplain to George, Prince Regent, by Ruth, his wife, daughter of Mr. David Ball, of Bishops Hall, and succeeded his grandfather as second Baronet in 1831. He married, Oct. 28, 1834, Alicia, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Gunthorpe, of Antigua, and by her, who died April 24, 1859, leaves four sons and four daughters. His eldest son, now Sir Francis Houlton Hartwell, third Baronet, was born in 1835; married, in 1861, Emma Jane, only child of Sir Henry Dymoke, first and last Baronet, and has three daughters.

SIR WILLIAM PEARCE, BART.



Sir William Pearce, Bart., of Cardell, Inverkip, in the county of Renfrew, M.P. for the Govan Division of Lanarkshire, died at his town residence, 29, Park-lane, W., on Dec. 18. He was born Jan. 8, 1833, the only son of Mr. Joseph George Pearce, formerly of the Admiralty, by Louisa, his wife, daughter of Mr. William Lee, of Stoke, near Devon, and was created a Baronet last year. He studied naval architecture under Mr. Oliver Lang, and was appointed, in 1864, general manager of the ship-building yards of Messrs. Napier and Sons, of Glasgow; and, in 1870, became a partner in the firm of Messrs. John Elder and Co. He was a Magistrate for Lanark, Chairman of the Guion Line Steam-ship Company and of the Scottish Oriental Steam Shipping Company, and a director of several other companies. He was a member of the Royal Commission on Tonnage, in 1881, and on the Commission on the Depression in Trade, in 1885. He unsuccessfully contested Glasgow in 1880, but was returned for the Govan Division of Lanarkshire, as a Conservative, in 1885. Sir William married, Jan. 22, 1860, Dinah Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Robert Sowter, of Gravesend, in the county of Kent, and leaves an only child, now Sir William George Pearce, second Baronet, barrister-at-law, who was born July 23, 1861.

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES HILLYAR, K.C.B.

Admiral Sir Charles Farrel Hillyar, K.C.B., died suddenly, of heart disease, at his residence, Torre House, Torpoint, Cornwall, on Dec. 14, aged seventy-one. He was son of the late Rear-Admiral Sir James Hillyar, K.C.B., K.C.H., by Mary, his wife, daughter of Mr. W. Taylor, of Malta. He entered the Royal Navy in 1831, became Commander in 1848, Captain in 1852, Rear-Admiral in 1867, Vice-Admiral in 1873, and Admiral in 1878. He retired in 1882. The deceased Admiral had seen a great deal of active service, having taken part, in addition to other engagements, in the operations before Sebastopol, for which he received a medal with clasp, the Fourth Class of the Medjidieh, and the Turkish medal. He was Commodore commanding the East Indian Station, 1865 to 1867; Commander-in-Chief, Pacific Station, 1872 to 1873; and China Station, 1877 to 1878. He was made C.B. in 1869, and K.C.B. in 1887.

COLONEL THE HON. AUGUSTUS LIDDELL.

Colonel the Hon. George Augustus Frederick Liddell, Deputy Ranger of Windsor Park, died at his residence, South Lawn, Eton College, on Dec. 14, aged seventy-six. He was the sixth son of Sir Thomas Henry Liddell, Bart., who was elevated to the Peerage as Baron Ravensworth, in 1821, by Maria Susannah, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Simpson, of Bradley, and granddaughter, maternally, of Thomas, eighth Earl of Strathmore. He was educated at Eton, and was formerly in the Scots Fusilier Guards, in which he became Lieutenant-Colonel in 1846. For some years he was Comptroller of the Household and Equerry to her Royal Highness the late Duchess of Gloucester. He was Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen from 1858 to 1882, and Treasurer to the Duke of Edinburgh from 1866 to 1871. Colonel Liddell married, in 1842, Cecil Elizabeth, fourth daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Gerald Valerian Wellesley, D.D., Canon of Durham, which lady died in 1883, leaving four sons and two daughters.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Alexander MacLennan, D.C.L., at the Vicarage, Brompton, Northallerton, on Dec. 13.

Major J. C. Fitzmaurice, formerly Assistant Commissioner, Kars, at Tunbridge Wells, on Dec. 10, aged sixty-seven.

Mr. John Rylands, at his residence, Longford Hall, Stretford, on Dec. 11, in his eighty-sixth year. He was a Magistrate for the county of Lancaster.

Mr. George Routledge, of Stone House, Carlisle, J.P. and D.L., the well-known publisher, on Dec. 13, at 50, Russell-square, aged seventy-six.

Lady Augusta Poulett, at 10, Hill-street, Mayfair, on Dec. 11, in her eighty-seventh year. She was the third daughter of John, fourth Earl Poulett, by Sophia, his wife, daughter of Admiral Sir George Pocock.

The Rev. Henry Bull, M.A., Honorary Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and Rector of Lathbury, for over fifty years, on Dec. 18, aged ninety-three. He was one of the oldest clergymen in the United Kingdom.

Captain William Fordyce Blair, R.N., of Blair, in the county of Ayr, J.P. and D.L., on Dec. 11, at his seat near Dalry, aged eighty-three. He entered the Navy at an early age, was present at the Battle of Navarino, took part in the first Burmese War, and was engaged in the capture of the Morea.

Lady Alan Spencer Churchill, at her residence, Twickenham, on Dec. 10. She was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Dowker, of Huntingdon Hall, in the county of York, and married, firstly, in 1846, Lord Alan Spencer Churchill, who died in 1873, and secondly, in 1874, Mr. Alfred Henry Caulfeild.

Mr. Laurence Peel, last surviving brother of the late Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, second Baronet (the distinguished statesman) at his residence, Sussex-square, Brighton, on Dec. 17, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He sat as M.P. for Cockermouth from 1827 to 1830.

Mr. Richard Redgrave, C.B., after a short illness, at his residence, 27, Hyde Park-gate, S.W. He was born in 1804, and became a Royal Academician in 1852. He was formerly Surveyor of Pictures to the Queen and Inspector-General for Science and Art Department, South Kensington. He was created C.B. in 1880.

General David Downing, late of the Bengal Infantry, on Dec. 18, at his residence, The Grange, Plaxtol, Kent, aged eighty-eight. He served in the Punjaub Campaign of 1848 and 1849 with the division under Brigadier Wheeler, receiving a medal for his services. His commissions bore date—Captain, 1832; Major, 1839; Lieutenant-Colonel, 1845; Colonel, 1854; Major-General, 1857; Lieutenant-General, 1869; and General, 1875.

HOGMANAY.

Conspicuous among the folk-customs which, north of the Tweed, have survived from the remotest antiquity remains that of welcoming with wassail and good wishes the birth of the new year. To all appearance a pagan custom, dating from the pre-Christian past, it probably owes its permanence to instincts acquired amid the superstitions of the Dark Ages. Of late years, it is true, under the influence of Southern fashion, the festival of Christmas has seemed to be superseding that of New Year's Eve. But, as with many other picturesque and interesting customs of Scotland, the older observance remains yet deeply rooted in the heart of the people, and, having already survived so many changes of habit and creed, may be expected to outlive even this latest inroad.

There is much to be said, too, for the keeping of Hogmanay. Christmas, indeed, is the commemoration of a great religious event, and even in the North it appears interesting and appropriate enough as a Church festival; while to those with whom its observance has been a national and family custom it contains, of course, an ample significance. But to people who have inherited the instinct with their blood the end of the year remains a more fitting time for recalling the deeds and the days that are past; and the keeping of Hogmanay awakens, north of the Border, a subtle train of early feelings and associations—the pensive charm and sweetness of "auld lang syne." Scarcely a dwelling is there, cottage or hall, in the breadth of all broad Scotland, which has not, time out of mind, on this night of the year witnessed some observance of the ancient and pleasant festival. Alike under gilded ceilings and roofs of thatch there is to be heard then the toasting of old memories and the pledging of health and fortune to the house and its occupants throughout the dawning year. About every village cross, too, as the last moments of the year approach, the young men of the neighbourhood have ever been wont to gather to greet the incoming day with shouts of rejoicing and with the curious traditional custom of "first-footing." A generous festival it is, interesting from its antiquity and dear to most Scotsmen for the personal memories which it recalls. Even in the cities, where contact with the world tends greatly to obliterate such folk-customs, it is curious to see the ancient festival year after year assert itself, its observance the better assured, probably, because it brings back to those who attend it the scenes and memories of earlier, and, perhaps, happier, days.

Ever with the same details the time-honoured proceeding may be witnessed on the night of any 31st day of December at the cross of the ancient city of St. Mungo.

Some time before midnight the roar of the day's traffic has died out of the streets. The great warehouses are closed, and their windows gaze, like sightless eyes, into the deserted thoroughfares. To one imbued with the spirit of the hour, it is as if the city itself were thinking of the past; and the sudden sweep of wind that comes and dies away seems a sigh of regret for its departed glories. Many memories cluster about this ancient heart of Glasgow; and at such an hour and upon such a night it would seem little more than natural if the historic figures of the past should move again abroad. The spot itself, however, has, indeed, changed with time, and but few links are left it to recall bygone days. Even the Saltmarket at hand has been so altered of late years that if worthy Baillie Nicol Jarvie were to step out again on the causeway he would find no trace at all of the narrow, ill-paved, unlighted lane of his day, with its high, rickety houses, and creaking shop-signs. Rather must the city pride herself now upon her glories of the present. Far off, upon the great Clyde artery at Govan, where the nets of the salmon-fishers once hung in the sun to dry, the noise of a myriad hammers has just ceased for the holiday, and the iron skeletons of a hundred ships stand silent in the darkness, spectres not of the past but of the future. Overhead, too, between the high house-roofs, the heaven is very dark, and above the lanterns of the clock the Tron steeple is hidden from sight; but one side of the neighbouring tower—that of the ancient Tolbooth in High-street—reflects the red glare, from a mile away, of iron furnaces at Hutchesontown—those undying vestal fires of the nineteenth century—and the golden vane upon the spire shines, strangely lit, alone in the dark heaven. Significant indications, these, of the strong modern life that throbs in the veins of the ancient city.

But the great gilt hand of the clock overhead is approaching midnight, and along the streets, from the four points of the compass, comes the sound of innumerable hastening feet. It is the crowd gathering to observe this immemorial ceremony of "bringing in the year."

Few of the revellers, probably, reflect upon the antiquity of the custom they are observing; if they did, it might, perhaps, lend the proceeding a deeper interest in their eyes. To survive so many vicissitudes of history, the rite must once have possessed a solemn religious meaning. On the bank of the river below, the rough Norse rover has shouted "Wæs hael" to Thor; on the crest of the hill above, the Roman warrior has poured libations to Jove. Bishops of a feudal church within the storied cathedral walls have said the mass of Christ; and the spires of many a Presbyterian kirk now rise round the ancient cross. But through all changes, through the ebb and flow of Faith and Fear, has come down the relic of an older worship, and in the mistletoe and the New-Year mysteries the Druid lives among us still. These people are gathering now, as for ages their race has gathered, to bid farewell to the old year and welcome to the new, and to pour their mystic sacrifice to Time, not, indeed, as of old, upon the unconscious earth nor within the stone circle of a rude astronomy, but at least under the open sky and with something of the ancient wish-rites of the runes.

Quickly enough the last seconds of the year run out. The hand of the great clock is actually touching the hour. At last it strikes, a single bell—one, two, three—a bold sound in the silence; and immediately it is answered by a bewildering clangour from all the city belfries. Before the last stroke has died away a wild cheer bursts from the throat of the waiting crowd below. There is great commotion among the little groups; and as cheer after cheer rings up into the air, from the belfry overhead the city chimes ring out upon the night their welcome to the New Year.

Meanwhile everyone is drinking the health of everyone else, Celt and Saxon, countryman and citizen; and as no one can pass an acquaintance without hospitality offered and taken, and as, moreover, the dew of Ben Nevis is somewhat potent, the shaking of hands and wishing of good luck soon become fairly exuberant. Presently, however, everyone sets off to first-foot his friends.

The origin of this ceremony it is difficult to suggest, unless it be to represent some priestly visitation, a sacrament assuring to the people throughout the coming year the blessings of food and drink. A door-to-door proceeding, at any rate, it is—accompanied by much eating of cake and drinking of whisky, and it will last well into the morning hours. Lucky, for this performance, are accounted those dark of skin. If the first-footer be fair the tradition runs that it bodes ill-fortune for the year to the house whose threshold he or she has crossed; and often enough a door is shut in the face of such a friend simply because of his complexion. Moreover, the visitor must not come empty-handed; and so the bottle and broken wine-glass which each carries serve as a double introduction.

And now all who sat up till the city bells struck twelve, as well in the crowded tenements here as in the far-off suburbs of the rich, have wished each other a good New Year, and are retiring to rest. Among them, doubtless, there are many thoughts of sadness. Many a widow was a wife last year; many a ruined home was prosperous; many a soiled heart still was pure. But the old year, with its sorrow, has passed away in the night, and with the New Year's dawn a glimmer of hope comes in at the darkest casement. GEO. EYRE-TODD.

ECLIPSES IN THE YEAR 1889.

(From the "Illustrated London Almanack" for 1889.)

In the year 1889 there will be three Eclipses of the Sun, and two of the Moon.

Jan. 1. A Total Eclipse of the Sun, invisible from Europe. The Central Eclipse begins at 24 minutes after 9h p.m., Greenwich mean time, in longitude 179 deg. E. of Greenwich, and north latitude 53 deg. in the North Pacific Ocean. The Central Eclipse at noon, or at 16 minutes after 9h p.m., Greenwich time, will still be in the North Pacific Ocean, some distance west of the coast of North America, in longitude 138 deg. W. of Greenwich, and latitude 36½ deg. N.; and the Central Eclipse will end at 11h 30m p.m., Greenwich time, in North America, in longitude 94 deg. W. of Greenwich, and 52¼ deg. north latitude.

Jan. 17. A Partial Eclipse of the Moon on the morning of this day. It begins at 1 minute before 4h a.m. The middle of the Eclipse will be at 5h 30m a.m., and it will end at 7h a.m. At the time of the middle of the Eclipse about seven-tenths of the Moon's diameter will be hidden. The Moon sets at 8h 8m a.m.

June 28. An Annular Eclipse of the Sun, invisible from Europe. The Central Eclipse begins at 21 minutes after 7h a.m., in longitude 34 deg. W. of Greenwich, and south latitude 32½ deg., a little to the west of Southern Africa. The central line will pass over South Africa a little north of Madagascar, across the Indian Ocean, to a place in 98 deg. east longitude, and south latitude 27¼ deg., where the Central Eclipse will end at 39 minutes after 10h a.m., Greenwich time.

July 12. A Partial Eclipse of the Moon, during the evening. The Eclipse begins at 43 minutes after 7h p.m., but at this time the Moon is below the horizon. She rises at London at 8h 13m p.m., partly eclipsed. The middle of the Eclipse will be at 54 minutes after 8h, at which time rather less than one-half of her diameter will be hidden; and the Eclipse will end at 8 minutes after 10h p.m.

Dec. 22. A Total Eclipse of the Sun, not visible from Europe. The Central Eclipse begins at 13 minutes after 11h a.m., Greenwich time, in longitude 79 deg. west of Greenwich, and 15 deg. north latitude, in the Caribbean Sea; then passes near the northern boundary of South America, crosses the Equator in 30 deg. west longitude, and thence across Southern Africa; and ends at 35 minutes after 2h p.m., in 48 deg. 40 min. east longitude, and 5 deg. 10 min. north latitude. This Eclipse will be visible in the northern half of South America; in Africa, with the exception of the north-west; in Arabia, and in the Atlantic Ocean.

An old woman, Bridget Gallagher, who was arrested at Queenstown, after landing from the Umbria, for smuggling into the country fifty rounds of ammunition, was before the Magistrates on Dec. 19, and was ordered to pay a fine of £2 10s. and costs, or, in default, to go to prison for one month.

Messrs. Hudson and Kearns, of 83, Southwark-street, have issued their practical diaries for 1889, among them being the well-known ones for architects and builders. Their date-indicating blotting-pads are most convenient, and we would call attention especially to Nos. 7 and 8.

The new revised edition of "Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage" handbook is now published by Messrs. Whittaker and Co. and Messrs. George Bell and Sons. "Dod," as most people know, differs from other Peerages and Baronetages in the fact that it treats, not of families, but of individuals, so that by the aid of its alphabetical arrangement the question, "Who is Lady Mary Jones or the Hon. John Smith?" may be settled in a moment. The new edition has been compiled with great care.

THE NEW FORCES IN INDIA.

A lecture has been delivered on this topic, at the London Institution, by Sir William Wilson Hunter. He said he proposed to deal with the subject familiarly, as one which had been long on his mind. The new India of which he had to speak was an India easily intelligible to all thinking men and women. No uncouth native names were wanted to explain its conditions and needs. The problems of the new India were the problems of free and growing peoples. They were the same problems which Englishmen had solved for themselves. We had undertaken the solemn task of becoming the earthly Providence to 250 millions of people. We had made them our fellow-subjects, under our beloved Queen, so far, at least, as concerns the educated Hindoos. At the same time we had to deal with dense masses who still thought the old Asiatic thoughts and lived the old Asiatic life. During seven centuries the warring races of Central Asia made India an Aceldama. Some mighty dynasty might at intervals give a breathing space. But the dread of destruction was never long absent from the Indian mind. Not once during the present century did the East India Company's Governors-General—e.g., Lord Metcalfe—feel strong enough to make invasion from without impossible, and to put down the internal predatory races. Her Majesty's forces were needed to grapple with the Mutiny of 1857. The lecturer gave the details of the happy revolution in trade, which by changing its character had so vastly increased its volume. India was no longer a mere maker of nick-nacks and a retailer in luxuries. It had become a great wholesale merchant and manufacturer, working with steam-mills and exporting agricultural products on an enormous scale. The same feeling of certainty and security was the motive power in the social and political as well as in the industrial development of the India of to-day. Having dealt with the industrial and political results of the new forces in India, Sir William Hunter proceeded to consider their social and religious results. With regard to the effect of the new forces upon the religious conceptions of the people, his view of the matter was that a new religion would before long arise in India. The forces at work were so powerful and so certain to produce some result or another that a new religion would arise. But he did not think that new religion would be our modern Christianity, although he believed that the Christian missions were at this moment among the most powerful factors in designing what that new religion should be. He summarised the main facts as to education in India, and exposed the fallacy of estimating the influence of the lettered class by the mere number of university graduates. In conclusion, he said we have thrown open the flood-gates of a new industrial, political, and social life in India. It would be as impossible to arrest the new political activity as to put a stop to the building of the cotton factories at Bombay, or to arrest the new educational activity by shutting up the five Indian universities (as Russia shut up her universities at the beginning of this year), and to close the 122,000 Indian schools and colleges.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

The Zoological Society's series of anthropoid apes has just received an important addition in the shape of a second specimen of the bald-headed chimpanzee (*anthropopithecus calvus*), which has been obtained by purchase of Mr. Cross, of Liverpool. The fine adult female of the same species which has been in the society's collection more than five years, and is commonly known as "Sally," has attracted great attention among naturalists as being the only example of this distinct form of chimpanzee known in captivity; and also on account of its remarkable intelligence. It is, therefore, of much interest to have acquired a second individual of the same form. "Sally's younger sister" has been placed in an adjoining compartment in the apes-house, in company with a young female of the common chimpanzee, brought home from Sierra Leone and presented to the society by Mr. T. J. Alldridge, F.Z.S., in May last. The uniform black face and short-haired, almost bare, forehead of the bald-headed chimpanzee render the two species distinguishable at a glance. Along with these two chimpanzees are associated a young female orang (*Simia satyrus*) and a silver gibbon, lately presented by Captain D. L. Delacherois; so that all the three known genera of anthropoid apes may be now seen represented by living specimens.

It is stated that the National Rifle Association has acquired the Brookwood site, and will hold next year's meeting there.

A brass tablet has been placed in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, in memory of the late Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn. It was designed by Messrs. Frank Smith and Co., of Southampton-street, Strand.

The last monthly meeting of the Freemasons' Board of Benevolence for the year 1888 was recently held at Freemasons' Hall. Mr. Robert Grey presided. There were forty-seven applicants for assistance, and they were relieved with a total sum of £967. At the close of the meeting it was announced that during the year 1888 the total sum granted by the Board, including that evening's grants, had been £11,468, and that to meet the heavy calls on the fund, stock to the amount of £9000 had been sold out, the annual income of the fund not being sufficient to meet the awards.

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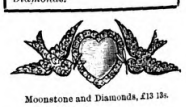
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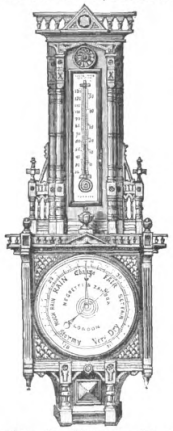
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For Wills and Bequests, see page 790; Ladies' Column, page 792; Playhouses, page 794.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 20, 1884) of Mr. William Quilter, late of No. 5, Moorgate-street, and No. 28, Norfolk-street, Park-lane, a former president of the Institute of Accountants, who died on Nov. 12, was proved on Dec. 13 by William Cuthbert Quilter, M.P., and Edward Frederick Quilter, the sons, and Thomas Abercrombie Welton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £575,000. The testator, after stating that his wife, Mrs. Susan Quilter, is well provided for, bequeaths £71,740 to his son, William Cuthbert Quilter; £94,000 to his son, Edward Frederick Quilter; and £96,000 to his son, Harry Quilter, these sums, together with what he has advanced during his lifetime, making up each son's portion to £100,000; £45,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Eley and Miss Sarah Ellen Quilter, and an additional £5000 to his last-named daughter; £1000 to his niece, Mrs. Slater; an annuity of £200 to his sister, Mrs. Charlotte Abrahams; 500 guineas and £20 per annum for five years to his partner, Thomas Abercrombie Welton; £10 10s. to each of his clerks; £5 5s. to each of his servants; and £10,000 to his son Harry, in lieu of a share of the residue. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sons, William Cuthbert and Edward Frederick, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 14, 1886) of the Rev. Walter Sneyd, J.P., F.S.A., late of Keele Hall, Staffordshire, and No. 55, Portland-place, W., who died on July 2, was proved on Dec. 14, by Ralph Sneyd, the son, and the Ven. Ernald Lane, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £235,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to the United Kingdom Beneficent Society; £500 to the North Staffordshire Infirmary, and £100 each to the Convalescent Home and the chaplaincy attached thereto; £100 to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; £100 to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; and £300 to the Vicar of Cuddesden, upon trust, to apply the income for the benefit of the poor of the hamlet of Denton at Christmas-time; £100 to Lord Bagot; £100 to Lady Bagot; £50 each to Lord Zouche, the Earl of Delamere, and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Bagot; £500 and an annuity of £200 to his sister, Mrs. Wise; £1500, his house, No. 55, Portland-place, with the furniture therein, and the income of a sum of £60,500 to his wife, Mrs. Henrietta Elizabeth Sneyd; his house in Eaton-square, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to such of his unmarried daughters, and, on their marriage or death, to his daughter, Mrs. Louise Georgiana Howard; £2000 to his daughter Mrs. Howard; £3000 to his daughter Isabel Clara; £2000 to his daughter Caroline Henrietta; and £1000 to his daughter Eleanor Frances; three-fourths of a sum of £10,000 Consols and £8000 cash between his last-named three daughters; and other legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. Under the powers contained in the will of his brother, Ralph Sneyd, Esq., he charges Keele Hall, with the manors, lands, &c., in Staffordshire (by the said will settled on him for life, with remainder to his son Ralph, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail male), with the payment of £1800 per annum to his wife during her life, and portions of £6000 each to his four daughters. On the death of his wife, the sum of £60,500 is to be divided between his four daughters; but the share of Mrs. Howard is to be £9500 less than the shares of each of his other daughters, she having had certain sums given her on her marriage. His freehold and copyhold estates, and certain silver and furniture, are to follow the same trusts as those relating to Keele Hall. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his son Ralph absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 24, 1887), with a codicil (dated May 25, 1888), of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Baggallay, late of No. 55, Queen's-gate, formerly one of the Lords Justices of the Court of Appeal, who died on Nov. 13, at Hove, was proved on Dec. 18 by Dame Marianne Baggallay, the widow, Henry Charles Baggallay, Ernest Baggallay, and Claude Baggallay, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £64,000. The testator gives and devises his freehold estate called "Mapletreuse," at Cowden, Kent, all his shares in certain public companies, and his stock in the English railways and the Indian Three per Cents, and a sum of £17,500, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, for life; at her death, his estate is to be sold, and the proceeds thereof, and the said stocks and shares, are to be equally divided between his children; and out of the sum of £17,500 he gives £2000 each to his sons, Henry Charles, Claude, Ernest, and Herbert, and the surplus between all his children. He bequeaths £3000, upon trust, for his daughter Gertrude Hilda; and £5500, upon trust, for his daughters, Dora Helen, Marian, and Gertrude Hilda; and he states that he has made advances and settlements to his other children during his lifetime. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Sept. 19, 1885) of Mr. Henry Wilson Demain-Saunders, J.P., late of Fanshaws, Herts, who died on Nov. 11, was proved on Dec. 13 by Mrs. Minnie Demain-Saunders, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £51,000. The testator leaves all his property, whatsoever and wheresoever, both real and personal, to his wife.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1882) with a codicil (dated March 24, 1888) of Mr. Felix Vigne, formerly of Tokenhouse-yard, but late of No. 5, Pembridge-place, Bayswater, who died on Oct. 24, was proved on Dec. 7 by Francis Alfred Hawker and John Henry Vigne, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £42,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his brother John, £100 to his brother Frederick, £50 to Mrs. Ada Vigne; an annuity of £50 to his sister, Mrs. Frances Emma Sinclair; £200 each to the Bishop of London's Fund and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; and annuities to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one fourth thereof to his brother John, one fourth to the children of his deceased brother Henry Thomas, and one fourth each to his brother Herbert and his brother-in-law, Francis Alfred Hawker.

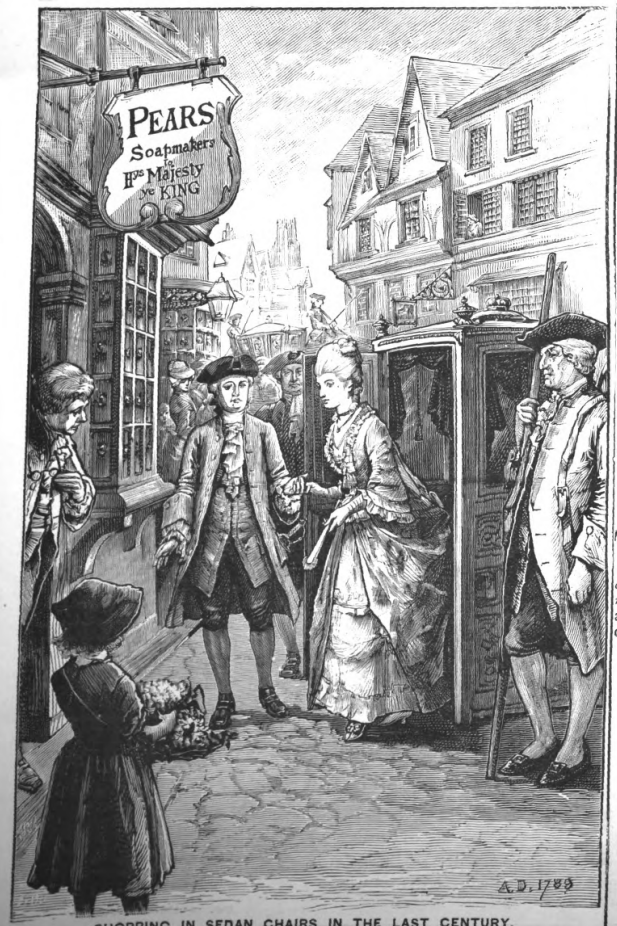
The will (dated Oct. 6, 1880), with a codicil (dated Oct. 17, 1882), of Mr. Edward Augustus Dearman Brooshooft, late of Kirkella, East Riding, Yorkshire, who died on Nov. 18, was proved on Dec. 13 by Thomas Holden, Vincent Henry Parker, and William Hodgson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £41,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 to the National Life-Boat Institution, to found three life-boats to be called "The Jonathan Marshall, Sheffield," "The Vincent Wilkinson, Kirkella," and "The Sarah Brooshooft, Kirkella"; £5000 to the Sheffield General Infirmary; £1000 to the Sheffield Dispensary; £1000 to the Hull Dispensary; £5000 to the Hull Seamen's and General Orphan Asylum (Spring Bank, Hull); £800 to the National Artillery Association, for the purpose of presenting his annual prize; £500 each to Edith, Helene, and Amy Holden, and £1500 between the other children of Thomas Holden; £2500, upon trust, for Mrs. Spencer for life, and then to her two daughters; £500 to each executor; £2000 among the children of Mrs. Parker; £2000 between the children of Mrs. Bailey; £1500, and the use, for life, of his furniture, to his wife; and many other large legacies at her death.

The will (dated Dec. 17, 1879), with two codicils (dated June 26, 1884; and Nov. 31, 1886), of Mr. John Leighton Wade Dennett, late of Woodmancote Place, Sussex, who died on Sept. 29, was proved on Dec. 7, by James Warnes Howlett, Arthur Smith, and John Whiteman, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £39,000. The testator bequeaths his house called "Felstead Villa," £1100 and an annuity of £50 to his servant Jane Buckman; £100 to each executor; £1500 to John Whiteman; annuities of £50 each to Mrs. Float and Maria Gorringe, and other legacies. He devises his Woodmancote estate, upon trust, for his eldest or only son, and in default thereof to his eldest or only daughter, and in default thereof to Arthur Smith, his heirs and assigns. The residue of his property he leaves to his children in equal shares, and on failure of issue to Arthur Smith.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Mr. Edward John Jones, late of Frongog, in the county of Cardigan, who died on Aug. 23, at Aberystwith, intestate, have just been granted to Mrs. Mary Jones, the widow, the value thereof exceeding £32,000.

BOOKS FOR SHIPS' LIBRARIES, &c.

Mr. W. Evan Franks, secretary of the St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission, 65, Fenchurch-street, London, E.C., writes as follows:—"It is now twenty years since an appeal was first made through the columns of *The Illustrated London News* for books, magazines, illustrated papers for ships' libraries and for distribution on emigrant and other vessels. Since then 8000 libraries have been supplied free to outgoing ships, besides tons of magazines, illustrated papers, &c., sent to our fishery fleets, sailors' homes, and hospitals, and to foreign stations. If possible, we always put a bound volume of *The Illustrated London News* in each library. Nothing is more appreciated by our sailors. May I appeal again to your readers' kind help in replenishing our stock, now getting low, and on which at this season demands are very great. Any gifts sent addressed to me will be thankfully acknowledged."



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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Something new in weddings was seen at the City Temple the other day, when an American bridegroom married an English bride, and the ceremony was conducted according to the peculiar customs of a fashionable New York wedding. The bridal party were played into church by the "Wedding March" from "Lohengrin," the bride, who was dressed in white satin, with front of silver brocade and real orange-blossoms, being led, as is usual, by her father. Behind her walked her sister alone, bearing the title of "maid of honour." Such an attendant is essential now at all fashionable American weddings, and her function is to give the bride all needful personal assistance, holding her bouquet and glove, and so on. When bride and bridegroom pass into the chancel to the altar rails, the maid of honour alone accompanies them, and kneels behind the bride. Well, then came the ordinary six bridesmaids, dressed in white cashmere, trimmed with swan'sdown; but instead of their walking in pairs alone, the groomsmen of old days were revived under the American title of "ushers," and six of these young gentlemen matched the six bridesmaids and walked with them up the aisle. The best man and the maid of honour formed another pair in leaving the church. In American weddings, I am told, the "ushers" do not generally walk with the bridesmaids, but lead the way into church and bring up the rear coming out. During the ceremony, the groomsmen formed a semicircle on the right hand of the bridegroom, while the bridesmaids stood in another line at the bride's left.

The recent marriages of the Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Herbert (a son of Lady Herbert of Lea and brother to Lord Pembroke), who have all taken to themselves American wives within the past few months, have aroused something like consternation amongst us. We have no men to spare to these American enchantresses; how do they work their wicked spells to carry off our brethren? The list of women born and "raised" in the States who are holding important places in English society now, because married to Englishmen of position, is something formidable to contemplate, when it is remembered how seriously women outnumber men in England. Individually considered, certain of the English husbands might not be grudged by their own countrywomen to the fair Americans; but, statistically speaking, it is impossible to be satisfied with this new fashion of American invasion of our scantily-supplied preserves. With what ammunition do they come supplied, these fair poachers who make such bags?

That question has been submitted to the famous Mrs. Frank Leslie, who, having spent the last two seasons in London Society, may be presumed to know in what respects American and English women differ from each other in ways and characteristics. Her reply is that we make too much of our men, look up to them too ostentatiously, and simply bore them with too much attention. "English girls are dutiful daughters and sweet, womanly women; but they look up to men too much, are too subservient, coddle and fuss over men till they make them tired. In comes a bright, vivacious American girl. She orders the men about like the queen she is. They find her cool disregard of their superiority refreshing; they admire her vivacity; they like the bright sparkling chatter of American girls better than the serious thoughtful conversation of their own more intellectual countrywomen. English girls are far better educated than American girls; but also less lively and amusing." So says the American lady; and an ex-member of the United States Legation in England who was interviewed expressed much the same opinion. Only he added, what is probably, after all, at the real root of the matter, that American girls (speaking of the daughters of rich men) are generally better dowered than English ones. He observed quite accurately, and not a little severely, on the evils of the custom which prevails in this aristocratic old country of concentrating the money of a family on the eldest son, or, at all events, on the sons, and leaving the daughters comparatively poor. "An Englishman worth 500,000 dollars gives his daughter 10,000 on her marriage and is called very generous; whereas an American father worth the same amount would think 100,000 dollars none too much to bestow on his daughter."

Well, there is the American explanation of the phenomenon. I fear it will not help our girls much. Here women are redundant—that is to say, women with small portions are—and cannot but know it. If the poor, gentle, affectionate, housewifely girl who has no prospect or hope but in marriage, and feels no independence, no "queendom" in her soul, should vainly try to acquire the consequential and self-reliant air of her American sister, her fate would probably be that of the frog who emulated the ox. Because American women are supported in their "independence," not only by the numerical equality of the sexes, but by the favours of fortune. *There* is the secret, I fear. An English heiress, after all, may be as independent and unsubservient as she likes, but she will have her chances of marrying well, never doubt it. But the unwritten Salic law which prevails in our society, postponing the daughters to the sons, makes our heiresses few in number. The whole tone of American society seems to be different from ours. Here, if there is not enough money to give both boys and girls a good education, the girls must go unlearned—the boys will be preferred. Here, if there are not the means at the father's disposal both to start his sons in life and to dower his daughters, again the girls will be the sufferers. Then, on the other hand, as Greville Murray said, "Nearly all the younger sons of noble houses in England are matrimonial adventurers." Brought up with luxurious and extravagant tastes, and with every inducement to be idlers and no notion of real work, they are ultimately obliged to live on what is to them a pittance, unless they can "marry money." In America, on the other hand, hardly any men are without some definite occupation, hardly any boys are brought up to contemplate a life of lounging; and if a father has not a great fortune, so as to give much to all his children, he will give the largest share to the girls on the ground that the young men can work, while the girls should not be obliged to do so. All these things combine to make marriage far from a certainty to well-born young English women, and encourage the introduction in their place of American brides into our upper-class families.

Evidence of the interest felt in the position, work, and capabilities of our sex is supplied by the frequency with which papers discussing these points appear in the magazines and reviews. The frank and scornful rudeness of some of these is not altogether pleasant; but their very existence belies their tone. It has been reserved for that enterprising and original monthly, the *Universal Review*, to focus the opinions of women themselves on the changes in woman's position worked within living memory. A series of articles on "The Progress of Woman" was begun in the November number of the *Review*, the subjects being "In Politics," by Mrs. Fawcett; "In Education," by Miss Clough, Principal of Newnham; "In Literature," by Lucas Malet (the *nom-de-plume* of a daughter of the late Charles Kingsley); and "In Medicine," by Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D. In the December number the series is concluded with "In College Life," by Miss M. Lacey; "In Legal Status," by Mrs. Fenwick-Miller; and "In Business," by Miss Emily Faithfull. The record of alteration in the tone of society and in law and in custom is a most striking one, and will probably startle many not before familiar with the fact that we have lived through a period of noiseless but mighty revolution. "Progress," indeed, there has been in the last five-and-twenty years—progress vast and undeniable; but whitherward—whether to greater happiness, goodness, and influence or whether to the reverse of all these, we cannot certainly know. It will be known by our daughters of centuries hence.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND FEDERATION.

At the Bethnal-Green Free Library on Dec. 20 the Earl of Aberdeen gave a lecture on "The British Empire and Federation." Mr. George Howell, M.P., presided. In commencing his lecture Lord Aberdeen said he should divide his subject into two parts—in the first place, treating of federation as a principle and a system; and, secondly, considering the application of that great principle to the British Empire. What was wanted by peoples was not concentration but consolidation. Federation was essentially pacific; it promoted peace and checked war. After tracing the gradual development of the federation principle from the earliest times, and analysing the circumstances connected with that development, Lord Aberdeen brought his remarks to bear on modern times. We never heard talk now, he said, of the Colonies being separated from the mother country, as so frequently happened only a few years ago. On the contrary, the topic of the day was federation. It was a very practical question. The colonists were our own kith and kin, and it was not surprising that any scheme for bringing the Colonies and this country into closer and firmer connection should be popular. Then there was the question of increased security that federation would ensure, thus improving the chances of peace and maintaining the prosperity of the commerce between the Colonies and Great Britain. The concluding portion of the lecture consisted of an interesting account of a recent visit to Australia made by Lord and Lady Aberdeen. The proceedings closed with a hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer.

Two hundred and twenty volumes of the Record Commission's publications have been presented to the Bar Library at the Royal Courts of Justice, which, though only established in June, 1884, now contains over 8000 volumes.

A handsome coffee-house, erected at a cost of about £25,000, was opened at Leicester on Dec. 20 by the Duchess of Rutland. The building has been designed by Mr. Burgess, of London. This is the twelfth house opened at Leicester.

The tenth festival dinner of the friends of the East London Hospital for Children was held at Willis's Rooms on Dec. 20, Mr. C. A. Prescott (vice-chairman of the board of management) in the chair. Subscriptions were announced amounting to nearly £2000.

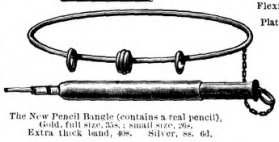
The marriage of Lord Moreton, son of the Earl of Ducie, with Ada Margarette, eldest daughter of Mr. Dudley Robert Smith, of Pierbright, Surrey, took place in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on Dec. 18. Mr. Nigel Fitzhardinge Kingscote acted as best man; and the bride was attended to the altar by six bridesmaids—the Misses Beatrice, Muriel, and Cicely Smith (her sisters), Miss Oakley and Miss Clara Macdonald Moreton (cousins of the bridegroom), and Miss Leveson Gower. The bride was led to the chancel by her father.

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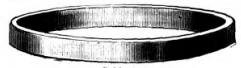
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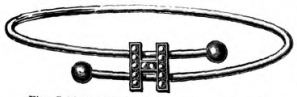
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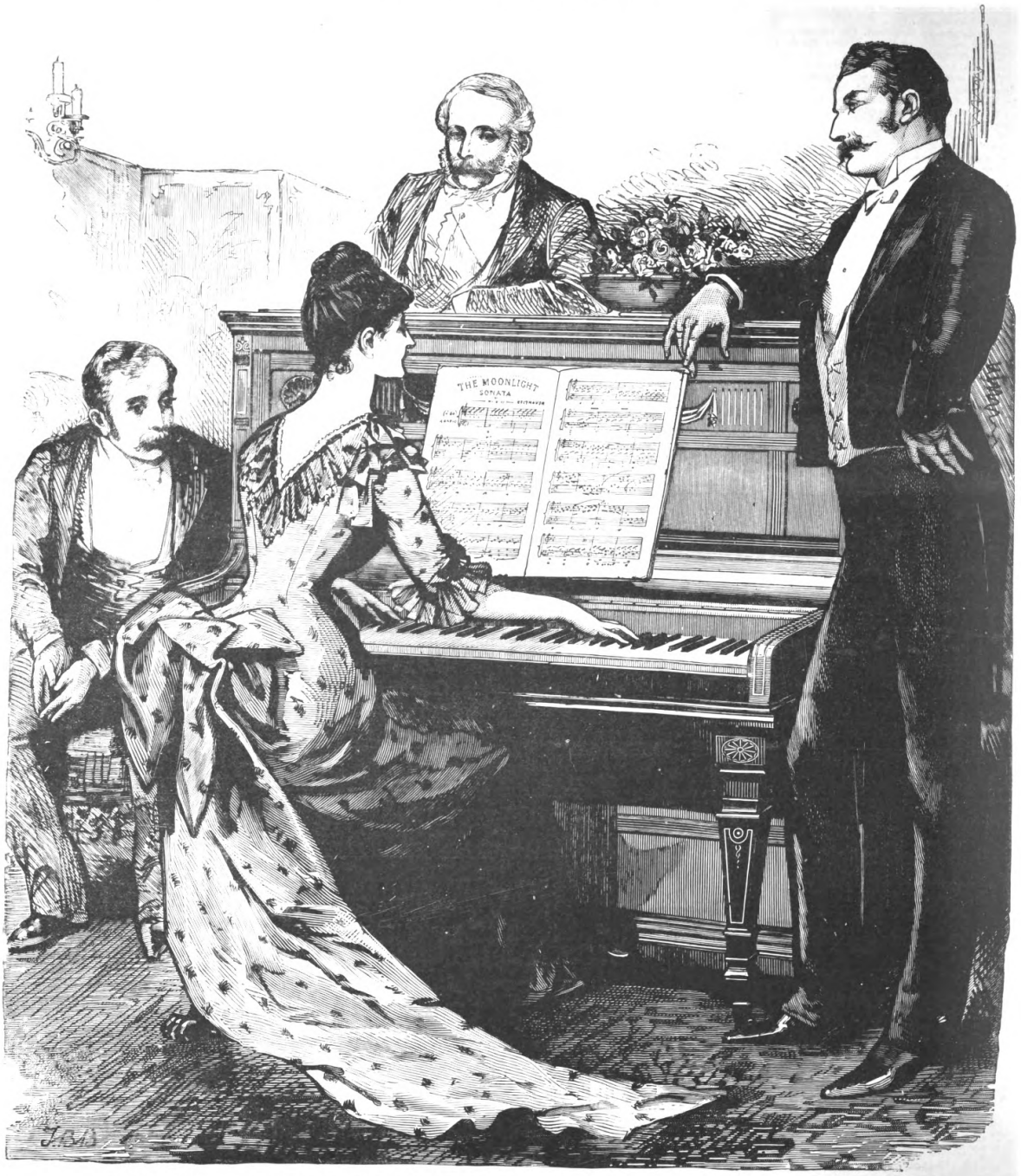
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

Dramatic London is on the tip-toe of expectation as to the new readings of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry are to give at the Lyceum revival of Shakspeare's tragedy on the 29th of December. Meanwhile, by a happy arrangement, Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane Theatres are again devoted to different classes of amusement, though each is so exceptionally bright and attractive in its way that hosts of holiday folks are pretty certain to throng both houses throughout the Christmas Holidays, and, in the case of Drury-Lane, long after the little people who rule the roost at this season have gone back to school. At the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, Mr. W. Freeman Thomas and Messrs. Hengler have united to produce a signally grand Circus entertainment, which should be the delight of children for many and many an afternoon and evening to come. In addition to an unusually large number of "goddesses in gauze," the management has engaged those wonderfully docile and well-trained colossal performers, Mr. Lockhart's troupe of acrobatic elephants; an astonishingly novel ursine equestrian; a strong company of diverting clowns, with "Whimsical Walker," one of the very drollest and quaintest of his tribe, at their head; "bare-backed" riders who perform daring acts of equitation; besides masters and mistresses of *la haute école* to witch London with noble horsemanship.

Numerous as have been the pantomimic, or, rather, spectacular successes of Mr. Augustus Harris at Drury-Lane, it will be generally acknowledged that he has capped them all with his tenth and most resplendent, "The Babes in the Wood; and, Robin Hood and his Merry Men," which the enterprising lessee has written and arranged in collaboration with Mr. E. L. Blanchard and Mr. Harry Nicholls. The quaint novelty of the richly-diversified Procession and Ballet of Toys and Games, and the rare beauty and unrivalled magnificence of the Procession and Ballet of Birds demand a longer description than can be given to these charming and alluring *chef d'œuvres* in a necessarily brief first review of the Christmas productions. As feasts of colour, they are unique. Especially bewitching is the marvellous regiment of well-marshalled coryphées garbed as birds with every imaginable kind of plumage. There are seductive pigeons in grey, blue and scarlet parrots, cockatoos in white, lyre birds and birds of paradise whose silks and feathers must be worth a king's ransom, flamingos, ostriches, kingfishers, canaries, blackbirds, and innumerable other specimens of the feathered tribe, attired with a harmony of colour worthy a Chevreuil. It is a delight to watch the manœuvres of this superlatively beautiful array of birds; and there can be little doubt people will go again and again to Drury-Lane to witness this unparallelled Bird Ballet alone. It is in this enchanting scene—after graceful Æneas has indulged in several flights to "the flies"—that the exceedingly droll pair of "Babes," Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Herbert Campbell, dance a mirth-moving *pas de deux* that fills the house with laughter. Where Robin Hood (Miss Harriet Vernon) comes in is in her sweethearting scenes with Maid Marian (Miss Florence Dysart). The songs of this couple, music by that admirable young conductor and composer, Mr. Walter Slaughter, are notably melodious. They have, of course, a Good Fairy to watch over them and make them happy at last. It will be, however, next to the incomparable Ballet of Toys and Ballet of Birds (the masterpieces of Mr. Augustus Harris and Madame Katti Lanner), the humours of Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Herbert Campbell as the grotesquely comic "Babes in the Wood," and to the excellent pantomime of Mr. Charles Lauri, jun., as the nimble and knowing pug-dog, that will afford most gratification to the laughter-loving pit and gallery. Mr. Harry Payne, our most popular clown, remains King of the Harlequinade, and has this year provided fresh food for mirth, especially in "The Clown's Dream," with its rollicking shadow pantomime, and quick transformation to a boat on the ocean. "The Babes in the Wood," upon which Mr. Harris must have spent a small fortune—a great share going to the remarkably expensive plumage dresses in the Bird Ballet—should prove the most potent in attractive power of any spectacle he has produced.

Admirers of pantomime will also find fare to suit their palates in the exceptionally elegant version of "Cinderella," by Mr. Horace Lennard, at the Crystal Palace; in Mr. Geoffrey Thorn's smart edition of the same nursery story at the Grand, rightly called "Sweet Cinderella" there, as the ever-charming heroine is cleverly impersonated by vivacious Dot Mario; in the revival for matinées of Mr. Savile Clarke's delightful fairy piece, "Alice in Wonderland," at the Globe (where Mr. Richard Mansfield has in the evening resumed the performances of "Prince Karl"); and in another winsome children's play, "Little Goody Two-Shoes," given at the Court Christmas matinées. The mirth-inspiring "Faust Up to Date" of Messrs. Sims and Pettitt has been brightened with new songs, and by the addition of Miss Violet Cameron to the cast. The Surrey tells again the tale of "The Forty Thieves"; and at the Britannia Mrs. Lane mounts "The Magic Dragon."

"The Silver Falls" met with a rapturous reception at the Adelphi on Dec. 22; and the adroit joint authors, Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt, as well as Messrs. A. and S. Gatti, appeared highly pleased when they were applausively called before the curtain at the close of this remarkably powerful and exciting new melodrama. The redcoats and bluejackets, of whom there had been rather a surfeit at the Adelphi, are not "in it" this time. "The Silver Falls" is, indeed, peculiarly acceptable by reason of the freshness of its picturesque local colour, three of the four acts taking place in Mexico. The strong story opens in England—on the lawn of a pretty riverside villa at Richmond. Hither Eric Normanhurst (Mr. William Terriss) has brought his handsome bride Lola (Miss Olga Nethersole), and the enamoured young husband gallantly defends her reputation against the impeachment of his uncle, Lord Avondale, till Eric is convinced by irrefragable proof that he has married a designing adventuress of the basest character. The audience is let into this secret before the deceived husband, being privileged to witness the stolen interviews the wily Mexican woman of the world has with the false friend of Eric, Dick Redmayne, who levies blackmail from her, and also with her passionate Mexican lover, the refugee embezzler, Marcos Valles, whose mistress she had formerly been. Forsaking Lola and leaving England, Eric Normanhurst seeks a new life in the sunny mining village of Santa Rosa, Mexico, where rough but good-hearted miners of the type of Bret Harte's "Poker Flat," as ready with a kind action as they are with a revolver, foregather at the shanty of that good-humoured "Universal Provider," Jack Slingsby. It is at Santa Rosa that Eric, well-nigh done for by falling over a precipice, is nursed back to life and love by fair and gentle Primrose Easterbrook (Miss Millward), as captivating a heroine as one would wish to see, in her neat green Zouave jacket, pale primrose skirt, and pink sash. Charmingly natural and poetical as are the love-scenes between Eric and Primrose (who are married after Marcos Valles has informed him of Lola's death in New Orleans), these sympathetic episodes are eclipsed by the powerful situation brought about by the sudden appearance of Lola to seek shelter in Eric's new home on the night of his and Primrose's wedding. When Mr. Terriss has thoroughly familiarised himself with the emotional requirements of this strongly-dramatic scene, and the full tide of passion is thoroughly developed between the agonised husband and the woman he had good reason for deserting, the effect of this moving meeting cannot fail to be enhanced. The piece is brought to a stirring close by the murder of Lola by Marcos Valles, and by the happy reunion of Eric and Primrose near the radiantly bright cascade of "The Silver Falls." Miss Olga Nethersole made another step in advance as the fascinating adventuress, Lola; Mr. Charles Cartwright imparted to the romantic character of Marcos Valles a life and fire that materially helped the piece; whilst Mr. Terriss and Miss Millward, Mr. J. D. Beveridge and Mr. J. L. Shine, Mr. Royce Carleton and Miss Clara Jecks, Miss A. Dairolles, Mr. J. Carne, and Mr. James East filled their parts with characteristic ability. The Thames tableau by Mr. Walter Johnstone and the bright Mexican scenes by Mr. Bruce Smith could not be excelled for beauty. "The Silver Falls" is a golden success.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has accepted the office of conductor of the Leeds Musical Festival to be held in October next.

Earl Fitzwilliam has intimated his intention of returning 20 per cent to his agricultural tenants on the Malton estate.

Sir Horace Davey, Liberal, has been returned to Parliament for Stockton-on-Tees by a majority of 395 over Mr. Wrightson, the Conservative candidate.

Dr. Stubbs was on Dec. 24 elected Bishop of Oxford by the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church, after morning service in the cathedral.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of the Earl of Kintore to be Governor of South Australia, on the retirement of Sir William C. F. Robinson, G.C.M.G.; and of the appointment of Sir Henry Arthur Blake, K.C.M.G., to be Governor of Jamaica.

It has been decided in the Court of Appeal that trust money intended for missions to poor heathen, who have no means of getting religious instruction for themselves, is money given for a "charitable purpose," and is, therefore, not subject to income tax.

A two days' conference of the head-masters of public schools was held on Dec. 20 and 21 at Winchester. The conference discussed the subjects of competitive examinations, entrance and other scholarships, the introduction of modern languages and natural science into the Universities, and kindred topics.

Princess Christian, president of the Princess Helena College for Girls, at Ealing, visited the college on Dec. 20 and distributed the prizes gained by the students during the year; and on the same day Princess Mary Adelaide opened a new mission hall at the Victoria Docks, which has been erected at the cost of Louisa Lady Ashburton in connection with her evangelical mission in that populous district.

DEATH.

On Dec. 18, at Oran, Algeria, Lieutenant-Colonel William Laurence Twentyman, late of 1st Royal Dragoons and 18th and 19th Hussars, elder son of the late William Holme Twentyman, J.P. and D.L., of Ravensworth, St. John's-wood-park, N.W., aged 55.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.*

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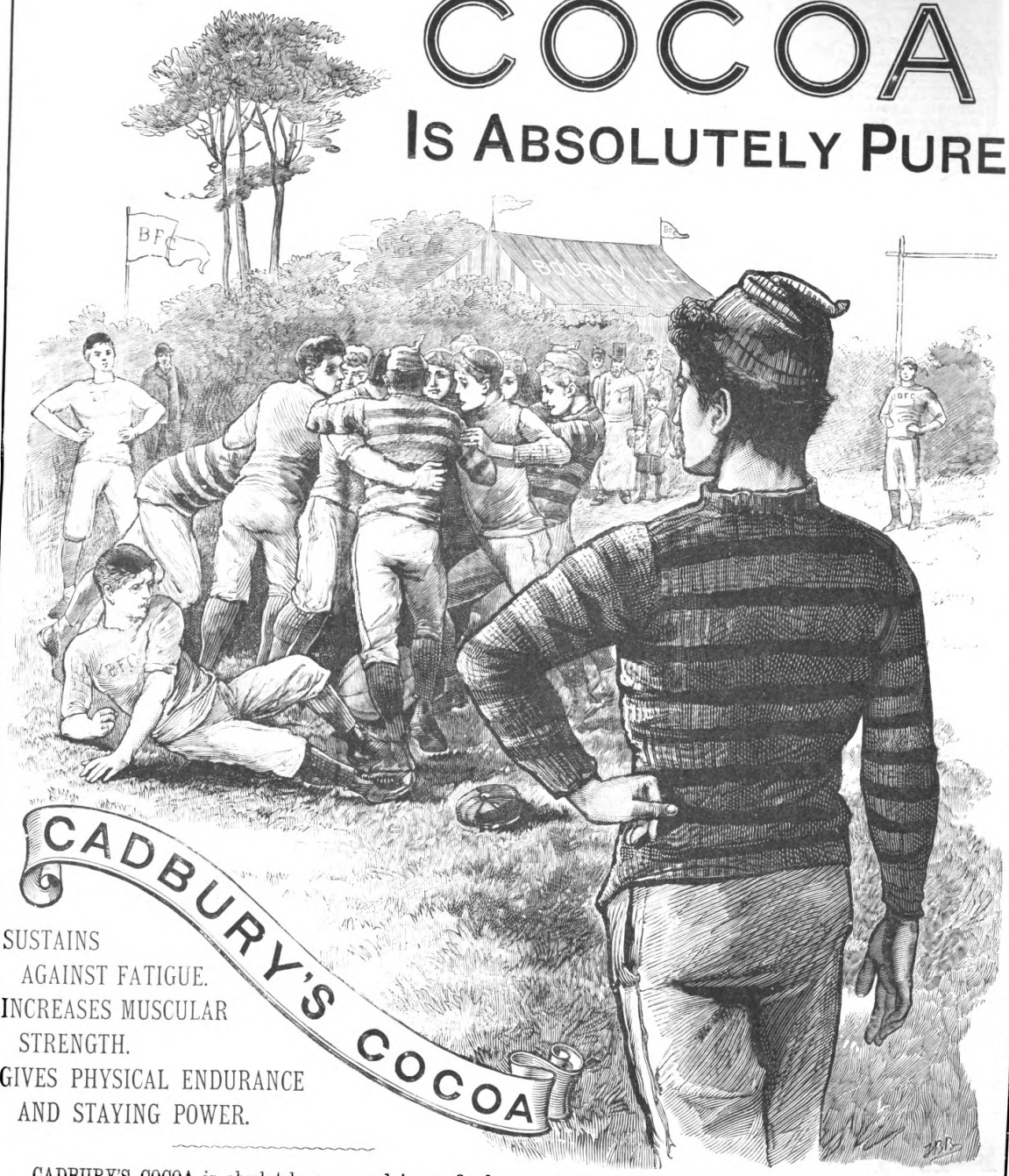
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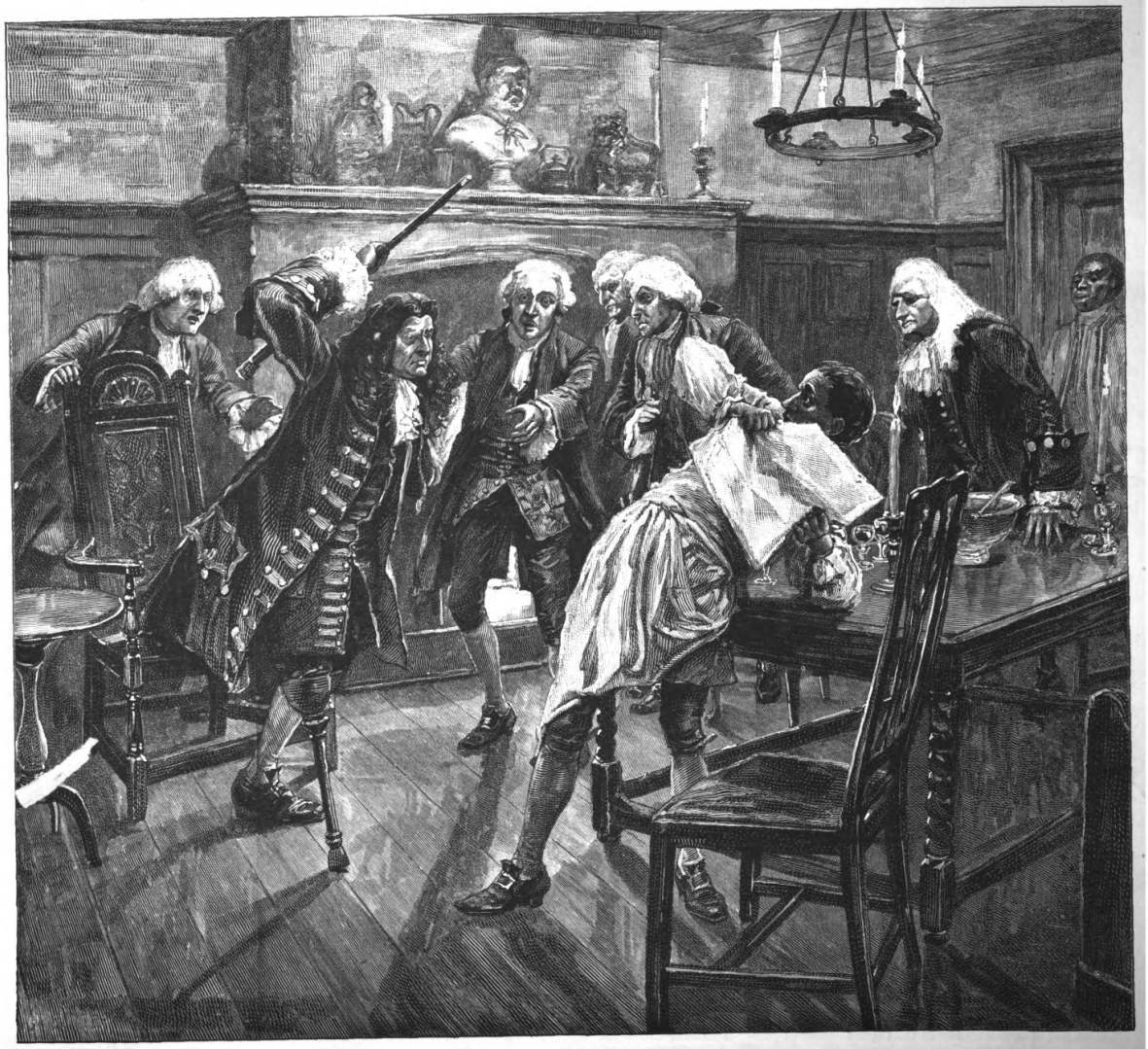
TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.



At the corner of the market-square in the ancient town of St. Ives, Cornwall, there stands a picturesque old hostelry called the "Golden Lion." Until quite lately it had for its near neighbour an inn equally picturesque, and perhaps even older, the "George and Dragon." Both these ancient houses of entertainment must have witnessed many strange events, besides being the scene of many a jovial drinking bout after the gathering in of the "harvest of the sea," or at the less lawful landing of a contraband cargo, or at the end of a successful privateering expedition. For all these things your Cornish man hath an excellent relish. On this spot was the palladium of the liberties of St. Ives, for here stood the whipping-post, the cage, and the stocks. The George and Dragon must have been the fashionable hostel, for after the Cornish Pilgrimage of Grace the King's Commissioner, Sir Anthony Kingston, lodged here, and entertained at dinner the Portreeve of St. Ives, whom he afterwards politely hanged in the market-square for his treasonable practices. Here, also, the Duke of Bolton, when he visited the town in 1699, "was treated with six bottles of sack." The two houses stood so close together—being divided only by the narrow street leading into the market-square—that the occupants could wish each other good-morning from the windows.

In the days of George II. Peter Hexel was landlord of the George and Dragon, and John Renowden ruled the Golden Lion. They were not only neighbours, but fast friends. There was, perhaps, something in the similarity of the circumstances of these two men that strengthened their friendship. They were both widowers, and each had an only child. Richard Hexel was a handsome, strapping fellow of three-and-twenty. Mary Renowden was nineteen, and the pride of her father's heart. As children they had played together; but there came a time when they only looked and smiled and nodded to each other from the opposite windows. Then Richard would watch for Mary when she went out, and would follow her into the fields or on the seashore; and so it came to be at length another version of the old, old story, which surprised nobody—least of all the landlords of the George and Dragon and the Golden Lion, who looked forward to the time when the interests of both those ancient establishments should become one and indivisible.

But there was one person who watched the growing affection of the lovers with a bitter and jealous heart. This



"Thou chin-scraping scoundrel! how durst thou rake that matter up in my presence? I'll drive my staff down thy throat for prating of matters beyond thy barber's brain!"

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.—[DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.]

would not be a true love-story, according to the ancient and regular pattern, had there been nothing to interrupt its smooth and even course. A certain Thomas Champer, the son of a mine-master in the neighbouring parish of Zennor, had long looked with longing eyes on Mary Renowden. His visits were discouraged by the host of the Golden Lion, and Mary herself made it very plain that she disliked his attentions. Nothing could exceed the bitterness of his feelings when Champer found that he was rejected in favour of one who had been his successful rival from boyhood. Richard Hexel had "taken him down" at school—in the wrestling bouts at "Fea-tentide" had thrown him in the "Cornish hug," and had constantly snatched the victory from him in the game of "hurling." All these defeats he had endured with comparative indifference, but to be beaten in the game of love was not so easy to bear. He watched the lovers in their walks, till he felt he could do anything, short of murder, to get his rival out of the way. He thought if Hexel were once removed from the scene, he might yet succeed with Mary, trusting to time and the chapter of accidents. About this time the Government declared war against Spain, and it was certain that men would be wanted for the Navy. If the King's ships could not be manned by other means, the press-gangs would be out, and they would first of all try their luck at the seaports. What if they should visit St. Ives! It was not unlikely—and they would be glad of a hint where good men were to be found. Thomas Champer turned this matter over in his mind till he persuaded himself that he would be doing good service to the State, and furthering his own interests at the same time, if he could lend a helping hand in manning the Navy, provided always he could himself keep out of the way, for he had no desire to serve his country on board a man-of-war. He was full of such thoughts when he made one of his periodical journeys to Falmouth on mining business, and sought out a certain "crimp," or agent for entrapping seamen for the press-gang. What he did there, or what arguments he used to advance his plans, we need not inquire, but the "crimp" was richer by some pounds at the termination of the interview.

* * * * *

It was Christmas Eve, and the good people of St. Ives were preparing to keep the festival with due honour. The usual excitement of the season had been increased in the course of the afternoon by the appearance of a sloop-of-war which anchored in the bay, and it was expected that some of the officers and crew would come ashore to join in the general merrymaking. After dark a band of mummers entered the market-square, and, stopping in front of the George and Dragon, commenced the performance of the Christmas drama of "St. George." Soon a large crowd was collected, and the noise brought to the doors and windows of the houses most of the persons who were within, including the frequenters of a little club which met at the George and Dragon and the Golden Lion alternately.

In the midst of a terrific combat between St. George and the Turkish knight there was a commotion among the crowd, and a party of armed sailors appeared, headed by a tall fellow, who, flourishing a naked cutlass, cried, "In the King's name!" The crowd at once broke away amid the screams of women and cries of "The Press! the Press!" The sailors made a dash at some of the younger men in the crowd, and among those they secured was Richard Hexel, who was standing at his father's door. The party then retreated with their captives, closely followed by the crowd, crying, "Down with the press-gang! Down with them!" More than once the sailors were so hard pressed that those in the rear had to turn and make a stand in the narrow streets, and a serious conflict was threatened. But they reached their boats with the men they had captured, and at daylight next morning the sloop-of-war in the bay had disappeared.

That night there was much wailing among the women of St. Ives, and a fruitful subject of talk was afforded to the club at the George and Dragon. Among the members of this club were Captain Trenwith, a retired officer of the Navy, who had sailed with Admiral Benbow, and had lost a leg in the service of his country; Mr. Matthews, ropemaker and Mayor of St. Ives; old Will Nance, who had once been a smuggler, and who wore a patch over his left eye, which had been knocked out in some encounter with revenue officers; and, lastly, John Tackabird, the town barber, who, although occupying a lower social position, was allowed to associate after business hours with the men whose wigs he dressed in the morning. But the barber was in advance of his time, and held opinions which Captain Trenwith and the Mayor thought little less than treasonable. John Tackabird was, in fact, a Democrat; and on the present occasion he was loud in his denunciation of the press-gang, which he said was contrary to Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights—a tyrannical and unconstitutional violation of the liberty of the subject, and showed that we were a nation of down-trodden slaves, writhing under the iron heel of despotism.

"Where," said he, waving a newspaper he held in his hand, "where are our boasted liberties, when the hirelings of a corrupt Government can thrust themselves into our houses and carry off our sons and brothers, and force them to fight in the unholy quarrels of Kings and their unscrupulous Ministers? How long are we to be chained to the chariot-wheels of a bloodthirsty oligarchy? How long"——

"Tut, tut!" interposed Captain Trenwith with warmth. "Stop thy palaver, John Tackabird. The King must have men for his ships."

"Men for his ships, Captain Trenwith!" retorted the barber; "let the King get them by fair and honest means, and then he will perchance have men who will stick to their colours, and not run away as some of Admiral Benbow's ships did in the West Indies!"

This was a sore subject with Captain Trenwith, who could endure no slur on the British Navy, and who had himself been an officer on board Admiral Benbow's ship at the time referred to. The barber felt he had gone too far, but the mischief was done.

The Captain rose from his seat, his face purple with rage. "Thou d——d chin-scraping scoundrel! how durst thou take that matter up in my presence? I'll drive my staff down thy throat for prating of matters beyond thy barber's brain!"

"Nay, nay, Cap'n," cried Will Nance; "let John Tackabird be. Mayhap he hath spoken unwisely, but 'tis well known Cap'n Wade and Cap'n Kirby were shot at Plymouth for disgracing the Admiral."

"Yes," said Captain Trenwith, resuming his seat, his anger having passed away as suddenly as it came—"yes, and shooting was too good for them. They ought to have been hanged at the yard-arm and so should some others that I wot of!" here he looked hard at the *ci-devant* smuggler.

"Well, but"—resumed the barber, whose tongue must needs wag in spite of his fear of the Captain—"touching this matter of the press-gang"——

"I'll hear no more on 't," cried Captain Trenwith: "'tis no evil fowl's mouth that one volunteer is worth ten pressed men; but I have seen pressed men fight as bravely as the best—and as for Admiral Benbow, he fought his ship like a hero, and died the death of a gallant old sea-dog as he was. If some of his men left him in the lurch, enough remained to save the honour of England. But hark ye, John Tackabird, let me warn thee that there be some matters had better be forgotten."

At that moment, a steaming bowl of punch being brought in, all further unpleasantness disappeared under its soothing influence. The party, which now included Peter Hexel and John Renowden, drew in their chairs, and the former proceeded to fill the glasses of his guests with a silver punch-ladle that had a guinea let into the bottom of it. As it was not yet known that young Hexel was one of the pressed men, there was nothing to cloud their enjoyment. A visit from the press-gang was too common an occurrence in seaport towns in those days to excite much remark, save among those who were the immediate sufferers. Captain Trenwith said he would take upon himself to propose a toast, which he hoped no one present would refuse to drink. The King of England had declared war against Spain, and, as the Spaniards had seized all the British ships in their harbours, he thought the sooner they closed with the enemy the better. He begged to propose the health of King George and success to the British arms. If they lived to see another Christmas Eve he doubted not they would be able to say the honour of England had been well maintained. As the punch was exceeding good, and had put much heart into every man of the company, the toast was drunk with great enthusiasm. Even John Tackabird smacked his lips with satisfaction.

"It hath been reported," said Will Nance, "that Admiral Vernon is gone as Commander-in-Chief to the West Indies, and that he swears to take Portobello on the Spanish Main, even if he hath no more than six ships wherewith to do it."

"I know not how that may be," said the incorrigible barber. "If he has only pressed men to back him, I doubt it."

With an ominous glance at the last speaker, Captain Trenwith cut the matter short. "We shall see," said he. "When 'tis done we shall doubtless hear on 't—but what noise is that outside? What now, Tom Champer? What's amiss?"

"There's much amiss, Captain Trenwith," said young Champer, who now entered the room. "Dick Hexel is among the pressed men. He was seen in the last boat when they put off from the shore."

"What! my son taken by the press-gang!" cried Peter Hexel, starting to his feet. "'Zounds! I'll not believe it—there must be some mistake."

"I fear there is no mistake," said Champer; and there was a gleam of satisfaction on his face, which he tried to conceal with a pretended look of concern. "There be those outside who saw him carried off, and the officer swore he would sink the first boat that dared to go nigh the ship."

Old Hexel hurried out, followed by John Renowden.

"If the lad is really pressed," said Captain Trenwith, "I hope he will remain in the service. Sure I am he won't disgrace it. No lad of spirit should refuse to serve his country when old England's enemies are afoot. But come, sit down, Tom Champer, and help us to finish the punch."

Will Nance, who was already "three sheets in the wind," as he would himself have expressed it, boisterously inquired of Champer how it was that he himself had escaped capture by the press-gang.

"Thou art a likely lad enough," said he, "and would swab a deck as well as another."

"I was not in the town," answered Champer. "I have but now walked over from Zennor."

"Ah!" cried Nance, with a drunken wink at the rest of the company, "trust a Zennor man to take care of himself. They're a wise folk in their gen-er-en-eration. They know why the cow ate the bell-rope."

"Just as St. Ives folk know why they whipped the hake," retorted Champer, angrily.

The Captain interposed. "Come, come," said he, "no more cross words on Christmas Eve. 'Tis near midnight. You and I, Mr. Mayor, must set a good example by appearing in church to-morrow morning, so let us jog homewards."

The Mayor crossed the room with a devious gait. "Your shervant, Cap'n Tren'th. Shervant, Sir—happy to 't'nd you," and the Mayor of St. Ives solemnly staggered after Captain Trenwith, who stumped away on his wooden leg, escorted by his black servant carrying a lantern. The rest of the company also departed, and the George and Dragon was left in solitude and darkness. But lights were burning in the Golden Lion long after midnight. Three anxious hearts were there holding communion, and vainly trying to find a way out of the trouble that had come upon them.

After the first shock of grief for the loss of her lover was over, Mary Renowden dried her tears and reviewed the situation with a strength of mind and a coolness of judgment that astonished her father and Peter Hexel.

"Dick will return after a time," she said; "I am sure he will. He is strong and brave, and has always been lucky. Perhaps he will do something that will make his name famous, and then we shall all be proud of him."

Cheered by this hopeful spirit of hers, the two old men plucked up their hearts, and all three appeared in their usual places at church on Christmas Day. After service, as they stood in the churchyard gazing rather wistfully over the sea, they were joined by Thomas Champer, who wished them a "Merry Christmas!" and uttered some clumsy expressions of condolence about Richard Hexel. He had heard, he said, that the sloop had gone to Falmouth, and if it would be any satisfaction he would write to a friend there, or would even go over himself and make any arrangements they pleased for helping Dick; but he feared there was little hope of his release now that war had broken out.

These friendly overtures rather softened the hearts of the two fathers; but Mary felt sure that Champer was insincere. His hypocrisy was not proof against her woman's instinct. She turned coldly away, and he left them, racking his brain for some means of presenting his suit in a favourable light.

Day after day Thomas Champer came to the Golden Lion and sought every possible opportunity of addressing Mary; but his perseverance was useless. She would not listen to him. He saw that his suit was hopeless, and that he had gained nothing by the absence of Richard Hexel. Yet he continued to haunt the neighbourhood of the Golden Lion, until one night he encountered the press-gang, which had made another descent on St. Ives, and he was caught in the same trap he had set for his rival. In the meantime, letters had come from Richard Hexel. He wrote that he was well, and only unhappy because he was parted from Mary. He had joined the West Indian Squadron under Admiral Vernon, and expected he would soon be able to tell them something about the war. So time passed on, and the spring came.

The club had assembled one Saturday evening in the parlour of the Golden Lion. The customary bowl of punch was on the table; but Captain Trenwith had not arrived, and the serious business of the evening could not begin without him. To pass the time, Will Nance stirred the fire, and, lighting a pipe, remarked that the evenings were something chilly, though the spring had come, in spite of the men of Towednack.

"What have the men of Towednack to do with the spring?" said the Mayor of St. Ives.

"Why, know you not," replied Nance, "that the men of Towednack built a hedge round the cuckoo to keep the spring back? But what's this news from the fleet? 'Tis rumoured Portobello is taken."

"'Tis true," said John Renowden; "my daughter hath a letter from Richard Hexel, who was on board the Hampton Court, and engaged in the fight."

"What? Dick Hexel hath smelt gunpowder, then, in a real battle? Hurrah for old England and beloved St. Ives!"

"Amen!" cried Captain Trenwith, who came stumping into the room. "Yes, friends, 'tis all true. Here is a copy of the *Daily Post*, dated March 29, wherein is an account of the battle, writ by a gentleman on board the Burford, the Admiral's own ship. Fill the glasses, and John Tackabird shall read out the narrative."

Under the combined attractions of the punch and the newspaper, all eagerly drew round the table, and the barber, after cleaning his throat, commenced:—

"On the afternoon of the 21st, about two o'clock, we came up with Portobello Harbour, where the Spaniards had hoisted upon the Iron Castle the flag of defiance. They welcomed us with a terrible volley, which, being at so short a distance, took place with almost every shot. One struck away the stern of our barge; another broke a large gun upon our upper deck; a third went through our foretop-mast; and a fourth, passing through the arming within two inches of our mainmast, broke down the barricado of our quarter-deck very near the Admiral, and killed three men in a moment, wounding five others who stood by them. This looked as if we should have bloody work, but was far from discouraging our brave fellows."

The barber continued to read how the Spaniards were driven from their guns, and the English landed: "One man set himself close under an embrasure whilst another climbed upon his shoulders and entered under the mouth of a great gun. This so dismayed the Spaniards that they threw down their arms and fled for their lives"——

"I would give a guinea to know 'twas a Cornish man who did that," cried Captain Trenwith; "'twas a brave action."

"Set your heart at rest, then, Captain," said Peter Hexel, "'twas Richard Hexel who did it. I have a letter from my son wherein he recounts this very same adventure."

"Then your son is a credit to Cornwall, and we'll drink his health, my friend," and the Captain got up and heartily shook Peter Hexel by the hand. "Compound us another bowl of punch, John Renowden; and see that it be worthy of the occasion."

That night the rafters of the Golden Lion rang with the cheers which greeted the toasts of "The British Navy" and "The Hero of St. Ives"—as Captain Trenwith was pleased to call Richard Hexel.

It was doubtless the darkness that made it so difficult for the Mayor and the Captain to find their way home that night, though they were escorted as usual by the black servant with a lighted lantern. The Mayor accounted to his wife for a headache which oppressed him next morning by the extreme exertion he had been obliged to use in supporting Captain Trenwith, who, poor man! having only one leg, could not be expected to walk as firmly as other people.

You may be sure the heart of Mary Renowden was gladdened by the news that had come about her lover; but months passed away, and nothing more was heard of him. At length there came a letter, stating that he had been severely wounded in an action with a Spanish ship in the West Indies, had been discharged, and was then lying in hospital at Falmouth. Old Hexel at once started for that place, and found poor Dick pale and thin from wounds and fever, but in good spirits and anxious to return home. The doctors, however, would not hear of it, and ordered the patient to lay up a week or two longer; and then, perhaps, he might be allowed to go. His father was, therefore, compelled to leave him and return to St. Ives, where he was eagerly expected by John Renowden and his daughter. When two weeks had passed, they all three went over to Falmouth, when the finishing touch was put to Dick's recovery by the embraces of his happy sweetheart.

* * * * *

"Time, though old, is strong in flight," says the old song; and he has brought us once more to Christmas Eve. The club is assembled at the George and Dragon; there is a brimming punch-bowl on the board, and the silver ladle with the golden guinea is in active operation. The talk is of the war, and John Tackabird has been reading aloud an account of a battle in the Bay of Biscay, where a large Spanish ship had been taken, and where the name of Tom Champer figured among the killed.

The mummers, having finished their Christmas play, have departed on their rounds; but suddenly they are heard returning, with cheers and shouts. The clatter of horses' hoofs is heard on the paved streets.

"'Tis Dick Hexel come back," cries the barber, looking out of the window.

"Let us give him welcome," said Captain Trenwith. "He is a brave lad, and hath fought and bled for the British flag!"

"Hurrah!" cried the crowd outside.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the Captain and his companions as they hurried to the door; and there, sure enough, was Dick Hexel, on horseback, with Mary Renowden seated on a pillion behind him, while Peter Hexel and John Renowden had already dismounted, and were undergoing a vigorous handshaking among the crowd. The club sat late in session that night, and Captain Trenwith would fain have had Dick in to tell how he had scaled the ramparts of Portobello; but Dick excused himself on the plea of fatigue, and he spent the evening much more to his liking in the company of Mary Renowden. "I do suppose," said Will Nance, "Dick Hexel will have a considerable sum in the way of prize-money coming to him?"

"If he lives to be an old man it may, perhaps, come to him," said John Tackabird; "but the tyrannical abuse of power under an oligarchy"——

"D—n your hard words!" cried Captain Trenwith; "they would break any man's jaw but yours. I tell ye, a true man will do his duty whether he is paid for it or no; and may I never live to see the day when a British tar will think more of profit than of honour."

This sentiment of the good old Captain ought, according to the usual custom of the stage, to bring down the curtain on our little drama; but, to satisfy the reader, we beg to state that in the early spring Richard Hexel espoused Mary Renowden in the parish church of St. Ives, and Captain Trenwith proposed the health of the young couple in the parlour of the Golden Lion, which ancient hostelry is still standing in evidence of the entire truth of this narrative.

M. J.

PAUL JONES'S ALIAS.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "JOSEPH'S COAT," "AUNT RACHEL," "CYNIC FORTUNE," &c.



In the afternoon of a very bitter and winterly day in Paris, Captain Harley Medhurst entered his hotel, and asked for letters. The concierge was occupied, and did not seem to hear him. A young Colossus, who looked very picturesquely handsome, laughed in an embarrassed way at his own failure, and the concierge, with slightly lifted shoulders and a head bent deprecatingly on one side, smiled respectful encouragement.

"What do you want to say?" Captain Medhurst asked. "Perhaps I can help you."

The handsome Rufus turned with an immediate smile.

"I want," he said, "to make this man understand that somebody must go to the North Station and get my traps for me, and that this is the ticket for them."

He had a full, deep voice, which was in excellent keeping with his great chest and shoulders, and in rather comic keeping with an unusually pronounced New England tone. Medhurst translated, the concierge took the slip of paper, and the handsome American, with a smile of great sweetness and candour, thanked his helper, and rushed up-stairs three steps at a time.

"Have you any letters for me?" Medhurst asked. The concierge searched gravely amongst a pile of letters on the table of his own little room, and shook his head.

"There is nothing but this, Sir."

"This" was the hotel bill, and Medhurst, coldly accepting it, turned away and walked slowly and deliberately up-stairs. Arrived at his room, he broke open the envelope in which the bill was enclosed, and found it accompanied by a note requesting immediate payment. The caissier informed him that it was the custom of the house to ask payment of its clientèle every eight days, and added that fifteen days had expired since Captain Harley Medhurst's arrival at the hotel. An immediate response would oblige. He read this, thrusting his moustache into his mouth meanwhile, and biting at it with an angry perplexity.

"Confound the fellow!" he muttered. "Infernal impertinence! Tell him so, begad!"

His hands strayed forlornly to his pockets, groped there, and came out again, empty. He took a cigarette-case from his overcoat and opened it. That was empty also; and he returned it slowly, looking downward intently at the pattern of the carpet. Then he "confounded" the fellow's impertinence again, and sat down in an arm-chair beside a handful of wood fire which lingered on the hearth. By-and-by, he rang the bell, and, one of the hotel servants appearing in answer, he bade him bring a carafe of cognac, a syphon of seltzer-water, and half-a-dozen cigars. The man bowed with perfect respectfulness and went away, but, after a lengthy pause, returned, furtive and ashamed. Would Monsieur have the obligingness to descend? The manager would be honoured if Monsieur would speak with him.

Captain Medhurst replied that if the manager had anything to say, he might come there and say it. The embarrassed waiter bowed and tried to smile as he edged himself out of the room. He would deliver Monsieur's message, he replied, and without doubt the manager would at once ascend. In effect, he presented himself a minute later. He was very polite, very respectful and regretful, but inexorable. Captain Harley Medhurst was unknown in the hotel: it was his first visit there. Doubtless his remittances would arrive. The manager devoutly hoped so, and was utterly desolate at the thought of submitting him to inconvenience. But without money nothing more could be found for the Captain in that house.

Captain Medhurst was wrathful, and stood upon his dignity. He made certain statements about his family, his connections by marriage, and his friends, which might perhaps have sounded a little piteous if any other English gentleman had been there to listen to them. It was all true, no doubt, said the unmoved manager; but people who kept an hotel kept it to make a profit. It was their misfortune not to know Captain Medhurst more intimately. Monsieur spoke so perfect a French that without doubt he had many acquaintances in Paris. His room was in absolute requisition: a lady was even now waiting to inspect it, and, in short, there was apparently nothing for it but for Captain Harley Medhurst to retire.

The Captain was naturally and bitterly indignant. He gave the manager to understand that his enormous social influence in England would be devoted for the rest of his days to keeping travellers away from a house in which he had received so little consideration. The manager said, over and over again, that he was desolate, but did not look it in the least.

But, sacred Heaven! the Captain demanded to know what was he to do? He expected remittances by the next post. He had not a franc in his purse; he did not know a single person at that hour in Paris. Did they mean to thrust him—an English gentleman, an officer in her Britannic Majesty's service, a cousin of Lord this and Lady that—into the streets?

"Désolé, Monsieur!" returned the manager, and was simply incredulous and unmoved.

Why was he treated in this way? the Captain asked. Surely it was not an unheard-of thing that a gentleman should be without money for a few days in a foreign capital? He was careless about his financial arrangements, and the thing had happened to him before, though he must confess that on that occasion he had met with widely different treatment. At this the manager, with an assumed air of sudden recollection, drew forth a pocket-book, and from it produced a little rose-coloured ticket from the national pawnshop. It related, as the hapless Captain knew perfectly well, to a watch confided to the care of *ma tante* ten days ago.

Monsieur had had the ill-fortune to drop that in the hall of the hotel an hour before, on leaving.

"Some thief of a waiter," said the Captain, shamefacedly, "felt in my pockets when he brushed my clothes."

The manager shrugged his shoulders, and would have nothing to say to that accusation, and the unfortunate Captain, with the accusing ticket in his hand—evidence of nearly a fortnight's absolute poverty—stared blankly before him. At this moment a knock sounded at the door, and the manager, opening it, revealed an ostentatious Briton, in a gorgeous fur coat, frogged all down the front, and an offensively brilliant hat cocked jauntily on one side of his head.

"For God's sake, Daisy!" said the Captain, feebly, "have you got the money about you? They're talking about turning me out here, and I haven't a cent."

"Money, my boy?" responded the timely Daisy, swaggering into the room, and pulling off his fur-rimmed gloves as if he were a boxer getting rid of the mufflers after a victorious encounter. "What's the damage? Anything up to fifty thousand francs I'm game for."

He opened his furred overcoat with a rollicking swagger, and thrusting an over-jewelled hand into an inner pocket, threw a swollen pocket-book upon the bed-room table.

"Help yourself, my boy. Pay the blackguard. Like the impudence of these damned foreigners! Pay him, begad, and slang him."

The fat pocket-book was actually crammed with bank-notes for a thousand francs. The Captain's eye, which had naturally a frozen look, glittered as he saw this; but he selected one note from the bulky roll with perfect quiet, and handed it with a silent dignity to the manager. Then never was man more abashed, more humiliated, more desolate, or more fluent in declaration of these sentiments. Monsieur le Capitaine would confess himself that the circumstances had looked strange. If he (the manager) had been the proprietor of the hotel it was simply inconceivable that he could have acted as he had done; but he was a salaried servant, responsible to a company, and had only followed instructions from which he had no power to depart.

"I see," said the Captain, "that you have made out my bill for the whole day. I will dine here, therefore, and after dinner shall leave your house. Where are you staying, Daisy?"

"I'm not staying anywhere. I've just come up from the sunny South by the train of luxury. I'll dine here with you. It's snowing like the very devil."

"I have told this fellow," said Captain Medhurst, "that I leave the hotel to-night."

"Should think so, by Jingo! Beastly impertinence! English gentleman! All damn fine! Why don't you slang the fellow? Give him a tongue-walking. I would, begad, if I spoke the lingo as you do."

"I have expressed my opinion of him already," said Medhurst, with dignity. "You can send up the receipted bill and the change," he added to the manager, who withdrew with an air of deference, and offered no further excuses.

"What's it mean, Daisy?" the Captain asked when they were alone. The man in the fur coat sat on the bed, and majestically twirled his moustaches and his glittering rings, smiling and wagging his head with mingled pride and cunning. By-and-by he hooked a finger at the pocket-book which still lay on the table, and gave a leary wink. The Captain, readily translating these signs, handed him the wealthy volume. His fingers lingered on it as the owner accepted it, and the two looked at each other—Medhurst puzzled and curious, and the other man beaming with complacency. "How did you get hold of all that pile?"

"Aha! my boy," responded the new-comer, returning his property to his pocket, "how do you think I got hold of it? I'll tell you what it is, Medhurst. The Martingale is as good as gold. I've tried it, and that's the result of one night's work. I don't say you can do it every day, because there are times when the luck runs against the best system in the world."

"You've been at Monte Carlo?" said the other; "you've been playing at the tables there?"

"That's it, my boy. That's where I've been, and that's what I've been doing."

"Of all the incurable asses I ever met," cried Medhurst, "you're the stupidest! You risked my hundred as well as your own, I know. It's not a bit of use telling me that you didn't. I wouldn't believe you if you gave me your oath about it."

The Daisy, who had been satirically christened by the name of the wee, modest, crimson-tippit flower in compliment to his general efflorescence, wagged his head with a completely satisfied air, and winked at his companion.

"You keep your hair on, old man. I'm all right, and I'm going to do the square thing by you. I put twenty-five of yours to twenty-five of my own, and I went with a capital of fifty. I had to lie low at first, and skirmish about with five-franc pieces; but I hit 'em for the maximum over and over again before I'd done. If I'd lost your twenty-five I should simply have made you a present of it; but I knew jolly well I shouldn't lose it."

"You're an ass, Daisy!" said the Captain; but he said it in a softer tone than before, and in a little while so far subdued his virtuous indignation as to ask—"How much did you hit 'em for?"

"I've landed over a couple of thousand pounds. It's all there," he tapped the pocket in which the notes reposed. Medhurst advanced a hand, as if he were going to ask for his share of the spoil. "Wait a bit," said the beaming Daisy; "I want a square understanding first. I'm going back again, and I want you to come with me." Medhurst shook his head with great decision. "There you are," said the Daisy, "and that's why I don't hand the coin over at once. Now, mind you, you've got no more claim over half my winnings than you have on the ground-rent of St. Paul's Cathedral, if there is such a thing. I played for you just to show you what the system was; and I put a pony of yours into it because I knew you'd profit by it, and because I knew I should want you afterwards. If the system had broken down, you'd never have heard anything about it. I should have pocketed my losses and have said nothing."

"Well," said Medhurst, fixing his frozen eye upon him, "what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to come to Monty with me, and I want you to keep me cool and straight. I've got enough to play a great game now, and I'm going to play it. I'm going to bust that bank sky high. They've got a capital of millions sterling. They'll fight to the last gasp and bleed to the last drop before they'll give in. They can't afford to be beaten. They think they can't be beaten in the long run; and they won't stop a man who has once won heavily. They're game, my boy, and so am I; they're keen set, my boy, and so am I. Don't you think you're going to keep me away from it, Medhurst. I've heard all your lectures till I'm sick of 'em, and if you were to jaw from now to doomsday it wouldn't make a pennyworth of difference."

"Now, look here, Daisy," said Captain Medhurst, pulling off his overcoat and seating himself.

"You can go it, if you like," said the Daisy; "but it'll be in at one ear and out at the other. I'm thirsty: ring that blooming bell."

As the Captain turned to obey this request, a waiter knocked at the door, and brought in the receipted bill and the balance of the thousand-franc note.

"Here, I say, you!" began the Daisy. "Donny maw—— Here, you try the lingo on him, Medhurst. Order a bottle of fizz. I can't get my tongue round this language a little bit. 'Donny,'" he pursued reflectively: "they used to call your fists your donnies, when I was at school. 'Maw' means 'me,' of course. 'Donny maw'—'hand me.' I suppose, when you come to know it, there's a bit of resemblance between French and English after all?"

Into the brilliant philological vista opened by this suggestion Captain Medhurst declined to enter.

"Give me a cigar," he said, "and I'll talk to you."

"You can save yourself the trouble," said the Daisy, doggedly. "Look here!" He drew out his pocket-book again, when he had thrown over his cigar-case to his companion, and fell to counting the notes it contained. "You've had one of them, and I made 'em fifty-eight this morning." He counted them carefully. "There you are! That's twenty-eight to you, and twenty-nine to me. Now, do you see that bundle? That's one thousand one hundred and twenty pounds! Do you see it?" Medhurst looked very hard at it indeed, and evidently saw it clearly. "Now, if you'll hold your jaw, and do what I want you, that's yours!"

"What do you want?"

"I want you to come back to Monty with me; I want you to master the system thoroughly, before you go; and I want you to come and see me play it. I get wild; I lose my head. I could have had a couple of hundred thousand the other night instead of this miserable handful; but I felt in such vein I dropped the system, and dropped a pretty tidy handful of money with it, too. I believe that if the tables hadn't closed they could have cleaned me out. Now, that's my weakness, and I know it. The system's all right, but I don't stick to it. Now, I want you to *make* me stick to it. If you see me going on anything else I shall authorise you to take the money off the table."

"I know what it will come to," said Medhurst, "if I consent. You'll lose your own money on your system, and then you'll borrow this, and neither you nor I will be a penny better for the luck you've had."

The Daisy took off his hat for the first time since entering the room.

"As true as God's my judge, Medhurst," he said solemnly, "I'll never ask you for a penny."

"If I take it," said Medhurst, "I shall do what I undertake to do; but no more. I sha'n't lend the money to be thrown away, and I'll have nothing to do with the tables except to watch your play there."

The Daisy rose and handed to his companion the bundle of notes.

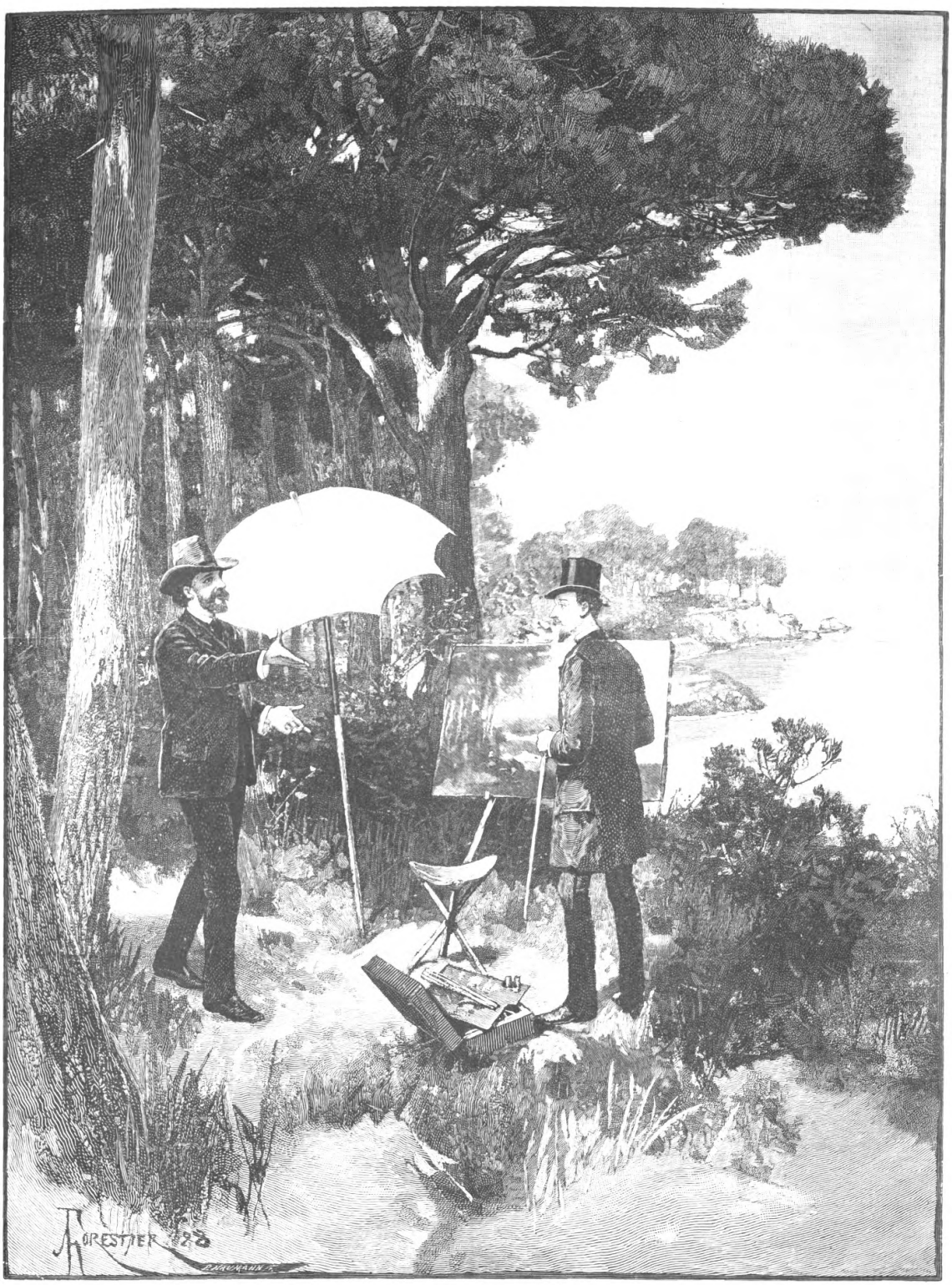


Dumb Crambo is a pastime prime
For little folk at Christmas-time.
Its ins and outs I need not tell,
For all young people know it well;
The rhyme-word chosen now is *pat*,
And many words chime well with that.

DUMB CRAMBO.

Drawn by Lucien Davis.

The Outs act well, and yet are hissed
For being wrong, with scorn dismissed;
Is isn't bat, gnat, hat, or rat—
Then mewing comes a made-up *cat*,
As here you see; and laughter bright
And clapping hands proclaim them right.



"Hillo! You come down here?"

PAUL JONES'S ALIAS.

Drawn by A. Forestier.

"There you are," he said. "You're enlisted. That's the Queen's shilling. Ring that thundering bell. I'm dying for a drink."

Now, Captain Harley Medhurst, though he had something of the air of a roué, and looked rather hard-bitten and world-worn, was one of those people who have an evident right to the conventional title of gentleman. There was no doubting that he was a man of good family, or that he had been gently bred and accustomed to mix with good society. No observer of men would have been very much surprised to know that society of late years had fought shy of him. There is something which no art of description can clearly define which marks the *déclassé* with a badge so patent that a very simple wayfarer may read it. Captain Medhurst wore that badge, and showed his consciousness of it in his own chill and shifty eye. He had been a gentleman in something more than the conventional sense once upon a time, and was not quite a gentleman any longer.

The Daisy, who answered to the title of Major De Vere when he could induce people to address him by it, was a person of altogether another stamp. If a rare good heart, coupled with an intimate knowledge of all forms of scoundrelism and all grades of scoundrel life in England, could have made a man a gentleman, the Daisy might have taken rank with dukes and princes. He had lived on his wits for the last five-and-twenty years, and, for the most part, had lived well. Outside the sphere of the gaming-table or the betting-ring the Major's wits were not particularly brilliant; but on his own ground he was more than respectable—he was redoubtable. A better-hearted brigand never breathed. He lived by the most equivocal means conceivable, and his hand was constantly in his pocket for the relief of distress. He had a happy audacity, born of a profound belief that no living soul could doubt the distinction of his manner, speech, and aspect. He ticketed himself "snob" from head to feet, and conscientiously believed himself to impress all and sundry with the belief that he was a gentleman of the first water. He was utterly pitiless to people who had money, and regarded them as his natural prey. He and Medhurst had formed themselves into a gambling partnership at a time when both were very much under the water, and the Captain's social cachet not being quite obliterated at that moment, he had been able to introduce his confederate into places where he would otherwise have had little chance of obtaining a foothold. The partnership floated both of them, in a financial sense; but it ended in Medhurst's social shipwreck. He had played pigeon for a good many years, and the rooks had stripped him of a handsome fortune. Now, like hundreds of men who had gone before him, he had turned rook, and was ready to feather anything defenceless that might come in his way.

He had an almost pious horror for the public tables, and he thought that Monte Carlo was quite a sink of iniquity. He felt in respect to the great gambling institution there as a man who shot for the pot over a few bare acres of his own might feel if the birds upon his ground with one consent betook themselves to the preserves of some wealthy, princely neighbour. The existence of Monte Carlo was inimical to private, professional enterprise. He had been feathered there himself, the poor Medhurst!—he had been feathered everywhere—and he was grieved and indignant to find his partner so incurably smitten by the seductions of the place. A professional man, he urged, should only play where his experience, skill, and coolness gave him the advantage. No experience, skill, or coolness could help the best-trained gambler in the world against that inconscient wheel which could never get excited or tired, or run away from its own system of fortuitous eccentricity.

The Captain had already thrown a billet or two of wood on the decaying fire, and it now burned up again very brightly. The two sat on either side of it, sipping their wine and smoking.

"I've got a tenner on the Association Cup tie," said Major De Vere. "I suppose one can get an English paper here? The game should have been played off yesterday."

"You can get the *New York Herald*," said Medhurst. "Shall I ring and ask for it?"

The journal came in answer to Medhurst's demand, and the Major turned it over.

"I've pulled that off, anyway," he said; "though it doesn't matter much now. Hillo! You've got a millionaire staying here!"

"That's likely enough," Medhurst answered, uninterestedly; "who is he?"

"Mr. Paul Jones, of New York," the Major answered. "I remember reading about him last year. His father died. He was something in petroleum or a corn-ring—I don't know what all. He's worth about ten millions, English money."

"He 'd be better worth going at than your Monte Carlo."

"D' ye think so? Those Yankees are deuced sharp, my boy. I've been had by one or two of them; but I never landed one myself yet." All Americans were Yankees to Major De Vere. "Monte Carlo's got as much as he has, and Monte Carlo won't shy; and even if you were to ruin Monte Carlo, you could hold your head up with the best. If the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Pope of Rome went and smashed up Monte all the good Christians would approve of him; but if you and me went and cleaned out a private millionaire, we should get hooted at. Not that I should mind that much," the Major added philosophically, "so long as I collared the pieces."

"Father died a year ago, did he?" said Medhurst. "He's likely to be pretty young, then?"

"That depends," returned the Major. "My old governor's alive somewhere. At least, I've never heard to the contrary, and I'm no chicken. Anybody who counted on picking me up because he heard that my governor fell off the hooks last year would have his work cut out."



But he selected one note from the bulky roll with perfect quiet.

The Major went back to his paper, and Medhurst sipped and smoked. Once he murmured inwardly, to himself, and the Major catching the words—"ten millions, English money"—looked up and smiled. The snow whirled against the window, and the wind howled in the chimney. The streets on such a day were only for those who had imperative business, and the Major, with a view to killing time, proposed a hand at cards. Medhurst assented, and they played until the dressing-bell sounded, and in due time they went down to dinner. The hotel was full, and the long tables of the table-d'hôte were crowded. Medhurst found himself side by side with his Colossus of the early afternoon, who edged away his chair to make room for him with a smile of friendly recognition.

"Rough weather outside, Sir," he said cheerfully. "I've got but very little time in Paris; I'm off down South to-morrow, and I've been tearing around with an interpreter to get a few things ready—purchases of one sort and another."

He was a cheery, amiable, open-hearted young fellow, not in the least afraid of the sound of that big voice of his, but agreeably and wholesomely natural, and without a trace of affectation. Medhurst made some politely indifferent reply, and the Daisy spoke across him. The young New Englander, who wore a scarlet necktie and a coat of bronze-coloured velvet, quite lit up the table with these colours and his auburn mane and coppery beard, and his frank, jolly blue eyes. The Daisy was as loud and as *sans gêne* as he; and when Medhurst, seeing that they wished to talk together, changed seats with his companion, the two got on as if they had been made for one another.

Right opposite to Major De Vere sat a refined-looking, shrinking man of seven or eight-and-twenty, who looked in a curious way at once shy and distinguished. Whilst the Daisy and his new-found companion were talking rather noisily to each other, Medhurst caught this gentleman's eye, and observed a look and an almost imperceptible gesture of distaste. A moment later a neighbour offered to this gentleman some little table courtesy, to which he responded by a "Thank you."

"He's an American, too," thought Medhurst to himself; "and doesn't like the way in which his young countryman is proclaiming himself."

He himself did not altogether like the Daisy either, and knew how over-pronounced all his airs seemed to well-bred people, but he was used to him by this time; and as to the average British cad who makes himself objectionable on the Continent, Captain Medhurst would have thought so little in his better days of allying himself in other peoples' fancy with that loud and vulgar personage that the quiet American's silently expressed displeasure was droll to him.

The American gentleman had not the faintest intention in the world of betraying to any stranger's eye his disapproval of the loud pair opposite; but Medhurst, watching him, saw it peep out in a score of signs which were only just visible to a close observation. He ate his dinner silently, or, if addressed, contented himself with a reply which was purely formal.

About midway through the dinner a waiter stole up to Major De Vere and handed him a telegram on a salver.

"Not for me," said the Major, in his brassy voice. "Mossoo Paul Jones; not me."

"Ah!" said the young American, "that's mine."

The Major handed it to him, and kicked Medhurst under the table. The quiet gentleman on the other side looked up with a quick and startled glance as the name was pronounced, and did not remove his regard from the owner of it until the latter had opened and read his telegram and bestowed it in a waistcoat-pocket.

So this, thought Medhurst, was Paul Jones, was it? He was evidently a greenhorn—amiable, friendly, unguarded, as likely to afford good and profitable sport as anybody he had ever beheld in his life. Ten millions sterling in that young man's possession! It was an inspiring thought that perhaps a thousand per million might be drawn from him. It would do *him* no harm, and he would have to learn his life-lesson somewhere, unless the whole ten millions were to fall ruinously through his fingers. Medhurst noticed with satisfaction how perfectly the handsome young giant and the Major were getting on together, and how well they suited each other. With the Daisy as his jovial companion and Medhurst as his social and moral mentor, a good deal might be done with him. If it had been that other fellow, now—that quiet and shyly dignified young man on the opposite side of the table—the Major would have had but the poorest chance in the world. It was lucky that the American millionaire should have turned out to be a man of this noisy bonhomie, this evidently unsuspicious and unworldly good-nature, and it was a splendid chance which had dropped them at his side at dinner.

"You 're going down South, you say, Sir?" said the Major.

"Yes," said Paul; "I'm going down to Juan-les-Pins. I'm going to paint there. I've never seen the place; but I'm told it's full of very elegant stuff, and I reckon on getting half-a-dozen pictures out of it."

"You paint, Sir?" said the Major.

"I've got to," said the American. Again Major De Vere kicked Captain Medhurst's foot beneath the table.

"You are an artist, Sir?" said Medhurst, leaning a little across the efflorescent figure of the Daisy to address him. The handsome young Rufus blushed.

"I don't know that I can quite say that," he answered; "but if I aint in a year or two it sha'n't be for want of trying."

Medhurst trod upon the Daisy's toes this time, and continued with a smile of interest,

"An amateur?"

"No, no," said Paul Jones seriously, shaking his auburn mane; "solid business, Sir."

Medhurst retired and left him to the Major's care. After dinner Rufus and the Daisy smoked a cigar together in the billiard-room. Medhurst found opportunity for a moment's interview with his collaborateur.

"That young fellow," he said, "is playing at an incognito. He doesn't fancy that he 's known to be rich. Don't let him

suspect you know it. He's going down to-morrow. We'll go with him. Stick to him to-night, and be as chummy with him as you can. We may as well stop in the house to-night. You've got a portmanteau here?"—the Major nodded—"All right. I'll engage a room for you as I go out. But not a word about the dollars."

"Leave me alone for that," said the Major; and Captain Medhurst drove off to the little theatre in the Palais Royal, and left the intended victim in his companion's hands with perfect confidence. His vis-à-vis of the evening was his neighbour in the stalls. They both laughed with great heartiness at the harmless drolleries of "La Cagnotte," and exchanged a word or two. When the performance was over the quiet American wrapped himself up with great care, and even drew on a pair of goloshes before venturing into the street. Medhurst remarked these precautions against the weather, and helped the stranger, who was struggling rather feebly with a heavy overcoat.

"If you are going back to the hotel, Sir," the grave young stranger said, "I may perhaps offer you a seat?"

The Captain was always willing to economise, and consented. The stranger had a well-appointed hired carriage at the door, which, to Captain Medhurst's taste, was a little overheated, even for so cold a night.

"I hope," said the young stranger, "that you will not find the warmth oppressive. My doctors warn me that there is something here"—he tapped his chest lightly with his fingers.

"You should go South," Medhurst answered.

"I am going to-morrow," said the stranger. "I am advised to try Mentone."

Medhurst, finding on inquiry that his companion was a stranger to the Riviera, gave him certain sage counsels as to the dangers of its seductive climate, and the two parted on excellent terms with each other. The solemn young consumptive was not useful in Captain Medhurst's way of business; but he was a gentleman, and the society of a gentleman made a pleasant change. Medhurst carried with him enough of that lost soil from which he fell to be able still to rear a flower or two. If he could have afforded to be a man of spotless honour, he would have been glad of any chance to go back to his old ways and to his old society; but he had no patrimony left to him but his wits, and must needs live upon them.

Paul Jones had gone to bed when Medhurst re-entered the hotel, but the Major was in great form. He had fallen into the society of two or three gentlemen of his own kidney, and was calling liberally for champagne, under the impression that the waiters were deeply sensible of his wealth, his social status, and his general tone. When he was in funds, it was the Daisy's simple dream that everybody imagined him to be some high and mighty person, the geniality of whose temper forbade him to abash the world with his title. He lived happy in the serene conviction that nobody could look at him or listen to him without knowing him to be a gentleman; and in his confidential and expansive moments, he would brag of this gift of Nature to his confederate until Medhurst actually groaned under him. That liberality with champagne among strangers was a splendid trait, to the generous brigand's own way of thinking. When he paid in the presence of other people, he took out all the money he had, and threw it about with a lordly indifference. These characteristics were of a piece with his brassy, good-humoured voice, his raking hat, his happy and audacious swagger, the size and brilliancy of his breast-pin, and the multitude of his glittering rings.

Medhurst got him away from his companions without difficulty, for the Major was usually placable to his companion's touch.

"Where's the millionaire?"

"He's gone to bed," said the Major. "He's a gay youngster enough, but he won't take his liquor. Says he never drinks, except at meals, and very little then. That's one of those confounded Yankee institutions. 'Good wine is a good familiar creature'—that's all the Scripture I know, my boy; but it's a damn good text, though I never heard a parson preach from it."

"You'd better turn in," said Medhurst. "You'll be having a headache to-morrow."

"Headache?" said the Daisy, smiling uncertainly, but with complete friendliness, at his own reflection in the mirror, which he took for a third person. "Pommery Greno doesn't give you a headache—not when it's the right sort. It is here, my boy. Twenty-three francs the bottle."

Medhurst succeeded in getting him into bed, and then went to his own apartment. He was always scrupulously sober; but he had been compelled to drink a little with the Major for form's sake before he could withdraw him from his boon companions. He set candles on either side his mirror, and, producing a pack of cards, sat down there to deal and cut and shuffle before the looking-glass, with his eyes intently fixed on the reflection of his own fingers. He satisfied himself that he was in perfect form, and so undressed and went to bed. It was an odd thing, perhaps, that he should have searched in the breast-pocket of his coat before he lay down, and should have taken from it the photograph of an innocent-looking child of eight or nine; that he should have carried this to bed with him, and have looked at the little short-frocked, innocent figure so tenderly and so long; and that he should have kissed the picture and placed it under his pillow before he blew out his candle for the night. But, then, human nature is full of oddities, and Captain Medhurst is not the only man whose profession and practices are contradictory.

The weather was wild next morning, and a heavy snow was driven so violently about the streets that few but those who were compelled to do it ventured abroad at all that day in Paris. But notwithstanding the severity of the weather, Paul Jones was out and about all morning and afternoon, returning to the hotel at intervals, stamping the snow from his shoes and laughing in the entrance-hall, and dashing up-stairs to his apartment and down again with prodigious strides. He was back to luncheon with a face which glowed so from the wind and cold that he looked as jolly as a rising sun. The Daisy was to the full as florid; but his was a glow less invigorating and wholesome to look at. He was a little puffy about the eyes, and his temper, as he himself admitted, broke off short like a carrot. The pale, phthisical young American was there also, and Medhurst changed his place to sit beside him—partly with a view to leave a clear field for the Major's operations, and partly because he preferred the quieter companionship. The Major was not much in the mood to operate at first; but as the meal progressed and the champagne bottle at his elbow grew rapidly towards emptiness, he announced that he and his friend, Captain Harley Medhurst, were going down to Monte Carlo by the *rapide* of that evening. Paul Jones was unaffectedly pleased at this intelligence, and showed it. The Major's bluff, noisy ways, his swagger and laughter, suited Paul excellently. He thought the Major eminently British, as, indeed, in some respects, he was.

"I've been making inquiries," said Paul, "and I find it's most agreeable to get to the station early and dine there. That's what I'm going to do. You wouldn't think it, by the look of things at present," he added: "but I'm going out now to buy a sun umbrella."

With that he rose from the table and shook hands with the Major. It was one of his habits to shake hands with a man whenever he met with him or parted from him, if it was half-a-score times a day, and he always went through that friendly operation with great heartiness and solemnity.

That evening the whole *personnel* of the hotel hung about the entrance hall and the corridors through which everybody had to pass in quitting the house. Everybody knew about the fifty millions of dollars, and cold hearts warmed in the gleam of that splendid fortune. Paul, who was unaware of the newspaper paragraph which had heralded the arrival of the man with the dollars, was surprised to notice how considerable a stir his departure made. He put it down to French politeness, of which he had heard a good deal; but he was not accustomed to this sort of leave-taking at home, and was embarrassed by the general *empressement*. He, Medhurst, and the Major dined together at the railway station, and afterwards found a disengaged compartment in one of the carriages of the *rapide*. At this time of day the Major was naturally in his gayest form; the young Paul, with his new-found friends, had taken a glass or two more wine than usual, and was gay at heart with the pleasant excitement of the journey; and Medhurst opened a quieter convivial vein than the Major's, but made himself a bright and amusing companion.

"Just for the fun of the thing," the Major produced a pack of playing cards and a travelling-lamp, with artfully-arranged reflectors which gave a clear and mellow light. The three got together, with a travelling-rug about their knees, and played napoleon at half-franc points in the most innocent, friendly way in the world. Paul Jones won five or six louis, and the Major grew sleepy, and proposed to stop. He and Medhurst would take their revenge later on, perhaps, and if they didn't get it—why, perhaps, it didn't greatly matter; and with this and a laugh, which ended in a yawn, Major De Vere packed himself in a corner, drew his travelling cap over his eyes, and disposed himself to slumber. His companions followed his lead; but Paul, with the best desire to sleep in the world, lay awake for a long time, his big form occupying the whole of one side of the compartment. He was full of enthusiasms and hopes, for some of which his artistic face seemed to give better warrant than the boyish bravado of his manner. He thought of violet seas with the light of the southern sun upon them, of palms and aloes, and of grey olives foaming up the mountain side; and every now and again, with an unconscious gesture, his right hand would move as if it held a brush, and were working freely at a canvas. Half-a-dozen times he lifted himself upon his elbow and tried to thaw the frozen snow upon the window-pane. He failed in this; but once rising and cautiously lowering the window an inch or two, he heard the wind go by with a scream, and saw the wild snow-flakes fleeting past in the black night, reddened for a mere second by the flash of the furnace fire. Little promise of the sunny South as yet. He closed the window with a comfortable shiver, and lay down again; and, by-and-by, palms and olives, and soft glittering seas, and purple headlands of fancy slid into his dreams, and he was asleep before he knew it.

The Major was very grumpy again from Avignon—where he awoke and partook of a bowl of coffee and a roll upon the icy, wind-swept, open platform—to Marseilles, where breakfast and a wash restored him. But Paul, with youth and sobriety on his side, was as gay as a colt from the moment of his waking, and was quite impassioned by the landscape.

"Saints alive!" he said to Medhurst, "look at the colour of the gashes in that ground! Look at the reds and browns! Look at the green of that turf! It's as tender as young lamb, and as bright as a candle flame. The grey on them old olives—eh, Sir? I guess I'll tickle that in before I'm much older."

"You seem to be an enthusiast about painting," said Medhurst.

"Well, Sir," returned Paul, deliberately, "I believe you. I wouldn't give up paintin' for a million a year. I don't think it would be worth my while to give it up for anything I've ever seen or heard about. It's one of those things that's just meat and drink and life and sunlight if you once cotton to it properly. If there wasn't such a thing as colour in the world I'd just die, and make no bones about it."

This enthusiasm appeared just a little strained to Captain Medhurst, who had never had many enthusiasms of his own, and had parted with most of them a long time ago. He smiled, however, and said that no doubt that sort of warmth of feeling gave life a certain fullness.

"I'm afraid," he said, following the smile with a sigh which was probably more real, "that the lives of most of us are a little barren."

"I'm inclined to think," said the young fellow, with loud, cheerful optimism, "that it's about our own fault if they are. I can understand a poor devil who hasn't got one cent to clink against another, or a forlorn wretch who's got no lungs or who's in want of a liver or a circulation, being down in the mouth and thinking that the world is a pretty dark place. Or I can understand a man who's had such hard lines as to lose the folks he cares for, sitting down and making up his mind he won't care for anything a:.y more. But I can't understand a live man asking to be buried anywhere. What a man's got to do in this world is to take hold of something, and never be contented till he's got it up by the roots. He'll never get it up, Sir, not if it's worth getting; but he'll find a pretty considerable pleasure in tugging at it, and he'll have his heart full, and his mind full, and his hands full, and that's a mighty comfortable thing, according to my way of looking at it, Sir."

Paul, in spite of his Parisian purchases, had but little luggage with him. He carried a rather old-fashioned silver watch at the end of a broad silk ribbon; he wore no jewellery, and his raiment, though it was a little bright and loud, was precisely such as any working artist might have worn. His plain ways and water-drinking habits, taken in conjunction with these things, fully reconciled Medhurst to the idea of fleecing the young man ever so little, and making his own hard nest softer with the proceeds. If a millionaire had no expensive tastes, of what use were his millions to him, and why should not a part of his superabundance flow over upon others less blessed by fortune, but more blessed by Nature with the power of using money?

As the winter sun rose into the pure sky, Paul Jones ceased to talk and devoted himself altogether to a rapt contemplation of the landscape. They had long since left the falling snow behind; but after it, for miles, the country had been powdered like the figures on a Twelfth Night cake. Then came the glorious fresh green, ringed with wild sterile hills, and at last the sea, soaked full of light and colour, like some prodigious gem. The great Rufus sat eager and thoughtful, staring out of window as picture after picture rolled past him, and his right hand was pretty often busy with the imaginary brush. If either of his companions spoke to him he answered, but in an absorbed way, as if his thoughts were elsewhere, as indeed they were. At Cannes he gathered his traps together.

"As sure as life," he said, "I'll catch something before this sun goes down. I shall have an hour or two of it, anyhow."

He knew beforehand the name of the hotel he was going to, and gave his new-found friends his address at the Château de la Pinède, Juan-les-Pins. Medhurst and the Major gave him their cards in turn.

"You'll find us at the Hôtel de Paris, Monte Carlo," said the Major. "The season's in full swing there, and of course you'll come out of your shell at times and take a walk over? Come and dine." Paul Jones was on the railway platform, and the Captain was handing out a strapped, battered old easel which had anything but an amateur air about it.

"Come now," said the Major. "Say to-morrow. There's a train reaches us a little after half-past seven. Say dinner for a quarter to eight." Paul hesitated. "Come, man," said the Major, "you can't work after daylight, I suppose. Hillo! we're off. That's a bargain? To-morrow. Quarter to eight sharp. Good-bye."

The train steamed slowly out of the station, and Paul and the Major waved hats at each other until the latter withdrew his head into the carriage, when he looked slily across at Medhurst.

"You left me most of that, old man," he said, with a jaunty air of self-satisfaction, as if he were pleased to have negotiated the preliminaries so ably.

"You didn't want my help there," said Medhurst. "Don't drink to-morrow, Daisy."

"Now, did you ever know me to, when there's been business on hand?"

"Sometimes," Medhurst answered. "Don't do it to-morrow. We've got a big thing on."

"That's all as it may turn out," the Major replied, "so far as the young 'un goes. But he may turn tail and bolt at any minute. What I like about Monte Carlo is they 'll fight you there until your head drops off. There's no backing out there. Skin 'em over night, and they 'll be up to time, fresh and smiling, in the morning. They 'll fight as long as they can raise a dollar."

"As long as *you* can," Medhurst answered scornfully. "He's a fool who plays unless he can make sure of winning, or unless it doesn't matter to him whether he wins or loses."

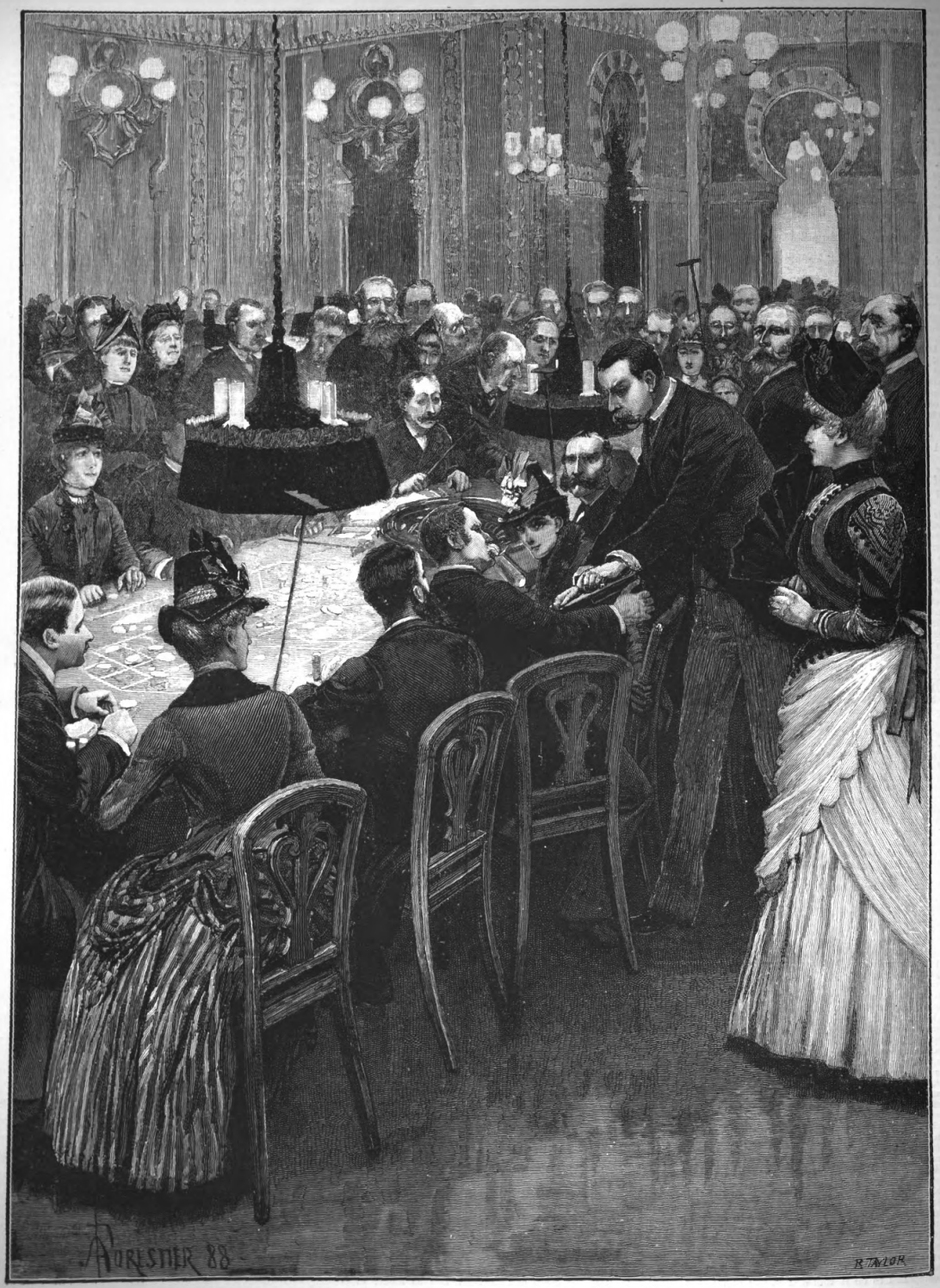
But the Major was not to be shaken, and went on in a superb confidence in the system—a confidence no whit less fixed and sure because he had known a score of men who had gone out with infallible systems before him and had seen them one by one come home broken. But all the other infallible systems had the one essential drawback, that they were not of the Major's own creation; whilst this particular system had the supreme advantage of having been discovered and perfected by himself.

During the quarter of an hour's wait at Nice they stretched their cramped limbs a little by walking up and down the platform, and there they passed and repassed their quiet vis-à-vis of the hotel at Paris. Medhurst exchanged a word or two with him, and discovered for the first time that he was accompanied by a man-servant. The man came to ask some questions about the luggage, and, being answered, touched his hat and retired. The Major, nothing doubting the fascinating powers of his own manners and converse, came swaggering up at this moment, and the quiet man at once withdrew to his carriage, and took his seat there behind a sulphur-coloured novel.

Medhurst and the Major alighted at Monte Carlo, and the



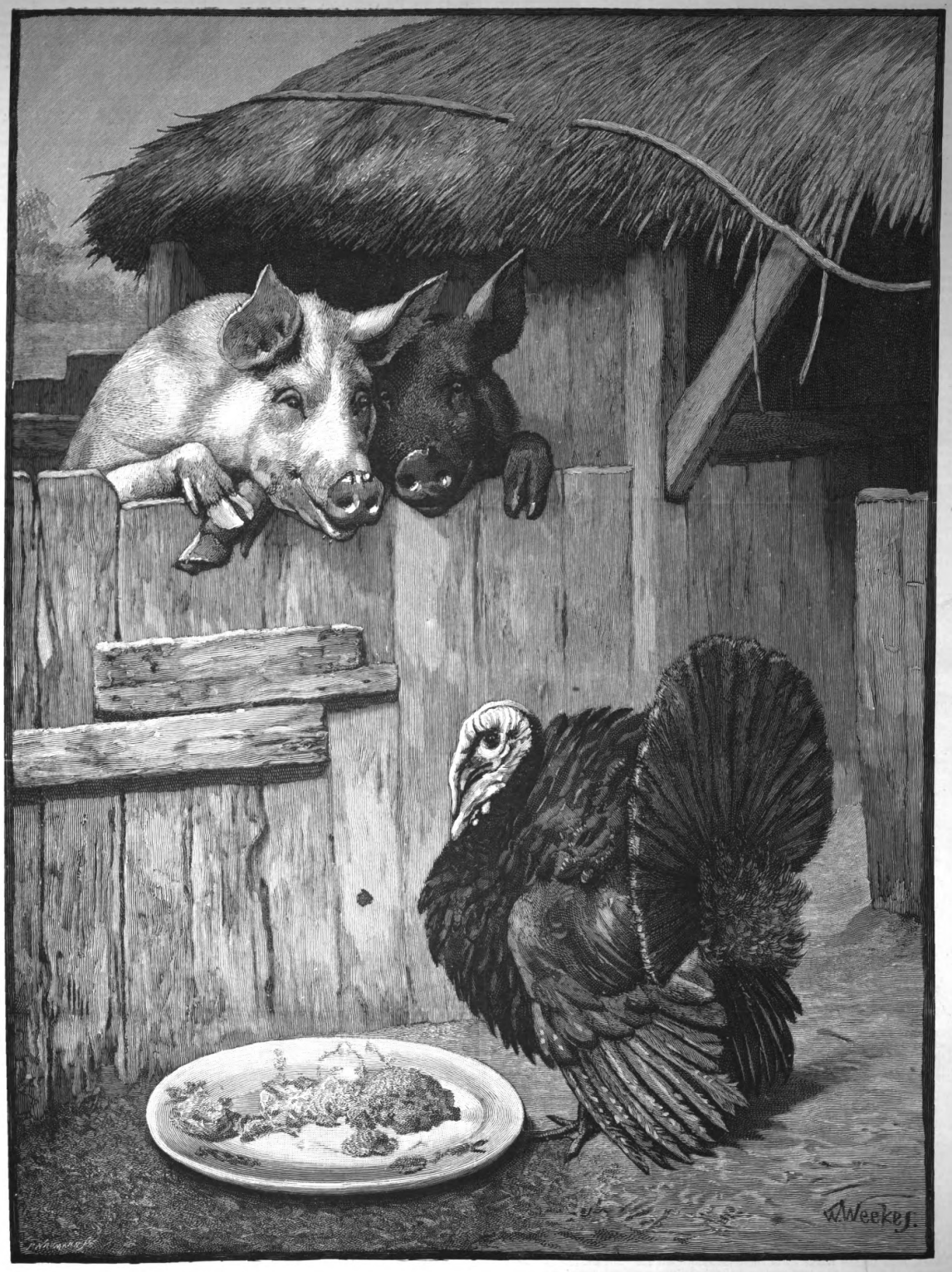
"Not for me," said the Major, in his brassy voice. "Mossoo Paul Jones; not me."



The Major turned in his chair, and, seizing the cashbox violently with both hands, dragged it out of Medhurst's grasp.

PAUL JONES'S ALIAS.

Drawn by A. Forestier.



FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

Drawn by W. Weekes.

Yes, Mister Turkey-cock, I own
You make a gallant show,
As in full fig you strut about
Majestically slow.

But would it, in your puffed-out state,
Give you too great a shock
To know e'en swine look down on you,
Vain Mister Turkey-cock?

Yet so it is; for by their eyes,
And guttural parts of speech,
I know they scold you for your pride,
And humbler thoughts would teach.

"You silly bird (they seem to say),
Pray don't make such a clatter,
You're kept so well that you may look
Well on a Christmas platter."

grave young American went on to Mentone. A grave and elderly American, with a benevolent, mild face and a shrewd eye, met him there upon the platform, with both hands extended.

"My dear Paul," he said, "I'm glad to see you. Wrap yourself up warmly, my dear boy, for these chill airs are very dangerous after the day's heat. You ought not to be abroad at this hour, but it can't be helped this time. The carriage is waiting outside, and will have you home in ten minutes. Grimes will see to your luggage."

The elderly man hovered round the younger like a hen with one chicken until he had seen him through the little station and into a well-appointed close carriage that waited at the door.

"Now, what is the meaning," he asked, "of this singular disguise? I don't think that curiosity is one of my foibles, but ever since I got your letter I have been wondering. I have done little else than wonder. Is the vendetta acclimatised in New York? Are you flying from vengeance, Paul?"

"The fact is," the young man answered, "that two or three weeks in London sickened me. Mr. Jones with his ten millions sterling—Mr. Jones with his fifty millions of dollars—was, to my mind, so vulgar an attraction that I resolved to drop him, and to go about alone; and a Jones in France with millions of francs, a quarter of a million in number, seems likely to be such a colossal bore that I resolved to drop *him*. So I took my mother's maiden name and sank the dollars altogether. Paul *Morton* is as good a name as Paul Jones, and Paul Morton will not be stared at and pointed out, and sponged upon and run after by the whole great armies of the needy and the greedy, as Paul *Jones* would be. To tell you the truth, Doctor, I am a little tired and peevish; and out of sorts with the world. I want to be let alone, and an alias was my only chance."

"I understand," the old man answered, with an air of humorous burlesque, "and will keep your dread secret inviolate. It shall be enshrouded in the clouds of night."

"An odd thing happened in Paris," said the traveller. "The *New York Herald* there, to my great disgust, announced my arrival at the very hotel I had put up at. I wondered how they had found me out; but I discovered that there was a Paul Jones there—though, why two people of the same generation should have thought fit to ticket an innocent child with that piratical name I do not know. But there he was, and they took him for me, or, at least, they took him for the owner of the dollars, and sent up incense to the pile until the young man must have felt choked with it. There was an Englishman of the beef-fed breed, a man with the manners of a friendly bison and the voice of a trombone, who bullied him with amities, and stormed an invitation to dinner at him as we left the station at Cannes. The other Paul Jones got a telegram at table, and the big Englishman roared his name out so that everybody heard it, and all the world stared at him as if resolved to put him out of countenance."

"It's a little unfair, Paul," said the elderly man, "to leave a man who can't afford it to bear a reputation of that kind."

"I suppose it is," the other answered; "I never thought of that. I only had time to anathematise the *New York Herald* before I became thankful that there was a real man to take my place, for the satisfaction of those easily curious people who are interested in other people's money; and the unknown Paul Jones is not a shy man. I fancy that no amount of pointing and staring will hurt him much."

In a very little while the carriage pulled up before a villa, which by this time it was too dark to see with any approach to clearness. As the millionaire alighted he could hear the vague murmur of the Mediterranean surge, and he stood for a mere instant, muffling his mouth with a scarf as a precaution against the keen evening air, to look about him. He could dimly make out a great shield of quiet sea over the tree-tops and house-roofs of the hill-side which sloped away at his feet, and here and there a light twinkling in street or window. But the door of the villa opening, and revealing a hall full of light and flowers and half-tropical plants, the Doctor took him by the elbow, and led him indoors. There he shook hands anew, and bade the arrival once more welcome.

"You will see very little of me," he said, "for the next three or four days. The great work is already advertised, and the date fixed for its publication. I am at work on the final batch of proofs, and I have quite a collection of words that I want to save for the appendix."

"The dictionary?" said the new arrival, smiling. "It is actually on its way to print?"

"It is actually in print, Sir," cried the other. "The dialects of the Riviera are classified for the first time. The philological bridge between France and Italy is complete to its last arch. Nothing remains but to pass the roller over its macadam; and that, Paul, will be my business for perhaps a week. In the meantime, you will have to amuse yourself for the most part, and I give you *carte blanche* for the daytime, but I will never have you out a minute after sunset. In the evenings I shall always be at your service, partly because I am by nature compassionate and social, and partly because these old eyes of mine will not stand close work by lamplight."

The millionaire, Paul Jones, had found a pleasanter home than money could have bought for him, and as good a physician as any fees, however extravagant, could have paid for. In the daytime he drove or rambled or made brief railway excursions, and in the evenings he sat at home, playing chess or holding pleasant converse with Doctor Morris. He visited Monte Carlo, and there saw our friend the Major, playing a tremendous game with amazing fortune, and Captain Medhurst sitting by him, calm and quiet, risking no money of his own, but pencilling a card for his companion. The millionaire watched the game, unseen by either of his chance acquaintances, for half an hour. When the Major's luck turned and he began to lose a little heavily, he rose from the table at which he had been sitting and carried his system to another. The crowd which had stood by to watch his play followed him, and the Daisy talked loud and swaggered here as he had talked loud and swaggered in Paris, and was obviously delighted to afford such a sensation to the *habitués* of the place. Neither he nor Medhurst observed the valetudinarian, who was glad enough to slip away in his own retiring manner without a recognition.

That afternoon in the railway carriage, as he rode homewards, some English people spoke enthusiastically about the beauties of Juan-les-Pins, and next morning, being in some doubt as to how to pass the day, he decided to go there. It was a very pearl of days when he started. The sea lay in such malachites, violets, blues, and greys as he had never until then beheld. The January sun shone hot and bright, and a cool playful breeze tempered the heat with no severity. He was alone, as he chiefly cared to be, and alighting at the road-side station, the sole passenger left by the train, he questioned the amiable functionary who unites in his own person the offices of station-master, ticket-clerk, ticket-collector, and signalman, and was by him directed to the hotel. Everybody who knows Juan-les-Pins remembers the glorious clumps of trees from which the place takes its name. The millionaire diverged from the path and turned into the shadow of a lordly, natural cathedral of tree-stems to the right. His steps went completely silent on the brown carpet of shed fir-needles, the ungathered harvest of many scores of years. The sunlight fell in patches through the rifts of foliage overhead, lying golden on the closely-matted carpet of the fir-needles, and shining in vivid reds and siennas and rich browns on the great trunks of the trees. The calm sea lay beyond, with as many colours in it as there are in an opal—the tones to the full as delicate and pure.

The solitude and the beauty of the place drew him on, and he fell into a reverie. Walking with his eyes bent towards the ground, he started suddenly to find himself in the act of marching into an empty camp-stool; and, looking up, he saw, only two or three yards before him, a painter's umbrella and an easel with a picture mounted upon it. The paint was still wet in places, and from where he stood he could make out nothing of the work but a glare of variously-coloured light. He moved a step or two to the left, and secured a perfect view of it. The artist had evidently left his work for a while, and not a human creature was in sight. There was a dim sound of voices somewhere, two or three hundred yards away; but that and the artistic belongings before him were the only evidences of humanity he could discover. The work upon the easel, though yet unfinished, charmed him so much that he stood to look at it until he became altogether forgetful of his whereabouts. It was painted with a wonderful *brio*, as the art-slang goes—a sort of happy impetuosity and careless surety;



And the child, rushing impetuously towards him, gave an actual leap into his arms.

and it looked like what it was—an impassioned, single-minded, and simple-hearted reproduction of Nature's self. To the observer's mind, the salt of the sea and the odour of the pines were in it, and it had one rare and excellent virtue—it held sunlight.

The millionaire Paul Jones stood so enrapt—for he was by nature and cultivation a lover of pictures, and had been a wide-awake dreamer all his days—that he did not hear the step of the artistic Paul until it was almost upon him. Then he turned, and found himself confronted by that jolly and burly presence. The younger Paul recognised him at once, and addressed him with boisterous frankness.

"Hillo! You come down here? Lovely country, aint it? Don't let me drive you away"—for the shy millionaire made a motion as if he would go. "It don't fret me a bit to have folks around while I'm working. Fact, I rather like it."

The millionaire had something of a sense of shame upon him. One of his commonest forms of sadness took its rise in the opinion that he was good at nothing. He had tried most of the arts in his day, and had surrendered each in turn with an abortive sense of want of power over it. He had painted and modelled and played and had written verses, and had never got beyond the amateur stage in the pursuit of any one of those delightful arts. He called himself one of those microscopic Michael Angelos who infest idle and moneyed societies, and, at times, believed that he had no spur at all towards any one of the pursuits he had adopted save such as were afforded by idleness and vanity. He thought poorly indeed of the dollars he owned as a claim to distinction, and he reverenced, with an almost boyish enthusiasm, those people who could do what he had failed in doing. A painter, a musician, a sculptor, a poet, was a man before whom he could have knelt if he had not been altogether too shy to make such a proclamation of enthusiasm. And now, in this rufous-haired and noisy young giant whom he had contemned and disliked from the first word he had heard him utter, he found an actual artist—a man capable of understanding the sweet and complex speech of Nature and of translating it for the charming of his fellow-men. He hardly knew enough how to be ashamed of himself.

The artistic Paul, knowing nothing of these self-upbraidings, and perfectly at home and at ease with himself and with all the world, seated himself upon his camp-stool, and drawing from one pocket a cake of tobacco of a deep golden colour and from another a murderous-looking clasp-knife, shredded enough of the weed to fill a pipe, whistling melodiously meanwhile, with his head on one side, and cocking a loving yet critical eye at his canvas.

"Smoke?" he said. "No? That's a pity. Strikes me that Columbia's one title to pride is that she gave this to the world. When I got to Paris I never was more surprised in my life. I found there was a duty on tobacco in France, and I'd brought twelve pounds over with me and never declared it. There's no tobacco like this in Europe, and I should have had to pay a little fortune on it. A little ignorance is a blessed thing. Saved me, most likely, fifty or sixty dollars."

The millionaire saw a chance for something like an epigram about the sweetness of profiting by a sin innocently committed. He tried to say it, but in his shyness he boggled over it and left it unfinished, feeling newly awkward and ill at ease. The artist caught the idea, however, and being in himself curiously happy, laughed, and said, "Good!" and then, having filled and lit his pipe, stooped for his palette and the sheaf of brushes and went comfortably to work. As he worked, he boasted a great deal, less to his companion than to himself, half in cheerful certainty of success, and half in encouragement of his own imagination.

"Just you see me tickle that rock in! Aint it lovely? That," mixing the colours on his palette with tender care, "that's the tone to the millionth part of a hair's breadth, and the man that says it aint, I scoff at. Don't that little bit of weed come pretty! Look at the light on it. Nature's the prettiest lady yet, and so I tell you. There's nothing to beat her. Just catch her when she's smiling, and she's real nice. I call this country elegant. It aint like home. It's softer and more civilised. We haven't had time to polish up this. It's no wonder people get polite and amiable in their manners living here. They've got to be, and that's all about it. If you took the biggest hell-raiser out of Texas, and kept him here a year, and made him look at this"—indicating the landscape with a swift wave of the brush, which did not keep him from his work a second—"two hours a day, you might shave him, put him in petticoats, and send him home to keep a lady's school at the finish, and he'd do justice to the situation."

After this, his work absorbed him, and he went quiet for a time, painting away with an assiduity and enjoyment which were delightful to look at. Then he began to sing to a tune of his own, and not a particularly good one either. His singing voice was as harsh and intractable as his whistle was mellow and tuneful. By-and-by, words got into the muffled ditty, and the millionaire overheard a version of Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray.

"You read Shelley?" he asked. He was doubly ashamed of himself after the question, for the tone sounded patronising and astonished in his own sensitive ears. Why could he not be like other men, easy and unembarrassed with his kind? or why, since that might not be, could he not at least find the sense to hide himself and hold his tongue? Perhaps, as a matter of fact, neither the surprise nor the patronage was there, except to his own fancy. At any rate, the young artist felt neither of them, but answered with a touch of the embarrassment his companion experienced.

"Yes, Sir. There's nobody got more of it inside him than that young man, I reckon, not since Shakspeare's time, anyhow. I don't paint the figger, but if I did there's one thing of Shelley's I'd have on canvas before a year was over, and I'd just get remembered along with Michael and Peter Paul, and the whole of that crowd."

"What is the passage?" the little millionaire asked. The artist turned solemnly on his camp-stool, and declaimed the immortal lines vilely, waving his right hand up and down to mark the metre he murdered in delivery—

> "Trampling the slant winds on high,
> With golden-sandalled feet that glow
> Under plumes of purple dye
> Like rose-ensanguined ivory,
> A shape comes now!"

The accent of Marblehead nosed and droned through the words, but the artist was solemnly and beautifully in earnest. His handsome face beamed, and his blue eyes looked at the splendid vision as if they actually saw it speeding downward over the translucent sea beyond the tree-stems.

The listener wondered how he had come to form so disparaging a judgment of this pleasing young man. He had a self-conscious habit of reading lessons to himself continually, and he made a memorandum now to the effect that he was in future to judge men less by mere manner than he had done. He knew all the while that if they were in any public place together he would feel uncomfortable, that he would be vicariously guilty of the crimson tie and the overgrown auburn mane, the roaring voice and the Marblehead accent.

For the time being very little more was said between them. The artist worked away with love and vigour, and the millionaire looked on for an hour or more, until finally the worker put down his tools upon the grass, and, after taking a rejoicing stretch with his feet wide apart and his hands in the air, he began to study his picture from various distances, sometimes with a shade of disparagement in his face, but, on the whole, with a pretty obvious contentment.

"I guess she'll do," he said at last. "I shall find out by-and-by something I don't like, of course; but, for the time being, she'll do. And now, Sir," he continued, beginning to pack up his effects, "I'm going to stoke the engine."

"You stay at the hotel here?" asked the millionaire.

"At the Château, as they call it? Yes."

"Perhaps you will be good enough to show me the way. I have already been directed, but I am afraid I have lost my bearings. Can I help you in carrying any of your things?"

"Lord, no!" said the other; "we're only three or four hundred yards away. The weight's nothing."

They set out together, side by side, and the young painter talked as he strode along. He had chosen, he said, a scene for his afternoon's work which whipped the other hollow.

"There's some of the gaudiest kind of cloud structure around here you ever saw, Sir. I've only been here four or five days, and I've seen some effects that have just been real rippin' lovely. I've got a sort of rapid study of one of 'em, and if you care for that sort of thing I'll show it you. It's all as quiet as sleep—dove greys, silver greys; but it's as pretty as anything."

The millionaire said he would have the greatest pleasure in looking at the work if he might be allowed; and when the

artist had conducted him to the hotel, and had led him upstairs into a bed-room, he said something about having begun to form a collection of pictures, and murmured of the desire to add to it.

"Oh, if we've got a patron here," said the painter, with humorously simulated bustle, "we must move around. You're one of the men that buy pictures, Sir? I have heard about the species, and I've heard some men talk as if they ran in shoals. You shall see the whole bag of tricks, Sir, if you like. There's the thing I spoke about. If you stand over here you'll miss the glaze on the surface. It's a bit rough, but it's just about where I meant it, and it's just got the old lady's smile, nice and tranquil and young motherly!"

Paul, the painter, had no shyness, but praised his own work where he thought it deserved it with as innocent an enthusiasm as he would have offered to the work of another. The moneyed man stood where he was placed, and looked at the sketch—a mere expanse of pearly sky and sea, the sky piled with soft clouds and the sea fretted by a catspaw. It was absolutely simple, and very near to being absolutely true.

"That is very beautiful," the little man said shyly. "It seems quite abominable to ask what do you want for it; but I should like to have that, if you are disposed to sell it."

The artist pulled his beard, and looked from the intending purchaser to his canvas and back again, uncertain.

"Well, that," he said, "I do' no. What do you think it's worth?"

The bidder felt inclined to offer a somewhat extravagant price for it; but he controlled himself. He had learned long ago that it was easy to do so much damage with his money. He was not absolutely certain of his own judgment, and if he were to offer a great deal more than the work was worth in the opinion of better judges than himself he might spoil the happiness of the artist's life for years. There could be few things bitterer, he thought, than to find an enthusiastic believer once, and never to discover him again. In his anxiety not to spoil the painter in that way, and not to offer a price which should seem an insult to the delicate beauty of the work, he felt his position to be almost painful.

"If you would fix a price," he said nervously.

"Well!" returned the artist, lingering on the word, "I don't rightly know what to say, and that's a fact. It's a trifle, and if I could afford it I'd be inclined to say to a man who took a fancy to it 'You can have it.' But I can't afford to say that, and you shall have it for what you think a decent, reasonable price."

"A hundred dollars?" said the millionaire.

"Sir," said the painter with enthusiasm, "it is yours. If you like to pamper art in my person I will supply you with two of them a week, at the same price, for a twelvemonth."

"You think that a fair price?" the other asked.

"'T aint fair to ask me that," the artist answered, laughing; "I'm contented with it. If you are as contented as I am, we're a pair of happy people."

"I will give you a draft on the Crédit Lyonnais at Nice," said the other, and being provided with pen and ink, the bargain was then and there ratified by the delivery of the cheque. "If you wish to utilise that sketch for your finished picture, pray keep it for a little while. I am settled here for the whole winter, and if you will let me know when I can send for it my man can call."

"You're very good, Sir," said the painter, gravely. "You've got my name all right," glancing at the draft he held in his hand. "May I ask how you knew it?"

"I heard it called out pretty loudly at table one night."

"Oh, ah! yes—Major De Vere. I remember. You sat opposite, didn't you? Mr. Paul Morton," he continued, reading the signature on the document he held with a sort of fondness in his tone. Then he sighed, like a man well pleased, folded the paper, and placed it in his waistcoat pocket. At this moment a bell rang below. "There's feeding time; we'd best get down. If you'd like a wash beforehand there are the materials."

The millionaire accepted this invitation, and the young giant having rinsed himself afterwards, with a good deal of unnecessary splashing, they went down-stairs together, and took their seats at table. The painter's plate and table-napkin were set quite apart from those of the other guests.

"These folks fog me," he said. "I can't talk their lingo, and so I like to be by myself. It would be a bit dull in the evenings, too, if one could never get away. You spoke about Major De Vere just now. He's a fine sort, that. I had a kin of notion—I don't mind confessing it—when I set out from New York, that if it happened to be my luck to fall across any specimen of the real tip-top British aristocrat, I should have to rile up against him and feel very shirty, and American, and Republican, and all that. He's the first I've met, and he's quite a nice disappointment."

"Major De Vere," the millionaire said in a questioning tone, "is a man of good family?"

"Lord, yes! Came over with the Conqueror. All his blood relations are earls and dukes, and that sort of people. He's a flyer, Major De Vere is. There's only one thing I don't like about him. I wish he wouldn't play so nasty high; but he says he likes the excitement of it. I do *that;* but I should like winning better than losing, and I reckon that the British aristocrat can afford to lose better than a Yankee canvas-spoiler. It's a good berth, British aristocrat; and I fancy there's a bit of envy in the feeling of some of our fellows. Maybe, when our Jay Gould and Vanderbilt fellows have been there for a thousand years, they'll feel just as safe and cocky as the others."

"You have played with Major De Vere?" asked the millionaire. The artist nodded only, but contrived to put a considerable meaning into the gesture. "You have"——

He was going to say "lost," but checked himself, thinking that the question would sound like an impertinence. The artist finished the sentence for him.

"Lost? Well, yes, I should say I had."

The confidence seemed a little sudden, but then the painter was so very harum-scarum in his ways, so very free and easy and boyish, that his new patron found nothing surprising in it. But he recalled the old doctor's suggestion, and began to think that it might not be kindly to leave a poor man to bear the burden of a millionaire's reputation among people who gambled heavily, even though they might play with perfect fairness. Somehow, he was not inclined altogether to believe that Major De Vere would play with perfect fairness. He doubted the Major's claims to social distinction; he doubted strongly his being a gentleman in any sense, and was inclined to appraise him as a mere pretender. He put Medhurst into a different category, and, therefore, being at least as shrewd as he was shy, suspected the apparent partner-ship between the two a little more than ever. He began to see that it was his duty to guard the young fellow from the possible result of a possible error on the part of Messrs. De Vere and Medhurst. This consideration sent him out with the painter on his afternoon expedition, although he had almost determined to take the next train homeward.

"You tell me," he said, bent upon offering the purposed enlightenment as naturally as possible, "that you are not disturbed by an onlooker?"

"Not an atom," Paul protested. "I like it, so long as a man has the sense to hold his jaw at the right times."

"And you think I may have?" asked the millionaire.

"I think," said Paul, with the candour which distinguished him, "that you'd do it if I asked you to; and I think I should ask you pretty smart if you wanted it."

There was a good humour mingled with this brutal outspokenness which seemed to indicate a certain surety of being understood in a friendly fashion, and disarmed it of all offensiveness.

"In that case," said the millionaire, who was growing more at home every minute, "I will come with you. I am a painter myself, in a clumsy, amateur kind of way."

"If you'd like to work," said Paul, "there are lots of tools here, and you can take a turn at it. If I saw another fellow painting anything half as ripping as the scene I'm at I should get real mad if I couldn't daub as well."

But this invitation was declined, the amateur having no heart to set his crudities side by side with the work of an accomplished artist. The two sipped their coffee together, and the painter smoked a leisurely pipe, and then they set out again.

"You seemed a little astonished just now," said the millionaire, bent upon the fulfilment of the duty he had set before himself, "that I should remember your name. It happens to be the name of a rather intimate friend of mine."

"Oh?" said Paul, indifferently.

"He is said," the millionaire continued, with a ghastly, uncomfortable sense that he was boasting of his own despised dollars, or, at the very least, was bragging of his association with their owner, "he is said to be an immensely wealthy man. He is the last man in the world, I am sure, to think that the money makes him personally considerable."

He felt that he was floundering, and paused. His companion did not seem to be particularly interested in the wealth of the man who bore his name.

"It is quite possible," the millionaire went on, speaking more abruptly, in his nervousness, than he could have done if he had been entirely self-possessed, "that, bearing the same name, and being, like him, an American, you may sometimes be taken for him."



But he saw quite clearly the sunlit gardens of Monte Carlo, with himself and the child, both irreproachably attired, strolling there hand in hand.

The painter let out a great laugh at this, and stopped in his swinging walk to have his laugh out with the more convenience. When it was over, he went on again, with an expression suddenly grown thoughtful.

"Do you know," he said, swinging round upon his companion and bringing himself to a dead stand, "I'm half inclined to think that that has happened; I'm really more than half inclined to think that it has happened. Upon my soul and body, now! I am very much inclined to think that that has happened."

His voice grew introspective and thoughtful, and when he turned to go on again, he went slowly, and with occasional reflective pauses in his walk.

"Where does he hail from, this Paul Jones?" he asked, after an interval.

"New York."

"Why; so do I, for the last twelve months past. Is he supposed to be on his travels round here?"

"I saw his name in a newspaper in Paris, when we were both there, saying that he stayed in the same hotel with us."

"Great Jupiter!" said Paul, speaking more than half to himself. "I wonder if that accounts for everything. It's odd you have struck on that, now. But then, you knew about the names, and I didn't. What's he reckoned to be worth, this Paul Jones?"

"I should be puzzled to tell you," the millionaire answered lamely, with the shame-faced braggart sensation returning stronger than before. "I have heard him quoted often as a fifty-million man."

"Scott!" said the painter. "D' ye think it's true?"

"I—I believe so."

"Well; he ought to be crucified! No man 's got the right to own a heap like that and never offer to split it with his namesakes. I thought I was the only 'Paul Jones' going—since the pirate's day—and I reckon there can't be many of us. A million a-piece couldn't hurt him much, among us. Anyway, if I fall across him I'll put in my claim first, before the other Joneses have time to get loafing round. First come, first served." He laughed there, and then went on again, more seriously: "I couldn't think it, of course, because I didn't know it; but I wonder if it 's that what makes those British swells so complacent with me? The Major 's a very gleeful bird; but Captain Medhurst is another sort, and he's been just as smooth as cream, all along. I don't blame 'em, mind you," he added, with hearty honesty. "If I found a fellow nice and smooth and agreeable to get along with, I shouldn't like him any the less for having fifty millions. I do'no' why, for I shouldn't want any of his money; but I reckon it'd put a kind of halo round his hat, too. Do you know, Sir, I'm almost certain those two chaps take me for that millionaire. They cleaned me out three nights ago, pretty nearly; and for a while I was real put to it to know what to do. A fellow-citizen turned up, by good hap, this morning, and offered me three hundred dollars for the thing I was working on, and promised to send the possibles over to-morrow. But when I seemed a bit hit about being cleaned out—and I don't mind confessing that I was—the Major laughed, and took it like a joke."

The millionaire began to feel that his alias had cost the young man dear.

"Did you lose heavily?" he asked. "Excuse me—I hope you don't think I ask from any impertinent curiosity."

"I lost pretty near three thousand francs," said the painter, simply; "and I did not like the look of things at all. But when I came back to my work this morning I had just struck a bargain, and it lifted a weight off my shoulders, I can tell you. I was real gay when I came back and found you looking at that picture."

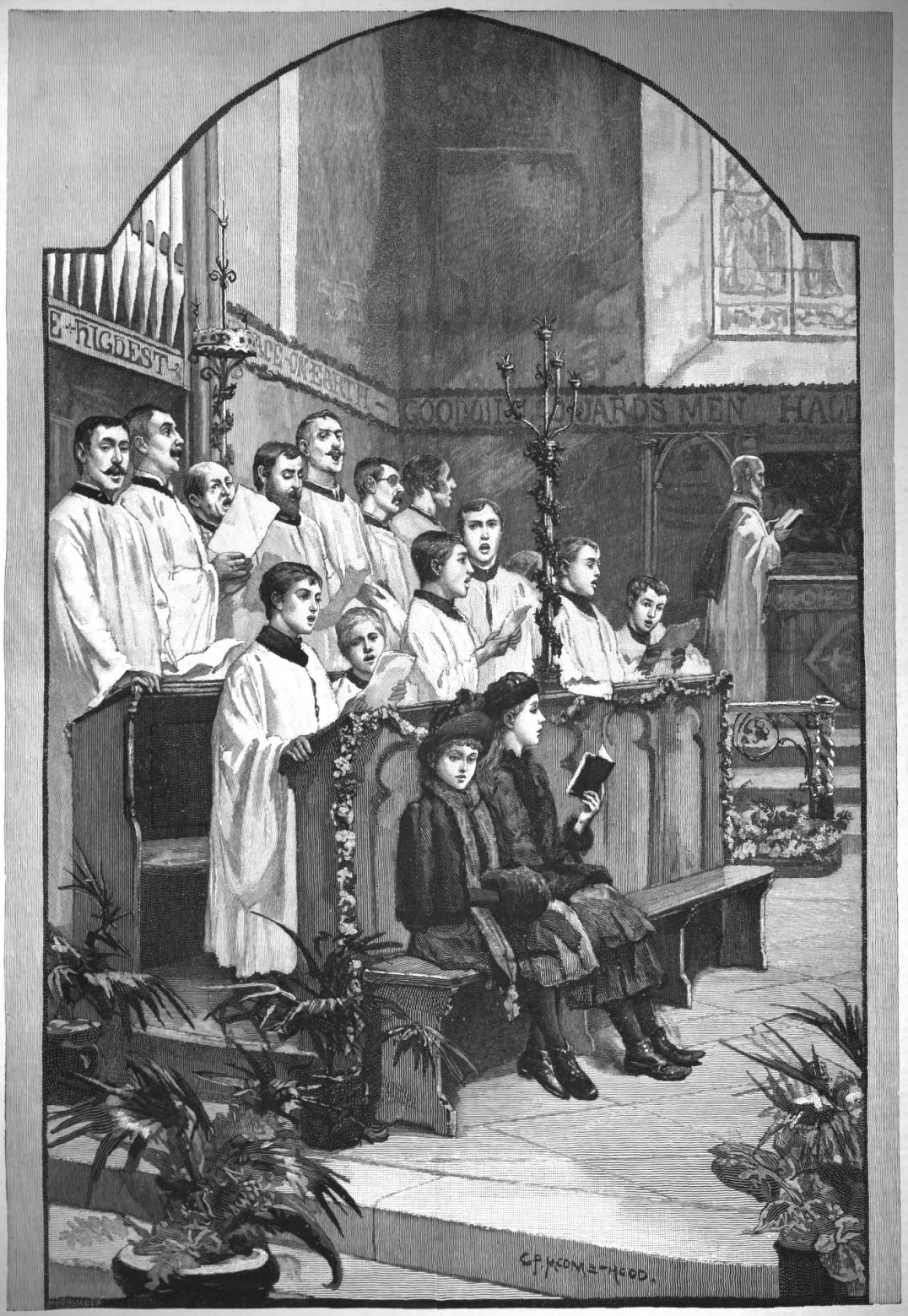
"I think," said the millionaire, feeling bound to lecture the young man a little, "that there are few vices which give so poor a return for the pain they cost as gambling."

"That may be so," returned the artist; "but there are points about it, too. But if those chaps take me for that millionaire I shall take the dust out of their eyes. I aint hungry for the credit, and I'm hanged if I'm hungry for the danger. I can't afford to have fellows taking me for a fifty million dollar man; I wish I could."

"You are a great deal better off as you are," said the millionaire, rather seriously and sadly. "You have youth and enthusiasm, and an art in which you hope to excel."

"I shouldn't sink to Methusaleh's time of life on a sudden if anybody made me a present of a fortune, should I? And as for enthusiasm and art, I'll trouble all the capitalists in creation to buy me up from painting. I wouldn't stop painting to be President of the United States, and have the freehold of every acre, from Greenland down to Terra del Fuego. I suppose other fellows feel the same about other things; but if I couldn't paint I'd want to die."

Whilst these two were in the peaceful country, the enthusiastic Daisy was sweating over his system at Monte Carlo, watched and guarded by his more phlegmatic companion. There was no denying that up to date the Major's invention had acted wonderfully, and he was the lion of the place. Those dreary croupiers and wearily wary *chefs de parti* have seen so many lions in their time that the biggest and loudest of the species can hardly wake them to interest any more. But the gallery is always new, at least, in its sympathies, and the most war-hardened veteran of them all felt some remembrance of the thrill of his first battle at the sight of the Major's heroic plunges. Do all he could, Medhurst could not hold the efflorescent Daisy back. The system, of course, depended upon a series of progressions, but the Major, intoxicated by success, doubled and then quadrupled his initial stakes, so that he left himself no reasonable chance of recouping for a loss before the maximum of the bank was reached. As fortune had it, the rashness paid, and the Major raked in money hand over hand. He fee'd a man to go beforehand, and supplied him with a little money to punt cautiously for small stakes until such time as he appeared. He had his sheaf of thousand-franc notes in his hand before he had entered the gaming-room, and when his subordinate resigned his place to him he set his money down in a pile with a noble ostentation, and won or lost with as splendid a carelessness to look at as if he had been a Cræsus. When Medhurst could secure

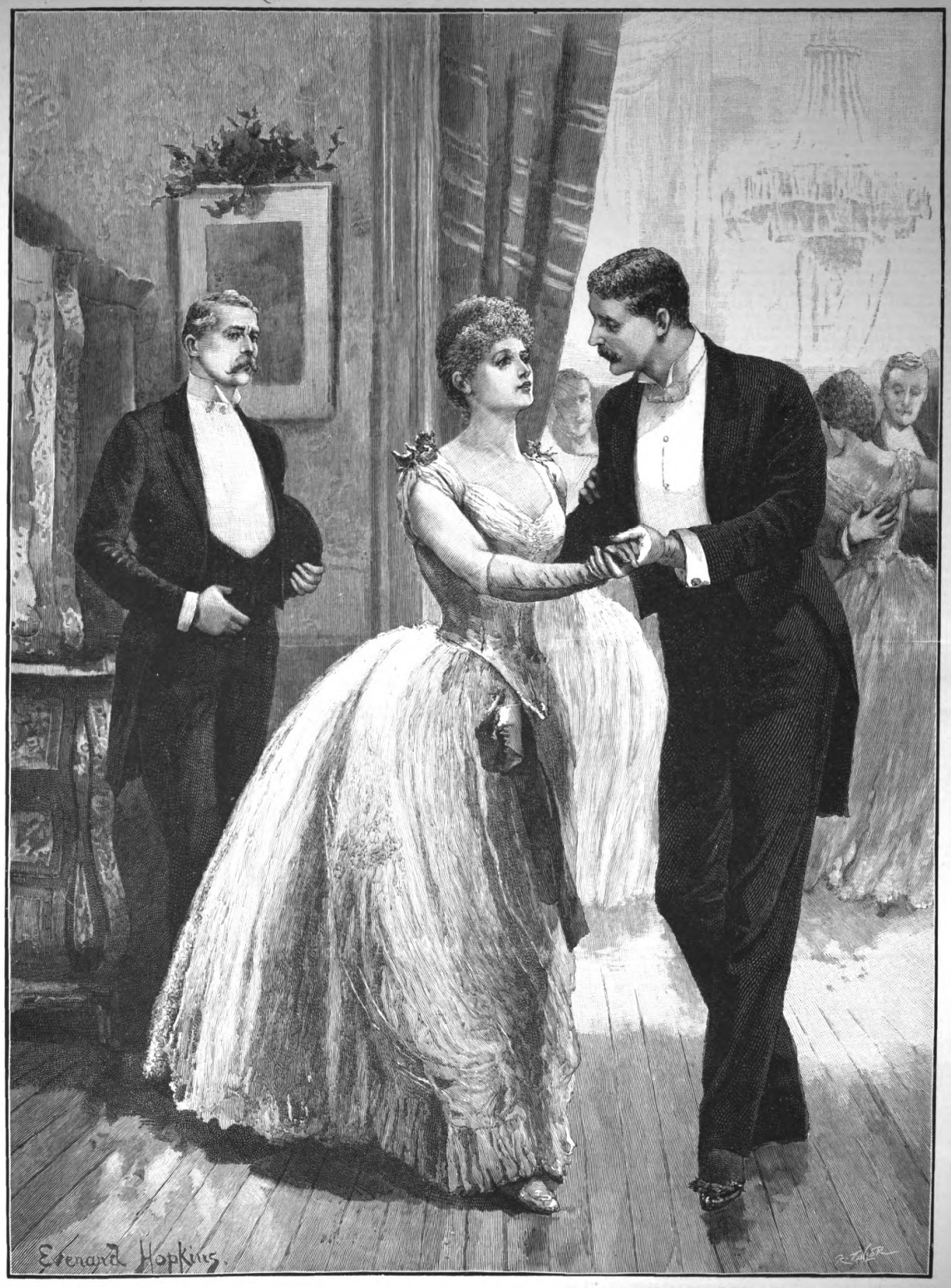


Hearts and voices in accord,
Let us sing Thy praises, Lord;
With our anthem full and clear
Blend our souls with faith sincere,
So that both like incense rise
Of sweet odour to the skies,
Calling many a blessing down,
Our frail erring selves to crown.

THE CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

Drawn by G. P. Jacomb-Hood.

Let our lives blest anthems be,
Full, harmonious, Lord, to Thee;
Permeated through and through
With the grace of heavenly dew,
So that no false note be heard,
Nor one jangling string be stirred;
Keep our judgments clearly bright,
Fill our hearts with heavenly light!



As the gay dance was in full sway
Miss Grace was captured by the way,
Held for a while in solemn parley
By her glum second cousin Charley.
Of one thing only could he tell,
And that was how he loved her well:
Could she take pity on his woe?
She shook her head and sighed out "No."

FAVOURED AND FLOUTED.

Drawn by Everard Hopkins.

But in an instant cleared her glance,
A partner claimed her for the dance—
One who had gained her maiden vows
To be to him a loving spouse:
So, hearts in tune, as well as feet,
They mingled with the dancers fleet,
Careering blissfully around
To love's as well as music's sound.

a seat beside him he did so, and if that were impossible he stood behind his chair, marking the game, and occasionally stooping for a whispered consultation. The table was always lined three or four deep whenever the pair were settled to their work.

Those writers who have described the little world of public play—and their name is legion—have all insisted upon the extent and variety of emotion visible in the faces of the players, though, as a matter of fact, it would be difficult to find any collection of people who look more flat and ordinary. Here and there, no doubt, a face is memorable for its concentration, its fatigue, its avarice, its blazon of success or failure. But on the whole you can find nowhere a set of men and women more commonplace in expression than a set of gamblers; and it is only because men see so readily what they expect to see that the legend of facial emotion ever sprang into life, or, at all events, it is only because of that curious faculty that the legend lives to-day. The people who show the real breathless interest, the genuine devouring sympathy, are the lookers-on, whose fate is not influenced by the turning of the wheel to the extent of one centime. Ixion bound to the wheel grows accustomed in a minute or two, and begins to look as impassive as a whirling dervish, but the spectator of his gyrations holds his breath absorbed.

The Major drew in the murmurs of the gallery as if they had been incense. He played his five or six thousand francs at a *coup*, and, confident in the revenge his martingale would afford him by-and-by, saw it go under the croupier's rake with a smile of pure indifference. When he hit the bank, and the glittering rouleaux were pushed towards him and the crisp leaves of bank-paper doubled on the croupier's rake were dangled below his rubicund nose, his calm had something majestic in it. He used a handful of gold for a paper-weight to press his growing pile of bank-notes down, and felt a tranquil glory of financial strength as he did it. Money had really never meant very much to the Major. To be without it, as he knew by experience, was deucedly uncomfortable; but when he had it the coins were only a sort of counter, or token, not in the least valuable in themselves, but merely symbolical of the power, consideration, and splendour of the owner. This philosophic frame of mind made losing comparatively easy, whilst it took but little from the sweets of gain.

By-and-by the chances of war set in against the Major, and he responded with great gallantry to Fortune's challenge. *Coup* by *coup* he mounted to the maximum, and lost. He played the maximum again, and lost; again, and lost. Medhurst stooped with a murmur of warning, but the Major was not to be daunted or dismayed. He fluttered his diminished bank of notes, looked down at the two or three louis d'or which feebly represented the glorious pile of five minutes back, and went for the maximum again with an unmoved countenance. There was an actual sway and murmur in the watching crowd, and, as sometimes happens, the ball refused to drop. Second after second went by, the wheel spun slower and slower, and the marble deviated hither and thither so provokingly that even the Major grew nervous under the influence of suspense. The ball clicked at last, the croupier called, and he had won his *coup*. He took his payment and left his stakes, and won again; and from that moment forward the system had it all its own way, until there hung before its inventor's dazzled eyes the near prospect of breaking the bank. It was his hope, his dream. He would sooner have done it than have won the Derby. It would have served him to brag about for ever, and would have afforded him a lively consolation, even in poverty, for the rest of his days. But it was not to be: the chances veered again, and went floating to and fro so indeterminately that the indefatigable one grew tired, and rose, still serene and unshaken, the winner of some six or seven thousand pounds. A little German Jew, with very bright and beady eyes, and a face bathed in an oily perspiration from his interest in this heroic game, addressed him in terms of admiration.

"Ah, M'zieu, z'édait gollozal, fodre cheu!"

"What's the little beggar say?" inquired the Major, turning to his companion.

"He says your play was colossal," Medhurst answered.

The Daisy's swagger was always a thing to see, but it is probable that in all his life it never became so gloriously assured as after that simple tribute.

They had the best rooms the hotel afforded, and the Major was ready to spend his money like an Eastern prince. In their joint sitting-room the two got out all the winnings of the campaign and counted them. They amounted to nearly twenty thousand pounds, and Medhurst was almost passionate in advising the Major to content himself with that surprising sum and go away from the chance of losing it.

"Rot!" said the Major, "there's about as much chance of losing it as there is of the Grand Stand at Epsom walking over here. I tell you, it's the system, my boy. I don't say I mightn't have got hit earlier; but now, with a capital like this to back me, failure isn't on the cards. Here's the fifth day since we got down, and I had one day at 'em before. Here I am with an actual average of more than three thousand pounds a day, and you advise me to leave the course when I've just got into my stride and can do the distance without turning a hair! It's all rubbish, Medhurst. I'm not to be had in that way. I tell you I'm going to bust up the establishment, and nothing less will satisfy me. I shall be a millionaire, Medhurst."

He made this proclamation with perfect sincerity, and seemed for the moment so impressed by it that he dropped his customary swagger altogether, and became solemnly impressive.

"You won't lose by it, old chap," he went on. "Isn't there a song or a tune somewhere, 'Lilla's a lady'? By gad, she shall be! I like you, Medhurst. You're a good fellow. You've stuck to me more than once when I've been down and you've been up. I've done the same by you when the tables have been turned, and we know one another, don't we?"

This kind of sentimentalism was not Captain Medhurst's forte at all.

"Well, that's true enough," he answered drily; "but what about it?"

"There's this about it," responded the Daisy; "you stick to me, keep me from getting too hot, just simply stand by and give me the tip if I show any sign of going wild, and when I've reached the hundred thousand there's a quarter of it tied hard and fast on little Lilla. She sha'n't be able to touch the principal till she's of age, and you shall have the management of it in her behalf till then. If anything should happen to her before that—and God forbid it should!—it'll come to you. Shake hands on that, old chap."

The Major was genuinely and deeply moved by his own generosity and the sense of the importance of the favour he was conferring on his friend. He was even a little surprised to find Medhurst apparently so unmoved by this aerial offer. It was just as real to the Major as if the speculative hundred thousand had lain on the table there before him; but Medhurst's mind was of a less poetic and more practical cast, and so far, though he did full justice to the other's intent, he experienced no especial call to gratitude.



A second later he rose with some sign of agitation from his camp-stool, signing her back, and shouting to her "Take care!"

"I mean it, Medhurst!" cried the Major. "By God, I mean it!"

"I've no doubt you mean it," Medhurst answered, with even an increased dryness; "but you haven't got it, Daisy, and it isn't the moral certainty you fancy that you ever will have it. I don't believe there ever was a man with a system who didn't get his head turned by it, more or less. Mark my words—you'll lose in the long run. Every penny of that money will go back to the bank; every penny, that is, that isn't spent in the meanwhile. How many men have tried the game before you? How many men have come here with their systems, with more than twenty thousand pounds to back them, and have gone back paupers? Who built those halls of dazzling light where you've been flourishing this last day or two? Who made the roads and laid out the gardens? Who pays those scores and scores of impassive devils who relieve each other at the table? Who pays for the band that gives you a concert twice a day?"

"I don't," said the Major, stolidly.

"The fools who come here with their systems," said Medhurst, waxing parliamentary in tone and gesture. "The benighted asses who think that all human experience is going to contradict itself for their sakes! Every one of 'em comes with this proverb running in his head—'The many fail, the one succeeds.' They come poor, and go back poorer; they come full, and go back empty. One in a hundred thousand wins, and goes away to spread the news of victory. The people who have really lost heavily hide their losses, either in shame or in fear of damaging their credit."

"They haven't got my system, my boy," responded the invincible Major.

"Your system!" scoffed Medhurst. "There are runs on record which would smash your system like a house of cards, and smash you with them."

The Major had ordered a bottle of his favourite Pommery Greno, and had lit a cigar of the choicest brand to be had in that quarter of the world for love or money. He sipped and smoked in luxurious contentment, and waved a hand towards the table where his winnings still lay exposed.

"You've got a craze, Medhurst," he said tranquilly. "You're like those teetotal coves who preach against drink, or the Gospel fellows who think that everybody who sets foot on a race-course is going to the Devil. They've got the right on their side in the main. Drink's a bad thing, a confounded bad thing"—the Major emptied and refilled his glass—"but it's only bad when a man aint moderate, and a jolly good, comforting, cheerful thing when he is. Racing would be a pretty bad thing if all the world went in for it and did nothing else. You've got right on your side, too. A lot of chaps have come here with systems, and have gone to the bad with 'em—a set of rotters," the Major added with quiet and rooted scorn, "who didn't know that three and three make six. Now, look here, my boy, it comes to this: I came here on my system"—

"Oh, confound your system!" broke in Medhurst. "It's no use talking to you."

"Not a bit of use," replied the Major, cheerfully. "I come here on my system, and I play low first day and win, roughly, a couple of thousand pounds. I leave the place, and I come back to it two or three days later; I play a bit more boldly, and I win three thousand. Next day I launch out still more and I win over four. Next day, over five. To-day, over six. Now, each time the winnings increase—not because the sitting's longer, but because the stakes are higher, and they go on in—what do you call it?—geometrical progression."

"All right," said Medhurst; "if wilful will to water, wilful must drink."

"Drink," replied the Major, sipping gaily at his glass, "I should think so, and drink the best there is into the bargain."

"I'm going to Mentone," said Medhurst, gloomily, after a pause. "I have been here four days, and have never seen the child. I shall bring her over here with me, and have her somewhere near. She's too young to get any harm out of the place, and I want to see more of her than I have done."

"I say, Medhurst," said the Major, "I don't think you're as fond of the kid as you ought to be."

"No?" said Medhurst, glancing sidelong at him, and beginning to pace up and down the room.

"No," said the Major. "She's a pretty, jolly little creature, and if she were mine, begad, I'd take jolly good care to have her with me wherever I went."

"I daresay," Medhurst answered, in a tone which he tried to make indifferent. "But, for my part, I think she's a little better where she is." He looked at his watch. "There's a train in a quarter of an hour from now. Daisy, promise me one thing—promise me you won't play while I'm away. You won't dream of going back before dinner, of course, and I shall be here again a little after nine. You won't play?"

"No," said the Major; "I won't play till you come back again." He bundled the money together, with the exception of two or three notes, which he slipped into his pocket-book, and put the mass of it into a cash-box, which he sealed. "I'll leave that," he said, "with the manager. It's safer in his hands than here. Finish your wine, Medhurst, and I'll walk down to the station with you."

It was dusk already, and the evening chill had fallen. Medhurst found a carriage to himself when the train steamed up to the platform, and as it bore him away, solitary, he sat in gloomy thought with his hat tilted over his eyes, and his hands thrust deep into his pockets. By-and-by he took out from his breast-pocket a small portfolio, and selecting from its contents the same portrait he had kissed in Paris, he stood up with it and, steadying himself with one hand upon the hat-rail of the carriage, looked at it long and earnestly. The light of the lamp shook constantly as the train jolted along, and the wash of oil in the glass basin every now and then obscured the face he gazed at, so that it assumed many likenesses to him, looking gay one moment and grave the next, and running in a flickering interchange from youth to age. The train slackened as it approached an intermediate station, and, putting back the photograph, he resumed his seat.

"Lilla's a lady!" said he. "It'll be no fault of hers, poor little thing, if she isn't, though it may be some of mine."

He was left alone until the conclusion of his journey, and at the door where he surrendered his ticket found himself rubbing shoulders with his shy acquaintance of Paris. He was too full of his own thoughts to notice it at the moment, but it occurred to him afterwards that even remembering how slight their knowledge of each other was, the American's manner had been somewhat unnecessarily iced. There are some things in respect to which it is not true that the hand of less employment hath the daintier sense. Medhurst had been shown the cold-shoulder so often that he had got to look out for it, and had become sensitive to the merest hint of its presentation. His face gloomed and clouded as he walked, and when at some five minutes' distance from the railway-station he paused in the street to make sure of the house he sought, he made a conscious effort to change his facial expression.

He rang a little doubtfully, and stepped back into the street to watch for the movement of some answering light. No light appeared, but a footstep sounding withindoors, he

moved once more towards the entrance. The door opened, and a shrill voice, speaking in the local *patois*, asked his business. He had no sooner opened his lips in answer than the voice lost its tone of acerbity.

"Give yourself the trouble to enter, M. le Capitaine; I will find a light in a moment." A footstep went shuffling along the darkened corridor, and the voice shrilled, "*Mademoiselle Leela, voici Monsieur, votre papa qui arrive!*" At this there was a joyous shriek from some upper apartment of the house, and a child's steps came flying down the stairs.

"Pa, Pa! Where are you, Pa?"

"Here, my darling," said Medhurst from the doorway: and the child, rushing impetuously towards him, gave an actual leap into his arms, and hugged him by the neck in an ebullition of joy which was almost wild in its intensity. When the woman who had opened the door returned with a candle, Medhurst was still nursing the child in his arms: and she, clipping him with both hands, was leaning a flushed face over his shoulder.

"This way, Monsieur," said the woman: and he followed her up-stairs, carrying the child, who took his hat off with a laugh, and hugged him closer afterwards. Up-stairs, he was shown into a sort of room, where there was a smell of garlic in the air. The floor was paved with hexagonal tiles, not peculiarly clean, and was unearpeted. The scattered furniture was shabbily pretentious, and the wood fire very meagre. A girl of one or two and twenty, sallow complexioned, but not unhandsome, stood in a waiting attitude by the table, with a piece of embroidery in her hand. She was dressed in decent black, and had a dependent and care-worn aspect. She curtseyed to Medhurst on his entrance, and then, seeing herself unnoticed, resumed her seat.

Medhurst, dropping down on to a sofa, took the child upon his knee, and possessed himself of both her hands.

"You didn't expect to see me, Lilla?" he asked.

"No," she said, pouting. "You haven't written for a fortnight. Madame has been nasty again. She was horrid this afternoon, and neither Mademoiselle nor I could eat our dinner. All oil and garlic!" She gave a shudder, half real and half mimicry; and Medhurst looked disturbed.

"Never mind, darling," he said. "You sha'n't stay here any longer. We're going to Monte Carlo together, and there you shall stay at an hotel."

"When shall we go?" cried the child, springing to the ground, and seizing him by both lappels of the coat.

"As soon as you can get ready," her father answered. "There is a train in an hour and a half."

"Will Mademoiselle go, too?"

"Certainly."

The child turned excitedly upon her governess and poured out the news upon her in voluble French.

"Come away!" she cried. "Come at once! Let us pack up. We shall miss the train."

"I suppose you have not much luggage, Mademoiselle?" said Medhurst. The young lady shook her head with a rather sad and meaning smile. "Run away, Lilla," said the Captain; "and begin to pack. Mademoiselle will follow in a moment. I have some business to do with her, and you can be getting ready the while."

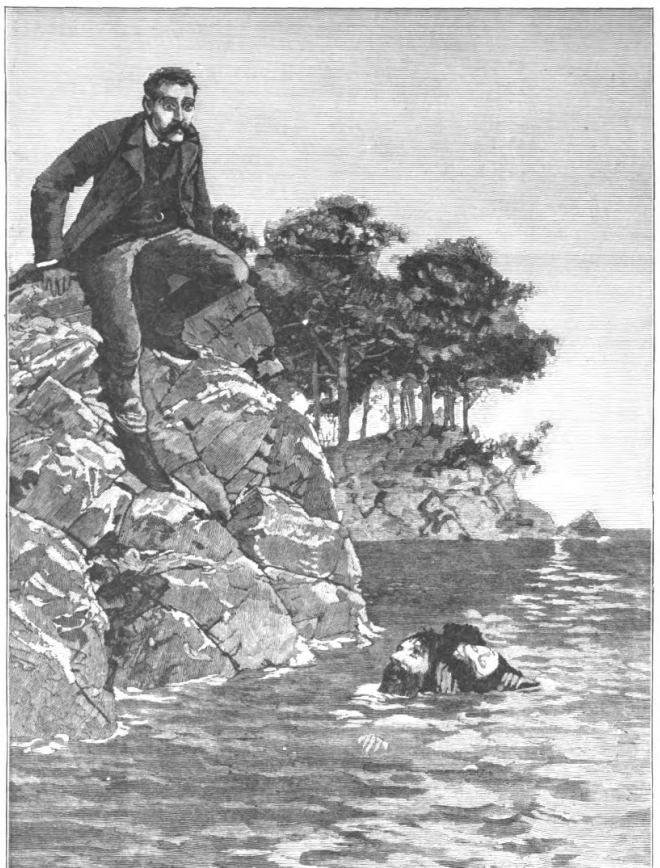
The child reaching out her arms to him, he stooped and kissed her, and she raced enthusiastically from the room.

"I owe you a year's salary," said Medhurst. "I will pay you now, and you can give me a receipt to-morrow. I think I owe you something for your patience and forbearance, and if you will accept this I shall be obliged." He offered her a bank-note for five hundred francs, and she accepted it as if she were too much dazzled by this unexpected good fortune to be yet quite clear about it. "Will you go to Nice to-morrow," he continued, "and buy whatever may be requisite for Lilla and yourself? I want you both to make a good appearance. If you can tell me when you will be ready I will be back in time for you. In the meantime, I shall be obliged if you will send the landlady to me."

The governess withdrew, and the landlady shortly afterwards appearing, had her claim settled and gave a receipt for it. Then Medhurst betook himself to the street, and wandered to and fro for a time, within hearing of the murmur of the sea upon the beach. He was not conscious of his immediate surroundings; but he saw quite clearly the sunlit gardens of Monte Carlo, with himself and the child, both irreproachably attired, strolling there hand in hand, with the governess, also irreproachably attired, coming on at a little distance in the rear. There was something in this picture altogether delightful to the fatherly affections; but there was something more than that. The group looked eminently reputable. The British father with the pretty daughter and the sedately respectable young governess in the neighbourhood looked very little dangerous, indeed. He was likelier to make acquaintances so, who might be of use to him. He caught himself at this mental exercise with such a sudden swiftness that he gave a groan of shame and anger, and, turning abruptly on his heel, he began to walk rapidly, as if to carry himself away from the sphere of that reflection. But he had never used himself to scout his worse or to encourage his better moods, and by-and-by he resigned himself.

"Am I to be without the child because I shall look the more respectable with her? Was it my intention in coming here to make a decoy of her?"

She would make a sort of decoy, all the same, and in a minute or two he had reconciled himself to the picture which at the first glance had so horrified him. Before the time drew near for their departure he found a carriage plying for hire, and was driven back to the house. The child, already dressed for the journey, and full of impatience to begin it, fluttered round him with a restless and excited energy, sometimes seizing him round the neck from behind his chair, and impetuously kissing him, and sometimes seating herself on his knee and sitting quietly for about a minute at a time with her head upon his breast. Since his wife's death, eight years ago, Captain Medhurst had been very little accustomed to give or receive caresses. He felt awkward in his manifestations of affection now; but more than once the child's abandonment of joy touched him with an unexpected keenness. They would never part again, he told himself. He would make some sort of fight with the world, and would rehabilitate himself in the eyes of those who knew him. In a very few years the little girl would be a woman, and then there would be no hiding from her the equivocal position he occupied, or the disdain in which he was held by people who still lived in the circle he had left. After all, he had only done on very little money what many people did who had a great deal. He had never been detected in sharp practice, and no man could lay a finger on any known episode of his life and say, "Herein thou art a rogue." If he, in his own interior knowledge of himself, could have guided the accusing finger pretty often, it made no difference. If the people of his own set were shy of him it was because they thought him dangerous, and not because they ever proved him so. Give him money enough to be respectable, and he would keep his hands so clean that no man would dare to hint that he had ever soiled them.



He looked up at Medhurst and sang out cheerily—"She's all right, old man!"

That harebrained vision of the Major's got somehow into his mind and stuck there. The obstinate, good-hearted fool might win, if not so much as he dreamt of, enough to make good his promise; and if that *should* happen, his word was as good as his bond. Medhurst had no faith in the success of the Major's scheme, and yet the hold this fancy took upon him was remarkable. He caught himself declaring with an inward stress, at which he laughed mockingly a second later, that the money should be tied so tightly on the child that he should be unable to rob her of a penny of it in the Major's interest.

It was not a pretty thing to think of, with that pretty little girl clinging affectionately round his neck; but had they not tinkered with that American fellow long enough, and wasn't it time to begin seriously with him? To let him win next time and make the stakes higher while he was winning, and then to sweep the board? Even after that he might come back again if he were keen set enough, and nothing they were likely to get out of him would hurt him much.

"Papa!" The childish voice recalled him with a pretty imperiousness. "I don't want you to go away again."

"No, my dear," he answered. "But I have had to travel about a great deal, and I could not take you with me away from your lessons. I shall not have to travel so much now, and we are going to be together always."

She gave him a vivid kiss at that, and he dropped back into his fancies, until the governess warned him that it was time to start. Lilla was excited beyond measure at the carriage-drive, and the prospect of the brief railway journey beyond it.

"It is the season at Monte Carlo, papa," she said. "Madame says so. She says that everybody is there. Everybody who is anybody. But everybody is somebody, isn't he, papa?"

How pretty, fresh, innocent and mirthful the childish prattle seemed! The little mouth was like a surprise-box, from which something new and pleasing perpetually issued; touches of naïveté, at which he would have yawned dismally if they had been recounted of anybody else's child, made him bubble with sudden merriment, and sayings, nowise wonderful or profound, made him start to think how wise and observant Lilla was growing. He had always kept a tender place for her; but he wondered, more and more, how it was that he had never known how much he loved her! Before they reached the hotel he was overflowing with paternal tenderness, and felt himself even fluttered and disturbed by it. When he commanded a bed-room for her at the hotel he said to the head-waiter, "This is my little daughter!" with a proud fondness which quite pleased that stately personage, who had little daughters of his own. The Captain inspected the room in which she was to sleep, saw a fire lighted on the hearth, groped with his hands about the bed to assure himself that the linen was well aired, and generally pottered about with an old-bachelor kind of care for her until he completely enlisted the sympathies of the *femme-de-chambre*. He commanded sweet biscuits and Malaga-and-water, and fed the child with those dainties as she sat upon his knee. He bade her "Good-bye" for the night very tenderly, and then went to the rooms the Major and he occupied in common, in the hope of finding his companion there. Not finding him, he strolled back, ten minutes later, to his Lilla, as she lay in bed, and sat chatting with her for some ten minutes before he could tear himself away again.

This touch of youth and innocence shed a sort of reflex of youth and innocence upon his own spirit, and he went downstairs gaily to renew his inquiries for the Major. That gentleman, he was informed, had finished dinner half an hour ago, had left the hotel, and had been seen to cross towards the Casino. Medhurst, having lighted an excellent cigar, was loth to part with it, and so wandered up and down in the atrium, weaving his way through and through the crowd disgorged by the music-room at the close of the first half of the nightly concert. There was no Daisy to be seen there, nor yet in the reading-room. He could hardly have gone back to play again after his solemn promise to the contrary; and yet Medhurst was a little uneasy. He was not quite uneasy enough to surrender his unfinished cigar, but his doubts spoiled its flavour, and he walked discontentedly to the head of the outer steps and stood there surveying the comers and goers, and vainly striving to make out the Major's stalwart swagger amongst them.

Had he but gone straight into the play-room he might have averted the catastrophe of the night. For at the moment at which Medhurst had entered the atrium the Major was guilty of a folly and a breach of faith in one. It was the Daisy's habit to take a little more wine than was actually good for him at dinner, and to-day the cheerful brigand had exceeded even his ordinary potations. He felt that the splendid fortunes of the afternoon afforded the best of excuses for another bottle. Another bottle needed such slim excuses at the worst that the tempter prevailed with him, and up the other bottle came—cuvee réservée extra sec, with a longish price facing its name on the list. The Major was willing to pay the longish price, but if, over and above the sum set down upon the hotel wine-carte, he had known that that second bottle would cost him, in round figures, twenty thousand sterling, he would have heaved it through the plate-glass window and have paid the damage with a light heart rather than have uncorked it. The vision before the Major's gaze revealed anything but loss or the danger of loss; and when he had finished his bottle he made the waiter help him on with his furred overcoat and present him with his hat and cane and gloves, and so sallied forth magnificent. He had but a mere handful of money in his pocket, a wretched three or four thousand francs or so, and he meant to go over and try a little variation of his system on a small scale by way of an experiment. He left his outer adornments in the cloak-room, and after a minute or two of waiting found a place at one of the tables. Then he began to punt quietly with such good fortune that it seemed absurd in view of it to play a timid game. He launched out therefore, and almost before he knew it, found himself changing his last note into napoleons. By this time he was eager for the battle, and drawing out his card-case and jewelled pencil he wrote and signed a line or two of command to the hotel manager and whispered the *chef de partie*, who spoke an excellent foreign English. A trustworthy person from the Casino crossed to the hotel, and a moment or two later the manager and the trustworthy person returned together, the former bearing in his hands the cash-box entrusted to him, and politely surrendering it to the owner's care.

The poor Major! It was almost the last moment of splendour for many and many a day; but he had never looked or felt so truly, so imperially noble, as he did when he unlocked that box, and the gallery gaped and gasped to see it crammed almost to the top with bank paper and thickly sown above with louis d'or. The Major took a heap of the notes, without counting, and rolled out the gold upon the green cloth. Then with his scented cambric he brushed away the fragments of wax which had fallen from the broken seals, diffusing the perfume of ylang-ylang to all nostrils. Next, he handed the box, relocked, to the care of the chef, and began to play in earnest. He was as sober as a judge to look at, but within-doors he was as irresponsible as a child. He began well enough, dropped the variation he had tested, and ruled



Sweet maid, some fairy's magic wand
Has surely in a roguish freak,
Transformed the roses in thy hand
And made them bloom upon thy cheek.

ROSEBUDS.

From the Picture by C. D. Leslie, R.A.

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'Tis said that Cupid often lies
In ambush hid among the roses.
Ah, then, beware! lest his bright eyes
Should find you when you gather posies.



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Sure, none who knew it in its prime would recognise The Grange:
Ten years ago I saw the place—and now, O what a change!
For then a fair and gracious dame, with girls, the county's boast,
And stalwart lads, a genial band, were clustered round our host;
Then on their closely-shaven lawn, throughout the summer day,
Was gathered many a jocund throng, in sports and pastimes gay;
For thither flocked, in eager haste, the neighbours all around,
By ties of cordial friendship knit, as in one family bound.

But soon a change came o'er the scene—clouds gathered in a trice;
For how can any home survive the rattle of the dice?
Our host, alas! poor, simple man, plunged heavily in play,
And quickly squandered all his wealth in gambling dens away:
So, Squire Hawthorne, who erewhile looked all men in the face,
Slunk from his family and friends, to hide his dire disgrace;
The Grange no longer holds its head in patrimonial pride,
And his sweet wife and children dear are scattered far and wide

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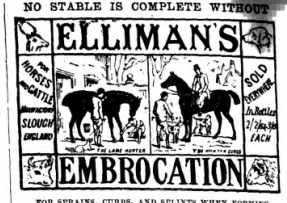
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entirely upon his system. He gave that a fair chance, too, beginning at the beginning, and mounting in due progression to the maximum which guards the bank, but, losing that, he went for the gloves, and lost at a pace which was no less than frightful. At length he deserted his plan recklessly and went for the simple chances, the columns, and the dozens. He set down maximums on each and all—four-and-twenty thousand francs—and awaited the turn of the wheel. He had a seat in front of the red diamond, and backed his side of the table, rouge, impair, manque, first dozen, and last column. He was hit hard already, and his heart knocked busily against his ribs as he watched the wheel. Even if he won at this stupendous play it would take him half-a-dozen *coups* to bring himself back to the point from which he started; and he had a sort of dreadful premonition that the result of this one chance was charged with fate. If he won, he would break the bank; and, if he lost, he knew, as only superstitious people, who have no grounds for their belief, know anything, that he would rise a ruined man.

The ivory marble gave its first warning click.

"Rien ne va plus!"

It fell.

"Vingt-huit. Noir, pair, et passe."

The fateful rake gathered up the Major's twenty-four thousand francs, and he began, with fingers that trembled in spite of himself, to count for a new stake. He held out his hand for the box, and it was a work of some little difficulty to open it. He couldn't find the keyhole readily until the thought of the crowded observers steadied him. Then he took out a second great sheaf of notes, relocked the box, returned it to the chef, and completed his stake. At this moment Medhurst entered the room, and seeing that all the idlers of the place were drawn to one table, uneasily suspected the Major there. He would not believe his own suspicions all at once, and pretending to himself that he had discarded them entirely, he strolled to the table, and found himself staring point-blank at his companion between the heads of half-a-dozen rows of people. There was nothing to indicate the inward riot in the Major's mind beyond the fact that he looked flushed and sulky, and that he wore a sort of bull-dog expression which was new in Medhurst's knowledge of him.

"Trois," said the croupier's voice. "Rouge, impair, et manque."

The gallery moved, and sent up a cry which was for all the world like a miniature copy of that which mounts from a crowd at the sight of a bouquet of fireworks. Medhurst rounded the table, and pushed eagerly to where the Major sat. One or two who had remarked his association with the player made willing way for him; but others, who were strange to him, resented his attempt to pass. There was a little scuffle, and at the end of it Medhurst was standing at the back of the Major's chair.

The croupier was counting out thirty thousand francs for payment to the Major, and for an instant Medhurst did not quite see what had happened, though, with the stakes still upon the table, and the money passing to his comrade's hands, the position of affairs needed little explanation.

"This isn't the system, Major," Medhurst whispered, bending above him. It never crossed his mind that the Major had broken into the cash-box. He supposed him to have begun with the contents of his pocket-book, and to have risen to this daring play by sheer luck and audacity. The Major answered nothing, but left his stakes upon the table. The game went on, and the next two or three turns of the wheel made great inroads on the second pile of notes.

"That'll do for to-night, Daisy," Medhurst whispered again. "Be content with what you've done already. Now, be persuaded, there's a good fellow. You know," he went on, seeing that the Major preserved an obdurate silence, "that you authorised me to stop you if I found you going outside the system. You seem to have done pretty well as things stand, but you'll spoil it all if you go on at this pace."

The tone was measured carefully enough to reach the Major's ears only. The words had no more effect upon him than if they had remained unspoken. Medhurst became charged with a cold anger at the other's obstinacy, and stood by to watch whilst the Major's money melted at an average of some five hundred pounds for each turn of the wheel. At last there were but two or three notes of the second pile left, and Medhurst tried again.

"Come," he whispered, "you're where you started now, or thereabouts. Give it up for to-night."

For sole answer the Major turned towards the chef and extended his hand. The chef held the cash-box towards him, and Medhurst, with a start and an inarticulate groan of anger, which was audible to all the table, intercepted it. The Major turned in his chair, and, seizing the cash-box violently with both hands, dragged it out of Medhurst's grasp, set it upon the table, and unlocked it. At that, the whole truth flashing upon Medhurst's mind in a second, he seized the Major's burly shoulders as if he would tear him from his seat.

"You unmitigated ass!" he said, forgetting to measure his tone this time. "You have squandered fourteen or fifteen thousand pounds! Didn't you give me your solemn word of honour not to play to-night? Give me that cash-box. You sha'n't throw the rest away."

"Go to the devil, Sir!" cried the Major, wrathfully. "Mind your own business."

"This is my business," Medhurst answered.

"I'll be hanged if it is, though!" said the Major.

At the noise of the strong voices people ran from all parts of the room.

"I have done," said Medhurst, loudly, but with a self-possession in the midst of his anger which the Major could not command; "I have done what you yourself besought me to do. You told me that you were a fool, and not fit to be trusted at the tables after dinner. You begged me to keep you away, and authorised me to take the money from the table if you played wildly. I have done my duty, and I wash my hands of you. You may take your idiotic course alone!"

"I am glad," responded the Major, calling after him as he forced his way through the crowd, "I am glad to be rid of your damned impertinent interference on any terms, Sir!"

And having delivered himself thus, he turned back with foolish, fruitless valour to the tables, and did not rise till his last bank-note was gone. He had seen that it was going, and had reconciled himself so perfectly for the moment in that irresponsible, happy-go-lucky mind of his that he laughed with unfeigned good-humour when it was all over. He had still a double handful of gold pieces left, but he was not going to fall to stakes which anybody might play after that superb losing game, so he swaggered with perfect seeming tranquillity to the *vestiaire*, secured his stick and hat and overcoat, and, returning to the hotel, went to his rooms and ordered wine. As he sat drinking alone he laughed with great enjoyment once or twice at the recollection of certain small episodes in the history of the evening, but he began to feel that there was a cloud above him. Little by little it descended, until he was saturated with its gloom. He ordered more wine, and the waiter brought his bill. He paid it with lordly oaths, demanding to know why a gentleman should be insulted by the proffer of his account before he asked for it, and threatening to quit the house next morning. But the news of the Major's prodigious losses had reached the hotel before him, and the manager was not unnaturally anxious to secure his money. Perhaps the waiter had heard the like objurgations before. People keep hotels under unusual conditions at Monte Carlo, and the gay-hearted, loud, and lordly person for whom nothing is good enough on Monday is pretty often a mournful hanger-on on hope and sufferance by the Saturday. What Crœsuses there are there for a day or two! what holders of the Fortunatus' purse for an hour! How they shine and swell and burgeon, and, oh! how they wither and diminish! The experienced host knows these gentlemen in all their stages. He must have curious views of the world.

The Major in his convivial hours was wont to give vent to certain old-fashioned toasts or sentiments, and one of these was "May the evening's amusement bear the morning's reflection." There were few who had greater need to offer up that petition than the Major. His evening's amusement had failed to bear the morning's reflection pretty constantly, and, sagely accepting the fact, he had met the trouble by refusing to reflect. But after that historic night at the tables the sturdiest refusal was of no avail. Medhurst found him very ill in bed. He was drinking champagne and seltzer, and his red face was so swollen that his eyes seemed half obliterated.

"Medhurst, old boy," groaned the Major, "do you want to hear my opinion of myself?"

"I have my own," Medhurst answered.

"You've got a right to it. I'm the biggest fool out of Hanwell. I ought to be harnessed to a sand-cart. There isn't such another ass alive. If I had to go and play, why couldn't I stick to the system? To have twenty thousand pounds, and jack it that way! Twen—ty thousand pounds! Think of the unlimited spree a fellow might have had with it! Go out!" he cried, struggling upright in his wrath and scorn, "go out and hire some able-bodied scoundrel to come here and kick me! Go and tell 'em that the Daisy"—he smote himself resoundingly upon the breast—"the Daisy is nothing but a blooming Juggins!"

The reflection was too bitter for him. He fell back upon his pillow and groaned.

"I told you how it would be," said Medhurst. "You were better off than ever you had been in your life before; and you must needs throw away everything that chance had given you, and insult the man who tried to save you, into the bargain."

"I was a madman," said the Major. "You ought to have punched my head, Medhurst."

"I anticipated this," Medhurst answered; for he was by no means the man to let an error go unemphasised. He had thought people very unreasonably and cruelly bitter in his own case; but his own were the only blunders ever made for which he was prepared to find excuse. "I expected to be told that I had not made my remonstrance strong enough. I endured to be told publicly that I was a meddlesome impertinent. You were good enough to tell me that you were glad to be rid of my impertinent interference at any price."

"I beg your pardon, old chap," said the Major. "I was an ungrateful ass. I deserve to be kicked. You can take it out of me now, and I won't retaliate. I think," he added plaintively, "that it would do me good."

But in spite of all humiliation on the one side, and all wrathful contempt upon the other, the twenty thousand pounds were gone, and there was no way to conjure them back again.

"After what happened last night," said Medhurst, with a certain harsh and cold dignity, which never failed to have its effect upon the Major, "I do not see what you and I have to do with each other. I do not propose to leave you stranded"——

"Good Lord! Medhurst!" ejaculated the Daisy. "You're not talking about leaving me for a hasty word?"

"After the occurrences of last night," returned Medhurst, "and the public scandal you were pleased to put upon me, I do not see what remains but that."

"I was screwed last night, old chap," he said piteously. "I didn't know what I was saying. I beg your pardon, with all my heart. Hang it, old man, pitch into me as much as ever you like, but don't cut me! And we've got such a plant on between us with that Yankee that we may be just as well off again in a week. I made him promise to come and dine to-night, and we've fiddled about with him quite long enough, in all conscience!"

It had never been Medhurst's intention to part company with his colleague, so that when he had fully asserted his own wrongs, and the Major had sufficiently humiliated himself, he consented to be partly reconciled.

"I agree," he said, "on one condition. You have cleaned yourself out completely, of course: so long as we are here together I must have charge of our joint belongings. I shall not allow you more than a hundred francs at a time, and if you like to fool that away at the tables, you may—though I don't suppose that such a capital will tempt you."

The Major, for the sake of peace, was willing to accede to anything, and would have accepted much harder conditions than those imposed upon him.

"You want money now?" asked Medhurst.

"No," said the Daisy; "I've got a louis or two."

He spoke with no intent to deceive; but when, an hour or two later, he got up and languidly dressed himself, he discovered that he had considerably underrated his belongings, and overhauling all his garments he contrived to gather together nearly as much as the sum which had sufficed him for the beginning of his campaign against the bank. At this discovery, hope rose anew within his spirit. His bath had done something for him, and breakfast—begun with extreme distaste and languor, but finally accomplished with some semblance of energy, did more. By two o'clock he felt himself his own man again, and learning on inquiry that Medhurst had left the hotel until half-past seven, the Major walked towards the Casino. He was, to be sure, a little shaky in his gait, and a little guilty in his thoughts; but his habitual swagger hid his perturbation from the public eye, and when he strolled into the *salle-de-jeu* he looked so little moved by last night's catastrophe that the few who recognised him resolved either that he was a cool hand indeed, or that he must be quite a Rothschild.

Finding a seat at his accustomed table he went back humbly to his system, and to his original method of playing it. Fortune, less kind to him than at the beginning, yet relented a little, and he prospered so far that before it was time to make ready for dinner he was playing pretty high again, and was once more the chief centre of interest at the table.

In the meantime Medhurst, after his domiciliary visit, had sent for his little daughter, and had set out with her upon a rural excursion for the day. He would have been in better trim for it if the Major's behaviour had been different, but he had had to reconcile himself to so many losses of his own that he found it comparatively easy to forget another's. And though he was on pleasure bent, he had a frugal mind. He would give himself a day of fatherly intercourse with his child, and would, at the same time, make sure that the American millionaire should keep his appointment for dinner. This mingling of the domestic and the vulpine was a little *bizarre*, perhaps; but Captain Medhurst did not feel it to be so. He bowled off to Juan-les-Pins with the child, and allowed his fluttered spirits to be gradually calmed by her gay and innocent talk. Arriving there in time for luncheon, he met the young artist at table.

"I am giving my little daughter a day's holiday," he said. "We spoke of your painting last time you did us the pleasure to dine with Major De Vere and myself, and I thought you might not consider me impudent if I ask leave to look at one or two of your drawings."

Paul, scenting a possible patron, assented immediately. He would have said "Yes" to anybody, for his work was his one pride and joy; but he said it more readily when he thought he saw a chance of doing business. It was on the tip of his tongue half-a-dozen times to ask if Medhurst had taken him for the millionaire; but, candid and outspoken as his manners were, he was not without delicacy. It was not easy to hint that this courteous and hospitable acquaintance had only been willing to know him because he had thought him enormously rich, and without some suggestion of that kind Paul hardly saw his way to the inquiry. He kept silence, therefore, with respect to that topic; though Medhurst once gave him an actual chance. It was when they were in the painter's bed-room together, and Paul was displaying his work.

"Really," said the Captain, settling his pince-nez and surveying the canvas before him with some signs of surprise, "this is very remarkable work!" He did not know much about pictures, but he knew enough to be able to make some distinction between the ordinary inefficiency of the amateur and this bold yet subtle delineation of Nature. "I suppose," he went on, "that it would be unfair to ask you, considering how short a time you have been here, if you have anything more to show me?"

"I work pretty fast," said Paul. "I have done three other things, but they have gone away."

He could have said, easily enough, that he had sold them; but he shrank somehow from that declaration.

When he went out to resume his afternoon's labours, Medhurst walked with him, and stood by to watch the progress of the work. But this was not very much in his line, and in a while he began to yawn behind his gloved fingers. By-and-by, with some profession of admiration for the beauties of the landscape, and his desire to see more of them, he strolled away with Lilla's hand in his. Short as their acquaintance had been, the child and the artist were already excellent friends, and she called out to him in her clear treble that they would not be long away, and he turned to nod smilingly at her and to wave his broad-brimmed sombrero. They had not gone far when, rounding a little rocky headland, the child found a natural chair, formed in its side, and shrilled the intelligence of this wonderful discovery at papa.

"Come and look, papa!" she cried ecstatically. "There is room for two."

She insisted on sitting down with him, and he was obedient for that day, at least, to all her whims.

"You have not smoked since luncheon," she said, with a pretty assumption of being elderly. "That is because you are out with a lady. But she does not object to the smell of tobacco in the open air, and you can have your cigar."

With that she rummaged in his pockets for his cigar-case and the little silver box in which he carried his wax matches. Then, having struck a light for him, she arranged his hat in an idly rakish posture, and disposed his hands until he looked sufficiently restful to her fancy.

"Now," she said, holding up a warning finger to him, "you will stay like that until you are strong enough to go on again. I am going to see if there are any shells. There are not nearly so many here as there used to be at Hastings. Now, stay like that, and be good. For if you move away I shall lose you, and how you would get back to Monte Carlo without me, goodness gracious knows!"

"Ah, my dear," he answered, putting his arms about her, "it would be very hard to have to go without you."

She kissed him with a swift vivacity, but immediately reproved his breach of orders.

"You are to stay like that"—rearranging him, and giving his hat a more languidly rakish cock than before. "You are not to over-exert yourself; and you are not to move till I come back again."

"Very well," her father answered, with a keener delight in all this childish fun than he would have thought possible the day before. The child clambered down the rocks, turning every now and then to see that he retained the posture in which she had placed him; and his eyes followed her with a tender and affectionate complacence.

Until within half an hour, the warm winter sun had been shining full upon the place he occupied, so that there was no sense of chilliness in the stone. He was in shadow now, and something in the attitude in which his little daughter had placed him coincided so completely with the dreamy stillness of the scene, and with his own pleasant, idle, after-luncheon sensations, that he was within an ace of falling into a doze, when a strange voice pronounced his name, almost in his ear.

"This—what do you call him?—Captain Medhurst. What is he?"

Captain Medhurst had never been more wide awake in his life, but he felt a sort of dreamlike sensation still, and sat quite silent, hidden, as he knew very well, by the overhanging rocks amidst which he sat. The voice he had heard sounded elderly, and was unmistakably American, smooth, agreeable, and cultured, and Bostonian in every tone.

"I don't know what to make of him," said another voice, which Medhurst recognised immediately. "He's a gentleman unmistakably, or, rather, I should be inclined to say that unmistakably he has been."

Medhurst was nine-tenths inclined to rise and reveal himself. It is proverbial that listeners rarely hear good of themselves. The speakers had paused, and, as he guessed, had sat down out of sight above him. They seemed disposed to discuss him with some candour, and he hardly cared to be present unseen at a candid handling of his own character.

"He has rather the look of a roué," the second voice went on, "and yet there are certain marks of distinction about him."

"And the other man—what do you call him?—De Vere?"

"Vulgar from head to foot. Of course one would not like to say on such slender evidence, that practically it is no evidence at all, that they are anything but honourable and high-minded men, but I don't like the fact that the young fellow has fallen into his hands. They think him prodigiously rich, they have induced him already to play for high stakes, and when I bought the sketch from him the other day he confessed to me that they had almost cleaned him out already. But for the fact that he had sold a picture that morning he told me that he would not have known where to turn. He is a gold medalist, and has a three years' travelling allowance; but with all he can earn he cannot afford such associates as Major De Vere and Captain Medhurst."

This was very curious matter for Medhurst's hearing, and he was so surprised and so eager to hear more that he sat still

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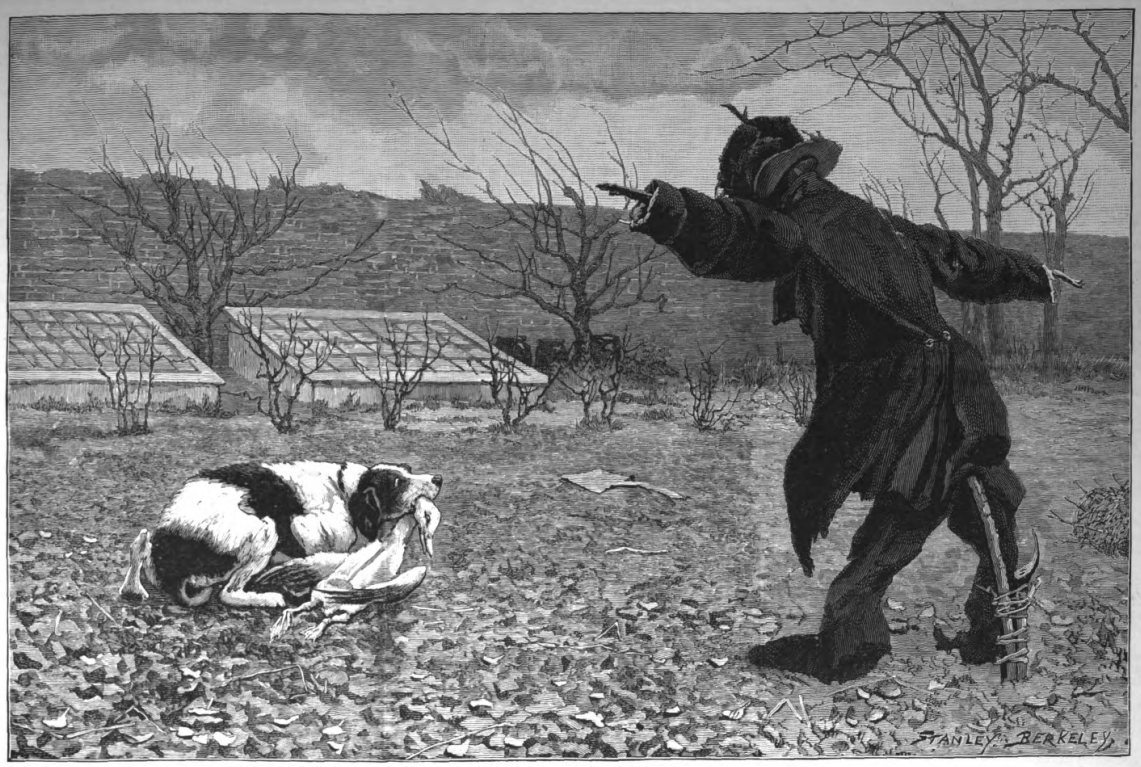
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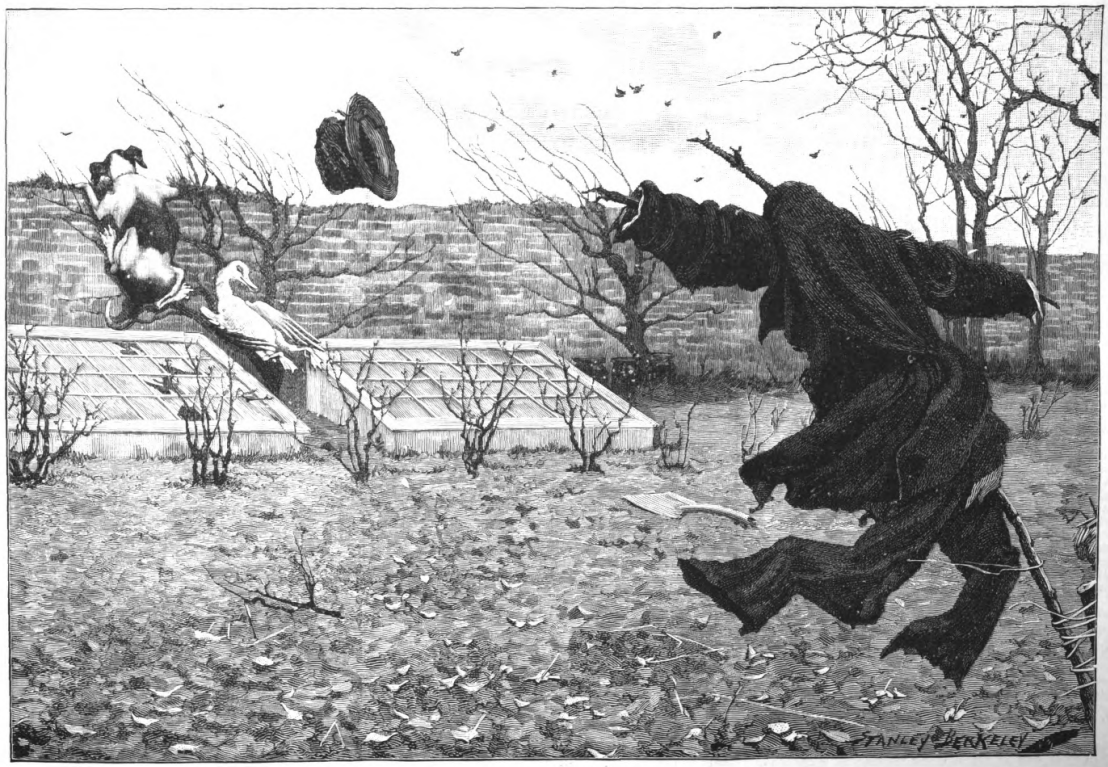
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His arms stick out, his garments wave,
But he is silent as the grave.

"DOES MAKE COWARDS OF US ALL."

Drawn by Stanley Berkeley.

What can the ragamuffin mean?
Such monster Ponto ne'er had seen;
And, trembling more and more, he sees
The figure, caught by sudden breeze,
Cut such queer capers, round and round
Fast whirling, though securely bound;
That Ponto scampers off in dread,
And leaves his duckling prey half dead.

as a stone and listened intently, with no lingering idea of proclaiming himself.

"You warned the young fellow?" said the elder voice.

"I put it to him that he might be taken for a certain very wealthy person of the same name as himself. I could not warn him against these English military people, to whose disadvantage I know absolutely nothing."

"That warning alone should have been enough for him, surely?"

"It does not seem to have been so. He told me yesterday that he had an engagement to dine with them this evening at Monte Carlo, and said that he was going to try to win back his losses."

"Really, my dear Paul, I don't see that you have any need to concern yourself further about the matter. You are not Paul Jones' keeper, and you have done what you could."

"It is that stupid alias of mine that has done the whole mischief. The boy is perfectly frank and open. He tells me he never played in his life before, except for the simplest stakes, and he talks about the splendid excitement of the game in a way which makes me think him likely to be betrayed into mischief."

"You seem to be pretty sure that these two Englishmen fastened upon him because they supposed him to be yourself?"

"Because they supposed him to have my money?—yes. I haven't the slightest doubt about that. But in spite of that they may be very decent people. We all know men who have money whom we would not know at all in poverty, and do not vastly care to know even as things are."

There was a pause at this point, and after it the elder man asked—

"You take an interest in the boy?"

"Yes. He seems likely to put a feather in the cap of American art. I think he has a real genius for his work, and I know that it was my alias which put him into danger. These are reasons enough for interest, surely?"

"Ample, my dear Paul; ample," returned the elder.

Then there was another pause.

"There are two or three things very well worth painting in the neighbourhood of Mentone. We might get him over there, and keep him a little out of the way of these people. It will seem quite natural in Americans to offer him hospitality, and I want him to paint me a picture or two."

"You know where he is at work now?" asked the elder.

"I think I can find him. Shall we go?"

There was a sound of footsteps grating on the rough stones of the hill-side walk, and they and the voices gradually faded out of hearing together. Medhurst sat still and wondered rather disconsolately. Fortune had seemed to cast a great prize in his way, and when he had made actually sure of it had suddenly struck it worthless between his thumb and finger. He had been so shrewdly certain that the painter was playing at poverty that the memory of his own confidence humiliated him, and made him feel like a foolish dupe. The young fellow had never disguised anything, and had behaved with perfect naturalness from first to last. He had even told Medhurst and the Major—in language as plain as any man need employ for such a purpose—that he was poor, and had to work for his living. In sweet enjoyment of their acumen they had chuckled over this as a piece of Yankee shrewdness, and had thought how unavailing it was by the side of the paragraph in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* which blazoned the millionaire's arrival. Medhurst had reconciled himself to the Major's losses, partly because they were the Major's, and not his own, but partly also because he had seen a veritable Golconda ahead, and had meant to be in port no later than that evening.

It had never been a superstition of Captain Medhurst's to pay his debts with any unseemly hurry. But with that unexpected windfall from the Major's early winnings he had, to the great surprise of half-a-dozen creditors, scattered as many hundreds abroad. He had likewise made some expensive purchases, for he was a believer in Mr. Wemmick's theory of "portable property," and liked to utilise good fortune in that way. It was his mode of provision against the inevitable rainy day to buy articles of value upon which his Aunt or his Uncle—according to his residence in France or England—would advance him money if need were. Now, what with his incautious payment of old debts and his extravagant purchases, he found himself within two or three hundred pounds of poverty, and the land of Golconda had turned out to be no better than a mirage. The real owner of ten millions sterling was as little likely to come to his call as any man alive. It was really bitter to awake from such a dream, and even people who do not make a precarious living by experiment on the vices and follies of his fellow-men may have a sympathetic understanding of Captain Medhurst's situation.

Lilla had scrambled out of sight, and he was so absorbed in his own reflections that he had forgotten her. The child had found at the bottom of the headland an imposing precipice of some six feet in depth between her and the pebbly strand, and, not being disposed to face this, had wandered on in search of an easier descent. The road she hit upon led upward rather than downward, and in a while she found herself upon a small promontory of rock, which jutted out into clear water, and, somewhat to her surprise, commanded a view of the artist. She signalled him with a laugh of artless triumph, as if she had been successful in a game of hide-and-seek; and he, looking up at this gay burst of childish music, waved his hand to her. A second later he rose with some sign of agitation from his camp-stool, signing her back, and shouting to her "Take care!" Whether this energetic warning precipitated the accident it might be difficult to say. Perhaps the child's perch, foreshortened from the artist's point of view, looked less tenable than it really was; but, at the cry, she felt a sudden insecurity, and looked about her for a way of return. Almost immediately upon the artist's shout her father cried "Lilla!" in a voice of alarm; and, seeming swiftly to realise a danger she had not felt till then, she made a false step, lost her foothold, and plunged backward with a shriek of terror into the water. Medhurst was already afoot when the cry of the failing child reached his ears. He scrambled madly down the rock, bruising his limbs and tearing his clothes in his progress. In a minute he stood on the spot from which his child had fallen, and realised with a thrill of hopeless horror that the water below him was full twenty feet in depth. To attempt a rescue was to go to certain death, for he could not swim a yard; but at the very instant when this horror attacked him he caught a flash of something white in the water, and realised the fact that Paul Jones was there, swimming at a prodigious pace towards the spot where Lilla had fallen. The painter had thrown off his coat in running, and the flash of white came from his shirt-sleeves. He swam like a seal or an otter, for he had many a time spent the third part of a long summer day a mile or two out from the cliffs of his native place, wallowing in the waves of the salt Atlantic, and was almost as much at home in the water as upon the land. The wretched father, wringing his hands together, stood helplessly to watch. Lilla had sunk, and his agonised gaze sought her in vain; but Paul Jones knew her whereabouts, and, arriving just as she came to the surface, put one mighty arm about her, and held her there in safety. He looked up at Medhurst and sang out cheerily—

"She's all right, old man! It's nothing more than a ducking. Don't be frightened, darling; you're all right now. No danger. Nothing but a dip and out again."

He rolled over like some monster native to the deep, and swam in shore, bearing his light burden easily. As he waded to the land, he took the child in both arms, and saw that she had fainted from the shock of fear.

"Come on to the hotel!" he bellowed to Medhurst. "There's no harm done. She'll be all right in half an hour!"

He ran to where he had left his jacket on the beach, and, folding it tightly about the child, he raced off towards the hotel with her, leaving a shining track of moisture behind him as he went. The millionaire and Dr Morris, who had arrived in time to witness the rescue, hurried after him; and Medhurst, climbing back to the footway in wild excitement, shot past them at racing speed in pursuit of the painter and his burden. They arrived at the hotel almost together.

"She's all right, the little darling," said Paul, as Medhurst came up panting. "Look at her. There's them pretty little violets opening again, and the roses coming back. Scared, wasn't you, pretty? No wonder neither. Send one of the women-folk up," he added to Medhurst, "to get these wet things off her. I'll carry her up to my own room."

The house was in a bustle for a moment, but it was soon over. Five minutes later Medhurst was seated by the artist's bed, and the child, warm and dry, and safe and sound, was lying in it beside him. He was very strongly moved, and felt that if he had tried to speak he must needs have broken into tears. Somebody had carried out Paul's portmanteau, and the young fellow, when he had changed his garments in another room, came and rapped gently at the door of his own chamber. Medhurst, rising to open the door, took him by the hand and wrung it hard, without saying a word.

"All right, old man," said Paul, himself more moved by the sight of the father's emotion than he cared to show. "How are we now? Nice and warm? That's well. I'm no great believer in wine for children as a general rule, Captain; but I don't think a little drop of port with hot water and, maybe, just half an hour's nap after it, would do any harm in this case. Shall I send it up?"

Medhurst, not yet able to trust himself to speak, nodded in assent, and Paul slipped away.

"A gallant rescue, Sir," said the old doctor, warmly, as the painter appeared upon the stairs. Paul gave his order before replying, and the old gentleman repeated his encomium, and was even so far carried from that repose which stamps the high-bred Bostonian as to pat the young Hercules on the back.

"Well, no," said Paul; "it don't take much gallantry to swim fifty yards and back in smooth water."

"It was a most providential thing," said Paul, the millionaire, "that a strong swimmer happened to be so near at hand."

"I am with you, Sir," Paul, the painter, answered. "That's another pair of shoes. That poor father's in a state!"

The recollection of Medhurst's emotion was too much for him, and he had either to be silent or to break down. He chose to be silent, and the doctor insisted upon ordering a bottle of wine and made him partake of it, though he laughed at the precaution.

Medhurst administered the port negus by the spoonful with some confused recollection of the danger of taking nourishment too rapidly after a long period of hunger. Every now and again he set the glass down to kiss the child, and altogether he experienced more emotion and became aware of a tenderer affection than any man who had known him would have given him credit for. When all the negus was consumed, he closed the jalousies at the window, and drew the curtains.

"Try to go to sleep for a little while, my darling," he whispered, "and you will wake up quite strong and well."

He took his seat by the bedside again, and, waiting there in the darkness, was struck upon a sudden by one curious and unpleasant thought. This same Paul Jones, who was *not* a millionaire, had saved his child's life, and he had won a hundred and twenty pounds from him, which the young man could ill, indeed, afford to lose. The Major had lost everything. There was a pretty heavy bill to meet at the hotel. Without that hundred and twenty pounds, the firm would be very near poverty again, and yet it began to look base to keep it. It was, of course, impossible to return it openly.

Captain Medhurst had certain natural qualifications which would have allowed him to shine as a card-conjuror, if he had cared for the sort of fame which is to be earned in that direction. He preferred to employ his cultivated gift in coaxing Fortune, whose proverbial fickleness of regard grows stable when she is courted after a certain manner. Vulgarly, to interfere with chance in a game of chance is said to be to cheat; and people who cheat at cards are held up to universal disapprobation, even by other people who cheat at cards and have not yet been detected. The only plea on which Medhurst could surrender the money was that he had won it unfairly—an altogether impossible confession. Medhurst was not a very delicate man; but everybody has his limitations, whether in the way of virtue or its opposite; and he did not like to rob poor people. Against the wealthy his method of war had a certain aspect of fairness. If a rich man risked a little money which was of no great value to him, Medhurst risked a reputation, without which he was doubly and trebly ruined. The intellectual ways of most people are full of crookedness, and to think straight is one of the rarest of human gifts. But when a man's morals have gone crooked, and his intellectual part gives itself over to the task of proving that they keep the just right line of rectitude, the sinuosities of the mental way grow curious indeed.

He thought of sending Paul the money anonymously, and could find no means of doing it which would quite divert suspicion from himself. He would be seeming to pay the painter for the child's life, and that did not look like a chivalrous thing in the circumstances. He thought of giving him a commission to paint a picture, but that would be only to get value for the money. One thing only he resolved upon—the lad should not suffer at his hands.

He thought it rather hard lines that the Major should have had his share of the winnings, and have got rid of them in so insensate a fashion. The burden would fall entirely upon himself, and when he had devised the means of taking it up he meant to bear it. Somehow, in the later years of his career, he was always beginning life anew. He felt half a spite at Paul for not being the personage he had been taken for, in which case Generosity herself could have asked no more than that he should be allowed to go scot-free for the future.

"I shall be on the hard pan again," mused the Captain. "It's deuced hard lines, as it turns out, that I never learned to swim."

Three hours later, Medhurst, Paul, and Lilla were rolling smoothly along by train towards Monte Carlo, the child surveying her own personal appearance oddly, and being subdued, and perhaps a little frightened, by the fact that she was dressed in mourning. A widow lady staying at the hotel, with a daughter of the child's age, had volunteered to Medhurst to supply a change of dress, and the offer had been gratefully accepted. The Major was at the hotel to receive them, and was so marvellously recovered from his miseries of the morning that even Medhurst was surprised, though years of intimacy had made him familiar with that transformation. There were very few mornings on which the Major had not a fit of repentance for something or other, and very few evenings on which he had not forgotten his troubles; but his remorse of that morning and his gaiety of that evening were quite phenomenal in comparison with each other.

As has already been related, the Major had been successful again at the tables, and that fact, of course, was of service to him. Beyond that, this was the evening for opening operations in earnest against Paul Jones's millions, and the splendour of his hopes illumined the Major's spirits.

Medhurst, attributing the amiable brigand's jollity to one cause alone, was all the more sombre and solemn because of it. The partnership, as he knew full well, was not going to win anything from Paul Jones that evening; and even if he had had the best will in the world to exploit his guest there was so little to win that the game would not have been worth the candle. Half-a-dozen times he resolved to take the Major out and tell him all about it, but he put off the evil moment. It would be time enough by-and-by.

Paul and the Major had never been such admirable companions as they were that evening. They told stories against one another, and roared at each other's jokes until the very waiters, to whom their conversation was a foreign mystery, could not refrain from smiling. Medhurst sat very gloomy and silent through it all, until upon a sudden he likewise brightened up.

When the table was cleared it was Medhurst who made the first allusion to the cards.

"Come," said he to Paul, "you must have your revenge."

Paul, nothing loth, drew up to the table, produced his handful of money, and prepared for the combat. The Major was an excellent confederate, but Medhurst was the master spirit of the two, and the Daisy followed his lead with the most implicit confidence. The leader was relieved to see the Major pull out a small handful of gold from his pocket. At least, he thought, there would be a little left to begin the world anew upon.

There was one peculiarity in the game on which Paul Jones had not counted. If he had known it he might, possibly, have decided not to play with these two extremely dexterous gentlemen. The peculiarity was simply that when Medhurst dealt he knew every card Paul and the Major held, and that when the Major dealt he occupied the same position of advantage.

Medhurst dealt the first hand, doling out worthless cards to himself and the Major, and giving Paul a hand of unusual excellence. The Major immediately followed his colleague's tactics. They pleased him well, because they made it evident to him that Medhurst was going to make his great splash that evening, and was simply paving the way to an increase of the stakes. Paul had never had such luck in his life, and he and the Major roared with laughter over one particular deal, when at the conclusion of a hand the cards were exposed. On a sudden, to the Major's intense astonishment, Medhurst pushed back his chair from the table, and arose.

"That will do," he said, "I am out of sorts to-night, and I shall play no more."

"What on earth's the matter with you?" cried the Major.

"I'm out of sorts," said Medhurst, "I shall play no more."

"Oh! very well," said the Major, sulkily. "If you like to break up the party"——

"Yes," said Medhurst: "if you put it that way, I like to break up the party."

But that this was plainly equivalent to a command, the Major would have challenged his supposed millionaire to a single encounter. As it was he left the room grumpily, and Medhurst, resuming his seat at the table, addressed Paul, who was a little astonished at the sudden cessation of play. When Medhurst chose he could be very dignified and suave, and he put on his best manner now.

"I daresay," he began, "that I shall surprise you by what I am going to say, but I shall beg you not to be hurt by it. I am a good deal older than yourself, and, if I may say so without offence, more of a man of the world. My friend, Major De Vere, is one of the richest men in England, and one of the heaviest and most daring gamblers in the world. For example, he lost twenty thousand pounds last night at the tables here, and set everybody talking about his *sangfroid* and the tremendous character of his play. Now, Major De Vere made an odd little mistake about you, which I discovered only yesterday. Do you happen to know that there is a person of your own name now in the Riviera, and, like yourself, an American, who is said to be one of the richest men in the States?"

"I know there is such a man; I didn't know that he was in the Riviera."

"I have met him here," said Medhurst, gravely, "and so have you."

"The dooce I have!" said Paul, staring.

"Unless I am very much mistaken," answered Medhurst, "he is travelling under the name of Morton, and he stayed at the same hotel with us in Paris." At this announcement Paul fell back into his chair and emitted a long whistle of astonishment. "He has probably assumed the name for the sake of privacy. Whatever his motive may be, we are justified in presuming it to be honourable and blameless. And now comes my explanation. When my friend Major De Vere learned yesterday, for the first time, that Mr. Paul Jones the millionaire had stayed in the same hotel with us in Paris, he leaped naturally to the conclusion that you were that fortunate personage, and in his reckless and jovial way, which by this time you know so well, he said to me that here was an opponent worthy of his steel, and that he would take such a game with you as should set the whole confederation of cardplayers in England and America quite agog. I believe," said Medhurst, with an unmoved countenance, "that he has ordered a hundred thousand pounds to be set to his credit here in order that he might meet you. I did not undeceive him, though I had a rather distinct memory of the millionaire, who was pointed out to me at a reception of Mr. Vanderbilt's in New York last year. And now, perhaps, you may see why I stopped the game when Fortune had restored to you something like the sum you had already lost to us. I hoped for that chance to happen; and I will tell my friend De Vere the facts of the case—or will keep them between ourselves, just as you choose."

"Tell him, by all means!" said Paul. "*I* don't want to pass for a millionaire: I can't afford it!"

"And, will you, my dear Jones," continued Medhurst with an almost fatherly air, "permit me to offer you a word of advice? Don't gamble. De Vere and I play high; and for me to preach against gambling is very like the Devil reproving sin; but our incomes are assured, and our lives are empty of interest. You, with your delightful art and your splendid talents, have a great career before you. Don't run any risk of losing it by getting absorbed in the mad excitement of the gaming-table. I have seen more promising young men ruined in that fashion than I care to say. I need not tell you how

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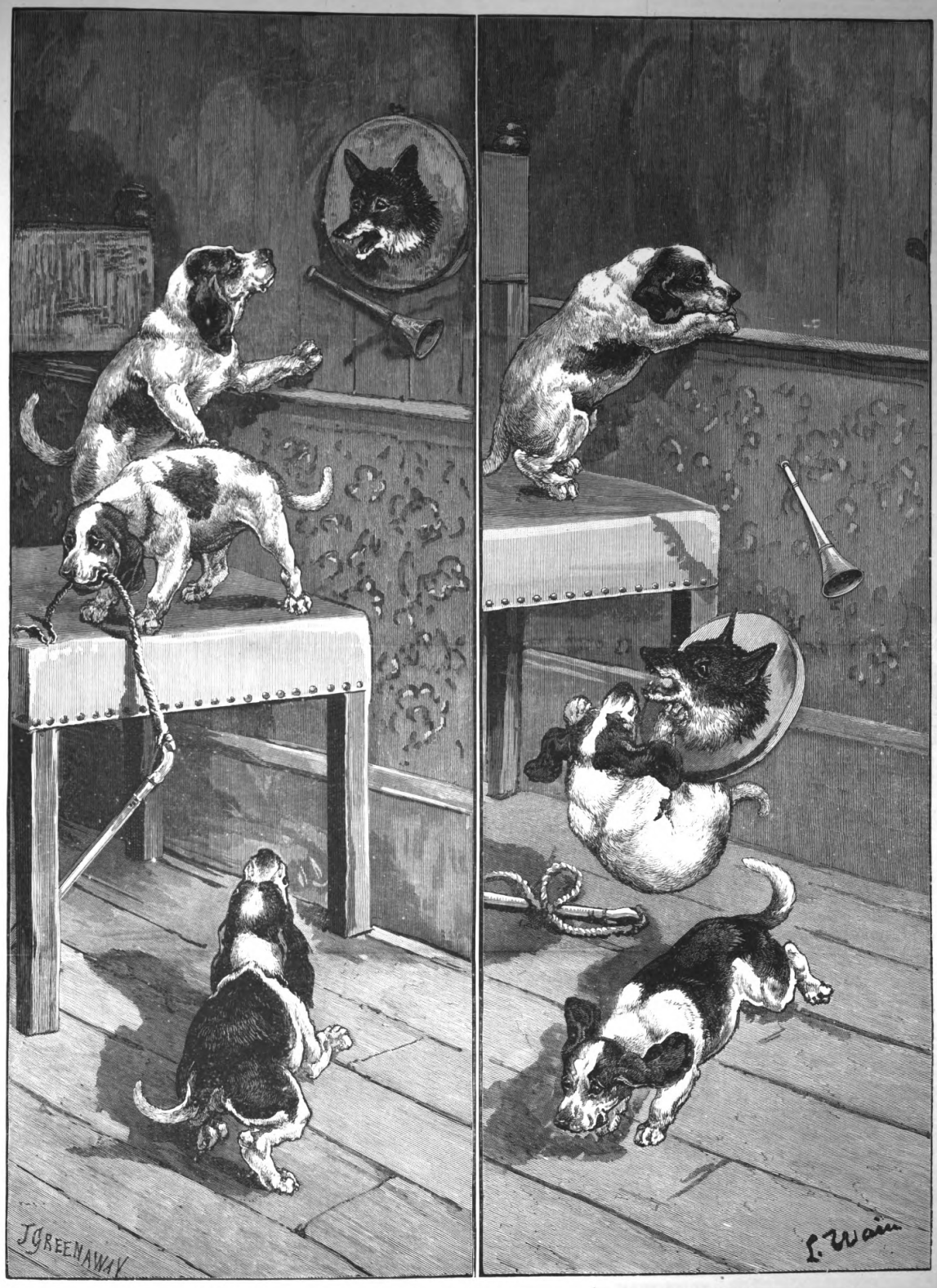
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Drawn by Louis Wain.

TALLY-HO!

As three young hounds sniffed round the hall,
One caught a glimpse of Reynard's head,
Placed as a trophy 'gainst the wall;
And so, not knowing it was dead,
True to his breed, he gave a bound,
And brought the fox-head to the ground.

GONE AWAY!

Yea, down the huntsman's trophy came,
And down his horn came rattling too;
In such a racket small the blame
Young hounds some trepidation knew.
Scared by the sight they yelping fled,
Whom foxes soon will flee with dread.

much the interest I originally felt in you has been deepened by the event of this afternoon."

He had been lying like a Trojan, and I suppose that at his best in these days he was pretty much of a knave, taking him by and large, as the seafaring folk say. But here he was genuinely moved, and his voice stuck in his throat so that he had to "hem" and "ha" considerably before he could make way for it.

"If I could induce you to promise," he went on, "that you would never touch a card again, I should believe myself almost to have repaid you to-day's inestimable service."

The young Paul was easily moved at any time, and both on account of the service he had done, and the kindness he had received, his heart warmed to his adviser.

"That 's a bargain, Captain Medhurst," he said, holding out his hand.

"I am very much obliged to you," Medhurst answered, simply, and almost at that moment the Major re-entered.

"I say, Major De Vere," cried Paul, "you 'll have to find somebody else to spend that hundred thousand pounds sterling on. It won't come into my pockets."

The Major looked with a transient bewilderment at Medhurst, who telegraphed him by a wink and a nod of the head from behind Paul's shoulder.

"That 's a bit of a pity for you, isn't it?" said the Major.

"Well, yes," said Paul. "And it 's even a bit more of a pity than it would have been if I'd been the man you took me for."

Medhurst slid in with a smooth explanation, and Paul, catching the humorous side of it and going off into a great shout of laughter, the Major, by an heroic effort, found presence of mind to start another, and being once started he laughed almost hysterically, until he and Paul sat opposite to each other exhausted, and with tears in their eyes.

So the firm's credit was saved, and young Paul was saved, and the confederates were at least no worse off than they had been. But so curiously is the human mind constructed that when the Major heard the story at full he almost worshipped Medhurst for his self-abnegation. There was only one regret in his mind about the whole matter. Captain Medhurst's honour was upon occasion impeached in his hearing, and there were circumstances even in this heroic self-surrender which made it impossible to clear him by relating t.



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"A DAUGHTER OF EVE."

You brown-eyed beauty, so sedate,
There sitting still, in simple state,
What are you thinking of, I wonder?
What knotty problem do you ponder?
Is it of some tough rule of grammar,
That you into your head would hammer?
Perhaps a sum in Rule-of-three
Just puzzles you as it did me?
Or is it of that dress, span new,
Which dear Mamma has promised you,
For that grand party where you 're going?
Whate'er your thoughts, there is no knowing
What the most simple one may be,
Unless you hand us o'er the key—
Not so secure the secret hid
Within old Cheops' pyramid.
Open your heart for but a minute,
That we may see what 's stirring in it.
No feelings there find dwelling place,
I 'm sure, save those of tenderest grace;
For don't your features just express
The spirit's inner loveliness?

But though we cannot guess one thought
Within your fancy's meshes caught,
Yet know we what your life will be,
Without the gift of prophecy:
For, being Eve's fair daughter, you
Must feel life's joys and sorrows too.
Yes, you will have strange fluctuations
Of tranquil joys and tribulations;
Despondent moods and hopes elastic,
Grave sober bliss and thoughts fantastic.
Time now with feet of lead will creep,
Anon with soaring pinions sweep.
Thick darkness, like a funeral pall,
At times will gather, blackening all;
And then life's sun, in the ascendant,
Will flash his glorious rays resplendent.

Eve's daughter fair, we wish for you
Friends in abundance, warm and true—
The primest blessing here below,
Save one, that mortals e'er can know;
And may that one be yours as well
When you a few more years can tell:
Enchant some faithful heart, and give
Your own—Love's joy superlative.
Thus blest and blessing, you shall feel
The choicest bliss life can reveal.

JOHN LASH LATEY.

"A-HUNTING WE WILL GO."

"Hark forrard! Yoicks! Tally-ho!
This morn a-hunting we will go!"
Thus sang or shouted out young Golder,
With his pet niece upon his shoulder;
And she, transported, waved his whip,
Loud shouting in companionship.
They chatted gaily as they went,
Discussing this and that event;
She from her elevated sphere
Whispering her thanks into his ear.
"Dear Uncle Joe, you are so kind;
You 'll spoil me, if you do not mind.
Why that dear pony which you gave—
Only, you said, my neck to save—
It is the sweetest, quietest,
And of all ponies quite the best.
And now you say, when I am grown
You 'll give a hunter, all my own,
With which the hounds I then may follow—
Oh, won't I beat Miss Tallant hollow?
I 'll take the hedges as I 've seen
You clear them on your Beauty Queen.
Oh, thanks, dear Uncle! Will you see
What brother Tom has given me—
Such funny things—a guinea-pig,
That dances oft the queerest jig;
Two hedgehogs, with their prickly hides;
A ferret, and a lot besides?
You can't come now! Well, never mind;
Good-bye! You mustn't be behind.

Oh, there they are, and what a sight!
The men so gay and ladies bright;
And there, at last, comes Uncle Joe—
The very bravest of the show.
They 're off: hurray! with three times three!
Dear Uncle, bring the brush to me!"—J. L. L.

"CHARMING KATE."

A ball-room belle was charming Kate, who took the town by storm;
In her first heyday, quite elate, and with affections warm,
She ran the round of youthful joys in gaiety of soul,
And gladly saw her name inscribed on Fashion's muster-roll.
Beaux fluttered round her, so that she could pick and choose at will;
But soon the gay scene palled on her, and left her craving still.
She looked around upon the world, saw the vast misery there,
And soon, by gaiety oppressed, shrank back from Pleasure's glare.
So, throwing off her gay attire, and drest in sober guise,
She seeks the homes of poverty, and many a want supplies;
But most by gentle courtesy of sympathising care,
And tending sick-beds tenderly, she lightens anguish there.
Sweet was the admiration she in ball-rooms gained before,
But sweeter far the reverent love of her devoted poor.—J. L. L.

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.

MAPLE and CO., Manufacturers of DINING-ROOM FURNITURE. The largest assortment to choose from, as well as the best possible value. Three more houses have been added to this important department. Half a century's reputation.—Illustrated Catalogues post-free.

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DINING-ROOM SUITES. — The LICHFIELD SUITE, in solid oak, walnut, or mahogany, consisting of six small and two elbow chairs in leather; dining-table, with patent screw; also Early English sideboard, with plate-glass back, and fitted with cellaret, 16 guineas. Design free.

DINING-ROOM SUITES. — The STAFFORD SUITE, comprising six small chairs, two easy-chairs in leather, telescope dining-table, sideboard, with plate-glass back and cellaret, and dinner-waggon; in light or dark oak, walnut, or ash, very substantial in character, 23 guineas.

DINING-ROOM SUITES. — The TAMWORTH SUITE, in polished or fumigated oak, walnut, or mahogany, comprising six ordinary, two easy chairs, and handsome couch, in leather, extending dining-table and sideboard, with cellaret, 27 guineas; an excellent suite, at a medium price.

MAPLE and CO., Manufacturers of

BED-ROOM SUITES, from 65s. 6d. 500 Bed-room suites, at from 65s. 6d. to 275 guineas. These comprise a great variety of styles, many being of a very high-class and distinctive character, novel both in construction, arrangement, and combination of woods.

BED-ROOM SUITES. The WEYMOUTH SUITE, in solid ash, consisting of wardrobe with plate-glass door; toilet-table, with glass affixed; washstand with marble top, tile back, towel rods at side, cupboard beneath, three chairs, £7 18s. Illustration free.

BED-ROOM SUITES. The WHITBY SUITE, in solid ash or walnut, consisting of wardrobe with plate-glass door, toilet-table, with glass affixed, washstand, with marble top and tile back, pedestal cupboard, and three chairs, £10 15s. Illustration free.

BED-ROOM SUITES. The SCARBOROUGH SUITE, in solid ash or walnut, including wardrobe with plate-glass doors, and new-shaped washstand, £12 15s.; or with bedstead and spring bedding, £17 10s.

BED-ROOM SUITES. The BOURNEMOUTH SUITE, in solid ash, including 6 ft. wardrobe, with plate-glass centre door, £18 10s.; or with handsome brass bedstead and spring bedding, £23 17s. Design and full particulars free.

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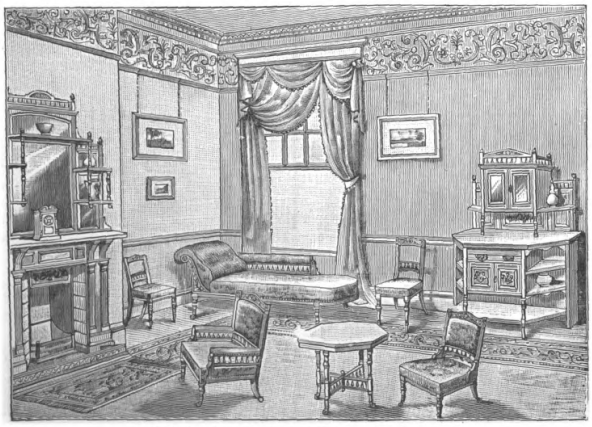
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SPECIMEN DINING-ROOMS.

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DOOR CHECK & SPRING.

This invention might appropriately be called the
"PHANTOM DOOR CLOSER,"
for it is almost supernatural in its action, and never fails to close a door silently as if guided by the human hand.

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ALL DRAUGHTS AVOIDED.
INDISPENSABLE for the DOORS OF
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BY
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They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. 40 in a phial. Purely Vegetable, and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 1½d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post.

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When the Pie was opened
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HARD FACTS. Every advertised article is not a fraud and a delusion. Thousands of Patients gratefully remember the day they saw our advertisement, and gave the natural and rational system of ELECTROPATHY a trial.

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TESTIMONIALS

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CONSTIPATION & LADIES' AILMENTS.—"Portmore House, Weybridge.—Dear Sir,—Since wearing Harness' Electropathic Belt my health has been better in every way, and I would not like to be without it. Before I wore the Belt I suffered such pain every month from my waist to the knees, which often went to my head and affected my eyesight for a little time; but I am happy to say these pains have never returned. I tried all sorts of medicine with no good results, but from wearing your Electropathic Belt I am now in the best of health, and cannot thank you too much for it.—Yours truly, H. JONES."

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NERVOUS DERANGEMENT.—"5, New Steine, Brighton.—Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge with many thanks the benefit I have derived from wearing your Electropathic Belt. I have every confidence in recommending your appliances and treatment whenever I have an opportunity.—Yours truly, M. GREEN."

"DISEASE ENTIRELY LEFT ME."

EPILEPSY.—ARTHUR HEPWELL, Esq., Wood-road, Geddington, Kettering, June 4, 1888, writes:—"I cannot speak too highly of your Electropathic treatment, it has been a great boon to me. I used to have fits several times a day, but now I have none, and the peculiar sensations incidental to this distressing disease entirely left me after wearing your appliances."

"COMPLETELY CURED."

SCIATICA.—Mr. R. J. WATSON, Proprietor, *Harwich Free Press*, 13, Market-street, Harwich, writes:—"Harness' Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of sciatica. After wearing it for a week I got relief, and have gradually been getting better, and am now quite free from pain."

"NERVOUS ENERGY AUGMENTED."

PAINS IN THE BACK.—The Rev. R. ANTRIM, Vicar of Slapton, King's Bridge, South Devon, writes:—"The pain across the loins has quite left me. My nervous energy is greatly augmented since wearing Harness' Electropathic Belt."

"INVALUABLE."

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.—Mrs. POWELL, 4, Dulwich-road, London, S.E., writes:—"All my ailments are gradually yielding to your invaluable Electropathic appliances."

"BETTER IN EVERY WAY."

SLUGGISH LIVER.—Mrs. M. ANDERSON, Mortimer-street, Herne Bay, Kent, writes:—"I was suffering from a *torpid, inactive* liver, accompanied by *Constipation* and *Indigestion*. After wearing the Electropathic Belt I am much better in every way; the functions are regular, my appetite has improved, and the wretched depressed feeling I used constantly to have has completely passed away."

"A NEW MAN."

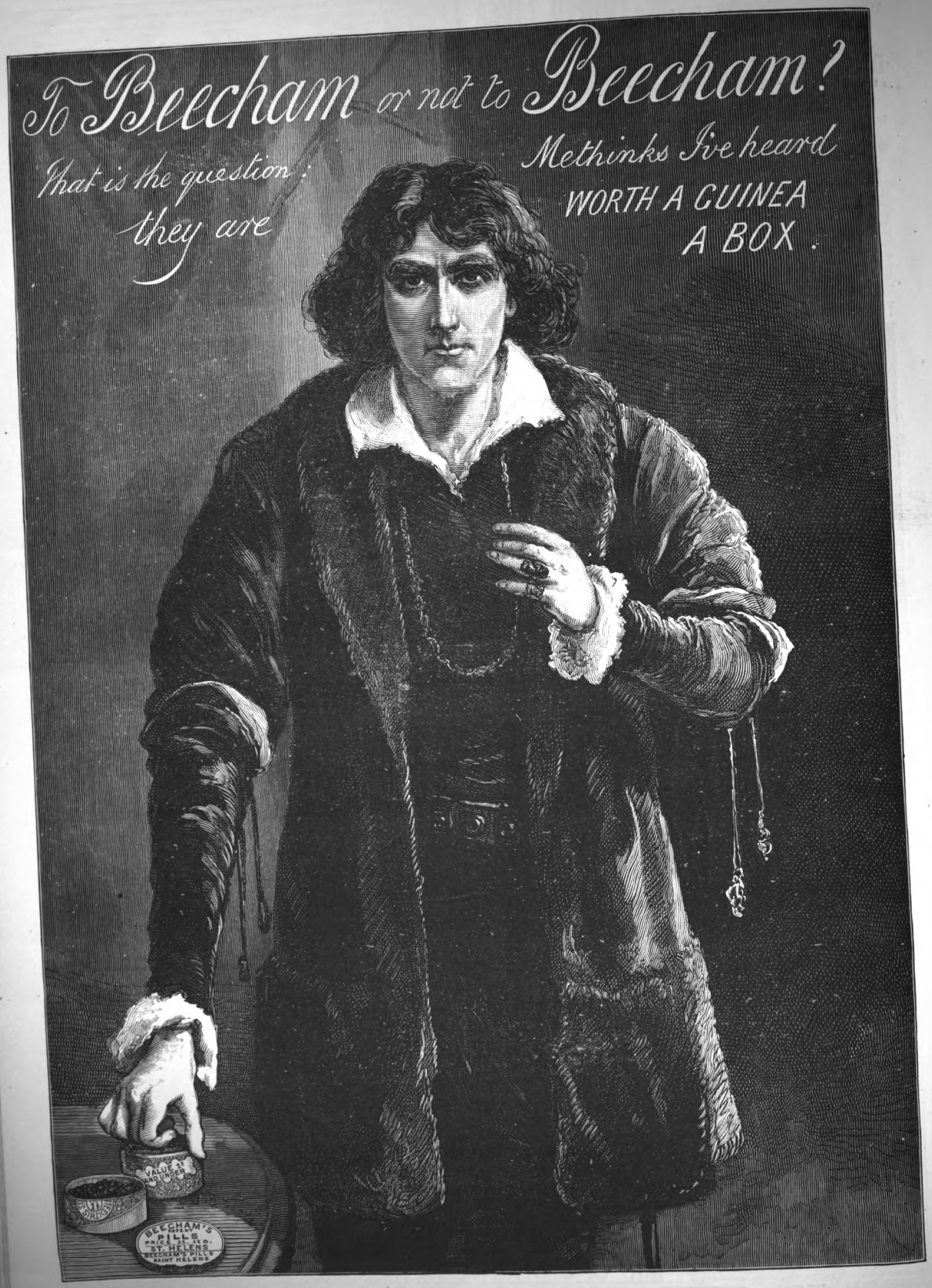
PARALYSIS.—ROBERT ROTHWELL, Esq., 9, Cooke-st., Hulme, Manchester, June 8, 1888, writes:—"The Electropathic Belt my father purchased for *loss of nerve power* and *paralysis* has made a new man of him, and it was only the other day that he told me he would have been in his grave long ago if it had not been for your valuable Electropathic treatment."

RESIDENTS AT A DISTANCE, and those unable to call, should write for "Private Advice Form," which will be sent, together with Pamphlet and Copies of Testimonials, post-free to any address on application to

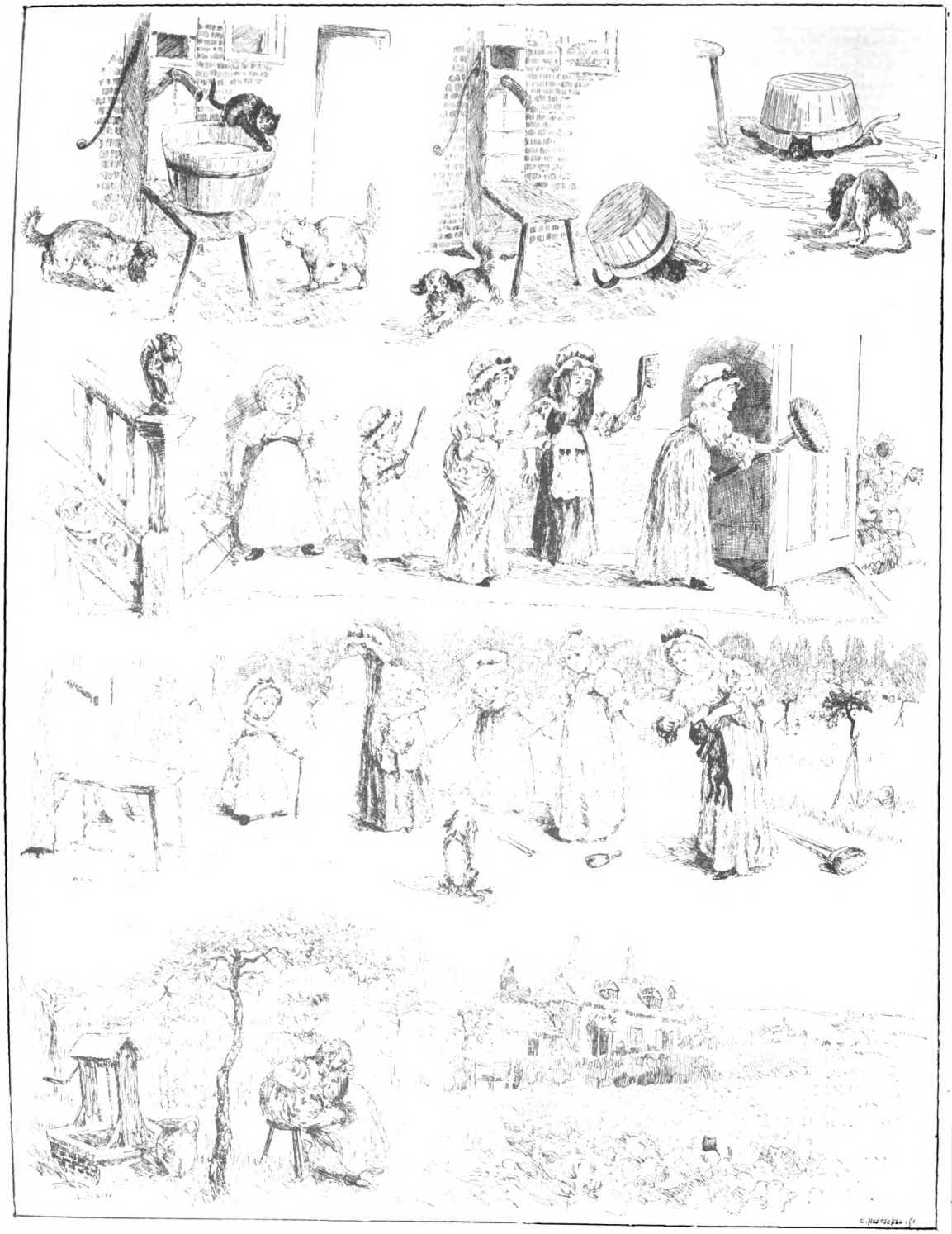
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Consulting Medical Electrician, THE MEDICAL BATTERY CO., LIMITED.
(CORNER OF RATHBONE-PLACE.)



(With apologies to our greatest Poet, and our most renowned Actor.)



O the barking and the mewing!
Some dire mischief sure is brewing.
Five fair girls go to find out
What the hubbub is about;
Armed with household weapons, they
Grope with fear their trembling way.

A DOMESTIC TROUBLE.

Drawn by Louis Wain.

Stops at once the running fight
As the maidens come in sight.
First the doggie has a scolding,
While two girls the cats are holding;
Then one maid, the rest departed,
Nurses doggie, broken-hearted.

CHRISTMAS VOICES.

That "roar of voices" which goes up from our mighty metropolis with so tremendous a sound has in it nothing so profoundly impressive to the mind as those more various and significant voices which break in upon the solitude of the thinker as he sits, alone, by the Christmas fire. It was well that the Christian Church, by seizing on the pagan festival, and consecrating it with a new and holy interest which its members could not but joyfully recognise, provided us with an opportunity of resting from our sordid pursuits—from "the weariness, the fever, and the fret" of the struggling, grasping world—and thus of taking stock, as it were, of the things of the past; for these pauses in the battle of life, when for ever so brief an interval the clang of the chariots and the contentions of the armed men cease from the land, must needs refresh and invigorate the soul, and keep alive in it those purer sensibilities, those higher impulses, which might otherwise desert us altogether, as the fragrance fades from the flower which is shut up always in the darkness. Are not all of us the better for the voyages which Memory on such occasions makes across the gulf of the years, bringing back from the shores that are constantly receding further and further from us much happy spoil and treasures of the days gone by? But it is then, too, that the voices swell tumultuously, as it were, upon the breeze, and haunt us in our still and solitary hours. To those who have reached the term of middle age—whose lives lie mainly in the past, it is, indeed and in truth, "a roar of voices!" How numerous they are—how conflicting, how varied in their tones—how diversified in their meaning! Listen, listen, to them with patience and fortitude, and you may separate and distinguish each from the other; for no two are alike—the refrain is never, never the same.

Can you not, for instance, single out the voices of those bright ambitions which filled your youth with their radiant illusions? Those bold, buoyant ambitions which went forth so cheerily into the future, and counted so securely on accomplishing their aims? And those golden hopes, which floated before your enchanted vision as thick as the motes i' the sunbeam, rising gaily above the mean earth, like Ariosto's hippogriff, that great and marvellous bird (*grande e strano augello*) into "the higher regions"—can you not hear the doleful voices which remind you of their speedy disappointment? The sound is like that of moaning waves round shattered wrecks, cruel waves that toss to and fro the broken spars to which despairing castaways no longer cling. Alas! you sigh, as you hearken; you sigh over that unfulfilled promise, over that crop of thistles—*spem mentita seges*, as Horace puts it—the barren harvest which so cruelly falsified your expectations! And next your straining ear catches the sorrowful voices which breathe the dirge of parted friendships; and the sweeter, tenderer, though sadder, voices which come from the graves of those you have loved and lost—lost only for a while, however, as Faith whispers in tones of consolation—the father, the mother, the sister, or, perhaps, the wife whom you treasured as "the other half of your soul," the complement of your being, the light and joy of your existence; or, it may be, the fair young girl who was snatched from your fond embrace even before the orange-blossoms had been woven in her bridal wreath. These are voices which, perhaps, are never wholly absent from you; but in the Christmas time they seem, I think, to draw closer, and to thrill us with a deeper consciousness, as if some beloved presence were mysteriously watching and waiting by our side—as if we felt the passing touch of angel-wings. And they travel to us from afar, those sweet, sad, tender voices! The chances and changes of life separate us from the scenes of our early years; separate us from the graves in which we have buried so much that was nearest and dearest and most precious; but no distance can keep back the voices of love and affection when the heart, touched by the magic of immortal memories, is prepared to open to them.

Sometimes with the Christmas voices mingles a glad noise of laughter; for, happily, life is not all made up of partings and passions, of disappointments and failures. It has its moments—and, thank God, there are many of them!—its moments of happiness, when skies are blue, and birds sing on the bough, and our human sympathies are kindled into quick life by the ecstasy of the sunshine. So the holidays of life send their mirthful voices to blend with the deeper and more serious sounds that compose, in our later age, the burden of our Christmas song. The blithe voices of our school-days, of our merry-makings, of our early Christmases; and then the voices of the bright hopeful days of our young manhood; the lively echoes of the crowded theatre; the strains that floated round gay ball-rooms; the jests of the masquers and the mummers; the lilt of the old, old songs and the rhythm of the favourite dance—all these voices of frank cheerfulness and innocent gaiety enliven us with a sudden sense of enjoyment.

But it may be that voices of ominous import will insist upon blurring this felicitous harmony with their pitiful discords; the follies of the past, its errors and its sins—the recollections of wrong said and thought and done—these, in the Christmas silence, you cannot stifle. Sharp and clear, their accusing accents pierce the heart, awakening there the keen pangs of regret, and, let us hope, of repentance. These are voices which surely none of us can hear unmoved; their echoes seem to reverberate round about, like thunder among the mountains, and to roll onward into the awful spaces of eternity. As we sow, my friend, so must we reap. They are voices of our own making; and it is part of our punishment that they should break through our everyday indifference, and, in our sessions of silent thought, compel us to hear them, and to ponder over the tales they tell. Hushed into oblivion they will not be; like the ghost of murdered Banquo they suddenly start up to affright us; but, at least, we may learn to bear their solemn reproaches with resignation by lifting up our hearts to the lofty voices of sweet promise which ring out from the sanctuary, and bear a comforting assurance of the measurelessness of the Divine love!

Of all the Christmas voices audible now—he that hath ears to hear, let him hear!—it is difficult to compute the sum; but I fancy that many of us will not least eagerly welcome those which descend, "like showers of golden rain," from the heights where sit enthroned the master minstrels and the famous singing-men; the bland, deep, universal tones of Shakspeare; the solemn organ-notes of Milton; the grave, full harmonics of Dante; the intense fervent strains of Calderon; and Spenser's subtly melodious song. With these we may gather up the passion and the pathos, the grandeur and the awe and the devotion of the kings of music from Purcell to Beethoven; the simple, unpretending strains of the carol singers; the silver-sounding chimes of the Christmas bells; the pure, sweet hymns of the children—for all are part and parcel of the Christmas-time, and help to swell the volume of our Christmas voices.

To the young, the voices of the Christmas are neither so numerous nor so full of emotion. Their contact with life has been so limited; they have seen so little and felt so little; they stand as yet upon the threshold only of the battlefield; they can scarcely hear the ring of contending weapons, nor the sounds of anger and strife, and breathless, rapid action—their ways have been ways of pleasantness, and their paths have been paths of peace. The voice of hope is theirs, joyous and fresh as the lark's song in the azure solitudes of heaven; the voice of young ambition, defiant and exultant, like the sound of a trumpet; the voice of high endeavour, ringing as clearly and as blithely as a clarion! Ah, happy, happy youth! No sad voices from the graveyard, no accusing voices from the scenes of folly, no melancholy voices of failure and disappointment, mar for you the sweetness of the Christmas music. If you did but know for how much you have to be grateful! If you did but know all the opportunities of the days which are gliding by so swiftly! Ah, me! why does experience teach us its bitter lessons when it is too late for us to profit by them? The young mother, the young husband, the young lover, the young scholar, the young adventurer, what glorious voices ring in their charmed ears as the light from the Yule log flickers over their happy faces; and how little they think of those more solemn voices which the years must bring to them as to all the sons and daughters of men! But for both young and old there are other voices to which, while the merry Christmas bells are clashing from spire and steeple, we must not refuse to listen—the wail, the lament of the poor and suffering; the sighs of the half-starved outcast; the groans of those who have gone down in the battle, and are lying on the lost field, bleeding from many wounds. The poor, it is true, are always with us; but surely the cry of Poverty comes upon the ear with the sharpest force when we feel its contrast to the laughter and song and jest of the Christmas of the well-to-do. Let us not be deaf, my friends, to those sorrowful, sorrowing voices! Each, in his degree and measure, can do something towards lessening their exceeding bitterness. Each one of us, perhaps, can bind up the wounds of at least one unfortunate straggler, and carry a word of consolation and hope to at least one aching heart. And as we give of what we have to those who have not, I can imagine that the Christmas voices which tell of gloom, and pain, and death will be overpassed by the cheerfuller voices which breathe the strains of faith and hope, and that high above them all will rise once more the celestial music of those angel-voices, which of old pealed, strong and clear, through the "starry silences" their message of eternal love—"Glory to God on high; on earth peace, and goodwill among men."

W. H. D.-A.

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A NEW DEPARTURE.

The publishers of one of the leading society papers of London have taken to analysing some of the leading patent medicines, also to investigating their published testimonials, with the result of creating quite a commotion among certain proprietors. Injurious effects likely to follow the use of patent medicines, published testimonials given from addresses which only exist in the mind of a clever writer in the company's employ, are fully exposed. Suits for heavy damages have been threatened by the proprietors of the remedies thus exposed. Injured innocence puts on a bold front, but the publishers of the paper in question do not frighten easily; they have taken up a question of vital interest to the public, and they propose to turn on the full light of intelligent investigation. One most excellent feature of this exposure is, that the public are enabled to discriminate between worthless nostrums and those really good remedies. The publishers evidently take this view of the question, for their last investigation is a most flattering one for the proprietors of that noted remedy St. Jacobs Oil. The following is the report, headed—"The Verdict of the People of London on St. Jacobs Oil." :—

Mr. William Howes, civil engineer, 66, Red Lion-street, High Holborn, W.C., was afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years. Sometimes his hands swelled to twice their natural size; his joints were so stiff that he could not walk, and his feet so sore that he could not bear any weight on them. Nothing relieved him till he applied St. Jacobs Oil. The result was marvellous. Before using the contents of two bottles all pain left him, and he is now in perfect health.

Mr. C. H. Palmer, Secretary of the Conservative Defence Association, and Overseer of the District of Islington, said:—"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in my face and head, and rheumatism in my limbs. After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the use of which completely removed every trace of pain."

Mr. Edward Peterson, electric-light engineer, of 36, Whetstone Park, W.C., said:—"There can be no two opinions respecting the value of St. Jacobs Oil. I was completely used up with rheumatism in my arms and shoulders; a few good rubbings with that famous Oil drove all pain away."

Mr. Henry John Barlow, of 4, Staples' Inn-buildings, Holborn Bars, W.C., said:—"I had rheumatism in my feet and legs, which became so bad that I was hardly able to walk. St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain and completely cured me."

Mrs. Wolfsberger, matron of Moore-street Home for Poor, Crippled, and Orphan Boys, 17, Queen-street, Edgware-road, said:—"That St. Jacobs Oil had been used in the Home, and that it is powerful in relieving neuralgia and general rheumatism."

Mr. Charles Cartwright, of No. 7, Alfred-place, Bedford-square, W.C., said:—"Having for years been a great sufferer from rheumatism in my limbs, I used St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me directly, after other remedies had signally failed."

Henry and Ann Brighton, superintendents of the North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women, say:—"That St. Jacobs Oil has proved unfailing; that rheumatism and neuralgia have in every case been removed by using the Oil, and many old ladies, some of them ninety years old, instead of tossing about in agony, now enjoy good nights' rest through its influence."



Mr. N. Price, of 14, Tabernacle-square, Finsbury, E.C., said:—"My wrist, that I had sprained two years before, and which had given me pain without intermission, yielded like magic to the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. J. Clark, of 21, South Island-place, Brixton-road, London, said:—"Although I was not able to rise from a sitting position without the aid of a chair, I was able to stand and walk after the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

Robert George Watts, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., of Albion House, Quadrant-road, Canonbury, N., said:—"I cannot refrain from testifying to the very great efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in all cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgia."

Rev. Edward Singleton, M.A., 30, Bournevue-road, Streatham, said:—"St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain directly."

Rev. W. J. Caulfield Browne, M.A., Rector, Kittsford Rectory, said:—"My parishioners use St. Jacobs Oil."

This journal concludes its article as follows:—"It is a source of the greatest satisfaction to us, in conducting these investigations, to be able to report a medicine which is so highly endorsed as the above-mentioned."

Perhaps there is no preparation in the world which enjoys the same degree of success and popularity as St. Jacobs Oil. Its sale far exceeds that of any other Proprietary Medicine, and exceeds by ten times that of all other liniments and embrocations combined. This wonderful success rests on the solid foundation of merit which St. Jacobs Oil possesses, combined with original, dignified, and systematic advertising, which has always characterised the announcements of the Proprietors. The name of St. Jacobs Oil has become a household word in every civilised country in the world. The great success and popularity of the Oil has become the subject of comment by almost the entire Press of the country. In many instances the leading articles of large and influential papers have been devoted to the details of what seem to be almost magical cures effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil in local cases coming under the immediate attention of the publishers. St. Jacobs Oil is endorsed by Statesmen, Judges, the Clergy, the Medical profession, and people in every walk of life.

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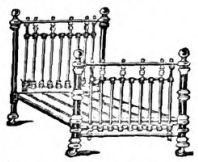
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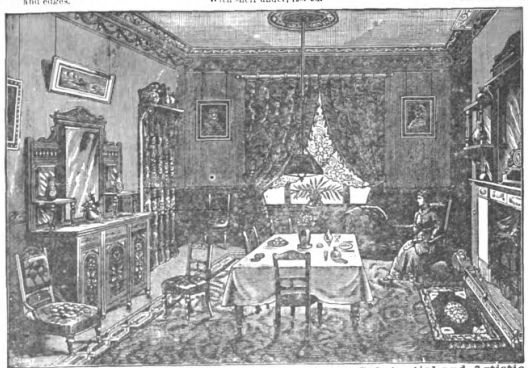
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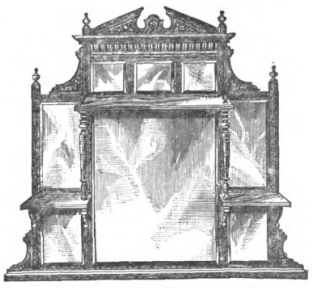
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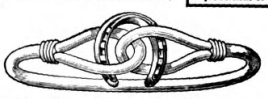
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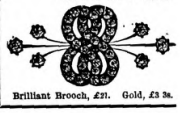
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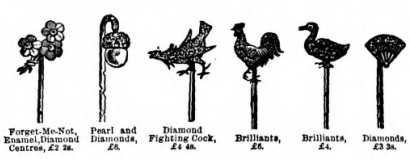
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THE MOST IMPORTANT YET PUBLISHED,

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CLEOPATRA:

Being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian, as set forth by his own hand on the papyrus rolls found in the mummy-cloths wherewith he was wound about,

WILL BE COMMENCED IN THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,

JANUARY 5, 1889.

AND WILL BE CONTINUED WEEKLY UNTIL COMPLETED.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. CATON WOODVILLE

The following is a portion of the first week's issue:—

INTRODUCTION.



In the recesses of the desolate Libyan mountains that lie behind the temple and city of Abydos, the supposed burying-place of the Holy Osiris, a tomb was recently discovered, among the contents of which were the papyrus rolls containing this history. The tomb itself is spacious, but otherwise remarkable only for the depth of the shaft which descends vertically from the rock-hewn cave, that once served as the mortuary chapel of the friends and relatives of the departed, to the coffin-chamber beneath. This shaft is no less than eighty-nine feet in depth. The chamber at its foot was found to contain three coffins only, though it is large enough for many more. Two of these, which in all probability inclosed the bodies of the High Priest, Amenemhat, and of his wife, father and mother of Harmachis, the hero of this history, the shameless Arabs who discovered them there and then broke up.

The Arabs broke the bodies up. With unhallowed hands they tore the holy Amenemhat and the frame of her who had, as it is written, been filled with the spirit of the Hathors—tore them limb from limb, searching for treasure amidst their bones—perhaps, as is their custom, selling the very bones for a few piastres to the last ignorant tourist who came their way, seeking what he might destroy. For in Egypt the accursed, the living find their bread in the tombs of the great men who were before them.

But, as it chanced, some little while afterwards, one who is known to this writer, and a doctor by profession, passed up the Nile to Abydos, and became acquainted with the men who had done this thing. They revealed to him the secret of the place, telling him that one coffin yet remained entombed. It seemed to be the coffin of a poor person, they said, and therefore, being pressed for time, they had left it unviolated. Moved by curiosity to explore the recesses of a tomb as yet unprofaned by tourists, my friend bribed the Arabs to reveal its secret to him. What ensued I will give in his own words, exactly as he wrote it to me:—

I slept that night near the Temple of Seti, and started before daybreak on the following morning. With me were a cross-eyed rascal called Ali—Ali Baba I named him—the man from whom I got the ring which I am sending you, and a small but choice assortment of his fellow-thieves. Within an hour after sunrise we reached the valley where the tomb is. It is a desolate place, into which the sun pours his scorching heat all the long day through, till the huge brown boulders which are strewn about become so hot that one can scarcely bear to touch them, and the sand scorches the feet. We rode on donkeys, for it was already too hot to walk, some way up the valley — where a vulture floating far in the blue overhead was the only other visitor—till we came to an enormous boulder polished by centuries of the action of sun and sand. Here Ali halted, saying that the tomb was under the stone. Accordingly we dismounted, and, leaving the donkeys in charge of a fellah boy, went up to the rock. Beneath it was a small hole, barely large enough for a man to creep through; indeed, it had been dug by jackals, for the doorway and some part of the cave were entirely silted up, and it was by means of this jackal hole that the tomb had been discovered. Ali crept in on his hands and knees, and I followed, to find myself in a place cold after the hot outside air, and, in contrast with the light, filled with a dazzling darkness. We lit our candles, and the select body of thieves having arrived, I made an examination. We were in a cave the size of a large room, and hollowed by hand, the further part of the cave being almost free from drift-dust. On the walls are religious paintings of the usual Ptolemaic character, and among them one of a majestic old man with a long white beard, who is seated in a carved chair holding a wand in his hand. Before him are passing a procession of priests bearing sacred images.* In the far corner of the tomb on the right hand from the door is the shaft of the mummy-pit, a great square-mouthed well cut in the black rock. We had brought a beam of thorn-wood, and this was now laid across the pit and a rope made fast to it. Then Ali—who, to do him justice, is a courageous thief—took hold of the rope, and, putting some candles into the breast of his robe, placed his bare feet against the smooth sides of the well, and began to descend with great rapidity. Very soon he had vanished into the blackness, and the agitation of the rope alone told us that anything was going on below. At last the rope ceased shaking, and a faint shout came rumbling up the well, announcing Ali's safe arrival. Then, far below, a tiny star of light appeared. He had lit the candle, thereby disturbing hundreds of bats that flittered up in an endless stream and as silently as spirits. The rope was hauled up again, and now it was my turn; but, as I declined to trust my neck to the hand-over-hand method of descent, the end of the cord was made fast round my middle, and I was lowered bodily into those sacred depths. Nor was it a pleasant journey, for if the masters of the situation above had made any mistake I should have been dashed to pieces. Also, the bats continually flew into my face and clung to my hair, and I have a great dislike of bats. At last, after some minutes of jerking and dangling, I found myself standing in a narrow passage by the side of the worthy Ali, covered with bats and perspiration, and with the skin rubbed off my knees and knuckles. Then another man came down, hand over hand, like a sailor, and as the rest were going to stop above we were ready to go on. Ali went first with his candle—of course we each had a candle—leading the way down a long passage about five feet high. At length the passage widened out and we were in the tomb-chamber: I think the hottest and most silent place that I ever entered. It was simply stifling. This tomb-chamber is a square room cut in the rock and totally devoid of paintings or sculpture. I held up the candles and looked round. About the place were strewn the coffin-lids and the mummied remains of the two bodies that the Arabs had previously violated. The paintings on the former were, I noticed, of great beauty, though, having no knowledge of hieroglyphics, I could not decipher them. Beads and spicy wrappings lay around the remains, which, I saw, were those of a man and a woman.† The head had been broken off the body of the man. I took it up and looked at it. It had been closely shaved, after death, I should say, from the general indications, and the features were disfigured with gold leaf. But, notwithstanding this, and the shrinkage of the flesh, I think the face was one of the most imposing and beautiful that I ever saw. It was that of a very old man, and his dead countenance still wore so calm and solemn, indeed, so awful a look, that I grew quite superstitious (though, as you know, I am pretty well accustomed to dead people), and put the head down in a hurry. There were still some wrappings left upon the face of the second body, and I did not remove them; but she must have been a fine large woman in her day.

"There the other mummy," said Ali, pointing to a large and solid case that had the appearance of having been carelessly thrown down in a corner, for it was lying on its side.

I went up to it and examined it. It was well made, but of perfectly plain cedar-wood—not an inscription, not a solitary god on it.

"Never see one like him before," said Ali. "Bury great hurry, he no 'mafish,' no 'fineesh.' Throw him down there on side."

I looked at the plain case till at last my interest was thoroughly aroused. I had been so shocked by the sight of the scattered dust of the departed that I had made up my mind not to touch the remaining coffin—but now my curiosity overcame me and we set to work.

Ali had brought a mallet and a cold chisel with him, and having set the coffin straight he began upon it with all the zeal of an experienced tomb-breaker. And then he pointed out another thing. Most mummy cases are fastened by four little tongues of wood, two on either side, which are fixed in the upper half, and, passing into mortices cut to receive them in the thickness of the lower half, are there held fast by pegs of hard wood. But this mummy-case had eight such tongues. Evidently it had been thought well to secure it firmly. At last, with great difficulty, we raised the massive lid, which was nearly three inches thick, and there, covered over with a deep layer of loose spices (a very unusual thing), was the body.

Ali looked at it with open eyes—and no wonder. For this mummy was not as other mummies are. Mummies in general lie upon their backs, as stiff and calm as though they were cut from wood; but this mummy lay upon its side, and, the wrappings notwithstanding, its knees were slightly bent. More than that, indeed, the gold mask, which, after the fashion of the Ptolemaic period, had been set upon the face, had

* This, I take it, is a portrait of Amenemhat himself.—EDITOR.

† Doubtless Amenemhat and his wife.—ED.

worked down, and was literally pounded up beneath the hooded head.

It was impossible, seeing these things, to avoid the conclusion that the mummy before us had moved with violence *since it was put in the coffin*.

"Him very funny mummy. Him not 'mafish' when him go in there," said Ali.

"Nonsense!" I said. "Who ever heard of a live mummy?"

We lifted the body out of the coffin, nearly choking ourselves with mummy dust in the process, and there beneath it, half hidden among the spices, we made our first find. It was a roll of papyrus, carelessly fastened and wrapped in a piece of mummy cloth, having to all appearance been thrown into the coffin at the moment of closing.*

Ali eyed the papyrus greedily, but I seized it and put it in my pocket, for it was agreed that I was to have all that might be discovered. Then we began to unwrap the body. It was covered with very broad strong bandages, thickly wound and roughly tied, sometimes by means of simple knots, the whole work bearing the appearance of having been executed in great haste and with difficulty. Just over the head was a large lump. Presently, the bandages covering it were off, and there, on the face, lay a second roll of papyrus. I put down my hand to lift it, but it would not come away. It appeared to be fixed to the stout seamless shroud which was drawn over the whole body and tied beneath the feet—as a farmer ties sacks. This shroud, which was also thickly waxed, was in one piece, being made to fit the form like a garment. I took a candle and examined the roll, and then I saw why it was fast. The spices had congealed and glued it to the sacklike shroud. It was impossible to get it away without tearing the outer sheets of papyrus.†

At last, however, I wrenched it loose and put it with the other in my pocket.

Then in silence we went on with our dreadful task. With much care we ripped loose the sacklike garment, and at last the body of a man lay before us. Between his knees was a third roll of papyrus. I secured it, and then held down the lights and looked at him. Being a doctor, one glance at his face was enough to tell me how he had died.

This body was not so much dried up as are those that have passed the allotted seventy days in natron, which it evidently had not, and therefore the expression and likeness were better preserved than is usual. Without entering into particulars, I will only say that I hope I shall never see such another look as that which was frozen on this dead man's face. Even the Arabs recoiled from it in horror and began to mutter prayers.

For the rest, the usual opening on the left side through which the embalmers did their work was absent; the finely-cut features were those of a person of middle age, although the hair was already grey, and the frame that of a very powerful man, the shoulders being of an extraordinary width. I had not time to examine very closely, however, for within a few seconds from the time of its uncovering, the body, being unembalmed, now that it was exposed to the action of the air, began to crumble. In five or six minutes there was literally nothing left of it but a wisp of hair, the skull, and a few of the larger bones. I noticed that one of the tibiæ—I forget if it was the right or the left—had been fractured and very badly set. It must have been quite an inch shorter than the other.

Well, there was nothing more to find, and now that the excitement was over, what between the heat, the exertion, and the smell of mummy dust and spices, I felt more dead than alive.

I am tired of writing, and the ship rolls. This letter, of course, goes overland, and I am coming by "long sea," but I hope to be in London within ten days after you get it. Then I will tell you of my pleasing experiences in the course of the ascent from the tomb-chamber, and of how that prince of rascals, Ali Baba, and his thieves tried to frighten me into handing over the papyri, and how I worsted them. Then, too, we will get the rolls deciphered. I expect that they only contain the usual thing, copies of the Book of the Dead, but there *may* be something else in them. Needless to say, I did not narrate this little adventure in Egypt, as I should have had the Boulac Museum people on my track. Good-bye, "Mafish Fineesh," as Ali Baba always said.

In due course, my friend, the writer of the letter from which I have quoted, arrived in London, and on the very next day we paid a visit to a mutual acquaintance well versed in hieroglyphics and demotic writing. With what anxiety we watched him skilfully damping and unfolding one of the rolls, and peering through his gold-rimmed glasses at the mysterious characters, may well be imagined.

"Hum," he said, "whatever it is, this is *not* a copy of the 'Book of the Dead.' By George, what's this? Cle—Cleo—Cleopatra—— Why, my dear Sirs, as I am a living man, this is the history of somebody who lived in the days of Cleopatra! Well, there's six months' work before me here—six months', at the very least!" And in that joyful prospect he fairly lost control of himself, and skipped about the room, shaking hands with us at intervals, and saying, "I'll translate—I'll translate it if it kills me, and we will publish it; and, by the living Osiris, it will take the town—and drive every Egyptologist in Europe mad with envy! Oh, what a find! what a most glorious find!"

And O you whose eyes shall fall upon these pages, see, they have been translated, and they have been printed, and here they lie before you—an undiscovered land wherein you are free to travel!

Harmachis speaks to you from his forgotten tomb. The walls of Time fall down, and, as at the lightning's leap, a picture from the past starts sudden on your view, framed in the gathered darkness of the ages.

He shows you those two Egypts that the silent pyramids looked down upon long centuries ago—the Egypt of the Greek, the Roman, and the Ptolemy, and that other outworn Egypt of the Hierophant, hoary with years, heavy with the legends of antiquity and the memory of long-lost honours.

He tells you how the smouldering loyalty of Khem (Egypt) burnt up before it died, and how fiercely the old Time-consecrated Faith struggled against the conquering tide of the New Idea, that, drawn ever by the mystery of Mind, rose, like the Nile at flood, and drowned the ancient gods of Egypt.

Here, in his pages, you shall learn the glory of Isis the Many-shaped, the Executor of Decrees. Here you shall make acquaintance with Cleopatra, that "Thing of Flame" whose passion-breathing beauty shaped the destiny of Empires, and read how the soul of Charmion was slain of the sword her vengeance smithied.

Here Harmachis, the doomed Egyptian, being about to die, salutes you who follow on the path he trod. In the story of his broken years he shows to you what may in its own degree be the story of your own. Crying aloud from that dim Amenti where to-day he wears out his long atoning time, he, in the history of his fall, most eloquently tells the fate of him who, however sorely tried, forgets his God, his honour, and his country.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE BIRTH OF HARMACHIS; THE PROPHECY OF THE HATHORS; AND THE SLAYING OF THE INNOCENT CHILD.

By him who sleeps at Abouthis, I write the truth. I, Harmachis, hereditary priest of the Temple, reared by the divine Sethi, aforetime a Pharaoh of Egypt, and now justified in Osiris and ruling in Amenti. I, Harmachis, by right Divine and by true descent of blood King of the Double Crown, and Pharaoh of the Upper and Lower Land. I, Harmachis, who cast aside the opening flower of our hope, who turned him from the glorious path, who forgot the voice of God in hearkening to the voice of woman. I, Harmachis, the fallen, in whom are gathered up all woes as the waters are gathered in a desert well, who have tasted of every shame, who by betrayal have betrayed, who in losing the glory that is here have lost of the glory that is there, who am utterly undone and rent by miserable remorse—I write, and, by him who sleeps at Abouthis, I write the truth.

O Egypt! Egypt!—dear land of Khem, whose black soil nourished up my mortal part—land that I have betrayed—O ye Gods!—Osiris!—Isis!—Horus!—ye Gods of Egypt whom I have betrayed!—O ye temples whose pylons strike the sky; ye temples whose faith I have betrayed!—O Royal blood of the Pharaohs of Eld, that yet runs within these withered veins—whose virtue I have betrayed!—O Right divine of Kings betrayed by me!—O Father Sihor (Nile)!—O Invisible Essence of all Good! and O Fate, whose balance rested on my head—hear me! and, to the last day of utter doom, bear me witness that I write the truth.

What, then, is a man? He is a feather, but a feather blown by the wind. He is a fire, but a fire born of the fuel. He is a spirit, but a spirit having wings wherewith to sail to either destiny. He may choose the good, and on him doth rest the evil that he does. He is the helm unto the boat of Fate; he is the shadow that goes before the sword; he is the dream that presages the truth. There is no chance; for man in his circumstance doth direct the chance, and as with a stylus doth map upon the tablet of the world the thing that he caused to be. So hath the Invisible decreed, and so for ever to ever shall it be. And woe to him who faileth!

* * * * *

Even as I write, beyond the fertile fields, the Nile is running red, as though with blood. Bright before me strikes the light upon the far Arabian hills, and bright it falls upon the piles of Abouthis. At Abouthis, within the temples, still do the priests make orison, but they know me no more; still the sacrifice is offered, and the stony roofs echo down the prayers of those who pray. Still from here, from this lone cell within my prison-tower, I, the Word of Shame, watch thy fluttering banners, O Abouthis, flaunting from thy pylon walls, and hear the chants as the long procession winds from sanctuary to sanctuary.

O Abouthis, lost Abouthis! my heart goes out toward thee! For the day comes when the desert sands shall fill thy Holy places! Thy Gods are doomed, O Abouthis! New faiths shall make a mock of all thy Holies, and centurion shall call unto centurion across thy fortress-walls. I weep—I weep tears of blood: for mine is the weakness that brought about these evils and mine for ever is their shame.

Behold, it is written hereafter:—

Here in Abouthis was I born, I, Harmachis, and my father, the justified in Osiris, was High Priest of the Temple of Sethi. And on that same day of my birth was born also Cleopatra, the Queen of Egypt. In those fields I passed my youth watching the baser people at their labours and going in and out at will among the great courts of the temples. Of my mother I knew naught, for she died when I yet hung at the breast. But ere she died, so the old wife, Atoua, told to me, she took from a coffer of ivory an uraeus‡ of pure gold and laid it on my infant brow. And those who saw her do this thing believed that she was distraught of the Divinity, and that in her madness she foreshadowed that the day of the Macedonian Lagidæ was ended—for Ptolemy Auletes (the Piper) then wore the double crown—and that Egypt's sceptre should once again pass to the hand of one of Egypt's true and Royal race. But when my father, the High Priest Amenemhat, who even then was full of years, for I was his only child and the child of his age, she who was his wife before my mother having been, for what crime I know not, cursed by Sekhet with the curse of barrenness; I say when my father came in and saw what the dying woman had done, he lifted up his hands towards the vault of heaven and adored the Invisible, because of the sign that had been sent. And even as he adored, behold! the Hathors filled my dying mother with the Spirit of Prophecy, and she rose in strength from the couch and thrice prostrated herself before the cradle where I lay asleep, the Royal asp upon my brow, and cried aloud—

"Hail to thee, fruit of my womb! Hail to thee, Royal child! Hail to that Pharaoh that shall be! Hail to thee, God that shall purge the land, Divine seed of Nekt-nebf, the Osirian.§ Keep thou pure, and thou shalt rule and deliver Egypt and not be broken. But if in the hour of trial thou dost fail, then may the curse of all the Gods of Egypt rest upon thee, and the curse of thy Royal forefathers, the justified, who ruled the land before thee, even from the age of Horus; then in life mayest thou be wretched, and after death may Osiris refuse thee, and the judges of Amenti give judgment against thee, and Set and Sekhet torment thee, even till such time as thy sin is purged, and the Gods of Egypt, called by strange names, once more are worshipped in the Temples of Egypt, and the staff of the Oppressor is broken, and the footsteps of the foreigner are swept clean, and the thing is accomplished as thou in thy weakness shalt cause it to be done."

And when she had spoken thus, the Spirit of Prophecy went out of her, and she fell dead across the cradle where I slept, so that I awoke with a cry.

But my father, Amenemhat, the High Priest, trembled, and was very fearful both because of the words which had been said by the Spirit of the Hathors through the mouth of my mother, and because what had been uttered was treason against Ptolemy. For he knew that if the matter should come to the ears of Ptolemy, Pharaoh would send his guards to destroy the life of the child of whom such things were prophesied. Therefore, my father shut the doors, and caused all those who were there to swear upon the holy symbol of his office, and by the name of the Divine Three, and by the soul of her who lay dead upon the stones beside them, that naught of what they had seen and heard should pass their lips.

But among the company was the old wife, Atoua, who had been the nurse of my mother, and loved her well: and in these days, though I know not how it hath been in the past, nor how it shall be in the future, there is no oath that can bind a woman's tongue. And so it came about, that, by-and-by, when the matter had become homely in her mind, and her fear had fallen from her, she spoke of the prophecy to her daughter, who nursed me at the breast now that my mother was dead, as they walked together in the desert carrying food to the husband of the daughter, who was a sculptor; and shaped the pictures of the holy Gods in the tombs that are fashioned in the rock—telling the daughter, my nurse, how great should be her care and love toward the child that should one day be Pharaoh, and drive the Ptolemies from Egypt. But the daughter, my nurse, was so filled with wonder at what she heard that she could not keep the tale locked within her breast, and in the night she awoke her husband, and, in her turn, whispered of it to him, and thereby compassed her own destruction, and the destruction of her child, my foster-brother. For the man told his friend, and the friend was a spy of Ptolemy's, and thus the tale came to Pharaoh's ears. And Pharaoh was much troubled thereat, for though when he was full of wine he would make a mock of the Gods of the Egyptians, and swear that the Roman Senate was the only God to whom he bowed the knee, yet in his heart was he terribly afraid, as I have learned from one who was his physician: for when he was alone at night he would scream and cry aloud to the great Serapis, who indeed is no true God, and to other Gods, fearing lest he should be murdered and his soul handed over to the tormentors. Also, when he felt his throne tremble under him, he would send large presents to the temples, and ask a message from the oracles, and more especially from the oracle that is at Philæ. Therefore, when it came to his ears that the wife of the High Priest

* This roll contained the third unfinished book of the history. The other two rolls were neatly fastened in the usual fashion. All three are written by one hand in the demotic character.—Ed.

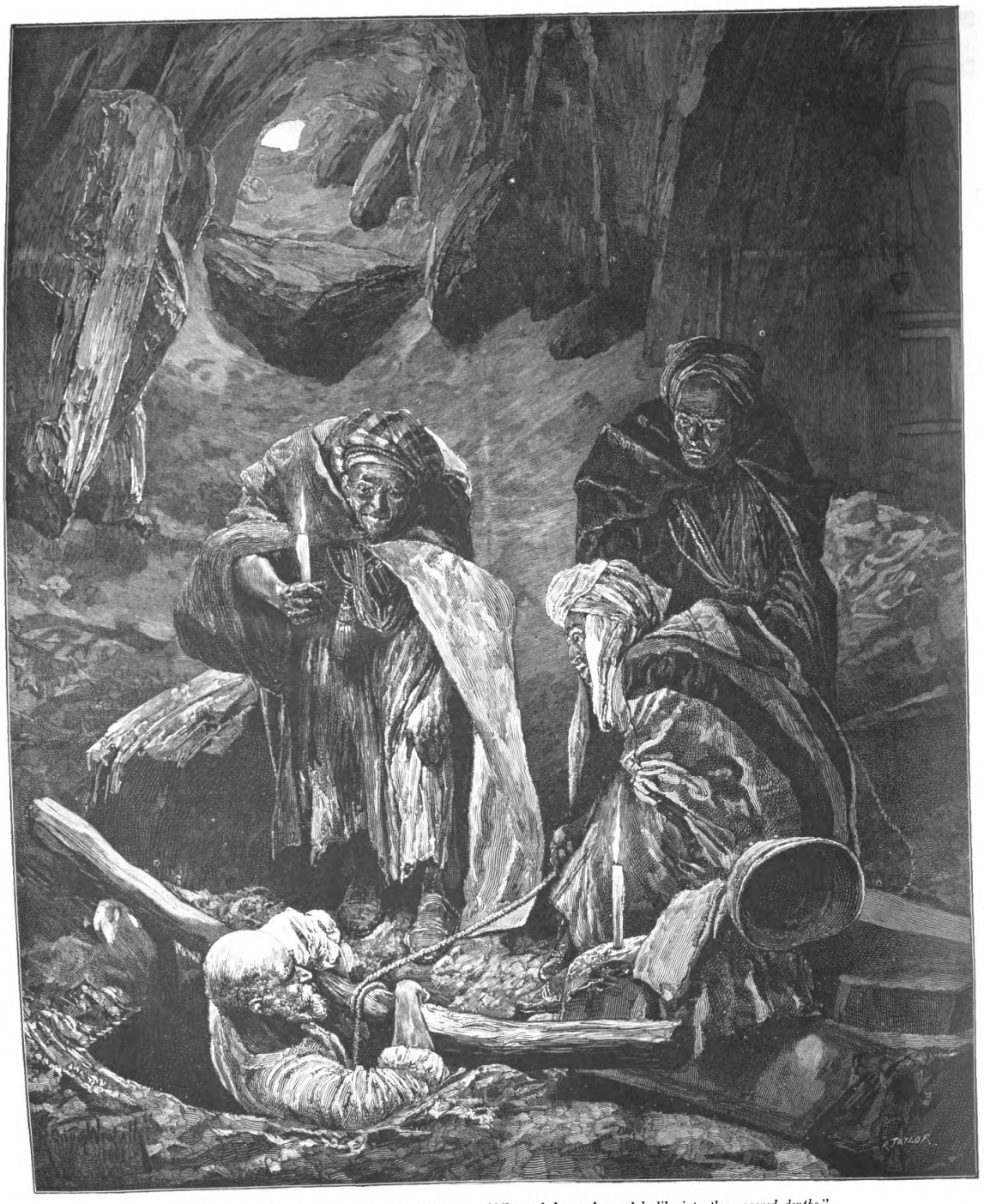
† This accounts for the gaps in the last sheets of the second roll.—Ed.

‡ The sacred snake—symbol of Egyptian Royalty.—Ed.

§ The soul justified in Osiris.—Ed.

of the great and ancient temple of Abouthis had, ere she died, been filled with the Spirit of Prophecy, and prophesied that her son should be Pharaoh, he was much afraid, and summoning some trusty guards—who, being Greeks, feared not to do sacrilege—he dispatched them by boat up the Nile, with orders to come to Abouthis and cut off the head of the child of the High Priest and bring it to him in a basket.

But as it chanced, the boat wherein the guards came being of deep draught, and the time of their coming being at the lowest ebb of the river, it struck and remained fast upon a bank of mud that is opposite the mouth of the road that runs across to the plains of Abouthis, and as the north wind was blowing very fiercely it was like to sink. Thereon the guards of Pharaoh called out to the common people who laboured at lifting water along the banks of the river, to come with boats and take them off; but seeing that they were Greeks of Alexandria, the people would not, for the Egyptians love not the Greeks. Then they cried that they were on Pharaoh's business, and still the people would not, asking what was the business. Whereon a Eunuch among them who had made himself drunken in his fear, told them that they came



"The end of the rope was made fast round my middle, and I was lowered bodily into those sacred depths."

to slay the child of Amenemhat, the High Priest, of whom it was prophesied that he should be Pharaoh, and sweep the Greeks from Egypt. And thereon the people feared to stand longer in doubt, but brought boats, not knowing what might be meant by the man's words. But one there was among them—a farmer and an overseer of canals—who was a kinsman of my mother's and had been present when she prophesied; and he turned and ran swiftly for three parts of an hour, till he came to where I lay in the house that is without the north wall of the great temple. Now, as it chanced, my father was away in that part of the Place of Tombs which is to the left of the large fortress, and Pharaoh's guards, mounted on asses, were hard upon us. Then the messenger cried to the old wife, Atoua, whose tongue had brought about the evil, and told how the soldiers drew near to slay me. And they looked at each other, not knowing what to do; for, had they hid me, the guards would not have stayed their search till I was found. And the man, gazing through the doorway, perceived a little child at play.

"Woman," he said, "whose is that child?"

"It is my grandchild," she answered, "the foster-brother of the Prince Harmachis; the child to whose

For Continuation, see "The Illustrated London News" for January 5, 1889.

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"Oh! who would pique himself on mind, whose use
Depends so much upon the gastric juice?"

THE STUDY OF THE STOMACH IS THE STUDY OF MORALIT

THE

FESTIVE

SEASON.

Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all apt to disagree, while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** is particularly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woe is avoided by those who keep **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** and **ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO,"** therefore no family should ever be without them.



THE

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may require. A as a refreshing, c ing, and invigor ing beverage, **ENO'S "FRU SALT."** It is best preventive a cure for bilio ness, sick hea ache, skin eru tions, impure blo pimples on the fa giddiness, feveris ness, mental d pression, want appetite, sourne of the stomac vomiting, thir &c., and a means remove the effec of errors of eatir and drinking.

"The goose and apple-sauce is orf, Sir."

He had been looking forward to a dainty little dinner, and now a frost—a killing frost—has come upon his hopes.

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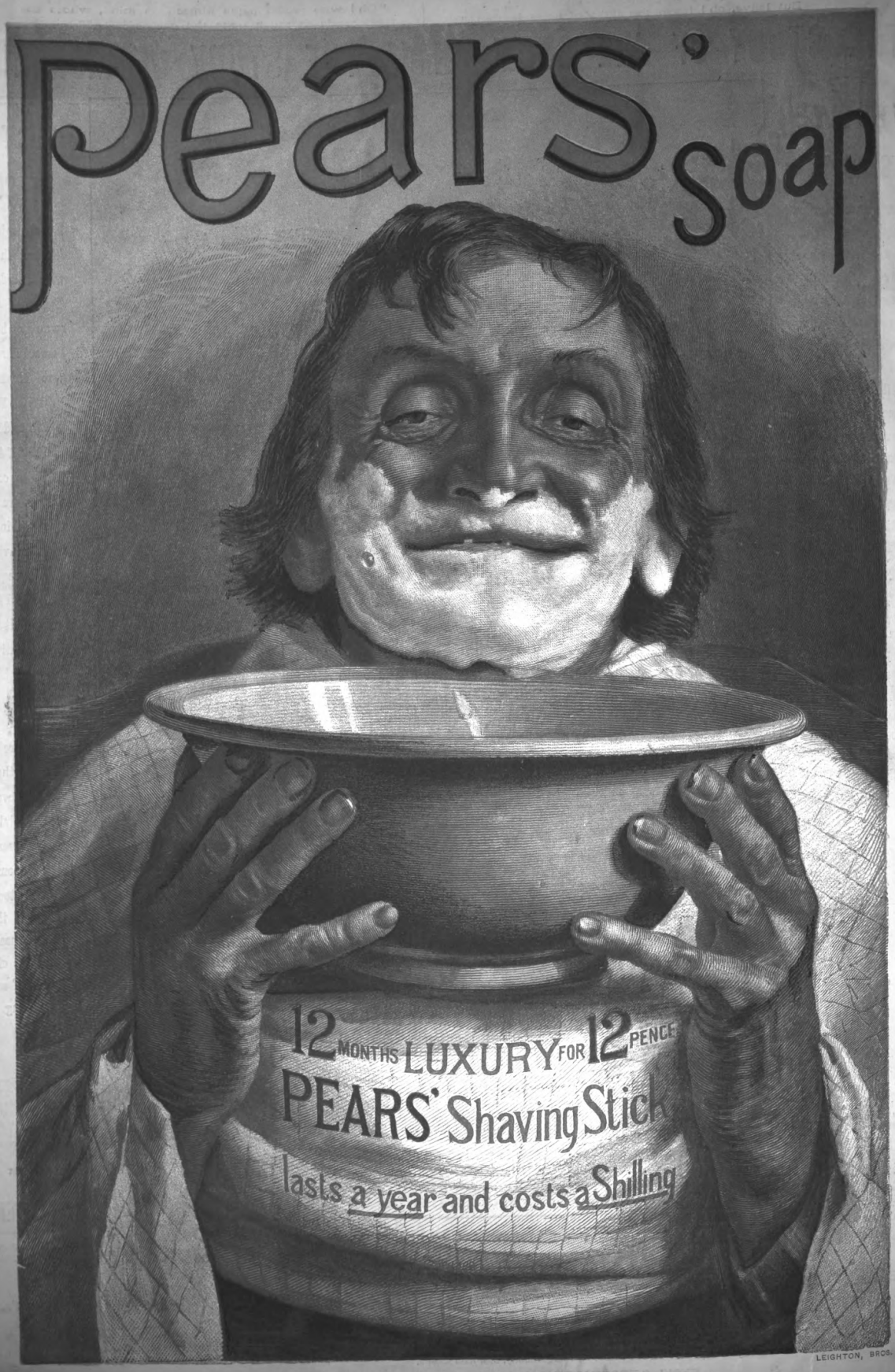
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See also page 20 inside.





